Echoes of the Past.

THE DIARY OF COLONEL BAYLY, 12th SUFFOLK REGIMENT, 1796—1830.

Extracted by MAJOR W. R. GALWEY, O.B.E., M.C., R.A.M.C.

The magnitude of the last war and the numbers of the forces engaged dwarfs all previous campaigns, so that we are apt to imagine that never before was so great a strain put upon the endurance of troops nor their sufferings exceeded. The blaze of glory which surrounds the military operations on sea and land at the commencement of the nineteenth century blinds us to the appalling discomfort and sufferings which men endured at that time, owing to lack of organization of the supply and medical services and to ignorance of the most elementary facts of hygiene. The novels of Lever and Marryat depict life in the Services as one of rollicking adventure and take little account of the attendant privations and hardship. The soldier and sailor were there to fight; disease and discomfort were inevitable in war. Only a very few saw that these items were out of all proportion in the bill of costs.

Again, the terrific effect of modern artillery makes us imagine that no human being could be called upon to endure a more terrible ordeal than a concentrated bombardment. It is, however, at least doubtful whether this bombardment imposes a greater strain upon the morale of troops than actually seeing swift death or mutilation approaching in the shape of a bounding cannon ball and not being allowed to step aside to avoid it.

Such sufferings and endurance Colonel Bayly records in his diary—a human document which, without any attempt at literary polish, sets forth in plain language the experiences of an officer in a line regiment at the time when our Indian Empire was in the making.

He sprang from the stock which hitherto has provided the greatest number and the best of the officers of our Army—the English country gentleman. One can watch his development in the Service. At first, a care-free subaltern, keen on his profession and on sport; susceptible, with an eye for a pretty face and figure; but possessed of a shrewd commonsense which avoids serious entanglements of an undesirable nature; popular with his brother officers, though a little touchy on imaginary points of honour as was the custom of the day. Later, stress of service, wounds, illness, and the struggle of a comparatively poor man to rise in his profession without the aid of that highly-placed influence so necessary then for the attainment of high position embitters his mind and he—records in no uncertain terms his opinion of the corruption and dishonesty of those in power which enabled less worthy but more fortunate individuals to obtain the rewards which his service and experience merited, but which he failed to obtain through lack of influential friends. One is glad, however, that at
last he attained command of the gallant regiment to which he gave the best that was in him.

He was gazetted as an Ensign in the 12th Regiment in 1796, and joined it at Newport in the Isle of Wight. He took lodgings with a friend, Woodhall, and celebrated his arrival with a few particular friends of his. "We all sacrificed pretty largely at the shrine of Bacchus, imbibing large potations of old Jamaica rum, mixed with hot water, sugar and lemons; unaccustomed to such potent beverage, I was soon laid prostrate under the table, and all sensation failed me until eight o'clock the following morning. I awoke thirsty and afflicted with a violent headache; I contrived, however, to dress myself and descended to the breakfast room, where to my horror and disgust Woodhall offered me a tumbler into which he had just poured a small quantity of rum. Never shall I forget the nausea this occasioned; an instantaneous faintness, and violent vomiting immediately ensued, and I am convinced that this simple experiment on my nervous system freed me during life from all propensity to that most destructive of all habits, the love of spirits liquors; they were never after even named to me without creating a sensation of disgust." He certainly bought his experience cheaply, and his acute observation taught him later that the too free use of alcoholic liquors was the cause of much of the ill-health experienced during service in the tropics.

The training of the young officer was by no means light in those days and young Bayly quickly recognized that strenuous and prolonged study was necessary if he was to attain eminence in his profession. His zeal even led him to submit to thirty strokes of the cat-o'-nine-tails from his friend Woodhall, who apparently laid on good and hard and made so great an impression, both physical and mental, on the young Ensign, that he declares most solemnly that: "I never attended a regimental punishment afterwards without being affected even to tears, nor did I even vote at a court-martial for more than three hundred lashes for the worst delinquent (a moderate punishment in those days), though often severely reprimanded by the President of the court-martial for want of consideration of the enormity of the crime and the inadequate punishment awarded! The remembrance of my feelings of pain was sufficient, and no menace ever compelled me to alter my opinion, and I have, thank God, lived to see this diabolical outrage to the mental and personal feeling of my fellow countrymen partially abolished."

In the intervals of his education he found time for fishing, fencing with his Colonel, attending county fairs, at one of which he and his friend Woodhall came out champions at a bout of backsword play; and finally for one or two encounters with the fair sex. In one of these, having gone too far, he received a sound drubbing from the lady's brother which effectually damped his enthusiasm for some little time. He nearly became engaged to the belle of the Newport balls, a lady whom he described as equally distinguished for her mental and physical charms, but discovered in time...
that in private life she was a seller of gingerbread husbands and marbles to the children of her native village. He naively remarks on this discovery "never did love evaporate with such a sudden flash."

In June, 1796, he embarked with his regiment for India and arrived at the Cape of Good Hope in the following September. As the stay of the regiment was likely to be somewhat prolonged before again starting for India officers were allowed to obtain lodgings ashore. Bayly made himself comfortable in the house of a Dutch padre—their only medium of conversation was Latin, but they appear to have got on very well together. So much so, that Bayly almost decided to marry the Padre's sister and settle at the Cape, but was dissuaded by his senior officer from doing so.

His first Indian station was Fort St. George, Madras. There the regiment went through the most vigorous training.

"From January to August we were drilled without intermission and soon became expert in military evolutions, perhaps superior to any King's regiment then serving in India. I recollect the gallant Colonel Baird attending our drills and expressing his unqualified approbation of our movements and high discipline. In six months the regiment was on the Eastern glacis every morning at daylight, and I never saw the rising sun so frequently and probably never shall during my existence. A 2 o'clock the subalterns were paraded in a long verandah of the King's Barracks, giving the word of command of "Ready, present, fire!" in a loud, firm and distinct voice to ten files of men placed at ten equi-distant intervals; then at 6 o'clock in the evening we were again manoeuvred on the glacis. The guardhouses at Fort St. George, under the bomb-proof ramparts, were so infested by clouds of mosquitoes that I have often sat in a chair or paced in front of them the whole night, lamenting my infatuation of entering the Army or thinking on the happiness I might have enjoyed had I but accepted the proposition of my friend the Padre at the Cape, when love, content and independence would have brightened my future life."

Any one who has endured a hot weather in Fort S. George, Madras, can sympathize with such sentiments! What troops were called upon to endure in those days in a tropical climate without suitable clothing and equipment may be realized by the following incidents:

"One morning, after a two hours' drill on the well-trodden glacis of Fort S. George, the sun rose with its usual splendour; the heat was insufferable at 8 o'clock. The movements of the men from fatigue, appearing to the Colonel to proceed from neglect and indifference to duty, he kept us on the ground until 9 o'clock, when we returned to the Fort, tout en eau. As I entered my quarters I fell suddenly on my face, deprived of all sensation. My servants placed me on a couch; the surgeon was called, pronouncing my malady as a coup de soleil. My nose, on which I had fallen, bled profusely, and this circumstance, in his opinion, saved my life. The excessive heat and unusual long drill produced this affliction. The medical men represented the pernicious consequence of the troops being
The Diary of Colonel Bayly, 1796-1830

harassed by long drills, exposed to the intense heat of the sun, when an order was issued restricting the exercise to a specified time and hour. Every day previous to this salutary prohibition, 3, 4 and sometimes 5 men would suddenly drop down in the ranks, as if shot through the heart by a musket ball and numbers died under the fatal influence of this severe affection of coup de soleil.”

The colonel of the regiment apparently did not learn much from these experiences, for shortly afterwards when the headquarters of the regiment were stationed at Tanjore with two companies at Fort Vellum, eleven miles away, he made them march three times a week to a plain equidistant from the two places and there drill for several hours. As Bayley remarks: “This arduous duty could not last long; five miles march to the drill ground, two hours’ incessant evolution, and five miles home again under the fierce rays of a tropical sun was enough to damp the ardour and exhaust the physical strength of the most robust European. Many men were struck dead by coup de soleil, and four hundred lying in hospital afflicted with dysentery and other severe complaints. The representations of the surgeon on the imprudence of thus harassing the troops was unattended to; our hardy colonel continued the exercise, but he was always on horseback, and felt not the scorching sun; if he did it was not accompanied by that excess of fatigue and overwhelming exhaustion that affected those who were compelled to march. Many a time have I relieved a poor fainting soldier from the weight of his musket and carried it myself, bringing the perspiration in streams from my sodden clothes. On returning to the garrison, either from climate or excess of fatigue, two officers and upwards of one hundred men died, when Government interfered, issuing a peremptory order for the prevention of any future meeting between the two separated portions of the corps.”

Apparently no blame was attached to the colonel, who continued to command the regiment till killed in a duel with his second in command!

Towards the end of 1797 the 12th Regiment with other corps was ordered to proceed to the Luconian Islands, with Manila as their objective. They got as far as Penang, but were recalled to take part in the operations against Tippoo Sahib, which culminated in the battle of Seringapatam. Bayley thus describes his provision for six months’ consumption on the campaign: “I had two bullocks laden with biscuits, two with wine and brandy, two with my trunks, and four for the marquee, in addition to which a dubash; mealy bag, and six coolies to transport my couch, chairs, and various other little appendages. Thus I was accompanied by ten bullocks and eight servants, the majority of whom were followed by every individual of their family—grandfathers, grandmothers, uncles, aunts, nephews, nieces, with whole generations of children.” If this was a subaltern’s position, what must a general’s have been, and we still marvel at the elaboration of the auxiliary services in the Great War! He received his baptism of fire at the action of Mallavilly which was fought...
The Diary of Colonel Bayly, 1796-1830

during the advance on Seringapatam. He describes his sensations as follows: "In this advance our captain of grenadiers, I suppose, observing the paleness of my countenance, turned round and offered me a refreshing draught from the contents of his canteen, composed of brandy and water, which I gratefully accepted. The military man may sneer contemptuously at this indication of pusillanimity, but never during all my service did I see soldiers enter on a scene of action with that calm, florid appearance denoting a sense of security and health. Individuals may hector and swagger, but mortal never existed exempt from the feelings of human nature. I affirm there is a palpable evident alteration in every man's appearance at the commencement of a battle."

The 12th Regiment was amongst the troops selected for the initial attack upon Seringapatam, the object of which was to take possession of a dry sandy bed of a "nullah," and to occupy a wood at some distance to the right of the river Cauvery, which flows before the fortress. Colonel Bayly gives a vivid account of the operation, which must have imposed as great a strain on the morale of the troops as any in the recent war.

"Colonel Shaw's (commanding 12th Regiment) column had marched slowly and cautiously for three-quarters of an hour when the whole atmosphere became suddenly illuminated with a brilliant blaze of light from innumerable fire-balls thrown forward by the enemy, who perceiving the exact situation of Shaw's force, then projected thousands of rockets and saluted us with repeated volleys of musketry, pouring death into our ranks. The light was brilliant but awful in its effects. The Tyger Sepoys (Tippoo's troops) were plainly observed in heavy masses in our front, and on both flanks pouring in a destructive fire; still this gallant little body moved slowly on, unintimidated by the numerous foe, although each moment more encumbered by the wounded. The rockets and musketry from upwards of 20,000 of the enemy were incessant. No hail could be thicker. Every illumination of blue-lights was accompanied by a shower of rockets, some of which entered the head of the column, passing through to its rear, causing death, wounds, and dreadful lacerations from the long bamboos of twenty to thirty feet, which are invariably attached to them. The instant a rocket passes through a man's body it resumes its original impetus of force, and will thus destroy ten or twenty until the combustible matter with which it is charged becomes expended. The shrieks of our men from these unusual weapons were terrific; thighs, legs and arms left fleshless with bones protruding in a shattered state from every part of the body, were the sad effects of these diabolical engines of destruction. Not a shot was returned from our column, nor had the men even loaded their pieces; a caution from our cool old colonel that "all must be done by the bayonet" needed no repetition to ensure obedience. Scarcely had this order been conveyed through the ranks, when an increased and tremendous peal of musketry for several minutes was distinctly heard from the wood on our right, a certain indication that Wellesley's column was also seriously opposed.
This soon ceased, but immediately afterwards the rear of our right flank was turned, from whence the enemy poured in deadly volleys of musketry. Thus situated it became a paramount object to shelter our soldiers from this fresh accession of fire; they were therefore directed to lie down, as it would have been a wanton and useless sacrifice of the men's lives to stand and confront such a sweeping and formidable desolation. The enemy supposing from our recumbent posture, which was plainly exposed by the light of the fire-balls, that the majority were annihilated, a heavy column of Tyger Sepoys ventured a desperate attack at the point of the bayonet, and actually drove our sepoy in confusion on the Europeans, killing their commandant, Major Colin Campbell, and wounding many officers. As soon as we were liberated from the flying sepoy, who scampered pell-mell over our prostrate line, the command "Up 12th and charge" was a signal obeyed with alacrity, and we plunged headlong into the ranks of the swarming foe, springing on them like lions. The effect was magical; for the moment they discovered the white faces of our men, a general cry of 'Fringee boug Chuti! Fringee boug Chuti!' ensued. They were seized with a general panic, and scoured over the plain much more rapidly than they had advanced, and they were scattered in all directions. The murderous rockets and musketry still showering from other quarters we were soon compelled to resume our prostrate manoeuvre, and thus remained for several hours patiently awaiting the dawn of day."

In the meantime the force under Colonel Wellesley, afterwards Duke of Wellington, had failed to obtain its objective, and he himself broke down and returned to camp in a state which, as Colonel Bayly justly points out, would have entirely ruined the career of an officer with less influential friends. The colonel does not spare the future Duke, and his bitterness may well be understood since Wellington's failure led to the murderous attack on the right flank of the 12th and threw the whole brunt of the operation upon that gallant corps.

To return to Bayly's narrative: "We now only awaited the dawn of day to exhibit one of the most glorious and impressive scenes that ever added lustre to the British annals of military fame. The whole army in the encampment was drawn up, and just as light appeared the 12th Regiment, with the battalion of sepoy, were plainly discovered advancing in line towards the bed of the river, opposed by clouds of the enemy, and a heavy canonade from the fortress of Seringapatam. The resistance was certainly of the most imposing and formidable description, and the result anxiously attended by our gallant comrades in camp, whose glasses and eyes were fixed on the dubious scene in commiserating suspense; every heart thrilled with hope and best wishes for our success. At length the 12th, supported by the sepoy, dashed into the bed of the river, and all was involved for some minutes in a mass of confusion; the attacking force was absolutely hid from view; crowds of the enemy in front, flanks and rear obscured their apparent existence; our exertions and courage were certainly put to
the test. There was not a single idle bayonet; oaths, shouts, and carnage presented a terrible scene of human ferocity; never did men more heroically perform their duty. The conflict was excessively murderous and obstinate, as the Tyger sepoys were brave, numerous and well-disciplined. For some time the combat appeared dubious, as a considerable body of French troops persevered in most gallant style to lead on Tippoo's sepoys; this did not continue of long duration, for Colonel Shaw, attracted by the obstinate resistance of the French, directed our Grenadiers to charge them, when they turned and fled with precipitation. This example was followed immediately by the surrounding enemy, and we pursued them some distance beyond the nullah, but the shots from the fort played on us so rapidly that we were soon compelled to return and shelter ourselves under its banks. The admiration of the Army was vividly excited, and General Harris was heard to exclaim, 'Well done, old 12th; why, they are going to take Seringapatam.'

An officer of the regiment during the course of this action received an extraordinary wound from which he died. He was shot in front of the right hip, and the dhooly bearers who carried him to camp complained of the great weight bearing on the right side. After his death at the post mortem examination a wrought-iron shot of 26 lb. weight was extracted from between the bones of the thigh.

After the capture of Seringapatam, the 12th Regiment was stationed at Wallajabad and thence moved to the Malabar Coast. At the former place Bayly remarks that there was the finest snipe-shooting in the universe, for those who did not mind wading for hours up to their knees in black slimy mud under the fervid rays of a tropical sun. Such sportsmen assuaged their constant thirst by brandy and water—one individual alone was frequently known to consume the contents of three bottles of brandy in the course of a morning—and by repeated draughts of sangaree—a tumbler of madeira, sugar and nutmeg diluted with a wineglass of water. The Colonel shrewdly says: "I defy the most robust European constitution to resist the effects of such excessive excitement, yet the fatality occurring in consequence is invariably attributed to an insalubrious climate. Nothing can be so inconsistent and unjust, for I am perfectly persuaded that diseases are neither more numerous nor inveterate than in Europe, provided we pursue that regular course of living generally adopted by our countrypeople in England, from which they consider themselves licensed to depart in a warmer clime, and thus become victims to their own imprudence rather than to the noxious vapours or climate of India."

All the same the effects of exposure and active service had undermined his constitution and "a severe affection of the liver complaint for which I was repeatedly blistered, bled, and surfeited with poisonous calomel," compelled him to apply for leave of absence to return to England. This being granted, he, with a friend named Seton, booked passages at a cost of £300 apiece on board a Chinaman, the "Ceres," homeward bound via Penang and
Canton. After paying so great a sum he was disconcerted to find on arrival at Canton that he and his friend were obliged to hire a bungalow at a cost of £100 while the ship was laid up.

It is impossible within the scope of a review to detail all the incidents of Bayly's adventurous career, and it must suffice to say that on this voyage and during his subsequent sojourn in India he went through sufficient perils and had as many hair-breadth escapes as would furnish copy for a library of tales of adventure.

At Malacca he rescued a lady from drowning in the surf; and afterwards renewed the acquaintance at Bath where "all-powerful love overcame every prudential consideration, and in eleven months I became the proud father of twins, and in seven years the distressed but still happy husband of this amiable woman, with a family of nine children."

While he was in England he was employed in recruiting duties connected with the raising of a reserve force to meet Napoleon's expected invasion of England; and was nearly ruined by a dishonest sergeant who disappeared with a large sum of money which Bayly, much to his agitation and discomfort, was obliged to hold for payment of his men. Prompt pursuit, however, resulted in the capture of the delinquent and the recovery of the cash.

At this time a great blow was dealt to his hopes by finding that his father had dissipated his property through speculation, so that he now became almost entirely dependent upon his pay. He says: "I can only regret the infatuation which ruined my prospects in life, by rendering my profession a source of emolument, instead of a display of patriotic enthusiasm."

There was nothing for it but to rejoin his regiment and he embarked with an aching heart for the shores of India in October, 1806. His wife was confined of her fourth child a week prior to sailing, so that the further expense of the passage for her and their children at a later date—a sum of £500—was added to his burdens. Constant moves, then as now, were the bane of the married officer, and on landing at Madras he found an additional expense awaiting him since he had to transport his wife and family across to Cannanore on the Malabar coast—a journey now accomplished in some sixteen hours by rail, but then involving many "daks" through the malarious and savage Wynaad.

Hostilities being imminent between the Company and the Rajah of Travancore, on Christmas Eve, 1808, the 12th Regiment received orders to proceed to Quilon, with the usual official commentary that the move was to be carried out as economically as possible. Bayly describes graphically how the economy was effected at the expense of the troops—a happening not without its parallels in more recent time.

"The whole battalion was on board twelve patamars (open boats from forty to 100 tons burden), and the flank companies on an old country-built brig. With the exception of four boats, the others were all leaky consequently not seaworthy. . . The vessels were excessively crowded
as a proportion of followers, consisting of cooks, lascars, and officers' servants accompanied the troops. Rice, salt fish, and arrack were the only provisions provided for the voyage. In two or three boats there was a quarter cask of arrack; the others were unprovided with this essential article, which, when properly diluted with water, contributes materially to the health of the soldiers. The unequal distribution of this liquor caused much inconvenience and distress during the voyage, for when the fleet stood out some distance from the shore, the agitation of the sea became so great as to prevent all communication, so that those boats unprovided with this essential stimulant were necessitated to remain without it for several days. The situation of the troops was distressing in the extreme, from this confinement to one position, without the possibility of reclining the body in a recumbent posture, or taking any refreshing slumber, being absolutely wedged together without awning or covering to defend them from the scorching rays of the sun (which are reflected from the sea with double fierceness), or the baneful and heavy dews of night, which with the deadly land winds blowing off the shore, were sufficient to injure the most robust constitution in a very few hours; the natives, when exposed to the influence of this wind during the night, are frequently deprived of the use of their limbs during life, which are withered and distorted in the most awful and unaccountable manner. The short and rapid motions of the vessels produced the most violent sensations of nausea; the disgusting effluvia proceeding from those affected soon compelled those of stronger stomachs to yield to the prevailing malady, and thus, sitting opposite each other in a cramped and confined position, the scene which ensued beggars all description; even whilst labouring under the effects of these complicated miseries, these gallant sufferers refrained from the expression of the least complaint, except a little regret for the loss of the accustomed dram of arrack which might have cheered their spirits amidst the evils they endured. Such was the treatment meted out to its soldiers by a Government which a few decades before had held up holy hands in horror at the savagery of the Black Hole of Calcutta.

Under these conditions the troops reached Quilon to embark on a campaign as arduous as any which has ever been undertaken by British troops. The small British force at first encamped upon a small plain about a mile in circumference and 400 yards from the sea, but were eventually, owing to pressure of superior numbers, compelled to retreat to an old dismantled Dutch fort. No sooner had they occupied it than a tremendous storm arose. The morning of January 1, 1809, was ushered in by the most lamentable scenes that can be imagined. Let the man of feeling picture to himself a small delapidated fort, a mile and a half in extent, of triangular shape, over two sides of which the sea was dashing its raging billows with irrepressible fury, and on the ramparts 1,500 British troops, exposed to all the inclemency of a storm of wind and rain, beyond the comprehension of those unaccustomed to a tropical climate; fifteen thousand
followers, principally the wives and children, and families of the sepoys, occupying the area of the triangle (where they had sheltered during the night from the dread of a still more remorseless enemy), running about in the wildest confusion, and uttering the loudest lamentations of despair, which with the roaring of the sea, the wrecks and dead bodies scattered on the shore, and he will have a faint idea of one of the most impressive and terrific scenes that ever history recorded.

"Never were troops more scantily attended or equipped than the Army in Quilon, not a single bullock or conveyance for guns or baggage of any description; then we were exposed to the united efforts of the armed population of Cochin and Travancore, without the possibility of retaliation, in the event of obtaining any partial success, which could not be taken advantage of for want of carriage."

Yet this force not only held its own against overwhelming odds, but inflicted a severe defeat upon the enemy which gave the politicians an opportunity for negotiations which succeeded in detaching the Rajah of Cochin from Travancore, and finally compelled the latter to capitulate and sacrifice his Dewan to his conquerors. Colonel Bayly considered the Nares or Travancoreans the bravest race in the peninsula of India, and had their knowledge of military tactics equalled their natural animal courage, the East India Company could never have conquered that inaccessible country. Immense sums of money were extracted from the unfortunate Rajah of Travancore, but none of it was given to the troops as prize money, because, forsooth, they were quelling a rebellion; nor was it expended in bettering their wretched lot.

On May 12, 1809, the 12th Regiment was ordered to march without delay from Quilon to Seringapatam through the Travancore country. The monsoon had already commenced. On May 20 they began their march. "With extreme difficulty four short marches were effected, when the whole marshy part of the country having become inundated, presented an insurmountable obstacle to the further progress of the regiment, until a partial cessation of rain should enable them to proceed. It had not been without the greatest efforts of courage and perseverance that even this short distance had been accomplished; the provisions, tents and new clothing had been all destroyed, and many of the officers lost every atom of their baggage. So thoroughly saturated was every denomination of stores and wearing apparel, that not a single article remained free from a state of utter decomposition, lying absolutely in smoking piles, with muskets, bayonets and other arms, all so rusty that, in the existing humidity of the atmosphere, it was impossible to preserve them from the corroding filth. For three weeks the regiment occupied one little hillock, surrounded by floods of water, and exposed to incessant torrents of rain, the trees and a few old Nares' huts being the only shelter in this unprecedented and deplorable situation."
Soon after the regiment lost its remaining baggage in crossing a flooded river. "New tents and provisions were at length supplied, but too late to preserve thirty to forty Europeans who had already been carried off by dysentery, of which disease 300 more were affected, promiscuously strewing the ground with their dying carcases; it, however, preserved them from actual destruction."

Such was the state of the corps that the authorities were at length sufficiently aroused to allow it to proceed to Trichinopoli, then considered the healthiest station in India.

Bayly had been wounded in the battle of Quilon, and was, fortunately for him, unable to accompany the regiment on its awful march. He proceeded with his own carriage to Seringapatam, the original destination of the corps. There he became spectator of a mutiny of the Companies' troops against the civil authorities, a disgraceful state of affairs for which he blames the then Governor of Madras, Sir George Barlow, whom he describes as corrupt and unscrupulous.

In May, 1810, he embarked with his regiment for the expedition which resulted in the capture of Bourbon and Mauritius. There he did his part in some stiff fighting, and after the cessation of hostilities, became commandant of S. Paul, a post which he lost from too active zeal in the suppression of the slave trade.

On November 17, 1817, he landed with his regiment at Plymouth, and at once received orders to proceed to Ireland. Here the treatment meted out to soldiers was little better. After twenty years' service in India and six months' confinement on transports, the regiment was marched from Cork to Athlone in mid winter. "Here a Bond Street Major-General, by name Buller, commanded the garrison. The regiment was thrice a week paraded for his inspection, waiting sometimes for two hours and upwards, with the snow driving in the men's faces, in heavy marching order on parade, when an aide-de-camp would dash up on a fine prancing horse, informing the commanding officer that the regiment might be dismissed as the general was indisposed."

The result of this treatment was that the old soldiers applied for the discharge to which they were entitled, and the unit soon became a corps of raw boys.

Disgusted at this state of affairs, Bayly determined to retire, but finding that his father had dissipated all that remained of his property, he was obliged to continue on the active list. He was now a widower, and had lost several of his children. Much against his will he found himself once again under orders for Gibraltar, where he succeeded to the command of the regiment. But his last days of service were fated to be unhappy ones. A fearful epidemic—which he calls yellow fever—but which was apparently cholera, visited Gibraltar in the autumn of 1828, in which some 800 men perished. In spite of the efforts of specialist-medical officers, including a learned French practitioner named Chervin, who infected himself experi-
mentally, but recovered, the epidemic did not abate until the arrival of the cold weather.

During the whole of this dreadful period Colonel Bayly carried out his duties as a field officer of the garrison, visiting guards and hospitals, though the latter were regarded as veritable death traps.

At length, at the age of 50, he retired, after thirty-four years' service with the 12th Regiment, to enjoy a well-earned rest in the evening of his life.

His diary, recording as it does on every page tales of endurance and devotion to duty, is a wonderful illustration of the spirit which has permeated the British Army, and has enabled it to accomplish tasks which at first sight have appeared beyond the power of men.

[The Editors are indebted to Major H. C. Hildreth, D.S.O., R.A.M.C., for the loan of the Diary from which this abstract is compiled.]

Current Literature.

Plurality of Syphilitic Virus. By C. Levaditi and A. Marie. (Annales de l'Institut Pasteur, xxxvii, No. 2, February, 1923, p. 189.)—The authors maintain the thesis that the para-syphilitic manifestations (tabes and general paralysis) are due to a distinct variety of Treponema pallidum, but do not offer evidence as to whether differentiation is acquired subsequent to infection or whether it is pre-existent. Comparative inoculation and immunity experiments on rabbits, monkeys, and men are described using neurotropic and dermotropic strains of treponema as well as Spirochaeta cuniculi, the organism found in a disease occurring naturally in rabbits and closely resembling primary syphilis in its manifestations and means of transmission. All three organisms were found to be pathogenic for rabbits when inoculated on the mucous membrane, but they showed definite and consistent differences in the nature of the lesions produced. The neurotropic treponema (obtained from the brain of a case of G.P.I.) and S. cuniculi were found to be non-pathogenic for monkeys and man when inoculated cutaneously by scarification. But the dermotropic treponema, even after it had been carried through a series of rabbits for fourteen years, was still pathogenic for both men and monkeys but showed greatly reduced virulence and produced no secondary or tertiary manifestations. Immunity experiments with rabbits showed that each organism produced immunity against reinfection with the same organism but no cross-immunity was produced between any of the three.