supply. At all events the relation of the organs is the mirror image of
the normal condition. In complete transposition however, the organs
develop normally and the condition, though unusual, has no effect upon the
function.

"Persons whose hearts lie on the right side are quite as free from
symptoms as those whose hearts are on the left, provided the other viscera
are normal; and the condition is usually discovered accidentally during
routine physical examination. The electrocardiograph shows sometimes
inverted waves, sometimes a curve that is practically normal. Dextrocar­
dia without transposition of other viscera is much rarer."

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**Travel.**

**JOTTINGS FROM A DIARY.**

BY LIEUT.-COLONEL C. R. L. RONAYNE (Retired Pay).

(Continued from p. 144.)

Monday, January 28.—At Colombo, about eighteen passengers disem­
barked, and we took on about the same number transhipped to us from
the *P. and O. "Narkunda"* which arrived from Australia. After an un­
eventful voyage we arrived at Madras at 2.30 a.m. this morning.

As one of the "Novara's" boats had been lowered, I took her out and
skulled her about the harbour, and then into the inner harbour, and
eventually found myself at the Madras Yacht Club. As I approached the
quay of the club I noticed a coolie standing there with a parcel under his
arm, and, as he kept staring at me, I asked him what he wanted. He said
he had brought cigars. And on asking him who they were for, he said for me.
I was still some distance from the quay, and was utterly puzzled for an
explanation. Could it be, I thought, that the Hon. Sec. of the club from his
verandah saw me approaching, and sent the cigars as a sort of present of
welcome. I could not think of any other explanation; and it was, I thought,
an exceedingly nice and felicitous thing for him to do. But on thinking the
matter over I said to myself, after all, I am a complete stranger to the Hon.
Sec., and why should he send cigars to anybody who happens to approach
his club in an ordinary ship's boat as I have done. So I questioned the
coolie further, and it then turned out that in the early morning when we
arrived, I had ordered cigars from Spencer's (the well-known Madras
manufacturers) and the coolie brought them to the ship just as I was push­
ing off in the boat, and he kept me in sight, and trekked round the quays
until eventually he met me at the Yacht Club.

This was rather a prosaic ending to the felicitous present from the Hon.
Sec. I pictured, but after all it never occurred to me that cigars I ordered
on board ship would be delivered at a club where I happened to arrive in a casual way.

The Yacht Club is an extraordinarily pretty and well-equipped little club. There it is, literally within a stone’s throw of “where the broad ocean leans against the land,” yet so snugly situated there is not the least trace of a swell or ripple. The yachts consist of four “Bembridge” boats, several Dublin Bay “water-wags,” and a few motor boats.

The racing I am told is very good and keenly contested. A very interesting relic of the war is the site of the hole in the club wall where a shell from the “Emden” pierced when she was shelling the petrol tanks close by. A framed yachting picture hanging on the wall has some splinters of shell embedded in it.

Madras. In the foreground are the grounds and portion of the verandah of the Madras Sailing Club.

In the afternoon went with W. in a taxi to the aquarium. This is one of the very few “sights” of Madras, and it is well worth a visit. Such an extraordinary and wondrous collection of tropical fish, many of them uncanny in their colouring, shape and movements. We dropped the taxi and walked back by the sea front, past Fort St. George.

The last time we called at Madras (a few months ago) I looked up in the Fort my old friend Gibson. He provided an enjoyable “four” at tennis at the Madras Club, but as the place was rather crowded we shifted to the Fort and played there undisturbed.

Unfortunately I could not accept their invitation to dinner as we were leaving that night. Much to their delight, but to my regret, they have
since been shifted to Wellington, which, I believe, is a very desirable hill station.

There is a good deal of similarity between Fort William in Calcutta and Fort St. George in Madras. In fact, in general construction I think they must be almost identical, except that Fort William is a good deal the larger. The Madras Fort was built in 1750, and the Calcutta one, which was not commenced until seven years afterwards, was evidently modelled on it; it is the largest fort in India, I believe, and took sixteen years to build, at a cost of £2,000,000. It covers an area of two square miles. Both forts are in excellent preservation, and, with their mighty ramparts and bastions and well devised moats, would do credit to engineers of any age.

Another interesting fort is the old Dutch one at Point de Galle in the South of Ceylon. I think it must be larger than Fort William, as the important part of the town is contained within the Fort. It is built on a slight promontory. Over the arch leading to the jetty is the date 1668 cut on a stone.

Very interesting is the old Dutch church, on the floor of which are many tombstones, the oldest date being 1659. On the wall is a large wooden memorial to “Commandeur le Gale; died August 12, 1713.” There are (or rather were when I was there) many relics, including a very rusty pair of old spurs, which I presume the gallant “commandeur” wore.

The fort represents tremendous labour, but is now neglected, and is here and there being grown over with trees and bushes.

Wednesday, Jan. 29.—This afternoon we passed several sea-snakes quite close to the ship.

They were about three feet long, and of a dirty yellowish colour, with blackish cross stripes. There is no question about them not being snakes, as they wriggle along in characteristic snake fashion, on the top of the water, and not through it, as they would do if they were eels. There are different species of sea-snakes, and all are deadly poisonous; but they are said to be so timorous that they may be regarded as practically harmless.

I believe they are fairly common in the Bay of Bengal; but this is only the second time I have seen them. The last time was many years ago when I did a voyage from Calcutta to Bombay in the (then new) Royal Indian Marine ship “Hardinge.” I was in medical charge of the 93rd Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, and we were on our way to Poona, via the sea and Bombay. The old “Hardinge” is still afloat, but the Royal Indian Marine service is about to be scrapped. It was never quite a popular service, but in order to try to increase its popularity, it was euphemistically styled “the curry-and-rice Navy.” But apparently the appellation had not the desired effect.

Thursday, Jan. 31.—Picked up the Hughli pilot at 11 a.m. yesterday,
and disembarked the passengers to-day at 1 p.m. at the Eden Garden Ghat; after which we shifted to No. 2 jetty (near Howrah Bridge).

On the outward voyage we are, of course, travelling away from home, this means we (the ship's crew) get an accumulation of three weeks' mails when we arrive at Calcutta. These naturally are eagerly looked forward to; but this time it was a pretty sad mail for me, as it contained no less than four letters all assuring me that "The Traveller" was not written by Byron, as stated in my recent contribution to the Journal ("Yarns of a Ship's Surgeon"). Here is what one fair lady writes: "Considering the amount of money your father spent on your education I am surprised you do not know who wrote 'The Traveller.' Your ignorance is colossal! Goldsmith, of course, wrote it."

So that's that! I think I'd better give up quoting from the poets.

The Hugli river, which, of course, is a branch of the Ganges, is very tricky from a navigation point of view, owing to the strong current and numerous sandbanks, which are continually changing their positions. The result is the pilots have to serve a long apprenticeship before they are qualified to take a ship up or down. It is the most highly paid pilot service in the world.

First glimpses of the Hugli are anything but impressive. Low down on the horizon on both sides can be seen some scrub and jungle, which those who know, or pretend they do, assure you is teeming with game, and is the happy hunting ground of the big game shooter. This place is called the Sunderabunds, and I believe contains a quantity of tiger and other big game. But, generally speaking, it is rather shunned by sportsmen owing to swamps, thickness of the jungle and other reasons.

But owing to the swiftly flowing stream, together with the speed of the ship, the monotony of the Sunderabunds does not last long, the banks close in and native craft begin to appear; at first scattered, but soon in ever-increasing numbers, and of every shape and size; some lazily splashing the water with their paddles, others with their threadbare sails taking every advantage of the breeze that doesn't blow, for there is scarcely ever a puff on the Hugli, save during the three months of the summer monsoon. But whether paddles or sails are used, neither count for much—it's the swift current that does the trick.

As the ship speeds along, the first thing pointed out to the newcomer is the site of the "Anglia" bank. Here a ghastly tragedy took place about thirty years ago. A large passenger steamer (the "Anglia") ran on the bank, and as the tide receded she suddenly toppled over into deep water and lay on one side, with the other just above water; from each of the port-holes on this side a head appeared, but they could only put out their heads, as the port-holes were too small for the unfortunate people to squeeze their bodies through. Word was sent to Calcutta and mechanics were despatched from there with all speed, and they worked feverishly cutting away the ship's plates, whilst the imprisoned ones could do
nothing but anxiously watch the work as it progressed. But the work
was more than they could accomplish against time, and they had at
length to desist owing to the rising tide, whilst the victims fell back from
the port-holes one by one.

A few miles above the "Anglia" bank the river turns sharply to the
west, and just at the bend, on the right-hand side as you go up, is
Diamond Harbour, about fifty-two miles by river from Calcutta. A single
railway line runs to the harbour, and it is an important signal station for
the river pilots. There is also a post office and small native village.

"Lenikenhafen," of Hamburg, capsized in the Hughli at Calcutta.

About half a mile to the south of Diamond Harbour is Fort Chingrikhal.
As I look at it now with my glasses as we go by it seems a dreary waste;
the gun emplacements appear to be broken up and overgrown with bush
and scrub. So I think it must now be abandoned as a fort. But "in my
time," that is a good many years ago, it was an important place, where
an annual camp was held during the winter months, and "gunners" came
from all over India for the practice and firing competitions. The river
here is about three and a half miles wide, still the shells used to ricochet
and go ashore; so that, during the firing of the big guns, the opposite bank
for several miles inland was cleared of people, and for this interference
with their freedom large sums were paid to the natives as compensation.
Perhaps the policy of "retrahement" had something to do with the
abandonment of the camp.

From this up the river begins to get interesting. The nodding date and
coconut palms, the vivid green "paddy" fields, on both sides of the bank,
and the quaint native huts and villages scattered along are pleasing to the
eye. A few miles from Diamond Harbour the river again turns sharply to the north. An occasional European bungalow now appears, but it is not until Budge Budge is reached that the real "business side" of the river is thrust on one. For some miles along the right bank here are the tanks and refining machinery of various petroleum companies, each having palatial and well-kept bungalows with recreation grounds for the European staffs.

On the opposite side of the river, also extending for miles along the bank, are jute mills. They too, with their European quarters, are kept spick and span, and suggest much prosperity and wealth. Then further up Garden Reach on the right bank is seen. It is a suburb of Calcutta, and here are the well-known Kidderpore Docks, with their spacious accommodation and equipment for loading ships with jute, tea, hides, linseed, manganese ore and coal—these constitute 99 per cent. of the shipping exports from Calcutta. (Imports are unloaded at the wharfs along the river side.) Opposite Garden Reach is the Botanical Garden with its world-famed banyan tree, the one tree covering an area of three acres.

Calcutta itself is now seen in the background. As one approaches three things catch the eye; the first is the fine dome of the post office buildings; the second is the white marble dome of the Victoria Memorial, only recently completed, having been started as far back as 1904. This is a building of really superb design and structure, situated all by itself on the Maidan. The Maidan is known as the Hyde Park of Calcutta, also as the "lungs" of Calcutta; on it near the river is Fort William.
The third thing which catches the eye as one approaches is the War Memorial to the lascars or native seamen who fell in the war. It is situated on the Maidan near Outram’s Ghat, and takes the form of a high graceful tower of Eastern design. It is surmounted by a golden cupola, which, glittering in the sun, makes it very conspicuous. It has only just been completed.

Calcutta is not the ancient home of the Great Moguls. It is of comparatively modern date.

The East India Company established their factories at Hughli, a prosperous town on the river of that name, but for some reason, in 1686, they shifted about forty miles down the river to a place with only a few mud huts, but famous for its shrine to the goddess Kali. From this sprang the mighty Calcutta of to-day. Calcutta is on the right bank (that is when going up the river), and at the other side are suburbs and the large railway terminus Howrah. Numerous ferries, both steam and row-boats, carry people across the river; but there is only one bridge spanning it—the Howrah Bridge. Incessant and congested traffic goes on over this night and day. Recently an animated controversy amongst the Calcutta City Fathers has been going on over the question of a new bridge. In the local newspapers some strenuously advocated a cantilever bridge, whilst others equally strenuously favoured a repetition of the present one—that is a pontoon bridge. I believe the pontoon has been finally approved, but it is to be broader than the present one.

Saturday, February 9, 1924.—Yesterday morning about 5 a.m. there was a heavy “nor-wester,” with much thunder and lightning, and a deluge of rain and wind. In the midst of it the ship gave a heavy bump and shook all over. I thought we were in collision, and jumped up and went on deck, but it was the weight of the wind which had carried us against the jetty with considerable force, and no damage was done. The storm lasted only about half an hour, but it brought down the temperature with a bang, and it was very nippy when the storm was over.

Having completed the discharge of steel and cement at No. 2 jetty, we left for Kidderpore Docks shortly after the storm. We left the jetty with our bow facing up the river, and were to drop down backwards to the docks, so, by order of the pilot, an anchor was let go with fifteen fathoms of chain out, and the engines put “full astern.” And in this way we dropped down, the anchor checking her and keeping her head to the stream. Suddenly the anchor gripped in something, and the chain “took charge” and began to run out with a great rattle.

There was consternation on the forecastle as nothing could be done there to check the chain, and it is not unknown in accidents of this sort to have the deck torn up and go overboard, winch and all. Shouts for “full ahead” were raised, and fortunately this was accomplished before the full length of chain had run out, and so all was well. But it might easily have been otherwise, and it was quite a “touch and go” affair while it lasted.

(To be continued.)