

# CHOWKIDAR

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Editor: Dr. Rosie Llewellyn-Jones

## British Association For Cemeteries In South Asia (BACSA)

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## Notes on BACSA

The Association was formed in October 1976 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 1,600 (1994) 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 the building up of a 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 enrolment fee and subscription rates are obtainable from the Secretary.



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 condition of a relative's grave etc. There are also many other publications both on cemetery surveys and aspects of European social history out East.

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## British Funeral Pyres

Very occasionally Britons who died in India were cremated in Hindu fashion on a bier of fragrant wood. Hindus believe that this ceremony frees the soul to begin another incarnation, although the motives behind the funeral pyres of Christians are harder to understand. One such ceremony took place at Bharatpur, Rajputana on 19 December 1926, on the death of General Sir James Willcocks who achieved fame as the commander of the Indian Army Corps in France in 1914. His great grandson, James Whittaker, has sent us a contemporary report by the Political Agent. Death had taken place the previous afternoon 'and in accordance with the express wishes of the late General, conveyed to the Political Agent by Lady Willcocks, arrangements were made for cremation, previous to the religious funeral Service'.

The Maharaja of Bharatpur, Sir Kishen Singh, oversaw the rites and directed that Military Honours should be paid. Accordingly, a gun carriage drawn by four elephants of His Highness's Elephant Batteries was drawn up under the main entrance to the Palace, where the General had died. The Maharaja was the Chief Mourner and walked directly behind the gun carriage, to Victoria Park, along a route strewn with flowers. The General's Orders and Medals were carried on velvet cushions and a Union Jack covered the wretched coffin. State troops accompanied the cortege, headed by Kishen Singh's Own Brijendra Lancers (the Body Guard) and soldiers from the 6/13th Frontier Force Rifles, the 20th Lancers and Seaforth Highlanders. The State Band played Chopin's 'Funeral March'. The coffin was lowered onto the pyre in the Park, which was, by His Highness's order, composed of expensive sandalwood, camphor and other unguents. After the cremation a guard and sentry were left on duty as the ashes cooled, and the Commander-in-Chief Sir William Birdwood offered an escort for the funeral casket to Delhi.

It is not therefore clear whether the handsome Gothic memorial to General Willcocks in Bharatpur houses the ashes or was an elegant token of esteem from the Maharaja. A simple stone let into the chequered marble floor simply records the name and date of death, prefaced by the words 'To the glory of God and sacred to the memory...' James Whittaker intends to visit the site later this year and he hopes to find it in good condition (see photographs on page 36).

Another eminent Briton, Sir Arthur Strachey, who became Chief Justice of the Allahabad High Court, died at Simla on 14 May 1901. 'His remains were cremated in Hindu fashion, and the ashes brought home and deposited in the churchyard of Send, near Woking', presumably the family seat. Then there is the more recent example of Lady Penelope Betjeman, told by her grand-daughter (see p.45). This redoubtable old woman, whose father, Sir Philip Chetwode

followed Birdwood as Commander-in-Chief, died suddenly, but peacefully, at Kanag, in the Himalayas, as she was leading a trekking party. Isolated and unable to contact the outside world, because of storm damage, the trekkers decided to cremate Lady Betjeman there. The villagers gathered wood for the pyre on a little river bank, and an improvised Christian service was held, including the passage from Corinthians 'I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills'. The pyre was lit jointly by two old Indian friends, and after a mountain service held by the villagers, the ashes were taken down to the Kulu valley and scattered, with flowers, on the Beas River. Readers may know of other examples of such cremations.

## Mail Box

The Rohilla War Memorial at Bhitaura, UP described in the last *Chowkidar* commemorates the deaths of East India Company soldiers who fell on 24 October 1794 in action against the Rohillas. A subsequent report and photographs by BACSA member Krishna Lal show that the site is not in such good condition as previously thought, and that action urgently needs to be taken to preserve it. Mr Lal has been visiting the memorial regularly since 1968, when his uncle was doctor at the adjacent Synthetics and Chemicals factory. His most recent visit was in January this year. 'During the sixties the site was quiet and secluded' he writes. 'The main memorial and its boundary wall were weather worn but intact with a capstone at the top of the spire. A huge leafy banyan tree shaded most of the area. There were no gates in the gate way. Outside the main enclosure there were several horizontal unmarked tombs which were overgrown with brambles. To the west, about a hundred yards away is a little cylindrical chimney with a doorway at ground level, about 18' high. It may have been a survey tower for the triangulation survey carried out in the 1800s. Over the years I have watched this memorial and its surroundings decay to the present sorry state. In 1977 some animal started burrowing into the back of the monument, over the years this has practically hollowed out the inside of the structure, the capstone has fallen off the top and has disappeared, the large banyan is a shadow of its former self, mostly due to illegal lopping of branches and leaves for firewood and animal feed. A few more years and the main structure will collapse in on itself.

The platform of the memorial is correctly described as being 14' square, but as a photograph shows (see p.37) it is around 18 to 20' high. The gateway and boundary wall are made of bricks of modern proportions and are not consistent with the lakhauri bricks used for the memorial, so they may have been erected some time after 1850. This is one of the earliest memorials of its kind to the west of Lucknow and deserves to be protected and repaired urgently for once the main structure collapses the materials will soon disappear and the cost of

any restoration will be prohibitive.' BACSA is investigating the possibility of helping with essential repairs and it would be fitting if some tangible gesture could be made this year to mark the second centenary of an unique monument.

Rupert Mayne is justly proud of his ancestors' record in India. The Maynes, like a couple of other celebrated families, seemed to have divided the country up between them to run! The golf-course tomb of the monocled Augustus Mayne was described in *Chowkidar Vol. 6 No. 3*, and now we have news of another family grave. Help was sought from His Highness the Maharaja of Dhrangadhra (Gujarat) who located the tomb of Robert Mayne in the church cemetery at Ghogha, washed by the waters of the Bay of Cambay. Then the local padre, the Rev. Ramesh Budhbhatti reported as follows: the epigraph on the gravestone reads 'Robert Graham Mayne/Major 1st Regiment Bombay Light Cavalry/Assistant agent to the Governor General at Baroda/second son of Reverend Charles Otway Mayne/born 3rd Aug. 1841/died 7th May 1881. This stone is placed in loving and enduring memory by his widow, children, brothers and sisters.' The Burial Register shows that Robert died at the early age of 39, from 'heart apoplexy'. He was buried the following day by the Rev. George Taylor 'Missionary at Gogo'. The Rev. Budhbhatti adds that 'the total condition of the cemetery as a whole is very poor, the surrounding boundary of which requires renovation. Because of broken and damaged [walls] cattle and other unwanted elements trespass and ruin the graves. Mr Mayne's grave has a black stone platform over which the decorative white marble grave is constructed. It is surrounded by decorative iron grilles of pillars and railing. The colour of the grilles has gone and is in rusting condition. The white marble of the grave is faded with time and colour within inscription is also removed.' He adds a careful little sketch which will be added to our archive with the information on the cemetery collected by Sue Farrington on her visit there in 1991.

It was another Mayne, this time Henry, who founded the Central India Horse on 15 December 1857, in Guna. The regiment was based initially at the cantonment of Agar, north of Shajapur (now in Madhya Pradesh). Almost a century ago Agar was abandoned (we do not know why) and all the regimental memorials from the church there were removed and placed in St. Ann's Church, Indore. A list of the fifteen tablets has been provided, and shows the earliest burial as that of Lt. CB Horsburgh, who died on 24 March 1876, aged 32 years. There is a group memorial to officers killed during the First World War, mainly in France. The most recent memorial is to 'the memory of a man greatly beloved Lt. Col. Rawson James Magnabb CIH, who died on 21 March 1935, Agent to the Governor General of Central India (1933-35).' The Colonel of the Regiment, Colonel Kanwar has contributed some money from the Regimental Fund towards repairing these tablets, which were in a state of neglect. Rupert Mayne was able to inform Colonel Kanwar that the founder of the Regiment,

Henry Mayne, died in 1862 and was buried by his brother Francis, a regimental padre, in Allahabad. Francis was buried next to Henry ten years later.

BACSA member RR Langham-Carter, writing from South Africa, reminds us that shipwrecks on the Eastern run were common in the old days, and that many a passenger found a watery grave instead of lying in a cemetery in South Asia. The *Dalhousie*, captained by John Butterworth, sank with all hands in the English Channel, in 1853, just a few days out. Another such a ship was the *Colebrooke*, an East Indiaman of 739 tons, named for Sir Edward Colebrooke, a director of the East India Company. Captained by Arthur Morris, she set out from Gravesend on 30 January 1778, bound for Bombay and China via Madeira with a cargo of lead, copper, cloth, gunpowder and small arms. Also carried were small items of private trade, like scissors and snuff. At Madeira the *Colebrooke* took on 43 pipes of wine, but on reaching the Cape she was wrecked on the eastern shore of False Bay on 24 August 1778. The bay where she sank is now known as Koelbaai - an adaptation of her name. Luckily all the passengers, and all of the crew but three were saved.

For more than two hundred years the wreck lay undisturbed. It was discovered accidentally by an exploration salvage group in 1984, who found the *Colebrooke* partially covered by three metres of sand. Although this made salvage difficult, it had preserved the ship's contents from decay, and lead and copper ingots, together with musket parts, snuff and scissors were salvaged. The most intriguing items were intact bottles of madeira, which unfortunately proved to be undrinkable when opened. A new expedition is being mounted this year which should bring further items to light and a better understanding of ship construction during the 18th century.

Italy is one of the few European countries whose citizens made very little impact on colonial India. Most people would find it difficult to name any Italians in the East, although there were a few, including Manucci, the 17th century surgeon, and the mercenary Reuben Ventura, who trained Ranjit Singh's army in the Punjab. This makes the elaborate marble tomb in the church of San Frediano, Lucca, Italy, all the more intriguing, for it bears the following inscription (in Italian) 'Lazaro Papi/Colonel in the English Army in Bengal/beloved writer of verses and stories/revered and loved, departed life at 81 years/this monument has been erected by his friends/1835' He is interred immediately in front of the tomb which shows a sorrowing female figure, with a trumpet, embracing a bust of the departed. What, one wonders, prompted an Italian to join the East India Company's Army in 18th century Bengal? And what happened to the stories that Signor Papi wrote? Any ideas would be welcome.

Talking of Europeans in India, some good news this summer was that the famous painting by Johann Zoffany 'Colonel Mordaunt's Cock Match' has been bought by the Tate Gallery, London and will shortly be on display there. Painted in Lucknow circa 1784, the canvas is full of interest, from the brilliantly plumed fighting cocks to the figures of Colonel Mordaunt, in native dress, and the plump Nawab of Oudh. Mordaunt was the illegitimate son of the 4th Earl of Peterborough, 'virtually illiterate but great at organising parties'. Zoffany painted two versions of the scene, with significant changes. One picture went to the Nawab himself. Asaf-ud-daula, and was subsequently lost, although an engraving exists. The other was purchased by Warren Hastings, and became known as the Daylesford Zoffany, after Hastings's Gloucestershire home. It is this version that now hangs in the Tate.

An interesting article from an Indian paper reports on a visit to Delhi by George Heatherley, aged 73, and his wife Babs, from Australia, in search of his ancestors. The first Heatherley was James, the son of Baron Heatherley of Salisbury, England. He was a Royal Navy captain and arrived in India in 1798 with his wife, son and daughter. Leaving his family in Calcutta, while he settled affairs in England, James died unexpectedly in 1799. His fatherless son, also called James, was sent to school, but soon took up a job with the Executive Engineer at Fort William, before working in Bareilly. In 1805 he was employed by Col. David Ochterlony, the first British Resident at the Delhi Court. After a long career as a Persian translator James worked for the Nawab of Jhajhar and it was here that he was briefly taken prisoner during the 1857 uprising. He married and had at least four children, Thomas, Henry, Jane and Alexander. The latter boy acquired a love of Persian and Urdu and studied under a kinsman of the celebrated poet Ghalib. Alexander adopted the pen-name or 'takhallus' of Azad and made his name as an Urdu poet, although he died at the young age of 32 in 1861. George Heatherley is the grandson of Henry, and he grew up in the famous Skinner home near Nicholson Road, for his great aunt had married James Cousins Skinner in 1869. Sadly the Skinner house, with its gallery and courtyard, has long since vanished, but George can be proud of his ancestors who immersed themselves in their adopted country.

From Tamil Nadu comes the story of an eminent (and aptly named) forester, Hugo FA Wood, IFS, whose grave lies in the midst of a teak plantation at Topslip in the Anamalais. R Krishnamurthy of the Indian Express, writing in February this year describes him as 'a man devoted to his job who used to patrol his domain on horseback, carrying teak seeds in his trouser pockets. He would poke a hole in the humus-rich forest soil with his walking stick, and pack it up with teak seed and soil. Between 1916 and 1926 he was responsible for planting 1,790 acres with teak, nearly all of which flourished and grew. Wood himself was born in 1870, and on his death in December 1933 he willed

that his remains be entombed in the plantation and below his house on the Mount Stuart hill. A photograph shows his well-preserved tomb in its sylvan setting, and the wholly appropriate epitaph 'Si monumentum requiris Circumspice'. Nearby still stands the dilapidated remains of his bungalow, which, as the reporter says, would make a good rest-house, so visitors could carry away with them lasting memories of a remarkable man.

In July 1901 a Parsi mausoleum and agiary, or chapel, were dedicated at Brookwood, Surrey, to the memory of Mr Naowrosjee Wadia, of the famous Bombay ship-building family. The Zoastrian Fund of Europe were responsible for the erection of these buildings, under the direction of Sir George Birdwood, who delivered the address after consecration prayers. The mausoleum was designed by a Mr Colcutt, an architect of the Imperial Institute (later Imperial College, London), and the cemetery was seen at the time as 'affording the Parsees a centre of racial unity in Europe which will help them maintain the same admirable esprit de corps that characterises them in Bombay'. It says much for the spirit of the time that this enterprise was characterized by goodwill from both the Indian and British sides, a salutary counterpoint to accusations of colonial arrogance. One can imagine the fuss, not to mention the endless planning enquiries if such a venture was proposed today.

### Jack Rust of Udaipur

When BACSA member Michael Hickey set off for India this Spring in search of his ancestors, he took with him a request from your Editor to do a little detective work on her behalf. My late father-in-law John (Jack) Cyprian Walcott Rust lived in Udaipur, Rajasthan, for the last twenty years of his life and was buried there in 1980. Michael Hickey kindly undertook the task of searching for his grave and reporting back on its condition. 'I made enquiries' he wrote 'and at once, faces lit up; the receptionist at our hotel had been taught by him, as had many of his friends, and "Sir's" memory is still green. The difficulties started when we set off in search of his grave.' An old priest led them to the graveyard but 'alas, it is in a terrible state, with many of the headstones shattered, rubbish strewn all over the place and goats grazing competitively with pigs.' Although the plot number was known, many of the markers had disappeared, and plot number 246 could not be found. There was no headstone.

Undaunted, Michael then visited the School in the nearby village of Fatehpura, where Jack had taught English and Maths. Here he found an elegant memorial in the form of a well-sculpted bust on a plinth, erected in the midst of the campus. The inscription reads: 'Shri John Cyprian Rust. A dedicated teacher and educationalist. Born 11-7-1912, died 23-6-1980. Teacher in Vidya Bhawan School from 1961 to 1980. Unveiled by Dr. Mohan Singh Mehta on 5-9-1984

(Teachers' Day). Donated by Vidya Bhawan Old Boys' Association, Udaipur.' It is such a rare honour for an Englishman to have a statue erected to him after Independence that only one other example comes to mind - that of the engineer Sir Arthur Cotton, in Hyderabad.

Jack Rust was one of those extraordinary characters who was born out of his time. The descendant of several well known English families including the Walcotts and the Dashwoods, his own father was a canon of Lincoln Cathedral. Jack left England under a cloud in 1946, having served in Burma during the war as a radio operator. He wandered around the colonies, teaching in British Guyana and Pakistan, before settling in Udaipur, then a remote and walled city that few people had heard of. He was a gifted man, who wrote satirical verse and limericks, who could play any tune heard once, on the piano, and who wrote text-books that were adopted by the Rajasthan Education authorities. He was one of the few men who could still ride a bicycle home in a straight line after consuming his nightly bottle of 'deshi sharab' (country liquor) at the local Amur Durga 'pub'.

Despite his shortcomings, and the obvious loneliness of a quick intellect in what was then a very provincial setting, he was a generous man who quietly helped several little Indian boys by paying for necessary medical treatment and education. I am proud of him, and were it not for him there might well have been no *Chowkidar* today, for it was he who invited me to India and who taught me to love it. There was an earlier Indian connection too. Jack's ancestral home was Walcott Hall, Shropshire, where the little village church still bears memorials to earlier Walcotts. Falling on hard times in the 18th century, the family were glad to sell the Hall to a returned 'Nabob' in 1764, for the handsome sum of £86,000. The purchaser? Clive of India, who grew a plantation of trees on the adjoining land which spelt out the word 'Plassey' and was known as the Plassey Wood, to celebrate his great victory in 1757.

### Can You Help?

A query on the Indian Rope Trick in the Spring *Chowkidar* brought a good response from members, including several pages from BACSA member Alfred Cocksedge of Australia, and a verbal account given to the Editor by an Indian member, who actually witnessed the trick as a child in Bombay. The conclusion seems to be that it is indeed a question of mass hypnotism, aided by the chanting of the juggler who throws up the rope and the monotonous beat of his assistant's drum. Photographs of the trick appear to support this theory. One snap taken when the photographer 'saw' the boy at the top of the rope, was found, on exposure, to show the juggler and his boy sitting calmly on the ground in front of the spectators. Not surprisingly, the film company, Granite

Productions, whose enquiry sparked off these responses, did not manage to see the trick performed while filming in India.

By coincidence, two letters have arrived, within a week of each other, asking for information about the Kolar Gold Fields near Bangalore, south India. The British cemetery lay near the Mysore Mine, and was reportedly in a dreadful state by the early 1980s, with extensive vandalism. James William Wilson 'late of Nundydroog Mines, Ltd. and of Fleetwood, Lancs' was buried there in 1948, aged 73 years, and two years later Alexander William Cooper was killed in a mining accident and interred in the cemetery. BACSA has passed both queries to our representative for the area, David Barnard, who visited there earlier this year, and reported a scene of complete dereliction. Has anything been written about the Gold Fields perhaps?

A new member, John Anderson, from Australia, tells us about his Indian connections. On 6 February 1837 the *Donna Carmelita* 230 ton barque, sailed into Port Jackson for a refit, en route from China to Calcutta with a cargo of tea. Her Master was Captain Charles Edwards, and while in Sydney, he met and wooed Eliza O'Reilly. In a whirlwind romance the couple married a month later and set sail for India. At least three children were born of the marriage, and baptised at Calcutta 'Old Church' (probably St. John's). Captain Edwards was buried at St. Thomas's Church, Howrah in 1851 at the early age of 42. His widow lived on until 1874 and it is possible she is buried at Barrah, Champaran. Two of her sons, Anthony and Charles, worked in the indigo business in Bengal and Anthony later became Assistant Honorary Secretary of the Bihar Indigo Planters Association of Champaran. His brother, Charles, left to work in Lucknow, and was Manager of the Paper Mills there at the time of his death on 30 January 1905. Their sister, Frances, married Francis Gilbert Lovell Nicolay and at least five children were born, all in India. John Anderson is the great grand nephew of Eliza O'Reilly, and it was her brother Richard, who started the Australian branch of the family, as well as dropping the 'O' from his surname. If any of these names ring a bell, please write to Mr Anderson at PO Box 4433, Kingston, Act 2604, Australia.

William Leigh Knight has so far been unsuccessful in finding the grave of Captain Marris 'an English merchant navy captain who spent much of his adult life in and around the Malay archipelago, and who died at Colombo, presumably en route for England'. He is commemorated on his father's grave in the churchyard at Cookley, Worcestershire thus: 'Captn Carl Murrell Marris FRGS/ Second son of the above/At Colombo 15th May 1910/Aged 35/The peace of Allah'. It is known that the captain converted to Islam, hence the inscription, and Mr. Knight wonders if he was in fact, buried at Colombo in a Muslim cemetery. So far, no trace has been found of his grave, and there is no

death certificate either. Ideas please to Mr Knight via the Secretary.

Richard, Marquess Wellesley (Lord Mornington) Governor General of India from 1798 to 1805 has always been rather overshadowed by his more famous brother, Arthur (the Duke of Wellington). This is not quite fair, because he guided British India through tricky times during his Governorship and was the victor at Seringapatam in the final defeat of Tipu Sultan. It had long been thought that Richard was unmarried, or at least that he had no offspring but this is now disproved by a letter from Lady Valerie Redgrave (nee Wellesley). She tells us that she is the great (X6) grand-daughter of Richard Wellesley, and that he had a younger son, Gerald, born in 1790. After leaving Eton and Haileybury the young man chose to live in India, although by this time, c1810, his father had been recalled, having failed to subdue the Maratha challenge. Gerald seems to have found an Indian *bibi*, for Lady Valerie Redgrave writes: 'I am told that two ladies, Anglo-Indian sisters, by the name of Fitzgerald came to live in England from India in the mid-1800s. Presumably they could have been the daughters of Gerald.' No further clues are given, and the name Fitzgerald, is of course, a common one. Are there any hints that readers could supply, to trace the mother of these two ladies? Did they, in turn, marry? Information through the Secretary, please.

From BACSA member Jill Probyn comes the text of a memorial in her local church, St. Mary's Church, Llanfairwaterdine, Shropshire. It reads: 'To the memory of Maria Anne, 2nd daughter of the Rev. John Kinchant, incumbent of this parish, & of Maria his wife. This tablet is erected by her afflicted husband, John Ramsay Sladen, Captain, H.M. Bengal Horse Artillery. She departed this life 6 weeks after the birth of a son who survives her, on the 22nd day of October 1860. at Murree, E. Indies, where her remains are deposited. Age 22 years'. In the same church is a brass tablet to Maria Anne Sladen's younger brother, Lt. Colonel John Charlton Kinchant of the XIth Hussars. He died in 1923, aged 87, 'the last of the Kinchants'. Does the Murree tomb still exist today and what happened to the little boy who survived his mother's untimely death?

New member Rosemary Raza is currently working on a thesis about writings by British women in India before 1857. Many of her subjects are well known, but she would welcome biographical details on some of the more obscure authors. In particular Mrs Meer Hassan Ali, the English wife of an Indian Muslim who lived in Lucknow during the 1820s, has always seemed an intriguing figure. She wrote about her experiences, relating at length the various religious festivals, etc. but is maddeningly reticent about her own background. How did she meet her husband? What did her parents say? What did *his* parents say? Other authors who have left only their books, include Jane

Smart (Madras 1740s); Ann Deare (Upper Provinces, 1810s); Mrs Hervey (Kashmir, 1850s); Marianne Postans (Cutch and Sind 1830-40s). There are also a number of novelists and playwrights who used Indian themes in their work, including Ann Plumptre and Mariana Starke (18th century), Fanny Burney, Barbara Hofland, Mrs General Mainwaring and Mrs Col Hartley (early 19th century). If you can help, please write to Mrs Raza at 110 Rivermead Court, Ranelagh Gardens, London SW6 3SB

Correction: the name of BACSA member Helen de Silva's great great grandfather was wrongly given in the last *Chowkidar*. It should read William P Maidment.

## Poetry Corner

There are not that many poems about cemeteries in India, in fact there are probably too few to make a decent anthology, so the two pieces here are especially welcome. They are separated by over a hundred years, although this is not so obvious, at first glance. Both pass the test of good writing - poetry that makes your eyes water.

### A Himalayan Cemetery

If in India I should die  
Far from Britain's islands,  
In a churchyard I would lie  
Up among the high lands.  
I should hear, though I were dead,  
Tinklings of the fountains:  
Watch the snow flush rosy red  
On the morning mountains.

And when autumn's twilight gloom  
Veiled the woodland alleys,  
Gentle mists would wrap my tomb  
Stealing o'er the valleys,  
And I should not shrink to know  
Winter there had found me,  
Pleased to feel the English snow  
Lightly falling round me.

by Trego Webb from 'Indian Lyrics'

### European Cemetery, Agra, India: May 1994

Apothecary Watson's son is dead.  
That makes the third.  
Next door a mother died at twenty-four  
Her baby, too, at seven months, five days.  
A panther mauls this officer to death  
And there a captain dies in Agra fort  
Of wounds received in 1857.  
Above their graves the fever bird still cries,  
The jagged flocks of parakeets scream on,  
The Indian children play, oblivious,

And in the sky the watchful vultures wheel.  
Who thinks of Britain's dead in Agra's dust  
Under their red and crumbling sandstone plinths?  
Their regiments withdrawn to base long since,  
Their erstwhile charges proudly on their way  
Their anger muted by prosperity?  
An English visitor among these grieving stones  
Mourns that they died so young and far from home.  
A bugle sounds, faint in the stifling air,  
And the stones cry out, with someone there to hear.

by Mrs Yoma Crosfield Ullman

## Notice Board

### Chittagong

A retired ICS officer, Sir Nick Larmour, has passed on to BACSA a touching letter from Ronald D Bose, Hon. Secretary of the Cemetery Committee, Christ Church, Chittagong. Mr Bose writes that the cemetery has unfortunately been subject to looting, vandalism and desecration during the last twenty years. Because many of the nameplates have been removed from graves, it is difficult to identify them today, and this is why Mr Bose is appealing for any pre-1970 photographs that readers and relatives might hold. If the following tombs can be identified, then new nameplates will be affixed by the Cemetery Committee:

Powis Sarson ICS, Deputy Collector and Magistrate

Alexander Mansion ICS

Charles Steer, Commissioner, Chittagong

Frank Robert Stanley Collier, Commissioner, Chittagong, died 5 June 1902

John Cook Twidell, ICS died 30 September 1917

Owen Mawson ICS died 20 December 1919

George Harold William Davies, ICS, Collector of Chittagong, died 20 April 1928, aged 41 years

Francis Abbot, Collector of Customs, died 18 March 1936

Please contact Mr Bose, via the Secretary of BACSA if you can help.

### Jim Corbett

Colonel Jim Corbett (1875-1955) of Kumaon, writer, naturalist, conservationist and humanitarian who brought happiness to thousands while living in India until 1947, now lies buried in an obscure grave, completely abandoned by everyone, in Nyeri, Kenya. His publishers, Oxford University Press, which still print and sell his books and the person who receives royalties from his books are unable to help.

Mr RJ Prickett, former senior hunter to Treetops, and Mr Jerry Jaleel, who contacted us, would very much like to have the Corbett grave repaired and kept in good maintenance. BACSA cannot help because Africa is outside our orbit, but readers who wish to assist, or indeed to know more about Jim Corbett may contact Mr Jaleel at 1306-39 Street, Edmonton, Alberta T6L 2M7, Canada.

### Colonial Police Badges

Terry Morrison is trying to build up a collection and information about these badges. He would like to correspond with other collectors and is also interested in purchasing examples. If you can help, please write to him at 'Lisnasharragh' (C.A.), 42 Montgomery Road, Belfast B6 9LD, Northern Ireland.



*General Sir James Willcocks, KCB, GCMG (see p.25)*

*His memorial at Bharatpur*



*The Rohilla War Memorial near Bareilly (see p.26)*

*Bimlipatam (old Dutch Cemetery) before restoration, aided by BACSA*





## A Maharaja's Grave

The Maharaja Dalip (Duleep) Singh, has always seemed a particularly pathetic figure, wandering as he did between India and England, between Christianity and Sikhism, and between rebellion and submission. He was a son of Ranjit Singh, the Lion of the Punjab, and ascended the throne while still a child, four years after his father's death in 1839. He was naturally unable to quell the factional fighting which continued around him and was deposed by the East India Company in 1848. The Punjab was annexed, the Koh-i-Noor diamond surrendered and the young Maharaja pensioned off and placed in the care of a tutor, Sir John Logan. It was under Logan's guidance that Duleep Singh was baptised a Christian, and his awakening interest in England led to his arrival here in 1854. He was immediately taken under Queen Victoria's wing, and she became entranced by the handsome young Indian and got her favourite artist, Winterhalter, to paint him.

For his part, Duleep Singh blossomed into an English country gentleman. He developed a love of country sports, and was adopted by the Marlborough House set which circled round Edward, the Prince of Wales. Elveden Hall, near Cambridge, was bought by the Maharaja and the interior transformed into an Eastern palace by the architect John Norton. The facade, however, remained English in appearance, perhaps mimicking the confusion of the owner about where he really belonged. Here Duleep lived with his bride, Bamba Muller, a half Abyssinian, half German girl from Egypt. In 1863 he returned to India on his mother's death, and this visit stirred up feelings of resentment against his 'lap dog' status in England, and the patronage of her Royal family. He reverted to his own religion and spent his final unhappy years in France, exiled from both his native, and his adopted, country.

His body was brought back to Elveden for burial in 1883 and lies in the churchyard there. His estate is owned today by the Guinness family, and is venerated by the Sikhs for its royal connection. Now the Duleep Singh Centenary Trust, a Sikh group based in Britain, hopes to commemorate the last Maharaja, at Thetford, near Elveden. Permission has been granted by Norfolk Council and a sculptor from India will be invited to provide a memorial which will be sited on Butten Island, between the rivers Thet and Little Ouse. The centre-piece will be an equestrian statue of the 'Black Prince of Elveden', as he was called locally. At last the sad figure of the wanderer will be properly acknowledged.

## Ghostly Tales

*Chowkidar* is always interested in ghost stories from the Raj, not least because they seem, in an odd way, to mirror the relationship between India's former

rulers and her erstwhile subjects. There are, for example, plenty of well attested stories about European ghosts seen by Europeans. There are also reports about European ghosts seen by Indians. But how many Europeans have seen Indian ghosts? And if they have, were those ghosts in conventional form, or were they 'bhuts', the horrible demons or goblins 'by whom the Indian peasantry is so constantly beset'? Did ghosts in fact cross the cultural divide? And why do European ghosts seem to have left India in 1947, because there are few, if any, reports since then. Mr KNR Swamy, the Editor of Maharaja Features, Bombay, is researching this subject, although he may not find the answers to all these questions. He has already culled a number of stories from the back pages of *Chowkidar*, but would welcome other accounts of European ghosts in India.

Not surprisingly, Simla was well endowed with ghostly visitors during the high season. 'The most haunted house in Simla' was Charleville, which was rented by Victor Bayley, Assistant Secretary of the Railway Board, and his family, in 1913. The previous occupant, an Army officer, had reported poltergeist activities, which did not trouble the Bayleys. But there was one abnormal event. 'One night a reliable Muslim servant waited up for the return of his employer from a dinner party, and as he did so he became aware that there was a sahib in the room. Rising to his feet, he asked what the sahib wanted. The European, without replying, slowly walked away through a closed door. The servant reported that he was in fancy dress, wearing clothes like his present employer's evening tail-coat but with a scarf round his neck - in fact, such a costume as worn in the middle of the last century.' BACSA readers can no doubt recall similar tales of the unknown. Are there enough to make a book, one wonders?

## Books by BACSA Authors

[These can be ordered via BACSA, at no extra cost to the purchaser]

Indo-British Review: To Independence and Beyond Vol. XIX No. 2 guest editor Rosie Llewellyn-Jones

The Indo-British Review, started 25 years ago in Madras, is a scholarly and also readable journal. It is published generally once or twice a year, carrying about a dozen articles by academics and others. Recent issues have revolved around such themes as 'Princely India and the Raj', 'Indian Armed Forces', 'The Partition of India and Pakistan 1947 and 1971' and 'Staying On: India's UK Citizens'. GT Verghese is Executive Director and Editor.

This anniversary issue might almost be called the Indian Services issue since six contributors were members either of the ICS, the IP or the Indian Forestry

Service, Mildred Archer is the widow of an ICS man and Drusilla Scott the wife of one. Other contributors are from the armed services, Academia and big business. This issue is timely, coming while there are still survivors of imperial India (how odd that that regime has been universally known as 'The Raj' since Independence, when it is not described as 'the colonial period'). RV Vernede and RR Langham-Carter, of the ICS, were born in respectively 1905 and 1903; John Griffiths, also ICS, is a mere chhokra, being of the reviewer's generation which went to India in 1937; most of the other contributors were born in 1906 or 1907. These men and women may be elderly, but their memories are undimmed and their writing is for the most part lively, enthusiastic, proud. As instances Vernede says 'The relationship between the British and Indian Civil Servants was governed mainly by their working together to operate one of the most successful administrations known to history'; Langham-Carter, attributing his diploma in Burmese to his examiner's relative ignorance of that language, says 'I have kept the document to this day; I really must get it framed': great age or no he looks to the future, when he will be able to survey the framed memento of an amusing episode.

Apart from the interest of the contributors' varying accounts of their lives and times in the sub-continent, this volume has an important general significance: the complete tapestry woven by the 13 main contributions covers the period from the First World War up to Independence in 1947, a short period during which the pace of political change in India was phenomenal. There was also great evolution in the attitude to the relations between the European and Indian elite. Sir Harry Champion, born within about a generation of the 1857 uprising, grew up in the aura of the Kipling era, white man's burden, etc. Vernede, ICS 1928 to 1947, went to India in the shadow of EM Forster's 'A Passage to India', with the beginning of doubts and questions; his account not surprisingly deals much with the question of race (cf Sir Malcolm Darling in Clive Dewey's 'Anglo-Indian Attitudes' recently reviewed in *Chowkidar*). This question would not have bothered Champion on his journey to India in 1915 and later, nor did it bother entrants in the Indian services too much in the late 1930s when weightier matters were fermenting. While racial prejudice persisted (it still does), by then at least in the (then) gentler backwaters of Bihar or Orissa it was of greatly reduced importance. In provincial matters ICS men answered to provincial government ministers, the skin colour of the district magistrate was not a matter of comment; one mixed and dined with westernised Indian colleagues and friends with complete colour blindness. Maybe few westerners had penetrated the inner ramifications of Indian family affairs so entertainingly illustrated in 'A Suitable Boy', but the reviewer would maintain nevertheless that there was a great sea change in inter-racial relationships between the early 1920s and the late 1930s.

Fascinating as are some of the articles by people from the imperial services, the contributions by leaders from other equally important walks of life in India during the period are no less interesting. Sir Owain Jenkins writes on club life in Calcutta, and James Murray of the famous Calcutta firm gives the experiences of a 'boxwallah'; Colonel Mains illuminates some little known aspects of Indian Independence: William Mayne's experiences were as a coffee biologist in the jungles of Mysore; Major Lincoln, a Second World War officer in the Indian Army, does not seem to have been enamoured of India; Douglas Dickins on the other hand returned to India '...agog to see what India had done with its "freedom"... it speaks volumes for India's hold on the imagination that I keep going back...' up until 1971 and beyond. These 13 articles and Rosie Llewellyn-Jones' interesting editorial letter are not all. The Journal concludes with essays by LM Bhatia on Wavell's vice-royalty; VM Tarkunde on the Quit India Movement; the most entertaining reminiscences of Gandhi in Oxford by Drusilla Scott (daughter of the Master of Balliol, AD Lindsay and wife of Sir Ian Scott of the ICS); and a tribute to Lord Mountbatten of Burma by Lord Listowel (whose feelings are apparently not shared by Douglas Dickins). While this is not a journal for an afternoon's browse, it is one to which one can return with interest again and again. (RNL)

1993 Indo-British Historical Society, 21 Rajaram Mehta Avenue, Madras 600 029, India. pp152. Price for purchasers in India Rs. 150, otherwise obtainable from BACSA Secretary at £6.50 plus £1 postage

#### Zanzibar and the shortest war in history Kevin Patience

'By the late 1880s the European scramble for Africa was at its height with Germany and Great Britain vying for territory'. Thus Patience sets the scene for his story. It was with German support that the usurper Seyyid Khalid seized the palace of Zanzibar on 25 August 1896 and declared himself Sultan. The British Consul of the newly formed British Protectorate promptly sent him a letter asking him to step down quietly and hand back the palace to the rightful heir Seyyid Hamoud bin Mohammed. Khalid refused to do so, even in the face of an ultimatum from Rear Admiral HH Rawson, who quickly brought up the cruiser *HMS St. George*. British gunboats and warships were already at anchor in the harbour. The Zanzibar royal yacht (named *Glasgow*, for she had been built on the Clyde), trained her few guns on the British ships. As the palace clock struck 9.00 on the morning of 27 August, battle was joined. The Customs House caught fire, the royal yacht sank gracefully (her crew rescued by a British picket boat), and the European ladies watched from the deck of *HMS St. George* as the palace harem was comprehensively shelled. Khalid escaped to the German Consulate where he sought political asylum and the whole thing was over by 9.45 am. The author relates this farcical episode from colonial history with a straight face, although the photograph of shattered furniture in the

palace rooms does irresistibly recall the famous dinner party scene from the film 'Carry on Up the Khyber'. Highly entertaining, thoroughly recommended and an excellent example of do-it-yourself publishing. (RLJ)

1994 £3.95 inclusive. pp26 Obtainable through BACSA Secretary

### Riding to War Gerald Uloth

This is a newly published gem that deserves a place in every library interested in soldiering in India and Central Asia. It is an account of a little known theatre of the First World War: the Eastern Persian Cordon, where there was a very real fear that German agents would ferment unrest among the Muslim peoples of the allies, Britain and Russia, and encourage the Afghan Amir to start a *jihad*.

Printed privately and posthumously by the author's sons this book has been compiled from letters written by Gerald Uloth, when he was a young cavalry officer, to his mother in England. It was a chance meeting on the Reigate to London train with a beturbaned gentleman that determined Gerald Uloth's future. As a guest of this Indian cavalry officer at a spectacular parade of Colonial Forces at Hampton Court, Uloth decided that it was the Indian Cavalry for him; and so it was that he passed out of Sandhurst thirteenth and into the 28th Light Cavalry's depot at Quetta.

His first independent command came with the onerous task of taking a caravan of 1300 camels laden with arms, ammunition and supplies, with only a handful of Pathan infantry as an escort, some 600 miles through hostile Baluch country. If anyone has had the (mis)fortune to travel with a camel caravan, they will know that the animal's famous bad temper is only matched by that of their drivers. It was not long into the journey before Uloth was being presented with camel tails, and the drivers demanding compensation for their 'lost' beasts. Inexplicably this coincided with the appearance of a number of tail-less camels in the caravan. Not to be taken-in by this persuasive deception, nor by his *Ressaldar's* violence against some Hazaras over wells, proved the young subaltern's mettle. He got the caravan through to Force HQ and had the *Ressaldar* court martialled.

Life in south east Persia was endlessly spent marching and counter-marching to the rumours of the presence of German agents. Taking one agent back to India, he found the German trying to curry favour with his troopers, saying that he was a good Mussulman like themselves. The troopers, who were Hindu, were highly amused as to what lengths the Hun would try to deceive. When there was a lack of spies, there were always the bands of brigands and *lashkars* to hunt down.

His force commander in 1916 was Brigadier General Dyer, who ordered a series of reprisals against the Baluch, for among other things, the death of his charger. It was on an escort of prisoners from one such operation that Uloth and his squadron leader were ambushed and both wounded. His hair-raising account is stirring stuff, and written in the best of *Blackwood's* tradition, for whom he also wrote.

Following sick-leave in Australia, Uloth is sent to command a squadron in Birjand where the genteel niceties of calling cards, consul ceremonies and visits to the governor prevail. His promotion to captain is celebrated in fine style, his men throwing a *tamasha*. His troopers display their martial prowess with tulwar and lance, only to be outridden by the Russian consul's Cossacks. A year in the field earns him a month's leave in Quetta, entailing a 600 mile ride. Owing to the Russian Revolution, the northern sector of the cordon was now open. His leave was cancelled and he had to return immediately, this time to Meshed.

But life with those Russians remaining was still friendly. Regular games of croquet against the Cossacks were played on the parade ground, whilst the corpses of criminals swung on gibbets behind them. The Russians always won. The effect of the Russian Revolution was beginning to have more importance for those in the Persian cordon. With his skill for languages Uloth was then involved in counter-espionage operations, arresting a Turkish doctor leading an anti-British plot and a Russian couple working for the Bolsheviks as well as an Austrian dentist. He then fitted out a Russian volunteer detachment to fight the Bolsheviks.

His regiment was sent to Merv to support the Mensheviks against the Bolsheviks. Following twenty-one days leave in England, entailing a 52 day return journey, he rejoined his regiment just in time for some active patrolling in the Third Afghan War before heading back to Quetta and peacetime soldiering. (JWG)

1994 Gerald Uloth Book Fund, Monks, Nether Wallop, Stockbridge, Hampshire, SO20 8HE, £18.50 plus £1.50 postage, pp192.

### An Indian Journal Nora Scott ed. John Radford

Every week while she was in India in the 1880s, Nora Scott wrote a long and detailed letter to her parents 'with a history of the week's doings' which was passed round to relatives and friends. Nora's husband John had been appointed to the Bombay High Court as a puisne judge, and the Scotts travelled to India from Egypt, with their youngest daughter, leaving the older children in England. Perhaps because she had already lived in the East for ten years, and

certainly because she was a talented artist, the author saw India with tolerant, sympathetic eyes. She was an indefatigable socialite, off to weddings and parties when not entertaining at home, but her circle, unusually, included many Indian women. Indeed, this is a feminist book in the best sense, for Nora Scott's liberal attitudes allowed her to support female education, to criticise the purdah system, to rail against physical and mental cruelty towards women, and to spend much of her time in female company. She visited schools and hospitals, where English women doctors were allowed to practice (as they could not do in England at that time). Again, unusually, she is completely free from colour prejudice. Meeting an Englishwoman newly married to a Bengali Muslim, she admits feeling anxious on the wife's behalf, but adds 'if she can battle through, and outlive slights and coldness and find enjoyment at home, and interest in helping the Indian ladies of her husband's family... she can do a great work'. She took first aid lessons (called ambulance classes then) and practised on her servants and poor people, even when, one suspects, they would rather have had 'jungly doctors' than good English broth. She pressed cough lozenges and a mustard leaf on a hill-man 'but it is rather difficult to put poultices on a man who wears no clothes to speak of.' Her interests and enthusiasms are clear. Sir Aurel Stein, the distinguished archaeologist, whom she once invited to dinner, is noted only as 'the Hungarian Orientalist', but the description of a particularly luscious Indian costume can take a paragraph. A few of her paintings are reproduced here in black and white, which certainly deserve a wider audience - what happened to all her sketches, one wonders, is there a Victorian memsahib's album in the attic? The book has been punctiliously edited by Nora's grandson, and beautifully produced (with *no misprints*) by The Radcliffe Press. (RLJ)

1994 The Radcliffe Press, 45 Bloomsbury Square, London WC1A 2HY £19.95 inclusive pp231

Gaijin Bochi: the Foreigners' Cemetery, Yokohama, Japan. Patricia McCabe

In 1854 Robert Williams, a young American seaman attached to Commodore Matthew Perry's crew, was buried in the grounds of the Zotokuin Temple near the tiny fishing village of Yokohama. Although his body was removed a few years later, the spot became the accepted resting place for foreigners of all nationalities. This cemetery is a microcosm of the recent history of Japan, as she emerged from medieval feudalism to become a world leader in technology. Japan had deliberately isolated herself from outside influence for decades, so it was unsurprising that 19th century foreigners often found hostility and sometimes death there. Russian seamen and Dutch sea captains murdered in Yokohama are among the earliest inhabitants of the cemetery. Charles Lenox Richardson, a British merchant, was killed by retainers of the Lord of Satsuma in 1862 while out for an idyllic country ride with three companions. His death

led directly to the stationing of British and French troops in Yokohama and this in turn brought about the Anglo-Satsuma War of 1863-64. Those foreigners who escaped murder often met their deaths through illness, especially small-pox, and the Great Santo Earthquake of 1 September 1923 accounted for many more. The upheavals of the two World Wars and the Russian Revolution are reflected in the tombs of refugees, some Christian and some Jewish. Here too are the graves of people killed on 29 May 1945 by American bombs at the end of the war.

Patricia McCabe has painstakingly transcribed the inscriptions from the stones themselves, using the surviving burial registers to supplement information, although the two do not always match up. Two random inscriptions from the 4,184 recorded give a flavour of this book; 'Sacred to the Memory of The Honble. AEP Vereker, Capt. HBM 11 Batt. XX Regt, and Youngest Son of Viscount Gort, East Cowes Castle, Isle of Wight. Died October 12, 1864. Aged 32 years. Sincerely beloved and Deeply Regretted by His Brother Officers.' 'Sacred to the Memory of John Liddell. Born June 21, 1858. Died June 25, 1918. "If Thou Shouldst Call me to Resign What Most I Prize, It Ne'er Was Mine; I Only Yield Thee What Was Thine" Sacred to the Memory of Marion Liddell. Born 17 April 1876. Died 16 April 1963. Widow of John Liddell. Dearly Loved Mother, Grandmother and Great Grandmother.' The publication of this BACSA register was made available by a generous contribution from The Great Britain-Sasakawa Foundation whose aim is 'to educate the people of the UK about Japan, and those of Japan about the UK' an ambition well fulfilled in this admirable volume. (RLJ)

1994 BACSA £18 plus £1.50 postage pp540

### **Books by Non-Members (that will interest readers)**

[These should be ordered direct and not via BACSA]

Grandmother's Footsteps: a Journey in Search of Penelope Betjeman Imogen Lycett Green

In 1985 Lady Penelope Betjeman took her 18 year old grand-daughter Imogen on a tour of India, from Madurai in the south to the Kulu valley in the Himalayas. This book is an affectionate retracing of that journey, describing the places and people that the couple met then, and the author's more recent visit. Penelope was the daughter of Field Marshal Lord Philip Chetwode, later Commander-in-Chief of the Army in India, and she was born in the Cavalry Barracks at Aldershot, if not quite on a horse, then certainly with a love of

horses in her blood. She went to India for the first time in 1928, and learned, gradually, to appreciate its many cultural riches including architecture, sculpture, religion, art, history and music. On her return to England, in 1933, she married the poet John Betjeman, and was not to revisit India until the 1960s, when she really fell in love with the country. She led a number of trekking parties in the Himalayas, but also spent much time in travelling about the countryside, staying in convents, hotels and even tents, where necessary. Her many Indian friends that the author spoke to, all, without qualification, bear fond memories of this forthright Englishwoman, who never tempered her opinions to her audience, and was thought of all the more highly for this very reason.

In quoting from Penelope's letters or diaries, one gets a real feeling of her presence. 'Tummy trouble is largely psychological' she told her tour group. 'If you are DETERMINED TO GET IT then you WILL.' (Her capitals). But whenever she leaves the stage, the book does limp along rather tediously, padded out with basic facts that anyone who is interested enough to read about India, would know anyway. There is a touching description of the old woman's death and cremation in the remote Himalayas, and the scattering of her ashes in her beloved hills, as she had wished. (RLJ)

1994 Macmillan London £20.00 plus postage pp361

#### Of Demons and Dreams: an Indian Memoir Patwant Singh

This prolific author has earlier written extensively for newspapers and magazines on Indian politics, urbanism and the environment, as also being editor and publisher of 'Design', an international magazine of architecture, the visual arts and industrial design. His previous books include 'India and the Future of Asia' (1967) 'The Struggle for Power in Asia' (in English and French editions) (1974) 'The Golden Temple' (1988) and 'Gurdwaras in India and Around the World' (1992).

The author's father was one of a group of remarkable Punjabi Sikh builders brought to Delhi for the construction of the new capital of India, and who thereby amassed personal fortunes. This book is essentially an autobiography, each chapter covering a decade, from the building of new Delhi to the present day - New Delhi of the Thirties and Forties, Bombay of the Fifties, the pivotal Sixties, the declining morality of the Seventies, the attack on the Golden Temple in the Eighties, along with the concomitant events and, for the author, the end of a dream in the Nineties.

He postulates 'to countless people British rule represented a just system and an orderly way of life'. After three decades from 1957 to 1988 of architectural and design writing, editing and publishing (some of the Dreams of the title), it sud-

denly seemed pointless 'to be crusading for architectural integrity, civic grace and urban sanity, when an insane few were holding the country to ransom.... a new class of political pretenders, power-brokers and opinionated insiders... (the Demons of the title). He narrates in detail the grim power play in Punjab, when Giani Zial Singh, a Sikh Congressman, was sequentially the Chief Minister of Punjab, Central Home Minister, and President of India. He also describes Mrs Gandhi's assassination by her Sikh police bodyguards and the anti-Sikh riots in Delhi which culminated in over 2,000 people being killed. To date, most of the killers have not yet been proceeded against.

There is much immediacy and freshness along with some cynicism, in this memoir, all of which add up to a spirited autobiography, encompassing many bizarre developments in the past half century in the sub-continent, including the destruction of the mosque at Ayodhya, by followers of the Bharatiya Janata Party, the main opposition party at the Centre to the Congress Party Government. A luminous book. (SLM)

1994 Duckworth £16.99 plus postage pp206

#### A Military Memsahib Rosemary Watts

The author accompanied her husband Colin, a Defence Attache, on his posting to Islamabad in 1982. She had no first hand experience of the sub-continent, although her husband's family had served in India. The tone was set straight away, for on arrival at their new home they found 'a very large pile of invitations waiting on the hall table'. Rosemary Watts is honest enough to admit that her heart sank at this moment. The couple were not professional diplomats, yet they were immediately launched into the dizzy social whirl expected of people in their position. This illuminating and amusing book tells how they learnt to cope, not just at parties, of course, but with life in Pakistan. There was the usual daily round of servants, sightseeing and shopping, all well described - the short chapter 'On getting an electric mixer mended' will elicit sympathetic nods. The Watts were also able to travel to the Swat Valley, and the Khyber Pass and to visit refugee camps in Peshawar, which were rapidly filling up after the Russian invasion of Afghanistan. The author has struck the right balance between pathos and humour which are often inherent in any prolonged contact with the sub-continent. There is a touching last chapter when Colin finds his mother's grave at Ranchi. Well written, and recommended. (RLJ)

1994 Owl Press PO Box 315 Downton, Salisbury, Wiltshire SP5 3YE £7.99 plus postage, pp125

## Books recently received and forthcoming

Some to be reviewed in Spring 1995

### Members

Regiments: Regiments and Corps of the British Empire and Commonwealth 1758-1993 Roger Perkins  
PO Box 29 Newton Abbot, Devon TQ12 1XU £92.50. The definitive bibliography of their published histories.

Boxwallahs: the British in Cawnpore 1857-1901 Zoe Yalland  
Michael Russell (Publishing) Ltd Wilby Hall, Wilby, Norwich NR16 2JP  
£28.00 The eagerly awaited sequel to Traders and Nabobs by the same author.

Rain in the Mountains: Notes from the Himalayas Ruskin Bond  
Viking Penguin India Rs. 250 Gently evocative, semi-autobiographical stories from the hills.

Souvenirs of a Competition Wallah: letters and sketches from India 1932-1947  
Denis Hayes Crofton  
Volturna Press. Obtainable from the author at 26 Vauxhall Gardens, Tonbridge, Kent TN11 OLZ £12.50 Beautifully illustrated memoirs of an ICS officer in rural and urban India.

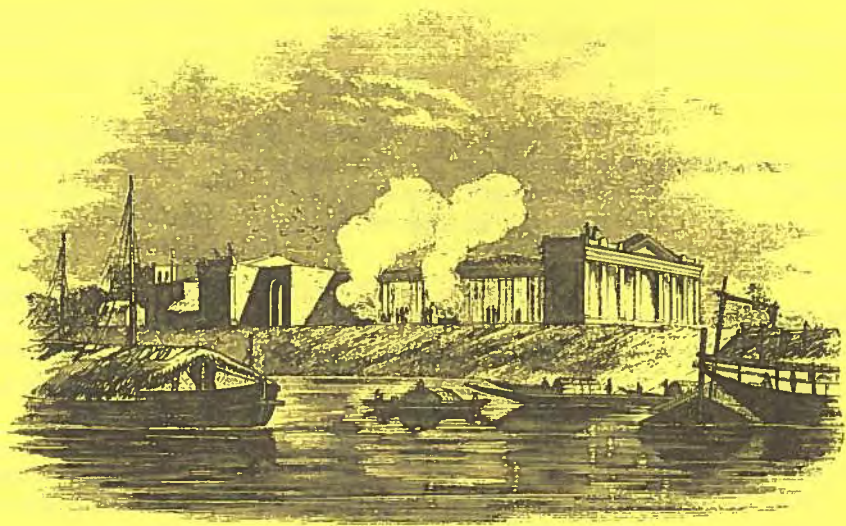
### Non Members

Soldier with Railways AA Mains  
Picton Publishing, Queensbridge Cottages, Patterdown, Chippenham, Wiltshire SN15 2NS £16.95 Travels by train through Iraq, Turkey, India and Burma.

Aircraft and Engine Perfect Murad Fyzee  
Tata McGraw-Hill Publishing Co. Ltd. New Delhi. Obtainable from Mrs. Sheila Richards, Tata Ltd. 18 Grosvenor Place, London SW1X £10.00 The story of JRD Tata who opened up the skies for his country.

'Strewth so help me God': A tale told in Twilight Robert Wright  
Published by the author, obtainable from him at Three Ways, Greyhound Lane, Wadhurst, Sussex TN3 6AP £9.50 An unconventional and entertaining memoir of a former Indian Army officer.

The Honorable Company: a history of the East India Company John Keay  
Harper Collins £8.99 (paperback) Disappointing general history, relying on secondary sources, some very out of date, and inexplicably ending in 1820.



BURNING THE DEAD AT NEW CREMATION GHAT, CALCUTTA.