

Registered Charity 273422

ISSN 0141-6588



# CHOWKIDAR

Volume 11 Number 5 Spring 2008  
Editor: Dr. Rosie Llewellyn-Jones

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

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Dr Rosie Llewellyn-Jones  
135 Burntwood Lane  
London SW17 0AJ  
tel: 020 8947 9131  
[email: rosiejai@clara.co.uk]

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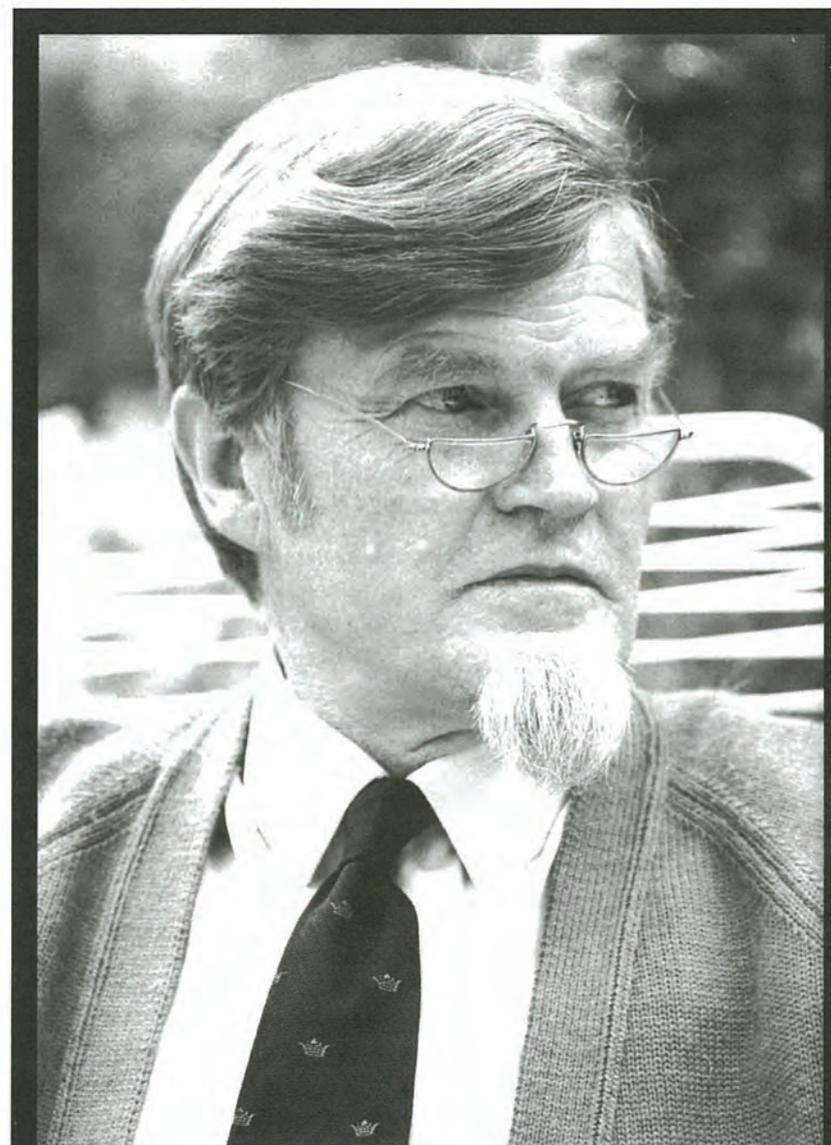
## NOTES ON BACSA

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

There is a steadily growing membership of almost 1,600 (2008) 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 books on different aspects of European social history out East. Full details on our website: [www.bacsa.org.uk](http://www.bacsa.org.uk)

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

Founded by the late Theon Wilkinson, MBE



**Theon Wilkinson, MBE 1924-2007**

**IN MEMORIAM**

## THEON WILKINSON 1924 – 2007

Many readers will know by now that Theon Wilkinson, MBE, the Founder of BACSA, died on 26 November 2007, eight months after the death of his dear wife Rosemarie. The Autumn 2007 *Chowkidar* paid tribute to Rosemarie in an article, little realising that the melancholy task of trying to summarise Theon's great achievements would be required so soon afterwards. The origins of BACSA are now fairly well known. It was set up on 13 October 1976 by Theon, following the publication of his book *Two Monsoons*, which reviewed 350 years of European epitaphs and monuments in India. It is one thing to set up an association such as BACSA, but quite another to maintain and cherish it through its first thirty years. Both the Wilkinsons had other jobs when BACSA was started – Theon at the headquarters of the Institute of Personnel Management in Wimbledon, and Rosemarie as a volunteer at the Church of England Children's Society. In retirement, both of them became BACSA personified – courteous, knowledgeable, enthusiastic, modest, hospitable and above all, hard-working.

Theon, who was born in Cawnpore, where his father was a Director of the Elgin Mills, read history at Oxford before joining the Colonial Service as a District Commissioner in Kenya. He returned to England in 1955 and shortly afterwards became Personnel Manager at Charrington's Brewery, in the east end of London. Theon's career undoubtedly gave him the facility to deal with all kinds of people in life but he also had the rare gift of making those he met to feel uplifted. He was convinced, as his son Wynyard said at his funeral, of the innate *goodness* of people, and that honesty, loyalty, tolerance and understanding were the most desirable qualities in a man. He was one of 'the last witnesses to the benevolent side of our former Empire. Revisionists will have no-one to challenge them now, and students of history will forevermore be in greater danger of being exposed to a one-sided, politically correct condemnation of a system to which so many good and honest servants of His Majesty contributed the world over.'

Although Theon spent less than two decades of his long life in India, he had a microscopic knowledge and love of the country. Rather like Rudyard Kipling, whose whole life was coloured by his brief Indian experience, so India had set its mark on Theon. He was able to paint vivid word pictures of the Indian people he knew, often from humble backgrounds; of the old customs, now long forgotten, that accompanied the 'children of the Raj', and of the circumstances in which many of BACSA's local contacts work today. He had the same gift when it came to the BACSA membership, noting members' relationships with the great 'Raj' families of the past; of connections with, or service in, particular places in South Asia, and, importantly, of encouraging newcomers, with no previous links to the East, but with a deep love of history, travel and genealogy, to join

BACSA. Building on this rich mix of members, Theon set up the system of Area Representatives – people with specialised knowledge of places in South Asia, who have local contacts, and through whom BACSA carries out its work of restoration and recording. It was Theon's own experiences plus an unlimited capacity for work, that continued almost to the day of his death, which made him the ideal BACSA Secretary, a post he relinquished only three years ago. He was responsible for setting up BACSA BOOKS, a small publishing company that produced over forty books written by members, with a wider public in mind. He oversaw all aspects of publication, liaising with the printers, choosing the covers, selecting the illustrations, and, of course, dealing sympathetically with the authors. He also advised on the publication of BACSA's Cemetery Records books, the most recent of which, *Agra, St Paul's Cemetery*, by Robin Volkens, was launched, in Theon's presence, at the Autumn General Meeting on 25 October 2007.

Every single copy of *Chowkidar*, until this one, had passed in front of Theon's eyes, in draft form. His encouragement and gentle corrections contributed to its success over thirty years. The Editor of *Chowkidar* has not only lost a wise teacher, but a personal friend. The short journey between Theon's house at Chartfield Avenue in Putney, and the Editor's home in Earlsfield, was a well-travelled route, with letters, enquiries, books, journals and cheerful BACSA gossip being exchanged across our respective dining-room tables. Almost every Friday, without fail, Theon was to be found behind the scenes at the British Library, where he had a 'BACSA desk' of which he was very proud. Here he would go through the cemetery files which form part of the BACSA Archives at the Library, adding new information and photographs sent in by members and travellers. He set up a card index listing all visual BACSA material on South Asian cemeteries, and he dealt with queries that found their way to BACSA, when all other possible lines of enquiry had been exhausted. He enjoyed the privileges the Library afforded him and was always delighted to be able to invite BACSA members and friends for a coffee or a working lunch in the staff canteen. At Theon's express wish, no Memorial Service will be held. True to his innate modesty, he believed such services were really only for statesmen. Instead of funeral flowers he asked for donations to Dr Graham's Kalimpong Homes. *The Times* published his obituary on 18 January 2008, which can be viewed online. (The Secretary will post out photocopies of Theon's obituary to members, on receipt of a stamped addressed envelope.) Being of the generation he was, Theon had a healthy distrust of the internet, but I think he would have been pleased, if not flattered, to know that his obituary has been picked up by websites throughout South Asia. BACSA will continue along the path our Founder has laid down for us. This will be the best memorial we can offer to a great man. (RLJ)

## MAIL BOX

It is always gratifying when BACSA is able to help descendants find a grave in the East, and this part of our work is just as important as restoring cemeteries and recording inscriptions. Without this human element, a constant reminder that we are dealing with the present, as well as the past, BACSA's work would be of much less interest. A case in point is that of Kevin Wells and his family, from New Zealand who set out in November 2007 for India to trace the steps of their forebears and in particular to find the grave of Barbara Innes, who was born in Madras in 1802. She was one of six Eurasian daughters of General James Innes, and the great great great grandmother of Mr Wells. In keeping with matrimonial patterns of the time, most of the Innes daughters married European army officers. Barbara married Captain William Taylor of the 20th Madras Native Infantry, at Secunderabad in 1820. The couple had nine children, all of whom, remarkably, reached adulthood. They were sent to Scotland for their education and upbringing, before returning to India. Sadly, Barbara died shortly after the birth of her ninth baby, at Jalna, in 1836.

Her widower, Captain Taylor, rose in his military profession to become a General, like his father-in-law. He encouraged his sons to settle in New Zealand, and retired there himself, to Auckland, in 1854. 'The Innes name', writes Kevin Wells 'appears frequently in the Taylor family tree, my mother, for example, was Barbara Innes Taylor, hence the great curiosity to know more about the Innes family of India.' Thanks to research carried out by BACSA member Sally Hofmann, the Wells family knew that the earlier Barbara Taylor was buried at Jalna, in present day Maharashtra. The family wrote to the Church of South India at Jalna 'and a kind person from that church confirmed the existence of the grave.' (see page 120) 'The old cantonment cemetery is on the outskirts of Jalna and is surrounded by open country on three sides. It is a walled rectangular burial ground, about 350 by 250 metres. Most people are buried in concrete mausoleums, probably a reflection of the habit jackals had in those days of digging up anyone buried in the conventional hole in the ground!'

The cemetery, known today as the Christ Church Cathedral Cemetery, is still used for Christian burials and contains some very handsome old tombs like that of the wife of an officer. (see page 120) The reason for these grand tombs, obelisks and pyramid memorials in a fairly obscure town seemingly unconnected with the East India Company, is that the Jalna cantonment, established in 1827, was a station of the Hyderabad Contingent. This was part of the Nizam's military force, and consisted of sepoy troops, led by British officers. Hence their tombs and those of their families. The cantonment was abandoned in 1903, although luckily this fate has not befallen the cemetery.

Most mausoleums and inscription plates are in good condition and the grounds are kept relatively clear by controlled grazing of cattle. Barbara's tomb was found intact, and the family, having 'given a little thought to this moment, proceeded to hold our own private service at her graveside'. Many other handsome tombs were found including one to Lieutenant Bryce McMurdo 'who was destroyed by a Tiger at Malligaum Near Jaulna On the 4th September 1830 Aetat 21' Of particular interest was the tomb to Lieutenant H. Bennet of the 40th Madras Native Infantry, 'who died in consequence of wounds received from robbers at the village of Nuwar near this station on the 6th May 1826 aged 23 years.' The Commanding Officer in Jalna at the time was Major John Wright, the husband of another of the six Innes daughters, Elizabeth. And just to round off the story, Sally Hofmann, now the Area Representative for Burma, has located Elizabeth Wright's tomb at Moulmein, in Burma. Perhaps another expedition next year for the Wells family?

The Quetta earthquake of 1935 has been referred to before in *Chowkidar*, but a vivid reminder was given to the Editor recently by BACSA member Shirley Cotton whose own grandmother, Mrs Elizabeth Jane Moore, was killed in it. A series of family photographs show the neat Moore bungalow, with its corrugated tin roof, before the quake, and shortly afterwards, when only a single door frame was left standing amidst the rubble. There are also views of the Baleli Road Cemetery in 1935, after the burials of the victims and a number of panoramic views taken in 1995. (see page 121) An estimated 30,000 people lost their lives on 31 May when the quake struck at three minutes past three in the morning. Most were sleeping, so the toll was particularly heavy. The quake measured between 7.5 and 7.7 on the Richter scale, classified as a 'major' disaster. It was made worse by the multi-storeyed buildings which lined the main streets and collapsed to the height of a single storey.

The 1st Queen's Battalion (now amalgamated into the Queen's Regiment) were stationed at Quetta at the time and immediately took the initiative. Temporary headquarters were set up in the British Residency, which although damaged, was still habitable. The first days were spent digging out the living and the dead from the ruins and a hundred men were detailed to start digging long trenches in the Baleli Road Cantonment Cemetery, which itself had received some damage. The battalion Padre read the Burial Service, and the trenches were filled in. Later, uniform slabs were laid, with the names of the dead and brief, poignant inscriptions - 'Love is eternal' 'In the midst of life we are in death' and 'Not gone forever'. There are nearly 200 earthquake graves here and a large memorial stone with seven panels, and the names of the dead inscribed thereon. The Muslim dead were buried in their own cemetery outside the city, and ad hoc funeral pyres for

the Hindu dead were raised and lit. A tent city was set up on the race-course to house the survivors and the city itself was put 'out of bounds' although this didn't entirely prevent looters from trying to pick over the rubble. The aerodrome and the railway station were both damaged with over 600 railway staff and their relatives being killed. Nevertheless, within a few days trains were running again and British survivors were moved out by rail. In time the city was rebuilt, with materials better able to withstand another quake, should it come. And as Shirley Cotton adds, this did indeed happen, remarkably exactly sixty years to the day, on 31 May 1995 at about 7.00 pm. This time, luckily, damage was slight. But the Baleli Road Cemetery, with its now crumbling slabs, and baked earth, is still witness to one of the worst quakes in the sub-continent. (See *Quetta: Monuments and Inscriptions* by Susan Maria Farrington, Area Rep for Pakistan, published by BACSA in 1992, for a complete list of the Christian victims.)

An intriguing family history has been emerging over the last seven years since Sir Alistair Hunter began researching his Indian background. There were family stories of an aristocrat who had run away from Eton and joined the British Army in the ranks, and an Indian princess, the kind of stories, as Sir Alistair says 'which families make up to disguise their lowly origins or excuse a touch of colour in their blood.' Although the truth turned out to be a great deal more prosaic, the history of John and Hannah Loader, his great great grandparents, is not without interest. And the fact that BACSA was able to help locate the Loader graves at Bangalore provided a satisfying conclusion to a family pilgrimage.

John Loader was a labourer from Sydenham in Kent, who was recruited into the British Army in November 1836, three months short of his twenty-first birthday. His regiment, the 13th Light Dragoons, was stationed in Bangalore and Loader travelled out to join it. Just leaving the same regiment was another private soldier called David Waters (known as 'Cornish' Waters) who had joined the cavalry in India in 1812. Waters had fathered an illegitimate daughter by an Indian woman, called 'Nancy' and possibly a camp follower. The little girl was born on 2 October 1824 and was named Anna, which later became Hannah. When, in January 1840, the regiment was recalled to England and marched to Madras to embark, a cholera epidemic broke out and many soldiers, women and children (perhaps including Nancy) died en route. Once in Madras, Loader and some other soldiers opted to stay in India and transfer to the incoming 15th Hussars; and five of the soldiers were then married - in the garrison church of St Thomas' Mount in Madras - to English and Anglo-Indian women who had almost certainly been widowed or orphaned by the cholera and had nowhere to go. One of them was the 15-year-old Hannah. She married John Loader, who appears to have informed the chaplain she was two years older than she was (she pretended this for the rest of her long life).

By the end of December 1840 Hannah had given birth to the first of the couple's thirteen children. Loader transferred again, fourteen years later, to the 12th Lancers, and was sent to the Crimea with his new regiment. He was awarded the Crimean Medal, with a clasp for Sebastopol. After a brief posting back to England, the Lancers returned to India, where John and Hannah (pregnant again), moved to Hyderabad during the troubled days of the Indian mutiny. It was here that Sir Alistair's great grandmother, Alice, was born, the only Loader infant not to be born in Bangalore. John was discharged and pensioned off in 1862, and the couple, with their numerous children, seemed to have enjoyed a happy retirement and a modest position in Bangalore society. The imposing tombstones erected by their children in St John's Cemetery, Kulpully, are still well-preserved. (see page 121) The inscription on John's tomb, recording his date of death as August 1892 bears no mention of his army career. Hannah survived him for another eight years and her tombstone carries the words 'Return unto thy rest, O my soul, for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee.' 'Truer words', concludes Sir Alistair 'than her children, who inscribed them, ever knew.'

Although the mutiny of 1857/58 was mostly confined to northern and central India, an incident did take place at Chittagong, now in Bangladesh, as BACSA member John Radford informs us. A detachment of the 34th Bengal Native Infantry stationed there mutinied on 18 November 1857. As in other places, the sepoys plundered the Treasury, released prisoners from the gaol, burnt down the thatched huts in their own quarters, fired the ammunition magazine, looted the church of its Communion plate and marched off, with three captured elephants. But remarkably the small European population was not harmed, and peace was restored when a relief force from a Gurkha Regiment arrived. In gratitude for their deliverance, a stained glass window was erected by a Major Mitchell in 1858 or 59, in the old Christ Church at Laldighi. When the new Christ Church was built at Jubilee Road, in the 1920s, the 'mutiny window', pews, and other furnishings were transferred to it.

Unfortunately, during an attempted burglary almost 30 years ago the window was damaged and the right hand side of its inscription was subsequently lost. It has recently, however, been well restored and a Perspex sheet placed behind it on the exterior wall, to protect it. The wording, after some discussion, now reads 'The grateful residents at Chittagong who were saved from the murderous hands of evil and wicked men in 1857 place this memorial of their thankfulness to Almighty God'. The underlined words are the original, from the left-hand side of the window, and the others were suggested by the chaplain, the Reverend Bromley who presided at the church between 1978 and 1982. The restoration work was carried out under the supervision of Mr Ronald Bose MBE, Vice-Chairman of the Church Committee.

## CAN YOU HELP?

'I am trying to help a friend who takes photographs of gravestones of First Class Cricketers' wrote BACSA member Anthony Bradbury at the end of last year. 'He is seeking the grave of Theodore Hubback, born 17 December 1872 and who is said to have been killed in Malaysia (then the Federated Malay States) in 1942.' Not very much to go on, it seemed at first, not even a place of death. But 1942 was of course the year of the Japanese invasion, when those who could fled, and others who couldn't, were killed or imprisoned. Hubback was sixty-nine years old at the time and given the chaotic conditions, it is possible he does not have a grave at all. There the query might have remained, consigned to the bottom of the filing tray, except that research has shown Hubback to be an exceptionally interesting man. Even if he does not have a grave, he is worth remembering.

Theodore Rathbone Hubback was born in Liverpool to a prosperous family. His father, Joseph, was a corn merchant, a magistrate, and became Mayor of Liverpool in 1869. His first wife, Jessie Sophia Rathbone died within a year of marriage. A second marriage to Georgina Benson took place in 1870 and five children were born to the couple. Rather unusually, Theodore, the second boy, was given the middle name of his father's first wife. As a young man Theodore played first-class cricket for Lancashire as wicket keeper. He went to Malaya in 1895 possibly to take up a post in the Public Works Department. (His elder brother, Arthur Benson Hubback, an architect in the PWD, was responsible for some of Kuala Lumpur's best loved colonial buildings.)

Theodore next appears playing cricket for the Straits Settlement between 1897 and 1909. When not working or playing cricket he was engaged in big-game hunting, as the title of his book *Elephant and Seladang Hunting in Malaya* (published in London in 1904) makes clear. The seladang is a species of wild ox, and two varieties are named after Hubback – the *bibos gaurus hubbacki* and the *bos gaurus hubbacki*. He was in the Alaskan peninsula in the 1920s, again after big-game, and, rather unsportingly, one would have thought, sheep. He became an honorary Game Warden in Pahang, and a pioneer of conservation and at the same time was described as 'an abrasive personality' who thrived on 'controversy and hard knocks'. Hubback's work was to result in the Government setting aside the Tahan Mountain Game Reserve as a conservation area and a national park. This was carried out shortly before the outbreak of war in 1939 and the park was named King George V National Park. (It is today called Taman Negara and covers more than four thousand square miles of lush jungle, mountain and river.) As the Japanese invasion of Malaya pushed forward over the winter of 1941/42, it has been suggested that Hubback was one of a small number of Europeans who stayed on, behind Japanese lines, in the expectation of a British counter

offensive. He may have died, therefore, either in Malaya, or in Singapore as a civilian internee, or a prisoner of war. It may be that Taman Negara is Theodore Hubback's only memorial, but it would be good to know if his grave does indeed exist, and whether there is a statue anywhere to this remarkable Liverpudlian.

The last successful search that BACSA's Founder Theon Wilkinson carried out before his death was for the grave of Lieutenant Edward Nevill, who had died in India in 1918. Lieutenant Nevill was the uncle of Patricia Manning, MBE, who wrote to BACSA because she thought we held records of British soldiers who died during the two World Wars. Theon informed her that these records are in fact held by the Commonwealth War Graves Commission, but that BACSA can sometimes help with tracing the graves of British soldiers buried in India. From the Commonwealth War Graves records Theon was able to confirm that Lieutenant Nevill's Regiment was the 4th Prince Albert Victor's Rajputs, and that the young soldier had died aged twenty-nine, in December 1918, a month after the end of the Great War. His name is engraved on the 1914-1918 War Memorial at Madras. But from our own records we found that Lieutenant Nevill is buried in the Bareilly Cantonment cemetery in the old United Provinces (now Uttar Pradesh), and over a thousand miles from Madras.

The distance between grave and memorial stems from a decision taken by the Commonwealth War Graves Commission not to exhume the bodies of the First World War soldiers, wherever they lie, but to commemorate them on three War Memorials – at Madras, Kirkee and Delhi. Up to the 1970s a small sum was paid by the Commission for the upkeep of cemeteries in India, like Bareilly, where soldiers from World War One lie, but this then ceased. Relatives seeking the graves were referred to the three War Memorials and sometimes told, erroneously, that the original graves had been lost. In several cases, like this of Lieutenant Nevill, BACSA has been able to find these 'lost' graves and bring comfort to the soldiers' relatives. Patricia Manning tells us that she has a photograph of 'Uncle Eddie' who looks 'extremely smart in full dress uniform which is a bit like a kilt, and his helmet is placed nearby on a chair.' She believes that he might have died of malaria or a similar disease and the information about his grave will now be included in the family's archive.

Two BACSA members responded to the query in the Autumn 2007 *Chowkidar* about the remote Cocos Keeling Islands that lie in the Indian Ocean. Remarkably, both Sue Farrington and Richard Morgan have family connections with the islands. In 1901 the Electric Telegraph Company (later merged into Cable & Wireless Ltd) began laying a cable between South Africa and Australia. This went via Mauritius to the nearby island of Rodriguez, across the Indian Ocean to the Cocos Keeling Islands and continued south to Fremantle. Sue Farrington's

great uncle built the cable station on Rodriquez. It is possible therefore that John Hanron, whose 1930 grave we noted, was engaged in working for the telegraph company. Richard Morgan tells us that the islands have a curious history and were ruled from 1835 to the Second World War by the Clunies Ross family, of Scots descent. 'The second of the dynasty, John George Clunies Ross, who ruled from 1854 to 1872, was a friend of my great grandfather, William Molien Morgan', he writes. Morgan, who was a merchant in Java, acted as agent for Clunies Ross and purchased equipment such as boats and engines for shipping back to the Cocos Keeling Islands. 'I have a number of letters between them' adds Richard Morgan, 'Clunies Ross's somewhat illiterate, it must be admitted.'

The story of Major John Christian Francke, who died in Trichinopoly, south India, was also told in the Autumn 2007 *Chowkidar*. The Major had at least fifteen children by three different mothers, and BACSA member Mrs Ailsa Rushbrooke has sent us details of three of them. Julia Theresa Francke was already married when she died in 1828 at the early age of seventeen. Her husband was Lieutenant Charles Torriano of the 28th Madras Native Infantry, a man some fifteen years older than his teenage bride. The Torriano family had served the East India Company in all three Presidencies since the mid seventeenth century, having settled in the City of London after leaving Venice as religious refugees. The marriage that united the Francke and Torriano families took place in 1827, a year before Julia's death. She lies in the Christ Church graveyard at Trichinopoly Fort, with two infant sisters, Elizabeth Francke, died in 1790, aged thirteen months, and Francesca Francke, died in 1792. Their father, Major Francke is also buried here. Because the inscriptions on the Trichinopoly graves have now either been lost, or have become illegible, this is welcome information.

Philippa Hooper is seeking information, and specifically, a photograph of her grandfather's grave in Calcutta. His name was Major General William Henry Banner Robinson and he died on 7 February 1922 at the age of fifty-nine. He was a prominent figure and had the rare honour of being the Honorary Surgeon to the King as well as working for the Indian Medical Service. An address in the Bengal Legislative Council was given on his death, which was widely reported in *The Englishman* and *The Statesman*. General Robinson was on his way home to England at the time of his death, where his wife, Elsie, was awaiting him, with her four children, Richard, William, Charles and Hope. We know that General Robinson was interred in the Bhowanipore Cemetery in Calcutta, but enquiries there have not yet borne fruit, so if any traveller to Calcutta has an afternoon to spare, and a camera, Philippa Hooper would be very grateful. Photographs via the Hon. Secretary please.

BACSA member Roger Perkins has another off-beat query, this time about a Mr LR Wheen of Shanghai. All we know is that Mr Wheen was a member of No. 4 Company, Shanghai Fire Department in the early twentieth century. On his marriage on 25 March 1915 he was presented with a silver cigar box bearing the facsimile signature of eighteen past and present colleagues (all British). The origins of the Shanghai Fire Department arose in the 1860s, when a single fire engine was imported from the USA, which had to draw water from 'fire-wells' sunk in the main roads and the river. Crowded timber buildings, cheaply constructed by the Chinese, together with uncertain times and rebellions, meant fire was an ever-present danger, and the voluntary fire brigade was at first supported by insurance companies, before the Municipal council took over. Fires were notified by the ringing of church bells and the firing of guns from war ships in port. When the Central Fire Station was erected on Shantung Road, with its hundred foot tower, a large American bell was purchased to serve as an alarm. But details of the membership of the Fire Department have not been traced. One assumes that the four companies were led by European or American officers, directing Chinese fire-fighters, but this is not clear. What happened to Mr Wheen on his retirement? asks Mr Perkins. Did he remain in Shanghai, and if so, is he buried there? We know that the majority of Christian graves in China have been lost over the last fifty years, but any information on Mr Wheen would be appreciated.

And another request from a well-known BACSA author, Andrew Whitehead, whose new book is reviewed on page 124. He writes: 'If any *Chowkidar* readers are willing to talk to me and share their memories of 1946-47 in India, or what is now Pakistan and Bangladesh, I would be very pleased to hear from them. I am also keen to hear memories of, and anecdotes about, Freda Bedi (nee Houlston), who married BPL 'Baba' Bedi, and who lived in South Asia from 1933 until her death in the 1960s. I can be contacted at 2 Maiden Place, Dartmouth Park Hill, London NW5 1HZ. My email address is andyanu@gmail.com

In 2002 BACSA member Virgil Miedema published a well-received book called *Murree: A Glimpse through the Forest, Views of a British Hill Station 1849-1947*. We are delighted therefore to learn that he intends to publish a companion volume, this time about the hill station of Mussoorie. His research is being conducted in London, Delhi and Mussoorie. Virgil would be interested in any relevant information and photographs regarding life in Mussoorie up to the 1950s - 1960s, including family histories and photographs. He reports having run up against a blank wall so far regarding the now non-existent All Saints Church, Castle Hill Estate, Landour (Mussoorie), so would particularly appreciate information and photographs of this church in its heyday. (continued on page 122)



*above: the Jalna tomb of Barbara Innes. Her descendants, left to right, are: Graeme Bagnall, Kevin Wells and Robin Bagnall (see page 112)*

*below: another handsome tomb at Jalna, to the wife of a British officer, but with its inscription now sadly lost (see page 112)*



*above: mourning the earthquake victims at Quetta in 1935 (see page 113)*

*below: the graves of Hannah and John Loader at Bangalore (see page 115)*



All Saints stood in the grounds of the Survey of India premises at Landour, but was apparently torn down some time after Independence. Any and all information on old Mussoorie generally will be gratefully received. Contact [vmiedema@asaimasc.org](mailto:vmiedema@asaimasc.org) or by post to 11 Brockway Road, Hanover, New Hampshire 03755, USA.

### THE MOVING STATUE

One of the British heroes of the Indian Mutiny was Captain Alexander Taylor of the Bengal Engineers. When trouble started, early in 1857, he was engaged in building a military road between Lahore and Peshawar, through difficult terrain and with an inadequate work force. He was ordered to join British troops on the Ridge, overlooking the walled city of Delhi, as they waited for reinforcements and planned the final assault on the old Mughal capital. Taylor's careful surveys and preparations played a significant part in the recapture of Delhi in the September of that year, and although wounded at Lucknow, he went on to have a long and honorable career. On his return to England, he became President of the Royal Indian Engineering College at Cooper's Hill, Middlesex, and it was here that his statue was re-erected after being brought from Delhi in the 1950s. By then the Engineering College had been closed, and eventually the handsome Gothic building which housed it became part of Brunel University. Taylor's statue, showing him in characteristic pose, with a sword hanging from his belt, and a telescope under his arm stood near the main drive. All was well, it seemed. Then last year *Chowkidar* was alerted by Richard Williams of the Egham-by-Runnymede Historical Society, that the University had sold the Cooper's Hill campus and that the site was to be developed for housing. Because the College is a listed building, it was not to be demolished, but extra housing would be built in the grounds, and Sir Alexander Taylor GCB was in the way. After considerable local pressure and negotiations with the developers, it was agreed that the statue should be moved, and it was offered a temporary home by the Institution of Royal Engineers at Chatham. Moving the statue was carried out, appropriately, by army engineers, using slings and a crane that winched it off the plinth and laid it carefully on sandbags in a lorry. (see back cover) Throughout it all, Taylor maintained the same dignified stance that had served him so well during the Mutiny. Now it seems, he may be going back to Cooper's Hill after all, as the developers have had a change of heart. *Chowkidar* will be following the story of this much travelled statue.

**BACSA** is looking for computer-literate volunteers to input names from our Cemetery Records books to be posted on the BACSA website. You should have your own computer, and be familiar with Excel. It is a simple task, and training will be given. Please contact the Hon. Secretary for further details.

### BOOKS BY BACSA MEMBERS

**Kipling Sahib: India and the Making of Rudyard Kipling** Charles Allen

Faced with another book on Kipling, readers might well wonder if there is anything to say which hasn't already been said before. Kipling's life has attracted a considerable number of eminent biographers, including Kingsley Amis, Margharita Laski, Andrew Lycett, Philip Mason, Angus Wilson and, more recently, Martin Seymour Smith. But none of these writers, other than Philip Mason, had an Indian background as the present author does. Allen says: 'immodest as it sounds, I was born to write this book.' For not only is he a 'child of the Raj', from the last generation to experience a colonial life virtually unchanged during the preceding half century, but it was his great grandfather, Sir George Allen, who employed John Lockwood Kipling as a special correspondent for *The Pioneer*, and subsequently took the precocious sixteen-year-old Rudyard as an assistant editor for the *Civil and Military Gazette* in Lahore.

After the death of Charles Allen's grandfather in 1958, most of the family's Kipling material was dispersed, including inscribed first editions, shamefully vandalized. Sir George Allen's papers had already been lost, but this was nothing compared to the ghastly three-day bonfire lit by Rudyard himself, after the deaths of both his parents in 1910. Nearly everything went, including the thousands of letters he had written to them from India. Thus Charles Allen starts this biography with both an advantage and a huge disadvantage. But he has written a wonderful book and if a moratorium is declared on Kipling biographies, then this *is* the fitting final word.

Rudyard was born in Bombay in December 1865. The present bungalow in the sprawling campus of the Sir J. J. School of Art, which carries a plaque, and is shortly to be turned into the Kipling Museum, is not the original birthplace of the writer. The humble cottage which housed his parents was demolished in the 1900s. John Lockwood Kipling was working as a tutor in the Art School, having brought his newly married bride, Alice Macdonald, with him. Like many Raj children, Rudyard enjoyed an idyllic childhood, with loving Indian servants. He learnt from them Hindustani, and found himself having to translate sentences in his infant head into English, whenever he met his parents. The story of exile to England, with his younger sister Trix, is well known, at the 'House of Desolation' in Havelock Park, Southsea, where the two little children were 'abandoned' by their mother. Rudyard does however sound like a difficult child, and it is likely that none of Alice Kipling's relatives were prepared to house him, due to his 'screaming tempers' and 'wretched disturbances'.

When the young Rudyard, having completed his education at the United Services College in Devon, returned to the land of his birth in 1882 he was already a poet and a curiously mature-looking young man, with a moustache and a pince-nez. If he seemed old before his time, then his poetry too strikes one as the polished words of an experienced writer. In his own phrase, he re-entered Bombay 'as a prince entering his Kingdom' and 'moving among sights and smells that made me deliver, in the vernacular, sentences whose meaning I knew not'. The seven adult years, from 1882 to 1889 that Kipling spent in Lahore, Simla, Allahabad, and wandering around the plains, were indeed 'the making of Rudyard Kipling' as this book's subtitle tells us, and it chronicles these years in intimate detail. In the end, Kipling left India because he wanted to further his writing career, and his subsequent success in England and America is told in the last three chapters of Allen's book. Yet India never left Kipling. In 1901 'one of the greatest novels in the [English] language was published' - *Kim*. 'It was the last real victory of the intuitive, Indian side of his head. It was also Kipling's farewell to India...' says Allen. This rich book deserves the wide readership it will undoubtedly get, and one doesn't have to be a Kipling fan to enjoy the re-creation of the British Raj at its zenith, which is conjured up here so vividly. (RLJ)

2007 Little, Brown ISBN 978 0 316-72655 9. £20.00 pp426

#### **A Mission in Kashmir** Andrew Whitehead

The author is a journalist and social historian who first came to India as a BBC Correspondent in 1992. He is the editor of Core News, World Service News and the Current Affairs Division of the BBC. He believes in writing 'History from below.' Some years ago he visited the ceasefire line from the Pakistan side via Muzaffarabad and decided to visit it from the Indian side as well. This he did, and came across the Saint Joseph Convent and Mission Hospital in Baramulla where there are six graves of the individuals who were killed by marauding Pakistani tribesmen on 27 October 1947. They were Lieutenant Colonel DOT Dykes, Officiating Commandant Sikh Regimental Centre on leave from Ambala in India for the confinement of his wife, the Centre having moved from Nowshera in Pakistan; his wife Mrs Bidy Dykes who had been to the same hospital for an earlier confinement and was now a patient again; Sister Teresalina; Mr Jose Barreto, the husband of the lady doctor at the Convent Hospital; Sister Philomena (a probationer) and Mrs Kapoor, another patient. The author thereafter sets out to write a definitive and non-partisan account of how Kashmir became a theatre of war. Making use of oral history, he has gathered a remarkable range of first-hand accounts of the most notorious episode in that invasion, namely the desecration of the Convent and Mission Hospital in the riverside town of Baramulla, hence the title of the book.

Maharaja Hari Singh had dreamt of Kashmir as an independent mountain state, 'the Switzerland of the East'. To this end, there was a standstill agreement between the Jammu and Kashmir State and Pakistan, while the ruler decided which dominion he should accede to. In October 1947, while the Kashmir State Forces were endeavouring to quell an instigated uprising in the Muslim-majority Poonch district, a *Lashkar* of several thousands Pakistani tribesmen and ex-servicemen also entered the State on 22 October in organised transport via Muzaffarabad, heading for Srinagar. Their advance to Srinagar was delayed while they looted, raped and killed at Baramulla. The Maharaja immediately appealed to India's Governor General, Lord Mountbatten for India's assistance. The Maharaja was asked to accede to India first, while the three British Chiefs of Staff of the Indian Armed Forces debated the question of intervention. They recommended intervention and Indian troops flew into Srinagar on 27 October, the road from Jammu over the Banihal pass being snowbound (a factor obviously taken into account by Pakistan in fixing the date of invasion as 22 October 1947). While the author finds Pakistan complicit in the invasion, he seeks to suggest that the actual instrument of accession was signed after the Indian intervention. This does not resile from the fact that chronologically the Indian intervention only followed the Maharaja's appeal for aid after the Pakistani invasion, and had been duly recommended by the British Chiefs of Staff of the Indian Armed Forces.

While one has to be impressed by the astonishing research nevertheless there are nuances and resonances that need to be commented upon. The first is as to the rapes. The author observes that 'whatever the balance of probabilities there is no conclusive evidence of the sexual assault of any of the women in the Convent or Hospital'. This despite the fact that Robert Trumbull (quoted), the *New York Times* correspondent on the spot, reported widespread robbing and raping by the Pakistani tribesmen, 'looting, raping, killing and burning swept through Kashmir like a plague till they reached the large town of Baramulla'. To substantiate his point of view the author comments that when the body of Mrs Dykes was thrown into a well (along with the living baby she was clutching) by a tribesman, her outer garment had been removed but she had on her undergarment when the body was recovered. On page 95 of the book, however, we have the surviving Sister Emilia saying 'one man was taking Sister, and I said where she was going .....? I was afraid this man was doing bad thing for her..... she was not young also.' One can only sum up on this facet that the Indian Army Court of Inquiry convened on 10 November 1947, as soon as it entered Baramulla, to inquire into the circumstances of Colonel Dykes's death for purposes of his pension, categorically stated from the evidence before it that there had been rape in the Convent and hospital and it unanimously recorded that Colonel Dykes had placed himself at duty in trying to stop the marauding tribesmen doing so.

The author's research, some 50 years after these occurrences, meant that many of the original witnesses were dead. (Sister Petra in South India, declined to give any evidence. She died at 94.) But the evidence he has ascertained is undoubtedly elliptical in relation to that recorded in the Court of Inquiry. The surviving nuns and priests did not know thereafter where Baramulla would eventually lie, in India or in Pakistan. In a way, they were hedging their bets in relation to what they said in November 1947, particularly since their 'mother houses' continued in Rawalpindi for sometime after 1947. One needs also to comment on the author's resonance that Kashmir is not central to India's identity, whereas it is for Pakistan, the letter K being included in the name of that nation. It is curious to suggest that Kashmir is not central to India's identity, despite the Maharaja's accession. Before the Afghan invasion of 1586, the Kashmir Valley was Hindu and not Muslim. Further the other provinces of the State, Jammu and Ladakh, are not Muslim – majority. In a contemporaneous publication, as to the Kashmir region (*Heights of Madness* by Myra McDonald), we now have a Pakistani General stating 'India can withdraw a thousand miles and still be India. We can't afford to withdraw an inch.' The author accepts that the Kashmir problem is complex. Allowing that History is full of 'ifs' and 'buts' but going on recent events in the sub-continent the perceptions of the two countries are now very different and their futures seem to have nothing in common. Finally, we have Asiya Andrabi, the separatist leader of the 'Dukhtaran-e-Milat' in Srinagar, quoted by the author as saying that she did not believe in Kashmiriyat and that 'there were only two nations in today's world – one Muslim and one Non-Muslim'. What next? Overall, a brave endeavour. An unputdownable read. (SLM).

\* 2007 Penguin Viking ISBN 13 978-0-67008-127-1. Rs495 pp284

**An Ordinary Officer's Unusual Career: George Francis Rowcroft DSO**  
Dee Stanley

'One day in 1948 an elderly Doctor sat down in a hospital mission [in Dehra Dun] and wrote out his life story. He was born in 1861 and rose to be the Colonel of a Sikh regiment. Not so unusual, but on his retirement he re-trained as a surgeon and came back into the Indian Army as a Surgeon Major and gave another forty years of service of the people of the sub-continent.' Colonel George Rowcroft (1861-1953) must have been a good raconteur and reading his unpretentious little memoir is like listening to an old soldier talk. Both his grandfather and his father had been in the Indian Army and he followed them there after leaving Sandhurst, joining a battalion of the Dorset Regiment. He was stationed first in the Red Fort at Delhi, where he used to lean from a window and fish in the river Jumna, which in the 19th century flowed beneath the fort walls. This simple statement sums up what is most delightful about this old soldier's story - the artless blend

of military and domestic detail. Because he did not have private means, and the 'Dorsets' were a wealthy and smart regiment, Rowcroft decided after his two years compulsory service that he would be better off financially in the Indian Army. He was posted to the 15th Ludhiana Sikh Regiment and worked his way up to Lieutenant, Captain, and finally, Colonel of the Regiment. He saw action in the Sudan in 1885, took part in the Chitral Relief expedition of 1895 and the Tirah campaign of 1897-98. There is a simple description of war on the North West Frontier: 'The fighting was of the usual trans-frontier kind. We attacked the enemy. He ran away. We retreated; he would come after us, harassing the rear guard every step of the way, and making the removal of the wounded difficult. Death by slow torture would be the fate of any one left behind....'

On retiring from the Army, this enterprising man retrained as a surgeon at Barts and at the age of fifty-five was ready to offer his services at the start of the Great War. He spent some of it as a ship's surgeon, ferrying wounded soldiers to safety then worked in London hospitals as House Surgeon. We never learn his wife's name, but the couple travelled restlessly around after the end of the war, from Canada, to Palestine, and Malta, but finally back home to India, where they settled in Coonoor, in the Nilgiri hills. In 1939 George, then aged seventy-eight, offered his medical services again, and seemed surprised to be turned down. Luckily he learnt of a vacancy at a Mission Hospital in Dehra Dun, where he worked until 1946. This good man is buried in the Tiger Hill cemetery at Coonoor, where he was joined in 1974 by his son Lieutenant Colonel Rowcroft. Both tombs are in excellent condition. The author doesn't tell us how she came across George's memoir, and a Rowcroft family tree would have been useful at the beginning, because it is unclear how the earlier Rowcrofts were related to each other. But this is a well-recommended book, that is nicely illustrated. The author will generously donate £2 to BACSA for each copy sold. (RLJ)

2007 Published by the author, Dee Stanley, Tregenna, Highcliff Crescent, Seaton, East Devon EX12 2PS. ISBN 978-0-9557691-0-8 £12.50 including postage in the UK, or £14.50 including postage abroad. pp91

**Graveyards in Kashmir, India** Eileen Hewson

Kashmir, and particularly Srinagar, during British days seemed a virtual paradise and a perfect retirement place for the many army officers who stayed on and never went home to England. But life in Kashmir had a sinister side, the author says, and the graveyards tell a different tale - of treachery and murder. This is another fascinating cemetery records book from Eileen Hewson, one of BACSA's most prolific authors. The cemeteries covered here include Srinagar, Pahalgam, Gulmarg, Jammu, Nowshera, as well as (in Pakistani-administered Kashmir),

Chitral, Gilgit, Nanga Parbat and others. And what stories are told here of the dead, including the sixty-five year old Colonel Sydney Turnbull, retired, who died in 1911 from 'wounds received in an encounter with a leopard'. A hunt gone wrong, perhaps? The tomb of Madeleine Cochrane, an American woman, dead from cholera in 1919, aged 43, carries the imaginative verse 'Thou cannot long divide/For is it not as if/The rose has climbed/My garden wall/And blossomed/On the other side?'

Famous names are here, like the infant son of Cecil Tyndale-Biscoe, the great educationalist; mountaineers like Albert Mummery, from Dover, who died in 1895 while ascending the Nanga Parbat mountain 'after rejecting the Alps as being overcrowded' and Captain Claye Ross who was killed with 45 brave Sikhs from the 14th Sikh Native Infantry, ambushed at Koragh, during the relief of Chitral. Many infant children are here too, dead from various diseases, and some from drowning, presumably in the lakes. The victims from the Baramulla Convent and Hospital, referred to in the review of Andrew Whitehead's book (above) are noted. Colonel Tom Dykes was thirty-three when he died trying to protect his wife Bidy, and their new-born son. His inscription reads 'Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.' The need for the recording of inscriptions is emphasized by the fate of the British cemetery at Gulmarg, once a delightful summer resort for the British. Restoration of this cemetery had begun, but repairs were halted because of political unrest. The burial records were lost too when a Muslim mob set fire to All Saints's Church, Srinagar, in 1967. In a survey carried out in 1987 twenty-two memorials were noted at Gulmarg - by 2000 only seventeen were found. (RLJ)

2008 Kabristan Archives, 19 Foxleigh Grove, Wem SY4 5BS 978 1 906276 07 2 £11.00 including postage pp117

#### **Moravian Graveyards India and Jamaica 1755-1971** Eileen Hewson

Invited by the Danish East India Company, the first two Moravians arrived in Calcutta in 1776, but were confined by the British to Serampore, Patna and the Nicobar Islands. Finding it impossible to make a living they returned to Europe. Half a century later Augustus William Heyde and Edward Pagell were sent by the Moravian Church to Calcutta. They had been ordered to Mongolia, but were refused access by the Chinese. After several attempts, the two decided to establish missions where they could, at Keylong and Pooh, in present day Himachal Pradesh. Both missions were closed in the 1940s and nothing remains of the graveyards and little churches that stood here. But the author, on one of her many adventurous trips in this part of the world, did find Edward Pagell's tombstone and took it to St John's in the Wilderness Church at Dharmsala.

She also discovered, in an outhouse, the memorial stone for Joseph Schreve, the infant son of a missionary family, who died in 1893. The most successful mission station was at Leh, in Ladakh, where the British Residency attracted European travellers. Some inevitably fell victim to the high altitude, and were buried in the Residency garden, which is pictured as the frontispiece. Today the Residency has vanished and the cemetery might have gone too, had not Eileen Hewson raised funds and got the Moravian church to declare the area a garden of remembrance in 1998. The Moravian cemetery proper is situated east of Leh and contains the graves of a number of missionaries, including Edith Chester, who died from heart failure at the age of thirty-seven, in 1931 and Irene Petrie of the Church Missionary Society, who felt called to serve in Kashmir. Setting out for Leh in July 1897, although unwell through fever, she struggled on to reach her destination, but died two days after her arrival. A fellow missionary, Mrs Francke, donated her harp case for a coffin, and Irene was buried on 8 August. There are brief biographies of the other dedicated men and women who lie here, some of them Tibetan scholars, like the Reverend Redslob (died 1891) and doctors including Frederick Shaw (died 1907). A fascinating little book. (RLJ)

2007 Kabristan Archives, 19 Foxleigh Grove, Wem SY4 5BS 978 1 906276 06 5 £7.00 including postage pp55

#### **High Noon of Empire: The Diary of Lieutenant Colonel Henry Tyndall 1895-1915** ed. B.A. James

The author, B.A. 'Jimmy' James, himself a decorated officer, came across this diary in strange circumstances, in fact, it was handed across the bar of a Sussex inn, having been found 'with other Indian artefacts' in a newly-bought house. Descendants of Colonel Tyndall were traced and were able to provide family photographs of his parents. (His mother looks like the kind of lady one wouldn't want to cross!) Henry Tyndall was born in 1875 into a military family, his father being a major-general. The young man travelled to India in 1895, his diary starting nonchalantly, but precisely: 'Horsham to West Ridge, Rawalpindi. Left Horsham 10.02 am 23rd Feb. 1895.' Two years later he took part in the Malakand Campaign on the North West Frontier, being attached for six months to the 38th Dogra Regiment. It is here that the diary really starts and there are vivid descriptions of the attempts to push back the Pashtun tribesmen who had been repeatedly raiding villages on the plains. 'It was a fine sight to see them coming down fearlessly with their flowing garments and I found it hard to realize that they were genuine enemy and that I was not looking on at a play. The Buneris contingent were clothed entirely in dark blue.' This is the area from which today's Taliban sprang in the early 1990s and it is clear that the landscape, the people, the cruelty and tribal feuds are almost the same today as they were in Tyndall's time.

Only the weaponry has changed. The British in the 1887 campaign punished the insurgents by taking their grain hidden in their houses and burning their villages. On 16 September Tyndall notes casually 'We burnt two villages and had a pleasant lunch under some shady trees in the second village without seeing any opposition....'

This was the last action that he was to see until World War One, when he fought in France and East Africa with the 40th Pathans (another name for Pashtuns and quite possibly sons of the tribesmen defeated eighteen years earlier!) Thus the majority of the diary is about army life in peacetime as Tyndall became Quarter Master, Assistant Instructor Army Signalling, Adjutant, and Attache in the Intelligence Branch at Army Head Quarters. This left time for a lot of travelling, shooting things and socializing. It is clear that Tyndall was a highly methodical man. He delighted in making lists – of the people he met, of railway timetables, of travel expenses on a four month trip to Leh (hire of furniture 10 rupees a month) and of the equipment needed ('lots of chocolate' 'castor oil, lead and opium for internal trouble' 'cheap tobacco or cigarettes for baksheesh'. He also had a weakness, like his contemporaries, for puns. It is a pity that some of the entries are so short. An historical sketch by James introduces the diary and Tyndall's subsequent career forms the epilogue. The blend of military and social anecdotes should appeal to a wide readership. (RLJ)

2007 Pen & Sword Books Ltd. ISBN 978 1 84415 546 0. £19.99 pp190

### **BOOKS BY NON-MEMBERS THAT WILL INTEREST READERS**

**Rani** Jaishree Misra

Historians don't usually read historical novels, generally taking a rather superior attitude to writers of fiction who have the freedom to manipulate facts and characters. One of the few exceptions were the Flashman novels by the late, lamented, George Macdonald Fraser, which were eagerly fallen upon by historians and recommended to their colleagues. It was not with any great hopes therefore that this reviewer approached a fictionalized biography of Laxmibai, the famous Rani of Jhansi, who defied the British during the Indian Mutiny and was killed in 1858. However, a pleasant surprise was in store. Laxmibai's story is told simply and convincingly, without histrionics or archaic language, by an accomplished writer. Misra's research is impeccable and the reader is drawn into the palace life of Jhansi and the life of this small fortified city a hundred and fifty years ago. The Rani's childhood companions, in real life, were Nana Sahib and Tantia Tope, and the three became the most infamous figures of the Mutiny. Blame for the massacres of British men, women and children, were placed firmly at their feet.

Misra exonerates both the Nana Sahib and Laxmibai of giving orders for the killings at Cawnpore and Jhansi, although her explanation of the Rani's actions is the more believable. Doubts were raised at the time over the extent of her guilt, if any, towards the victims who are commemorated in the Jhansi Cantonment Cemetery. A story like this cannot of course have a happy ending. Laxmibai, dressed in male attire, and wearing a priceless pearl necklace, was shot down by a British soldier, and died at Kotah-ki-Serai, just outside Gwalior. Today the Rani is a national heroine, widely commemorated by noble equestrian statues throughout northern India. By the end of this long book, one can see why she is regarded as a freedom fighter and remarkable woman in her own right. (RLJ)

\*2007 Penguin India ISBN 978 0 14310 210 6 Rs350 pp416

### **The Last Nizam: The Rise and Fall of India's Greatest Princely State**

John Zubrzycki

Enthusiasing recently in *The Times* on JK Rowling's skill as a writer, Charlie Higson made the recommendation that you should always start a good story at the beginning. The story to which he was referring was, of course, *Harry Potter and the Philosopher's Stone*, the very first of her celebrated cycle of books. It may sound a perverse thing to suggest in a book review, but an appreciation of John Zubrzycki's book on the last Nizam may not necessarily be achieved by following Higson's otherwise admirable advice. The very fact that the title is in two parts may be a hint that the author wasn't dogmatic about this either, for what he has done is put two books into the same cover. The first section, represented by the first six or seven chapters, covers more than three hundred years of turbulent Deccan history. The reader is provided with a concise account of the lives of the seven Nizams who preceded the last of the line. Each is allocated roughly a chapter, and this is sufficient for Zubrzycki to define their contribution, or otherwise, to the story of what was once 'India's Greatest Princely State'.

Two or three chapters in the middle could be comfortably attached to either part, because they describe the childhood, growing up and early adulthood of he who would be the final Nizam. This mainly takes place during the uneasy period from the 'thirties to the 'sixties, and includes the watershed of Indian Independence. Provided also at this juncture is an account of the last days of his grandfather, the seventh Nizam, Osman Ali Khan, whose rule began in 1911. At Independence he remained in Hyderabad as the nominal head of state, presiding over a handful of decaying palaces, but a good deal of land as well as wealth. Real power was vested in a military governor, the effective supremo of the new State of Andhra Pradesh. At one time Osman had been the richest man in the world. He died in 1967 at the age of eighty. Zubrzycki contrives to condense an enormous quantity

of interesting 'scene-setting' material into the first half dozen chapters. This first section is far from being a dull read and, refreshingly, he keeps his narrative running chronologically and rapidly. He refrains from too much cross-referencing, which is the bane of many history books. In any case back-tracking is superfluous as great pains are devoted to providing, as an Endnotes appendix, all his sources of information. He also attaches an excellent Bibliography, and this is a goldmine of intriguing stuff in itself. It is the period from 1967 to 2006 that is the province of the second section of the book and, if readers prefer to confine their reading to the life of the last Nizam of the title, Mukarram Jah, then this is probably the best point to begin. The seventh Nizam's son, in a highly political marriage, became the husband of a Turkish princess in 1931. This united the two leading Muslim dynasties in the world, and it was predicted that the first son born to them would be eligible to be the next Caliph of Islam. By the time he ascended the throne, however, there had been a World War and India had become an independent and nominally unified nation.

On the death of his grandfather, Mukarram Jah was proclaimed Nizam but it was an empty title. The family was subject to laws, and financial restrictions not of their own making, and the *darbar* for the occasion of the accession was allocated a budget of a mere Rs40.000. Moreover the Andhra Pradesh Government reneged on its agreements to pay the Nizam rent on property leased to it. Nor did the Caliphate materialise, although his links to Turkey remained strong for family reasons. Jah was in many ways more westernised than any of his predecessors, but an inability to live within any kind of budget made him a faithful heir to tradition. His inheritance included five palaces that had belonged to his grandfather and fabulous personal wealth. In 1959, much to the disapproval of his mother, and to the fury of his father, he married a girl who was also Turkish; the venue was the Kensington Registry office!

1972 witnessed a sharp turn in the direction of his life; he became the owner of half a million acres of Australian Outback. The book also undergoes a transformation, and its function as a work of historical reference is left behind as the writer swaps his researcher's gown for a reporter's leather jacket. For Jah the past would not go away, and his association with dubious business interests in Australia resulted in recent history staying very much with him, too, as an uncomfortable companion. In the final pages, Zubrzycki records an interview with the last Nizam in 2006, by this time living in obscurity in Turkey. In any assessment this must be judged a sad conclusion to four centuries of Hyderabad's colourful history. Highly recommended. (TI)

\*2007 Picador India Rs395 pp382

## Notes to Members

When writing to the 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, send the letter c/o Hon Secretary who will forward it unopened.

If planning any survey of cemetery MIs, either in this country or overseas, please check with the appropriate Area Representative or the Hon Secretary to find out if it has already been recorded. This is not to discourage the reporting of the occasional MI 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 £3.00 for registered airmail for a slim hardback, and £2.00 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](mailto:radvanilko@gmail.com)

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

Designed and printed by Seagull Print Ltd Registered Charity No. 1003168  
A not-for-profit organisation providing rehabilitation  
and training for people recovering from mental health problems  
Tel: 020 8944 7366 [www.seagullprint.co.uk](http://www.seagullprint.co.uk)



Sir Alexander Taylor on the move again (see page 122)  
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