seems to have been made at Lahore and Amritsar. I also have had experience of the S.M.O. or O.C. unit, who, after issuing most stringent orders on the use of nets goes home and blissfully sleeps in the open without using a net himself.

The dangers of outside infection were known in Italy as far back as 1575, in Spain since 1600, and by Napoleon in 1809; various orders having been issued regarding irrigation and standing water within certain distances of habitations. The same knowledge does not seem to have been acted upon in India; take for example, the old brickfields just outside the cantonment boundary of Lahore. Irrigation must not be entirely cut off, but carefully controlled. Lack of vegetation leads to depression, and in some cases suicide.

The whole question is one of money. Where such is available it must be controlled by some central authority. That a good deal can be done is shown by the results in the Panama Canal zone, but what was the cost?

Control in such matters must be central, if not it will lead to the old condition of Order, Counter-order, Disorder. The whole problem is awe-inspiring in its magnitude, and if anything of value is to be done there must be whole-hearted co-operation and no personal bickerings or "squabbles."

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Echoes of the Past.

A TOUR OF SERVICE IN NORTHERN INDIA.

BY LIEUTENANT-COLONEL G. H. YOUNGE, F.R.C.S.I.

Royal Army Medical Corps (Retd.).

After a delightful voyage we reached Bombay about 6 a.m., on December 16, 1882, and disembarked about noon from the dear old Troopship "Jumna." (See the Journal of the Royal Army Medical Corps for May, 1928.) From orders which were sent on board, I learned that I was posted for duty to the Allahabad Division, but before joining there I was detailed to accompany an artillery draft to Meerut. Unless in cases of grave emergency, troops proceeding by rail in India only travelled at night. During the heat of the day they remained in Rest Camps, which were dotted at regular intervals along the railway lines. We reached the camp at Allahabad on Christmas Eve, and halted there for three days.

On Christmas morning, Captain (now Colonel) S. J. Rennie, R.A.M.C., who with his wife had come out on board the "Jumna," and I, determined to enjoy our first shoot in India. After an early breakfast we sallied forth in quest of the Ganges, which ran close to the camp. Hardly had we struck its banks when we sighted a huge flock of wild geese coming straight towards us. We crouched behind the limited cover available,
and waited their approach with palpitating hearts. At a distance of some eighty yards they saw us, and wheeled away at a sharp angle. Up we sprang, and sent four barrels of No. 1 shot into the brown of them. One goose was evidently hard hit, and on reaching the centre of the river, it fell headlong into the current. Our desire to retrieve the first game bird we had shot in India was naturally intense. I offered a handful of rupees to our Shikaree if he would only swim out and retrieve it. Speaking with great emphasis, however, he said, "Nahin, Sahib, Nahin. Bahut muggar hai," which we found meant that he would not enter the water as the river swarmed with crocodiles. Indeed, as we watched our goose floating down stream, a huge and hideous head emerged from the water, into the jaws of which the bird disappeared, so that our first bag consisted of a single duck and some brace of quail.

We reached the camp at Cawnpore on the Tuesday after Christmas, and spent a fascinating day in sightseeing. At the time of our visit, the proprietor of the Railway Hotel was a Mr. Lee, a retired sergeant-major, who had marched into the relief of the town under Havelock. He accompanied us throughout the entire day, so that we had full descriptions of the horrors from a reliable eye-witness.

As we know, the Mutiny started in Cawnpore, under the instigation of the Nana Sahib. On its outbreak, the G.O.C. at Cawnpore, Sir Hugh Wheeler, moved the troops from the old barracks into an entrenched position on a large maidan (plain) facing a new line of barracks which were then in process of erection. At the same time he invited the British civilians to enter them also, and most, if not all, of them did so. Within the lines there was only a single bungalow to shelter the women and children, and a single well to supply water for the entire garrison. Almost immediately, the mutineers seized the new barracks, which completely commanded the entrenchments. They fortified the bare walls, and from them kept up a murderous fire on the besieged all day long. To add to their difficulties both cholera and dysentery broke out within the lines. At the end of three weeks the Nana Sahib invited Sir Hugh Wheeler to capitulate, under a most solemn promise of a safe conduct to Allahabad, which was still in British hands. Nothing doubting, the General accepted the invitation as his stores and ammunition were practically expended.

On June 17, 1857, the entire garrison marched down to Suttee Chowra (which has ever since been known as Massacre) ghat. As they neared this the women and children were halted under a huge tree, on the pretence of sheltering them from the sun. The men were marched on to the river bank, to be embarked on board small sailing ships, which were anchored at the foot of the steps. As soon as the first ship was full it was pushed off, but almost immediately it ran on to a line of posts which had been driven into the bed of the river. Instantaneously a devastating rifle fire broke from the dense foliage along the banks, amidst which large numbers of mutineers lay hidden. In a few minutes the British force was practically
exterminated, only four people escaping by swimming across the river into Oudh. When this was accomplished, the children were massacred where they stood. The women were then marched to Savada Kottee, the Nana Sahib's house. There they were herded together under an armed guard, mutineers being allowed to pass in and out without let or hindrance.

On the day Havelock reached Cawnpore the Nana Sahib had evidently realized that the mutiny was doomed to failure. He actually sent men from the bazaar into Savada Kottee, who slaughtered the unhappy women as if they were a flock of sheep. When the relieving force entered the town they found such masses of dead that they could not dispose of them in the usual way. The bodies were, therefore, thrown into two deep wells, over one of which Marochetti's magnificent monument now stands, surrounded by lovely and beautifully kept memorial gardens.

An imposing red brick memorial church, which is packed with monuments to the fallen, now stands on the site of "Wheeler's Entrenchments."

After his defeat by Havelock at Bithoor on August 16, 1857, the Nana Sahib disappeared and was never heard of or seen again.

On reaching Meerut I found orders awaiting me to proceed forthwith to Allahabad. I was, therefore, unable to see anything of the station, but it has the reputation of being one of the best and healthiest in Upper India.

On reporting my arrival to the P.M.O. at Allahabad, Colonel J. Hendley, C.B., I was ordered to proceed forthwith to Benares to assume medical charge of G.I.R.A., whilst they were undergoing their annual artillery practice in camp. On reaching Benares I put up at the principal hotel and experienced another coincidence. I dined tête-à-tête with the late Colonel W. Owen, I.M.S., whom I had never met before. During the evening I discovered that he was a nephew and namesake of our nearest neighbour in Ireland.

Next morning I reported my arrival to the C.O., G.I.R.A., the late Colonel E. G. Battiscombe, a distinguished and popular officer who had the reputation of commanding the smartest and best horsed field battery in India, a reputation which was greatly prized by both officers and men.

On January 2, 1883, we marched out to the Artillery Camp at Sultanpore, which was situated on the banks of the Ganges fifteen miles from Benares.

With the exception of Sundays the daily routine in camp was always the same. Reveillé sounded at 6 a.m. Chota hazra and camp duties occupied an hour. Then followed practice on the range until noon. On returning to camp we had an hour's stables during which the horses were groomed, fed and watered, duties which the G.I officers looked upon as the most important of the day.

A late breakfast followed after which we were free until dinner at 7 p.m., that is unless one happened to be orderly officer for the day. Personally, I almost invariably spent the afternoon in shooting, as sand-
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grouse, partridge and quail abounded in the neighbourhood. Geese and ducks were also plentiful, but as the banks of the Ganges were almost destitute of cover they were difficult to get. When stalking them I usually adopted the following procedure. A small rowboat with two coolies was hired from the nearest bazaar. In this I started either up or down stream as the spirit moved me. When geese or ducks were sighted I and one of the coolies crouched at the bottom of the boat. The other coolie sat erect and paddled slowly in the direction of the birds, who, strange to say, are never alarmed by a single coolie when sitting erect and paddling slowly. When within range I jumped up and sent two barrels of No. 1 shot into the brown of the flock as it rose. Occasionally I was lucky enough to get three geese with two cartridges. I was, indeed, able to keep the mess supplied with game during our stay in camp.

On January 10 we were ordered into Benares to pay our respects to the Lieutenant-Governor, Sir Alfred Lyell, who arrived on his annual tour of inspection. We arrived in time to fire a salute of twenty-one guns in his honour. A week of gaiety followed. On Tuesday there was an official reception followed by a ball at the Commissioner's House. On Wednesday there was an official dinner, and on Thursday amateur theatricals. The great event took place on Friday, however, when the Maharajah of Benares gave a splendid ball at Ramnugar Palace. The palace is beautifully situated on the banks of the Ganges.

On the night of the ball the river was a blaze of light and colour from innumerable Chinese lanterns floating down stream. The grounds and palace were brilliantly illuminated, whilst streams of fire-balloons sprang from every corner of the lovely grounds. The ballroom was actually dazzling from the sparkle of gold and precious stones. Amongst the guests were Lord and Lady Charles Beresford, who were touring India with their Egyptian honours still fresh upon them.

On February 2, we completed our artillery course and returned once more to cantonments. Benares, which is splendidly situated on the banks of the Ganges and is famous as one of the most sacred cities of India, was founded about 1600 B.C. It contains no fewer than 5,000 Hindu temples and 350 Mohammedan mosques. The most famous of these are the Golden Temple and the Musjeed Mosque. The latter has eight lovely and slender minarets, which although only twelve feet in diameter, rise to a height of 147 feet.

Benares is famous for its brass work, and one of the fascinations of the bazaar was to watch the makers at work. Their equipment consisted of only a tiny chisel, punch and hammer. With these they worked at lightning rapidity. They had no apparent plan of the engravings, which appeared to be evolved spontaneously as the work progressed.

On March 30 I received orders to proceed to Darjeeling, in medical charge of the convalescent men from the Allahabad Division, and was naturally delighted beyond measure, as from my earliest recollection I had always longed to see the Himalayas.
We assembled at Dinapore, where we were hospitably entertained by the 2nd East Surrey Regiment during our stay of four days. From Dinapore we railed to Calcutta, a distance of 409 miles. During our brief stay there we were quartered in Fort William, and were entertained as guests by the 2nd Royal Warwickshire Regiment.

As casual visitors, Calcutta made a deep impression on us. Its magnificent maidan (plain), covered with lovely trees and foliage and surrounded by palatial buildings, was a sight not easily forgotten. Naturally, the chief point of attraction and interest was Government House. It is built in the form of four crescents, the convex sides of which look inwards and enclose a handsome square. The angles of the crescents are united by square masses of buildings, each of which contains a magnificent arched gateway surmounted by the effigy of the British lion. The Botanical Gardens are lovely, and amidst many other attractions contain a gigantic Banyan tree which has 300 stems and measures more than 1,000 feet around its outer branches. The climate of the district is appalling, however. Compared with northern stations the actual temperature is low, but the air is so saturated with moisture that during the heat of the day one can only loll in a chair or lie on a charpoy with rivers of perspiration pouring off one. During the hot weather, life there resembles a permanent residence in the hottest room of a Turkish bath.

We left Calcutta for Darjeeling by the Eastern Bengal Railway, and found the journey of 370 miles full of interest, excitement and fascination, easily the most thrilling and wonderful we had ever undertaken. At Sahibgunge we left the train and boarded a river steamer, which took us diagonally across the Ganges to Caragola, where we again entrained. Silligory, situated in the heart of the Terai, was reached about 8 a.m. After an excellent breakfast and a Trichinopoly cheroot of prodigious dimensions, we boarded the tiniest train I had ever seen en route for Jalapahar, the railway station for Darjeeling. The rails were only 18 inches apart, and the carriages just wide enough to accommodate without discomfort two people sitting abreast. The wheels were 18 inches in diameter, and were placed close together so as to permit the carriages to negotiate even the sharpest curves with ease. For the first couple of miles the line ran across a level plain, then with a sudden plunge it began to ascend. As we climbed higher and higher the scene changed almost with every yard—more rapidly, more completely and more wonderfully, than in the finest transformation scene ever produced in a theatre. At one moment we gazed down a perpendicular precipice, thousands of feet deep, only separated from its brink by a foot or two of solid rock; at the next we looked up frowning hills which seemed to tower into the very heavens. The most luxuriant tropical vegetation oftentimes covered the valleys with a southern aspect, then in an instant we dashed round a sharp bend on to hills with a northern aspect, and beheld vegetation which might have come straight from the arctic regions. The railway line itself is almost a work of art. In many
places it is hewn out of solid rock. It runs round hills, passes from ridge to ridge, describes circles, turns figures of eight and accomplishes other similar and wonderful marvels. It would be difficult, if not impossible, indeed, to find even twenty yards of it which are absolutely straight. As the crow flies Silligory is some ten miles from Jalapahar, but in accomplishing the journey by rail one covers forty-eight miles. One had thought of the Himalayas as a continuous range. In reality, however, they are a stupendous conglomerate of huge hills of every conceivable size and shape, packed together in such a way that each one is a little higher than that immediately below it.

During my stay of twenty-four hours in Darjeeling, I was hospitably entertained by the late Colonel J. Hector, R.A.M.C., who was a charming host. I longed to see Kinchin Janga, the highest peak of Mount Everest, but unfortunately during the whole of my stay it was hidden in a thick mist.

If anything the return journey was even more delightful than the ascent—partly because the main features of the scenery were already familiar to me and partly because, being alone, I had more time to study the wonderful and enchanting scenery through which we passed. The descent was done almost entirely by force of gravity. Steam was shut off and the train ran down hill at a terrific pace. The line passed through the very centre of the tea district. I had pictured the shrubs as being quite tall, in reality they are planted in rows two feet apart, and are kept pruned to some eighteen inches in height—the general effect of which is both picturesque and charming. During the season the leaves are gathered once a fortnight.

Travelling in the same carriage with me was a Terai planter who was the living image of my favourite cousin. Every line, every hair on the face was similar. The only perceptible difference was that whilst one spoke with a charming Irish brogue, the other had a very decided Cockney accent.

Whilst dining in the refreshment room at Silligory, a group of planters walked in. Amongst them was Dr. Hawkins, an old fellow student of mine in the Royal City of Dublin Hospital. He was practising in the Terai and liked both the work and the district immensely.

As the train was on the point of leaving Howrah, the East Indian Railway terminus at Calcutta, a clergyman, whom I had never previously seen, stepped into my carriage. Whilst chatting with him later on I discovered that he was a cousin and namesake of the Rev. Mr. Noyes, curate at St. Mathias's Church, Dublin, during my student days. The incident made one realize vividly how small the world is in reality. I reached Benares again on April 11, the trip having taken twelve days—the most delightful and interesting I had ever spent.

The hot weather had now begun. Indeed we started punkahs and cuscus tatties two days after my return. Cuscus tatties are screens made of the fine roots of a certain jungle plant. They are placed opposite open
doors, and kept constantly watered. The hot winds passing through them become cooled by evaporation almost to freezing point.

In India the seasons are never spoken of as summer or winter. It is always either the hot weather or the cold weather as the case may be. During the hot weather Europeans remain indoors from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. unless there is some very special reason for acting otherwise.

Among the distractions of the hot weather an intimate study of the animal and insect life within and around one's bungalow occupied a prominent place. Amongst the animals the lesser mongoose was undoubtedly one of the most amiable, attractive and friendly. If permitted to do so he loves to run up the leg of one's trousers and emerge gracefully from the sleeve of one's coat. He has also the merit of being a deadly enemy to all snakes and especially to all poisonous snakes. Indeed one of the excitements of the hot weather was a fight between these deadly enemies fomented by snake charmers. In these spirited contests the snakes invariably showed the most abject fear and were always vanquished.

Another fascinating animal was the tiny lizard who lived on and careered over every wall in one's bungalow. As his chief occupation in life was devouring mosquitoes he may be ranked amongst the benefactors of mankind. And yet the British subaltern loved to pull his leg! One method of doing so was to roll up tiny pellets of damp blotting paper. When these were thrown on to the wall in his neighbourhood he rushed wildly at them under the impression that they were some new and toothsome species of insect. On being seized, alas, they became jammed in his teeth, and his contortions whilst endeavouring to free himself from the encumbrance were intensely amusing. And yet such treatment was a poor reward for his beneficent exertions on our behalf!

A really charming animal was the beautifully striped silver-grey squirrel. They were gay, and graceful in their actions and entirely harmless. A family of them occupied each large tree in one's compound and I have spent many hours in admiring and studying their grace and beauty.

Except during the monsoon, when they are driven out by floods from their usual haunts on the banks of streams and rivers, snakes are rarely seen in India. As a rule the only ones which enter cantonments are the cobra and the krait.

The cobra, with his decorated hood, is a handsome creature, proud, haughty, and defiant, who boldly raises his head long before he comes within striking distance. He can, therefore, be easily avoided.

On the other hand, the krait lies motionless until in the dark he is trodden upon, when he turns and bites his unhappy victim. Deaths from snake bites are very rare amongst Europeans, however.

Amongst poisonous things the centipede was always my pet aversion, owing to its creepy, not to say blood-curdling appearance. On one occasion I witnessed an almost incredible sight. About noon my bearer came into my room and said, "Hazoor, do come and look at this." On going
out on the verandah, I found that a huge centipede had seized a small mouse and wound itself spirally round its body. It then buried its jaw in the poor thing's throat, and proceeded to suck its blood. By the time I had arrived the mouse was dead.

The days grew hotter and hotter until the second week in June when the monsoon burst. My first monsoon in India was something to remember. It began with a fierce cyclone, which devastated our compounds, followed by an appalling thunderstorm and a deluge of rain. Trees crashed, and tiles and similar impedimenta flew about. The lightning was continuous and the thunder ear-splitting. Indeed, during the next three months thunder was never absent for a moment. It was sometimes near, sometimes distant, but day and night it was always audible. We soon became so inured to it, however, that it passed almost unnoticed, except during violent outbursts, which were of frequent occurrence.

The bursting of the monsoon was accompanied by one delightful feature, namely, a drop of some 20 degrees in the temperature. After a long period of scorching heat, the change was an indescribable relief.

Discomforts quickly followed, however, chief amongst them being "prickly heat." The air was so saturated with moisture that cutaneous evaporation ceased to take place. The skin was, therefore, constantly bathed in perspiration. After days or weeks of this it became so irritated that it looked almost like a piece of raw beef-steak, whilst the tingling and itching were almost intolerable.

One of the marvels of the monsoon was the birth of new life. Within an hour every inch of soil on which rain fell became a network of germinating seeds. The germination was so rapid that it is hardly an exaggeration to say that one could see the grass growing. From actual measurements, I can vouch for the fact that in bamboo clumps new shoots had an average growth of an inch per hour during the first week of "the rains."

But if the growth of vegetation was astonishing, the birth of young fishes was little short of miraculous. A few days before the rains set in I have often walked over ground which was covered many inches deep with almost red-hot dust. A few days later the site was a shallow jheel (lake), the waters of which were almost solid with tiny fish. They could only have come from ova which existed in the dust, but that ova could have retained their vitality in that scorching medium seemed hardly credible.

Frogs caused another surprise. During the hot weather one never heard a sound from them, but the first drop of rain started them howling in concert. The sound resembled the whirr of a mowing machine in one's near neighbourhood more closely than any other thing I can think of. The harsh notes were omitted, however, so that the din was rather soothing than otherwise.

A few days after the rains set in I saw my first case of cholera. I was sitting beside the C.O. one morning as he saw the fresh sick, when a huge gunner, supported by two comrades, stepped on to the verandah in front
of our window. His eyes were deeply sunken, and the expression of his face was so typical that I bent towards the C.O. and whispered, "There's a case of cholera." He was quite riled at the mere suggestion, but the hasty diagnosis proved all too true. The attack was a virulent one and proved fatal within six hours. Stringent precautions were adopted, and fortunately no further cases occurred.

On August 6, 1883, whilst engaged at the Club in an exciting game of racquets, an official telegram from the P.M.O. of the Division was handed down to me which said, "Proceed forthwith to Allahabad." The last train for the day had already left, so that I arranged to catch the first one next morning. At that time the Ganges at Benares was spanned only by a bridge of boats, which was much too frail to stand the strain of the river when in flood. It was therefore removed annually before the monsoon set in. In its absence the only means of crossing the river so as to reach the railway station at Rajghat, was a huge and primitive boat manned by five men. At the time of my first crossing the river was in full flood, and the force of the current was simply terrific. We hugged the left bank at starting and struggled up stream for nearly a mile. On reaching a suitable spot, the pilot turned the head of the boat a few inches towards the current, and the crew put on their most valiant effort, pulling up stream with all their might. In spite of this, however, the boat was carried two miles down stream before we reached the opposite bank.

On reporting my arrival to the P.M.O. of the Allahabad Division, Colonel J. Hendley, C.B., I learned that cholera had broken out amongst the European troops, and that to make matters worse, two of the medical officers were down with bad attacks of malaria. I was ordered to take over temporary charge of the Fort, as its medical officer was one of those on the sick list.

The Fort at Allahabad, which was built by the renowned Akbar, stands in the angle formed by the junction of the rivers Ganges and Jumna, and is a place of immense historical and military importance. It is full of objects of interest, but space will only permit me to mention two or three of these. Akbar's Palace is now used as a depot and armoury. The Chalee Satoom Temple is crowded with effigies of Hindu deities and other treasures. The Temple is built over a sacred cave which is supposed to communicate by a subterranean passage with Benares, some eighty miles distant. Within the cave is the far-famed Everlasting Tree, which grows from the top of a broken column, and according to Hindu tradition, has existed for at least 4,000 years. Tradition also relates that on one occasion an evilly-disposed governor made up his mind to stop the growth of the tree once for all. He ordered it to be cut level with the soil, and then had gigantic bars of iron securely fixed across its stem. The tree burst through these, however, and grew more luxuriantly than ever.

The officers' quarters were lapped on one side by the Ganges and on the other by the Jumna. As both rivers actually swarmed with crocodiles, we
had ample opportunities of practising shooting with our double express rifles, which we did frequently in the afternoons from the mess-balcony.

As I was anxious to send a stuffed infant crocodile to Ireland, I offered our boatman ten rupees for a good specimen. Next morning he came to the mess, bearing in triumph a splendid specimen two and a half feet long. To prevent any possibility of accident, the boatman had tied a piece of stout cord tightly round its snout. Whilst a number of us stood around admiring the captive, the cord somehow became undone. Immediately the irate fury dashed at our legs, and a scene of wild excitement ensued and continued until he was again recaptured and rebound.

Two species of crocodiles inhabit the Indian rivers. One is the genuine, square-headed, man-eating muggar. The other is a fish-eating reptile, which has a long, narrow snout, in shape almost exactly resembling a duck's bill.

On September 8, I received orders to return to Benares, as there had been no case of cholera for several weeks. Two days later, however, a wire arrived directing me to return to Allahabad as quickly as possible, as a fresh outbreak had occurred. On arriving there, I found that the British regiment was under orders to move at once into cholera camp at Burghar, forty miles down the Jubulpore line, and I was detailed to accompany them. I could not congratulate myself, as camp life during the monsoon is really the outside limit of discomfort. The tents were, of necessity, pitched amongst rank vegetation which reeked with moisture, and which we were not permitted to cut for fear of starting an outbreak of malaria. At more or less regular intervals rain descended in torrents, and yet in spite of every discomfort the health of the men whilst in camp was really wonderful. Day after day blank sick returns were submitted.

On September 30 the regiment returned to Allahabad, and I journeyed down to Benares once more. My stay there was of short duration, however, as the battery was under orders to proceed by route march to Cawnpore, starting on November 1, 1883. In favourable weather, such as one enjoys almost without exception during the cold weather, route marching is one of the most enjoyable and healthful duties we have to perform in India. The daily march averages about twelve miles, and the daily routine rarely varies. Réveillé sounds at 5 a.m. The troops dress, strike camp, and have chota hazri. They march about 6 a.m. and enjoy a brief halt every third mile. The new camp is reached about noon. The tents are pitched, everyone enjoys a wash and brush up, followed by a good square meal, after which all officers who are not on orderly duty are free until dinner time at 7 p.m. As the country swarmed with game of all kinds, especially sand-grouse, geese, ducks and snipe, the most delightful shooting could be enjoyed.

Snipe shooting was my favourite sport in India, where the record bag of the world has been made. As I shot for amusement alone, I never attempted to make a big bag, as this really means making a labour of
pleasure. I was quite satisfied if I got from twenty-five to fifty couple of snipe in an afternoon, which in a good district one could do without difficulty or undue fatigue.

We reached Cawnpore on November 20, and were met by the band of the 2nd Scottish Rifles, who played us into cantonments. The town is an important military and sporting centre. At that time the garrison consisted of a native cavalry regiment, a battery of field artillery, and two battalions of infantry, one British and one native. It was also, perhaps, the most up-to-date and prosperous commercial centre in India, outside the Presidency towns, as it contained the Government Harness Factory, and in addition important private cotton and woollen mills. It is best known to the world at large, however, as the headquarters of Indian pigsticking, as the Ganges Cup, which is the greatest Pigsticking Trophy in the world, is annually competed for at Cawnpore.

There was also excellent shooting to be had on every side of the station. This included blackbuck, sand-grouse, geese, ducks, and snipe, with an occasional chance of a panther, or even with luck, a tiger.

The year 1884 was a period of much interest and excitement in the pigsticking world. In 1883, the Ganges Cup was won by the Maharajah of Dholpore, thus leaving European hands, unless I am much mistaken, for the first time, and there was naturally an intense desire throughout India that it should be won back again in 1884.

The meeting was held in Oudh, just across the Ganges. The district was perfect, with excellent cover, which swarmed with pig. Ten elephants and a whole swarm of coolies were used as beaters. There were forty-one entries, which came from every quarter of India.

I attended as the guest of the Tent Club, so that my services might be available in case of necessity. With an ample supply of pig the earlier stages of the contest were quickly disposed of and the final between the Maharajah of Dholpore and Captain K. Maclaren of the 13th Hussars, was reached on the fifth day. During my visit I was mounted on the elephant which occupied the centre of the line, and had a perfect view of every phase of the contest. In the final, after a beat of half an hour, a huge boar broke cover on the extreme right of the line. The umpire gave the signal to start, and away dashed the officers, both splendidly mounted. The boar galloped in a crescentic course from right to left of the line, which extended fully three miles. As they reached the extreme left, the Maharajah, who was leading by several lengths, dashed forward and jabbed at the boar, only to miss the spear, however. Like lightning Captain Maclaren shot past him, and secured a brilliant spear—thereby restoring a much coveted trophy to the British Service.

On August 30 I received telegraphic orders to proceed to Futtaghar without a moment's delay as cholera had broken out there, and the only medical officer in the station had been its second victim. The order was irregular as Futtaghar was not in my district, but rules and regulations had
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... to bow before grave emergencies and so I started by the first available train. On reaching the station, however, I found that a medical officer had already arrived from Meerut, and on wiring for instructions, I was ordered to return to Cawnpore at once.

During September, 1884, I had the honour and gratification of receiving the thanks of the Director General A.M.S., for my services during the epidemic of cholera at Allahabad in the previous year.

From the date of my arrival in Cawnpore I had shared a bungalow with Captain (now Colonel) S. J. Rennie, K.A.M.C. During that time our favourite amusements were the upkeep of a "Bobbyry Pack," and crocodile shooting, over both of which we spent many delightful hours. A Bobbyry Pack may consist of any kind of dog which possesses four legs and an average turn of speed. Amongst ours were a couple of greyhounds, a couple of Airedales and numerous fox terriers. These made an ideal pack, because some ran by scent and some by sight, so that we were prepared for all emergencies. Our game were foxes and jackals, and many were the good gallops we enjoyed.

Crocodile shooting was only possible during the monsoon, when the river was in flood, and the reptiles were driven out of their usual haunts and scattered over the inundated areas. We stalked them over the latter in a huge native boat rowed by five stalwart oarsmen, and many were the exciting adventures we enjoyed.

As Staff-Surgeon of Cawnpore, Captain Rennie had charge of the Government Harness Factory in addition to his other duties, so that we had many opportunities of doing varied and valuable work—both medical and surgical.

On December 8, 1884, it was my lot to witness a harrowing spectacle—the public execution of a British soldier on parade. During the previous hot weather there had been several instances of European soldiers running amuk and shooting comrades. Finally an aggravated case occurred at Subathu—a man having shot five comrades. He was tried by general court martial, whilst his regiment was en route, was convicted and sentenced to death, and was sent on to Cawnpore to await the arrival of the regiment.

As a warning and deterrent, it was decided that the execution should be carried out on parade and five regiments were detailed to be present. The scaffold was erected on the parade ground 400 yards from the garrison cells, and the troops fell in so as to complete the remaining three sides of a square. At the appointed hour the man left his cell pinioned and accompanied by an escort of twenty men with fixed bayonets. He fell in behind his empty coffin and, preceded by the regimental band playing the Dead March in "Saul," marched in slow time to the scaffold which he ascended without a trace of nervousness. As soon as life was pronounced extinct, the troops were called to attention, and were marched past the scaffold under fixed bayonets. The nervous strain was so great, however, that many men fainted in the ranks. So far as I know, this was the last case which occurred of a man running amuk among the European troops in India.
Owing to Russian activity on the frontier, the early months of 1885 was a time of much excitement in India. A force of 50,000 men was held in readiness to enter the Peshin Valley at a moment's notice. On March 26, the Amir of Afghanistan visited India, and as the guest of the Viceroy, witnessed extensive military manoeuvres at Rawal Pindi. Early in May, the Penjdeh incident caused wild excitement, and for some weeks war with Russia seemed inevitable. The excitement gradually subsided, however, and by the middle of June we knew that the war would not take place.

On September 16 I was once more ordered to Allahabad by wire, and on arrival there I found that so many medical officers were on the sick list with severe attacks of fever that for some days I had reluctantly to support the undesired dignity of P.M.O. of the Division, O.C. Military Hospital and staff surgeon in my own person! By the middle of October, however, I was once more back in my own station. On November 21 Surgeon-General C. D. Madden, P.M.O. of India, visited Cawnpore and made a minute inspection of the military hospital. On its completion he made the following note in the C.O.'s official diary: "The hospital reflects the highest credit on Lieutenant-Colonel A. Morphew and the officers doing duty under him." On December 16, 1885, I completed three years' Indian service without, by the way, having had a day's leave of absence. That, however, was not due to want of asking. I had several times applied for leave, but on each occasion it was refused owing to the underrammed state of the medical staff. Under Indian Regulations, therefore, I had become by lapse of time entitled to three months' "accumulated privilege leave." Except in periods of grave emergency this is never refused, and I decided to apply for it during the coming hot weather. My application for leave from May 1 to July 31 was submitted early in 1886, with an intimation that I intended to spend the time at Mussouri in the Himalayas. The leave was at once granted and I was detailed to accompany the convalescent men of the Command who were to leave on April 15 for Chakrata. This meant another spell of route marching in the Himalayas—one of the most delightful duties an officer can be called on to perform. The convalescents from the Allahabad Division, numbering some 300 men, assembled at Cawnpore and railed thence to Saharanpore, a distance of roughly 500 miles. Railway travelling in India is a luxurious business; at least to first-class passengers. Each compartment occupies half a coach with a bathroom in the centre. The seats extend along three sides of the compartment with a folding hammock above each seat, which can be raised during the day and lowered at night. Each passenger has a whole seat to himself on which his bedding is placed, so that he can rest or sleep as the spirit moves him.

On reaching Saharanpore our first two marches were over a level plain. The second march brought us to the low foothills. The remaining marches, covering a distance of some fifty miles, meant a more or less precipitous climb totalling 8,000 feet, at which height above the sea
Chakrata is situated. The road ran up and down, in and out, round and round the lower hills. Occasionally we saw, across stupendous ravines, the road we had marched over many hours, or even days before, now so close that we could almost throw a stone on to it. Not infrequently the road was hewn out of solid rock and overhung stupendous precipices to look down which almost took one’s breath away. During the fifth march we crossed a large and foaming river swollen by a recent thaw in the snow ranges, which were plainly visible in the distance. As we looked over the parapet of the bridge the water seemed almost alive with mahseer—the Indian salmon. We longed to try our luck with rod and line. It was useless to do so, however, as mahseer will not look at any artificial bait whilst a river is swollen by recently melted snow. We marched into Chakrata on April 28, covering a distance of twenty-two miles and a climb of some 6,000 feet in our last march. Before we left Cawnpore we were all more or less played out by long exposure to a tropical climate. Our appetites were so frail that the very sight of food oftentimes made us feel sick. Before we reached our 8,000 feet destination, however, we were bursting with energy and had appetites which were almost insatiable—a change due to the cool, pure, invigorating air of the hills.

As my leave began on May 1, I marched out of Chakrata en route for Mussouri, a distance of some thirty-five miles, on April 30. It was delightful to watch the dignified deportment of my bearer as he left Chakrata at the head of a long retinue of servants—including a dozen Kahars loaded with baggage. As there was a cool, refreshing breeze, a brilliant sun and scenery of the most entrancing beauty, small wonder that our spirits were soaring towards the zenith. The road was little more than a footpath which ran up and down, in and out, round and round isolated spurs of hills. At one moment we were hanging over beetling precipices over which we looked down on level plains; many thousands of feet below us and crowded with the most luxuriant tropical vegetation. At the next we rounded a sharp bend on to a northern aspect, and looked up towering hills composed of gigantic masses of bare rock piled one above another as high as the eye could reach. The southern slopes of the hills were densely clothed with magnificent furze and with huge rhododendron trees, which were a mass of bloom of the most varied colours and the most bewildering beauty.

The first march ended at Pokri, where there was a poor and rather shabby dak bungalow. It was situated at the foot of a steep hill, which in shape exactly resembled the lower half of a sugar loaf. After an invigorating luncheon I decided to climb this hill, which as far as I could estimate was quite 10,000 feet in height.

The ascent was steep and difficult, but the view from the summit more than compensated for the labour involved. There was a superb view of the perpetual snow line, which extended in a half circle along the northern horizon. On the south side the hill descended almost perpendicularly for
fully a thousand feet. Its top was flat and composed of a gigantic mass of solid sandstone. Near its centre was a depression which in shape almost resembled a comfortable armchair. In this I sat with my feet projecting to the edge of the precipice, and gazed entranced at the scenery beneath me. It was made up of a conglomerate of hills of every conceivable shape and size packed together in the most weird and fantastic manner and clothed with the loveliest vegetation.

In front of me a kite was wheeling in irregular circles. I lay and watched him until something attracted my attention. Glancing upwards I beheld a huge eagle suddenly emerging from the deep blue zenith. As he approached he closed his wings and dashed at the kite. They passed me at a terrific pace descending, with closed wings, parallel to the face of the precipice. I leant over its brow and watched their lightning descent until I became so giddy that I would in all probability have jumped over the khud had I not thrown myself backwards on the solid rock. I have always regretted, however, that I failed to see the end of that thrilling chase.

The greater part of the second march was through hills with a northern outlook and barren and rigid aspect. For the most part the road was hewn out of solid rock. Suddenly we turned a sharp corner and saw before us a blood-curdling prospect. For nearly 100 yards the path was a mere depression in the perpendicular face of the rock less than three feet in width. Its surface sloped slightly towards the khud, and was covered by loose sand which slid from under one's feet at each step. On our right the hills towered out of sight into the heavens, whilst on our left they descended perpendicularly for at least 1,000 feet, to end in a large river which at the time was a rushing, roaring torrent in full flood, owing to the rapid melting of the snows. To look back upon, that was one of the most hair-raising ordeals I have ever encountered. When lying awake at night I can still see that foaming torrent! The dak bungalow at Lukwar proved an ideal one. It was beautifully situated on terraced ground which looked down upon a magnificent circular sweep of the rushing river. I spent the afternoon sitting on its verandah admiring the glorious prospect and writing letters to England, one of which is before me as I write.

The first stage of the third march was a steep descent to the level of the river, which we crossed over an artistic suspension bridge. From this point the march into Mussouri proved a stiff one, as in ten miles we did a climb of 4,000 feet. The hills on either side were, however, magnificently wooded, and the scenery was entrancing beyond description, especially the view of the perpetual snows from the Camel's Back, which is the loveliest I have ever seen. When viewed from this point at sunset the scene was one of almost heavenly beauty. The near hills were of every shade of purple and violet; whilst the rays of the setting sun tinged the snows to the deepest shade of golden yellow. All the snow-clad hills looked as if crowned with gold, whilst the snow drifts which filled the ravines exactly resembled rivers of gold.
A Tour of Service in Northern India

We reached Mussouri about noon and quickly realized that it was one of the loveliest Himalayan stations. Its club was famous throughout India both for comfort and sociability, and I was fortunate to obtain rooms there.

From some of the higher roads in Mussouri the plains were clearly visible, and after the monsoon had set in some of the cloud effects we witnessed daily were really wonderful. About 10 a.m. each day the plains were clear of mist. Then suddenly, as the sun gathered power, myriads of tiny masses of dazzlingly white vapour rose all over the plains. These grew rapidly larger and brighter until finally they coalesced into a solid wall of flaming white cloud, which rolled rapidly upwards until we were enveloped in a dense fog. When a vivid storm of lightning occurred amongst the ascending clouds, and far below us, as frequently occurred, the effect was almost appalling in its grandeur. During most of the day, however, we were enveloped in dense fog, and this soon made life so monotonous that I longed to be at work once more. Even in the hills I had some occupation. Lieutenant-Colonel P. J. Freyer, I.M.S., was the Civil Surgeon at Mussouri and was then engaged in laying the foundations of his subsequent fame in litholapaxy and prostatectomy. More than once I acted as his locum during periods of week-end leave.

The longed-for day arrived at last, however, and I left Mussouri with joy on July 30 en route for Cawnpore. The journey down was something of an adventure. The first fifty miles were done in that breakback form of conveyance—a two-horsed tonga; whilst owing to the recent heavy rains the road was badly breached in three places. The railway journey, which occupied seventeen and a half hours, was done in sweltering heat. It was delightful to be at work once more, especially as one was bursting with energy after three months in the hills.

In Bengal it was the rule to post medical officers to a hill station for one hot weather during their five years' tour in India. Early in August, I applied officially for a hill station during 1887, and a fortnight later I was ordered to Meean Meer with a view of being posted to Dalhousie during the coming summer. I reached Meean Meer on September 7, and at first sight found it far from attractive. The station was a mere dilapidated wooden shed, with little more than a pretence of a waiting room and without even a gharrie to take one away. The adjacent bungalows were shabby and were seamed with unsightly perpendicular tracks, due to heavy rains. The compounds were unkempt, and the few gnarled and stunted trees they contained looked as if existence had been too great a strain for their constitutions. On October 28 I left Meean Meer for Dalhousie to take charge of 300 convalescent men who were rejoining their regiments on the closing down of the depot for the winter months. As the road was good, the weather perfect, and the scenery magnificent, the route march back was really delightful. Incidentally also it gave me an opportunity of seeing something of the Punjab as I had to accompany detachments of the men of Ferozapore and Multan.
The following cold weather was a time of much social activity in Lahore—the fashionable events including official visits by the Viceroy of India and the Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab. There was also a lovely wedding of the eldest daughter of the G.O.C. Lahore Division, which was attended by every available officer in the Command in full levee dress.

On March 28 I left Meean Meer in charge of 300 convalescent men from the Lahore Division as I had been detailed for duty at the Dalhousie Depot. We railed to Patankote and then did the rest of the journey by route march. Nothing could exceed the beauty of the scenery on the way up, as the splendid rhododendrons, which clothed the southern slopes of the hills, were in full bloom at the time. As there were no officers’ quarters or mess in Dalhousie I arranged to put up at the Strawberry Bank Hotel. It was beautifully situated on the top of a conical hill and was in every way the best hotel in the station. We found Dalhousie a lovely spot with splendid scenery, good roads and many lovely walks and rides.

The chief social event of the season was “Kajiar Week.” Kajiar was a lovely circular valley surrounded by steep hills. In the centre was a fathomless lake which occupied the crater of an extinct volcano. Round the lake was a lovely green sward, which made a perfect race course. The week included a race meeting, polo and tennis tournaments, and other similar attractions, which were attended by every soul who could get away from Dalhousie and also by many visitors from all over the Punjab. In 1887, however, the event was marred by a fatal accident. On the return journey an officer’s pony jumped over an awful khud at Kala Tope carrying its rider with it down a precipice of 500 feet.

On October 15, I again left Dalhousie, marching down with men of the Convalescent Depot. On reaching Meean Meer I learned that cholera had broken out amongst the men of the Northumberland Fusiliers and that I was detailed to accompany the regiment in cholera camp at Muridki. My stay in camp was short, however, as orders arrived for me to embark on board H.M. Troopship “Serapis,” and I finally left Meean Meer on November 5, 1887, en-route to England on the expiration of my tour of Indian service.