left pupil was contracted and did not react to light. Aphasia was complete.

X-ray examination on July 27 showed a fissured fracture extending almost completely around the vault, passing through frontal, parietal, and occipital bones. The swelling over the left side of head was much reduced. When the patient was asked to put out his tongue he could do so, but it was noticed that at the commencement of the act the tongue deviated to the left, later assuming the normal position.

Ten days later the general condition had much improved. There was definite pain over the left temporal region.

The patient was put on potassium iodide, ten grains, t.d.s. On August 7 swelling over the head and face was not noticeable. The left pupil was slightly contracted and reacted to light. He could move his tongue and emitted some indefinite sounds. A week later both pupils were equal and reacted to light and accommodation. On the 25th he was able to articulate a few disconnected words, but only with difficulty and very slowly.

By September 10 he had regained the power of speech, but articulation was slurred during conversation. He complained of pain over the left temporal region on deep pressure. X-ray showed bony union.

My thanks are due to Lieutenant-Colonel H. P. Hart, M.C., R.A.M.C., for allowing me to publish this note.

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Travel.

BY RAIL AND ROAD IN INDIA.

BY MAJOR L. B. CLARKE,
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(Continued from p. 385.)

III.—The North.

Official tours were made in the month of November to Jhelum, Abbottabad, and Campbellpore, and at Christmas time a three weeks’ leave enabled one to visit Lahore, Delhi and Agra.

The run of 175 miles to Lahore was done in five hours, and here one was entertained by friends for four days. Lahore, the capital of the Punjab, is a cheerful and pleasing town, with much going on. It is well laid out, with many European shops, fine avenues of stately and shady trees, public parks and gardens and a Gymkhana Club, which is housed in perhaps the finest building of its kind in the East. Two durbar halls belonging to the Government are used, one a large ball-room with ceremonial staircase, beneath which a Club band containing an exiled Russian prince discourses...
the usual dance music, and the other a distinguished teak-panelled reading room with oil paintings of all the Governors of the Punjab. This is the centre of the social life of Lahore with its big European population.

In handsome new buildings in the Mall are the offices of the Civil and Military Gazette, and in one of the rooms is preserved a table at which Rudyard Kipling worked in his earlier days when he was on the staff of this paper. The "C. and M.," an old-established English journal, is the principal daily paper and the chief source of news throughout the whole of northern India.

At one end of the Mall, in the middle of the road opposite the Museum, stands the "Zam zamma," or "Kim’s gun," still a favourite hobby-horse with the local youth, and on any fine day crowds of small ill-kempt children can be seen climbing over it just as in Kipling’s time.

At Lahore are two old Moghul masterpieces, the stately mosque at Shahdara, which contains the tomb of the Emperor Jehangir, and the ornate Shalimar Gardens, with fountains and waterways, which should not be confused with the better-known garden of the same name in Kashmir.

There were many social events taking place in the week before Christmas, and one of the most interesting was the inaugural meeting of the Punjab Flying Club. In a wide open dusty field a few miles out of the town had collected vast crowds from all over northern India to see their first view of flying. It must be admitted, however, that the people were of more interest than the actual flying. There were great numbers
of wealthy Indians, with their ladies dressed in wonderful saris of the most
gorgeous and striking silks, and here and there a native prince, with his
retinue, or a border chief, bristling with moustaches and daggers, from the
far-off confines of some frontier State.

The weather was bright and sunny, but at night it was extremely cold
and one was glad of all one's warm clothes.

The journey southwards was continued via Ferozepore to Ludhiana
(128 miles), noted for the unremitting zeal of its numerous manufacturers,
whose advertisements of Sam Browne belts, regimental badges and buttons
are often the chief feature of an otherwise depressing mail. Here a new
dak bungalow serves as a model of what such an establishment should be
in India. Next morning it was discovered that the fan belt of the car had
broken, and as it was Christmas Day the chances of early repair or replace­
ment appeared remote, but in a short time the driver returned from the
bazaar with a new one, which was soon fitted on.

On the run to Amballa (75 miles) the first and only puncture occurred
and a big nail soon deflated a new Dunlop tyre. The fitting on of a spare
wheel took little time and the journey was resumed. The last few miles
into Amballa were noteworthy for the dense white clouds of dust raised by
a vehicle ahead and, as visibility was nil, it was impossible to overtake
the car.

A night in Amballa, and the next day the journey was continued to
Delhi (123 miles).

At the very start, however, a long delay occurred through the gate of
the level crossing being closed. In about ten minutes' time a goods train
came into sight, then shunted backwards and forwards for about half an
hour, the train never actually clearing the crossing, and finally, after its
welcome disappearance, a further tedious wait took place because a passenger
train was expected. At last this came through and, after three-quarters
of an hour's delay, one was able to proceed. It is a curious thing in India
that when one travels by train one is frequently held up because the road
crossing is open, and when one travels by road one is similarly held up
because the railway crossing is closed. It appears to be a favourite game
throughout the country, and one is left wondering which side scores the
most in the end. From one's personal experience it would appear to end
in a draw. Anyhow, the man in charge of the gate refused to produce
his complaint book and was accordingly reported to his headquarters
at Lahore.

The Grand Trunk Road continues straight and dead flat for mile after
mile. It is, however, full of life and incident, numerous animals being led
or driven by their owners, tall swaying camels, bale carts creaking their
slow and weary way, strange "Delhi" carts of high and tottering design
and now and then a richly ornamented camel-drawn vehicle whose gorgeous
wrappings and coverings denote the journeying of some Moslem lady in the
strictest purdah.
Green paroquets flit constantly across the road, great herds of monkeys disport themselves in the neighbouring trees, and now and then a complete stop has to be made to allow the monkeys to clear off the road. These animals are regarded as sacred and no one ever interferes with them. The result is that they are very tame and almost cheeky. A sudden pull up was made at one place to avoid running over a minute baby monkey still left playing in the middle of the road when its elders had sought security in their adjacent arboreal homes.

The vegetation becomes thicker, the trees more tropical, and from now onwards great abundance of palms indicates a warmer climate.

The northern approach to Delhi takes one first into the Old Cantonment. Beyond this is the old walled city, famous in history; next comes the extensive New City, now the seat of the Government of India, and further on the new Military Cantonment. There are thus four Delhis in existence at the present time. How many there have been in the past even a close study of the history books does not reveal, for scattered all over this vast area are the remains of numerous extinct civilizations. The landscape is dotted as far as the eye can see with ancient tombs, some of fine and artistic design like that of the Emperor Humayun, others merely the crumbling stones of some obscure sepulchre.

The Old Cantonment contains the recently evacuated Viceroy's House, like the show palace of some temporary Wembley, the site of the Coronation Durbar of 1911 still marked by dais and obelisk, Nicholson's grave and monument, many hotels, public buildings and gardens. High on the Ridge stands the Mutiny Tower, from which the women and children looked in vain for the relieving troops throughout the long hot Sunday afternoon of May 10, 1857.

The old walled city is entered through the Kashmir Gate and one can still see the damage in the walls which was caused by the gallant efforts of the Army to penetrate the stronghold of the mutineers. Within the walls is the modern city, packed tight with congested native dwellings, bazaars and shops. To the east of this area is a wide open space, through which the Grand Trunk Road proceeds, and to the other side is the old Fort. Leading up to it and emerging from the densest of Delhi's congested bazaars, is the wide Chandni Chauk, where crowds of girls carrying the Congress flag had to be negotiated with care and tact.

The old Fort with its soft red sandstone, mellow in the evening light, stands sentry over one of India's most important cities, and contains an ancient palace, the workmanship of which is unique and unexcelled. Numerous pavilions and halls overlooking the placid waters of the Jumna date from Moghul times, and here, in a splendour unequalled in history, reigned the greatest of India's rulers. Built in our Stuart period, the various pavilions, thanks to the kindness of the climate and to Lord Curzon's renovations, stand out fresh and unspoilt in all their pristine glory. Ornamental streams of water traverse the pavilions, the marble conduit in which
they run being decorated with inlaid curves of gold and silver to represent the effect of fishes. The walls of each building to the height of a man's head, or higher, are decorated with an inlay of semi-precious stones let into the white marble panels, and here mother-of-pearl, blood-stone, cornelian, jasper, jade, malachite and lapis lazuli, worked into designs of lotus, poppy and jasmine, stand out in the same freshness and purity as on the day when they first pleased the eye of Emperor or courtesan.

This inlay of semi-precious stones in white marble, which is of Italian origin, is called *pietra dura*, and is the chief decorative feature of all the old Moghul buildings in this part of the country. And so one can understand how travellers in olden times returned to England with their tales of Moghul magnificence, for in no other part of the world can be seen such concentrated splendour.

The new Imperial City is a masterpiece of design and dignity. Its long wide processional avenues connect one great building of State with another. The Secretariat, with rising roadway separating its two balanced buildings, the Viceroy’s House beyond, and the Legislative Assembly to one side, are all in imposing positions and stand out in dramatic stateliness. Ornamental fountains of polished dark-red stone and numerous balustraded terraces offset the main structures, which are of soft red sandstone below and grey stone above, the colour scheme in its mellow tones harmonizing with the landscape and with the suffused light of the setting sun. In a few years the appearance of these buildings will be in perfect keeping with their environment.

The Viceroy’s House is stately and dignified, and appears to be of such dimensions that any of our European Royal Palaces could be comfortably dropped inside and lost. In front stands a great pillar surmounted by the Star of India in crystal, which, with the reflecting surfaces of its many facets, is visible by night as well as by day.

The Legislative Assembly, an enormous circular pillared structure in the Greek style, familiarly known as “the gasometer,” contains three chambers, the Council of State, the Princes’ Chamber, and the Assembly itself. In the latter one is shown the seats of the various officials and members, and to one side can be seen the place where a bomb was thrown in the presence of the Simon Commission.

At the far end of the mile long processional way leading from the Viceroy’s House and the Secretariat is a great arch resembling the Arc de Triomphe, India’s memorial to those who fell in the war. Their many names are inscribed in gold lettering on the walls, and above, a flame of remembrance is to burn perpetually.

The houses of the ruling princes, each a palace in itself, the Commander-in-Chief’s house, the residences of the officials, are all in keeping with the central Government buildings and form a great modern city of spaciousness, comfort and convenience.

A few miles beyond the Imperial City stands the new military canton-
ment, and here again modern up-to-date buildings indicate, as in Rangoon, what can be done for the comfort of the troops. The new red brick church, however, is remarkably ugly, and might be mistaken for a mill or warehouse, and has an echo which should do much to curb the loquacity of its future preachers.

Before leaving Delhi a visit was paid to the Kutub Minar, twelve miles out. This is an ancient red sandstone tower of victory, 240 feet in height, which dominates the country for miles around. It is ugly, but picturesque. Close at hand are the remains of a large mosque, and to one side the Iron Pillar, another commemorative structure, with a history going back into the obscurity of the past. It is constructed of solid iron of apparently a rustless variety. Its origin and manufacture, probably a lost art, are wrapped in mystery.

The run to Agra (131 miles) was uneventful. Near the town the tomb of the Great Akbar is passed, a big mausoleum standing back from the road in extensive and well-kept grounds. Agra is a difficult town to approach, and most people who do not know the way get lost in its numerous and winding bazaars, and on the present occasion a very narrow tortuous street was entered, where it was impossible to turn the car, and one had to drive backwards for some distance to the discomfort of its many squatting residents, scavenging pi dogs and scurrying chickens.

The chief thing to see at Agra is of course the Taj Mahal, and many visits should be made by different lights, for the effect is different with each. One of the greatest sights in the world, it is a superb masterpiece of delicate design. One of the few show places in India which do not evoke disappointment, it is in a perfect state of preservation, and both the building itself and the spacious ornamental gardens which surround it are evidence of the continuous care it receives from its responsible guardians.

Built as a mausoleum by the Emperor Shah Jehan, for the tomb of his beautiful wife, Mumtaz Mahal, the great domed mosque looks as though it had been but recently completed, and yet it is older than St. Paul's.

It is constructed throughout of pure white marble, and the extensive dais on which it stands, as well as the four graceful minarets at the corners, are of the same material, all gleaming white in the brilliant sunshine of a cloudless Indian sky. By night, with the full moon, it becomes a fantasy of dreamlike beauty, and the picture seen through the arch of the main gateway is the memory of a life-time.

Flanking its two sides are great red sandstone structures intended to form a contrast to the pure white of the Taj itself. One is a mosque, and the other exactly resembling it is called the "jawab" or answer. Beyond lies the Jumna River, placid and muddy, the home of countless tortoises.

Closer inspection of the mosque reveals the intricate designs of *pietra dura*. High above are texts from the Koran, inlaid in black slate against the pure white of the walls. Inside the Cenatoph Chamber two tombs are seen, that of Mumtaz Mahal in the centre, and, to one side, that of Shah
Jehan, and surrounding them is an octagonal trellis-work screen of white marble, originally in pure gold, but later removed for fear of theft. The actual tombs are in a basement below, and in a darkened chamber can be dimly perceived two tombs, similar in size, shape and position to those above.

The walls to a great height are decorated with pietra dura; in the centre is an ornate hanging Cairene lamp, presented by Lord Curzon. Even in the daytime the light effect of this chamber is very subdued; it seems haunted by the memories of the past, and one is afraid to speak, till suddenly, booming out into the lofty recesses of the inner dome and resounding from wall to wall, is heard the voice of the attendant raised in demonstration of the remarkable echo, and in the pious hope that his efforts may be rewarded.

The Taj Mahal took twenty-two years to complete; 20,000 men were employed, and the cost was estimated at between one and two millions sterling; truly an adequate memorial to a beloved wife and a beautiful queen. It may be added that she died giving birth to her fourteenth child.

The Fort at Agra is similar to that at Delhi, and also contains a magnificent royal palace of pietra dura; marble water-ways, ornamental fountains, and, in one of the pavilions overlooking the Jumna, with his gaze fixed on the far-off Taj across the water, Shah Jehan breathed his last.

About 20 miles beyond Agra is the celebrated deserted city of Fatehpur Sikri, built by a Moghul Emperor to last for an age, and evacuated in a lifetime. Scarcity of good water is said to have accounted for the move of his capital back to Agra in only a few short years. On a low, wide eminence, overlooking the brown and dusty regions of a parched plain, is an old walled city. Within, great public buildings are found, complete and intact. The royal residence, the mosque, the treasury, the audience chamber, the seraglio, are all in a perfect state of preservation. Even the stables, where elephants and horses were housed, still contain the metal rings to which they were tethered, and the state in which they lived bears favourable comparison with that of many a wealthy Indian of the present time. One can well picture the grandeur, brilliance and ceremony of the day, the life of ease and indolence of the nobles, and the misery and squalor of the lower orders. Times pass and customs change, but Fatehpur Sikri remains an epitome of a bygone age.

At the hotel at Agra, vendors of numerous curios squat outside the building, ready to sell their wares. In addition to the ubiquitous carpets and silks, all ready for the bustling American giving India the "once over," one finds the local craft: small pietra dura tablets of exquisite design, copied from the panels of the old buildings, and soapstone models of the Taj in all sizes, varying from one you can put in your pocket to enormous ones illuminated by electric light, which would require a bale cart to remove.

Here, in the hotel garden, came from one side a snake charmer, and
By Rail and Road in India

from the other a bear wallah, a picturesque scene for a camera. A snap was taken, but as both snakes and bear desired to occupy the centre of the stage simultaneously, the former raising their hoods and hissing, and the latter advancing with outstretched arms and growling, their owners promptly removed them, and after glaring hard at one another for some moments, took them to a safe distance, and so communal disturbances in both human and animal affairs were thus averted.

The return journey to Rawalpindi was done in five days, one night being spent at Delhi, another at Amballa, and a couple of nights at Lahore.

The remainder of the cold weather passed very quickly, and by the end of March one was again in Lahore for an examination. A fortnight was spent here, and if Lahore had been thought too cold at Christmas, it was now quite the opposite, and the days and nights were unpleasantly hot and stuffy.

The return journey northwards was made direct to one's station in the Murree Hills. Lahore was left at 7.55, and the Pindi Mess reached at 12.55 in time for lunch. The 1748 miles was done in four hours forty-eight minutes, and a twelve-minute stop at Jhelum was made for petrol. The average time for the Jhelum-Pindi part was 38.4 miles per hour, and for the whole run 36.3, speeds which illustrate the excellence of the Grand Trunk Road. After lunch the way was resumed to the hills, but the car did not behave itself so well, for a breakdown occurred half way up, just as a heavy thunderstorm decided to deluge the road. A new driver had been recently taken on, an expert in many arts, from cooking a dinner to gingering-up a reluctant car, and in a few minutes he did something mysterious to the inner workings, and the journey was resumed.

The last tour in India was to Kashmir, and a short leave was passed very pleasantly exploring a considerable part of this beautiful country. There is no railway to Kashmir, and there are only two main approaches by road, one via Rawalpindi and Murree and the other via Sialkot, Jammu and the Banihal Pass. The former is an excellent road but subject to the vicissitudes of the weather. Landslides are of frequent occurrence and the road may thus be blocked for days at a time. In the month of May, when the present visit was contemplated, the road had gone at one place, and to effect repairs it was closed on alternate days.

The road from Murree drops by easy stages for 5,000 feet to Kohala, and coming down this way one sees, far below, the tumbled waters of the Jhelum River surging their way forward through a narrow and precipitous valley, and, with lower and nearer view, they can be seen to be carrying onwards in their mighty rush great quantities of giant logs on their way to the saw mills at Jhelum.

(To be continued.)