during the rains musca is the commonest genus seen. Other diptera found include calliphora and lucilia, which are not common, tabanids and bombyliidae. Culex mosquitoes are fairly common and troublesome. Only one species of anopheles was found during the season; this proved to be Anopheles lindesii. Sandflies are common, but apparently uninfected. Fleas are common in the rains, and most barracks, married quarters and bungalows can show the presence of bugs.

A few scorpions were caught and a few snakes, the cobra and Russell's viper being the only two poisonous species collected.

The views are good from the hill tops. To the north and north-west is the snowy range behind Simla, the latter place being visible from the serjeants' mess. To the south-west is Kasauli, with "Tap's Nose," a high hill near by. To the south is an excellent view of the plains, which can also be seen to the south-east. To the east one sees in the distance the Chakrata hills, behind which lies Moussourie.

This year the season closes on November 3, and the writer will leave with mixed feelings; the cold evenings and nights are rather trying, but the peaceful life and low prices are not easily found in India.

Echoes of the Past.

Suvoroff's Catechism.

By Major O. Teichman, D.S.O., M.C.,
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Alexander Vasilisvitch Suvoroff was born at Moscow in 1729; his father was a general and a senator, and must have been well educated for those times, as he actually translated Vauban's works into Russian. The young Suvoroff entered the army as a private at the age of seventeen, but rose rapidly in rank after the Seven Years' War. He served with distinction in the first Polish War, but nearly lost his life in that campaign. Suvoroff was besieging Cracow, which had been captured by the French, when suddenly the Polish Colonel Kossakowski appeared at the head of his celebrated Black Hussars; the Russian general, without waiting to collect more mounted troops, immediately charged with two squadrons of Lancers and some Cossacks, but in the heat of the action a Polish officer, having sworn to take his life, rode fiercely at him, and after discharging his pistols without effect, attacked him with his sabre. Suvoroff crossing swords with alacrity, returned blow for blow and thrust for thrust, but must have succumbed to his vigorous assailant had not a Russian cuirassier galloped up in the nick of time and struck the officer from his horse.
After several successful campaigns which included the capture of Praga (Warsaw) and the famous siege of the Turkish fortress of Ismail, we find Suvoroff in Italy (1799) assisting the Austrians in opposing the French.

As soon as he arrived on the Mincio with the first division of his forces, twenty thousand strong, he took command of all the allied troops in Italy. The jealousy of the Austrian generals was naturally excited, and they called a council of war in order to examine his plans. The members of the council, beginning at the youngest, proceeded to propose their several schemes. Suvoroff quietly heard them all, and when they had done took a slate and drew two lines, and said, "Here, gentlemen, are the French, and here the Russians; the latter will march against the former and beat them." So saying, he rubbed out the French line, and added, "This is my plan; the council is concluded." Suvoroff kept his word, and in less than three months swept the French entirely out of Lombardy and Piedmont.

He defeated Moreau on the Adda, Macdonald on the Trebbia, and Joubert at Novi, but was finally, after fearful sufferings and heavy losses, forced to retreat from Switzerland over the mountains into Austria by Massâna.

On his return to Russia he died at St. Petersburg in 1800. Suvoroff was the idol of his soldiers and was never defeated, only once in his life having to act on the defensive. His character has been much abused by the French, but one must remember that they were his natural enemies, and that their accounts being much more widely understood than the Russian, from which the truth can be gathered, enjoy a wider publicity.

As a young man, having neither good looks, riches, nor exalted birth to forward his career, he was wont to assume the character of a buffoon in order to captivate the public gaze; this characteristic he maintained throughout his life, and thus enhanced his popularity with the troops. He generally closed his harangues by endeavouring to excite laughter among his soldiers; this mode of forming a climax being in those days a peculiar characteristic of Russian speeches.

In the following speech, known as the "Discourse under the Trigger" (the harangue made by a general to his troops, "When the line is drawn out, and the soldiers rest on their pieces"), Suvoroff thoroughly lives up to his reputation; it consists of a series of instructions drawn up by himself for the use of the army under his command, after the Turkish War (1790), and subsequently transmitted, by order of the Russian Government, to every regiment in the service. This was commonly known as Suvoroff's Catechism, and apparently in those days corresponded to our present "Field Service Regulations, Part II." Lord Haig in his final despatch says: "Only by the rifle and bayonet of the infantryman can the decisive victory be won." Suvoroff, one hundred and thirty years ago, appears to have held the same view, but placed the bayonet before the rifle; he stated, however, that "the cavalry must generally make the first attack, and when the battle is gained must pursue and hack the enemy."
DISCOURSE UNDER THE TRIGGER.

(Mainly after Clarke's translation from the original Russian.)

The General is inspecting the line, and addressing the troops: "Heels close—knees straight! A soldier must stand like a dart!—I see the fourth—the fifth I don't see!

A soldier's step is an 'archine'—(28 inches), in wheeling an 'archine' and a half. Keep your distances well!

Soldiers, join elbows in front! First rank three steps from the second—in marching, two! Give the drum room!

Keep your ball three days:—It may happen for a whole campaign, when lead cannot be had!

Fire—seldom—but fire sure!

Push hard with the bayonet! The ball will lose its way—the bayonet never! The ball is a fool—the bayonet a hero!

Stab once! and off with the Turk from the bayonet! even when he's dead you may get a scratch from his sabre.

If the sabre is near your head, dodge back one step, and push on again. Stab the second!—stab the third! a hero will stab half a dozen.

Be sure your ball is in your gun! If three attack you, stab the first, fire on the second, and bayonet the third!—this seldom happens.

In the attack there's no time to load again.

When you fire, take aim at their guts; and fire about twenty balls—buy lead from your mess treasury—it costs little! We fire sure—we lose not one ball in thirty. In the Light and Heavy Artillery, not one in ten.

If you see the match upon a gun, run up to it instantly—the ball will fly over your head—the guns are yours—the people are yours! Down with 'em upon the spot! pursue 'em! stab 'em!—To the remainder give quarter—it's a sin to kill without reason: they are men like you.

Die for the honour of the Virgin Mary—for your Mother (the Empress)—for all the Royal Family!

The Church prays for those that die: and those who survive have honour and reward.

Offend not the peaceable inhabitants! they give us meat and drink—the soldier is not a robber.—Booty is a holy thing! If you take a 'camp, it is all yours! if you take a fortress, it is all yours! At ISMAIL, besides other things, the soldiers shared gold and silver by handfuls: and so in other places; but, without order, never go to booty!

A battle in the field has three modes of attack.

(1) On the wing, which is weakest. If a wing be covered by a wood, it is nothing; a soldier will get through.—Through a morass, it is more difficult.—Through a river you cannot run. All kinds of intrenchment you may jump over.

(2) The attack in the centre is not profitable—except for the Cavalry, to cut them in pieces—or else they will crush you.
(3) The attack behind is very good. Only for a small corps to get round. Heavy battle in the field, against regular troops. In squares against Turks, and not in columns. It may happen against Turks, that a square of 500 men will be compelled to force its way through a troop of 6 or 7,000, with the help of small squares on the flank. In such a case, it will extend in column. But till now we have had no need of it. There are the God-forgetting, windy, light-headed Frenchmen—if it should so happen to us to march against them, we must beat them in columns.

The Battle, upon Intrenchments, in the Field.—The ditch is not deep—the rampart is not high—down in the ditch! jump over the wall! Work with your bayonet! Stab! Drive! Take them prisoners! Be sure to cut off the cavalry: if there are any at hand—at Praga, the infantry cut off the cavalry: and there were threefold, and more, intrenchments, and a whole fortress; therefore we attacked in columns.

The Storm.—Break down the fences! Throw wattles over the holes! Run as fast as you can! jump over the palisades! Cast your faggots! (into the ditch). Leap into the ditch! Lay on your ladders! Scour the columns! Fire at their heads! Fly over the wall! Stab them on the ramparts! Draw out your line! Put a guard on the powder cellars! Open one of the gates! The cavalry will enter on the enemy. Turn his guns against him! Kill every enemy in the streets! Let the cavalry hack them! Enter no houses! Storm them in open places, where they are gathering. Take possession of the open places! Put a capital guard! Instantly put picquets to the gates, to the powder cellars and to the magazines! When the enemy has surrendered, give him quarter! When the inner wall is occupied go to plunder!

There are three military talents:—

(1) The Coup d’Œil.—How to place a camp—how to march—when to attack—to chase and to beat the enemy.

(2) Swiftness.—The field artillery must march half or a whole verst in front, on the rising ground, that it may not impede the march of the columns. When the column arrives it will find its place again. Down hill and on even ground, let it go at a trot. Soldiers march in files or four abreast, on account of narrow roads, streets, narrow bridges and narrow passes through marshy and swampy places; and only when ready for attack draw up in platoons to shorten the rear. When you march four abreast, leave a space between the companies. Never slacken your pace! Walk on! Play! Sing your Songs! Beat the drum! When you have broken off ten verst the first company cast off their loads and lie down. After them the second company; and so forth, one after the other. But the first never waits for the rest. A line in columns will on the march always draw out. At four abreast it will draw out one and a half more than its length. At two abreast it will draw out double. A line one verst in length will draw out two—two verst will draw out four; and so the first companies will have to wait for the others half an hour to no purpose. After the first
ten versts an hour’s rest. The first division that arrived (upon the coming of the second) takes up its baggage, and moves forward ten or fifteen paces; and if it passes through defiles, on the march, fifteen or twenty paces. And in this manner, division after division that the hindmost may get rest. The second ten versts, another hour’s rest or more. If the third distance is less than ten versts, halve it, and rest three-quarters, half or a quarter of an hour; that the children may get to their kettles. So much for infantry.

The cavalry marches before. They alight from their horses and rest for a short time, and march more than ten versts in one stage, that the horses may rest in camp. The kettle waggons and the tent waggons go on before. When the brothers arrive the kettle is ready. The master of the mess instantly serves out the kettle. For breakfast four hours’ rest—and six or eight hours at night, according as the road proves. When you draw near the enemy the kettle-waggons remain with the tent-waggons, and food must be prepared beforehand. By this manner of marching, soldiers suffer no fatigue. The enemy does not expect us. He reckons us at least a hundred versts distant; and when we come from afar, two hundred, or three hundred, or more, we fall all at once upon him, like snow on the head. His head turns. Attack instantly with whatever arrives; with what God sends. The cavalry instantly fall to work—hack and slash! Stab and drive! Cut them off! Don’t give them a moment’s rest.

(3) Energy.—One leg strengthens the other! One hand fortifies the other! By firing many men are killed! The enemy also has hands, but he knows not the Russian bayonet! (alluding to the Turks). Draw out the line immediately, and instantly attack with cold arms! (the bayonet). If there be not time to draw out the line, attack, from the defile, the Infantry with the bayonet, and the cavalry will be at hand. If there be a defile for a verst, and cartridges over your head, the guns will be yours. Commonly, the cavalry make the first attack, and the infantry follow. In general, cavalry must attack like infantry, except in swampy ground, and then they must lead their horses by the bridle. Cossacks will go through anything. When the battle is gained, the cavalry pursue and hack the enemy, and the infantry are not far behind. In two files there is strength, in three files strength and a half. The first tears, the second throws down, and the third perfects the work.

Rules for Diet.—Have a dread of the hospital. German physic stinks from afar, is good for nothing, and rather hurtful. A Russian soldier is not used to it. Messmates know where to find roots, herbs, and pismires. A soldier is inestimable. Take care of your health! Scour the stomach when it is foul! Hunger is the best medicine! He who neglects his men—if an officer, arrest; if a sub-officer, lashes; and to the private lashes, if he neglects himself. If loose bowels want food, at sunset a little gruel and bread. For costive bowels some purging plant in warm water, or the liquorice root. Remember, gentlemen, the field physic of Doctor Belly-potsky! In hot fevers eat nothing, even for twelve days—and drink your soldier’s quass—that’s a soldier’s physic.
For intermittent fevers neither eat nor drink. It is only a punishment for neglect, if health ensues. In hospitals the first day the bed seems soft, the second comes French soup, and the third the brother is laid in his coffin, and they draw him away! One dies, and ten companions round him inhale his expiring breath. In camp the sick and feeble are kept in huts, and not in villages; there the air is purer. Even without an hospital you must not stint your money for medicine if it can be bought—nor even for other necessaries. But all this is frivolous—we know how to preserve ourselves! Where one dies in a hundred with others, we lose not one in five hundred in the course of a month. For the healthy, drink, air, and food; for the sick, air, drink, and food. Brothers, the enemy trembles for you! But there is another enemy, greater than the hospital—the damned 'I don't know!' From the half-confessing, the guessing, lying, deceitful, the palaverling equivocation, squeamishness, and nonsense of 'Don't know!' many disasters originate. Stammering, hackering—and so forth; it's shameful to relate! A soldier should be sound, brave, firm, decisive, true and honourable! Pray to God! from Him come victory and miracles! God conducts us! God is our General! For the 'I don't know!' an officer is put in the guard—a staff-officer is served with an arrest at home. Instruction is light. Not instruction in darkness! The work fears its master! If a peasant knows not how to plough, the corn will not grow! One wise man is worth three fools! and even three are little; give six! and even six are little; give ten! One clever fellow will beat them all; overthrow them and take them prisoners!

In the last campaign the enemy lost 75,000, well-counted men—and, perhaps, not much less than 100,000. He fought desperately and artfully, and we lost not a full thousand. There, brethren, you behold the effect of military instruction! Gentlemen, officers, what a triumph!"

Clarke remarks that it is impossible in this (literal) translation, consistently with fidelity, to preserve the brevity and energy of the original Russian.

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