Abridged version of the memoirs, edited by Major General R.E. Barnsley, Curator of the RAMC Historical Museum

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- N O T E -

Extracts quoted verbatim from the Memoirs are enclosed in red line "BOXES".

RAMC 391/2/10

(MM) RAMC,
Officer Commanding.

FOREWORD

In July 1958 Mr. Swinhoe, a great grandson of William Cattell, came across a large collection of papers, dusty and long-forgotten, lying in a trunk in a garden shed at his home near Battle in Sussex. These proved to be the life story of William Cattell from the day when he joined the army at Fort Pitt in 1854 until the death of Queen Victoria in 1901.

The whole dossier can only be described as monumental. It turned the scale at just under a stone and, at a rough estimate, runs into some 300,000 words. It is entitled "Bygone Days and Reminiscences by the Way" and, in its dedication to Lady Anne Kerr, he tells that it "was written for the instruction and amusement of our children". Though it is not written in diary form it contains such a wealth of detail, as well as hurriedly drawn sketch maps, that it has almost certainly been compiled from records made at the time of the occurence.

It must be confessed that the attempt to edit this vast mass of writing has proved a formidable and often frustrating task. The early chapters dealing with the cholera epidemic and the Crimean campaign have the authentic ring of the eye witness. Several readers of the original document have been surprised that a young regimental medical officer should have been so well versed in military tactics and strategy and have suggested that much of it may have been taken from Kinglake and other writers. Perhaps to a limited extent this may be true but it must be remembered that he was as much a cavalry officer as a doctor and on more than one occasion his brigadier, Scarlett, tried to induce him to take a cornetcy in the regiment. His close friendship with his Brigadier dated from the occasion when, as the whole regiment panicked at the approach of the cholera, Scarlett remained behind with him among the dead and dying in the cholera tents.

Furthermore he tells in his preface how, when refreshing his memory, his old comrades, Generals Codman and Elliott, Colonels Swinfen and Sandeman, Lord Ralph Kerr, Napier and others would gather round recall the past and fight their battles over again.

Internal evidence shows that the memoirs were compiled over a period covering 1905 to 1911 and, in his later years, Cattell tends to become very much the pedagogue, intent in conveying to his children and grandchildren vast quantities of scientific and historical information. Thus one finds oneself engrossed in dramatic stories of the Indian Mutiny and it is only when confronted with a reference in brackets that it becomes clear that he is quoting and it all happened some ten years before he arrived in India. In the pages which follow, therefore, descriptions of historical events have, for the most part, been limited to occasions when there is no doubt that he is giving an eye witness account.

Merely to limit oneself to such extracts would, however, do scant justice to a truly fascinating and remarkable character. He was an efficient and popular surgeon in the days when it was considered slightly infra dig to have chloroform for such a minor operation as the opening of a carbuncle and when the regimental medical officer would undertake the removal of a breast for cancer. He was also very much the soldier and, having got into the V Dragoon Guards by petticoat influence he remained with them for ten years and was very much one of the family, participating in all their training and hilariously joining in mess festivities. He was an ardent botanist and many pages are filled with botanical lore. He was a musician and composed pieces of music for the regimental band which he conducted himself. He was a success as an actor in many amateur productions and revelled in all kinds of games and sport including polo, racing, shooting and pig-sticking. In addition to all this he was a convinced spiritualist, profoundly interested in the occult and the supernatural. Deeply religious all his life he was finally received into the Roman Catholic Church and the later chapters are filled with long theological disputations.

In the pages which follow I have tried to shew some of the facets of his many sided character, and fragmentary though the result is, it is hoped that it may convey something of the vivid picture of the life of a cavalry officer in Victorian days which is buried in the mass of much irrelevant material in the original documents.

Cattell is curiously reticent in the matter of dates and, in compiling a short biographical note I have to acknowledge the help of the Times newspaper, The British Medical Journal, the Medical Press and, above all, to his granddaughter Mrs. Swinhoe, to his great grandson, Mr. R.H. Swinhoe and other members of the family who have generously presented the whole dossier, together with other interesting documents (including his commission signed by Queen Victoria and Lord Palmerston) to the Historical Museum of the Royal Army Medical Corps where it will for ever be a mine of information to future historians and research workers who are interested in the period.

R.E. Barnsley.

Crookham.
1961.

WILLIAM DAVENHILL CATTELL

1829	Born at Castle Bromwich, Warwickshire. Nov. 23
1850	To King's College, London University.
1853	Qualified M.R.C.S.
1854	Commissioned Assistant Surgeon, 23rd Foot, March 28.
	Commissioned Assistant Surgeon Vth Dragoon Guards, April 14.
	Embarked for Near East, May.
1856	Home Service.
1864	Promoted Staff Surgeon, July 12.
	Sailed for South Africa.
1867	Married Caroline Pickering Goodricke, St. Paul's Church, Durban 24th January.
1872	Commissioned Royal Hussars, December 11.
1873	Sailed for India, January 9.
	Promoted Surgeon Major, April 1st.
1878/9	Second Afghan War.
1879	Promoted Brigade Surgeon.
1882	Promoted Deputy Surgeon General.
188	Sailed for Malta.
188	To Canada.
1886	Left Canada, for Home Service.
1889	Retired, November 23rd.
1919	Died at Hove, Sussex. Mar 20th

CHAPTER 1

CATTELL OBTAINS HIS COMMISSION - SAILS FOR THE NEAR EAST - THE CHOLERA EPIDEMIC

William Daverell Cattell was born at Castle Bromwich in Warwickshire on the 23rd of November, 1829. He recalls very little of his ancestry or childhood beyond mentioning that both the British and American branches of the family sprang from Huguenot stock, refugees who came to this country in Queen Elizabeth's day, and that, as a boy, he had a bent for chemistry and geology. He also formed a museum containing rocks, fossils and birds' nests, dabbled in electricity and spent such pocket money as remained on copies of the old classics.

One of his boyhood experiments nearly had disastrous consequences. He was engaged in making fireworks for Guy Fawkes day with a young friend when the latter casually started pounding sodium chlorate and sulphur in a mortar. This resulted in a tremendous explosion. Fortunately neither was seriously hurt though his companion was obliged to "wear glasses and spent his days at the War Office".

After two years' apprenticeship to a doctor he entered King's College, London, passing the matriculation into London University in 1850 with honours in chemistry, always his favourite subject. Having passed out of the College of Surgeons in June 1851 he was working for his M.B. with a view to joining his old master in partnership when a chance meeting with an old friend altered the whole tenor of his life and he obtained a commission in the army with the help of a flagrant piece of petticoat influence on the part of Mrs. Sidney Herbert, the War Minister's wife, who was able to tell his parents that he had passed his entrance examination while he was actually facing the ordeal.

There is little doubt that the "careworn Scotchman" to which he refers in the following extract was Sir Andrew Smith who succeeded Sir James McGrigor as Director General in 1851. His burden of care was soon to be made unsupportable by the onslaughts of the indomitable Miss Nightingale who finally succeeded in dislodging him from his appointment.

Whilst working for the M.B. London at King's College, an old chum (Hulke) told me he had been offered an Assistant Surgeonsy in the Guards, which he could not accept, and advised me to offer myself.

It meant, he said, a six month's tour in Malta and it would be better for me than starting at once in London, and my partnership could wait. I had only to call at the Army Medical Office and volunteer, which I did and put my name down for an interview. My reception was not cordial and the D.G., a Scotchman in indifferent health and careworn, with his hand on his liver curtly demanded 'Who are you to think we need your services?' Till this moment I was not particularly keen on a plunge the consequences of which I had scarce had time to think about, and which would dislocate all my arrangements nor did I know that a nomination was necessary. Coming home much hurt I could not conceal my discomforture and my people communicated with Mrs. Sidney Herbert, the wife of the War Minister who, the next morning went herself to see the potentate and I was summoned for examination. There were some thirty groups of questions. At one o'clock Pilleau who superintended, came and watched me for a moment, then left the room, and when I got home after 5 I was astonished to hear that Mrs. Herbert, soon after one o'clock had brought news of my having passed. We were ordered to Chatham and my collection of books had to be sent away in sacks.

At Port Pitt the principle medical officer inspected us and found fault with R.C.R., next me, for not being shaved: I turned to look but could only discover a few light hairs on the underlip. The Mess was very dreary, the President seldom spoke even to the seniors around him: and amongst ourselves conversation was not tolerated. Decanters were ringed so that you might know when the Regent's Allowance was exhausted, and we took the earliest opportunity to retire and converse.

I was gazetted to 23rd Fusiliers, intimation of which came earlier through the tailors, and, as the Fusiliers were on the point of embarkation, I had to make frequent visits to London to hurry on my equipment. One morning I suddenly lost my voice whilst we were being inspected, and the P.M.O., when he addressed me, finding I was unable to reply, ordered me to go to my quarters sick. Matters were so urgent that feeling otherwise well, I, two days later, went up about my uniform, and returned by an

early/....

early train to avoid any chance of a chill. In the compartment opposite to me who should seat himself but the P.M.O., who, however, evinced no recognition. Next morning I resumed duty in the general hospital. The orderlies said that the P.M.O. was going round with his temper more than usually ruffled, for everything was wrong. Presently I was sent for, and he sternly intimated the dire penalties incurred through having left my quarters whilst on the sick-list. After an ominous pause he added, "But here is your appointment to the 23rd Fusiliers".

It seems probable that it was this unpleasant person who wrote on an early confidential report "Wanting in energy, zeal and self-reliance and does not gain the confidence of his patients".

It is almost certain that he never actually joined this regiment for the posting did not meet with the approval of Mrs. Herbert who "preferred the cavalry and thought he would be much safer on a horse". She again interviewed the Director General and, asking what cavalry vacancies there were, selected the V Dragoon Guards. He was gazetted on 24th April, 1854.

On joining this famous regiment he met with a much more cordial reception than that accorded to him by his medical brethren. They were to be his home for the next ten eventful years and his affectionate loyalty to all ranks of the regiment persisted throughout his long life.

I joined at Ballincoolig, and at the Imperial Hotel Cork, met some brother officers, who noticing my baggage, found me out in my loneliness, with a warm welcome and insisted on my coming out early for breakfast, where trout was a favourite dish - perhaps because rare in England.

The keen professional soldier of today can scarcely realise the easy life of those days when commissions were purchased and the army was considered, especially in the cavalry, as a pleasant means of passing a few years before marriage, or the inheritance of a family estate, necessitated the taking of existence seriously. Once dismissed his drills, professional subjects were banished and sport and amusement paramount.

One night a subaltern in glancing over orders made some criticisms on one of the promotions and was promptly called to order: for the C.O. happened to be at mess. But all allusion to daily routine, or in fact to military subjects was taboo as 'shop'. Scarcely anyone thought of the

service/....

service as a career or as worthy of studying. We had three parades a week, Adjutant's and C.O's, mounted drill, and the church parade which counted as a foot parade.

A cavalry regiment at home had, besides the riding master, a paymaster, a veterinary and two medical officers (surgeon and assistant surgeon). They were distinguished from the other officers by the staff cocked hat which they wore in full dress.

Each regiment had its own hospital and medicine chest and the men were attended by their comrades in the regiment under a hospital sergeant who had passed as a compounder and drew an extra shilling a day.

The surgeon told Cattell that there was no need for his services in the hospital; his mornings were therefore spent in the riding school while the afternoon was devoted to sword exercises, foot drill and pistol shooting.

The polished leather of his new overalls made it a matter of great difficulty to ascend the steps to his quarters and it was even more difficult to get a grip of the saddle, it is little wonder that on the command TROT he found himself on the tan!

On his first night in the mess the band played in his honour, and after the bandmaster had drunk his customary glass of port the president asked Cattell to make a selection of music from the programme. It was with some surprise that on receipt of his mess bill he found that he had regaled the entire band!

Beer was not allowed on the table at mess and, if taken with cheese, the glass had to be emptied at once and replaced on the tray. Pipes were, of course strictly taboo anywhere in the mess.

After dinner the tablecloth was whisked off with a "snake like motion" bundles of pound notes were brought in and the party sat down to play Loo until the small hours.

Preparations were going ahead for a trip to Malta and a possible campaign. The senior captain arrived back from leave to find that his brother officers had made hay in his quarters, emptying his drawers into a ready filled bath. This unfortunate man, who had transferred from the Infantry, had a slight hesitation of speech, which made him interlard his sentences with "D'ye see" and "Doncher-know". However he was

good/....

good tempered and took it all in good part and so escaped rougher treatment.

A new commanding officer arrived from retired pay (7th Dragoon Guards). He at once created an unfavourable impression by telling the troops on parade that he hoped they would conduct themselves well and give him no cause for complaint, otherwise he would come down with a heavy hand, ending with a significant "so look out".

At this time the commanding officer of a regiment was supreme in all things including the medical arrangements. It was only the "Staff" medical officers, serving in general hospitals, who came under the direct control of the Administrative Medical Officer (or P.M.O.) of the district.

Nearly forty years had elapsed since Waterloo and few officers had seen any active service experience except the despised "Indian" officers who were always relegated to the background. Apart from their three parades a week the active soldiering of the officers seems to have been confined to elaborate reviews and carefully staged "sham fights" at Aldershot or Wimbledon Common.

The spirit of the age is reflected in the embarkation arrangements. As the result of a bet the contractor erected a special gallery so that the regiment could proudly ride their horses directly on to the deck of the transport. This does not seem to have been a great success as only the leading troop performed this extraordinary manoevre, the remainder leading their horses on board in the normal way.

On Saturday May 27th, 1854 the regiment, 12 officers and 295 men strong, marched through Queenstown, the streets gay with bunting, and embarked on the Himalaya amid cheering crowds and waving handkerchiefs, every officer having received a silk needle case presented by Lady Catherine Balders. They sailed the following day and on arriving at Malta learned that, contrary to all expectations, Russia had called our bluff and refused to make peace.

When parties were allowed to go ashore the new commanding officer gave a foretaste of his quality. A party of senior NCO's had gone ashore having first been warned by the new C.O. "If any of you return drunk or bring liquor on board I will break you", remarks they thought as ungenerous as they were uncalled for. Half the men were supposed to be on guard each night, the remainder stowed themselves away in various places. The

next.....

next night was unnaturally quiet save when some horse gave an audible neigh or stomp of his hoof in resentment at his limited space and cramped position. A keg of whisky belonging to Veterinary Sergeant Fisher had disappeared from the hold and, about midnight, the C.O. ordered all berths to be searched. A small quantity of brandy was found in a Troop Sergeant Major's berth. He was tried by Court Martial and denied having brought the brandy aboard, which the Pay Sergeant, Ellison, in the next berth admitted to have done for him, so he was acquitted.

At a parade on the quarter deck the C.O. seemed to have lost all control over himself and told the court that they ought in duty to have found the prisoner "guilty, as he undoubtedly was" and they were unfit for their position.

After a short call at Scutari the Himalaya sailed into Varna Bay on the 12th of June and one of the finest regiments in the British army disembarked with all the pride pomp and circumstance of glorious war but in complete ignorance of elementary hygiene and logistics.

The medicine chest was at once ordered into store at Varna being considered "a useless encumbrance in the field". It was many tragic months before it was seen again. On the 21st they marched to Devno where they camped alongside the Lake, its borders full of enormous leeches while ashore vultures were on the look-out, an ominous portent in a spot which was known to the natives as the valley of death.

How a few weeks later the pitiful remnants of this fine regiment, harried by iron discipline and ravaged by cholera staggered back to Varna only to be roundly abused by their General must be told in Cattell's own words.

We had landed with two days rations and for a time neither bread nor fresh meat were issued. The day before leaving for Devno was devoted to loading arubas with baggage and training our newly purchased baggage ponies. As the rations did not turn up for the morning issue the quartermaster rode into Varna for them. Meanwhile there was some grumbling, young healthy men loading baggage since daybreak to go without breakfast was annoying. At mid-day a fine built Irishman usually called Johnnie, fond of a frolic and likewise a drop of 'the crutur' but not a bad soldier wandered over to a French battery a hundred yards away, and, though unable to speak their language, was warmly received, entertained to a good luncheon and plentiful

accompaniment/...

accompaniment of brandy. In consequence he came staggering back past the C.O.'S tent singing "There's a Good Time coming Boys only Wait a Little Longer". The Lieutenant Colonel came out "Hello there! What the devil do you mean by making that noise? Shut up!" "I won't I'll sing as much as I like" "Silence! or I'll have you flogged". "Yes, you will flog us but you can't get us any grub sneaking in your tent. Why don't you bring us our rations?"

When the C.O. did find voice Johnny was sent to the guard room and handcuffed and was so violent that his legs had to be tied. He was court martialled at Devno and sentenced to 25 lashes, for which leniency the C.O. rebuked the court. "I am disgusted and wont trouble to tie you up, many a schoolboy gets more than that - Go to your duty!"

On the march to Devno, some prisoners were strapped one to a forage cart and another to a trooper's stirrup, dragged along in the hot sun through a road made dusty by the horses - a distressing spectacle.

Devno was condemned as a camping site by Dr. Hall, the P.M.O. sent by Lord Raglan, but his report was ignored by Sir Geo. Brown who admired the beauty of the scenery, and had to vacate it on account of cholera. But when it was determined from military necessity to re-occupy the site no sanitary precautions were taken. The medical officers duty was to tend the sick, not to attempt to prevent sickness.

There were several excellent springs with masonry fountains, and when we arrived the river water was good, but the proximity of troops did not allow this to continue and no preservation was attempted. It was here today and gone tomorrow, and we went to the grave. Horses being watered at the fountains (which should have been reserved for other use) kept a puddle around. Expostulation with thirsty men in a blazing sun already suffering from diarrhoea was useless, they would eagerly lap up water from the puddle at their feet. There is nothing so maddening as thirst, not even hunger as those shipwrecked who escape in boats have told.

The latrine was a deep trench, partly sheltered by the thrown up earth and surmounted by a screen of brushwood whose bough formed the seat. Fortunately when Joey fainted there in the cholera time, debilitated from diarrhoea, he leaned forward or he would have been smothered in the ordure. Mosaic sanitation or use of dry earth was unknown and the pit was a hot bed

of flies/....

of flies innumerable who spent their days between ordure of all kind and our food. They swarmed into the tents at night from horse lines and latrines and formed a dense black cone round the top of the pole. Burning paper destroyed numbers but there were always sufficient at sunrise to make life unbearable until the tent was opened. They particularly affected the eyelids.

In the river the men washed clothes and bathed and, to add to the mischief, the commissariat camp was placed on its bank and the butchers found it a convenient place for offal. Yet it still formed the chief supply for cooking for the infantry and, what was of far more consequence, it was eagerly drunk by men whose thirst became excessive under the unaccustomed powerful sun. In vain, doubtless in many cases, was warning given to avoid such practice but the principal evil consisted in not providing water troughs and tubs. Reservoirs might also have been dug out for the former, and others for ablutions.

Temperature in the tents was 110 - 115 degrees and excessive dew fell at nights penetrating the canvas and making everything damp, in which state our clothing had to be put on every morning.

On the 2nd of July the Light Division succeeded by the Guards arrived from Alaydyn and encamped on higher ground sloping up from the opposite bank of the river, and on the 19th the Royals came next to us. The Light Brigade, 13th, 8th and the 17th Lancers at the same time occupied the elevated slope on the Kutschuk road, some distance N.W.

A regiment of Turkish Lancers was divided, one wing encamping on the right of the Light Brigade and the other on our left. As I had to look after the Commissariat followers these Lancers were also in my medical charge and some Turkish became useful.

Not only was the customary routine of duties varied irregularly by the new C.O., but crimes, as previously noted, were punished with severity because committed in the field. It was painful to see men handcuffed and strapped to the stirrup alongside a mounted man especially at the trot, as occurred in the last march. Floggings were frequent; the man stripped to the waist and lashed to a triangle to receive the counted lash after lash from the trumpeter and farrier alternatively, to note the weals crossing each other till at last the back was scored with purple bleeding bands, degrading as a spectacle and only justifiable as a last resort with a brute.

On one/....

On one occasion a man was sent to be flogged from another regiment, and, when the proceedings were read out, I remarked the absence of a medical certificate and the man was unstrapped, not less to his relief than ours, and I think the ordeal of terror was beneficial without the degradation.

A horde of Bashi Bazouks, some three thousand, have camped near us and are under my medical charge. Their chief occupation seems to be the kidnapping of Bulgarian children for ransom, one case was reported and the ruffians chased into a wood so dense that they managed to escape. Beatson, a native Indian officer has arrived from India with Mr. Fox as A.D.C. who has had some experience in this way in Algeria. The staff are in gorgeous uniforms and are on their way to Schumla where they hope to turn these riff-raff into soldiers.

Then, late in July, came the cholera. It was not a novelty for I had tended cases of it in London years ago. Appearing on a French transport from Marseilles it came with their troops into Bulgaria and reached ours later. It appeared at Devno almost as soon as we heard of it at Varna - and it had come to stay.

A sirocco wind was, for the past few days, blowing up the lake from Varna and cholera broke out in the 7th Regiment, the nearest to the lake, there were a few cases on Thursday July 20th and, on Sunday, several fell out on church parade. It is spreading along the Light Division, some dying in less than 24 hours. The pest is popularly attributed to the indulgence in 'Kill-johns' (apricots) and red Tenedos wine, which our Surgeon specially condemns though several of us, myself included, regularly drank it as an agreeable change from the charcoal coffee, water being impossible. The flabby meat ration was increased to allow for bone, but there was no means of providing wholesome water for drinking; meantime the General Hospital at Varna is full and all cases must now be treated in the field.

On the 24th one of our men fell ill immediately after bathing in the river having suffered from diarrhoea for the previous 12 hours, and died in 15 hours. From the state of the latrines diarrhoea was evidently very common. Harrassed and worried by constant work from 4 a.m. till 8 p.m., under a sun hotter than they were used to, they knew no rest, no regular hours of duty, and crimes were heavily punished. Stable duties were in the heat of the day, and a new C.O. had substituted irregularity and interference for the old routine under Scarlett.

The first/....

The first camp was moved back a short distance to higher ground under the hills, the Royals immediately on our South and, next, a wing of Turkish Lancers, but at a greater interval.

On the 25th, owing to the spread of cholera, with rapid fatality even in five hours among the Light Division, this was moved over the hills Westwards to high ground near Monastir, 8 miles, a beautifully wooded plateau. There had also been significant cases of typhus.

Meanwhile offal is being thrown into the river above our camp and that of the Light Division, but below that of the Light Cavalry Brigade. Black Death, evidently cholera, is raging at Pravadi. An English medical officer of a Turkish regiment has warned me that in the approaching autumn, this plain of Devno is very unhealthy since even the natives suffer, and that a form of scurvy, very intractible would devastate us.

Cool nights are now accompanied by heavy dews. Natives avoid the vicinity of the lake in the autumn as unhealthy. The Turkish cavalry who came to me had cases of fever, remittent and intermittent, the latter most common and called 'Sisina Tittera' from its cold shake. They did not suffer from cholera.

The Catholic Chaplain, undeterred by cholera, set so noble an example in calmly attending to his duties, while other shirked, that a memorial was afterwards erected to his honour at home.

At Devno, Dragoons lost three men only, but the locality being considered unhealthy, we were ordered to march on July 28th towards Shumla and encamped near the village of Kotlubie.

Kotlubie, situated on an extensive plain is 9 miles from Pravadi and some 3 from Kara Hassim .. on portions of the plain there grew a species of thistle with offensive odour especially when trodden on and bruised, and, near the village, on one side were myriads of insects, boding no welcome as we distrubed them in passing. The village consisted of a few low cottages and Khan built in a hollow round some wells and excessively dirty.

In our camp, this second site was covered by the offensive thistle which was therefore cleared away. This ground was near the village

and the air/....

and the air often seemed tainted. The second day after arrival dispelled the illusion that we had escaped from the sphere of infection. A case occurred with collapse and death in 13 hours, now for 5 days we escaped (with one death from remittent), and we heard that the pest was decreasing at Pravadi and Monastir but that the Royals were suffering. Our first camp was on the left of the Salonika road a little East of the village and on the 5th we changed ground Westwards close to the opposite end of the village. The wells are filthy but we have to use them. This water, as in the fountains at Devno, is distrubed by being constantly drawn for horses most of our supply was from springs almost as objectionable.

During the first week in August several fatal cases occurred and the ground was changed, but without benefit.

On the 12th from 15 to 20 men were attacked and most of them proved fatal. The ground was again changed but, though the disease became less deadly, more fatal cases occurred and the men who were able to crawl about the lines were scarcely enough to groom and feed and water the horses.

There were few premonitory symptoms now, slight diarrhoea, perhaps unnoticed, then sudden violent spasms with little pain and collapse. Having no medicine save a little red pepper, I rode over to Monastir and tried to beg or borrow opium or anything, but the Light Division had scarcely anything to spare; they were also suffering though encamped on high ground in a beautiful park-like situation.

On the 8th a man fell from his horse while watering at the fountain spring and died of cholera. On the 11th there were 9 deaths and 25 admissions and a general feeling of depression settled like a gloom upon the regiment. In the tents the men were reading their Bibles, an unusual sight. If seized they at once gave themselves up for lost and terror increased receptivity.

In the afternoon, as cases were still occurring, the officer commanding, in his shirt sleeves, went to the Brigadier, whose camp was at the south end of our lines and, in an excited manner urged that, as the ground was full of stinking weed, the camp should be changed. Scarlett, who intended moving, assented and expected that the O.C. would make the

usual preparations/...

usual preparations for the morning. He was astonished therefore at seeing him ride off into the lines, flinging his shirt sleeves wildly and shouting to the men "Get on your horses and be d.....d," and "Get off this accursed ground". The excitement brought me out of hospital to ascertain what had happened. There was a panic, men were rushing about to mount and get away helter skelter, the officer commanding and the surgeon in the van. I saw one N.C.O. get his foot in the stirrup and fall back, he turned ashy, was brought to hospital and only survived a few hours. On they raced for a conical mound in the centre of the plain, one and half miles away the only conspicuous object on the level desert.

Left with the sick and dying, and without rations, which had been carried off in the flight, I went to General Scarlett for orders. He was quite calm and said "I am staying with the hospital and so do you". In the evening Captain Duckworth came back, astonished to find only the hospital, my tent, and the general's camp alone standing. He has formed a remarkable friendship with Sandeman, a young cornet of the Royals, who had been ill with fever since the 24th July. Every day he had ridden over with fruit or any little luxury he could procure, though, unknown to us he himself was suffering from diarrhoea. Surprised to find the camp vacated, I showed him the tents now beginning to spring up in the distance and told him we had no food. Then he rode on.

Sandeman on August 14th was able to hobble about a room he had taken in a house at Kara Bunair. On the 17th he left for Varna in an araba with the surgeon Barron, leaving the regiment encamping close to the lake some three miles out of Varna and was carried on board the transport Bombay, where poor Duckworth afterwards came to die. "Poor fellow" wrote Sandeman, "he lost his life in my service, as he rode over almost every day from Kotluhie to bring me luxuries which kept me alive". The 'luxuries' consisted, I fancy in imagination, for with us there were none.

Presently a mounted orderly came to summon me to the new camp. There were fresh cases of cholera.

The C.O. and surgeon were ill also the paymaster but the general told me to stay as Assistant Surgeon Moor VI D.G. (attached to brigade) was at the other camp. Next morning, after burials, we went over with

Scarlett/.....

Scarlett to find the surgeon and Duckworth ill with cholera and the C.O. and paymaster indisposed. Duckworth was seriously ill but bore up with wonderful resignation; his features became so terribly changed that F., the vet, who went to sit with him, became nervous. I met F. in a state of intense excitement rushing out of Duckworth's tent - "Oh! I've got it" pressing his hand on his stomach; then - "What is it like?" He was sent to bed, diarrhoea set in and a week after he was buried in the ditch at Varna (Hospital Cemetery).

I reported that we sometimes only had one man to attend to seven horses, there were not sufficient to water them and they had to be taken in batches.

Sergeant Major Franks writes; "Two or three men volunteered to assist the orderlies but the cases increased to an alarming extent and, on the 11th August, the large marquee was crowded and several bell tents had to be occupied. There were about 70 sick in hospital and in the space of 12 hours, 15 died. About eight in the morning we buried seven in one grave, then again at noon four in another and at five o'clock four more, making a total of 15 in less than 12 hours. Several more died in the ensuing night.

It is occasions like these that try a man's nerves and shew the metal he is made of. Well do I remember when men stood with bared heads round the open grave that contained the remains of seven as fine soldiers as ever the sun shone on, some of whom were, less then 24 hours before, in the bloom of health and manhood, and now in the silent tomb. When the Brigade Major, Connolly, who had served several years in the V D.Gs and thus knew some of the men personally, was reading the burial service (for we had no chaplain) he paused and in a voice broken with emotion, said, 'men, don't think me womanish' and pointing to the grave 'What would they think in England could they see that?'

On one occasion the funeral service was being read by our adjutant (Godman); when he was about to begin the hospital sergeant, Fisher, ran up and said "Wait a minute another is almost ready". On being asked "Is he dead" the reply came "Not quite". In a few minutes he was brought out in his blanket and laid with the rest.

Meanwhile/....

Meanwhile the men were kept employed cutting grass for the horses and watering them twice a day, but in spite of the unremitting efforts of the officers to keep the men cheerful, a gloom had settled over all ranks. To make matters worse various rumours were set afloat. One that the medicine chest had been left behind at Varna through the Colonel's fault and that men were dying in consequence, which gained credence. "That was the day" says Sergeant Major Franks "on which we had buried fifteen and three or four more died during the night. I myself was attacked but managed to pull through. Those officers who were not ill did everything in their power to assist and cheer up the men by visiting the tents and, in many instances, even took their turn in watching by the suffering soldiers. All honour to them! Dr. Cattell, I know for a fact, was for three successive nights in the hospital tents and it is a miracle how he kept on his feet, as during that time he scarcely got any sleep. He was one of the kindest of men."

Men gathered in one of the tents and selected three as a deputation to the C.O. The Doctor's servant Sands, who lived in that tent at once informed his master who warned the C.O. who was therefore not in his tent when the deputies came. Soon after an aruba was seen to leave the camp, accompanied by Gamble, the C.O.'s servant. It was attached for carrying rations and forage and from daily use it was familiar, but the large quantity of grass with which it was laden was remarked upon.

The C.O. no longer able to control his fear, had left for Varna on condition that he did not go further (his wife was at Therapia). He left the camp in an aruba, holding a white handkerchief over his face, a departure which intensified the prevailing depression. Of course he went on board ship and, like several others, was carried down to Therapia where he joined his wife, and we never saw him again. Gamble returned two days afterwards with the aruba and a pass signed by the C.O. giving him five day's leave. He stated he had covered his master with grass as they had to travel all night. In going into action Codman heard the men saying "It's well Tommy Le M isn't here today".

Men admitted that they had suffered from diarrhoea for some time, possibly days, before coming to hospital, which was looked upon as a

portal to s/.....

portal to a speedy grave - a disastrous want of confidence only overcome by repeated visitations from tent to tent. We made a tour of the camp every three hours, in which the P.M.O., O'Flaherty, nobly aided and Assistant Surgeon Moore of the Carabineers who, however, himself became ill on the second day. Having no medicine except such private stores as I could obtain, brandy, liberally given up by all who possessed any, and what more could be got from the canteen was all our stock through the cholera period.

Repeated and unanswered applications urgently forwarded to Varna from Devno were not even acknowledged. A teaspoonful of brandy containing camphor and cayenne pepper was given to those who felt uneasy or nervous - all we had to give. So great was the depression that it was difficult to keep the hospital sentries at their post. There was one who remained calm, Captain Campbell to whom it was a relief to allude to what was going on. Engaged to the general's daughter (Miss Maunsell) and troubled frequently with ulcerated leg he had been marked for the Depot. The choice lay between him and a junior who suffered from epilepsy, whereon both the fiancée and her father told him he must go. Captain of the troop I belonged to, he used to read me extracts from her letters, cleverly written with pen illustrations, which were amusing and, under present circumstances, exhilerating. If there were endearments he probably kept them to himself.

When it was rumoured that the regiment was returning to Varna and that a subaltern would remain with the sick camp, a dreaded duty, Swinfen at once volunteered to remain with me. Duckworth was his captain, to whom he was much attached, and he, Godman and Burnand were taking it in turns to sit up with him.

On the 16th the regiment left for Varna, and the surgeon for some time unconscious, died two hours after by congestion of the brain. The hospital and sick unable to travel and the women were left until I thought it safe for them to attempt the journey.

Sergeant Fisher remained with a few men on guard and as a burying party, and also the interpreter. The next few days were spent among the dying and the dead.

Our thinned/....

Our thinned camp was widely scattered but we had no labour to close us in. Swinfen and I were at opposite ends, Pitcairn's tent being next to mine and Fisher alone in the next row with Duckworth further back; and the women grouped some distance to his right. The Hospital was on the extreme right front. Swinfen and I determined to bury the surgeon on top of the conical hill where his body could easily be found if wanted.

Pitcairn died on the 16th and Duckworth on the 24th. One afternoon there was a noisy altercation outside the women' tents. We had brought out three per troop - the natives' idea of the general's harem - but really as washerwomen. The immediate casus belli was some trivial matter, next turn to use one of their utensils; but so impressed was I at the inopportune unseemliness in the midst of death, with comrades cholera-stricken in the hospital close by, that I mounted on an upturned bucket and gave them a serious admonition.

Our tools were relics of the Peninsula and rotten and it was evening before the surgeon's grave was ready. Now we found there was a repugnance to burial after sunset which had to be overcome. Afterwards we dined in Swinfen's tent, mine, next to the surgeon's was at the opposite flank. The intermediate ones were all gone and we had no labour to spare to close in the camp. Then we started for a patrol round the outskirts, pistol in hand, taking opposite directions and examining the brushwood for lurking thieves; for that afternoon a regiment of Turkish Bashi-Bazouks had come down and were encamped, just beyond the village; then we again met at the starting point to say "All's Well" and "Goodnight". We laid down in our clothes; there was no longer a corpse beside me, only a tent worth robbing. Startled out of a doze by Sergeant Fisher I sprang up, revolver in hand; he merely wanted to report "All's well", afterwards he explained that it was a relief to speak to someone.

In the morning we brought some stones from the Turkish cemetery and placed them at head and foot of the grave to be almost immediately seized by vultures as a resting place of observation. Swinfen and I sought distraction in practising at them with pistols but the interpreter warned us that the villagers were displeased at our appropriating

their stones/.....

their stones. As for the Bascoks, they gave us no trouble, only anxiety about their predatory habits of which we had had examples at Devno. Then one of them was mixed with cholera, was treated and recovered. This established a friendly understanding.

Next day Captain Nolan, A.D.C. to the G.H.C. rode over from Monastir to arrange about arabas for our transport. It was a relief to talk on any other subject than the prevailing topic. He had recently returned with a number of serviceable Syrian horses, most acceptable. He was an enthusiast in cavalry tactics; no square should stop them, and he was severe about our recent Dobroudcha experience where out of 280 horses one hundred were disabled from sore backs, which was not creditable to the officers.

Arabas arrived and, on the 21st, we commenced our sickly march, leaving narrow mounds near each camping place, soon, probably to be disturbed. The valley below was tainted by numbers of dead horses lying about, the natives, too, had been digging up the bodies of our men for the sake of the blankets in which they were buried and had left them exposed to vultures and dogs.

These few days made a deep impression on Swinfen. Fifty years later he wrote "Don't you think we both ought to have got the V.C. for our sad experience during those few days when we were left so inhospitably by the regiment on that desert plain? We were both rather young then for the job and, although it is so long ago, I see it as distinctly as if it were yesterday. I don't forget your total absence of fear during our experience at Kotlubei. Of course I am only joking about the V.C. but some notice ought to be taken of us poor old beggars - the survivors. I especially mention our mutual old friend Codman, the better soldier, a truer friend could not be, and his very good services have, in my opinion, been altogether unrecognised."

Duckworth, who had fought manfully - he was always serene - went with us and was removed on board the 'Bombay' where he joined his friend of the Royals (Sandeman), now convalescent from fever, but he died after a few hours, and the body was brought ashore for burial at the cavalry camp on the Adrianople road, wrapped as he requested, in his military cloak without a coffin and alongside Colonel Trevelyan of the Guards. "Never" says Franks "was an officer more beloved in life and lamented in death/....

in death". Fisher, the Veterinary Surgeon was also brought down, and died on arrival at Varna hospital. He was buried in a shallow grave in the ditch. Strange to say non of the women were attacked.

It was the end of August when we joined Lucan's division on the height above Varna Bay, on the Adrianople road, over the beach shore where we landed in such good form a little more than two months before.

When the regiment left Kotludie on the 16th only some of the men were able to mount a horse, the others were put in arabas, each mounted man led two horses, one on either side. They had to be looked after but many of the poor fellows, however willing, were unable to do so.

They halted half way each day, some of the men cut grass for the horses, and the cook lit a fire and made coffee for the men which was much appreciated. The horses, though only moving at a walking pace, were sweating, and, being covered with dust, were not presentable, and on the third day they no doubt cut a sorry figure, quite different from the V.D.G. of a few weeks before. Another man Alex Gordon, a native of Aberdeen died in an araba just as they arrived in camp.

Franks writes: "On the following morning they paraded in watering order (stable dress) and horses without saddles. Each man able to mount led two horses and, as there had not been much time to make much improvement since the previous day, we did not appear under advantageous conditions. To make matters worse, we paraded along with the IV D. Guards and 4th Light Dragoons, who had been encamped here since they landed, within easy reach of supplies, and were in the best possible condition. I will not repeat the General's bitter and cutting words to our officers. The men had to listen in silence, he said we were unfit for any sort of duty and should be sent back to England. Sergeant Shagog remarked in the mess tent afterwards the 'truth is stranger than fiction'. We embarked as fine a body of men and as well mounted as any corps in the service, and look at us now! What a change in ten weeks. We may have a chance yet to shew what stuff we are made of. You know our motto, 'Vestigia nulla retrorsum', 'Never say die', and his words had a salutary effect".

Some six officers short, we were attached to the IV D. Guards under Hodge, but he never interfered. We moved into the next camp to them

and the IVth/...

and the IVth, knowing that we had two or three horses per man, generously gave us every help. Lucan on the 27th further expressed displeasure at the dirty appearance of the cavalry division and ordered C.O.'s to lay in a stock of 'yellow ochre and pipeclay', articles not obtainable here. Doctors being scarce, Lord de Ros going for a change to Thessalia, has taken one with him.

Here the medicine chest overtook us, it had been despatched to Monastir instead of Kotlubie. The camp seems very healthy - looking, yet the IV D.G. and Inniskillings had recently lost some 26 men. An inspecting medical officer who came to investigate, was interrupted by a thunderstorm which, he thought, might clear the air, but in the height of the storm five men of the Ambulance Corps - up to this singularly healthy - had been siezed with cholera and, in a few hours, only one survived. Assistant Surgeon Moore, seconded from the VI D. Guards at home, claimed as senior to me to have medical charge, but Scarlett overruled him as I belonged to the Regiment.

Our camp extended from the Fountain to Galata Bournou, near England's third division. The ride along the beach into Varna is sickening, hideous bodies float grimly buoyant and bolt upright in the water or are washed ashore, here and there some trew sticking up in the mud marks a corpse, a prey alternately to vultures and dogs. Lucan had issued strict orders against any man found using the open ground as a latrine. One morning some officers leaving the latrine saw him guilty of the offence and, pretending not to recognise him, called out "Look here my man, don't you know Lord Lucan's orders".

The 3rd Division have lost upwards of 100 men, almost as many as the Light at Devno, having been encamped near the town of Varna. There were cases still, but difficult to diagnose, they seem to be cholera in which reaction sets in early and, instead of collapse, fever.

There was an abundance of red wine (Tenedos) which some of us, myself included, drank regularly, but there was still an outcry against it as being the cause of cholera. Our late surgeon always condemned it as pernicious and would not touch it, yet he fell a victim. Now a Committee was appointed, and finding myself in a minority, I was told to carry out their recommendations and destroy all the wine in the camp. So farriers stove in the casks and the luscious juice flowed into the

earth/.....

earth in streams, and for days there was noting to drink; water I would touch as dangerous.

The ships went out to sea hoping to shake it off but cholera raged more violently and the Britannia flagship lost 139 out of 885 men, fifty five out of the sixty first cases dying within 20 hours.

Cattell's bitter resentment against the army medical authorities is not difficult to understand. After his terrible experience of the last two months he quotes the sole reply he received in response to his many requisitions. This consisted of a long memorandum on the treatment of cholera from the Inspector General of Hospitals emphasising the careful nursing required, the various pills and medicines to be administered and the progressive diets until "a healthy tone is restored to the stomach by aromatic bitters and, finally, when he has resumed a natural appearance, he is to have roast beef, steak and chops."

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CHAPTER 2

BALACLAVA

Early in September, 1854, the army sailed for the Crimea and the Heavy Brigade was left to await transports. On the 26th we, with Scarlett and staff, left in the Jason and the IV D.G. in the Trent, each towing a transport with Inniskillings and Royals. After the liberal treatment on the Himalaya, the Screw Company did not win our confidence. There was no table liquor, anyone wanting a glass of sherry had to order a bottle which stood amongst others with your name attached, on a shelf overhead. The sea rose during the night and, in the morning not a ship was to be seen. The wind increased to a storm and fog shut us in for two days. Everyone was seasick, from the General to the cow over the screw! At length a break in the fog showed us to be out of our course and making for the Circassian coast. Never having been seasick in heavy seas, I was worried by diarrhoea, so troublesome that, on arrival off Balaclava on the evening of the 30th I took an opium pill, which kept me roaming through the night between the intervals of getting up. Here we heard of the Alma where Conolly the brother of one of our staff was killed. Menschikoff is said to have replied to the Czar after Alma: "Que voules vous, Sire? Vous aves un ministre de la guarre que a ni senti, invente, ni envoyé la poudre."

Next morning I was so weak that I had to be lifted on horseback. We marched through Balaclava, the inhabitants standing reverently at their doors presenting a plate of bread and salt. Beyond the main street the houses were bright and cheerful with green doors and lattice work covered with flowers; on past Kadykoui, the hillside now luscious with low bushes of purple grapes. No sooner had we reached our camping ground than I lay down and held the horses while my servant, Murphy, went to gather some grapes for which I was instinctively longing. He returned with a whole bush and, saying that this was much less trouble placed it stem upwards over my head. I sucked the fruit and rapidly recovered. Vegetables and fruit had long been absent from our dietary and we were becoming scorbutic.

Raids were made on deserted houses for fuel. A grand piano was

brought in/....

brought in also doors which we arranged as a side screen around the camp fire to shelter us from the cool night wind, thus, with our ration of rum, a good old survival from the Peninsula, we hoped for better times. Our first camp was near Kadykoui, a pretty village nestling around its green domed little church; then we changed ground twice, moving nearer to the plateau.

The transports were left behind in the storm, Marcloud and Wilson Kennedy with Inniskillings and Royals arrived October having lost in two days' gale 170 out of 176 horses.

The plain itself lies half a mile north of the town and is divided longitudinally by a ridge of Causeway Heights extending west for nearly three miles from the village of Kamara. Along this runs the Woronzo road for some two miles, when it dips N.W. and, crossing the angle of the Northern plain, makes a steep ascent into the plateau. In front of Kamara, and joined to it by a narrow neck, stood a knoll some 500 feet high, named Canrobert's Hill. On this slight eminence a breastwork was thrown up and, along the heights, a body of Turks who had just landed were busy constructing smaller earth-works. These were so weak that a Cossack could ride through them.

Canroberts was No.1 and No.3 was also called Arab-Tabia; Canrobert was armed with three ship's 12 pounders and the others with two. In the former were half a battalion of Turks and, in the others, 250 men each with one N.C.O. of our own R.A., feeling very much they were without visible support and were left in the air. Instead of veterans these Turks were Redifs, recruited from the lower trading class, aged looking but almost raw recruits. However, they seemed to be making themselves at home for we saw those off duty scooping out comfortable snuggeries for themselves, which they sheltered deftly with branches.

Our first camp, in front of the 93rd, was moved Westward above the vineyard below No. 6 Redoubt. On the 12th October the Greeks were expelled from Balaclava owing to a rumour that, in concert with an impending attack, they were prepared to set fire to the houses. They carried away all their belongings and also, it is said, consoled themselves with the clothing entrusted to them for washing. Only the Tartars remained in the town. Every morning we turned out an hour before day-break and halted under the Western Redoubt, whilst on the ridge the

staff awaited/...

staff awaited the dawn to scan the valley around for any movement of the enemy.

The bombardment of Sevastopol commenced on 17th October. We were confined to camp, but, in the evening, Codman, the adjutant, to satisfy our curiosity rode in for news. Early in the morning the French right battery magazine exploded; about 1 o'clock the uproar was emphasised by salvos from the ships, next came an explosion in the town followed by another in the Redan, and then by the magazine in Round Fort. The ships closed in and broadside followed broadside. Not until dusk did the thundering grow fainter.

Next day breakfast was disturbed by "Boot and Saddle". A vedette was circling "Left" vigorously, ('enemy infantry approaching' - Right for Cavalry) so we turned out again expecting an attack, reinforcements were hurried down from the front and Lord Raglan came down to find that the enemy's cavalry were trying to creep up under cover of the fog to surprise our outposts. The Turks in the heights fired some howitzers which caused hopes of a diversion, but the enemy retired.

In the evening their watchfires blazed brightly some 2000 yards in front of our vedettes and kept us alert. At daybreak they vanished. Next morning, however, the vedette began signalling 'Right' and, after another day of suspense, the enemy again retired.

So peaceful seemed the next day, the 20th, that, at midday Ferguson, Tom and I rode up to the front and watched the artillery duel, with special interest in the two Lancasters whose shot have a unique sound, and, as deserters report, have inflicted great damage in the town. We get an extensive view of the forts and town in our front from the shell of a farmhouse whose roof and timbering we have carried off for firewood. It is now used as a piquet post of the third division, on the right of where the Woronzof road descends to Sevastopol through the gorge now known as the Valley of Death. Presently we were joined by Percy Fielding and another staff officer, and, soon after were startled by a shell falling into the house which we previously left to itself. We found that we were liable to be mistaken for staff officers on account of the gold braided cap, and, when in view of the gunners it became necessary to abold standing in a group, one or even two together would not attract their fire. Among the 230 Russian and half as many of our own guns the

little one/....

little one gun Lancaster battery on our left below (one gun had burst on first firing) distinguished itself by its hissing shot. Now and again "Whistling Dick" a louder and shriller 13 inch shell from a Russian Mortar, drawn all eyes upwards, it can be seen curving down to bury itself or to do great damage. It once fell on a 53rd tent, maiming a sergeant who was fortunately its sole occupant. Passing shortly afterwards we saw the deep hole it had occupied.

On 24th of October a spy of Riston Pasha's brought intelligence that Liprandi, with 25,000 of all arms, intended marching on Balaclava from Tchorgoum and the Baider gorge the following day. Lucan ('Look-on' as our men called him) and Colin Campbell sent on this definite information to Headquarters. Raglan was closeted with Canrobert, and, having been deceived with similar alarms on the 18th, took the letter with a 'Very well' but vouchsafed no further notice.

On the morning of Balaclava Inglis and Swinfen were on picquet at Kamara and Swinfen believes he was the first to see the Russians on that foggy morning when posting his vedettes. He also reported to Low (field officer) who scarcely believed him and spoke somewhat roughly, but when asked to come and see for himself quickly went back to the picquet. After the Light Brigade charge Low came up to Swinfen and apologised, remarking that when he spoke that morning he did not expect so warm a day! Low is said to have killed 12 men, he died 30 years after before he knew he had been gazetted K.C.B.

Turning out an hour before daybreak as usual, Paulet and Macmahon, joined by Lord G. Paget, rode on in front behind Lucan and got to Canrobert's Hill at first streak of dawn which speedily revealed two flags on the flagstaff which meant 'Enemy Advancing' and immediately the Fort opened fire. Leaving the others to ride after Lucan, Paget galloped back to camp where, in the absence of Lord Cardigan - who slept on board his yacht - he took command of the Light Cavalry Brigade. He and Campbell saw at daybreak the enemy approaching from Baider and Tchorgoum and sent Charteris with news of the impending attack to Headquarters. The enemy had, in fact, advanced from Tchorgoum at 5 am.

As usual we went out at daybreak to the foot of Canrobert's Hill, and, on returning had scarce dismounted, keen for breakfast - the

horses/....

horses had also not been watered - when we were again in the saddle and back under Canrobert's Hill.

The Turks now saw converging upon them some 11,000 infantry with 38 guns on which they opened fire. The column from Baidar soon seized Kamara and, at half past seven Canrobert's Hill was stormed by five battalions. The Turks leaving 170 dead retired on No.2. Here, realising that 1500 English cavalry had let it fall without a shot, and with Canrobert's guns now turned against them, they fled to Arab-tabia. Thence they began to escape to the ships, taking with them across the plain what they could pick up pursued and speared by Cossacks, Ruston Pasha's horse was shot under him. The enemy now seized No. 4 which, being unable to hold, they dismantled.

In the meantime roundshot came along like cricket balls through our squadrons. We were also exposed to their musketry fire and occasionally a man was hit. A cornet in the Royals (correfile)(GS) saw the helmet of a trooper in front of him knocked off and the man fall stuck in the breastbone. Not for many months was the body recovered.

On the shoulder of Arab-tabia (No. 2) Maude's battery was still firing until for some unexplained reason he was ordered to retire through failure of ammunition, but at the moment his horse was struck in the breast by a shell which, in exploding, wounded him seriously. He was carried past us on a stretcher, the first officer I had seen disabled. Two years afterwards at the Coronation fetes in Moskow, 1856, a Russian officer told W. Russell how he had laid a gun on a horse battery of ours and the shell had blown the commanding officer to pieces. He was astonished to hear that, standing within a few feet of them was the individual himself!

Instead of spent ball the guns now began to play on our columns and we were kept constantly on the move retiring gradually in echelon of columns. According to Lucan he "moved us about making demonstrations and threatening the enemy" and "manoeuvring across the plain". The surviving Turks seeing (as we could not) column after column advancing against them and us retiring, felt deserted and without supports, but fought to the last and the artillery H.C.O. spiked the guns. From Arab-tabia across the plain to the harbour many fell under Cossack lances. the yells of pursuers and pursued were painfully audible, passing the

93rd on they pressed crying "Ship! Ship!" It was attempted to rally some and they were formed up, only to fly, thoroughly demoralised, when the Russians rode them down. Codman saw single Turks charge the Russian column, only to meet their deaths; yet after this these unfortunate soldiers were hustled off the footpath like canailles with "No bono Johnnie". It was afterward proved unjustly, for, when the redoubts were recovered it was evident they had fought to the last extremity.

Skirmishers were now called in, and, from the massed Russians a column 400 strong dashed suddenly down to their left flank towards Balaclava. The 93rd, some 500 strong, with a battalion of Turks on either flank, were lying prone at the foot of the hillock. But the Turks demoralised by their comrades from the forts, soon dissolved into a crowd of fugitives crying "Ship! Ship!" The Highlanders rose and, running up the hillock, were immediately formed into line two deep across the top. Colin Campbell called out "No retreat from here men, you must die where you stand". "Ay Ay," they replied "we'll do that!" The Russians, whose object was to seize an out-work of Balaclava, at the unexpected sight of infantry suspected an ambush and slackened pace to a halt. The Highlanders fired a volley and the squadrons wheeled left, whereon the former, turning right company, fired a second time - again over their heads - no saddle was emptied and the Russians retired joining their main body. They could have ridden through or round the "thin red line" as they pleased. It was said that they had no time to form square so intent were they on watching the mass of the Russians in pursuit of Heavies.

The Heavy Brigade retired slowly en echelon, ball from the redoubts bowling along unpleasantly near as the gunners got our range. Then, slowly as though on parade, they grandly advanced. Scarlett, conspicuous in blue frock-coat, with Elliott, his orderly (Shagg) and trumpeter was in front of Inniskillings (2nd Squadron), on the right of the Greys, now forming the first line which extended to the corner of the vineyard. Time being precious, and thinking we were right in front, Scarlett intended the V D.G's. to form up on the left of the Greys. Both Brigades, Heavy in the rear, retired to a corner of the

plain above/....

plain above the vineyard, on the East front of which was the site of the Light Cavalry camp, with that of ours on its South. Whilst the Light Brigade halted we trotted round the vineyard, moving towards Kadikoui, when, through some obstacle, the 1st Squadron of Inniskillings got separated away to the right.

Godman writes: "As we came round the corner (S.E.) the mass of Russians, some 25 squadrons, were swarming down the ridge of No. 4 redoubt now well in view, with a cloud of skirmishers on either side. The V.B.Gds were in column of threes and formed troops on the move before rounding the vineyards. Neville was then on the left flank of his troop and, as we were left in front, he should have been on the right flank and I told him so. This was the last I ever saw of him as he wheeled into line directly after. Then I said to Burton 'I suppose you know we are inverted'; he said 'Shall I alter it?' I replied 'No, it will be all the same in a few minutes', and on we went."

An A.D.C. galloped down from Lord Raglan to Lucan and soon after we turned back towards the redoubts, as V.B.G. were formed up from threes we saw the Russians for some unknown reason slacking speed. Perhaps the sudden view as they debouched from the plain of our cavalry on their flank, or the impediments of our late camping grounds in front, where some tents were standing here and there with picket ropes and sick horses, caused them to hesitate.

We were still in threes until, by taking ground to the right, there would be room, but Elliot gave the order 'In Support' so we formed the second line to left, in rear of the Greys. On the right of all towards Kadikoui were the first squad of the Inniskillings (also still in threes) and behind them were the Royals. Enveloped in sombre overcoats, the enemy seemed like a dense cloud. Viewed from the plateau their line was at least double the length of ours and three times at least as deep, and beyond them was another line equally strong and compact. The interval between their front and ours was only a few hundred yards.

The day was bright and beautifully clear, there was not a breath of wind and the smoke from an occasional gun rose straight up and away. In front - their faces clearly discernable - the Russian officers could be seen cutting sword exercise as the pace had slackened almost to a parade

movement/....

movement. Then they halted, many drew carbines and fired and Griffiths of the Greys was disabled by a shot in the head. Our men were saying "It is well that Tommy Le Marchant isn't here today!"

The advance was sounded and I halted by Surgeon Mouat, who later won the V.C. in the charge of the Light Brigade, and watched. We saw Scarlett galloping on in front and, by the time the order had reached the troops, he was several horses' lengths ahead, pursued by Elliott who tried to overtake him. From each flank of the enemy, whose skirmishers had been drawn in, a wing was extended and circled forward, so that our troops were immediately enveloped in a mass of some 3500. From the heights above they could be distinguished by their scarlet coats and white helmets, but we on the plain lost sight of them. There was a momentary blank and they disappeared. From the heights they were seen to pierce the mass and dash in broken order into the second line, now advancing as fast as possible.

The second line, V D.Gds, still inverted (2nd squad on right) - for there was no time to spare - charged across the debris of Lt. Bde comp, bearing left of first line, and dashing in a little later. Several shots were fired at them, one killed trooper Callery and another hit Taylor. Then they closed. The Russian mass had already wheeled round the Greys in deploying and many of them had their backs turned. The V D. Gds. were led by Captain Dewart Burton with Captains Newport, Campbell and Inglis, Lieutenants Halford, Swinfen and Temple-Gordon (Adjt) and Cornets Montgomery, Neville, Ferguson and Hampton. Burton's chestnut charger, Bob, became mine when we came home and, after being well to the front in the hunting field in Yorkshire, Hampshire, with the Ward Union and Meath and Tipperary and our own Harriers, died in 1865, when his hoof was made into a regimental snuff box for the Mess Table.

Immediately after the shock, the Inniskillings on our right, under Captain Hunt, with clear galloping ground before them forming half right wheel, dashed at the disintegrating mass on its left flank, with a cheer and great momentum smashing them in deployment. Almost simultaneously the Royals and IV D.G's, galloping across the front of the vineyard, rushed at its right flank. Compressed on three sides the mass visibly loosened, spread out, and began galloping back up the ridge. A troop

of R.H.A./...

of R.H.A. galloped and fired a few rounds into the swarm at close range before they crossed the ridge. When the charge sounded, riding alongside, I halted and, joined by Nouat on his grey, watched the melee. We rushed forward, soon meeting some Inniskillings wounded in the sword hand which the enemy (did they know we had discarded gauntlets?) had been taught to strike, with thumbs partially covered. Just beyond the picquet ropes, left on the camp ground, I came upon an officer in blue and silver uniform, apparently a Circassian, craving for drink and gave him some brandy from my flask. Campbell, whose horse had stumbled over a picket rope, was lying stunned close by on the right, but I did not notice him meeting so many wounded who required dressing. Shortly after the Circassian managed to raise himself on his left arm and tried to aim at Campbell with his pistol, but was fortunately discovered and disarmed. Shortly after we came across Neville, unhorsed in the same way, but carried some distance before he fell. On the ground he had received several sword cuts and a dangerous lance thrust in the right side. Two of our men had come to his assistance and one, Abbot, dismounted and stood over his prostrate body holding the bridle with his left hand and parrying assaults until two more dashed to his aid when three of the assailants were killed. Abbot lifted Neville and he was carried down to Balaclava and put on board ship. I walked alongside for some time but he never spoke, his very look was enough to read there "I told you so".

He thought we were wrong in exposing ourselves at the front, not being on duty, he would not give up even to see his brother, nor ride up the ridge to have a look at the retreating Russians. "I shall see them once for all" was his invariable reply, and seemingly settled conviction. Sent to Scutari, he received every attention from O'Flaherty, our late Brigade Staff Surgeon, but his case was hopeless and he succumbed. Rumours said that death was hastened by a chill incurred from change of linen. His dying wish was that Lord Braybrooke would take care of Abbot and he was given an annuity of twenty pounds.

Neville's horse plunged into the enemy's mass and disappeared. Swinton was slightly wounded by a nasty thrust in the neck, fortunately protected by the stiff gold collar, another in the right hand and also a lance thrust in the right armpit.

The ground was littered with helmets, swords and pistols. The

Circassian/....

Circassian was said to be a volunteer. Our butcher, and also that of the 17th Lancers, joined in the fray in their shirt sleeves. When the regiment was rallied and re-formed hurriedly, expecting to be charged again, several other troopers fell in with our ranks, amongst them two privates of XI Hussars "who must have been doing a bit on their own hook!" One of our men running to rejoin his troop, held up his sword, as W.H. Russell passed - certainly not blue steel - and exclaimed "The villain unhorsed me but I run him through".

"The charge of the heavies" said one of the French Generals, watching the enormous numbers opposed to us, to Beatson, "was the most glorious thing I ever saw." According to another: "The sight from the plateau was magnificent, the whole valley seemed filled with Russians, this Victory of the Heavy Brigade was the most glorious thing I ever saw". (Kinglake V 163) The actual combat, about nine o'clock, lasted only about eight minutes. Lord Raglan sent his A.D.C. (Curzon) to congratulate Scarlett and say "Well done". His gallant face beaming with pleasure our Chief replied "I beg to thank his Lordship very sincerely".

The pursuit could not be pressed and the troops were at once rallied. Our loss was 78 killed and wounded, the V D.Gds had one officer mortally wounded and two men killed. Scarlett, on a sixteen hands charger, at high speed had been driven between two troopers through into the Russian mass and so was protected from the shock of the impending charges, his helmet was stove in, but the skull uninjured and he escaped with five slight wounds. Elliott, his A.D.C., the only campaigner amongst us, had been through the Gwalior and the Satlej campaigns, in the battles of Punniar Ferozeshah and Sobraon. Now he overtook Scarlett, just as a Russian officer, who had been waiting for the general, attempted to cut him down. Elliott, parrying the cut, drove his sword through his body so far that, from the swiftness of impact, the Russian was turned round in his saddle. The next instant Elliott was cleaving his way through the mass, Shegog, a good swordsman, and the trumpeter crashing after them, all three were engulfed. Elliott's horse, compressed by numbers, lashed out in resentment and cleared a space in which his rider could better use his sword. In returning a thrust from a trooper, with a hooked nose and savage glittering eye, Elliott received a point in the forehead, and from another a slash across the face, a third dealt him a blow through his cocked hat

and a fourth/....

and a fourth gave him a stunning gash over the ear.

That morning Elliott had put on a forage cap, for Lucan had issued an order for staff officers to wear forage caps with oilskin covers. He waited outside for the General (Scarlett) who, when he came out asked: "Where is your cocked hat?" Elliott told him and he said: "Damn the order, go and put it on, my staff shall be properly dressed". So Elliott dismounted and went into his tent to put it on. He found the chinstrap hanging by one button. So, rather bored at having to change, he took a needle to sew one on when the General shouted for him. He goes on to say: "So I left the job and, by more accident, thrust into the hat a large silk handkerchief lying on the bed, and mounted. This little circumstance most certainly saved my life for the hat was cut to ribbons, there were seven cuts through it. Scarlett always wore his helmet and that was cut slightly. Toby Wyatt and another doctor came up as I lay unconscious at times from loss of blood. Some orderly was holding the horses. Whilst Toby was stitching my wound the other was urging him to leave me. I was sufficiently conscious to hear distinctly. Wyatt (my predecessor in V D.Gds) had fallen out with one or two officers, as the Guards column passed where I was lying, sent by the Duke of Cambridge to look after me". Elliott was carried to Balaclava on board Carew's yacht, his most severe wound being the sabre cut above the left ear, through to the bone. Months afterwards a Scots Grey in hospital confessed that he had done it striking about desperately in the melee, in attempting to cut his way out.

Altogether Elliott received fourteen wounds, sabre cuts, yet curiously enough, he was returned by the medical officer in charge of Staff as "slightly wounded". His name, though warmly and persistently recommended by Scarlett, was kept out of public despatches. Lucan suppressed it and sent on that of one of his own A.C.D's who, as it happened had not been in either charge. Though recommended he was denied the V.C. on the grounds that it was the cavalry soldier's duty to fight hand to hand. Yet he was one of the few real soldiers who had seen active service and knew what it meant: for he had, in India, gone through the Gwalior campaign, had commanded a troop of 8th Bengal Light Cavalry at the battle of Puoinar. He was through the Satlej campaign and was at Ferozeshah and Parniar. In recognition of his brilliant service he was given a

commission/....

commission in Hardinge's bodyguard and made his A.D.C. He was therefore only a soldier!

Connoly, in the crush, found his arms encumbered and weighed down by a dead Russian, in the pressure he was, for a time, unable to shake him off. After the battle Codman and another officer (Beulay) found the bodies of two troopers, Callery and Taylor. The latter was a fine young fellow, a bit of a pugilist, who used to box with Elliott. His horse was a hard mouthed brute that no one could hold with one hand. He was badly cut up, his left arm, evidently used as a boxer would - to guard his head - was slashed in three places.

Elliott continues: "How I got out I don't know, but remember striking one of them a blow on the neck and the next day my servant came with a grin, to show my sword. A lance thrust had taken a piece out of my coat behind the shoulder but without wounding and the thick lace we then wore on the sword wrist was cut through, for the Russians were taught to cut at bridles and bridle hands. The Russians, before advancing had three rations of vodka and were blessed by their priests."

The Russians lost only some 550 during the day which must chiefly have been during the first charge. Their thick grey overcoats were a protection against sword thrusts and their shakos a safer headcovering. Vicompte de Noe, an enthusiastic soldier, who was often in our mess, one day out of curiosity tested one of these shakos and failed to cut it with a chopper. Moreover we were without shoulder scales and gauntlets.

Our regiment had 14 admitted with wounds besides two killed. Long afterwards we found that some had returned all slightly wounded. Two men, McCabe and McEgan had lance thrusts in their left chest, in one the lung protruded and was excised, the other had also a severe sabre slash across the head, but both recovered. Others were mostly wounded in the right hand, in some nearly severing the thumb.

The Light Brigade meantime were inactive spectators of a disorganised enemy retreating across their front. For more than one and a half hours they were dismounted. Moreover they had been specially the subject of sharp criticism as useless in Dobrudsha, where Cardigan had 100 out of 280 horses disabled from sore backs.

After Alma, in a fine country for cavalry, they looked on at a

beaten army/....

beaten army retreating with guns and standards and a wretched horde of Cossacks, ready to turn tail at the first trumpet within ten minutes gallop of them. "Enough" said Nolan "to drive one mad". When, instead of taking Sevastopol, we marched leisurely round, in the flank march they were exposed to utter destruction, sent into a ravine leading to a river, surrounded on all sides by woods where a battalion of infantry could have disposed of the enemy in a few minutes. Lord Raglan said they ought to be kept in a bandbox!

Cardigan, tall and slender, always stiff in the saddle in 11th Hussar uniform, his pelisse closely fitted and blazing with gold lace, his handsome aristocratic features and aquiline nose, on a thoroughbred chestnut charger with white stockings on near side noticeable from a distance, chafing at inaction, rode up and down the lines repeating "Damn those Heavies, they have the laugh of us this day". Inaction was the cause of surprise to the enemy, of surprise and vexation to our Headquarter Staff and surprise and anxiety to our Allies.

Kinglake writes: "Repulsed with loss, the Russian cavalry had regained the heights where it might have been annihilated if the English Light Cavalry under Cardigan had charged it during the retreat: there was the occasion; there should have been exercised the initiative of the cavalry general. Later in the day it was apparent that bravery is no efficient substitute for initiative."

Norris of the 17th Lancers, who had seen service at Maha-Rajpan and Beddiwal and was wounded at Aliwal, in vain urged Cardigan to attack, the Brigadier thought his orders were to defend the position (or ground) on which he halted. "The man from the banks of the banks of the Serpentine damning the Heavies instead of taking part in the fight, rebuffed the warrior from Satlej".

So, as the Russians, with their powerful force of artillery retired, the Light Brigade refreshed themselves from their flasks and held their ground.

Cathcart's division, ordered at 8 a.m., ought to have been in position to recapture Arab-tabia, but, reluctant, arrived too late and refused to obey the order. His division had just returned from the trenches, "so sit down and have some breakfast" he said "then go back and say I cannot move". When the A.D.C. explained the urgent necessity and refused to go back, the General referred to his staff and at last the division marched to the Col.

The first division (Cambridge) had, as we have seen, come down early, by South of Woronz-Ouof road, into the north plain but had to wait for the 4th to take up its appointed position. Up to this the valley had been left to the cavalry division and a battalion of infantry and marines in face of some 20,000 Russians. Some Turks, led by a resolute Pasha on a grey arab, now boldly took possession of No. 5 redoubt and turned their guns on Arab-tabia behind which was the Odessa Regiment.

Meanwhile Lord Raglan, seeing the weak chain of Russian infantry stretching forward endless along the line of redoubts and Cathcart's hesitation or reluctance, determined, rather than lose the opportunity, to use the cavalry to recover the heights. Raglan, from his position surveyed the whole field of both valleys, which those below could not.

Lucan received the Order to mount cavalry, move the Light Brigade to another position close by and cause Heavies to await the arrival of infantry, then he halted for nearly an hour. Thus he inverted the order, persuaded that instead of the cavalry advancing supported by infantry, it was the latter who should first advance with the cavalry in support.

In these momentous minutes the enemy was withdrawing his cavalry and guns.

Then the Headquarters Staff thought they were bringing up artillery horses with tackle to carry away our guns from the redoubts and Nolan was chosen to take a further order - No. 4. Nolan's journal terms with impatience of the inaction of our cavalry and blames the Commander. Straight, swift and intent he descended the 700 feet of precipitous face which no ordinary rider would attempt. Nearly an hour had passed and the 3rd Order was not obeyed.

Jabrokritsky with a battalion, four squadrons and fourteen guns lay to the North on the slope of the Fedukine hills, Liprandi, with infantry and field artillery lingered on the site of the captured redoubts with four battalions of the Odessa Regiment near Arab-tabia. The defeated cavalry were withdrawn towards the aqueduct, a mile and a half from us, but visible as a black mass. Between and connecting these forces, with a Cossack battery of twelve guns in advance of them, Liprandi also had six squadrons of Lancers, half in a fold of the Fedukine Hills

and half/....

and half in a ravine near the causeway Heights.

The cavalry had moved up East of the Light Brigade on the slope of Causeway Ridge. Lucan was in front between the two brigades, when Nolan arrived with the order: "Cavalry to advance rapidly to front and try to prevent enemy carrying away the guns, Immediate". The General urged the uselessness of attacking and its dangers. From where they were neither could see the Russians. Nolan, provoked at the disregard of the Chief's order by one who had not the field of battle under view, and knowing the Chief's purpose, said "Lord Raglan's orders are that the cavalry attack immediately". "Attack what? What guns Sir?" Throwing back his head and pointing, (according to Lucan) towards the left corner of the valley "There, my Lord, is your enemy and there are your guns". The difference of angle between this line and that to the redoubts was only some twenty degrees, and Nolan was the last man in the army to send cavalry to destruction. Morris shouted to Nolan "That won't do, we've got a long way to go and must be steady". From the plateau the whole field was visible and Nolan knew the purpose of the order.

Lucan trotted off alone to where his brother-in-law, Cardigan, sat in his saddle in front of the 13th Light Dragoons and gave him the order to attack the Russians in the valley with the 13th Light Dragoons and 17th Lancers, withdrawing the 11th Hussars from the first line to act in rear in support. Cardigan pointed out that there was a battery in front and riflemen on either flank, shrugging his shoulders, Lucan replied "There is no choice but to obey". Cardigan, with the rebuke of the 28th still in his mind, turned and gave the order to advance "that great order of military obedience and self-sacrifice". (Kinglake)

The first line (13th Light Dragoons) under Capt. Oldham, 17th Lancers under Capt. Morris, second (11th Hussars) under Colonel Douglas, in support; third line (4th Light Dragoons) Lord George Paget, and the 8th Hussars under Colonel Shewell (minus Chetwoode's troop on escort duty at Headquarters). Cardigan rode at the head of the first line, Douglas of the second and Paget the third, all in line two deep. It was now a little past eleven.

No charge was sounded, only walk and trot. White of the 17th led the squadron of direction and was responsible for pace and direction. Advancing at a steady trot, the pace was increased as they entered the

none of fire/....

zone of fire when Cardigan riding alongside of White checked the pace. When close, White rammed in both spurs hoping to reach the guns before they fired, but was bowled over.

The Heavy Brigade was formed up on the right in support, Greys and Royals in front and Lucan with them. Cardigan rode two horses lengths in front of his Staff, Lockwood on the left, Maxse and Wombwell (Mayow, Brigade Major had been ill) some five lengths in advance of the centre of the first line. Before Cardigan had trotted a hundred yards straight down the valley he saw Nolan audaciously riding across his front, from left to right, turning in his saddle, shouting and waving his sword, pointing in fact, in the direction the troops ought to take. A shell burst and a fragment struck Nolan on the chest and tore into his heart. The sword dropped from his hand but, for the moment, the arm remained uplifted, the horse, missing the guiding hand, instinctively wheeled round and galloped back towards the front of the advancing brigade. Then, from the still erect body, with sword arm uplifted, burst an unearthly and appalling cry. Passing through the interval of the 13th it dropped out of the saddle.

Now the Odessa Regiment - rightly divining the intent - fell back behind No. 1 and formed four squares. Cathcart was still lingering near No. 3 , determined to advance no further, for which he escaped being called to account as a despatch arrived next morning appointing him successor to Lord Raglan.

The enemy soon realised that we were not advancing against the Odessa Regiment and began firing shot and shell and grape, which became a cross fire, with Bayonoff's ten gun battery grouped in threes below Arab-tabia to cover the enemy's retreat. They dashed into the white bank of smoke pierced with jets of flame which now hid the Russian cavalry, the first line going down at a pace, according to their leader's estimate, of seventeen miles an hour, and disappeared.

Just before Nolan's death - Royals drawn up in line on left of Greys on N.E. slope of Causeway (R. No. 6) Light Brigade on left and a little to our rear. Ordered to advance we broke into a trot down the valley towards the Russian battery when Lucan galloped up shouting "No! No! - Halt Heavy Brigade - they have done their duty - Let the Lights go!" We were accordingly halted and the Light Brigade trotted down on our left.

As soon as/....

As soon as they were some five to six hundred yards in advance of us they increased their pace to a gallop and we got an order to trot. Scarlett rode in the interval between us Royals and Greys, Lucan a little to our left rear. Before long the firing began to get a trifle warm and he halted us. The Russian battery on our right was driven back by the Chasseurs d'Afrique, and an explosion on our right distracted the Russian Infantry about a quarter of a mile on our left.

It was then that Yorke and George Campbell and Billy Hartopp were wounded, Robertson's horse shot and my arab bowled over though he picked himself up. I afterwards found that he must have been grazed by a roundshot about the size of a crown piece but which did not draw blood.

As the Light Brigade closed with the Russian batteries Scarlett advanced the Royals and Inniskillings a few lengths on our left, and, with his staff (Elliott was disabled) in front of the interval. He himself rode out a few paces and came across Nolan's body which lay on our left front. Then when we saw the remnants returning in driblets, he gave the order for the brigade to retire.

Cardigan appeared galloping up the valley as the remnant of the Light Brigade were struggling back, and we retired by alternate regiments until we regained the ground which we had started from.

Sandeman, scrophile in the Royals says "When in support of the Light Brigade, Lucan, at the last moment, changed the order for the Heavy Brigade to attack and sent the Light Brigade down. Cardigan was the first and we saw him come out. Peyys, commanding my troop and in front of me, did not see Lucan who was on the left rear of where I was, the left troop of the supporting line composed of Royals and Greys who were on our right.

Cardigan came back alone and, reining up near Scarlett, recommenced inveighing against the A.D.C. (Nolan) who had dared to gallop across his front. Gently Scarlett said "You have nearly ridden across his body". Then he went on towards the position from which he had started. One of his A.D.C.'s (Lockwood) galloped back shortly afterwards and asked if he had seen him and which way he had gone. "Back" we replied and he, mistaking, turned round and rode back towards the batteries to meet his death."

The Heavies/....

The Heavies advanced on the right in support of the charge with Lucan well ahead as connecting link. Charteris, fulfilling a presentiment, was killed at his side. Lord Geo. Paulet A.A.G. had his headgear knocked off and McMahon A.Q.M.G. had his horse struck by grape immediately after. Lucan himself was wounded in the leg by a musket ball and his horse shot in two places, but he advanced down the valley till almost in line with Arab-tabia. The Royals and Greys in our first line suffered most from destructive cross fire and Lucan, turning to Paulet said "They have sacrificed the Light Brigade - not the Heavy if I can prevent it", and ordered the Brigade to turn back. After two successive echelon movements the first line was relieved from cross fire but the Royals had lost twenty one killed and wounded, or had horses shot under them. Colonel Yorke's leg was shattered and he was disabled for life and three other officers were severely wounded, one had his horse shot under him. Then we halted in our new position, sufficiently advanced to protect the retreat of the Light Brigade.

When Morris fell, Mayow led the remnant of the 17th (fifteen in all) against the cavalry in rear of the twelve gun battery. Now we could see smoke pierced by flash after flash and round shot kept bounding up the slope. Then a dreadful quiet succeeded, and here and there a riderless horse came back. Then, in small groups men rode back over ground strewn with their comrades and horses struggling violently to get up.

During the retreat of the remnants Scarlett sat in front of the interval between the Royals and Inniskillings, well in view. When Paget returned he met Cardigan coming composedly from the opposite direction and exclaimed "Hallo! Wer'not you there?" and the bystanders smiled. "Wasn't I though" he replied, and then to Jennings "Didn't you see me at the guns?" who replied "Yes". A few minutes after Cardigan rode up to Lucan and shouted "By God, my lord, you have destroyed my Brigade!"

Wombwell's horse was killed under him, he then caught a stray one and joined the 4th Light Dragoons, when this, too, fell he was taken prisoner but escaped, caught a second horse and rejoined the 4th in retreat. Captain Morris, commanding 17th Lancers, also dismounted and severely wounded surrendered his sword to an officer who presently left him with some Cossacks who robbed him of all he possessed.

Captain Morris, commanding 17th Lancers, who was a great friend of

Nolan run/....

Nolan ran his sword, in momentum of impact, through the body of the squadron officer in his front, and, unable to extricate it, the Russian's body fell against him and brought him to ground. He recovered to find his sword extricated. Struggling to his feet he found himself surrounded by Cossacks thrusting at him with their lances and protected himself by a constant whirl of his sword arm, cutting at their thighs. A lance pierced his temple, splintering the bone. Then a Russian officer came up and offered him quarter, and, feeling exhausted, he surrendered his sword, the officer left him and the cossacks robbed him of all he had. Fearing for his life he rushed into the nearest smoke and caught a riderless horse that passed close by and was dragged by the rein a short distance till he fell unconscious. Recovering he saw a Cossack watching suspiciously as if to see whether he was still alive. Once more he sought shelter in the thick smoke, here he seized another passing loose charger and rode up the valley as fast as he could but, just as he was getting out of the cross-fire, the horse was shot under him, fell and rolled over his thigh. Regaining consciousness, he found the horse lying across his leg and with difficulty extricated it, ran stumbling up the hill until worn out, he found himself close to the body of his friend Nolan. Knowing that he had fallen close to our position, he felt safe, lay down exhausted and again became unconscious.

Nolan and Morris had been great friends and, on the flank march, agreed to volunteer for any special service. Consequently each had, in possibility of an early death, written a letter which, in that event, was to be delivered, that of Morris to his young wife, that of Nolan to his Mother. They had recently exchanged these letters and now, as they lay side by side - the one dead, the other unconscious each had still in his pocket the letter entrusted by the other.

Pte. Geo. Smith informed Sgt. O'Hara of the spot where Morris lay and Scarlett sent the Staff Surgeon with Tr. Sergt. Major Wooden to bring him in. They found a trooper trying to arrest the bleeding from the scalp. Presently some Cossacks attacked the party and the doctor, Mount, said he had to draw his sword in defence, which he described as "a novel experience".

Besides three severe wounds on the head, one over the parietal bone five inches long and detaching a piece of the outer table, his right

arm/.....

arm was fractured obliquely and he had some lance wounds on the left side with broken ribs. Mount and Wooden were given the V.C. Morris died four years later in India.

Roger Palmer said that he had but a slight recollection of how he passed the enemy lancers (Seroptkins) he believed that, in guarding a lance thrust and in delivering his own cut, he may have struck or killed a Cossack. But they were riding for their lives and the account of personal combat (Kinglake V p 346) is inaccurate.

The 13th Light Draggons and 17th Lancers were in the front line and Morgan of the latter says "We had not gone many yards before we were under fire, I think from a heavy battery on our left, the first shot from which killed poor Nolan, a splinter going through his heart and his horse carried him back to us. Soon the noise of shot striking men and horses became deafening, whilst dust and gravel thrown up was blinding. The pace increasing, on we went through the thickest shower of shot, grape canister and Minie from flank and flank, men and horses dropping every yard by scores. When about a hundred yards from the guns I noticed just in front of me a gunner apply his fuse to the gun at which I appeared to be riding straight. I shut my eyes for I thought that settled the question so far as I was concerned, but the shot missed me and struck the man on my right full on the chest. In another minute I was on the guns and the leading Russian horse, shot I suppose with a pistol by someone on my right, fell across my horse, dragging it over with him and pinning me between the gun and himself. A Russian gunner on foot at once covered me with his carbine. He was just within reach of my sword and I struck at him, which disconcerted his aim. At the same moment a mounted gunner struck my horse with his sabre and the animal bolted with me right into the Russian lines. I succeeded in getting out in spite of their efforts to cut me down and, once clear of the guns, I saw two or three of my men making their way back. As the fire from both flanks was still heavy it became a matter of running the gauntlet again."

Scarlett estimated the time onset to combat and retreat as twenty minutes. We lost some eighteen prisoners but no unwounded man was captured. The Cossacks were seen killing our wounded on the field .

Cardigan addressed the remnant of his Brigade formed up. "A mad brained trick" he exclaimed, "but no fault of mine", and the men replied they were ready to do it again. At Roll Call the 13th had only ten mounted men, altogether out of 673 only 195 answered. Later the loss became 113 killed and 134 wounded. Of 475 horses 85 were wounded of whom 45 had to be shot as unserviceable.

The Turks again occupied No.3 redoubt and, as Liprandi had counter-marched the Odessa Battalions to the neighbourhood of Arab-tabia, supported by seven other battalions, and artillery, Cathcart's attack on the redoubts was not pressed. At 4 p.m. firing finally ceased. Thus our outer defences were lost, the Balaclava plain and Woronzoff road, and, for months we were practically besieged.

As W. Russell says "The sight of that great mass of light horse broken into, driven here and there into fragments and finally dispersed in a state of absolute disorder, was one never to be forgotten."

The second collision between the Russians and the British Heavy Cavalry was the result of a surprise later in the morning. Scarlett was moving his Brigade towards Balaclava. The Muscovite General Ryoff was leading his squadrons in the same direction without any knowledge of his opportunity. The discovery of their presence was made in time by Alec Elliott, Scarlett's quick-eyed A.D.C. now Major General Sir A.J. Elliott K.C.B., Colonel of the 21st Empress of India's Lancers. He came out of the charge with fourteen sabre cuts and was returned in the despatch only as "slightly wounded". The charge of three hundred Heavies, supported nobly by the 4th and 5th Dragoon Guards, and the brilliant encounter which filled Lord Raglan and the spectators with great enthusiasm and admiration, were the work of just eight minutes. Just before it there was a meeting between Lord Lucan and Scarlett, which gave authority to the statement of the General that he had a share in the disposition of the Brigade.

After all was over Lord Raglan, alluding to the capture of the Turkish forts said "We held too extended a front" but Codman pointed out that that should have been found out before.

Prisoners were asked by Liprandi if they had, in Russian fashion, been provided with alcohol before their mad charge and they astonished him by opening their haversacks and shewing their untouched rations including the rum which, without breakfast, they had not had time to

touch/...

touch.

Our regiment retired under the Col and encamped for the night and, next morning, went up on to the plateau on ground above Aranyl. But after the battle our dinner arrived in a filthy araba, which had been used to remove the dead and wounded.

I spent the night by myself in our hospital, a small one storied house with inner courtyard at Kadykoui, where wounded, who should have gone on to the General Hospital at Balaclava, were deposited hap-hazard and left in our hands. Among them was a Russian major brought in late, with his leg shot off at the knee. We were dead tired and, after consultation, the wound was dressed temporarily, but his moans disturbed the night till death came to his relief.

Next morning, so elated were the garrison on arrival of our seven guns and Turkish Standard that, after the Te Deum, they had a sortie against Evan's 2nd Division on S part of Inkerman, as we call the right of our Sapoundi heights, but which really applies to the heights on N across ravine at the head of the harbour, leading to Mackenzies. Combat lasted three hours and the Russians retired driven back, crushed by concentrated artillery fire with the loss of 270 killed and wounded and more than 80 prisoners. Our day was spent among the wounded.

In the afternoon Lord Raglan came down and afterwards we heard that Balaclava was to be evacuated and that stores were being removed. The disabled were sent on board ship and, quickened by overhead shots from the Turks on the heights, we marched the rest up to the new camp on the plateau to find that, at the conference, Lyons had prevailed and Balaclava was not to be given up.

Although the Russian advance was not impetuous it was seen to be formidable as the masses of cavalry and infantry which were directed towards Balaclava, became visible. Such progress had been made in dislodging the Turks from the redoubts that Lord Raglan did not see the capture of Canroberts Hill when he halted at about 8 a.m. on a spur of ground near the Col, whence he commanded the greater portions of the plain on which the subsequent actions occurred.

Their Cossack and cavalry emerged on to the plain just as Lucan was carrying into effect a movement to strengthen Sir Colin's force at Balaclava.

Surgeon Mount, who had to interrupt his treatment of Captain Norris in order to draw his sword to repel attacking Russians won the first Victoria Cross to be awarded to the British Army Medical Services. He subsequently had a distinguished career and became Surgeon General Sir James Mount, V.C., K.C.B. and was a member of the deputation which waited on Lord Lansdown on January 20th, 1898 resulting in the formation of the Royal Army Medical Corps. He died on January 4th 1899.

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CHAPTER 3

INKERMAN - THE WINTER OF 1854-55 - VISITS OF SOYER AND FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE - TCHERNAYA - FALL OF SEBASTOPOL - CONSTANTINOPLE.

On the night of October 27th, when enjoying a well-earned rest after the stirring events of the previous days the regiment was again awakened by the thunder of galloping hooves. This, however, was nothing more serious than a stampede of some 200 horses who had been set going by a rocket thrown by a Turk in the horse lines, the only untoward result being that Tom, a young cornet who shared Cattell's tent, in the darkness and confusion, put three socks on one foot!

It was at this camp that a new Surgeon came to take over, fresh from serving with the Life Guards at home. He arrived completely unequipped without a canteen or even a knife and fork being under the impression that a regiment went to war complete with its mess plate! He shared a tent with Cattell whom he would awaken from time to time to testify that he was spitting blood. He was soon invalided and Cattell again assumed medical charge.

Early in November 1854 the cold weather began to set in and cholera still dogged their footsteps.

On the 5th of November we were aroused at daybreak by musketry fire. We moved off through the fog, past Headquarters towards the Windmill and, at 8 a.m. the battle of Inkerman was at its height, hand to hand, among the tents. I was asked to go to the front and went to help Toby Wyatt in the Coldstream Guards near Sandbag battery.

Returning to the hospital with him I remained till after midnight, for the Guards had suffered severely and there were many wounded requiring operation. Mackinnon had been prodded in the neck by bayonets whilst helpless on the ground, but his shattered hip joint necessitated a long and serious operation at which Mount and I assisted Wyatt but under which he succumbed.

Worn out at last we made a tour of the wounded and then, with another cavalry surgeon, went home. Before we reached the Woronoff Road

we met/....

we met two cloaked soldiers, the first stopped me and asked who I was and where I came from and what was the latest news, then thanked me and went on. I turned to ask my comrade who they were and he replied "The Duke of Cambridge and Macdonald".

The two following days were spent with Wyatt in operations, and, sometime later, I found myself the only one in the regiment returned for the Inkerman clasp. Afterwards it was given to the Guards at Headquarters, a mile further from the battle. Then to all intermediate troops. There were strange stories of the battle; on the previous night the churches in the town were seen to be illuminated and the troops were marched to Mass and dosed with vodka, a mixture of the spiritual and the spirituous!

At the Sandbag battery, where a gun had been temporarily placed to silence one on the Inkerman heights opposite, the carnage was fearful. Some 1200 Russians lay around, dead or dying. The Duke of Cambridge's horse was shot under him, as also was Macdonald's. He was singled out by the enemy and saved by Assistant Surgeon Wilson, 7th Hussars, who led some Guards to his rescue, for which gallant act he received the Duke's thanks. Remembering that the surgeon of his old regiment was married to his wife's sister, H.R.H., in a private note to Headquarters acknowledged Dr. Wilson's services. At the Council two days later the Duke became so excited that he was sent on board the Caradoc.

Mount and Wilson were by no means the only doctors to lay aside the scalpel and take up arms on occasion. At the Sandbag battery Assistant Surgeon Wolseley, hemmed in by the Jakoutsk Battalion, seized a musket which had its bayonet fixed (for he was without a sword) and rallying some men shouted "Fix bayonets and charge". They answered with a burst of "Hurrahs", sprang forward to the charge and tore a way through the enemy, who retreated towards the Quarry Ravine.

We had already moved camp owing to the state of mud to which it had been reduced, especially in the horse lines where stable duties were done in worn out boots. Twice again we changed but frequent rains soon caused the same result. Mud from the lines was carried everywhere, tents, dating from the Peninsula, were sieves, saddlery, accoutrements and kitbags took up much space and some men had to lie across the door, always partially open from wear and tear, exposed to the North East Wind, and, during the night, covered with sleet and even snow, till their feet

especially/....

especially were half frozen and much friction was necessary to restore the circulation. Their clothes were always wet and the fuel barely sufficed for cooking.

Diarrhoea and dysentery were only too common, and absence of vegetable food gave a scorbutic taint. There were cases of typhus in the next regiment and, scattered about, several of cholera but absence of the usual pathognomic symptoms favoured their not being called by the dreaded name so as not to dishearten them.

Campbell, who had been severely shaken by his fall at Balaclava, was shortly after attacked with dysentery and lay in an unserviceable tent, full of holes through which the rain dribbled, surrounded by pools of muddy water. Ever calm and patient in his own suffering, as he had been during the cholera at Kotlubie, he was always cheerful and resigned and it was a pleasure to enter his tent. It was necessary to send him away as soon as possible to save his life. Days passed before the numerous requisitions received counter-signature and he died on the voyage home.

On November 13th a thunderstorm developed in the afternoon and, during the night, increased into a hurricane. We could see tents and bedsteads being whirled away over the edge of the plateau, over a sea of mud in which horses were snorting, stamping in terror and then stampeding.

When the storm abated the funny aspect of the thing kept everybody cheerful and the chase after the horses and the hunt after scattered articles gave exercise and warmth.

Soon news of distress came in from all sides, of sentries frozen at their posts, of the utter discomfiture at Headquarters, of Lord Lucan ("Look on" as he was generally called) squatting on a box where his tent had been - that was some consolation for he was not loved. Morning rose over the snowy heights with rumours of disasters at sea. Now we had to go down for watering besides catering, for our horses were dying of starvation and what food they got they had to bring up themselves.

Before the end of November, the Artillery camps were invaded by our ravenous horses, galloping madly at the sound of "Food", snatching, undeterred by sticks and stones, the hay and barley from under the noses of their own horses.

The rumours of marine disasters were only too well founded. The

'Prince'/....

'Prince' containing the winter supplies of forage and warm clothing with millions of rounds of ammunition was a complete loss while the French lost the 'Henri IV' and several transports.

On December 1st, in an interval of fine weather, the cavalry moved into winter quarters near Kamund and, at long last, the hospital marquee arrived.

Today the word "evacuation" implies the removal of casualties by helicopter, aircraft and motor transport under conditions of relative comfort and efficient treatment. It had a different implication for our soldiers of a hundred years ago. This is Cattell's description of the Via Dolorosa traversed by his unhappy patients:

Towards the end of the month there were nearly 6000 men in hospital. Wrapped in wet blankets they are taken from the muddy tents and placed on horseback, a dismal troop as of mounted corpses, with closed eyes and lurid cheeks, some, fever stricken, glaring with wide eyes void of observation for whom the passers by, if they saw them at all, existed as phantoms which haunted their delirium. Bound for the great hospital at Scutari the cavalcade would toil on, wading through and slipping past dying horses, the half-buried bullocks and skeletons and carcasses in various stages of decay. On - always on - to the place of embarkation. Lying among crowds of other sick and wounded, on bare planks, in torture, lassitude and lethargy, without proper food, medicine or attendance, they were launched on the wintry sea. Their covering was scanty and the roll and plunge of the ship was agony to the fevered and maimed.

In place of the hush, cleanliness and quiet and the silent step which should be around the sick, were sounds such as the poets have feigned for the regions of the damned - groans, screams, entreaties, curses, the strain of the timbers, the trampling of the crews and the weltering of the waves. The sick flocked in faster than the dead were carried out till the hospitals overflowed, while, still faster flowed the misery-laden ships down the Black Sea as they went on feeding the fishes with their dead.

So intense was the cold at nights that icicles formed from the breath in our beards which froze to the blankets. Last thing at night and first thing in the morning our servants put the fire in the chibouk bowls and the warm smoke released the beard. The new tents were fastened with hooks and eyes, and after a short time, they contracted in the damp/....

the damp and it was impossible to open them from inside without loosening a peg. This occasioned great distress, the impracticability causing urgent desire to relieve the bladder. Then we found the utility of an empty meat tin!

Cattell had a faithful batman, Johnson, to whom there are many kindly references. As a pair, they must have been something of a phenomenon to their comrades. When officers were encouraged to raise morale by singing on the march Cattell burst out into a Greek chorus to the mystification of the troopers, while "Johnson was always cheery, at times amusingly so. He would quote Shakespeare, Ovid or Horace, ever apt and ready. His listeners could not understand but they caught his enthusiasm and joined in the laugh with which he ended." He had appeared in order as a Lance Corporal, but declined to be answerable for anyone but himself and we hear much of him and his matrimonial troubles in later pages of the memoirs.

Officers were now provided with sheepskin coats which were warm and comfortable if they could be kept clear of vermin "which necessitated hunting, even during dinner". The troops had become so deficient of boots that they were supplied with Turkish footgear which soon proved useless as they absorbed moisture and were so badly made that they rotted and the uppers parted company with the soles. It was distressing to see men going almost barefoot in the mud.

Scarlett offered him a cornetcy in the regiment but Cattell refused as "it seemed a pity to forsake the plough to which you had put your hand, and especially to exchange the noble one of medicine for a destructive profession". He consulted a surgeon in the cavalry of longer experience who thoroughly agreed with his views and then asked the General for the vacant appointment for himself!

He tells again the well-known stories of the hardships undergone by the troops, the coffee which arrived in the form of green beans, puddings hard as iron wrapped in helmet covers, the weevilly biscuits which they exchanged for the excellent rolls issued to the French who had a much better grasp of the situation and would make appetising soups and salads from dandelions and other plants which our men, riddled with scurvy trod under foot. Occasionally a few dried vegetables arrived "And Oh! the value of an onion full of phosphorous and sulphur which came to us in those despised vegetables".

The situation was occasionally relieved by a visit to the Navy at Balaclava "They were certainly good to us, those sailors, ever ready to help from their surplus stores with ham or preserves". As a quid pro quo the cavalry arranged to turn out some ponies to send the naval officers on a joy ride to see Sebastopol. They seem to have done the whole outing at a continuous gallop after which the ponies "needed repose". With the coming of spring spirits began to rise. Dog hunts were organised and the first Spring Meeting took place with "French officers, Heavies, Hussars, Guardsmen and Highlanders, a brilliant throng, all in high spirits in the bracing air". The X Hussars had now arrived, "glorious on their unrivalled arabs" and one of the officer's wives known as "The gilded Lady of the Camp" followed by a Staff of her own "was the cynosure of all eyes by her exquisite 'air de Marquise' and the ease with which she sat her horse". An attack of a dozen or so Russians on one of our vedettes only added to the excitement. The whole gathering, spectators and jockeys set off in full cry and drove them off. Cattell was riding for a friend of his in the 17th Lancers.

In April 1855 the first of Miss Nightingale's nurses arrived; they consisted of Irish nuns and English sisters. Shortly afterwards Cattell had a recurrence of his diarrhoea but could not be spared to go sick. To complicate matters the mess was completely out of port but "when the ladies heard I was indisposed a bottle of port was promptly sent up and the first glass restored me completely, one of them also gave me a 'Christian Year'"

Early in May Miss Nightingale herself visited the camp. She was obviously ill and had to lean on Cattell's arm during the visit. She left saying she was gratified to find things much better than she expected.

Another distinguished visitor was the famous chef, Alexis Soyer, who, gave a demonstration of cooking on the Soyer stove clad in a loose white jacket, trousers with a broad blue and silver stripe and a wide brimmed dark blue hat bound with a gold scarf. It took place on the Guards' parade ground attended by the French Marshal Pellissier, the Divisional Commander, the Commissary General, the Inspector of Hospitals and nearly a thousand officers. Two regimental bands played during the demonstration while the guns were booming in the background.

Cattell gives the following description of the visit to his unit.

Soyer has come from the Reform Club to teach us how to utilise rations, very necessary considering our difficulties with the pudding, which, tied tight in a helmet cover, never became eatable. At his leaving there was some chaff about preparing an epitaph for a man so self-assertive in the event of his being killed. Someone suggested "Soyer Tranquille". After an investiture of the Bath at Headquarters he held a different reception in the Guards' camp where a row of kitcheners prepared tasteful viands out of our rations.

One day he honoured us with a visit. He galloped up like a general to the saluting point, attended by some French officers who kept carefully in the rear, his white burnous streaming in the wind, with silver striped blue overalls, gold braided vest and red and white kepi. Wherever met, even though riding with a general, he was ever foremost; but, as he was not good at walking, his visits to the cookhouse were hurried. At lunch he became entertaining and, full of assurance, gave us some useful hints which really affected an improvement in the salt ration by showing how the addition of a little sugar sensibly masked the saline flavour. Then the good-natured, round faced little chef rode away.

Alcohol seems to have been considered the wonder drug of the day. We have seen how Cattell's recurrent diarrhoea was cured by a glass of port. Now his hospital sergeant, Franks was stricken with a second attack of cholera with all the characteristic symptoms, cramps, facies hypocratica and unconsciousness. The padre had been told the case was quite hopeless when "we procured a bottle of champagne and I gave him a little slowly, drop by drop and, as it was swallowed, a few more. The pulse had certainly rallied and, by evening, he was better - but the champagne had vanished, his friend the pay sergeant, who was nursing him had drowned his own terrors!"

Apart from giving artillery support British troops took little or no part in the battle of Tchernaya which was fought in the "Valley of Death" on August 16th. At one time it was thought that there might be an opportunity of a charge and the cavalry were formed up in readiness, Pelliseier decided the risk would be too great and to their great disappointment they were withdrawn.

This battle was a full dress affair, undertaken at the express orders of the Czar. At dawn the Russian General Gortschakoff was seen

approaching/....

approaching from Mackenzie's farm with a force of some 60,000 men including 6000 cavalry and 20 batteries with bridging material and entrenching tools. The men carried little in the way of rations or water having been promised plentiful supplies to be found in Balaclava after the allies had been driven into the sea. They suffered a crushing defeat at the hands of the French, Turks and Sardinians, losing 3 guns, 66 officers, 300 prisoners and nearly 8000 men. A general retirement was ordered at two o'clock. In the afternoon Cattell and three companions rode over the field. The tragic valley which had so recently rung with the cries of the wounded of the Light Brigade was now strewn with Russian wounded described as "ghastly objects, sitting up among the dead and uttering supressed groans".

Soldiers were seen rifling the dead removing crosses and ikons and even clothing and it is indeed shocking to learn that "An English cavalry officer's wife was prominent among the looters". The fall of Sebastopol on September 8th rings down the curtain on the grim tragedy of the Crimean War. The cavalry did not play a significant part in this and their function was largely to act as police to ensure that only Staff Officers and those with passes were allowed to approach and to look out for spies among the crowd of sightseers.

At 8 p.m. the enemy began quietly to withdraw carrying away his principal stores and ammunition. Tremendous explosions shook the town throughout the night. Covered by columns of smoke and flame the last Russians had left by 6.45 and by 9 a.m. the town was a mass of flames and the French were already inside busy looting.

An inveterate sightseer, Cattell was early in the ruins. He paints a vivid picture of the burning buildings, the soldiers recklessly smoking amid the 146 tons of powder which lay around and blowing themselves up, pools of blood, dead and dying in heaps covered with swarms of flies, the silence constantly interrupted by tremendous explosions as the various forts blew up.

Here again we get another example of the intrusion of women on the battle field. We have read of officers' wives having an early breakfast before an attack to enable them to get on to the heights to stand with the Commander in Chief and watch the carnage in the valley below, as one

might watch....

might watch the Aldershot Tattoo today, we have seen her the cynosure of all eyes with her attendant swains at the local race meeting, we have seen her at the ghastly work of collecting souvenirs from the dead and now here is a distracted wife among the stretcher bearers in search of her husband:

In the assault Colonel Hancock was mortally wounded. His wife was in camp and, in her anxiety, wandered down the valley of death and met the bearers bringing him on a stretcher. Captain P. of the 90th made a sketch of the scene inside the tent, the wife on a chair on the right of the door anxiously watching, the pallid face propped up on a camp bed on the left and the moon in the distance flooding the scene with its pale green light. It was so painfully realistic that the artist had to alter the likeness.

Now it was all over, ceremonial parades and services of thanksgiving were held, medals were distributed, the troops dispersed and the Russians returned to Sebastopol to retrieve many treasures they had secreted in cellars and wells and other hiding places.

And, at the end of it all, nobody seems to have been at all clear as to what it had all been about. After the months of misery, muddle, confusion, hardship and suffering Cattell sums up the situation:

Ultimately we left behind us in the Crimea a hundred and twenty-six well filled cemeteries and for what object? Ostensibly some Turko-Russian dispute over the keys of the Holy Places which did not concern us, possibly to consolidate a French Empire.

At the end of November 1855 the Heavy Brigade embarked for Scutari in readiness for a possible spring campaign.

The vast bulk of the Cattell memoire is due to the fact that in every place he visited he became absorbed in local history, tradition, customs and natural history and in Constantinople he found a wide field for his researches. In some fifty two pages he tells the turbulent story of the rise and fall of the Byzantine Empire with many lurid details of massacres, stranglings and wholesale slaughter. How, for example, Suliman II had such strong views on total abstinence that he poured molten oil down the throats of anybody found the worse for drink. The spines of his little grandchildren must have been chilled as they read of the massacre of the Janissaries in 1826.

Multitudes/....

"Multitudes were caught and privately strangled or beheaded in places which became horrible slaughterhouses. For days arabas carried off mangled bodies which were cast into the Bosphorus, till, buoyant from corruption, they floated into the Sea of Marmora and, in putrid masses, ships got entangled. 'Fluctibus so tarda per densa cadavera prora crudentis'".

He gives no account of his medical work nor of any visits to the Scutari Hospital though he records that so many nurses got married that one day Miss Nightingale found herself in a dilemma when no less than six of her best nurses presented themselves and declared their intention of getting married to the six shy young soldiers in uniform who accompanied them.

When the King's Dragoon Guards arrived an anxious mother wrote asking him to act as bear-leader to her son. This headstrong young man had once, as a result of a bet in the mess, ridden in full marching order up to King Arthur's seat and stayed the night there. On another occasion, in the same kit he had swum the canal outside Portobello Barracks in Dublin. It seemed possible that he might emulate the feats of another well-known character, Jack Hytton who, when staying at Chillington mounted his horse and rode upstairs into the drawing room. Hytton began with port at breakfast, got through four bottles or more a day and died of D.T.in the King's Bench.

One evening after attending a late night service in the Armenian Cathedral Cattell looked in at a gambling saloon and saw his protege at the tables surrounded by gamblers of all nationalities. He promptly asked what he was doing at such a place and received the disconcerting answer "And what are you?" -"whereon somewhat conscience stricken we went home."

While Cattell was delving into the history of the early church and attending services of various communities, sometimes at two o'clock in the morning, preparations were being made for a campaign on the Black Sea coast. The regiment had been completely re-equipped when rumours of an armistice spread through the army, and peace was finally proclaimed on April 5th, 1856.

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CHAPTER 4

HOME SERVICE - YORK - ALDERSHOT - BRIGHTON - IRELAND

Embarking on May 13th, 1856, the regiment reached Portsmouth on the night of June 20th, just two years after they had set forth on their Crimean adventure. Cattell managed to land in time to see the review of the Royal Artillery and the Militia on Southsea Common and then went up to Town for the illuminations, for it was Thanksgiving Day. He rejoined his regiment at Petersfield and they were later reviewed at North Camp Aldershot by Queen Victoria in uniform with a scarlet jacket. They afterwards entrained for Edinburgh where from the Caledonian Station along Princes' Street "the roadway was thronged and the windows gay with welcoming faces."

Here he said farewell to his faithful batman Johnson, we are given a glimpse into the private life of the man who had served him so well during the war.

My servant Johnson was now purchased out by a sister, on condition that he became reconciled with his wife. He had a singular history, comfortably off a sub-editor of an influential paper, with the entree to all places of amusements, he became infatuated with a girl he casually met in the Strand, who repulsed his overtures because he was not a soldier. This was just before the war when the VII D.G., our affiliated regiment, was recruiting in London, and into it Johnson promptly enlisted. His wife followed the pair to Brighton, but, when confronted with both women in the orderly room and asked which he acknowledged, the repudiated wife was shown out of the gate. Shortly afterwards the recruit joined us in a draft from Dublin. What became of the girl we never heard.

It was here that Cattell met Littlejohn, the famous expert in forensic medicine. The meeting resulted from a case in which a trooper was accused of assaulting a girl from the town when showing her the stables on a Sunday afternoon when the barrack square was thronged by visitors listening to the band, "mostly girls who flocked in demurely each carrying a bible wrapped up in an unpressed handkerchief". After a

fall/....

fall from his horse he consulted Syme, the famous surgeon whose operations he frequently attended and who "was delighted at finding my great toe driven back under the sole, a rare accident".

At this time his old Brigade Commander, Scarlett, now Adjutant General, again tried to persuade him to take a cornetcy, but he again refused as he was trying to avail himself of the opportunity of study to read for the Fellowship. There is no record that he ever took his F.R.C.S. Indeed, there can have been little opportunity for study in the cavalry mess of those days. The visit of the General must have been something of a trial. He was devoted to the latest game of whist, which had taken the place of Loo. After Mess he would sit down to the card table, with his special bottle at his side and successive relays of drinks throughout the night. Officers were detailed into 'watches' to play with him through the night until he was driven home at 6 a.m.

Musical evenings were another feature, though Cattell, himself a musician, avers that many members could not recognise 'God Save the Queen' when they heard it.

The most popular song of the evening was "Old Dog Tray". The Colonel vowed it was the most affecting song he ever heard. It seems to have originated in Campbells "The Harper":

"On the green banks of Shannon when Sheela was nigh
No blithe Irish lad was so happy as I
No harp like my own could so cheerily play
And wherever I went was my poor dog Tray"

Another popular song was "We won't go home till morning" and this provides an example of the long excursions into history which Cattell takes when a place, name or tune strikes a chord in his encyclopaedic memory. The whole narrative is held up while he explains that the tune was that of the nursery rhyme "Malbrouk s'en va t'en guerre". This referred to Charles, the third duke, who led an abortive expedition against Cherbourg in 1758 and not to the great duke. First sung at Malplaquet it came into vogue shortly after the birth of the eldest son of Louis XVI. It was popular in 1781 when the young dauphin's nurse Poitrine was always singing it to him. Chateaubriand says it is oriental, chanted by the Saracens and picked up by Captain Cook's men in the South Seas. Brewer assigns it to the Crusades and says it appears in a Basque Pastorale and in the Chansons de Geste. It was well known

to the Egyptians/...

to the Egyptians etc. etc. One cannot help feeling that when writing his reminiscences in 1905 he used his diaries for the facts and embellished them from an encyclopaedia at his elbow. It is these long dissertations which contribute to the inordinate length of the work and make parts of it heavy going.

Among other diversions at the mess table was the game of "Cardinal Puff" which has persisted to present time. The rules as laid down by him are not easy to follow but it apparently consisted of tapping the table and floor with specified fingers, followed by the usual penalties "extremely useful in imparting that carefulness for seemingly unimportant details which makes the successful man". Bets were taken as to how many half-crowns could be put in a glass full of wine without overflowing or the lifting of a tumbler with thumb and forefinger or placing a wine glass on a napkin and pulling away the latter without spilling. As a pièce de resistance the old mess waiter, Leacy, was called in and he proceeded to demolish the door panel with his bare fist, crunch up a wine glass in his teeth and swallow the pieces and finally pin himself to the door with a two pronged fork driven through a fold of skin. History does not record who was responsible for the barrack damages!

While still on a convivial note he tells of a dinner given by a brother officer who had inherited a fortune:

We dined at the club and, amongst the nine of us, thirty six bottles of various wines and three of rum were said to have been consumed. It is notorious, however, that many bottles are never emptied on such occasions. Fortunately for myself, after several toasts with one foot on the table, I fell asleep and escaped the wassail bowl. There are in 1905 three survivors living including our host.

Stories are told of scarcely a generation ago. Fellows say that on big guest nights a basket of wine was placed at the vice-president's side; he, dressed in a leather apron, had to open the bottles. The door was locked and the key flung out of the window and no one was allowed to leave until the contents was consumed. It was at another party that he thoroughly disapproved of host's conduct in "opening champagne before dinner and setting it with the other wines to warm and grow still" - and no wonder!

In the autumn he was sent on detachment to Hamilton when the Duke,

who was/....

who was very hospitable and friendly gave them a key to his private domain. A visit from the Queen of the Netherlands included a magnificent ball. "The Minuet in which the Duke danced was most graceful and stately. His movements reminded me of old Newton in those skating figures in Kensington Gardens when he appeared in evening dress with a silver skate in his buttonhole".

As a native of Castle Bromwich, near Birmingham, it is not altogether surprising that he did not appreciate the finer points of highland hospitality. At a farewell dinner at Stirling Castle he notes that "the pipers played and the pibroch was especially distressing, for the performer in his slow measured step halted behind my chair".

He was one of four officers detailed to accompany the troops on their march south to York. They started out on a bright autumn morning and soon singers were called to the front. At length his turn came round. He explains that, while any interruption would disturb the thread when reciting English verse, he never had the slightest difficulty in Greek or Latin repetition, in fact he once gained a holiday for his school by reciting three hundred lines of Antigone. When he began to repeat the performance on the march, a voice behind called out "try back a note lower" at which he dried up completely and another officer was scarcely less successful. However, "the men were satisfied, we had done our best and those who could sing kept up the entertainment".

They passed through Ullswater and Keswick, where the old posting house, still had some old coaching part, where, too, "on asking for a toothpick the landlady hunted out her dear departed husband's silver one for our use".

At York the mantelpiece was full of letters of welcome from young ladies anxious for fun and romance who were finishing their education, with whom one of us became better acquainted. The officer in question had lived sufficiently long among Spaniards to imbibe their romance and to get their swarthy complexion, of which he took such care that raids were made on his dressing table where Pomade Hongroise and other less useful compounds were flung out of the window". The same officer admitted to having evaded the gardener stationed on the roof with a blunderbus and to having made an entrance to the school. He was holding court with the young ladies in the hall when a teacher appeared carrying a candle/.....

who was very hospitable and friendly gave them a key to his private domain. A visit from the Queen of the Netherlands included a magnificent ball. "The Minuet in which the Duke danced was most graceful and stately. His movements reminded me of old Newton in those skating figures in Kensington Gardens when he appeared in evening dress with a silver skate in his buttonhole".

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He was one of four officers detailed to accompany the troops on their march south to York. They started out on a bright autumn morning and soon singers were called to the front. At length his turn came round. He explains that, while any interruption would disturb the thread when reciting English verse, he never had the slightest difficulty in Greek or Latin repetition, in fact he once gained a holiday for his school by reciting three hundred lines of Antigone. When he began to repeat the performance on the march, a voice behind called out "try back a note lower" at which he dried up completely and another officer was scarcely less successful. However, "the men were satisfied, we had done our best and those who could sing kept up the entertainment".

They passed through Ullswater and Keswick, where the old posting house, still had some old coaching port, where, too, "on asking for a toothpick the landlady hunted out her dear departed husband's silver one for our use".

At York the mantelpiece was full of letters of welcome from young ladies anxious for fun and romance who were finishing their education, with whom one of us became better acquainted. The officer in question had lived sufficiently long among Spaniards to imbibe their romance and to get their swarthy complexion, of which he took such care that raids were made on his dressing table where Pomade Hongroise and other less useful compounds were flung out of the window". The same officer admitted to having evaded the gardener stationed on the roof with a blunderbus and to having made an entrance to the school. He was holding court with the young ladies in the hall when a teacher appeared carrying a candle/.....

a candle at the head of the stairs. With great presence of mind one girl crept noiselessly behind her and blew out the candle while the rest loudly averred they had heard strange noises and were searching for a burglar. "In the dark and confusion Don Juan made good his escape".

While at York the garrison seemed to have had a thoroughly enjoyable time. They were invited to the meets of five packs of hounds, the country was flat, the fields large, and the fences low quickset, in fact, a galloping country.

They duly called on the Archbishop whose predecessor, formerly Bishop of Carlisle, was something of a character. When asked to visit the remains of the Roman Wall, he replied "Show me the grouse and never mind the wall". It was he, too, who leaned out of his window crying "Tally-Ho" as the Bramham hunt went by.

Cattell's high church religious convictions were deep-seated and sincere and it is, indeed, surprising to read of two cavalry officers wandering around York Minster when one of them suddenly falls on his knees and asks Our Lady to arrange for friends in Scotland whom he had only left a few weeks before to pay him a social visit. Here is the story in his own words:

> Strolling through the Minster one afternoon with a comrade, I felt impressed to kneel before an Altar to Our Lady and pray that I might see my old Scottish friends again. It was a momentary impulse and not a right subject for prayer, yet one of the next posts brought a letter from Mrs. J.W. that H wanted a change and they would come down to York and that I must look out for rooms. It seemed to me an immediate answer to prayer which deepened my devotion to the Blessed Virgin.

A few paragraphs later he writes: "The city society was a clique and to us the Cathedral was a convenient lounge for meeting people from the neighbourhood under pretence of listening to the anthems".

After the visit, his Scottish friends took him back with them for a short holiday. Here he got into serious trouble as one Sunday afternoon he sat down at the piano and played Gregorian chants. His hostess came in to complain that her housekeeper "objected to music on the Sabbath". His host told him of a local lad who was out walking one Sunday with his lassie through the fields when he suddenly kissed her and whistled in triumph. He was promptly and curtly rebuked: "An

y whustle/.....

ye whustle Sandy I'll no let ye do yon again!" The pin pricks of beaurocracy were not unknown in mid-Victorian days for when he was ordered north to examine a pensioner, he found on arrival that his patient lived nine miles from the station. After lunching off bread and cheese he took a trap to take him to his destination. The result was that he arrived back late for mess and ordered a special dinner. Here are his reactions:

My travelling claim was queried at the War Office by some intelligent clerk who wished to know why I had not taken a cab, there was another query about lunch and the extra charge for dinner was struck out. The paymaster, after a reiterated correspondence, handed it over to the C.O., who ultimately obtained a portion of the claim. But the amount of foolscap would have made headgear for the whole staff at the War Office. Since then I have heard of a claim for something at Bushire which could not be entertained on the ground that a claim for 'BUS HIRE' was inadmissable!"

When he was asked to volunteer for India in 1857 he was placed in a serious dilemma. He was most anxious to see more active service but felt he owed a debt to the regiment in which he was commissioned and who had treated him so well. The Colonel asked that he might be seconded for active service which would mean he would rejoin when the fighting was over. This was refused and he finally followed his Colonel's advice and declined. He took this as a high compliment but afterwards bitterly regretted it, as it meant that regimental medical duty might devolve on those who "had not sufficient interest to get to the front with every little expedition", surely something of an understatement for the Indian Mutiny!

The regiment next moved from York to Lancashire. The headquarters was at Manchester while Cattell accompanied a detachment to Burnley where it relieved two companies of the Fermanagh Militia, who, in turn, had replaced another Irish regiment which had proved "too larty" for Lancashire tastes.

During the take-over they shared the barracks with the militia, who before their departure, entertained them "More Hibernico" with liberal supplies of whisky. The next night they returned the

compliment/.....

compliment with plenty of champagne.

The barracks were old, dirty and dingy, and having little to do, the officers painted and decorated their rooms to their own tastes only to find that, on their departure, they were "surcharged for a fresh coat of paint of the regulation drab".

When Cattell had finished washing down his quarter, there remained a large stain on the floor which, even with the aid of muriatic acid they could not remove. Some nights later, after a quiet musical evening at a friend's house he retired to bed at about eleven o'clock only to be disturbed by a footstep pacing overhead and, in his dream, he saw a face 'in medallion' protruding from the wall which he strove, without success, to hammer in with the poker. Unable to sleep he placed a cross, made out of oak from Queen Mary's chamber at Lochleven, on a chair at his bedside and illuminated it with a pair of candles. This proved effective until two brother officers, seeing the light, burst into the room. Cattell asked them why his friend 'Scissors' who occupied the room above had been keeping him awake by pacing up and down. They replied: "He is snoring, retired hours ago. Come out, there is a woman in the passage, we heard her voice, came down and, seeing your light, want you to help search". The servants were roused and the guard turned out but nothing was found.

The next night he was in his room with a friend and they again heard the woman's step coming down the passage "Now we have her!" they cried, flung open the door only to find nobody there. Again the guard and mess staff were turned out to search and again nobody was found, though a thorough search of the servant's quarters was carried out.

The Barrack Sergeant now tried to explain the mystery. In 1841 the 60th Rifles were quartered here and a pretty girl was employed in the kitchen. The Mess President, Captain O'Grady, who then occupied my room was thought to be too often in the kitchen and the Messman became jealous. One night O'Grady entered the kitchen and was pursued by the Messman who stabbed him near his own door. At this moment the girl appeared; coming along the passage, the Messman strode over the body of O'Grady and dealt her, too, a mortal blow. Some officers, rushing out of the ante-room with swords stabbed the man and the captain lay all night in his room, his blood staining the flooring.

The bodies/....

The bodies were buried in Holy Trinity churchyard.

This was interesting and, on the first available night R. and I emitted the events which occurred at 12.30 a.m. Again there was the usual search with no result. Several times this process was repeated till the guards and servants wearied and our evenings at home grew seldom.

A curious facet in the complex character of this hard riding cavalry doctor is his obsession with the supernatural and the occult. When mesmerism became the vogue in 1845 (he would have been 17 at the time) he experimented on his powers of imagination;

"In bed one night I determined to raise the devil in the shape of a hugh monkey in a red jacket, who soon appeared at the foot of the bed but so distinct that he persisted standing there though I tried to make him disappear. In fact the apparition my will had conjured up persisted in evidence in spite of all my will power which was, no doubt, already weakened in the first effort. So it stood there in mockery till at last I fell asleep. Now there was nothing there as a camera would have demonstrated had it been known."

He tells how, urged on by his brother officers, he tried experiments at the expense of one of the servants at the small hotel at which they messed. When she came into the room he suggested that the spoon she carried was red hot whereat she dropped it "amid roars of laughter".

After a few more experiments, instead of ringing, I attempted to summon her by will, and, for a few times she came. Then she grew restive and would exclaim 'HE'S CALLING ME AGAIN !' and retreated into the cool cellar.

He apparently discovered this strange power when he was a student and used to attend seances on Sunday afternoons amid an odd collection of celebrities which included Prince Louis Napoleon, a French general and many French refugees. There the operator would form some statuesque picture in his mind, say, Ajax defying the lightning, write it on a piece of paper and hide it from view and the subject would gradually assume the pose suggested and remain a rigid and pallid statue with "the eyes open but the aspect was death-like".

In the early days of their stay there was little fraternisation with the Lancashire folk apart from the "County", however, the ice

was finally/....

was finally broken when the cotton spinners, headed by one known as "old Stink-o'Brass", invited them to a ball. It appears to have been something of an evening!

As the guests were retiring they asked us to a private supper at which, after much champagne, punch began to flow and, as the intention was evidently to make a night of it, we went home but only just arrived as the men were turning out for stables. The morning was bright and someone suggested that it was a shame to go to bed. So we ordered our horses, changed clothes, and riding past the house gave a shilloo for good morning. The old coachmen appeared at the door with a tankard of champagne but we rode on to Harley and, after breakfasting, came back to mid-day stables.

One peculiarity of these Lancashire towns is that, on riding through the streets, a mill hand will touch the gold lace on our overalls and, calling attention to it cry "Look here lads! we pays for this!"

His old chief, Scarlett visited the regiment again and told how, many years before, they had been sent to Burnley to deal with disturbances among the unemployed. They were met by a local J.P., John Greenwood, who rode with the C.O. at the head of the regiment through the crowded streets. But the mill hands so fraternised with the "Fifth" that they had to be replaced by another regiment.

The regiment was then ordered South to Aldershot, but before accompanying them let us look in for a last visit to the mess where:

After fine sport on the moors, especially when grouse driving began, Cocky Hay turned up in patent leather boots, to the general amazement and such personal discomfort that it was the first and only time. In the evening "Scissors" went fast asleep in the billiard room and could not be aroused. Sir William, an old "Death or Glory" boy exploded some gunpowder under his chair which thoroughly lifted him.

The march South lay through Lichfield, Woodstock, Blenheim, Oxford and Abingdon, and, on arrival at North Camp they found themselves next to the 2nd Life Guards, for when Aldershot was a desert. Here he made friends with Frank Buckland, the son of the Dean, who was something of a naturalist and was working for the newly established paper "The Field". One day he received a dead water rat cut through by a mower so far from water as to make it a curiosity. "This he hung up among his

clothes"....

clothes, with similar curios. "In the hot weather it became odoriferous, but Buckland's sense of smell was subordinate to his love of animals of whatever kind, usually the ones we avoid."

Buckland's eccentricities were probably inherited as his father, the Dean, who was the author of the Bridgewater Treatise on Geology, and was in the habit of inviting the leaders of Science and Literature to dine, these included Lyell, Herschell, Farraday, Liebig, Agassiz, Ruskin, Brougham etc. He regaled them on a series of succulent and exotic dishes, the ingredients of which were not made known until the end of the meal.

History does not record the feelings of the distinguished guests when they learned that they had been partaking of "puppies and mice, tortoises and rats, varied with potted ostrich and pickled horse, frogs and the succulent snail."

It is rumoured that within the body of the Dean in his grave at Islip lies the heart of King Louis XIV. The heart was dry and shrivelled about the size of a plum, and was being handed round the dinner table for inspection at one of these odd dinner parties when the Dean absent-mindedly popped it into his mouth and swallowed it!

A few extracts from the memoirs help to give us a picture of life in the early days of Aldershot Garrison.

We spent a short time in a picturesque camp on Cove Common, opposite the Queen's Hotel, where the abundant seedling fir trees rendered a formal pitching of tents impossible. Visitors from Town were numerous as were the luncheons, which to myself, as mess president were especially enjoyable. The Queen in scarlet was present at one of the field days, when a gunner met with an accident in passing and I was sent to see him. Then we went into the S. Barracks for the winter. The ground in our front was part of the old heath skirting the road to Portsmouth, once infested with highwaymen.

Above us frowns Caesar's Camp dominating the long valley of sand, which, after field days, we are gradually bringing away. This is supposed to have been a refuge on the borders of the Riqui and the Belgei. There is another in the neighbourhood of Sandhurst between the Bibroci and Atrebatii, for these camps generally seem to be placed on the borders of adjoining tribes.

Another subject/....

Another subject which interested Buckland and myself was the frequent drownings in the canal between the camps. Men, probably more or less drunk, forgot that the bridge was left open at night and, as there was no barrier walked straight into the water.

The two storied building in use as a hospital for cavalry since the camp was formed in April 1854 was once the manor house of the Tichborne family and then became the workhouse. It is still called the Union Hospital.

The Scalpeens opened an iron church outside our barracks with a good preacher and a choral service from the Book of Common Prayer. As the Church Service involved a long walk and, so they said, was not half as good such numbers of our men declared themselves as Scalpeens that the Assistant Adjutant General came down to enquire what it meant. At the next station the church was nearer and they reverted. One enthusiastic young gunner in the R.H.A. asked to change his religion to Roman Catholic so that he could go to early mass and have "a better chance with his 'arrses."

Round the fire, in the Mess room, was a table with a railway for decanters, and, over mulled claret with a suspicion of port, we discussed the day's hunting or harked back to the war. The livelier youngsters had a chase of their own - out through the window to the outer balcony down the pipes, round the basement and up the other side.

Before the war Loo was the invariable excitement after dinner, now whist is occasionally played. One evening some high points were introduced and, rubber after rubber, the game seemed interminable. Once or twice, I took a nap during the deal and to please my partner, returned to the table. Refreshed with anchovy paste and champagne we played through the night and, after 6 a.m. next morning I passed the sentry on my way home. It was a Sunday, so ashamed was I that I have never cared for cards since.

At a luncheon party one day a young officer in the R.H.A. maintained that mesmerism was humbug and offered himself for experiment.

Changing the conversation to divert attention, I soon fixed his left arm and the attitude of not being able to get the fork to his mouth was so ridiculous that it set the table on a roar under which he escaped to the ante-room and, from behind the Times, was fidgeting

and watching/....

and watching. But we were all laughing and, had I wished, I could have done nothing more then. Presently he disappeared beneath the gun tarpaulin and hid till I went away. It was some months before we met again in the road when he gave me a wide berth.

The story has a satisfactory sequel for they finally shook hands and became friends.

It was about this time that his Scottish friends introduced him to the use of planchette which wrote with a characteristic handwriting whenever his fingers were on the machine. He frequently went to planchette for advice in later years.

Like many young officers today, he occasionally lost the last train from Town.

Visits to Town generally involved our returning towards two o'clock in the guard's van of the "Cold Meat Train", as that which brought down bodies to Woking cemetary was called. We lay on straw, thoughtfully provided by the company and walked through the gloomy pinewoods from Farnborough in time for early parade.

When the summer field days were over, the regiment moved to Shorncliffe and Brighton, celebrating their departure with a farewell dinner in East Barracks "where the youngsters were in high spirits and the fun grew fast and furious and cushions were seized as missiles with much damage to the glass".

During their stay at Brighton Cattell's detachment was quartered in the Pavilion where he had a large room containing a piano, the scene of many extempore dances. Engagements came in fast and furious, so much so that he instituted a slate on which to keep his appointments. The social whirl, however, soon began to pall, "not that a dinner party with four dances to follow constituted enjoyment. We left the first with engagements unfulfilled and arrived at the next too late to select partners."

It was here that he was visited by a sombre figure in a frock coat whom he failed to recognise as his war-time batman Johnson. It will be recalled that his sister bought him out of the army on condition that he returned to his wife. He was now employed in a local gymnasium. Cattell met the wife at a sergeants' dance on Balaclava night and did not wonder that the union had become something of a trial.

As was to be/.....

As was to be expected, he has many stories to tell of the Prince Regent and Mrs. Fitzherbert and propounds an interesting theory as to the origin of the inordinately high collars and elaborate stocks which were still uncomfortably in evidence in the uniforms of the 1850's. Apparently, when the Regent came to Brighton for sea bathing in 1803 and 1804, he was suffering from enlarged submaxillary glands and adopted these complicated neck arrangements as a kind of camouflage which was faithfully copied by the young bloods of the day and survived in the army long after the fashion had been discarded by civilians.

Whilst at Brighton he met many of the great artistic, literary and musical figures of the day and prominent among his friends was a Russian who combined two large houses into one, gave enormous and elaborate parties, and kept an extensive and well-appointed stable in charge of a British captain solely for the benefit of his guests, for, he himself neither rode nor drove. He drank nothing but water and was engaged in "designing a new submarine to cross the Atlantic, a cigar boat, and was delighted to explain the details." It always gave him "great pleasure to dine with the elegant officers of your distinguished regiment". One cannot help wondering whether, somewhere in the Elysian Fields, he may not be looking with some misgiving on the vast shoals of these menacing "cigar boats" which the Russians are launching on a distracted world today.

Included among the many anecdotes of Brighton Society is the remark of the beautiful Lady Jersey who, arriving to find a church in Mayfair already full, murmured to her companion, Lady Clementine, "Never mind, dear, we have done the civil thing", and went home.

After another summer camp on Cove Common the regiment entrained for Ipswich in relief of the Tenth Royal Hussars who were destined for Ireland. From here he was ordered to London to take his promotion examination. The War Office refused to pay his expenses, as was done in the case of his brother officers. However, not wishing to be passed over, he made his own way and passed successfully.

He continued his experiments with planchette together with a kindred spirit, one of the masters at the local school in which they recognised the handwriting of the schoolmaster's brother who had been drowned at Eton.

During the winter/.....

During the winter there were readings by Charles Dickens "evidently he has great dramatic talents; to appreciate thoroughly some tragic passage as in Oliver Twist, you should hear him read it".

Cattell had, however, very little use for the Eastern Counties: "This part of the country seems to be the most ignorant and immoral we have yet experienced, and one great rendezvous of the devil-worde is the ritualistic church".

In the spring of 1859 the regiment was sent over the Dundalk, which had such a depressing effect on the Farrier Major that he blew his brains out. This led to some complications as the Irish Roman Catholics loudly protested against his being buried in consecrated ground.

In the barracks at Newry they were forcibly reminded of the grim tragedy which they had encountered in the mess at Burnley, for here, instead of blood stains, bullet marks were to be seen in the wall of a room in which a drama had been played nearly sixty years before. The barracks were then occupied by the 21st Foot and the senior captain, Boyd by name, had been superseded by Campbell of the 42nd Highlanders in virtue of a brevet majority. After dinner one night Boyd was tactless enough to suggest that Campbell had given an incorrect order. An angry altercation followed during which the other officers in the mess left to go to the play.

Exasperated at what he considered a professional insult and flushed with wine, Campbell went off to have a cup of tea with his wife. Returning to the mess room he found Boyd just leaving. Shortly after Boyd was sent for and found Campbell waiting for him with a couple of loaded pistols. The former protested that witnesses must be present but Campbell would not wait; two shots rang out and the mess waiter entered to find Boyd with a bullet wound in his belly and upbraiding his antagonist for having "hurried to fight him without friends". In a frenzy of remorse, Campbell, who by then had been joined by his wife, went on his knees and begged for pardon averring "everything was fair". With his dying breath Boyd whispered "you are a bad man, you hurried me".

For some weeks Campbell was concealed among his wife's relations but was ultimately arrested, and brought to trial at Armagh on a charge of murder in August 1860 and sentenced to be hanged. A temporary respite was ordered and Mrs. Campbell set out for London. A furious

gale/...

gale was blowing as she arrived in the pier at Dublin and a fishing boat was just managing to struggle in to the harbour. In spite of imminent danger the gallant crew re-embarked and struggled back to Holyhead through the blinding storm refusing any kind of reward. She made her way to Windsor where she arrived at 8 o'clock when the King was in bed. In spite of the sympathy of the Queen and the Prince of Wales, he was inexorable, and she sadly began her journey back to Ireland.

In the meantime the drama had been moving to its climax. Here is the closing scene:

The condemned man was carefully tended by an officer's wife, who, two nights before the execution, urged him to escape. As midnight struck he hinted that she should retire, and, as usual, accompanied her to the gate. The keeper was fast asleep and Campbell, saying it was a pity to disturb the poor fellow, took the keys up softly from the table and unlocked the outer wicket.

The officer's wife cried "This is the crisis, Campbell, the moment of escape - horses are in readiness". Putting his hand on her mouth the convict gently forced her out with "Hush! would you have me violate my word?" and, bidding her goodnight, carefully locked the gate and replaced the keys without waking the jailor, and retired.

On this last night the chaplain watched by his side but Campbell quietly slept. As it happened, the 42nd, with whom he had served in Egypt, were now in garrison, the same men whom he had led in a bayonet charge against the invincible Napoleon, and they formed the guard that witnessed the execution. When, at noon, Campbell appeared at the fatal door a yell of anguish passed along the ranks and every bonnet was removed. He, in turn, saluted them and addressed a few words to them in Gaelic; instantly every face was upturned to Heaven, every cheek bathed in tears and on every lip a prayer, and, as the board fell there burst forth a groan from the excited Highlanders that will never be forgotten.

During his stay in Ireland there is no mention of his military or medical duties. Much of his time seems to have been taken up with hunting, hilarious guest nights and hunt balls. There was no question of getting leave for a day's hunting. With the exception of the orderly officer nobody was allowed to remain in barracks when there was a meet

in the/....

in the neighbourhood.

All this was curiously intermingled with long discussions on spiritualism and theological dogma and researches into Irish history. A few items have been selected which help to show some light on life in the army in mid-Victorian days and to reveal something of the fascination of the authors complex personality.

The regiment subsequently moved to the Curragh where they lay next to the old Aldershot comrades, the Lancers. There was the usual guest night with much horse-play during which a newly joined young cornet was found to be highly susceptible to Cattell's mesmeric powers. A jug of water first became champagne, then liqueurs and was finally poured out as mayonnaise "then, as it was late we awakened him. A few years later he became a lunatic".

Planchette often proved an evening amusement which Tim, a mess waiter they had brought with them from Cashel, viewed with curiosity and awe from a safe distance behind his sideboard. One evening they induced him to write a single word on a piece of paper and to hide it from view, meanwhile at the other end of the room they got busy with Planchette. After several attempts it traced the word "AMEN" in bold letters. Tim was called over and, seeing what was written dropped his paper and, rushing downstairs in tears exclaimed "They have seven devils upstairs". On opening the paper he had dropped he was found to have written "AMEN" and, furthermore, Planchette had reproduced his lettering in exact facsimile.

A few days later Cattell and his friend Gist were sitting down to Planchette when Tim came in to say that the youngest girl of the house had lost a brooch in the field and they asked Planchette to help. The answer came "I know where it is but will not tell unless the owner puts her hand on me". As luck would have it the young woman happened to pass shortly after. She was called in and placed her hand on Planchette which immediately wrote "In the nursery". She protested that there was no such room in the house but again Planchette repeated the same phrase. It was then remembered that one of the rooms had, indeed, been used as a nursery in the past. Cattell drew a rough diagram of the room and Planchette indicated the spot where the brooch was to be found. After a search the brooch was found on the wainscot edge between the wardrobe

and the fireplace/...

and the fireplace, the exact spot indicated on the diagram. It had not been lost in the field but had fallen from the cloak when being put away. Cattell remarks: "The affair caused a sensation and the priests asked us not to continue such experiments. But the touch of the owner was essential to finding the brooch though she herself had forgotten and neither Gist nor myself could know. I only relate, but cannot explain, but there seem to be some forces in Nature we do not realise, much less understand."

Thus the Irish tour of duty passed pleasantly enough in dancing, hunting and occasional visits to London. Horses were easy to come by, sometimes bought from the local priest who had received the animal as a thank offering from his flock. He hunted with the Ward Union and occasionally with the Meath and remembers happy early mornings cub hunting "learning to creep cat-like over the huge banks", mornings when "innate love of sport would bring men from what they euphemistically called 'work' with a'show us a leap, your honour' and, leading the way to some stiffish jump expected you to oblige them by putting your tired mount at it."

There are many hints of the grave political unrest of the period.

On one occasion Cattell sauntered into the market place with an orange coloured lily in his button hole only to be accosted by a priest who implored him to put the noxious emblem into his pocket or the consequences might be disastrous. There were worse rumours, too, of incipient Fenianism and stories of midnight drills by the Fenians on a neighbouring hill. Even in the hunting field men were pointed out who had been implicated in murder, nine murders had recently taken place in the district.

He gives several glimpses of the distressful state of the country, the churches without pews or seats where the impoverished congregation knelt on the muddy floor, the streets ankle deep in mud which, when going to a dance, plastered the legs with mud so that one had to undergo considerable grooming before going on to meet "the bevy of bright girls from the land of the Blazers and Blakes." All this, however, did not detract from the success of such gala occasions as the great costume ball and great was Cattell's embarrassment when passing the sentry and walking across the square in broad daylight dressed as an ancient Greek.

It would be wrong to conclude this Irish interlude without including a quotation which reflects the serious side of Cattell's character.

Before/.....

Before leaving England I was cautioned by my clerical friends to look upon Ireland as a foreign country and attend the Roman Catholic services just as one would on the continent, for, although the Church of Ireland was united to the Anglican, it was heretical for certain reasons now forgotten (which reminds me of the notices I had seen on East End Churches in want of a curate 'No Irish need apply'). It did not occur to me that communion with a heretical body was impossible without defilement. After Mass I took coffee with Father Anderton, who, with his Anglican experience could have smoothed many difficulties but he told me that my religion was of the head, but that he would always remember me in the Mass.

At this time my leisure was spent over translating portions of the Greek Horologion, and in compiling a manual for Sojourners in the Anglican Communion, by a medley of Catholic and Greek prayers, till it became a question of what to omit, or where to draw the distinctive line - a question I dare not assume to decide. Should we not follow St. Jerome in translating 'Gratia plena' 'Full of grace' and not the unmeaning 'highly favoured'? ... Miss P. had lately been disturbed by Colenso's raid on the Pentateuch and had written to me. Through collecting the best critical comments I was fortunately able to show what fallacies underlay his argument.

It was an age when even soldiers and masters of foxhounds would embellish their after dinner speeches with classical quotations:

Towards the end of the season the Tipperary foxhounds had a meet in barracks and were put up the previous evening. The Master's name was Going, and Hallett from the R.A. at Clonmel in proposing his health made an apt quotation from Virgil suggesting that his motto should be 'Vires acquirit eundo' - rather good for a gunner! Excusable in days when 'pro aris et focus' was translated as 'for hares and foxes!'

The hours grew late and passed merrily, sparkling with humour and song, and one, at least, on his way to his quarters was found on the ground persisting that he was in bed.

It was during an inspection by the Inspector General of Cavalry in April 1864 that an orderly rode out with a copy of the Gazette announcing Cattell's promotion to Surgeon to the Forces. The General suspecting some casualty, halted the troops and when he heard the news, surprisingly enough, declared the inspection over and ordered the troops back to barracks.

So ended/....

So ended ten years' happy association with the regiment with which he had faced so many dangers and vicissitudes. When lunch was over a disconsolate Cattell, feeling "a fish out of water" gloomily took his seat among the spectators to watch the afternoon's foot drill. His great friend, Scarlett, now Adjutant General did his best to get him another cavalry posting but without success. The Director General of Medical Services wrote "I am glad to get so creditable account of Mr. Cattell from you and regret I could not nominate him to a cavalry regiment at home or in India without doing great injustice to the Surgeons who are senior to him in the Service."

The following day he received orders for the Cape where a Kaffir rising was expected.

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CHAPTER 5

SOUTH AFRICA - MARRIAGE - MAURITIUS AND HOME -

He managed to pay a hurried visit to friends in Burnley (where he helped to decorate Holy Trinity Church in preparation for a wedding) and set off for Plymouth on August 5th, 1864, to embark on the Union Mail Steamer 'Cambrian'.

The voyage was uneventful. He was kept busy looking after a young man suffering from cardiac dropsy who unfortunately died on board. As corpses on shipboard were not popular, with the aid of the ship's surgeon, they secretly doubled the body up, pushed it into an empty wine cask and landed it at Capetown.

Here Cattell transhipped into a coasting vessel, steamed past Danger Point, the scene of the loss of the Birkenhead, and finally disembarked at Port Elizabeth. Here, after the party had been carried ashore through the surf on the backs of Zulus, they were accommodated in barracks by a detachment of the 96th. Here too, he bought a horse and went on his way up to Grahamstown where he reported to Lawson, the P.M.O., and an old Crimean comrade. He spent some time in the office, learning much about the manners and customs of the country from a knowledgeable purveyor.

At length he reached his destination at Fort Beaufort. A detachment of the 96th welcomed him on arrival. As he was no longer a regimental medical officer he did not live in the mess but settled down in a small cottage and engaged a Hottentot servant to look after him.

To his intense surprise he found himself looked upon by the little community as an expert on croquet! As a hard riding, hunting and racing man he had always looked upon the game with profound contempt. However, always a good mixer, he went down to Port Elizabeth for what he called the "necessary implements", levelled a piece of ground near the Officer's Mess and found himself duly elected President of the Croquet Club!

He also organised race meetings and appeared with great success as a brigand in amateur theatricals. He seems to have settled down to a pleasant bachelor existence in his little cottage of three rooms and a kitchen, working in the garden, building a hide from which he could

observe/.....

observe (and record at great length) local animal life, and giving tea parties which became a prominent feature of life in the garrison, especially when he produced his silver tea set which had been knocked down to him by mistake at an auction where he had been chaffed into bidding 'just for fun'.

In due course the 96th were relieved by the 99th, the Major of whom seems to have been something of an eccentric.

He came in with so much side on, and so smart with button-hole and kid gloves and beaver billycock which he kept diligently smoothing, that C - H, one of the relieved, watching his opportunity, when the hat had at length been deposited on the couch behind him, contrived to be pushed back and sat upon it mid general laughter. The Major smothered his vexation and took the 'accident' very well.

In the meantime ructions had been taking place in Natal which resulted in the S.N.O. being sent home and Cattell was ordered to take his place.

A farewell group of the croquet club was photoed and presented to me with regret at my resignation and departure 'We have felt it throughout to have been an honour to have been presided over by you, and kindly and gratefully will you be remembered by each and all of us, for the unwearied kindness with which you have, from the first worked for our pleasure'. (He then adds, somewhat inconsequently) "Of the signatures one was of a captain afterwards employed on a tram service in London. A daughter of the magistrates' married a doctor who came home one night maddened with drink, and drove his amputating knife through her body and the bedclothes."

He had been warned that one of the officers of the unit at Durban, then on sick leave, was reputed somewhat demented. The major in question on his return seemed to be well posted in regimental affairs and conversed freely and sensibly. However, his peculiarities became manifest when, fish being served at dinner, he carefully removed the eyes and put them in his pocket. Furthermore in his room at the club strings of onions and refuse of all kinds were hanging about and the odour was very mixed.

After a long and lurid descriptions of the Zulu Wars of the 1830's and 40's, Cattell tells of his arrival at Pietermaritzberg where he was welcomed by the Governor who gave a ball in his honour and where

the Chief Justice/....

the Chief Justice went about in the broadest and loudest of plaids.

It was about this time (1865) that the death occurred of the notorious James Barry. This is what Cattell has to say on the subject:

The Colonial Secretary, Erskine, is immensely interested in the story of Dr. Barry, late P.M.O. at Malta, whose recent death revealed him to be a woman, whom he had known at Capetown, here as Staff Surgeon he attended Lord Charles Somerset, and enjoyed the reputation of being a skilful physician; here he fought a duel. Beardless, with high cheek bones and marked physiognomy, of quarrelsome disposition, he seemed constantly to be striving to overcome an effeminacy of manner, which, however, never betrayed him. For frequent breaches of discipline, he, more than once, was sent home under escort; but the offence was condoned at Headquarters for, at the time, he was credited with being the offspring of a Scottish peer. Entering as Hospital Assistant in 1813 Barry became Inspector General in December 1858 and served at Malta and Montreal. He is declared to have been Joan Fitzroy, child of the Prince Regent, afterwards George IV, who, for shame, decided to disguise her sex as James Barry, and took his degree at Edinburgh. He made love to a handsome Dutch girl of whom another officer (Mannering) was enamoured, and won her affection. They taunted Mannering who flung a tumbler of wine in his face. The duel followed in which Barry allowed himself to be slightly wounded. The next day he told Mannering he had never really loved the girl, the latter ultimately married. On another occasion he was actually accosted by an officer with whom he was riding, 'By the Powers you look more like a woman than a man'. For which Barry struck him a savage cut across the face with his whip, and his appeal for redress resulted in his transference to Tristan d'Acunha; powerful influence was ever at Barry's back. When at Montreal he medically passed my brother on transfer to the Commissariat. Here he sported a large silk bow on the breast of his uniform frock coat, wore dandified boots of patent leather, and long fingered white gloves. He always appeared in a long curly chestnut wig. Only at his death in July 1865 was he discovered to be a woman, though for so many years unsuspected by his own servant.

Cattell, as a churchwarden and Sunday School teacher in Pietermaritzburg, became heavily involved in the controversies

associated/....

associated with the name of the Bishop of Colenso. Bishop Twells, who was one of the Provincial Bishops who had condemned Colenso for ritualism was tactless enough to call at Pietermaritzburg on his way to the Lambeth conference. The Colenso party accordingly locked and bolted the Church during his visit. The Sheriff, though a Colenso-ite as part of his duties tried to effect an entrance was greeted with wet mops and a party of blacksmiths finally broke in with the aid of sledge hammers. Inside the church was chaos with benches and empty beer bottles strewn about.

It is difficult to understand the intense heat generated by these quarrels over dogma and ritual in different sections of the Church of England. The whole matter is argued at length by Cattell. Things reached such a pitch that when the usual banquet was being arranged for the Queen's birthday the Executive Council met to decide whether the Bishop should say Grace. When it was decided that he should follow the usual custom the Dean and his followers remained outside until Grace had been said.

Late in 1866 he became engaged to Miss Caroline Pickering Goodricke, the daughter of a member of the Council, and a cousin of Sir Harry Goodricke one of the very early settlers in Natal. She was duly warned of the life in store for her as Cattell quotes Lady Lawrence's lines:

"Oh! wilt thou be a soldier's bride
Girl of the sunny brow,
Then sit thee down and count the cost
Before thou take the vow".

The wedding on 24th January 1867 was an impressive affair, the streets were crowded and the church full to overflowing, H.E. the Governor and the Secretary for Native Affairs being among the guests. One cannot help thinking that the hilarity of the pre-wedding bachelor party must have been somewhat restrained owing to the fact that the proceedings were watched through the window by a bevy of young ladies! His feelings at the reception must have been shared by generation of bridegrooms - "On no occasion is a man so utterly out of it as on his wedding day".

They started their honeymoon in magnificent style, in a carriage drawn by a team of four horses, which ignominiously got stuck in a sandy patch in Church Road and from which the Mayor and other guests

helped/....

helped to extricate them. Once clear the team broke into a gallop and they arrived at Redcliffe, a plantation some twenty miles from Pietermaritzberg, where they were to spend their honeymoon. This belonged to a friend of his wife's family. His disappointment that it possessed neither piano nor library was compensated for by the glorious gardens and plantations. The happy couple spent idyllic days sipping delicious granadillas to which, having cut off the top, they added a few drops of white wine.

The fact that the place was infested by many varieties of snakes proved an additional attraction for Cattell, an enthusiasm which was not shared by his wife who viewed the whole business with fear and detestation.

The honeymoon over, the newly married couple settled down and buried themselves with the house and garden. Life however, was not without incident. There was the case of his father-in-law's Newfoundland who had the extraordinary habit of pursuing pigs, biting off their tails and laying them in triumph at his mistress's feet, on one occasion crashing through the French window in the process. Shortly after their arrival, too, they were amazed to see a man standing stark naked in the darkness, his body streaming with blood and water who "seemed like a body on which there had that morning been an autopsy". He proved to be an escaped lunatic from a neighbouring asylum who was hotly followed and speedily captured.

The livestock included an enormous cat which came from China, a collection of canaries on which Cattell practised mesmeric powers "Transfixed by a steady gaze you could take them out and toss them across the room like a ball" and a musical duck which used to settle down by the pedals whenever the piano was played. A duck pond was installed and, once again the celebrated croquet parties were organised.

He soon received the news that the transport bringing the new regiment, the 2/XX had been sighted and hurried to meet them. This regiment had recently served in Japan and was the first to drill the local army in European methods. It is surprising to learn that as recently as 1864 the Japanese appeared in a review at Yokohama clad in chain armour and armed with bows and arrows.

The arrival of the new Commanding Officer was awaited with some

trepidation/....

trepidation. He had, in fact, court marshalled his previous medical officer no less than three times, each time without success. However, on first acquaintance he appeared "considerate and thoughtful". He at once put a stop to Cattell's appearances on the amateur stage as being below the dignity of a medical officer. He further insisted on taking his wife around all the married quarters where they found fault with everything including the bedding. However, there were some compensations, for when Cattell appeared on a board on band instruments, his musical talent was discovered and he was at once made band president and received the Colonel's congratulations when he conducted his own composition "Valse Immorata".

It was about this time that the Governor, Cattell's friend Bissett, was posted to St. Helena and the energetic Colonel of the XXth took temporary charge. He at once made his presence felt:

There were frequent marchings out, sometimes for the whole day, invariably to return through a sprint, though he was shy of exposing the men to rain. Never out of uniform he loved the barrack square, and among the men he was not unpopular. Midnight alarms startled the slumbering town, the sudden boom of a gun summoned everyone to his post; mid the general illumination the Colonel went round the inspected and, after an hour, we returned to bed and the townsfolk, who a few years ago were depressed to panic by hammering of harmless rivets in daylight, grew tolerant of alarms.

When taking over his temporary appointment, instead of letting the Major take over the wing, he held both appointments, crossing over to the Garrison Office to reply to his own letters and even to administer a rebuke to himself as Commanding the Battalion, which kept the clerks employed and Fort Napier amused.

Some of the Station gossip seems strangely up-to-date today. There was, for example, the honey-tongued visitor from Olympus who arrived, full of bonhomie and departed leaving a legacy of diminished establishments and reduced allowances:

A Control Officer has paid us an ominous visit and was received with the usual welcome, albeit there were rumours that his mandate for retrenching leaves an unfavourable impression. He made himself very

agreeable/....

agreeable and departed in a halo of good fellowship. Presently, however, we found our Colonial allowance cut down by one half, others curtailed and, worst of all, forage restricted to field officers, and staff subalterns who cannot live within a mile of the Fort must, therefore, in future walk. The loss of so many Jats also materially interfered with our social functions, especially picnics.

One reads of the inevitable pin pricks which happen when a "difficult" C.O. takes over. There was the perennial wrangle about troops bringing their arms to hospital, about his treating private patients in his spare time and about his entitlement to issue licences to civil practitioners in his capacity as Senior Medical Officer, a duty which had been placed upon him by the Governor and was fiercely resented by his C.O.

Finally the day arrived when the battalion was ordered to Mauritius. All the horses were left behind, and the wife and two little girls went to Durban.

In June 1870 the Battalion left for Mauritius. The embarkation was marked by a curious incident for the officer who had been doing the duties of Garrison Adjutant was nowhere to be found. On arriving at the wharf he had turned his horse's head round and had ridden back to inform the new C.O., apparently quite incorrectly, that the appointment of Garrison Adjutant was not one which he could fill locally with one of his own officers. The matter was referred to the Cape but before an answer was received the enterprising Adjutant had disappeared up country to a spot where he had previously found diamonds. He was never heard of again.

During the voyage two children among the military families were found to be suffering from measles and were isolated in a deck cabin with a sentry posted on the door. On arrival, in the general confusion occasioned by the visit of the Health Officer, the sick children, in their mothers' arms were found among the crowd. As a consequence, all the families were sent to a special quarantine station while the regiment was isolated on the Isle de Tormeliere. The Colonel stationed a sentry on the landing stage with strict instructions that there was to be no landing on the quarantine station. One of the first officers wishing to go ashore was the captain of the ship who brushed past the

sentry/....

sentry which led to a good deal of unpleasantness.

It was not long before another difficult situation arose. A highly official document was handed direct to Cattell in the name of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, appointing him Acting Surgeon Superintendent of the temporary quarantine station, which gave him authority over the area. In the meantime, the Colonel who knew nothing of this was pulling all the strings with higher authority to get the quarantine lifted. Cattell and the Health Officer shouted reports at each other daily across a neutral zone of 200 yards and finally decided to give the "All Clear" to the Battalion and another awkward situation arose when the Colonel demanded to know by whose authority his yellow quarantine flag had been struck.

The Cattell family soon settled down in their new surroundings. The small three roomed house by the good offices of the C.R.E. was expanded to include a dining room, study, bathing pool and a herbarium for his botanical specimens.

The situation does not seem to have been a happy one as the temperamental colonel grew more and more difficult, making matters much worse by officially reporting the ship's captain for the serious offence of forcing a sentry. Things came to such a pitch that every inducement was tried to get him to go home for a period of leave, this he stubbornly refused to do. An opportunity then arose for him to take a sea voyage to the Cape and back in a ship taking troops. This also he refused as the O.C. Troops was only a major. Finally Cattell firmly said he would not be responsible for his life if he stayed and he was induced to go home overland by Messageries Maritime. Immediately on arrival he wrote an indignant letter accusing Cattell for keeping him too long abroad!

The family had been detained in the families quarantine camp and his only contact was a weekly visit during which he was not allowed to approach nearer than 200 yards.

As there appeared to be no prospect of release except through incubation, infected clothing was freely thrown over the rails from one compound to another. Yet some children seemed measles proof, my own included. At last the order came for their discharge and I

drove/....

drove over for them; but the superintendent, in passing them out detected a weeping in the eldest's eyes and they were put back. They had been four and a half months there and my little baby girl was very uncertain in her recognition of me and sat shyly on my knee with averted head.

In spite of the separation the months passed pleasantly enough for the grass widower with fishing and shooting parties, picnics and long excursions studying animal and plant life, his greatest disappointment being his inability to run any snakes to earth.

At length the day came when they embarked for home on the transport 'Tamar'. After an uneventful voyage they were met at Queenstown by their former Colonel, who had now fully recovered, though he seems to have retained some of his eccentricities, for, when they arrived at Buttevant he turned up some old orders dating from Pendan days and promptly put them into operation. All gates were closed, guards doubled and even the Resident Magistrate was refused admission.

Throughout all his memoirs, Cattell is curiously reticent about his professional work. It is clear however, that he was both a proficient and a popular practitioner and he quotes several letters paying tribute to his kindly care and professional skill. During his nine years abroad he had gained much experience especially in tropical medicine and operative surgery. He was anxious to bring himself up to date and started on a short refresher course at Netley where he met several old friends. It was while he was on the course that, to his great delight, he learned that he was being posted once again to the cavalry. In spite of their frequent differences his former Colonel was very averse to letting him go, however, he took it all in good part and the following appeared in Battalion Orders of 15th December, 1872:

> "Surgeon Cattell having left the Battalion on appointment to the 10th Hussars, the Commanding Officer has a most agreeable duty to discharge in acknowledging the assistance and advice he has at all times received from him during his service as Surgeon of this Battalion, and in assuring him that he carries with him to his new Regiment, the good wishes of all ranks of the 20th".
>
> By Order
> Walter Randolph, Lt.,
> Asst. Adj. 2/XX Regt.

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CHAPTER 6

INDIA - VISIT OF PRINCE OF WALES - SECOND AFGHAN WAR - KABUL RIVER DISASTER - "THE DEATH MARCH"

From Netley, Cattell moved up to Colchester to take up his new appointment with the X Royal Hussars. He had been assured that the unpopular "unification scheme of the Medical Services" was not to take place for another four years, and, after the usual round of guests nights, including a farewell dinner with the Prince of Wales at Marlborough House, he entrained with his regiment for embarkation on January 9th, 1873.

He has little to tell of interest during the voyage beyond the usual travellers' tales of the history of Malta and the wildly gesticulating crowds and the gambling dens of Port Said.

The passage through the canal was then something of a novelty as it had only been completed three years previously.

On arrival at Bombay they were met by a "magnificently dressed Oriental" from Muttra and, to his surprise, within a few moments he found himself master of a complete retinue of servants, Kitmagar, Dhobie, Bheestie, Ayahs, Kansamah, Mahli, Chowkidar, Syce, etc., etc., etc.

Cattell was delighted with his new surroundings at Muttra. For the benefit of his grandchildren he describes in minute detail the lay-out of the cantonment and his bungalow, the disposal of his numerous staff with the dhirzi squatting on the verandah, the punkah-wallah connected to the drawing room with a cord which could be jerked to bring him back to consciousness should he fall into a doze and the chowkidar coughing and hawking his nocturnal way round the compound to assure his master of his watchful care.

The bungalow had previously been an officers' mess and Cattell looked forward to indulging his favourite hobby in the large garden. When he took up the garden tools, however, the mahli rushed up to relieve him of them, amazed and scandalised that a sahib should demean himself by engaging in manual labour. He was finally allowed to indulge his curious whim provided that he was always followed by the mahli's nymphs standing at his elbow ready to proffer the tool he required.

One of the many organisations he joined was the "Mutton Club" whose members maintained half a dozen sheep and, when a killing took place, the

members were/....

members were circulated and sent in their bids for the various joints "occasionally a heiffer would be led round, decorated with garlands for inspection, with a similar list of joints".

At this time he learned that, in spite of assurances to the contrary, medical officers were to be removed from regiments and transferred to the Medical Staff. In consequence of this, one of the M.O's on the station discarded his regimental uniform for that of the Staff, but Cattell was told by his C.O. to take no notice of the order and continued to be a Hussar, receiving the compliment of having the guard turned out once a day in his honour.

Once a week the medical officers met for Sunday dinner and for consultations on sanitary and professional matters.

From sanitation, conversation mostly drifted into religious argument, since this, like politics was excluded at Mess. My memory went back to the 'three decker', ten commandments on the East wall, the parson and clerk duet, village musicians in a gallery emblazoned with the arms to which each, having put his face into his hat for a moment on entering the pew, turned in supposed private prayer and the whole congregation faced when singing; the chancel blocked by comfortable rooms, high curtained with a good fire for the squires; the quarterly communions the only time this service was completed and at which the bulk of the congregation was dismissed; the hunting parson (the squire's illegitimate son) who, compelled to certain week-day services, put on the church clock and hastily donning a surplice over his red coat, rushed through the tiresome office in an empty church, whilst the beadle, having no little boys to smack, held his horse in the porch; the incumbent, who spent his time in the tuition of noblemen's sons, and left his people to the despised Methodists, reading learned discourses for nearly an hour at morning and afternoon services full of Hebrew roots, which none of his bucolic congregations could comprehend.

The family remained down in the plains during their first hot weather in India. He paints a vivid picture of the almost intolerable heat of the tropical night just before the rains.

All night long tom-toms are strumming in the bazaar, a monotonous rhythm soon got accustomed to, like the reverberation of London traffic, and the jackal cry comes from the distance like some weird wail, ending in a sudden yell. Then the hoarse cough of the chaukadar startles your

half slumber/....

half slumber with an occasional thud of his staff of office to tell you he is awake and watchful; again he clears his throat defiantly (this to marauders) and now you hear his tramp outside, he is on duty so you feel secure and try to sleep .... Escaping at last into the garden the stillness all around is impressive. Not a leaf is moving, there is not a breath in the air, which becomes stifling. Suddenly a lurid haze appears in the N.W. over the bazaar; it appears like a dark cloud and before it the birds are flying and darting about for shelter.

Today the solar topee is a thing of the past and is looked upon as a kind of blimpish joke, but tradition dies hard, and as recently as 1920's troops were instructed that to cross the compound without the sun helmet was to invite disaster and many old soldiers can remember seeing men playing hockey and football wearing that extra-ordinary and quite useless appendage known as the "spine pad". In fact things were very much the same as they had been fifty years before in Cattell's day. These are his views on the subject :

Most of our cases of sunstroke occurred on foot parades when standing in one position so that the ray strikes the same spot on the side of the head which is insufficiently covered by the present helmet. The puggri should loosely encircle the helmet like a turban, which experience has taught the natives to be the best head-gear, for it protects the temple where the skull is thinnest.

The blessed relief at the end of the hot weather is dramatically described in the following extracts:

Then at last came deliverance, suddenly the rains came. Tatties were removed and we rushed out into the downpour to find relief; for the hot weather has covered the skin, exhausted with perspiration, with prickly heat which the cooling rain instantly relieves. Doors are opened from dawn to night and the fresh, clean air let in. How green the trees have suddenly become and how joyous seem the birds! Soon the first deluge passes and nature puts on her gladdest aspect and how azure blue is the sky.

But with the rains comes a new terror - the flying bug, an odious insect that is attracted by the lamps and must be kept out by doors carefully closed before these are lighted. They communicate their disagreeable odour to whatever they touch and are most troublesome when

they get/....

they get entangled in your hair. All nature is alive and you can almost see the bamboos grow, frogs again enliven the night and insects of every kind abound.

Mosquitoes, as yet unsuspected criminals, whose hum is even more annoying than the bite, made things lively. Lace curtains were a protection provided that when you got into them they were uninhabited but one of these little pests, once inside, became a torment.

No one can conceive the charm of a moonlight night after the languor and heat of the day - after dinner debris are spread outside and here the evening often sees midnight and the glory of the heavens above.

As afternoon advanced our day re-commenced; polo and tea on the Mahdi's Tomb, driving or riding and visiting, entertaining callers with milk punch (called "tea") a much appreciated brew from fresh limes and commissariat rum, not yet infected with water down to proof. After recreation we returned to prepare for dinner; no trouble about the menu - Consarma is always ready with abundance. A guest is waited upon by his own servants and sometimes partakes of his own dinner.

With the cold weather the Garrison enjoyed wonderful shooting and pigsticking, they even imported a pack of hounds, which, however, did not prove an unqualified success.

In November the whole regiment left to attend the Viceroy's Durbar at Agra. Here they occupied a magnificent camp and plunged into an even more hectic social whirl of reviews, parades, polo matches, dinners, balls and amateur theatricals.

One hot weather in the plains had proved more than enough and in May they moved up to Mussuri.

Back again in Muttra, the young bloods of the regiment continued their somewhat elementary forms of humour. A civilian who habitually dined not wisely but too well, staggered out of the Mess, only to find the floor boards of his trap had been removed. The pony was started up and, after running some distance, he finally subsided, fortunately without injury.

Another guest, in a similar condition, groped his way in the darkness after Mess to his waiting trap, climbed in and took up the reins; much shouting and lashing of the whip followed but the turn-out remained stubbornly immoveable; which was not surprising as the subalterns had removed the horse and carefully harnessed the trap to a neighbouring tree

trunk/....

trunk - and the Mess who formed the spectators thoroughly enjoyed the fun.

Sometimes these post-prandial pranks took on an even more boisterous form.

One evening, sitting outside the mess after dinner, someone dropped the end of a cigarette and soon found his cotton covered grass chair ablaze. There was a general commotion and the one next to him threw his chair, which had also probably taken fire, on the top. The example proved contagious and, one by one, all our chairs were added to the blaze. Kerr, one of the seniors youthful as the youngest, thoroughly enjoyed the fun. Soon a rush was made for the mess room and the rest of the furniture was brought out just to keep the sport alive. It certainly was glorious fun, with enough laughter and mirth to re-invigorate us for a long while. By next evening the chairs were replaced; there was plenty of cupra in the bazaar and many dhurzies nimble fingers soon replaced the damage.

It is depressing to learn that the various Christian Communities were at loggerheads.

Of the residents in Muttra two of the four were Catholics. A European Missionary was living next to us and is supposed to be doing something, but what, not even the chaplain knew. So in this small community the Christians are in three separate antagonistic groups in the midst of a large Hindu and Mohammadan population who, despite their antagonism to each other, no longer active, are keenly observant of our behaviour. "Turn Christian" exclaimed an astonished Hindu, "there is no necessity, our religion embraces the best parts of Christianity and we carry important precepts into practice, while you are content with reading them in your sacred books; moreover, our Shastras tell us that every man is to revere his own religion".

Cattell himself was a regular church-goer and a Sunday School teacher. It is not surprising that he was shocked by the gyrations of the Nautch dance:

After dinner we were entertained by a Nautch dance. Heavily clad in long dresses almost touching the ground, in a semi-circle three girls postured, scarcely moving out of a square foot. It was neither artistic nor graceful as compared with the Minuet I had seen danced by the Duke of Athol at Hamilton Palace. It was stupidly barbaric and, as commonly supposed - immoral, but not to be compared to a girl in tights on our own

stage/.....

steps trying to elevate one foot as high as possible over her head.

Early in May, 1874, the spectre of cholera again began to raise it's ugly head among the native population within half a mile of the Barracks. Soon after an army child died within two hours in the Families' Hospital.

The very efficient sanitary officer held the view that the germ, a "fungoid growth" was carried by the water supply, and not, as often supposed by air currents. The milk supply was also suspect, which is not surprising as an unexpected raid revealed the unpleasant fact that the cows were being fed on stable litter and dung, thinly disguised under a layer of food. As the disease spread from village to village, in order to allay native apprehension, the guns were turned out to fire along the road towards the infected village in order to drive off the disease, a practice which Cattell deprecates as "a mischievous pandering to their ignorance."

When a farrier of the Hussars succumbed to the disease, one troop and some families moved about a mile away to higher and open ground. The Cattell family went there for a few days. On their return his infant son, left out in the heat by the ayah, died of heat apoplexy. But this was not the end of his troubles. A small pimple on the nape of his neck developped into a large and agressive carbuncle, and his C.O. Colonel Kerr, ordered the family to the hills at once.

From Ambalia he was carried by dhoolie to Kasauli. On the way there, however, they were met by a detachment of native lancers who told them that cholera had broken out in Simla and had spread down the dhoolie road as far as Kalka-Patti, where cholera corpses were lying by the roadside.

By this time Cattell was in very poor shape and, against the advice of his old friend Cranford, P.M.O. at Kasauli, he determined to press on to Simla. ~~By this time~~ He had had no sleep for seventy two hours and was running a temperature of over 102 degrees. They stayed in an excellent hotel, the Lovedale, just below Government House. Sulphur was kept fiercely burning in all the rooms, nearly choking the staff in the servants' quarters so thorough was the fumigation carried out there. In spite of this the Manager and two who had visited him were seized with the disease.

Complications now set in in the form of an intensely painful sub-periosteal abscess in the leg, and life was made more difficult by the visits of a Mrs. P., the wife of one of the residents who was so anxious about her husband's health that she came to him at all hours seeking advice

and consolation/....

and consolation. Furthermore she insisted in bringing specimens of his stools for inspection. On one of these occasions his faithful dog, keeping watch under the bed, nipped her shrewdly in the ankle with disastrous results on the hotel carpet! - altogether a trying experience for a man with a high temperature, a large open carbuncle on his neck and a leg doubled up with a periosteal abscess!

He was well looked after from Government House -

"Delicate hot eatable dainties, brought three times a day by servants preceded by a Grand Chupraasi with staff of office and belt in scarlet. As for stimulants, the stock of burgundy at the club, sparkling and dry, was exhausted; champagne and brandy and soda were used as a drink and without exhilaration. Every day an A.D.C. came to see what was needed and told me any rubber of the outer world, the progress of the cholera and the fancy dress ball so successful."

The abscess was duly opened in the presence of the P.M.O. and his secretary, the Viceroy's surgeon and the civil surgeon. Finally - "jerked by tremors beyond control, and too weak to bear an anaesthetic - which I would have scorned to take - revived by brandy, relief came".

After a long discussion on the aetiology of cholera he tells how he became convalescent, found kindred spirits who shared his enthusiasm for botany and was fit enough to be taken to the gymkhanas at Amandale.

At the end of September 1875 they returned to Muttra, Cattell was still not fit enough for the rough journey in a tonga and had to be carried in a dhoolie. Here they found the cholera still raging and had to move out to Jayt after which the regiment joined the Cavalry Brigade for manoeuvres at Delhi, where they participated in the welcome to the Prince of Wales.

The following extract gives some idea of the dazzling splendour of the occasion :

When the Prince arrived at the Durbar tent, in front of which waved the Royal Standard, his elephant faced round, then, in succession, 150 or more, filed in curved line before him carrying Rajahs and Chiefs who saluted as they passed.

First in precedence came the Khoondie, with footmen and horses, elephants and camels, javelins and banner men, guns, gold palanquins and bullock palkis, a great display of Indian magnificence. Next were

matchlock-/....

matchlocks and huge shakos, in ornaments of silver; princes and nobles on horseback, splendidly dressed, cavalry in white with kettledrum and yellow banner and lances with blue pennons, infantry in green with red turbans, splendid led horses magnificently caparisoned, then a gold palanquin with bodyguard in yellow.

After an advance guard in scarlet came two elephants in gold trappings - one bearing the Raja - between banners of gold, camels, twenty to fifty with blue and red housings, two brass guns each drawn by four bullocks. After each chief followed a cavalcade of led horses. Bikanir was remarkable for his camel guns and sowars in armour, elephants and armour covered horses steeped in henna with trappings of silver mail. There were horses in helmets of steel with shield of plate armour in front, bullock gharries with gorgeously canopied domes. Each chief was accompanied by the Resident in uniform, generally on the same elephant. Few had less than twenty elephants and as many led horses, from forty to fifty camels and at least a hundred each of cavalry and infantry, some thrice the number. The music was wild and discordant and altogether the whole varied procession seemed gorgeous and barbaric.

Enormous parties became the order of the day, the one at the Taj being attended by 7,000 guests mid whose vociferous cheers and lively music from the bands, rose, as if in solemn rebuke, the white arch, dome and cupola, towering heavenwards from the wordly display, above the lines of funeral cypresses, mournful sentinels on the tomb of Mumtaz-i-Mahal.

On January 28th, the Prince lunched in the Hussars Mess when Prince Louis, who was accompanying him upset a table of glasses and cut his hand severely. Cattell, who rendered first aid, was gratified at being referred to as the "young doctor", he must have been a well-preserved 47 at the time.

As was to be expected, there were many items of trivial gossip associated with the visit. The wife of a brother officer threw the train of her dress over her arm and heard a guttural voice behind her exclaim "Those are fine ankles" - it was H.R.H. Himself. A retired general whose domestic ménage was not beyond reproach caused a first class scandal by arriving in full cavalry uniform accompanied by his (uninvited) governess and walking through the crowd with the obnoxious lady on his arm. This resulted in a "fluttering scene" with the stewards rushing up, but the general, having accomplished his purpose, quietly retired.

At one/....

At one station the Medical Officer had, unlike Cattell, obeyed the order to discard the uniform of the crack cavalry regiment to which he was attached and had assumed the less picturesque dress of the Medical Department under the "unification scheme". At a ball attended by the Prince a snobbish civilian's wife remarked "I wonder who will take me in, you, of course have no chance since your husband has no position", to which the lady replied "For my part I would rather go in with my husband". When the party assembled, however, a very distinguished officer on the Staff came forward and gallantly carried off the doctor's wife leaving the other one standing.

There is the story too, of the handsome and vivacious young lady so intent on an introduction that she intentionally trod on her train and fell on her knees just in front of H.R.H. who immediately ordered her a glass of champagne and bore her off to supper to the amazement of his rather dull official partner. On another occasion arguments arose as to whether officers should be compelled to wear their swords while dancing. The general ruled that they should be retained as an emblem of sovereignty. The Prince, however, took his off to the general satisfaction.

There were many trivial incidents such as the case of the Soda-water factory which are reminiscent of the India of a later date. The regiment imported a plant for making their own aerated waters and soft drinks. The Prince had brought with him vast supplies of Appollinaris water. The empty bottles were collected and refilled in the regimental plant. Nobody detected the difference and it was not until the price was reduced from a rupee to four annas a bottle that sales fell to nothing. The enterprising N.C.O. in charge of the soda factory, Corporal Leeson, had been a watch-maker in civil life and assisted Cattell in making syringes for treating liver abscesses.

Before the hot weather the family again went up to Simla, this time under happier circumstances. Staying at the same hotel were some artists who gave the children a box of paints. Typically enough this led the indefatigable Cattell to study art and add another to his many interests and accomplishments.

Not the least fascinating aspect of the Cattell saga is the sudden, almost kaleidoscopic way in which the mood changes from grave to gay. One moment he is plunged in theological discussion or carried away with religious

fervour/....

fervour and in the next he will be retailing racy pieces of station scandal or the pranks of uproarious subalterns.

Where the din of human struggle is replaced by the warbling of birds. The solitude is encompassed by overhanging trees, revelled in by insects innumerable and happy birds, the moist earth is gay with flowers.

"Valle sub umbrosa locus est asperginе multa
Uvidus ex alto desilientis aquae
Tot fuerunt illic, quot habet natura, colores
Pictaque diuturnis flora nitebat humus.
Quem simul aspexit: 'Comitos accedere' dixit
Et secum plenos deferte sinus".

Ovid Fasti iv 427

In these solitudes we live with God, encumbered with no worldly distractions, the strife of temporary politics, the shock of latest scientific speculation - Oh! happy hours spent in solitude away from human cares, with only God's creatures - happy birds, ever singing his praises.

In the very next paragraph he descends from the heights and recounts with evident relish the peccadilloes of a skittish grass widow.

A Magistrates wife is very pretty and, owing to her husband's frequent absence, scandal has been associating her name with that of an exalted official, who endeavours to help her to beguile the weary hours of solitude till his wife is said to threaten him with divorce. This, however, has reached the ears of the magistrate who, instead of going down, suddenly returned, and with his gun, watched for her visitor, and as he ascended the steps, peppered his legs with buckshot so that My Lord is said to be suffering from an accident while out shooting.

On the next page he becomes broadly farcical in relating the incident of the constipated elephant.

One evening came news that an elephant was suffering from serious constipation. Someone suggested the fire engine, and the youngsters were soon on the scene. Aided by one of the farriers an enema was forcibly administered to the animal's immediate relief.

On the thirteenth the regiment left Buttra for the great Durbar at which the Queen was to be proclaimed Empress of India.

The proclamation was made on January 1st 1877. Unfortunately the 101 gun salute caused a stampede among the elephants which caused some fatal accidents among the crowd.

The Viceroy, Lord Lytton, who was something of a poet with his head

in the clouds/....

in the clouds, was not popular in the army.

Under the new regime a dreamy change has enveloped the social world, and the decorum of late years is diversified by the intrusion of smoking and liqueurs, cigarettes are introduced between courses at dinner, and even, it is whispered, during Councils. Lord Lytton indulged in a nap during dinner and one evening, to our astonishment, subsided into the capacious bosom of the wife of one of the high officials and she did not seem astonished. Business is prolonged into the small hours and, instead of sleep, His Excellency courts the Muses and sits up evolving rhymes, which may account for his faraway dreamy expression. He writes in the 'Wanderer'

"Such calm is in my soul tonight and
All my life so dreamlike seems,
I have no wish to sleep, for quite awake
I dream the strangest dreams."

Leaving Muttra with many regrets, the regiment started the long march to Rawalpindi, moving towards Delhi along the great trunk road. The eldest boy, Herbert, now eight years old, accompanied them on the march, doing much of the journey on horseback. They remained two days at Delhi which awakened memories of the Mutiny which had taken place some 20 years earlier, and many pages of the memoirs are filled with stories of those tragic days and with long quotations from contemporary works. We are reminded of the battles of the Kashmir Gate and the famous ridge, of the gallant Nicholson and Salkeld, the death of Nicholson and other historic events. He discusses at length ancient Indian astronomy and mathematics and Indian wars of the distant past.

As the march continued there were many opportunities for shooting but, in his advancing years he lost desire for this sport in his keen interest in Natural History. He writes:

Not that I was given to slaughter, for the love of animals and the wish to observe their habits, impressed on me by Buckland, overcame the desire for a bag. To watch monkeys vaulting from tree to tree is delightful, to hear the cry of a wounded one is painful. The sudden rocketing of a pheasant in the woods is a glorious surprise which checks your fire. Delightful to watch rabbits playing around their holes or to observe a hare feeding in peace. How painful his cry, so like a child, when wounded. The animal kingdom is subservient to man, but that does not justify us in turning out loads of home-fed birds to be slaughtered next morning in wholly unaccustomed surroundings.

At Ambalia he met Temple, who had won a Victoria Cross as Assistant

Surgeon/....

Surgeon in ~~the Mutiny~~. On then to Amritsar, the holy city of the Sikhs and thence to Wazirabad. Here too, they had a three days rest, royally entertained by their hosts. Young Herbert was invited to dine in the Mess on the first night but was dismissed to bed "before the fun got fast and the evening advanced in the warmth of old comradeship". Finally the whole family came together at Rawalpindi and Cattell was delighted to take over the regimental garden.

The 'Pindi Garrison of the day consisted of one British and one native Cavalry regiment, two British and two Indian Infantry battalions and a battery of Field Artillery.

The Military Hospital was next door to the gaol and Cattell put in a certain amount of prison work, though he invariably refused to be present at the frequent executions. He lost little time in getting the regimental garden into shape. Badminton, tennis and band concerts seem to have taken the place of the more strenuous pursuits he enjoyed in other stations.

Badminton is a social game and passes the time in the hills in the absence of wind and rain, where women can use their hands and feet with equal effect and on equal terms with the men, their skirts are not in the way as at lawn tennis, but it does not rank with sports which - unless they cultivate physical endurance and a quick eye - are worthless, such as hunting and polo.

In this year, 1878, war clouds were banking over Afghanistan and a column of 10,000 men with 30 guns was to assemble under Sir Sam Browne and another 5,500 under Roberts in the Kurum Valley. An ultimatum was despatched to the Amir and in the meantime scabbards were being covered with leather, khaki helmets and patrol jackets issued, food tablets and water filters laid in and a pig-sticking lance issued all round.

Malaria was, however, still taking a heavy toll, beds had to be equipped on the verandahs and in outbuildings, and Cattell was ordered by his C.O. to remain behind to bring the invalids back to their units as soon as they were fit to rejoin. This went very much against the grain as the Cavalry Brigade under Charles Gough was being formed ready for action. When the P.M.O. of the Khyber column passed through he maintained that Cattell had been detailed for his force and that the C.O. had no business to keep him back. The P.M.O. who arrived soon after, clinched the matter and sent him off in a gharry to rejoin his regiment. Parting from the family was not easy as they could not forget the past Afghan war when the entire force was massacred or captured including women and children, and Dr. Brydon, the only survivor, "the

Remnant of an Army" staggered into the fort at Jalalabad.

Passing through Attock and Nowshera, with his servants and equipment trudging cheerily behind he arrived at Peshawar where he met a brother officer Appleton, who had come down for stores and they went on together to the camp where Cattell dossed down for the night in the Mess tent.

At mid-day the next day he watched a horse artillery battery shell the fort. One of the columns had not arrived at the scheduled time because the Staff, "like Napoleon were unable to read a map".

All was quiet in the fort, however, and an attacking party led by Sir Sam Browne, his sword slung over his shoulder found that the place had been evacuated.

Leaving their camp equipment behind, the force then advanced into the open plain before Landi-Kotal where they went into bivouac. After some sporadic skirmishing with fugitives they arrived at Dakka Fort. This, too, had been evacuated. In the meantime the women and children down in 'Pindi were warned to be ready to move into the fort as any reverse, or rumours of one, might lead to unrest among the native population.

Moving up through the Khyber Pass the Cavalry reconnoitred some nine miles ahead without seeing the enemy. They were fully expecting to march on to Kabul when the X Hussars were recalled to Dakka, owing to the difficulty of supplying food for the horses. To their great delight however, the order was countermanded and by the 17th they had retraced their steps and were leading a column of Royal Artillery, Rifles, Ghurkas and Sikhs. On the 19th a very long and trying march brought them into sight of Jelalabad some six miles distant. The next day the whole force formed up for a processional entry into the city which had been evacuated.

On March 1st, 1879 came the news that Asuntula Khan was advancing down the Lughman Valley and that the Afghans were massing around their Chief's fort at Fatiabad, some seventeen miles to the North West. Two light columns were therefore made ready to be accompanied by a squadron each from the X Royal Hussars and 11th Bengal Lancers. It fell to Cattell to organise the Field Hospital to receive casualties.

To everybody's surprise the order to march came after a long and fatiguing cricket match, and as the squadron moved off the remainder retired after Mess to get in as much sleep as possible. Between 10 and 11 the Kitmagar aroused Cattell with the news that Loose horses were in the camp. Annoyed

at this/....

at this unnecessary disturbance he addressed himself to sleep again when the news arrived that Napier's horse had come in riderless. It was obvious there had been a major catastrophe and horses were coming in in groups galloping wildly without riders and dripping with water.

The river which had to be forded, was swollen with ice-cold water from melting snows. Most of the column passed in safety but the Hussars apparently used a lower crossing and were literally washed away. It was pitch dark and there was only one lantern so that it was very difficult to keep in touch.

The 9 Royal Hussars probably entered the stream lower than they should and soon they saw the head of the column safe on the opposite bank. Believing themselves on the same track they pressed forward until the water reached their saddles, and the horses, unable to keep a foothold grew restive and plunged. The strong current, nine miles an hour, swept them downwards into still deeper water. Immediately the whole squadron was swept away and became a confused struggling mass, men and horses contending furiously with the rushing waters for dear life. Horses snorted wildly as they were swept down, overweighted with saddles and accoutrements they turned over, kicking their feet in the air and were lost. Their riders, fatally encumbered with sword belt and ammunition (enough of itself to drown a good swimmer in smooth water), endeavoured to save themselves. Most of the riders were dislodged and from the bruises found on the foreheads of the bodies they must have freely used their feet once they were free. Most of the bodies showed vain efforts to get rid of their belts.

There are many stories of individual gallantry, and only 30 out of the 76 men in the squadron reached safety. The loss of one officer and forty five men is commemorated by a tablet in All Saints Church at Aldershot. Queen Victoria sent this telegram to the Viceroy:

"I am deeply grieved and loss of Squadron 9.R.H. Anxious for details. Please communicate this telegram to the Regiment."

The disaster was immortalised by Rudyard Kipling in his poem "Ford O' Kabul River".

Shortly after midnight it was in a sad silence that the main column moved off into the night, reaching Fatiabad, some sixteen miles on the road to Kabul by nine o'clock the following morning.

The next day a patrol reported that the enemy were massing on the

tableland/....

tableland South East of Fatiabad. At one p.m. E and B Troops of the Hussars together with a squadron of Guides with a detachment of the Horse Artillery set out in the direction of Surui, six hundred infantry (Sikhs) were to follow later.

The enemy, estimated at 6,000 strong, were in position ready to oppose our advance to Kabul, the capital.

After a fierce battle in which the Hussars took part in many hand to hand combats, the enemy withdrew. Cattell describes many dramatic incidents in the battle and, with his friends, provided sketches from which a picture was made which appeared in the Illustrated London News of March 17th, 1879.

In spite of his defeat, the headman, Ryda Khan, refused to give an assurance that he would not give further trouble; a further column was therefore despatched to blow up the towers at Khuja which brought him to his senses and secured his co-operation.

It was during a routine sanitary inspection that Cattell came upon four Mullahs, who had been condemned to death by the political officer for preaching a jehad, and found himself:

> Immediately in front of the Mullahs, blindfolded and standing in front of a newly dug trench and opposite them a firing party of the 17th Regiment. At the first volley the men fell forwards and some, at least, were wriggling on the ground. The young subaltern came forward and asked should he fire again. I replied 'Yes; certainly."

He quotes the views of the Russian Skobeloff (who himself had massacred 8,000 men and women at Geoktepe) on summary British justice of this kind. Our milder punishments can never be so terrible as those of other native rulers and produce no effect or worse "the execution of a Musculman by an infidel provokes hatred, whereas a terrible blow is submitted to as the will of God." Recent events in Hungary provide an interesting parallel.

On Sunday 13th, the force advanced further up to Safed Sang where they were encamped next to the Guides. The weather was now becoming sultry and ophthalmia and enteric were rife among the native troops.

Here the inhabitants were friendly and appeared to bear no ill will, probably because their dead comrades, slain by our infidel troops, auto-

matically become holy. The only cause of resentment seems to have been the fact that having defeated them in battle we did not call it a day and go home but persisted in pursuing them with our cavalry.

The Camp was constantly visited by the native budmarsh who was able to remove blankets and bedding from the tent without awaking the sleeper and to steal horses apparently under the eyes of the picket. Corporal Stinchcomb, a corpulent provost corporal, sought to beat them at their own game by also stealthily crawling among the tents on his stomach. Unfortunately "his body was too prominent an object and in the dim light he was detected and assailed by whatever weapon came to hand."

The Khan of Gundemack invited several officers to a breakfast of frizzling kid, fowl and mutton, with toasted cheese to finish up with, all eaten with the fingers. The Khan talked freely of the battle at Futtabad, they had done their best, but now it was all over why not be the best of friends?

Negotiations were in train and there was every prospect of a peaceful entry into Kabul. The Amir himself, Yacoub, came down to Gandemack on May 8th and was met by Sir Sam Browne who rode beside him into camp with an escort of the Hussars. He was arrayed in gorgeous Russian uniform of white and gold with massive gold epaulettes and aiguilettes, with a coat and trousers of white cloth heavily embroidered with gold and a broad blue sash with three gold stripes. On his head was a steel helmet surmounted by a plume of feathers.

The Treaty was finally signed on the 10th May, presents were exchanged and the Khan took the salute at a grand review of the troops calmly smoking his hookah as the troops marched past.

Cattell's final reflections seem strangely apposite to the world of today :

"Afghans seem to believe in the future supremacy of Russia , who never retires and all of whose expeditions in Central Asia end in conquest. Three times we invaded Afghanistan and with what results? After three years occupation, our Garrison, some 13,000 strong perished almost to a man. In attempting to withdraw from Kabul one only escaped from the greatest disaster ever suffered by our Army. In the last war a serious defeat at Kushk-i-Nakud had to be repaired, and, although we retired of our own accord, popular report from tribe to tribe represented our soldiers

fugitives. Unless wiser counsels are adopted the Afghan view of the situation cannot fail to be realised.

A few of the officers later rode out to Jagdalla and explored the surrounding country. They visited the scene of the disaster of 1842. The bones of our massacred soldiers were still lying around and Cattell brought home the thigh bone of a drummer who had sounded his last post. He presented this to the museum of the Royal College of Surgeons.

It will be recalled that Akber had given safe conduct for the whole Garrison to leave in safety for Peshawar, the long party consisting of 4,500 of the Garrison with their wives and families, and a host of some 17,000 camp followers set forth. One man only, Dr. Brydon, arrived at the fort at Jellalabad, the remainder were starved, frozen to death and savagely butchered by the Afghans.

Through the failure of the winter rains the spring crops had failed in the Punjab, furthermore foot and mouth disease had carried off 30,000 head of cattle in the Pindi district and the season was sickly for both man and beast.

Cholera started at Saharanpur where the Ganges enters the plain and where many thousands congregated for the Kumbh-Mela, a large fair held every twelfth year. By the end of April, 1879 it had spread all over the Province. In May it attacked the Peshawar Garrison with great virulence. In May and June, 170 Europeans were admitted with a death roll of 121. The total death roll was 26,000 as compared with 215 the previous year.

On 16th May, Lytton, desirous of relieving the financial strain, considered in Council the withdrawal of the Army via Mishud to avoid the Kaiber and Peshawar valley; but political and military disadvantages outweighed and it was referred to the medical chiefs, Kerr-Innes and Brydon. Gough and MacPherson both condemned withdrawal on political and sanitary grounds, as likely to cause great loss of life; but we all wanted to return. So, on 31st May, the order was issued for us to retire.

Cholera is reported to be very prevalent at many stations between this and Peshawar. Knowing that it was approaching along our road to India, and that some regiments had more champagne than they could carry back, I endeavoured to obtain some but without success.

Cholera was to me an old acquaintenance. We had met it in London in student days, and again at Devno and Kotlubie in 1854 where so many fatal

cases/.....

cases occured. Lately, too, in India at Muttra and Simla. There was also another disturbing factor, we had learned that the road was marked by carcasses of Commissariat transport animals, and of Indian servants who had succumbed to the fatigue, stress and chill of the winter. Natives are only allowed one blanket apiece and suffered terribly. The line of march was marked by bodies of Kahars who fell out through privation and cold, and were torn to pieces by wild beasts, or turned into skeletons by vultures. Camels dropped in hundreds to die by the roadside, to leave skeletons as a direction.

The first column consisted of the X R.H. (Lord R. Kerr), a battery of R.H.A., with a section of a Field Hospital under Dr. Cornish, which came from Jamrood and went on to Peshawar. Dr. Rose, suffering from typhoid, and Surg. Kelsall, also ill at headquarters, were to accompany us.

Native regiments marched separately and to each column was attached a section of a Field Hospital. The first to retire were the on 30th from Dakka to Peshawar, where they were attacked by cholera and again moved into camp. We were the first column from Gandamack followed by the second column, 4th Btn. Rifle Brigade. On the 9th the rearguard Guides and 45th Sikhs under Taylor, left, winding up the wire. The day temperature was now 110 to 112 degrees in the shade, and at night, too hot for sleep.

On 1st June we started and passed over the river, under the H.Q. camp where the Field Hospital and the invalids joined us. Rose had been able to secure two bottles of champagne, which were appropriated and placed in a dhoolie for general emergencies. We marched 17 miles to Fort Battye on this side of Fatiabad village, where Rose was accommodated in a house, with Whartie in charge. The weather has become much warmer. The heat of the valley at this season is often oppressive, for Jellalabad, though scarcely 1,800 feet below the gorges by which the Kabul river pierces the Siah-Koh range, lies in the centre of a basin sheltered on all sides from the wind.

Whartie Wilson and his party of sick, Di Rose and four others rested at Fort Battye, but without proper diet. Three of the five died on the road, two of cholera. Next morning on to Jelalabad, encamping on ground formerly occupied by the Headquarters camp. The top stone was still lying where it had been left at the door of Kerr's tent and I brought it down. We went to visit and sketch the little grave yard under the S.E.

well where rest Harford and the men lost in the river. The march next day was short, to Ali Boghan where the sappers have made a road over the hill near the river out of Jelalabad plain. Soon we had two cases of cholera

On the 4th Whartie moved down with a later column with his sick. When approaching the camp he noticed an unoccupied isolated tent which he thought would make a good shelter for Rose. No sooner had the dhoolie been put down inside than up rushed an attendant - "Sahib, here cholera hospital, this tent burn in five minutes." They escaped immediately and were shown to a house, the only one in the neighbourhood, where a quarter had been prepared.

After visiting the Field Hospital that evening I determined to try and avoid infected ground and accompanied Q.M. Kirg at midnight to examine and prepare the site for the next camp, leaving my old comrade Cornish and Field Hospital Staff alongside the troops. The night was dark and still as we rode slowly under the silent stars, anxious and weary, to Bassawal.

We spent the early hours scavenging and preparing the cleanest site we could select, for the ground was cut up with latrine trenches in all directions. The troops arrived soon after with fresh cases of cholera and we had to form an intermediate hospital, for it was fatal to send a suspicious case direct to the horrors of the cholera tent with discoloured groaning men distorted with spasms terrible to witness. To try and reassure them I went round at intervals from tent to tent and spoke to each man, and whenever anyone seemed nervous, gave him an opium pill, as I had done in Kotlubi in 1854.

Entering one tent I met Sergeant Davis who had been in the orderly room at Muttra, a well educated man who had been my children's tutor. He was leisurely writing at a table next door. I spoke to him and he seemed as well as any of us, but, as I was leaving, he jumped up and somewhat excitedly asked for opium as he was not feeling well, and immediately rushed off to a nullah. Shortly after he was sent to hospital and later I found him in the cholera tent. That evening he died in agony. White, the Messman, who, in Muttra used to kill our sheep and so was called "The Butcher", a strong ruddy man, was seized. There were two brothers, the younger a pallid boy who exaggerated a bruise into an excuse for hospital, especially on field days, and who had been the first

to fall out/.....

to fall out at the Khyber, survived; the other apparently stout and strong succumbed.

Kerr insisted on going with me into the cholera camp and I could not dissuade him for he is by no means well himself. He felt it his duty and, by his calm courage, is setting a splendid example if he does not overtax himself.

We found White writhing in agony on the ground, his clothing torn off by cramping convulsions and his dusky skin covered with sand. Seizing my hand, he dragged me down and asked if this was the cholera; evasively I replied that if he kept courage he would recover; "Tell me true, is this cholera?" and I had but reluctantly to reply "It is" and tried to reassure him, but during the night he succumbed. Dr. Kelsall died during the night also.

Next morning we left for Dakka and encamped South of the road between the fort and the pass in a small valley under the hills. Then I went into the fort to attend Kelsall's funeral but, instead, found myself occupied all afternoon in hospital where they were short of servants and other necessaries, of which we had insufficient to supply their wants.

We then entered the Pass and encamped on narrow ground on the left of the road under Landi Kotal. Manners-Wood knew one of the officers of the 11th Foot above and asked me if he could get anything for us. I replied "Champagne, if possible" and soon after a box arrived. Several more cases of cholera and we are on the main road in a narrow defile - not encouraging! and I cannot persuade Kerr that he is running unnecessary risks in his frequent visits to his stricken men.

When the case of wine arrived I was importuned to distribute the two hoarded bottles (of champagne) everyone felt uncomfortable interiorly - in fact thoroughly depressed, so they were opened. But when Manners-Wood arrived he said the 11th could not spare champagne (and I do not blame them) but had sent a case of brandy. Twenty two cases of cholera in the last two days, and have fourteen more. We went up the gorge on the 8th and past Landi Kotal Fort and we entered the new road scarped out of rocky walls above the left bank of the river, past the H.Q. caves and up to Shargai Ridge where we encamp. We have had no fresh case since leaving the last camp. In all since reaching Ali Baghan we have lost thirty eight men in four days, besides those of the R.H.A. alongside.

We left/....

We left the heights in better spirits, since the last camp below Landi Kotal we have had no fresh cases and on the 10th encamped half way between Jamrood and Peshawar and dined in the open. We were back in India.

In all the X Hussars had left behind in Afghanistan the bodies of one officer, fifteen N.C.O's and eighty six men. They had to bring their al fresco meal to a hurried close as it was feared that the floods might carry away the bridge of boats over the Indus at Attock. They were due to camp at Nowshera the following day.

Generally speaking Cattell was lucky in his Commanding Officers and Lord Ralph Kerr, who became a life-long friend, seems to have been a particularly attractive and gallant character, though perhaps a shade casual according to modern ideas. During dinner he had been handed a blue envelope which, being engrossed in conversation, he put inside his helmet and completely forgot. The following day, about ten miles from Peshawar on the road to Nowshera, he met the battery of Horse Artillery encamped on the road. They had left the last camp at 2 a.m., two hours before the main body. Stewart, the battery commander, (who had a pail of iced champagne and soda waiting for them) suggested they should dismount and move into camp in accordance with orders, a duplicate of which he had received. It was a hot day and a somewhat puzzled Kerr took off his helmet to cool his head and saw the blue envelope containing the missing orders! As the baggage had gone on he decided to ignore these and pressed on to a standing camp outside Nowshera. The officers had lunch with the Northumberland Fusiliers, which, after a thirty five mile march, was very acceptable. Incidentally the 5th were still getting cases of cholera.

Stewart and his gunners arrived at three a.m. and the whole column moved off an hour later, doing fifty four miles in two days. As it was absolutely necessary to avoid the depressing effect of another funeral, Kerr sent Cattell back along the road to bury the body of a Hussar which was being brought down behind the column. This, on top of the long march and the prolonged strain to which he had been subjected proved too much for his strength and for two days he had to be carried in a dhoolie.

They reached Hassan Abdul on the 14th when they received orders to remain in quarantine until freedom from cholera was assured.

On the 18th/....

On the 18th the column arrived back in Rawalpindi where General Macpherson took the salute. In five weeks the force had suffered a loss of 354 European troops, the dead included five medical officers, Kellard, Grey, Wallace, Porter and Wright.

Another column which arrived shortly after had had no cholera and marched in fit and fresh. Their Commander, Colonel Ford, attributed this to his own common sense, and consistent disobedience of orders. He had been told to march by day and only halt at the appointed places. He studiously ignored both instructions and thereby saved his men.

Cattell wisely sums up the situation as follows:

> From my experience at Devno and Kotlubie in '54, where men compelled by thirst would scoop up and drink muddy water in front of the trough, I think that a supply of pure water on the march would have saved us, if we had occupied non-infected camping grounds.

With the end of the campaign Cattell again proceeds to assess the Russian ambition to dominate the world, tracing their history back to Ivan the Third in 1463. He repeats Soulnoff's dictum that any retirement in Asia is always misunderstood by natives as a sign of weakness, quoting the annexation of Kazan, Astrakhan, Georgia and other areas. He recalls the systematic advance to Khiva, one of the most sacred cities of Central Asia, and by tradition, free from invasion which is strangely reminiscent of events in Tibet today. He, on the other hand had sent no less than twenty five separate expeditions to the N.W. Frontier, each followed by a separate "peace" and it is certain that had we remained in Afghanistan it would have been as orderly and peaceful as the Punjab. His final assessment surely finds an echo in the distracted world of today:

> Czarism by aid of semi-barbarous and Mongol tribes strives to tyrannise over cultured nationalities and a hideous despotism that corrupts and degrades, extending its tentacles over Europe and Asia in thirst of universal dominion. Since the Mongol invasion of the golden horde in the 13th century Russia has been a pyramid of oppression.

Back again in Pindi the family settled down once again to the normal routine of an Indian Cantonment. Cattell gave a great deal of time to his painting until an attack of fever accompanied by diarrhoea necessitated his going up to the hills again. The doctors suspecting typhoid but "fortified by a large dose of chlorodyne" he persuaded

them to "leave Nature's safety valve open and give her a chance". He quickly improved and was well enough to look after his C.O., Lord Ralph Kerr when he arrived at Murree a few days after with the same complaint. He stayed with his friend Slade who sang and played the banjo so that the evenings were "soon brightened with song". It was while he was there that he heard of the new massacre at Kabul. The X Hussars were, however, so weakened by their recent experiences that they could not accompany the column sent up to deal with the situation.

When the rest of the family came up, in September, they moved into a bungalow. He was now well enough to walk and once again got down to painting the landscape and training his servant as a botanical collector.

His exasperating Mali mixed all the carefully written labels to his precious cuttings and, under the impression that they were some form of decoration, stuck them promiscuously among the various flower pots. This led to an embarrassing scene some months later when he proudly handed his treasures over to the authorities at Kew. His faithful bearer, whom he had left in the Hills, walked all the way from Simla to Pindi to rejoin the family. We read too of the Colonel's daughter who, the day before her wedding was found to be a boy; of the medical officer with a "handsome, ruddy but rustic wife" who would never dine in Mess or associate with other officers "always shabbily dressed, his underclothing seemed to consist of one flannel shirt, and if he could have been persuaded to dine our boys could have bathed him afterwards."

There was also an enthusiastic medical officer who spread out the camp of his hospital to an inordinate extent, placing in the middle a "Meteorological Office" which consisted of an old and broken bath thermometer surrounded by a latrine screen. After the General's inspection the "unpractical commander had departed for fresh glories". During the Christmas festivities Lady Kerr "who was the soul of the festivities" introduced a new novelty, the Barn Dance :

> She introduced a barn dance which had to be practiced after dinner at Mess, but I was soon bowled out, being utterly bewildered in the maze and unable to distinguish my partner or to tell her where one ought to go. On another occasion I led one of the ladies under a large branch representing mistletoe and, to her dignified horror, threatened to kiss her, but it was harmless fun and caused much and very beneficial laughter.

In the Gazette/...

In the Gazette of 27th November, 1879 he received his promotion to the rank of "Brigade Surgeon", which he considered an inappropriate title, and the time had come to leave India. On February 3rd, 1880 he was dined out by the Regiment, which he looked upon as a melancholy occasion, though no doubt he did justice to the menu which consisted of Puree de Pois Vert - Consomme Printanier - Mahaser a la Conevoise - Cotellettes de Mouton a la Reforme - Cailles en Chaufroid Truffle - Strasburg Boeuf a la Napolitaine - Selle de Mouton - Pintades Piques au Lard - Asperges en branches - Jambon Sauti au vin di Champagne - Poudin a la Queen Mab and Glace de L'eau aux Oranges.

His great friend Cowdish, whose name occurs repeatedly in the memoirs, remained behind with the Regiment, later to meet a glorious death on Majuba Hill. His walking stick was brought home and placed in the Netley Museum and he is commemorated in the 10th Hussars window at All Saints, Aldershot. Having failed to get the regimental tailor to make him a "departmental" uniform Cattell finally departed as a Hussar, complete with his ferns and other botanical impediments.

On March 16th, 1880 they embarked at Bombay. The voyage home was comparatively uneventful. Apart from an outbreak of measles the most dramatic event seems to have been the occasion when his daughter was locked in the ladies' lavatory with another twelve year old who effected a rescue by means of a hazardous exit through the port hole.

Under the heading "Farewell India" he muses on the future of the British Empire and his opinions, startlingly prophetic in character, reveal a far-seeing appreciation of the trend of history.

India farewell! whose various races we have compelled to live in harmony, whose people we rule, but have not yet learned more than to live in peace, slumbering in dreams of days gone by, the lower classes ground down by the Scruff, with nothing to live or hope for. Slumbering for how long! under a Raj which has no definite religion and protects all alike; divided mainly into the assertive Mohamedan and the meek Hindu the one a conqueror who compels allegiance by the sword and, through death, goes to Paradise; the other who submits to all things and may one day return as an ox or snake; held down by a people who cannot propogate in the country and therefore can never people it, or occupy it as the dominant race.

According to/....

According to history, unless the natives are exterminated, they must expel or absorb their conquerors. The Saxons drove the British into the Welsh fastnesses; but the Normans amalgamated with the people, and of them only a trace remains. Goths and Franks founded permanent empires through extermination, but the Saracen Empire in Spain tumbled into ruins.

It seems historically certain therefore, that a handful of aliens cannot for ever keep in subjection a large and increasing race that yearly becomes more intelligent and insistent in their demands for self-government which pertains as a natural right. Mohammedans and Hindus are very religious one has a definite, and the other a dreamy pantheistic faith. Both are strict in the observance of their religious duties. The conquering race are of many conflicting religious opinions, which only a few carry into practice or make any outward show of and, too often, ostensibly ignore.

There has to be considered that our Mohammedan Empire is extensive and that many Hindoos, most intelligent of race, are sacrificing prejudice by crossing the salt water to learn Western ideas, and return to propogate them and to tell their people that we also are civilised and are not exploiting their country for material profit through preventing their rulers from decimating them by inter-necine wars. But we are imbuing them with material knowledge without the safeguard of superior training in spiritual knowledge.

Nor can the generation foresee what God's purpose is slowly evolving, not for the workers, but for His ultimate ends in the world. Through all our purposes a higher power is carrying out its designs. Empires rise to their zenith and crumble into nationalities as these attain knowledge and self reliance. As the tree at maturity dies down and saplings take its place; so that there is no abiding City, no permanent Imperialism, whose ambitious title sounds the death knell of Empire.

Yet may we ever remember those noble words of Virgil:

> Tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento,
> Hae tibi erunt artes; pacique imponere morem,
> Parcere subjectis, et debellare superbo.
>
> (Aen VI 852)

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CHAPTER 7

ALDERSHOT & MALTA - CANADA

On landing at Portsmouth his youngest sickened with measles and he went on to Netley with the invalids still laden with his baskets of ferns. Here, he tells us, he felt like one going in to the lions' den as, at his C.O's instigation, he had ignored the regulation of 1873 and had not obtained a departmental uniform. However, there was a hearty invitation to dinner as the last old Surgeon Major of the X Hussars.

On the way to Aldershot the precious ferns went badly astray; they ultimately turned up, however, and were taken to Kew where, to his confusion, the mali's delinquencies were discovered by the keeper of the Herbarium, nearly all of them being incorrectly labelled.

After attending a lovée at Marlborough House he settled down to another tour of duty at Aldershot. On arrival there Cattell found himself posted to the newly erected Cambridge Hospital. A medical mess had not yet been formed and he lived with his old regiment, the V Dragoon Guards back in the old cavalry barracks which they had occupied twenty years before. the quartermaster was the only one of his brother officers still remaining and he was delighted to see the hoof of his old charger, Bill, a survivor of the famous charge, still appearing on the mess table.

By now he had become finally reconciled to the "unification" system and had realised that it made for economy in administration and expense. His chief complaint was that Muir had brought it in as a coup d'etat when everybody had assumed the scheme had been pigeon-holed indefinitely. The whole project had met with strong disapproval from commanding officers as well as from medical officers who found themselves gazetted out of the regiments with whom they had hoped to spend their service. The C.O. urged that his dragoons should all be segregated in one ward and become

become /...

so exasperated by constant changes of M.O. that the task of tooth extraction was relegated to the farrier-major who became an expert at the operation.

The family arrived in due course and he took a house in Aldershot, the mess was opened at the Cambridge and he was delighted to find himself admitted to the Linnean Society at Burlington House as a result of his botanical reputation. The Cambridge Hospital was busy and contained two hundred patients, the operation room had just been opened and the first patient was an officer maimed by a premature explosion of dynamite. As many of his young medical officers had to be away in Winchester to give evidence in cases arising from various camp brawls he appealed to the Depot (then in Aldershot) where forty M.O's were under training. The commandant gave him the chilly reply 'My officers are for drill, not for hospital work'.

Cattell was now attacked with pleurisy and, in spite of his remonstrances, a medical board recommended four month's leave. He hurried up to the Army Medical Office in Whitehall Place, and the next day while in Town he received the devastating news that he was going to be put on half pay. A visit to the Director General did not help matters as he knew nothing about the case and, after a tirade about brigade surgeons shirking foreign service, told him to go back to duty. Things gradually sorted themselves out though he never discovered what happened to the board papers or who had sent the half-pay telegram from Aldershot and shortly after he was posted to Malta as sanitary officer under his old friend Jock Mackinnon.

Passing through Gibraltarthe governor, Lord Napier, sent his barge to bring him ashore and regaled him with many stories of the Rock, among them being the little known origin of its name In A.D.710 a one-eyed Berber chief, Tarek by name, landed at the head of twelve thousand Moors. The place was therefore called "Gobel (Arabic- mountain) Tarek".

Tark/...

That the amalgamation of Scottish battalions is calculated to give rise to friction is no new phenomenon. When he visited the Gordon Highlanders he was told that when the old 75th joined up with the 92nd in the previous year they erected a tombstone bearing the following inscription:

"Here lies the poor old 75th; but under God's protection
They'll rise again in kilt and hose, a glorious resurrection,
For by the transformation power of parliamentary laws
We go to bed the 75th and rise the Ninety-twas."

The following extract makes it clear that the memoirs consist of transcriptions of notes made at the time to which later reflections have been added. His views on Malta fever are written in the present tense while David Bruce's discovery of brucella melitensis, which occurred some years later, occurs later in the same passage

Cases of Malta, or Rock, fever are too frequent, in which quinine has no effect; different in type to any we had seen in Natal or India, inflammatory with local congestion, running a short course, often fatal and generally recurring. The rock which we see daily being cut with a saw is soft, and, in the poorer houses, I noticed two tubes pierced into it close together, one for the water well and the other for the latrine. The rock must therefore be infiltrated with sewage and the water contaminated. The harbours, especially the naval, are being hourly coated with ordure from the shipping. Whilst water is probably not the cause (or it would act generally) it engenders receptivity and liability to attack of any specific organism. This fever has since been traced to goats' milk, its microbe being traced to ten per cent of goats on the island. That so few Maltese suffered is due to their invariable use of boiled milk, a precaution which we did not take.

Soon after his arrival in Malta he was approached by the president of the Economic-Agrarian Society, the Marquis Testaferrata Olivier. He was later elected, without being consulted, curator of the few shrubs and flowers struggling for existence around the city walls . To his immense relief, however, he was posted to Canada before he could undertake this thankless task.

task/...

On his way home he paid a visit to Rome which made a deep impression and elicits a long study of the Papacy and foreshadows his later conversion to the Roman Catholic faith. Here, again, we find how history repeats itself. Did not Stalin scornfully ask "How many divisions has the Pope got ?" Another dictator, Napoleon, seems to have made a similar miscalculation for Cattell writes:

> Napoleon required the concurrence of Pius VII in his designs against the English who had afforded refuge for the exiled priests of France and, as the Pope refused, he was imprisoned and Napoleon, excommunicated, exclaimed "Does the Pope think that the arms will fall from the hands of my soldiers ?". Moscow was his answer and Waterloo.

Cattell was now a middle-aged family man of 55 and had obtained the rank of Deputy Surgeon General in 1882. It is remarkable that in the reminiscences of his Canadian tour of duty he tells little of his medical or military duties but devotes an entire chapter to his social activities, the flora and scenery of the country and to the prolonged struggle with conscience before finally embracing the Roman Catholic faith.

After a stormy passage in the Hibernia he landed at Halifax

> All bespangled with icicles the old ship reached the wharf late in the evening when some of the medical officers met me. Most of the party sleighed to a hotel near Government House between high banks of snow piled up from the causeways. After dinner, as the night was bright and the air exhilarating, the rowdy party did the town in sleighs and, freed from irksome close quarters, indulged in boisterous fun.

On arriving at Ottawa his name appeared in the local paper and he writes:

> I was gratified by a visit from Lawrence Fortescue, one of the boys I had met in Perth twenty/seven years ago . He called to see if I were the friend who gave him a clasp knife which he produced from his pocket. This pleasure at being remembered through all these years made the excursion delightful. At breakfast one remembered that

that/...

Canadians commenced with an orange, sometimes other fruit, which cleaned the tongue and gave zest to the apetite. We, no doubt, eat too little fruit, preferring medicinal preparations. The fruit acids with their iron are readily assimilated and this is therefore a good way to get iron into the blood. The little chemist who invented Fruit Salts made so enormous a fortune that he went mad.

With advancing years Cattell experiences a tendency to forget names but consoles himself by remembering that Sidney Smith once entirely forgot his own name and had to be prompted by his valet and that Emerson gazing into the coffined face of his life-long friend Wordsworth remarked " A sweet beautiful face but his name I have entirely forgotten" !

His family had not yet joined him and, as an elderly grass widower, he plunged wholeheartedly into the social whirl

Tobogganing was in full swing, but, not having a young lady to pair off with, in fact they were all engaged, I indulged in rink skating and, after eighteen years, managed to cut ordinary figures, grape vines etc. but it was impossible to put heel to heel in a straight line without which many evolutions would not figure, nor could bevies of charming enthusiasts, however much time they wasted, teach me to waltz. This was a most graceful movement and, as a spectacle, the Lancers was delightful.

A surprise party is a favourite device of the younger girls who collect cakes and other refreshments and meet at the inconscious victim's house, of which they take possession, enjoy a rapturous evening, dance and sup and retire with profuse thanks.

Only next day did I learn that my house had been chosen for the previous evening's frolic, but, at the last moment some of the flappers had turned shy and the company was diverted to another address.

My predecessor had devoted himself to the girls, and, with histrionic protestations, was wont to offer his hand and heart - and, very occasionally, even the diamond ring off his finger - until one, long out of her teens and now of a somewhat scraggy appearance, whose chances were becoming desperate, took him in earnest and strove to keep possession of the ring; after which my friend restrained his pantomime and the lady took to making cakes for whose excellence she has now attained some notoriety.

notoriety/...

On new year's day it is customary to attend the Government House reception in full dress, go on thence to the Archbishop's and Bishop's, and, after a rapid change into plain clothes, drive round from house to house until, at about 6.30, you rest exhausted. With a relay of horses Black, the Adjutant General and myself accomplished forty one and halted at Mrs C's - a record which we afterwards failed to beat. She and Mrs W., a fascinating woman whose round table dinners were celebrated, were prominent leaders of society; both childless and great friends, one a Catholic and the other a Protestant; each seemed absorbed in the world - both died of cancer.

Early in the year the family arrived

Our house soon became frequented by the boys from the ships that the new admiral, Commerell, whom we remembered at Simonstown, called it the "Midshipmen's Home". It seemed better that they should have some place to come into rather than lounge about demoralising saloons where drinks were the order of the day. They preferred cakes and thuroughly enjoyed jars of preserved ginger. Generally susceptible to a pretty face (and there were many here) there was occasional tension. One, who went to see his father off at Rimouski, returned to the girl's home in mistake for his ship where he was foolishly allowed to stay till sent for.

Among his youthful visitors was a young midshipman who later became the first man to design an engine powered aircraft. He also met Mrs Leon Owen who spent many years at the court of Siam educating the young princes. He describes her as "an intellectual lady" who does not seem to have much in common with the fascinating Miss Deborah Kerr who starred in the film "The King and I".

In the summer pleasant evenings were spent in lobster spearing, the enthusiastic speared them at the bottom, others holding the light and all wiling away the late hours with love making and song. In the dry winter the air was so electrically charged that, by sliding the feet on the carpet to charge the body, one can light a gas jet from one's finger. Blanche can do this at any time by taking off her shoes and gliding along the carpet for frictional excitement.

excitement./...

It was during this period that he became increasingly drawn towards the Roman Catholic faith. He had always been deeply religious and a high churchman who for years taught in the Sunday School One evening in walking home with the chaplain after service he had spoken of our church as a branch of the Catholic faithx Church, and the times we were passing under set me thinking, for every branch is in visible union with its trunk whose sap is depended on for sustinance. If the Roman, as the oldest church was accounted the trunk neither the Greek nor the Anglican branches are in union with it and are not nurtured by its sap. All three cannot be branches and sapless and trunkless; but how if our branch be severed ? Neither with the Greek nor with the Roman branches are we united. We have failed to believe in the Catholic Church as One, especially in our Nicene Creed where "One" is spelt without the capital and not read as "Unam". The Catholaic Church is founded on Kephas and is to endure for ever... The true Church must be one& oly,Catholic and Apostolic under one head - St.Peter.

And so, on page after page, he wrestles with thexproblems the problem, invoighing against the Church of England's translation of the Greek "musterion" as "mystery", when it should be "sacramentum" and delving deep into the origins of the Greek schisms until, with his wife's permission, he resolved to "submit to the Roman Catholic Church and to the authority of the Pope as the Vicar of Christ."

Received by the Archbishop I felt conscious of a wonderful peace and certainty. The T.M's coachman was received at the same time and so the news leaked out. The painful part came on Sunday when we parted at the cross roads, my wife to the chapel and I to the cathedral.

His wife and daughter subsequently became Catholics and the latter afterwards entered a nunnery

Always a firm believer in the supernatural he tells how Father Melsnae, hurrying to administer a last sacrament, found himself carried across the waters of an intervening lake, he knew not how; he tells, too, how a few drops spilled from the chalice were afterwards found to be blood and, even more extraordinary

extraordinary/

A potato was shewn to us having on its cut surface a red picture representation of the Sacred Heart, which seemed to be painted. Soaked in water, however, the picture came out more distinctly. The load from which it had been taken had been brought from Newfoundland and this, being larger had been cut in two. Others in the lot were now halved and shewed the same picture. The source was now traced to a field in which a stolen Pyx was found buried. On another occasion we saw some beans with a similar painting inside, they had come out of another field with the same story.

However, in all his profound meditations he never loses his sense of humour and tells of the very diminutive and rotund Bishop of A.... who confessed to the Archbishop "Your grace I have not seen my feet these seventeen years". He was so small that a special stool had to be placed in the pulpit for him to stand on. On one occasion this subsided under him and the little man disappeared entirely from view. There was some amusement among the congregation when, a few seconds later, he popped up again and smilingly announced the appropriate text "Be not afraid it is I"

Early in January 1885 the time came to leave Canada and, on arrival home, he found his old regiment the X Royal Hussars were stationed at Aldershot where he visited his old mess in which he had lived in 1859 and again in 1860. In Kew gardens he found some pines grown from seeds he had sent from India. They had been named after him but were later found to have been a known species.

It was during his Canadian tour that he suffered from what must have been an attack of malaria, probably contracted in Mauritius and he gives a vivid clinical picture of the disease:

Now, for the first time, one experienced what I had so often seen, an attack of Ague. In church a sensation of sudden faintness so overcame me that I feared swooning might cause a sensation and it was impossible to escape through the throng. I kept pinching myself vigorously, praying for the end of the service. Then an acolyte assisted me into the presbytery and I lay down in Father Murphy's room. He wanted to send for the doctor; then

then/...

I began shaking and shouted "All right, it's only ague" as he afterwards confessed to his great relief. Somewhat later, when about to dress for dinner, a sudden feeling of distress seized me, and, unsure uncertain as to what might happen I sent for my old friend Major W... who helped me to bed, there only to shake so violently that it was impossible to keep on the coverings. This uncontrollable shaking I had seen in Mauritius and with perspiration came the elucidation and relief. I had never experienced it and didn not know what it portended. These were the only two occasions.

CHAPTER 8

RETIREMENT

His wanderings were now over and Cattell returned home to find himself posted as Principal Medical Officer, Cork. Ireland always had an irresistable appeal for him so the appointment suited him well, especially as his reputation as a scientist, artist and historian seems to have preceded him and he was soon elected as a committeeman of the Cork library.

From this point the memoirs lose much of their interest, though the volume of output is quite undiminished. From now on they consist largely of the histories of old families and buildings, classification of local flora and fauna, still more tales of the supernatural and prolonged religious meditations and discussions.

As a surgeon-general he must have had to deal with many medical and administrative problems but he tells us little of them beyond an occasional meeting of the British Medical Association and his views on the soldier's dietary:

Everywhere a place of primary importance was the cookhouse and the mode of preparation of rations so as to obtain a variation of dietary, and the distribution so that the food came to the table as speedily as possible and could be enjoyed without unnecessary ceremony. The same routine of rations undiversified by changes in cookery and serving up is not appetising. Regimental interior economy varied greatly, so much depended on the quartermaster; and there was too often much unnecessary waste dripping that should have been utilised for frying odds and ends for supper which was sold. There were many old stagers still in each mess whose surplus food was shared with new recruits, their appetites sharpened by unwonted muscular drill, so that the whole ration was sufficient; but old soldiers were becoming scarce and it became a question whether one pound of meat should include bone. As for bones, they were thrown away, and when attempted to be utilised for soup at the camp, this at once became tabooed in the belief that the bones had been removed from the plates to be thus re-utilised , probably from misunderstanding and prejudice

He paints a tragic picture of the Ireland of these days:

The estate agent drives everywhere with an armed escort of constabulary. 'Before '79' says an American visitor ' you could not bribe a Kerry man to assassinate anyone, but the other day I said to an intelligent parish priest in the bishop's presence 'Now for half a crown you could probably find a dozen murderers within ten miles. 'it is, I fear, too true' he replied.

Murphy was shot through the leg and killed. Leahy, for outbidding another on a farm of Lord Kenmare's, was shot and frightfully bayonetted before his wife's face - no evidence given at the trial. Donaghue, four weeks ago, within a mile of Killarney, was shot in the legs for buying out a broken down tenant farmer , part of the money going to pay for arrears of rent. Rohilly, on his way home near the workhouse in Killarney was murdered in '85 because he had been caretaker of an evicted farm. A farmer near here - Brown - purchased his own and an adjoining farm which he sublet. His neighbour did not pay and B. threatened to evict him. A few days later B. was shot at mid-day working in a field and his brothers were not allowed to see or help the widow.

The plight of the widows of the murdered men was particularly tragic. Mrs Curtin, for example, was a prisoner in her own home protected by constabulary

Purchasers from her were warned to expect Curtin's fate, no one would work for her, not smith nor carpenter either, for fear of the 'night boys'. The baker , for continuing to supply her, had his house fired at, his windows smashed and his gate unhinged. No company would insure her and, when she sold a calf its throat was cut on the road.

Her pew in the church was broken up and nobody nearer than Cork would make a new one. The driver who brought this up was beaten and forced to go to America and the new pew smashed to bits in the churchyard.

It is surprising to read that, in spite of the bitter hatred directed against him, Lord Kenmare had expended some £7000 in building cottages and had spent £ 33465 between 1878 and 1881 in abatements, allowances etc. in addition to what he had spent on the estate. This was more than the income he had received. Yet he was denounced locally and had to leave the country, discharging employees whose wages were than £ 460 a week

week/....

With the arrival of a new general we got a glimpse of one of those crises which every staff has to face from time to time:

With a new general came a different routine, mornings slipped away over matters of trivial import, whilst work had to wait. The late chief despatched business quickly, found time to hunt and encouraged others to take part in a sport, which, more tha any other, trains the eye in the contour of the country and the mounted soldier in some of his most important duties. The present man has no time and makes work so that correspondence accumulates like a snowball.

One staff officer after another sought a change of station. Late of an evening the A.D.C. would appear with a bundle of papers to be gone through and reported on; there was no hurry but the general would like them to be ready by 8 a.m. next morning. So that officer got himself transferred. The Adjutant General showed such effects of worry that he was induced to seek consolation in matrimony. He went on leave and returned with a charming wife who, however, had scarcely aired her trousseau when he announced his intention of retiring and going to live with his mother, though she objected that that was not her intention in marrying. Some time later he passed me in town, at first alone, then with a companion, without recognition and muttering to himself. Not long afterwards he committed suicide. He was succeeded by an officer who, with his wife, was imbued with heavenly aspirations and gravely warned his servants not to be astonished if some morning they came down to find that both of them had been taken bodily up to Heaven !

Colonel D. (local militia) asked me did I not remember a case that occurred here before the Crimean war. It caused a great sensation in the South for the gentleman belonged to a county family. (At a card party) He was suspected and watched and an observer, seizing a fork from the sideboard, drove it through his hand, pinning it to the table so that a surgeon from over the way had to be summoned to release it, when the compromising card was found beneath it. The family in consequence left the country. Whilst Dundonald was in Valparaiso Lieut. Colonel Cochrane Foster , son of one of his staff, tells us that a similar case occurred there only the hand was transfixed with a hunting knife the man was carrying

carrying/...

With the arrival of a new general we get a glimpse of one of those crises which every staff has to face from time to time:

With a new general came a different routine, mornings slipped away over matters of trivial import, whilst work had to wait. The late chief despatched business quickly, found time to hunt and encouraged others to take part in a sport, which, more tha any other, trains the eye in the contour of the country and the mounted soldier in some of his most important duties. The present man has no time and makes work so that correspondence accumulates like a snowball.

One staff officer after another sought a change of station. Late of an evening the A.D.C. would appear with a bundle of papers to be gone through and reported on; there was no hurry but the general would like them to be ready by 8 a.m. next morning. So that officer got himself transferred. The Adjutant General showed such effects of worry that he was induced to seek consolation in matrimony. He went on leave and returned with a charming wife who, however, had scarcely aired her trousseau when he announced his intention of retiring and going to live with his mother, though she objected that that was not her intention in marrying. Some time later he passed me in town, at first alone, then with a companion, without recognition and muttering to himself. Not long afterwards he committed suicide. He was succeeded by an officer who, with his wife, was imbued with heavenly aspirations and gravely warned his servants not to be astonished if some morning they came down to find that both of them had been taken bodily up to Heaven !

Colonel D. (local militia) asked me did I not remember a case that occurred here before the Crimean war. It caused a great sensation in the South for the gentleman belonged to a county family. (At a card party) He was suspected and watched and an observer, seizing a fork from the sideboard, drove it through his hand, pinning it to the table so that a surgeon from over the way had to be summoned to release it, when the compromising card was found beneath it. The family in consequence left the country. Whilst Dundonald was in Valparaiso Lieut. Colonel Chehrane Foster , son of one of his staff, tells us that a similar case occurred there only the hand was transfixed with a hunting knife the man was carrying

carrying/...

They did this kind of thing rather more politely in the eighteenth century, witness the case of "Crooked-finger Jack":

The gentleman was astonished at how Jack always became possessed of the jack of trumps, and, having watched him with great accuracy and attention, at length perceived a corner of a card in his hand while he was dealing; upon which the gentleman immediately seizing a fork that lay by him (forks were two-pronged in those days) pinned his hand down with the apology "Sir, if the card is not under your hand I must beg your pardon". There was the card sure enough and so the party ended.

On the date of his retirement, November 23rd 1889, Cattell looked back "on having done my duty without fear and favour for thirty six years." The family now had to solve the problem of finding a home. They were attracted by Montfield Tower, which stood on the left bank of the river and had been unoccupied for half a century, ever since, in fact, the bride fell dead at her wedding breakfast. A doom was said to hang over the place so it was struck off the list.

He made several excursions to England and experienced the novelty of travelling third class. The carriage was full of soldiers and one of them, a Hussar, was batman to an officer of his acquaintance. He entertained his comrades with many stories of how his master left letters and telegrams about, some from an actress who never appealed for money in vain. "Apart from the continuous smoking their conduct was exemplary."

A delightful summer was spent with friends at Currabinny who owned a commodious yacht "on which many a delightful day was passed, basking in the sunshine and catching fish for dinner. The Monseigneur Robinson came over and the hours with him and John Henry Sugrue were an intellectual treat; brilliant repartee diversified with passages from the latin psalter, while through the classical atmosphere Irish humour flashed like an Aurora Borealis.

Borealis...

The many pages of theological argument which follow are enlivened with some of these "flashes":

A clergyman remarked to Father Healy 'After studying the subject deeply these fifty years in this world, I have come to the conclusion that there is not much difference between the Protestant and Catholic religions'. 'Most certainly' replied the Father 'You will be fifty minutes in the next without finding how greatly you are mistaken'
On another occasion Father Healy declared from the pulpit:
'It is whisky that makes your homes desolate and makes you shoot your landlords; then- with a pause - ' and makes you miss them'.

Like all retired officers Cattell took immense pleasure in visiting his old regiment, the 10th Royal Hussars, whom he met at the Dublin horse show. Here he found the faithful "Whartie" who will be remembered on the disastrous "Death March" from Afghanistan, also Buldoo who was in attendance on Prince Eddie (later Edward VIII and Duke of Windsor), Lord Ralph Kerr, his old commanding officer was now the general in command. He met them again the following year in Cahir and took his boy round the mess to show him the various regimental trophies. He revelled in dining in the mess and thoroughly enjoyed the good-natured badinage of the mess table.
"Buldoo propounded the conundrum 'Why is George Scott like Admiral Nelson" When all had given up he explained 'Because he expects every man to do his duties." We got a passing glimpse of the great Lord Shaftesbury taking part in an amateur performance of Les Cloches de Corneville.

After the regiment had left for the Curragh Cattell managed to find a country house which seemed to meet his requirements. Once again, however, he found himself faced with the supernatural. He had gone to bed "after the usual quadratic equation which amused me in the quiet hours till feeling inclined me to retire", when about 2 a.m. the whole household was awakened by an unearthly yell coming from the basement. In addition to the family , the groom, cook and maid rushed out of their rooms and the dog crouched in the corner, shivering with terror. The parish priest later explained

explained/...

that, a year ago, he had been called out to one of the maids who had been terribly burned in the same basement and died in agony. The matter was set right when Father St.George came and blessed the house. The next year the fatal date passed without incident.

In due course Cattell resolved to return to England. This comes as something of a surprise as, during his sojourn in the country, he seems to have become more Irish than the Irish, with his long excursions into Irish lore and his bitter diatribes against her English oppressors. He draws a touching picture of his farewll to his staff:

> Rain was falling steadily and the unfortunate Desmond (his groom) - of the once powerful tribe that once owned all the country round - lately a sergeant in the XVI Lancers, wife, with baby in arms and all their worldly goods were turned into the drive to await transport from the village. It was one of the saddest moments of my life and brought home painfully what an eviction meant.

It was altogether a sad departure for, just before he left, a calamitous fire destroyed the store which housed all his pictures, books and uniforms, including his 'magnum opus', a complete history of Constantinople and the Eastern church and the causes of schism between the Greek and Roman churches.

He bids a final farewell to the Irish people in the following words:

> A race musing yet adventurous, open to every poetical influence, delighting in the joy of battle, ready to die for the banner it follows. Have any people save Israel suffered more ? Living on old memories Erin looks forward to the coming time as though she had sprung into existence yesterday. The great rich world, bent on pleasure, power and pursuit of aggrandisement through wealth does homage to a glittering pageant whose substance will not endure, for the fashion of this world passeth away. Neither the wisest nor the wealthiest find a continuing city; the world hastens to its end; and the Cross abides
>
> Stat Crux dum volvitur orbis

orbis/...

In the later chapters the interest gradually wanes as the vivid experiances of the young cavalry officer give place to the nostalgic musings of an old man absorbed in his house and his garden. Internal evidence goes to show that five or six years of his retirement were occupied in compiling the memoirs. No less than 161 pages deal with his thoughts and reminiscences after leaving the army.

It would prove an undue strain on the reader's patience to reproduce the long passages he quotes from other works, the guide-book histories of the various places he visited, or the involved dissertations on the Roman Catholic and Anglo Catholic beliefs which seem to have become almost an obsession.

After ruthless pruning, however, there remain a few extracts which have some interest for us today.

He recalls the well-known story of the Regent indulging in the great adventure of sea-bathing at Weymouth after a preliminary course of saline baths in his room

When Allen, the philanthropist, recommended sea bathing it was thought so dangerous as to savourof madness, but he had a machine made at Weymouth that he might bathe his bare body in the sea (our bathing machine of today). The public who watched the process with dread and astonishment were reassured. But such nude exposure did not become popular for many years till George, privately prepared by a course of baths of salt water in his room, visited Weymouth with his family. 'Yet' says Fanny Burney 'think of the surprise of His Majesty, when at the first time of his bathing, he had no sooner popped his royal head under water, than a band of music, concealed in a neighbouring machine, struck up 'God save Great George our King'

Here is a glimpse of the Duke of Wellington on his way from St.James's Park to the War office "A tall man with a prominent aquiline nose, sitting erect on horseback, in blue frock coat and white trousers strapped tight at foot."

foot/...

In July 1959 there was a series on television asking viewers to co-operate in solving some mysteries of the past. One of these concerned a man who flew an aeroplane said to have taken flight long before the Wright brothers left the ground. There can be little doubt that this was the same Percy Pitcher whom the Cattells had entertained as a midshipman in Canada and whom he met again after he had left the navy to take up engineering.

Our old friend Percy, whose mechanical genius withdrew him from the navy to study engineering, has, with a similar enthusiast as partner, a workshop at Clerkenwell. He showed us the smallest engine yet made, but it had to be coaxed and the flywheel worked steadily till the works became heated to maintain the speed. Percy is studying bird movements and has great hopes of this motor, but the greater difficulty of governing and balancing in mechanical flight has yet to be overcome.

Not long after he and the Hon. Everard F. were staying at Lord Braye's and, having accomplished a successful flight and demonstrated the powers of his machine, he was urged against his inclination to make another ascent. The day was wet and the bamboo stretcher broke. He fell through some 40 feet and was carried to the house to die. We used often to call at their workshops where Percy took pride in a little engine he had built for aerial navigation, the smallest yet made.

In 1899 Cattell went to Aldershot to say farewell to his old regiment, the X Hussars, before they left for the South African war. and found the officers "limping about maimed by inoculation for typhoid".

On the evening of January 22nd 1901 the tolling of the church bell gave the news of the passing of the Great Queen and a few days later he paid his last respects as the funeral procession passed through Hyde Park.

So ended what was perhaps the greatest era in our history and Cattell, though essentially a Victorian lived to see two more monarchs on the throne

throne/...

In 1907, at the age of 78, having been soaked through on returning from a service in the cathedral, he contracted double pneumonia and Father H.... administered the last sacrament. Cattell himself, however, never had any doubts about his ultimate recovery, and, after recuperating with his daughter in Cork, he returned to his house in Southsea.

One by one his old Crimean comrades began to fail. Elliott, Scarlett's A.D.C. in the Crimea has, after long illness, gone to his rest and Swinfen writes ' No doubt our kind friends look upon us as fossils and so we are in many respects, but, as dear Alick Elliott used to sing in one of his songs 'Our hearts are both youthful and mellow' and that is something to be grateful for at any rate.'

Now Tom Hampton-Lewis is gone at one of his places in Anglesea and at Christmas his daughter wrote that Godman complains he is also afflicted with old age. He wrote ' I cannot do much hunting and had to give up deerstalking but thanks to my doctor I am getting on well although for years I used to put down a bottle of champagne every night, I now only drink barley water and milk but my sight is not improving and, in the right eye, I am stone blind. I am getting Kinglake read to me, then Russell.'

On my birthday this year I was greeted as the only surviving medical officer of the Crimean campaign still adive in mind and body.

At the end of the year Godman also died, he had just been gazetted Colonel of the old "Green Horse" and his wife tells me he heard of the appointment just before he died. Swinfen and myself remain of the Crimean Green Horse.

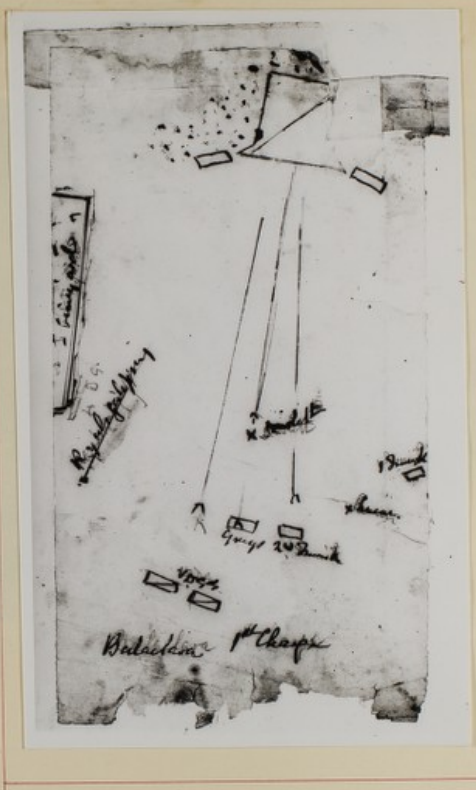
At last it was the turn of his life-long friend, Swinfen, the man who had bravely stood by him during the cholera epidemic and was now a Military Knight of Windsor

The last farewll to his old friend forms a fitting end to the Cattell saga:

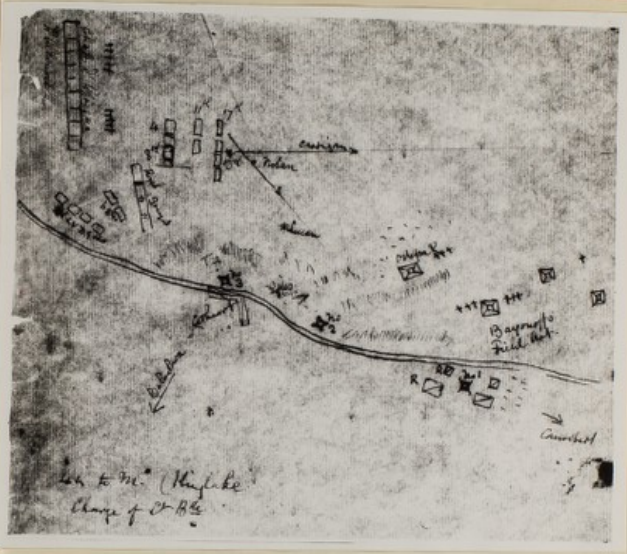
Swinfen had been growing weaker from heart trouble and, when winter permitted of my going over to see him he was too weak to see me . I never saw him again. He passed away on 22nd June and was buried in the family vault in Kensal Green. Eileen drove Billy and me and I followed my old chum to Requiem Mass. Two officers and a few men of the old Green Horse followed

a few men of the old Green Hose followed together with detachments of the 2nd Lifeguards and Coldstream Guards with the band followed through the crowded streets.

R.I.P.



The Charge of the Heavy Brigade
October 25th 1854



The Charge of the Light Brigade
October 25th 1854

The Charge of the Light Brigade

Captain Morris, who led the 17th Lancers, being tended by Surgeon Mouat and Sergeant Wooden both of whom received the Victoria Cross.

5

Surgeon, 5th Dragoon Guards

Mussoorie (circ) 1872

6

Surgeon Major 10th Royal Hussars
1872

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WILLIAM CATTELL-

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ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

The Cattell papers consist of about 400,000 words. A preliminary glance through this formidable dossier seemed to indicate that it might form the basis of an article on the life of an Army Doctor in Victorian days. Very soon, however, one struck such a rich vein of adventure and reminiscence that the work expanded beyond all expectations; so much so that it was unreasonable to expect any one military unit to undertake the task of typing.

The co-operation of various formations, commands and units was asked for and was most readily given, and the assistance of the D.G.S. B.A.O.R., the D.D's M.S. Southern and Western Commands, and the Commandants of the R.A.M. College and Depot, is most gratefully acknowledged. When sending out the various chapters for typing I explained that this was a rough preliminary proof which would require drastic amendment if any wider publication was to be considered. It was suggested that perhaps it might provide an exercise for clerks under training.

This accounts for the somewhat patchy nature of the pages which follow. Some display the touch of the expert, others fall short of this standard, while I myself must be held responsible for a considerable proportion of the errors.

I have decided to send out a few copies of the synopsis in its present imperfect form in order to obtain opinions as to whether the memoirs should receive further editing and classification. I feel sure the reader will agree that any criticisms of typographical shortcomings will be outweighted by a sense of gratitude to our soldier clerks of all ranks who have devoted so much time and trouble to save the work of William Cattell from fading into oblivion.

R.E.B.

BYGONE DAYS

AND

REMINISCENCES BY THE WAY

"Non numero horas nisi serenas"

The above is the title given by William Cattell to his autobiography, a synopsis of which appears in the following pages

F O R E W O R D

The Army Medical Services are fortunate, and perhaps unique, in possessing a roll with biographical notes of every officer dating from 1660. This is due to the devoted labours of Colonel Peterkin, Colonel Johnston, and Colonel Foster, it is now being maintained by The War Office.

As many thousands of names have to be included the biographical notes have to be laconic to a degree.

Here is typical example:

"5211 William Cattell. A.S. 23 F. 28 Mar 1854: 5 Dn.Gds 14 Ap. 1854. S.Staff 12 July 1864: 20 F. 16 Nov. 1866: 10 Huss 11 Dec. 1872. A.M.D.,S.M. 12 July 1884. Brig.S. 27 Nov. 1879. D.S.G. 12 Mar. 1882. r.p. 23 Nov 1889. "C", Afghan 1878-1879 b. at Castle Bromwich Warwickshire 23 Nov. 1829. Died 28 Mar 1919".

It should be added, by way of explanation, that "A.S." indicates Assistant Surgeon, "S.Staff" Staff Surgeon and "A.M.D. S.M." Surgeon-Major Army Medical Department This marks the time when the regimental system ended and, to his bitter annoyance, he had to take off his cavalry uniform and don that of the Medical Department. "C" indicates that he served in the Crimea.

Little more seems to have been known of William Cattell until in the summer of 1958 when a discovery was made which breathed new and startling life into these few dry biographical bones.

His great grandson Mr Swinhoe came across a collection of old papers, dusty and long forgotten lying in a trunk in a garden shed at his home near Battle in Sussex. These turned out to be the life story of William Cattell written by himself, starting from the day when he joined the Army Medical Service at Fort Pitt and continuing through the Crimean War, where he served with James Mouat the first medical V.C., the Afghan War, service in Malta, South Africa, India and Canada until his retirement.

The whole dossier can only be described as monumental. It weighs some 13 lbs and contains thirty chapters. It is difficult to decide whether he ever intended it for publication. It is entitled "Bygone Days and Reminiscences by the Way", and, in the dedication to Lady Anne Kerr, he writes that is "was written for the information of our children" and in the preface He describes how he got togther with his comrades of earlier days so as to "put in readable form not only what as interested me in life, but what seems worth remembering so that our children may learn to take the same interest in the world around as we have". Though it is not written in diary form it contains such a wealth of detail (as well as hurriedly drawn sketch maps of operations etc) that it has almost certainly been compiled from records made at the time of occurrence.

Cattell must have been a fascinating and truly remarkable character endowed with an astounding memory. He had the usual classical education and his work is dotted with Greek and Latin quotations. On one occasion when officers were enjoined to lead the troops in singing on the march he surprised them by bursting into a Greek chorus!

He was of course first and foremost a doctor though the medical aspect of his life receives surprisingly little attention. He was obviously an efficient and popular surgeon in the days when it was considered slightly infra dig to have chloroform for such a minor operation as the opening up of a carbuncle, when the regimental M.O. would undertake the removal of a breast for cancer and would be prepared to leave such routine matters as tooth extractions to the regimental farrier'. Next, and a very close second, he was a soldier. Having got into the V Dragoon Guards by petticoat influence he remained with them for ten years and was very much one of the family, participating in their training and hilariously joining in their Mess festivities He was twice asked to cease his doctoring and to take a cornetcy in the regiment but refused to do so. He was an ardent botanist, bringing plants from every land to Kew. Page after page is filled

with highly technical botanical lore. He was a musician and composer and wrote pieces of music for the regimental band which he, himself, conducted. He was a success as an actor in many amateur productions and revelled in all kinds of sport and games polo, racing ,shooting and pig-sticking were his chief delights but (ever persona grata with the opposite sex) he was not above learning croquet and proudly records the fact that he was elected captain in his first season. In addition to all this he was a convinced spiritualist and a profound believer in ghosts. The various chapters contain many wild ghost stories and he often regulated his actions on the advice of planchette. Deeply religious all his life he was finally received into the Roman Catholic faith and the last chapters are devoted to long theological disputations.

On turning the last page of dossier one is left with a mental picture of the ageing Surgeon General surrounded by his cronies, Generals Godman and Elliott, Colonels Swinfen and Sandeman, Lord Ralph-Kerr, Colonel Fisher-Childe with the Hon P Napier and Major Wilson. The table is littered with old notes books, diaries, sketches, menus, dance programmes and photographs as they fight their battles over again, telling the story for the instruction and edification of the next generation.

How to reduce this massive work down to reasonable proportions presents a formidable problem. The opening chapters with their dramatic eye-witness accounts of his early days in the army and his experiences in the Crimean War encouraged the view that it might be possible to make a connected story of the whole work The later chapters, however, with their wholesale extracts from other works and their long theological and scientific discussions compels one to agree with the publishing firm to whom the papers were first submitted, that publication on a commercial scale was not likely to be successful.

Never the less there is no doubt that here we have the most complete picture in existence of the life of an army doctor in mid-Victorian days. It seems, therefore, that the only solution is to take each chapter seriatim, quoting extensively where Cattell is giving his personal experiences and giving scant attention to chapters such as that on the Mutiny which occurred some ten years before he landed in India. By this means it is hoped that these synopses, in addition to having some intrinsic interest, may prove a guide to the historian who may wish to consult the original MSS, now housed in the Museum Muniments Room at the R.A.M.College.

There is internal evidence to show that the earlier pages were written in 1905, in the closing chapters however we read of the death of King Edward VII in 1910 so that he must have spent at least five years on the work. Though he lived until nearly 90 in full possession of his faculties and saw the end of the First World War he leaves no record behind him of those fateful years.

R.a.B.

CHAPTER 1

CRIMEAN WAR

(The original M.S.S. consists of some 60 pages dating from 1850 to 1855)

Cattell describes how in his boyhood he was intensely interested in Chemistry and Geology. His early chemical excursions were not propitious. With a young friend he was engaged in making fireworks for Guy Fawkes night when the latter casually started pounding potassium chlorate and sulphur in a mortar

"then came an explosion, the room was filled with dust and smoke and out of the darkness came a piercing cry. When we could make him out my comrade's hands were clasped on his knees and his eyes blinded with powder; he had neglected to keep the materials damp but happily was not seriously injured. Though afterwards obliged to wear glasses, and he spent his days in The War Office."

Cattell was apprenticed for two years to a doctor and entered King's College, passing the matric into London University in 1850 with honours in Chemistry,

"Whilst working for the M.B. London at King's College, an old chum (Hulke) told me he had been offered an Assistant Surgeoncy in the Guards, which he could not accept, and advised me to offer myself"

"It meant, he said, a six month's tour in Malta and it would be better for me than starting at once in London, and my partnership could wait. I had only to call at the Army Medical Office and volunteer, which I did and put my name down for an interview. My reception was not cordial, the D.G., a Scotchman in indifferent health and careworn, with his hand on his liver curtly demanded 'Who are you to think we need your services?' Till this moment I was not particularly keen on a plunge the consequences of which I had scarce had time to think about, and which would dislocate all my arrangements nor did I know that a nomination was necessary. Coming home much hurt I could not conceal my discomforture and my people communicated with Mrs Sidney Herbert, the wife of the War Minister who, the next morning went herself to see the potentate and I was summoned for examination. There were some thirty groups of questions. At one o'clock Pilleau who superintended, came and watched me for a moment, then left the room, and when I got home after 5 I was astonished to hear that Mrs Herbert, soon after one o'clock had brought news of my having passed. We were ordered to Chatham and my collection of books had to be sent away in sacks.

At Fort Pitt the principle medical officer inspected us and found fault with B.C.R., next me, for not being shaved; I turned to look but could only discover a few light hairs on the underlip. The Mess was very dreary, the President seldom spoke even to the seniors around him; and amongst ourselves conversation was not tolerated. Decanters were ringed so that you might know when the Regent's Allowance was exhausted, and we took the earliest opportunity to retire and converse.

* This was almost certainly Sir Andrew Smith who succeeded Sir James McGrigor in 1853. His burden of care was soon to be rendered almost unsupportable by the stings and arrows of the formidable Miss Nightingale

I was gazetted to 23 Fusiliers, intimation of which came earlier through the tailors, and, as the Fusiliers were on the point of embarkation, I had to make frequent visits to London to hurry on my equipment. One morning I suddenly lost my voice whilst we were being inspected, and the P.M.O., when he addressed me, finding I was unable to reply, ordered me to go to my quarters sick. Matters were so urgent that feeling otherwise well, I, two days later, went up about my uniform, and returned by an early train to avoid any chance of a chill. In the compartment opposite to me who should seat himself but the P.M.O., who, however, evinced no recognition. Next morning I resumed duty in the general hospital. The orderlies said that the P.M.O. was going round with his temper more than usually ruffled, for everything was wrong. Presently I was sent for, and he sternly intimated the dire penalties incurred through having left my quarters whilst on the sick-list. After an ominous pause he added, "But here is your appointment to the 23rd Fusiliers."

"My friend Mrs Herbert, who preferred cavalry, as she maintained that I would be safer on a horse, interviewed the D.G. and, asking what cavalry vacancies there were, chose the V Dragoon Guards. On transfer I joined at Ballincollig, and at the Imperial Hotel Cork, met some brother officers, who noticing my baggage, found me out in my loneliness, with a warm welcome and insisted on my coming out early for breakfast, where trout was a favourite dish,- perhaps because rare in England."

The keen professional soldier of today can scarcely realise the easy life of those days when commissions were purchased and the army was considered, especially in the cavalry, as a pleasant means of passing a few years before marriage, or the inheritance of a family estate, necessitated the taking of existence seriously. Once dismissed his drills, professional subjects were banished and sport and amusement paramount.

"One night a subaltern in glancing over orders made some criticisms on one of the promotions and was promptly called to order: for the C.O. happened to be at mess. But all allusion to daily routine, or in fact to military subjects was taboo as 'shop'. Scarcely anyone thought of the service as a career or as worthy of studying. We had three parades a week, Adjutant's and C.O's, mounted drill, and the church parade which counted as a foot parade."

A cavalry regiment at home had, besides a riding master, a paymaster, a vet, and two medical officers, (surgeon and assistant) all, except the riding master, only distinguished from the other officers by wearing the staff cocked hat in full dress, they were an integral part of the regiment. In India as the strength was augmented, a second assistant surgeon was appointed.

Each regiment had its hospital and medicine chest and the sick were attended by men of the regiment (orderlies) under the hospital sergeant who passed as a compounder and drew an extra shilling a day. The duties of all were laid down in the Standing Orders of the regiment and the Commanding Officer was supreme. Only those medical officers not in regiments were "Staff", under direct control of the Administrative Officer (P.M.O.) of the District and they served the general hospitals.

The V.D,G, had served in Ireland from 1841 to 1843 and this time since 1850.....

"My predecessor had, it appears, been keen on midwifery so the surgeon asked if my penchant was similar and then told me he did not want me at the hospital and I could devote myself to drill. So morning in the manage, afternoon sword exercises and foot drill in the square and pistol practice against a high wall in one of the officer's gardens next to the church, filled up the day. There was a notable old soldier as orderly, 'Old Tagg' who could concoct a potion - on the rare occasion- or conduct an autopsy, and in fact was general factotum."

"On the first night the band played in my honour and when the bandmaster asked as usual whether any extra pieces were required (the music at hand was on the back of the programme the President referred to me and of course I was prompted to ask for one, the bandmaster, as usual, drank his glass of port and afterwards I found I had regaled the band....."

"The new cornet 'Cookie' and myself were at once sent to drill and riding school; altogether it seemed a strange world. The polished leather facings of new overalls were an impediment to movement, it was difficult even to ascend the steps in front of our quarters from the Manage, much more to get a grip of new saddlery; no wonder, then, that when 'THUD' came from the sergeant I fell into the tan. My comrade also took lessons in the 'noble art of self-defence' from the Black Professor' a nigger out from Cork, and I would be awakened and challenged to get up and defend myself just for his practice....."

"After dinner the cloth was removed with a sudden snake-like movement towards the President, so that you scarce detected the twisted cord ere it disappeared and revealed a plane of mahogany, very dark and kept beautifully polished, I have seen a similar one in Halifax of which the mess was proud."

"A covered table was then laid out for cards in the mess room, for there was no ante-room. A waiter brought a tray full of notes in bundles for distribution, there were only £1 notes and Loo went on until the small hours. I, who only watched, remember how often a player was caught napping, and 'loo-ed' for having prematurely touched his cards....."

"Preparations for the trip to Malta and a possible campaign, caused a constant coming and going of officers. The Colonel, now a Brigadier, had gone, and the major exchanged with a stranger who did not join till the last minute; there was not time for the ordinary barrack life: some, however, would drive into Cork to the club and go the the theatre, others were dining out in the neighbourhood, and generally some of the R.H.A., who would stroll across for the invariable Loo; and some of the neighbouring civilians would be invited."

"The senior captain came back from leave and the first opportunity of absence was availed of to make hay in his quarters and empty his drawers into the ready filled bath. He had exchanged from Infantry and more over had a slight hesitation in speech which made him interlard his sentences with 'D'ye see' and 'don'cher'know'. but he was good tempered and very good natured and so escaped rougher treatment. ....."

"Le Marchant joined as Lieutenant Colonel from r.p 7th Dragoon Guards just before we embarked, and did not make a favourable impression. On parade he hoped we should conduct ourselves well and give him no cause for complaint, otherwise he would come down on us with a heavy hand, and he ended with a significant, 'So look out'!

"In our last week relatives came for farewells and during the last three nights there were large dinners at the Imperial Hotel. Then in the early morning, we rode down to Queenstown, through the city and along the river where the road is most picturesque and remarkable for its noble gateways; but I can recall no mental picture of the march till we reached Queenstown, where the windows were all occupied and the streets filled."

"Many years after along this picturesque road, it has struck me how strange it is that it made no lasting impression, and that the only mental picture I have of Cork is the well-groomed figure of Neville in blue frock and buttonhole gazing sadly down the river from the steps of the club, where now the Parnell bridge blocks and disfigures the scene.

The contractor had made a bet that we should ride on board the Himalaya from Admiralty Pier, but to satisfy him only the leading troop was allowed to pass along the gallery he had erected to the ship and the rest led their horses. Three women per troop went out as washerwomen. The houses were gay with bunting and everywhere crowds of spectators thronged our passage, to witness the novel scene.

Gaily we glided into the Mediterranean and admiring its phosphorescence, with occasional sketches when some glimpse of the shore appeared, after seven days and twenty two hours we reached Malta on the 5th of June. Here there were two French ships in harbour with a large contingent of troops on board and there were hearty cheers from both sides.

Immediately after the Opera we went on board and started for Scutari for, contrary to expectations, Russia seeing us determined had not made peace. A party of senior NCOs had also gone ashore having first been warned by the new C.O. "If any of you return drunk or bring liquor on board I will break you", remarks they thought as ungenerous as they were uncalled for. Half the men were supposed to be on guard each night, the remainder stowed themselves away in various places. The next night was unnaturally quiet save when some horse gave an audible neigh or stamp of his hoof in resentment at his limited space and cramped position. A keg of whisky belonging to Veterinary Sergeant Fisher had disappeared from the hold and, about midnight, the C.O. ordered all berths to be searched. A small quantity of brandy was found in a Troop Sergeant Major's berth. He was tried by Court Martial and denied having brought the brandy aboard, which the Pay Sergeant, Ellison, in the next berth admitted to have done for him, so he was acquitted.

At a parade on the quarter deck the C.O. seemed to have lost all control over himself and told the court that they ought in duty to have found the prisoner 'guilty, as he undoubtedly was' and they were unfit for their position.

At the entrance to the Dardanelles we anchored for the night, the next day passing Gallipoli with its vast canvas camp. Now, entering the Bosphorus, we begin to realise the situation. On our left is pointed out the ruined tower of Mermare Kali where offending ladies of the Sultan's harem were bowstrung and flung into the sea. We had been thirteen days on board and, through good care, had been fortunate in not losing one horse.

At Scutari our Colonel, now Brigadier, came on board and was heartily welcomed, the men crowding round the gangway; resuming their wonted spirits for a depression had set in after the Malta incident.

Before leaving home our uniform was supplemented by shoulder scales like the Life Guards, but we took our box epaulettes also. These were now stored at Hansen's Bank.

On the 13th we left for Varna, up through a narrow gorge about a mile in breadth, in which the waters of the Black Sea gush down in a flood to expand below into the Sea of Marmora ....."

"Roused early we saw Eminch's Point, a superb cape of porphyry rock and anchored in Varna Bay between H.M.S. Bellerophon (Billy Ruffian as it was called) and the Southern shore on the evening of the 11th, after 11 days and 19 hours under steam. It was the quickest passage yet made 3360 miles in 14 days. The transport still belonged to the P & O although purchased by the government and there was a large cellar of wine on board which was therefore liberally dispensed. 323 men and 320 horses were disembarked."

"Being a large vessel we had to anchor some distance from the shore and the horses were slung into flat bottomed barges, an operation which delighted the sailors, twelve of whom rowed each barge to shore. Encamped on the beach we put on white helmet covers and, for two days, were busy unloading baggage."

"On the sand the horses, delighted at feeling free and on land again, pulled up their picket pegs and scampered away on the loose, so stray stakes had to driven down."

"The medicine chest was ordered into store at Varna being considered a useless encumbrance in the field, as also were our shoulder scales, new and unused in which, any more than the epaulettes they replaced, we could not lie down The medicine chest was not seen again for many months and there were no field panniers to take it's place, fortunately a small chest formed part of several officers' kit."

"Next morning, Wednesday, we marched four miles through the outskirts of the town and encamped some two miles from Varna on the Schumla Road upon elevated ground just above Devna Lake where a large camp was being formed."

"The town is becoming French, all the best buildings are occupied by them and the Tricolor waves from a tall flagstaff over streets newly named 'Rue du Quartier General', 'Des Posto', etc. and there is also a clean looking restaurant ' De l'Armee Orient' newly painted. We immediately provided ourselves with ponies, sturdy and strong, and some of which proved fast."

"We had landed with two days rations and, for a time neither bread nor fresh meat were issued. The day before leaving for Devno was devoted to loading arabas with baggage and training our newly purchased baggage ponies. As the rations did not turn up for the morning issue the quartermaster rode into Varna for them. Meanwhile there was some grumbling young healthy men loading baggage since daybreak to go without breakfast was annoying. At mid-day a fine built Irishman usually called Johnnie, fond of a frolic and likwise a drop of 'the cratur' but not a bad soldier wandered over to a French battery a hundred yards away and, though unable to speak their language, was warmly received, entertained to a good luncheon and plentiful accompaniment of brandy. In consequence he came staggering back past the C.O.'s tent singing 'There's a Good Time coming Boys only Wait a little longer'. The Lieutenant Colonel came out 'Hallo there ! What the devil do you mean by making that noise?' 'Shut up' !

' I won't I'll sing as much as I like'

'Silence ! or I'll have you flogged'.

'Yes you will flog us but you can't get us any grub sneaking in your tent. Why don't you bring us our rations?'

When the C.O. did find voice Johnny was sent to the guard room and handcuffed and was so violent that his legs had to be tied. He was court martialled at Devno and sentenced

to 25 lashes, for which leniency the C.O. rebuked the court. 'I am disgusted and wont trouble to tie you up, many a schoolboy gets more than that - Go to your duty! "

"On 21st we marched to Devno through the British camp about a mile from the town on a plain covered with scrub and beyond this to flat meadow land that swept westward for some three miles, passing through a succession of fine landscape outlined by hills rising above the scrub. On our left the lake, some three miles long, varying from 100 yards to 3 miles in breadth, into whose marshes, full of rush and frogs, the Pravadi River empties - its waters full of animalcule and is borders of enormous leeches. Lines of storks fly overhead and ashore, vultures are on the look out, ominous sign of a valley known to the natives as that of Death. But ofthis (which concerns the sanitary authorities) we were blissfully ignorant."

"On this march some prisoners were strapped one to a forge cart and another to a trooper's stirrup, dragged along in the hot sun through a road made dusty by the horses - a distressing spectacle."

"Devna was condemned as a camping site by Dr. Hall, the P.M.O.. sent by Lord Raglan, but his report was ignored by Sir Geo. Brown who admired the beauty of the scenery, and had to vacate it on account of cholera. But when it was determined from military necessity to re-occupy the site no sanitary precautions were taken. The medical officers duty was to tend the sick, not to attempt to prevent sickness."

"There were several excellent springs with masonry fountains, and when we arrived the river water was good, but the proximity of troops did not allow this to continue and no preservation was attempted. It was here today and gone tomorrow, and we went to the grave. Horses being watered at the fountains (which should have been reserved for other use) kept a puddle around. Expostulation with thirsty men in a blazing sun already suffering from diarrhoea was useless, they would eagerly lap up water from the puddle at their feet. There is nothing so maddening as thirst, not even hunger as those shipwrecked who escape in boats have told."

"The latrine was a deep trench, partly sheltered by the thrown up earth and surmounted by a screen of brushwood whose bough formed the seat. Fortunately when Joey fainted there in the cholera time, debilitated from diarrhoea, he leaned forward or he would have been smothered in the ordure. Mosaic sanitation or use of dry earth was unknown and the pit was a hot bed of flies innumerable who spent their days between ordure of all kinds and our food. They swarmed into the tents at night from horse lines and latrines and formed a dense black cone round the top of the pole. Burning paper destroyed numbers but there were always sufficient at sunrise to make life unbearable until the tent was opened. They particularly affected the eyelids. Inspection of the latrines shows that diarrhoea is very prevalent due, according to some to injudicious use of fruit, especially 'Killjohn' apricots (which I enjoy) but more probably to deficiency of vegetable food."

"In the river the men washed clothes and bathed and, to add to the mischief, the commissariat camp was placed on its bank and the butchers found it a convenient place for offal. Yet it still formed the chief supply for cooking for the infantry and, what was of far more consequence, it was eagerly drunk by men whose thirst became excessive under the unaccustomed powerful sun. In vain, doubtless in many cases, was warning given to avoid such practice but the principal evil consisted in not providing water troughs and tubs. Reservoirs might also have been dug out for the former, and others for ablutions."

"Temperature in the tents was 110 - 115 degrees and excessive dew fell at nights penetrating the canvas and making everything damp, in which state our clothing had to be put on every morning."

"It is remarkable that all orientals wear an ample girdle and protect the head with folds of turban, a woollen cap or padded fez to shield it from the oppressive rays of the sun. In all cases they keep the abdominal region well protected. Most English and many French officers imitated this custom with great comfort. They made a turban with ends drooping over the upper spine and wore cholera belts, which, however, were misplaced under the clothing and could not be removed."

"On the 2 nd of July the Light Division succeeded by the Guards arrived from Alaydyn and encamped on higher ground sloping up from the opposite bank of the river, and on the 19th the Royals came next to us. The Light Brigade, 8th, 13th and the 17th Lancers at the same time occupied the elevated slope on the Kutschuk road, some distance N.W.

"A regiment of Turkish Lancers was divided, one wing encamping on the right of the Light Brigade and the other on our left. As I had to look after the Commissariat followers these Lancers were also in my medical charge and some Turkish became useful."

"We had to live in troop messes and erected shelters - here called 'Zemliks' - for which purpose I was sent up the mountain to fetch wood; among our party Johnson came forward and became most useful. He was one of a batch of volunteers from the 7th Dn Guards attached to us for recruiting, who, on being entrained in Dublin, took off their forage caps (peculiarly made without stiffening, like old night caps) and waved them out of the carriage windows, cheering lustily for their new regiment, the V Dn Guards. The officers, who had not left the platform, felt aggrieved and, too late to stop the train, reported the insubordination . But Scarlett, recognising the the splendid physique of the men, who preferred active service, made their peace. Johnson had been put in orders as lance corporal, but respectfully declined to be responsible for anyone but himself. Long after I learnt his romance."

"Not only was the customary routine of duties varied irregularly by the new C.O, but crimes, as previously noted., were punished with severity because committed in the field. It was painful to see men handcuffed and strapped to the stirrup alongside a mounted man especially at the trot, as occurred in the last march. Floggings were frequent; the man stripped to the waist and lashed to a triangle to receive the counted lash after lash from the trumpetor and farrier alternatively, to note the weals crossing each other till at last the back was scored with purple bleeding bands, degrading as a spectacle and only justifiable as a last resort with a brute."

"On one occasion a man was sent to be flogged from another regiment, and , when the proceedings were read out, I remarked the absence of a medical certificate and the man was unstrapped, not less to his relief than ours, and I think the ordeal of terror was beneficial without the degradation."

"Many articles were soon wanted from Varna, especially coin, and I was sent down for the surgeon required no professional assistance. Whoever was sick had a dose of jalap and calomel which either cured him or taught him better than to come sick again. Neville with whom I had becomed friendly, more scholar than soldier, offered to accompany me. On our way we halted half way at Alladyn where the Light Division and Rifles were encamped to see more friends - Cole, Reade Stanley etc "

"A horde of Bashi Bazouks, some three thousand, have camped near us and aramdor my medical charge. Their chief occupation seems to be the kidnapping of Bulgarian children for ransom, one case was reported and the ruffians chased into a wood so dense that they managed to escape. Beatson, a native Indian officer has arrived from India with Mr Fox as A.D.C. who has had some experience in this way in Algeria. The staff are in gorgeous uniforms and are on their way to Schumla where they hope to turn these riff-raff into soldiers."

"Then, late in July, came the cholera. It was not a novelty for I had tended cases of it in London years ago. Appearing on a French transport from Marseilles it came with their troops into Bulgaria and reached ours later. It appeared at Devno almost as soon as we heard of it at Varna - and it had come to stay."

"A sirocco wind was, for the past few days, blowing up the lake from Varna and cholera broke out in the 7th Regiment, the nearest to the lake, there were a few cases on Thursday July 20th and, on Sunday, several fell out on church parade. It is spreading along the Light Division, some dying in less than 24 hours. The pest is popularly attributed to the indulgence in 'Kill-johns' (apricots) and red Tenedos wine, which our Surgeon specially condemns though several of us, myself included, regularly drank it as an agreeable change from the charcoal coffee, water being impossible. The flabby meat ration was increased to allow for bone, but there was no means of providing wholesome water for drinking; meantime the General Hospital at Varna is full and all cases must how be treated in the field."

"On the 24th one of our men fell ill immediately after bathing in the river having suffered from diarrhoea for the previous 12 hours, and died in 15 hours. From the state of the latrines diarrhoea was evidently very common. Harrassed and worried by constant work from4 a.m. till 8 p.m., under a sun hotter than they were used to, they knew no rest, no regular hours of duty, and crimes were heavily punished. Stable duties were in the heat of the day, a new C.O. had substituted irregularity and interference for the old routine under Scarlett."

"The first camp was moved back a short distance to higher ground under the hills, the Royals immediately on our South and, next, a wing of Turkish Lancers, but at a greater interval."

"On the 25th, owing to the spread of cholera, with rapid fatality even in five hours among the Light Division, this was moved over the hills Westwards to high ground near Mumstir, 8 miles, a beautifully wooded plateau. There too had also been significant cases of typhus."

"Meanwhile offal is being thrown into the river above our camp and that of the Light Division, but below that of the Light Cavalry Brigade. Black Death, evidently cholera, is raging at Pravadi. An English medical officer of a Turkish regiment has warned me that, in the approaching autumn, this plain of Devno is very unhealthy since even the natives suffer, and that a form of scurvey, very intractible would devastate us."

"Cool nights are now accompanied by heavy dews. Natives avoid the vicinity of the lake in the autumn as unhealthy, The Turkish cavalry who came to me had cases of fever, remittent and intermittent, the latter most common and called 'Sisina Tittera' from its cold shake. They did not suffer from cholera."

"The Catholic Chaplain, undeterred by cholera, set so noble an example in calmly attending to this duties, while others shirked. that a memorial was afterwards erected to his honour at home."

"At Devno the V.D.G. lost three men only, but the locality being considered unhealthy, they were ordered to march on July 28th to wards Shumla and encamped near the village of Kotlubei...."

"Kotlubie, situated on an extensive plain is 9 miles from Pravadi and some 3 from Kara Hassim... on portions of the plain there grew a species of thistle with offensive odour especially when trodden on and bruised, and, near the village, on one side were myriads of insects, boding no welcome as we disturbed them in passing. The village consisted of a few low cottages and Khan built in a hollow round some well and excessively dirty."

"In our camp, this second site was covered by the offensive thistle which was therefore cleared away. This ground was near the village and the air often seemed tainted. The second day after arrival dispelled the illusion that we had escaped from the sphere of infection. A case occurred with collapse and death in 13 hours, now for 5 days we escaped (with one death from remittent), and we heard that the pest was decreasing at Prawadi and Monastir but that the Royals were suffering. Our first camp was on the left of the Schumla road, a little East of the village and on the 5th we changed ground Westwards close to the opposite end of the village. The wells are filthy but we have to use them. This water, as in the fountains at Devno, is disturbed by being constantly drawn for horses most of our supply was from springs almost as objectionable."

" During the first week in August several fatal cases occurred and the ground was changed, but without benefit."

" "For on the 12th from 15 to 20 men were attacked and most of them proved fatal. The ground was again changed but, though the disease became less deadly, more fatal cases occurred and the men who were able to crawl about the lines were scarcely enough to groom and feed and water the horses" (Records V D.Gds)"

"There were few premonitory symptoms now, slight diarrhoea, perhaps unnoticed, then sudden violent spasms with little pain and collapse. Having no medicine save a little redpepper, I rode over to Monastir and tried to beg or borrow opium or anything, but the Light Division had scarcely anything to spare; they were also suffering though encamped on high ground in a beautiful park-like situation."

" On the 8th a man fell from his horse while watering at the fountain spring and died of cholera. On the 11th there were 9 deaths and 25 admissions and a general feeling of depression settled like a gloom upon the regiment. In the tents the men were reading their Bibles, an unusual sight. If seized they at once gave themselves up for lost and terror increased receptivity."

" In the afternoon, as cases were still occurring, the officer commanding, in his shirt sleeves, went to the Brigadier, whose camp was at the south end of our lines and, in an excited manner urged that, as the ground was full of stinking weed, the camp should be changed. Scarlett, who intended moving assented and expected that the O.C. would make the usual preparations for the morning. He was astonished therefore at seeing him ride off into the lines, flinging his shirt sleeves wildly and shouting to the men "Get on your horses and be d.....d, "and "Get off this accursed ground" The excitement brought me out of hospital to ascertain what had happened. There was a panic, men were rushing about to mount and get away helter skelter, the officer commandang and the surgeon in the van. I saw on N.C.O get his foot in the stirrup and fall back, he turned ashy, was brought to hospital and only survived a few hours. On they raced for a conical mound in the centre of the plain, one and half miles away the only conspicuous object on the level desert."

" Left with the sick and dying, and without rations which had been carried off in the flight, I went to General Scarlett for orders. He was quite calm and said 'I am staying with the hospital and so do you'. In the evening Captain Duckworth came back, astonished to find only the hospital, my tent, and the general's camp alone standing. He has formed a remarkable friend ship with Sandeman, a young cornet of the Royals, who had been ill with fever since the 24th July. Every day he had ridden over with fruit or any little luxury he could procure, though, unknown to us he himself was suffering from diarrhoea. Surprised to find the camp vacated, I showed him the tents now beginning to spring up in the distance and told him we had no food. Then he rode on."

"Sandeman on August 14th was able to hobble about a room he had taken in a house at Kara Hussim. On the 17th he left for Varna in an araba with the surgeon Barron, leaving the regiment encamping close to the lake some three miles out of Varna and was carried on board the transport Bombay where poor Duckworth afterwards came to die. 'Poor fellow', wrote Sandeman, 'he lost his life in my service, as he rode over almost every day from Kotlubie to bring me luxuries which kept me alive'. The 'luxuries' consisted, I fancy in imagination, for with us there were none."

"Presently a mounted orderly came to summon me to the new camp. There were fresh cases of cholera."

"The C.O. and surgeon were ill also the paymaster but the general told me to stay as Assistant Surgeon Moore VI D.G. (attached to brigade) was at the other camp. Next morning, after burials, we went over with Scarlett to find the surgeon and Duckworth ill with cholera and the C.O. and paymaster indisposed. Duckworth was seriously ill but bore up with wonderful resignation; his features became so terribly changed that F., the vet, who went to sit with him, became nervous. I met F. in a state of intense excitement rushing out of Duckworth's tent - 'Oh! I've got it' pressing his hand on his stomach; then - 'What is it like?' He was sent to bed, diarrhoea set in and a week after he was buried in the ditch at Varna (Hospital Cemetery)."

"I reported that we sometimes only had one man to attend to seven horses, there were not sufficient to water them and they had to be taken in batches."

Sgt Major Franks writes: Two or three men volunteered to assist the orderlies but the cases increased to an alarming extent and, on the 11th of August, the large marquee was crowded and several bell tents had to be occupied. There were about 70 sick in hospital and in the space of 12 hours, 15 died. About eight in the morning we buried seven in one grave, then again at noon four in another and at five o'clock four more, making a total of 15 in less than 12 hours. Several more died in the ensuing night.

"It is occasions like these that try a man's nerves and shew the metal he is made of. Well do I remember when men stood with bared heads round the open grave that contained the remains of seven as fine soldiers as ever the sun shone on, some of whom were, less than 24 hours before, in the bloom of health and manhood, and now in the silent tomb. When the Brigade Major, Connolly, who had served several years in the V D.Gs and thus knew some of the men personally, was reading the burial service (for we had no chaplain) he paused and in a voice broken with emotion, said, 'men, don't think me womanish' and pointing to the grave, 'What would they think in England could they see that?"

"On one occasion the funeral service was being read by our adjutant (Godman); when he was about to begin the hospital sergeant, Fisher, ran up and said 'wait a minute another is almost ready'. On being asked 'Is he dead,' the reply came 'not quite'. In a few minutes he was brought out in his blanket and laid with the rest."

"Meanwhile the men were kept employed cutting grass for the horses and watering them twice a day, but in spite of the unremitting efforts of the officers to keep the men cheerful, a gloom had settled over all ranks. To make matters worse various rumours were set afloat."

"One, that the medicine chest had been left behind at Varna through the colonel's fault and that men were dying in consequence, which gained credence. "That was the Day" says Sergt. Major Franks "on which we had buried fifteen and three or four more died during the night. I myself was attacked but managed to pull through. Those officers who were not ill did everything in their power to assist and cheer up the men by visiting the tents and, in many instances, even took their turn in watching by the suffering soldiers. All honour to them! Dr Cattell, I know for a fact, was for three successive nights in the hospital tents and it is a miracle how he kept on his feet, as during that time he scarcely got any sleep. He was one of the kindest of men'."

"Men gathered in one of the tents and selected three as a deputation to the C.O. The Doctor's servant Sands, who lived in that tent at once informed his master who warned the C.O. who was therefore not in his tent when the deputies came. Soon after an araba was seen to leave the camp, accompanied by Gamble, the C.O's servant. It was attached for carrying rations and forage and from daily use it was familiar, but the large quantity of grass with which it was laden was remarked upon."

"The C.O. no longer able to control his fear, had left for Varna on condition that he did not go further (his wife was at Therapia). He left the camp in an araba, halding a white handerkerchief over his face, a departure which intensified the prevailing depression. Of course he went on board ship and, like several others, was carried down to Therapia where he joined his wife, and we never saw him again. Gamble returned two days afterwards with the araba and a pass signed by the C.O. giving him five day's leave. He stated he had covered up his master with grass as they had to travel all night. In going into action Codman heard the men saying 'It's well Tommy Le M is'nt here today'."

"Men admitted that they had suffered from diarrhoea for some time, possible days, before coming to hospital, which was looked upon as a portal to a speedy grave - a disastrous want of confidence only overcome by repeated visitations from tent to tent. We made a tour of the camp every three hours, in which the P.M.O., O'Flaherty, nobly aided and Assistant Surgeon Moore of the Carabineers who, however, himself became ill on the second day. Having no medicine except such private stores as I could obtain, brandy, liberally given up by all who possessed any, and what more could be got from the canteen was all our stock through the cholera period."

"Repeated and unanswered applications urgently forwarded to Varna from Devno were not even acknowledged. A teaspoonful of brandy containing camphor and cayenne pepper was given to those who felt uneasy or nervous - all we had to give. So great was the depression that it was difficult to keep the hospital sentries at their post. There was one who remained calm, Captain Campbell to whom it was a relief to allude to what was going on. Engaged to the general's daughter (Miss Maunsell) and troubled frequently with ulcerated leg he had been marked for the Depot. The choice lay between him and a junior who suffered from epilepay, whereon both the fiancee and her father told him he must go. Captain of the troop I belonged to, he used to read me extracts from her letters, cleverly written with pen illustrations, which were amusing and, under present circumstances, exhilerating. If there were endearments he probably kept them to himself."

"Two Turkish servants in the canteen were attacked, one belonged to a small escort just arrived from Yeni-Bazaar, the other had accompanied us from Devno."

"When it was rumoured that the regiment was returning to Varna and that a subaltern would remain with the sick camp, a dreaded duty, Swinfen at once volunteered to remain with me. Duckworth was his captain, to whom he was much attached, and he, Godman and Burnand were taking it in turns to sit up with him."

"On the 16th the regiment left for Varna, and the surgeon for some time unconscious, died two hours after by congestion of the brain. The hospital and sick unable to travel and the women were left until I thought it safe for them to attempt the journey."

"Sergeant Fisher remained with a few men on guard and as a burying party, and also the interpreter. The next few days were spent among the dying and the dead."

"Our thinned camp was widely scattered but we had no labour to close us in. Swinfen and I were at opposite ends, Pitcairn's tent being next to mine and Fisher alone in the next row with Duckworth further back; and the women grouped some distance to his right. The Hospital was on the extreme right front. Swinfen and I determined to bury the surgeon on top of the conical hill where his body could be easily found if wanted."

"Pitcairn died on the 16th and Duckworth on the 24th. One afternoon there was a noisy altercation outside the womens' tents. We had brought out three per troop - the natives' idea of the general's harem - but really as washerwomen. The immediate casus belli was some trivial matter, next turn to use one of their utensils; but so impressed was I at the inopportune unseemliness in the midst of death, with comrades cholera-stricken in the hospital close by, that I mounted on an up-turned bucket and gave them a serious admonition."

"Our tools were relics of the Peninsula and rotten and it was evening before the surgeon's grave was ready. Now we found there was a repugnance to burial after sunset which had to be overcome. Afterwards we dined in Swinfen's tent, mine, next to the surgeon's,was at the opposite flank. The intermediate ones were all gone and we had no labour to spare to close in the camp. Then we started for a patrol round the outskirts, pistol in hand, taking opposite directions and examining the brushwood for lurking thieves; for that afternoon a regiment of Turkish Bashi-Bagooks had come down and were encamped, just beyond the village; then we again met at the starting point to say 'All's Well' and 'Good night' . . We laid down in our clothes; there was no longer a corpse beside me, only a tent worth robbing. Startled out of a doze by Sergeant Fisher I sprang up, revolver in hand, he merely wanted to report 'All's well', afterwards he explained that it was a relief to speak to someone."

"In the morning we brought some stones from the Turkish cemetery and placed them at head and foot of the grave to be almost immediately siezed by vultures as a resting place of observation. Swinfen and I sought distraction in practising at them with pistols but the interpreter warned us that the villagers were displeased at our appropriating their stones. As for the Bazooks, they gave us no trouble, only anxiety about their predatory habits of which we had had examples at Devno. Then one of them was siezed with cholera, was treated and recovered. This established a friendly understanding."

"Next day Captain Nolan, A.D.C. to the Q.M.G. rode over from Monastir to arrange about arabas for our transport. It was a relief to talk on any other subject than the prevailing topic. He had recently returned with a number of serviceable Syrian horses, most acceptable. He was an enthusiast in cavalry tactics; no square should stop them, and he was severe about our recent Dobroudsha experience where out of 280 horses one hundred were disabled from sore backs, which was not creditable to the officers."

"Arabas arrived and, on the 21st, we commenced our sickly march, leaving narrow mounds near each camping place, soon, probably to be disturbed. The valley below was tainted by numbers of dead horses lying about, the natives, too, had been digging up the bodies of our men for the sake of the blankets in which they were buried and had left them exposed to vultures and dogs."

"These few days made a deep impression on Swinfen. Fifty years later he wrote Don't you think we both ought to have got the V.C. for our sad experience during those few days when we were left so inhospitably by the regiment on that desert plain? We were both rather young then for the job and, although it is so long ago, I see it as distinctly as if it were yesterday. I don't forget your total absence of fear during our experience at Kotlubei. Of course I am only joking about the V.C. but some notice ought to be taken of us poor old beggars - the survivers. I especially mention our mutual old friend Godman, a better soldier, a truer friend could not be, and his very good services have, in my opinion, been altogether unrecognised."

"Duckworth, who had fought manfully - he was always serene - went with us and was removed on board the 'Bombay' where he joined his friend of the Royals (Sandeman), now convalescent from fever, but he died after a few hours, and the body was brought ashore for burial at the cavalry camp on the Adrianople road, wrapped as he requested, in his military cloak without a coffin and alongside Colonel Trevelyan of the Guards. "Never" says Franks 'was an officer more beloved in life and lamented in death'. Fisher, the Veterinary Surgeon was also brought down, and died on arrival at Varna hospital. He was buried in a shallow grave in the ditch. Strange to say non of the women were attacked."

"It was the end of August when we joined Lucan's division on the height above Varna Bay, on the Adrianople road, over the beach shore where we landed in such good form a little more than two months before.
When the regiment left Kotubie on the 16th only some of the men were able to mount a horse, the others were put in arabas, each mounted man let two horses, one on either side. They had to be looked after but many of the poor fellows, however willing, were unable to do so."

"They halted half way each day, some of the men cut grass for the horses, and the cook lit a fire and made coffee for the men which was much appreciated. The horses, though only moving at a walking pace, were sweating, and, being covered with dust were not presentable, and on the third day they no doubt cut a sorry figure, quite different from the V.D.G. of a few weeks before.. Another man Alex Gordon, a native of Aberdeen died in an araba just as they arrived in camp.. "

"Frank writes: 'On the following morning they paraded in watering order (stable dress) and horses without saddles. Each man, able to mount, led two horses and, as there had not been much time to make much improvement since the previous day, we did not appear under advantageous conditions. To make matters worse, we paraded along with the IV D. Guards and 4th Light Dragoons, who had been encamped here since they landed, within easy reach of supplies, and were in the best possible condition. I will not repeat the general's bitter and cutting words to our officers. The men had to listen in silence, he said we were unfit for any sort of duty and should be sent back to England. Sergeant Shegog remarked in the mess tent afterwards the 'truth is stranger than fiction'. We embarked as fine a body of men and as well mounted as any corps in the service, and look at us now! What a change in ten weeks. We may have a chance yet to shew what stuff we are made of. You know our motto, 'Vestigia nulla retrorsum', never say die' and his words had a salutary effect."

"Some six officers short, we were attached to the IV D. Gds under Hodge, but he never interfered. We moved into the next camp to them, and the IVth, knowing that we had two or three horses per man, generously gave us every help. Lucan on the 27th further expressed displeasure at the dirty appearance of the cavalry division and ordered C.O's to lay in a stock of 'yellow ochre and pipeclay'. articles not obtainable here. Doctors being scarce, Lord de Ros going for a change to Therapia, has taken one with him."

"Here the medicine chest overtook us, it had been despatched to Monastir instead of Kotlubie. The camp seems very healthy - looking, yet the IV D.G. and Inniskillings had recently lost some 26 men. An inspecting medical officer who came to investigate, was interrupted by a thunderstorm [illegible] which, he thought, might clear the air, but in the height of the storm five men of the Ambulance Corps - up to this singularly healthy - had been siezed with cholera and, in a few hours, only one survived. Asst. Surgeon Moore, seconded from the VI D.Gds. at hom, claimed as senior to me to have medical charge, but Scarlett over-ruled him as I belonged to the Regiment."

"Our camp extended from the Fountain to Galata Bournon, near England's third division. The ride along the beach into Varna's sickening, hideous bodies float grimly buoyant and bolt upright in the water ar are washed ashore, here and there some straw sticking up in the mud marks a corpse, a prey alternately to vultures and dogs. Lucan had issued strict orders against any man found using the open ground as a latrine. One morning some officers leaving the latrine saw him guilty of the offence and, pretending not to recognise him, called out 'Look here my man, don't you know Lord Lucan's orders'."

"The 3rd Division have lost upwards of 100 men, almost as many as the Light at Devno, having been encamped near the town of Varna. There were cases still, but difficult to diagnose, they seem to be cholera in which reaction sets in early and, instead of collapse, fever."

"There was an abundance of red wine (Tenedos) which some of us, myself included, drank regularly, but there was still an outcry against it as being the cause of cholera.
Our late surgeon always condemned it as pernicious and would not touch it, yet he fell a victim.

Now a Committee was appointed, and finding myself in a minority, I was told to carry out their recommendations and destroy all the wine in the camp. So farriers stove in the casks and the luscious juice flowed into the earth in streams and for days there was nothing to drink; water I would touch as dangerous..."

"The ships went out to sea hoping to shake it off but cholera raged more violently and the Britannia flagship lost 139 out of 885 men, fifty five out of the sixty first cases dying within 20 hours."

"Early in September the army sailed for the Crimea and the Heavy Brigade was left to await transports. On the 26th we; with Scarlett and staff, left in Jason and the IV D.G. in the Trent, each towing a transport with Inniskillings and Royals. After the liberal treatment on the Himalaya, the Screw Company did not win our confidence. There was no table liquor, anyone wanting a glass of sherry had to order a bottle which stood amongst others with your name attached, on a shelf overhead. The sea rose during the night and, in the morning not a ship was to be seen. The wind increased to a storm and fog shut us in for two days. Everyone was seasick from the General to the cow over the screw! At length a break in the fog showed us to be out of our course and making for the Circassian coast. Never having been seasick in heavy seas, I was worried by diarrhoea, so troublesome with everyone around suffering that, on arrival off Balaclava on the evening of the 30th I took an opium pill, which kept me romancing through the night between the intervals of getting up. Here we heard of the Alma where Conolly the brother of one of our staff was killed. Menzikoff is said to have replied to the Czar after Alma: "Que voulez vous, Sire? Vous avez un ministre de la guerre qui a ni senti, invente, ni envoye la poudre."

"Next morning I was so weak that I had to be lifted on horseback. We marched through Balaclava, the inhabitants standing reverently at their doors presenting a plate of bread and salt. Beyond the main street the houses were bright and cheerful with green doors and lattice work covered with flowers; on past Kadykeuei, the hillside now luscious with low bushes of purple grapes. No sooner had we reached our camping ground than I lay down and held the horses while my servant, Murphy went to gather some grapes for which I was instinctively longing. He returned with a whole bush and, saying that this was much less trouble placed it stem upwards over my head. I sucked the fruit and rapidly recovered. Vegetables and fruit had long been absent from our dietary and we were becoming scorbutic."

"Raids were made on deserted houses for fuel. A grand piano was brought in also doors which we arrnaged as a side screen around the camp fire to shelter us from the cool night wind, thus, with our ration of rum, a good old survival from the Peninsula, we hoped for better times. Our first camp was near Kadykeuei, a pretty village nestling around it's green domed little church; then we changed ground twice, moving nearer to the plateau."

"The transports were left behind in the storm, Warcloud and Wilson Kennedy with Innskillings and Royals arrived October having lost in two days' gale 170 out of 178 horses."

"Attached is our only communication from the P.M.O. at Headquarters. It is worthy of record as a guide to the treatment of cholera in the field, where we had no medicines. It is our sole reply to numerous requisitions."

Cattell's bitter resentment against the medical authority reflected in the closing paragraphs of this chapter are not difficult to understand. For weeks he had been grappling with a devastating outbreak of cholera. Patients were treated on the ground in unserviceable bell tents for there was no evacuation to general hospitals, he had no medicines as his commanding officer had jettisoned his equipment before arrival at Varna, without sleep he had been treating cases with spoonfuls of brandy from the officers' mess, sometimes reinforced with Cayenne pepper. Finally, in response to his many urgent requisitions, he received a Memorandum on how to treat cholera! This document he quoted in full.

"The patient is first to be put flat in a bed and to take six 'Pills No. I. These consisted of:-

Camphorae ½ Drachm
Opii pulv gr xii
Pip Cayenne gr. ix
Spt Vini Rect
Conserv Rosar q.s.
In pilul. xij divide.

Next follows an ounce of 'Mixture No. II'
Sp Aetheris Sulph
Spt Ammon Aromat
Tinct Camphorae
Tinct Opii aa 1 Dr.
Aq. Cinnamon Oz ij

The mixture may be washed down with a cordial, spirits flavoured with cloves or ginger, or, if the stomach can bear it, he may get a strong brandy punch, very hot. If necessary he can have an enema of 4 ounces of boiled starch with an aqueous solution of six grains of opium. When sweating has occurred for a few minutes he is to be given copious draughts of warm whey, ginger tea toast water with ginger, mint or balm tea.

On the second day, to counteract acidity of the stomach and feverishness he may be given two tablespoonfulls full of
'Mixture No III'. every t ird hour.
Magnesia Calcinat dr i
Spt. Aeth. Nit. oz i
Tinct Levandul Co.
" Zingiberis
" Calumbae oz ss
Aq. Menth. Pip oz viii

In the later stages he is to receive wine, light broths and beef tea and a healthy tone is restored to the stomach by aromatic bitters. Finally when he has resumed a natural appearance he is to have roast beef, steak and chops."

CHAPTER II

BALACLAVA
1854

(29 Pages of MSS)

This chapter reads a little confusedly. Cattell has pasted various additions across the original typescript, often out of place and sometimes with little reference to the context. It is sometimes difficult to decide whether he is describing his own experiences or is repeating the stories of his friends Godman, Sandeman, Swinfen AND others. In view of the great historical interest of the chapter it has been transcribed almost in extenso.

To the modern eye it seems remarkable that the medical officer should have been so very much in the tactical picture but it must be remembered that he was also very much the cavalry officer, and was twice offered a combatant place in the regiment.

The chief medical interest lies in the story of the award of the Victoria Cross to Surgeon Mouat, who had to interrupt his treatment of Lieut-Colonel Morris to drive off the attacking Cossacks with his sabre. A well known picture by Chevalier Desanges depicts the incident. Mouat is shown stretching forth his hand to the right parietal region of the Morris the site of the most serious wound, while Wooden stands in background. A copy of this picture hangs in the V.C. Room at the RAMC Headquarters Mess. The date of the act of bravery is officially recorded as 26th October 1854 and the citations runs as follows:

"For having voluntarily proceeded to the assistance of Lieut-Colonel Morris C.B., 17th Lancers, who was lying dangerously wounded in an exposed situation after the retreat of the Light Cavalry at the battle of Balaclava, and, having dressed that officer's wounds and under heavy fire from the enemy, and thus, by stopping a serious haemorrhage, assisted in saving his life."

This citation appeared in the London Gazette of 2nd June, 1858, nearly four years later.

The plain itself lies half a mile north of the town and is divided longitudinally by a ridge of causeway heights extending west for nearly three miles from the village of Kamara. Along this runs the Woronzo road for some two miles, when it dips N.W. and, crossing the angle of the Northern plain, makes a steep ascent into the plateau. In front of Kamara, and joined to it by a narrow neck, stood a knoll some 500 feet high, named Canrobert's Hill. On this slight eminence a breastwork was thrown up and along the heights a body of Turks who had just landed were busy constructing smaller earth-works. These were so weak that a Cossack could ride through them.

Canroberts was No. 1, and No. 3 (also called Arab-Tabia - Canrobert) was armed with three ship's 12 pounders and the others with two. In the former were half a battalion of Turks and, in the others, 250 men each with one N.C.O. of our own R.A., feeling very much they were without visible support and were left in the air. Instead of veterans these Turks were Redifs, recruited from the lower trading class, aged looking but almost raw recruits. However, they seemed to be making themselves at home for we saw those off duty scooping out comfortable snuggeries for themselves, which they sheltered deftly with branches.

Our first camp, in front of the 93rd, was moved Westward above the vineyard below No. 6 Redoubt. On the 12th October the Greeks were expelled from Balaclava owing to a rumour that, in concert with an impending attack, they were prepared to set fire to the houses. They carried away all their belongings and also, it is said, consoled themselves with the clothing entrusted to them for washing. Only the Tartars remained in the town. Every morning we turned out an hour before daybreak and halted under the Western Redoubt, whilst on the ridge the staff awaited the dawn to scan the valley around for any movement of the enemy.

The bombardment of Sevastopol commenced on 17th October. We were confined to camp, but, in the evening, Godman, the adjutant, to satisfy our curiosity rode in for news. Early in the morning the French right battery magazine exploded; about 1 o'clock the uproar was emphasised by salvos from the ships, next came an explosion in the town followed by another in the Redan, and then by the magazine in Round Fort. The ships closed in and broadside followed broadside. Not until dusk did the thundering grow fainter.

Next day breakfast was disturbed by 'Boot and Saddle'. A vedette was circling "Left" vigorously, ('enemy infantry approaching' - Right for Cavalry) so we turned out again expecting an attack, reinforcements were hurried down from the front and Lord Raglan came down to find that the enemy's cavalry were trying to creep up under cover of the fog to surprise our outposts. The Turks in the heights fired some howitzers which caused hopes of a diversion, but the enemy retired.

In the evening their watchfires blazed brightly some 2000 yards in front of our vedettes and kept us alert. At daybreak they vanished. Next morning, however, the vedette began signalling 'Right' and, after another day of suspense, the enemy again retired.

So peaceful seemed the next day, the 20th, that, at midday Ferguson, Tom and I rode up to the front and watched the artillery duel, with special interest in the two Lancasters whose shot have a unique sound, and, as deserters report, have inflicted great damage in the town. We get an extensive view

of the forts and town in our front from the shell of a farmhouse whose roof and timbering we have carried off for firewood. It is now used as a piquet post of the third division, on the right of where the Woronzof road descends to Sevastopol through the gorge now know as the Valley of Death. Presently we were joined by Percy Fielding and another staff officer, and, soon after, were startled by a shell falling into the house which we previously left to itself. We found that we were liable to be mistaken for staff officers on account of the gold braided cap, and, when in view of the gunners it became necessary to avoid standing in a group, one or even two together would not attract their fire. Among the 230 Russian and half as many of our own guns the little one gun Lancaster battery on our left below (one gun had burst on first firing) distinguished itself by its hissing shot. Now and again "Whistling Dick" a louder and shriller 13 inch shell from a Russian Mortar, draws all eyes upwards, it can be seen curving down to bury itself or to do great damage. It once fell on a 55rd tent, killing a sergeant who was fortunately its sole occupant. Passing shortly afterwards we saw the deep hole it had occupied.

On the 24th of October a spy of Rustem Pasha's brought intelligence that Liprandi, with 25,000 of all arms, intended marching on Balaclava from Tchorgoun and the Baider gorge the following day. Lucan ('Look-on' as our men called his) and Colin Campbell sent on this definite information to Headquarters. Raglan was closeted with Canrobert, and; having been deceived with similar alarms on the 10th, took the letter with a 'Very well' but vouchsafed no further notice.

On the morning of Balaclava Inglis and Swinfen were on picquet at Kamara and Swinfen believes he was the first to see the Russians on that foggy morning when posting his vedettes. He also reported to Low (field officer) who scarcely believed him and spoke somewhat roughly, but when asked to come and see for himself quickly went back to the picquet. After the Light Brigade charge Low came up to Swinfen and apologised, remarking that when he spoke that morning he did not expect so warm a day! Low is said to have killed 14 men, he died 50 years after before he knew he had been gazetted K.C.B.

Turning out an hour before daybreak as usual, Paulet and Macmahon, joined by Lord G. Paget, rode on in front behind Lucan and got to Canrobert's Hill at first streak of dawn which speedily revealed two flags on the flagstaff which meant 'Enemy Advancing' and immediately the Fort opened fire. Leaving the others to ride after Lucan, Paget galloped back to camp where, in the absence of Lord Cardigan - who slept on board his yacht - he took command of the Light Cavalry Brigade. He and Campbell saw at daybreak the enemy approaching from Baidar and Tchorgoun and sent Charteris with news of the impending attack to Headquarters. The enemy had, in fact, advanced from Tchorgoun at 5 a.m.

As usual we went out at daybreak to the foot of Canrobert's Hill, and, on returning had scarce dismounted, keen for breakfast - the horses had also not been watered - when we were again in the saddle and back under Canroberts Hill.

The Turks now saw converging upon them some 11,000 infantry with 36 guns on which they opened fire. The column from Baidar soon siezed Kamara and, at half past seven Canroberts Hill was stormed by five battalions. The Turks leaving 170 dead retired on No. 2. Here, realising that 1500 English cavalry had let it fall without a shot, and with Canrobert's guns now turned against them, they fled to Arab-tabia. Thence they began to escape to the ships, taking with them across the plain what they could pick

up pursued and speared by Cossacks, Ruston Pasha's horse was shot under him. They enemy now siezed No.4 which being unable to hold, they dismantled.

In the meantime roundshot came along like cricket balls through our squadrons. We were also exposed to their musketry fire and occasionally a man was hit. A cornet in the Royals (serrefile) (CS) saw the helmet of a trooper in front of his knocked off and the man fall struck in the breastbone. Not for many months was the body recovered.

On the shoulder of Arab-tabia (No.2) Maude's battery was still firing until for some unexplained reason he was ordered to retire through failure of ammunition, but at the moment his horse was struck in the breast by a shell which, in exploding, wounded his seriously. He was carried past us on a stretcher, the first officer I had seen disabled. Two years afterwards at the Coronation fêtes in Moskow, 1856 a Russian officer told W. Russell how he had laid a gun on a horse battery of ours and the shell had blown the commanding officer to pieces. He was astonished to hear that, standing within a few feet of them was the individual himself!

Instead of spent ball the guns now began to play on our columns and we were kept constantly on the move retiring gradually in echelon of columns. According to Lucan he "moved us about making demonstrations and threatening the enemy" and "manoeuvring across the plain". The surviving Turks seeing (as we could not) column after column advancing against them and us retiring, felt deserted and without supports, but fought to the last and the artillery N.C.O. spiked the guns. From Arab-tabia across the plain to the harbour many fell under Cossack lances. The yells of pursuers and pursued were painfully audible, passing the 93rd on they pressed crying 'Ship! Ship! ' It was attempted to rally some and they were formed up, only to fly, thoroughly demoralised, when the Russians rode them down. Godman saw single Turks charge the Russian column, only to meet their deaths; yet after this these unfortunate soldiers were hustled off the footpath like canailles with 'No bono Johnnie'. It was afterward proved unjustly, for, when the redoubts were recovered it was evident they had fought to the last extremity.

Skirmishers were now called in and, from the massed Russians a column 400 strong dashed suddenly down to their left flank towards Balaclava. The 93rd, some 500 strong, with a battalion of Turks on either flank, were lying prone at the foot of the hillock. But the Turks demoralised by their comrades from the forts, soon dissolved into a crowd of fugitives carying 'Ship!'Ship!'. '. The Highlanders rose and, running up the hillock, were immediately formed into line two deep across the top. Colin Campbell called out 'No retreat from here men, you must die where you stand'. 'Ay Ay, they replied we'll do that! The Russians, whose object was to seize an out-work of Balaclava, at the unexpected sight of infantry suspected an ambush and slackened pace to a halt. The Highlanders fired a volley and the squadrons wheeled left, whereon the former, turning right company, fired a second time - again over their heads - no saddle was emptied and the Russians retired joining their main body. They could have ridden through or round the "thin red line" as they pleased. It was said that they had no time to form square so intent were they on watching the mass of the Russians in pursuit of Heavies.

The Heavy Brigade retired slowly en echelon, ball from the redoubts bowling along unpleasantly near as the gunners got our range. Then, slowly as though on parade, they grandly advanced. Scarlett, conspicuous in blue frock-coat, with Elliott,

his orderly (Shegog) and trumpeter was in front of Inniskillings (2nd Squadron), on the right of the Greys, now forming the first line which extended to the corner of the vineyard. Time being precious, and thinking we were right in front, Scarlett intended the V D.Gds to form up on the left of the Greys. Both Brigades, Heavy in the rear, retired to a corner of the plain above the vineyard, on the East front of which was the site of Light Cavalry camp, with that of ours on its South. Whilst the Light Brigade halted we trotted round the vineyard, moving towards Kadikeui, when, through some obstacle, the 1st squadron of Inniskillings got separated away to the right.

As we came round the corner (S.E.) the mass of Russians, some 25 squadrons, were swarming down the ridge of No. 4 redoubt, now well in view with a cloud of skirmishers on either side. The V D.Gds, says Godman, were in column of threes and formed troops on the move before rounding the vineyards. Neville was then on the left flank of his troop and, as we were left in front, he should have been on the right flank and I told him so. This was the last I ever saw of him as he wheeled into line directly after. Then I said to Burton 'I suppose you know we are inverted, he said 'Shall I alter it?' I replied No, it will be all the same in a few minutes and on we went.

An A.D.C. galloped down from Lord Raglan to Lucan and soon after we turned back towards the redoubts, as V D.G. were formed up from threes we saw the Russians for some unknown reason slacking speed. Perhaps the sudden view as they debouched from the plain of our cavalry on their flank, or the impedimenta of our late camping grounds in front, where some tents were standing here and there with picket ropes and sick horses, caused them to hesitate.

We were still in threes until, by taking ground to the right, there would be room, but Elliot gave the order 'In Support' so we formed the second line to left, in rear of the Greys. On the right of all towards Kadikeui were the first squad of the Inniskillings (also still in threes) and behind were the Royals. Enveloped in sombre overcoats, the enemy seemed like a dense cloud. Viewed from the plateau their line was at least double the length of ours and three times at least as deep, and beyond them was another line equally strong and compact. The interval between their front and ours was only a few hundred yards.

The day was bright and beautifully clear, there was not a breath of wind and the smoke from an occasional gun rose straight up and away. In front - their faces clearly discernable - the Russian officers could be seen cutting sword exercise as the pace had slackened almost to a parade movement. Then they halted, many drew carbines and fired and Griffiths of the Greys was disabled by a shot in the head. Our men were saying 'It is well that Tommy Le Marchant is'nt here today! '

The advance was sounded and I halted by Mount and watched. We saw Scarlett galloping on in front and, by the time the order had reached the troops, he was several horses' lengths ahead, pursued by Elliott who tried to overtake him. From each flank of the enemy, whose skirmishers had been drawn in, a wing was extended and circled forward, so that our troops were immediately enveloped in a mass of some 3500. From the heights above they could be distinguished by their scarlet coats and white helmets, but we on the plain lost sight of them. There was a momentary blank and they disappeared. From the heights they were seen to pierce the mass and dash in broken order into the second line, now advancing as fast as possible.

The second line V D. Gds, still inverted (2nd squad on right) - for there was no time to spare - charged across the debris of Lt.Bde camp, bearing left of first line, and dashing in a little later. Several shots were fired at them, one killed trooper Callory and another hit Taylor. Then they closed. The Russian mass had already wheeled round the Greys in deploying and many of them had their backs turned. The V D.Gds were led by Captain Desart Burton, with Captains Newport, Campbell and Inglis, Lieutenants Halford, Swinfen and Temple-Gordon (Adjt) and Cornets Montgomery, Neveille, Ferguson and Hampton. Burton's chestnut charger, Bob, became nine when we came home and, after being well to the front in the hunting field in Yorkshire, Hampshire, with the Ward Union and Meath and Tipperary and our own Harriers, died in 1865, when his hoof was made into a regimental snuff box for the Mess Table.

Immediately after the shock, the Inniskillings on our right, under Captain Hunt, with clear galloping ground before them forming half right wheel, dashed at the disintegrating mass on its left flank, with a cheer and great momentum smashing them in deployment. Almost simultaneously the Royals and IV D.G's, galloping across the front of the vineyard, rushed at its right flank. Compressed on three sides the mass visibly loosened, spread out, and began galloping back up the ridge. A troop of R.H.A. galloped and fired a few rounds into the swarm at close range before they crossed the ridge. When the charge sounded, riding alongside, I halted and, joined by Mount on his grey, watched the melee. We rushed forward, soon meeting some Inniskillings wounded in the sword hand which the enemy (did they know we had discarded gauntlets?) had been taught to strike, with thumbs partially severed. Just beyond the picquet ropes, left on the camp ground, I came upon an officer in blue and silver uniform, apparently a Circassian, craving for drink and gave him some brandy from my flask. Campbell, whose horse had stumbled over a picket rope, was lying stunned close by on the right, but I did not notice him meeting so many wounded who required dressing. Shortly after the Circassian managed to raise himself on his left arm and tried to aim at Campbell with his pistol, but was fortunately discovered and disarmed. Shortly after we came across Neville, unhorsed in the same way, but carried some distance before he fell. On the ground he had received several sword cuts and a dangerous lance thrust in the right side. Two of our men had come to his assistance and one, Abbot, dismounted and stood over his prostrate body, holding the bridle with his left hand and parrying assaults until two more dashed to his aid when three of the assailants were killed. Abbot lifted Neville and he was carried down to Balaclava and put on board ship. I walked alongside for some time but he never spoke, his very look was enough to read there "I told you so".

He thought we were wrong in exposing ourselves at the front, not being on duty, he would not give up even to see his brother, nor ride up the ridge to have a look at the retreating Russians. "I shall see them once for all" was his invariable reply, and seemingly settled conviction. But I recall him standing, in blue frock coat with neat buttonhole on the steps of the County Club and gazing abstractedly down the river, where now a bridge disfigures the scene. Sent to Scutari he received every attention from O'Flaherty, our late Brigade Staff Surgeon, but his case was hopeless and he succumbed. Rumours said that death was hastened by a chill incurred from change of linen. His dying wish was that Lord Braybrooke would take care of Abbot and he was given an annuity of twenty pounds.

Neville's horse plunged into the enemy's mass and disappeared. Swinfen was slightly wounded by a nasty thrust in the neck, fortunately protected by the stiff gold collar, another in the right hand and also a lance thrust in the right armpit.

The ground was littered with helmets swords and pistols. The Circassian was said to be a volunteer. Our butcher, and also that

of the 17th Lancers, joined in the fray in their shirt sleeves. When the regiment was rallied and re-formed hurriedly, expecting to be charged again, several other troopers fell in with our ranks, amongst them two private of XI Hussars "who must have been doing a bit on their own hook!" One of our men running to rejoin his troop, held up his sword, as W.H. Russell passed - certainly not blue steel - and exclained "The villain unhorsed me but I ran him through".

"The charge of the heavies" said one of the French generals, watching the enormous numbers opposed to us, to Beatson, "was the most glorious thing I ever saw". According to another: "The sight from the plateau was magnificent, the whole valley seemed filled with Russians, this victory of the Heavy Brigade was the most glorious thing I ever saw" (Kinglake V 163) The actual combat, about nine o'clock, lasted only about eight minutes. Lord Raglan sent his A.D.C. (Curzon) to congratulate Scarlett and say 'Well Done'. His gallant face beaming with pleasure our Chief replied 'I beg to thank his Lordship very sincerely.'

The pursuit could not be pressed and the troops were at once rallied. Our loss was 76 killed and wounded, the V D.Gds. had one officer mortally wounded and two men killed. Scarlett, on a sixteen hands charger, at high speed had been driven between two troopers through into the Russian mass and so was protected from shock of the impending charges, his helmet was stoved in, but the skull uninjured and he escaped with five slight wounds. Elliott, his A.D.C., the only compaigner amongst us, had been through the Gwalior and the Satlej campaigns, in the battles of Punniar, Ferozshah and Sobraon. Now he overtook Scarlett just as a Russian officer, who had been waiting for the general, attempted to cut him down. Elliott, parrying the cut, drove his sword through his body so far that, from swiftness of impact, the Russian was turned round in his saddle. The next instant Elliott was cleaving his way through the mass, Shegog, a good swordsman, and the trumpeter crashing after them, all three were engulfed. Elliott's horse, compressed by numbers, lashed out in resentment and cleared a space in which his rider could better use his sword. In returning a thrust from a trooper, with a hooked nose and savage glittering eye, Elliott received a point in the forehead, and from another a slash across the face, a third dealt him a blow through his cocked hat and a fourth gave him a stunning gash over the ear.

That morning Elliott had put on a forage cap, for Lucan had issued an order that staff officers need not wear forage caps with oilskin covers. He waited outside for the general (Scarlett) who, when he came out asked 'Where is your cocked hat ?' Elliott told him and he said 'Damn the order, go and put it on, my staff shall be properly dressed.' So Elliott dismounted and went into his tent to put it on. He found the chinstrap hanging by one button. So, rather, bored at having to change, he took a needle to sew one on when the general shouted for him. He goes on to say "So I left the job and, by mere accident, thrust into the hat a large silk handkerchief lying on the bed, and mounted. This little circumstance most certainly saved my life for the hat was cut to ribbons, there were seven cuts through it. Scarlett always wore his helmet and that was cut slightly. Toby Wyatt and another doctor came up as I lay unconscious at times from loss of blood. Some orderly was holding the horses. Whilst Toby was stitching my wound the other was urging him to leave me. I was sufficiently conscious to hear distinctly. Wyatt (my predecessor in V D.Gds)had fallen out with one or two officers, as the Guards column passed where I was lying, sent by the Duke of Cambridge to look after me" He was carried to Balaclava on board Carew's yacht, his most severe wound being the sabre cut above the left ear, through to the bone. Months afterwards a Scots Grey in hospital confessed that he had done it striking about desperately in the melee, in attempting to cut his way out.

Altogether Elliott received fourteen wounds, sabre cuts, yet curiously enough, he was returned by the medical officer in charge of Staff as 'slightly wounded'. His name, though warmly and persistently recommended by Scarlett, was kept out of public despatches. Lucan suppressed it and sent on that of one of his own A.D.C's, who, as it happened had not been in either charge. Though recommended he was denied the V.C. on the grounds that it was the cavalry soldier's duty to fight hand to hand. Yet he was one of the few real soldiers who had seen active service and knew what it meant: for he had, in India, gone through the Gwalior campaign, had commanded a troop of 8th Bengal Light Cavalry at the battle of Puniar. He was through the Satlej campaign and was at Feroshah and Paniar. In recognition of his brilliant service he was given a commission in Hardinge's bodyguard and made his A.D.C. He was therefore only a soldier!

Connoly, in the crush, found his arms encumbered and weighed down by a dead Russian, in the pressure he was, for a time unable to shake him off. After the battle Godman and another officer (Bewlay) found the bodies of two troopers, Callery and Taylor. The latter was a fine young fellow, a bit of a pugilist, who used to box with Elliott. His horse was a hard mouthed brute that no one could hold with one hand. He was badly cut up, his left arm - evidently used as a boxer would - to guard his head, was slashed in three places.

'How I got out I don't know, but remember striking one of them a blow on the neck and the next day my servant came with a grin, to shew my sword. A lance thrust had taken a piece out of my coat behind the shoulder but without wounding and the thick lace we then wore on the sword wrist was cut through, for the Russians were taught to cut at bridles and bridle hands. The Russians, before advancing had three rations of vodka and were blessed by their priests.'

The Russians lost only some 550 during the day which must chiefly have been during the first charge. Their thick grey overcoats were a protection against sword thrusts and their shakos a safer headcovering. Vicompte de Noé, an enthusiastic soldier, who was often in our mess, one day out of curiosity tested one of these shakos and failed to cut it with a chopper. Moreover we were without shoulder scales and gauntlets.

Our regiment had 14 admitted with wounds besides two killed. Long afterwards we found that some had returned all slightly wounded. Two men, McCabe and McEgan had lance thrusts in the left chest, in one the lung protuded and was excised, the other had also a severe sabre slash across the head, but both recovered. Others were mostly wounded in the right hand, in some nearly severing the thumb.

The Light Brigade meantime were inactive spectators of a disorganised enemy retreating across their front. For more than one and a half hours they were dismounted. Moreover they had been specially the subject of sharp criticism as useless in the Dobrudsha, where Cardigan had 100 out of 280 horses disabled from sore backs.

After Alma, in a fine country for cavalry, they looked on at a beaten army retreating with guns and standards and a wretched horde of Cossacks, ready to turn tail at the first trumpet within ten minutes gallop of them. "Enough" said Nolan "to drive one mad". When, instead of taking Sevastopol, we marched leisurely round, in the flank march they were exposed to utter destruction,

sent into a ravine leading to a river, surrounded on all sides by woods where a battalion of infantry could have disposed of the enemy in a few minutes. Lord Raglan says we ought to be kept in a bandbox! Then we lost 170 horses at sea.

Cardigan, tall and slender, almost stiff in the saddle in 11th Hussar uniform, his pelisse closely fitted and blazing with gold lace, his handsome aristocratic features and aquiline nose, on a thoroughbred chestnut charger with white stockings on near side noticeable from a distance, chafing at inaction, rode up and down the lines repeating "Damn those Heavies, they have the laugh of us this day". Inaction was the cause of surprise to the enemy, of surprise and vexation to our Headquarter Staff and surprise and anxiety to our Allies.

Kinglake writes: "Repulsed with loss, the Russian cavalry had regained the heights where it might have been annihilated if the English Light Cavalry under Cardigan had charged it during its retreat: there was the occasion; there should have been exercised the initiative of the cavalry general. Later on in the day it was apparent that bravery is no efficient substitute for initiative."

Morris of the 17th Lancers, who had seen service at Maha-Rajpan and Baddiwal and was wounded at Aliwal, in vain urged Cardigan to attack, the Brigadier thought his orders were to defend the position (or ground) on which he halted. "The man from the banks of the Serpentine damning the Heavies instead of taking part in the fight, rebuffed the warrior from Satlag"

So, as the Russians, with their powerful force of artillery, retired, the Light Brigade refreshed themselves from their flasks and held their ground.

Cathcart's division, ordered at 8 a.m., ought to have been in position to recapture Arab-tabia, but, reluctant, arrived too late and refused to obey the order. His division had just returned from the trenches, "so sit down and have some breakfast" he said "then go back and say I cannot move". When the A.D.C. explained the urgent necessity and refused to go back, the general referred to his staff and at last the division marched to the Col.

The first division (Cambridge) had, as we have seen, come down early, by South of Woronz-Onzof road, into the north plain but had to wait for the 4th to take up its appointed position. Up to this valley had been left to the cavalry division and a battalion of infantry and marines in face of some 20,000 Russians. Some Turks, led by a resolute Pasha on a grey arab, now boldly took possession of No.5 redoubt and turned their guns on Arab-tabia behind which was the Odessa Regiment.

Meanwhile Lord Raglan, seeing the weak chain of Russian infantry stretching forward advise along the line of redoubts and Cathcart's hesitation or reluctance, determined, rather than lose the opportunity, to use the cavalry to recover the the heights. Raglan, from his position surveyed the whole field of both valleys, which those below could not.

Lucan received the Order to mount cavalry, move the Light Brigade to another position close by and cause Heavies to await the arrival of infantry, then he halted for nearly an hour. Thus he inverted the order, persuaded that instead of the cavalry advancing supported by infantry, it was the latter who should first advance with the cavalry in support.

In these momentous minutes the enemy was withdrawing his cavalry and guns.

Then the Headquarters Staff thought they were bringing up artillery horses with tackle to carry away our guns from the redoubts and Nolan was chosen to take a further order - Number 4. Nolan's journal teams with impatience of the inaction of our cavalry and blames the Commander. Straight, swift and intent he descended the 700 feet of precipitous face which no ordinary rider would attempt. Nearly an hour had passed and the 3rd Order was not obeyed.

Jabrokritsky with a battalion, four squadrons and fourteen guns lay to the North on the slope of the Fediukine hills, Liprandi, with infantry and field artillery lingered on the site of the captured redoubts with four battalions of the Odessa Regiment near Arab-tabia. The defeated cavalry were withdrawn towards the aqueduct, a mile and a half from us, but visible as a black mass. Between and connecting these forces, with a Cossack battery of twelve guns in advance of them, Liprandi also had also six squadrons of Lancers, half in a fold of the Fediukine Hills and half in a ravine near the causeway heights.

The cavalry had moved up East of the Light Brigade on the slope of Causeway Ridge. Lucan was in front between the two brigades, when Nolan arrived with the order: "Cavalry to advance rapidly to front and try to prevent enemy carrying away the guns, Immediate", The general urged the uselessness of attacking and its dangers. From where they were neither could see the Russians. Nolan, provoked at the disregard of the Chief's order by one who had not the field of battle under view, and knowing the Chief's purpose, said "Lord Raglan's orders are that the cavalry attack immediately." "Attack what? What guns, Sir?" Throwing back his head and pointing, (according to Lucan) towards the left corner of the valley, "There, my lord, is your enemy and there are your guns" The difference of angle between this line and that to the redoubts was only some twenty degrees, and Nolan was the last man in the army to send cavalry to destruction. Morris shouted to Nolan "That won't do, we've got a long way to go and must be steady." From the plateau the whole field was visible and Nolan knew the purpose of the order.

Lucan trotted off alone to where his brother in law, Cardigan, sat in his saddle in front of the 13th Light Dragoons and gave him the order to attack the Russians in the valley with the 13th Light Dragoons and 17th Lancers, withdrawing the 11th Hussars from the first line to act in rear in support. Cardigan pointed out that there was a battery in front and riflemen on either flank, shrugging his shoulders, Lucan replied "There is no choice but to obey". Cardigan, with the rebuke of the 26th still in his mind, turned and gave the order to advance "that great order of military obedience and self-sacrifice" (Kinglake)

The first line (13th Light Dragoons) under Capt Oldham, 17th Lancers under Captain Morris, second (11 Hussars) under Colonel Douglas, in support; third line (4th Light Dragoons) Lord George Paget and 8th Hussars under Colonel Shewell (minus Chetwode's troop on escort duty at Headquarters). Cardigan rode at the head of the first line, Douglas of the second and Paget the third, all in line two deep. It was now a little past eleven.

No charge was sounded, only walk and trot. White of the 17th led the squadron of direction and was responsible for pace and direction. Advancing at a steady trot, the pace was increased as they entered the zone of fire when Cardigan riding alon side of White checked the pace. When close, White rammed in both spurs hoping to reach the guns before they fired, but was bowled over.

The Heavy Brigade was formed up on the right in support, Greys and Royals in front and Lucan with them. Cardigan rode two horses lengths in front of his staff, Lockwood on the left, Maxse and Woodwell (Magow, Brigade Major had been ill) some five lengths in advance of the centre of the first line. Before Cardigan had trotted a hundred yards straight down the valley he saw Nolan audaciously riding across his front, from left to right, turning in his saddle, shouting and waving his sword, pointing in fact, in the direction the troops ought to take. A shell burst and a fragment struck Nolan on the chest and tore into his heart. The sword dropped from his hand but, for the moment, the arm remained uplifted, the horse, missing the guiding hand, instinctively wheeled round and galloped back towards the front of the advancing brigade. Then, from the still erect body, with sword arm uplifted, burst an unearthly and appalling cry. Passing through the interval of the 13th it dropped out of the saddle.

Now the Odessa Regiment - rightly divining the intent - fell back behind No. 1 and formed four squares. Cathcart was still lingering near No. 3, determined to advance no further, for which he escaped being called to account as a despatch arrived next morning appointing his successor to Lord Raglan.

The enemy soon realised that we were not advancing against the Odessa Regiment and began firing shot and shell and grape, which became a cross fire, with Bayenoff's ten gun battery grouped in threes below Arab-tabia to cover the enemy's retreat. They dashed into the white bank of smoke pierced with jets of flame which now hid the Russian cavalry, the first line going down at a pace, according to their leader's estimate, of seventeen miles an hour, and disappeared.

"Just before Nolan's death - Royals drawn up in line on left of Greys on N.E. slope of causeway (R. No. 6) Light Brigade on left and a little to our rear. Ordered to advance we broke into a trot down the valley towards the Russian battery when Lucan galloped up shouting "No ! No ! - Halt Heavy Brigade - they have done their duty, let the Lights go !". We were accordingly halted and the Light Brigade trotted down on our left. As soon as they were some five to six hundred yards in advance of us they increased their pace to a gallop and we got an order to trot. Scarlett rode in the interval between us Royals and Greys, Lucan a little to our left rear. Before long the firing began to get a trifle warm and he halted us. The Russian battery on our right was driven back by the Chasseurs d'Afrique, and an explosion on our right distracted the Russian Infantry about a quarter of a mile on our left.

It was then that Yorke and George Campbell and Billy Hartopp were wounded. Robertson's horse shot and my arab bowled over though he picked himself up. I afterwards found that he must have been grazed by a roundshot about the size of a crown piece but which did not draw blood.

As the Light Brigade closed with the Russian batteries Scarlett advanced the Royals and Inniskillings a few lengths on our left, and, with his staff (Elliott was disabled) in

front of the interval. He himself rode out a few paces and came across Nolan's body which lay on our left front. Then when we saw the remnants returning in driblets, he gave the order for the brigade to retire.

Cardigan appeared galloping up the valley as the remnant of the Light Brigade were struggling back, and we retired by alternate regiments until we regained the ground which we had started from.

Sandeman, seraphile in the Royals says "When in support of the Light Brigade, Lucan, at the last moment, changed the order for the Heavy Brigade to attack and sent the Light Brigade down. Cardigan was the first and we saw him come out. Peppys, commanding my troop and in front of me, did not see Lucan who was on the left rear of where I was, the left troop of the supporting line composed of Royals and Greys who were on our right.

Cardigan came back alone and, reining up near Scarlett, recommenced inveighing against the A.D.C. (Nolan) who had dared to gallop across his front. Gently Scarlett said "You have nearly ridden across his body." Then he went on towards the position from which he had started. One of his A.D.C's (Lockwood) galloped back shortly afterwards and asked if we had seen him and which way he had gone. "Back" we replied and he, mistaking, turned round and rode back towards the batteries to meet his death".

The Heavies advanced on the right in support of the charge with Lucan well ahead as connecting link. Charteris, fulfilling a presentiment, was killed at his side. Lord Geo Paulet A.A.G. had his headgear knocked off and McMahon A.Q.M.G. had his horse struck by grape immediately after. Lucan himself was wounded in the leg by a musket ball and his horse shot in two places, but he advanced down the valley till almost in line with Arab-tabia. The Royals and Greys in our first line suffered most from destructive cross fire and Lucan, turning to Paulet said "They have sacrificed the Light Brigade, - not the Heavy if I can prevent it" and ordered the Brigade to turn back. After two successive echelon movements the first line was relieved from cross fire but the Royals had lost twenty one killed and wounded, or had horses shot under them. Colonel Yorke's leg was shattered and he was disabled for life and three other officers were severely wounded, one had his horse shot under him. Then we halted in our new position, sufficiently advanced to protect the retreat of the Light Brigade
(NB Cattell remarks: "At Aldershot in '59 and '60 Ld. Geo. Paget lived with us and many an evening was spent in discussing this period")

When Morris fell Mayow led the remnant of the 17th (fifteen in all) against the cavalry in rear of the twelve gun battery. Now we could see smoke pierced by flash after flash and round shot kept bounding up the slope. Then a dreadful quiet succeeded, and here and there a riderless horse came back. Then, in small groups men rode back over ground strewn with their comrades and horses struggling violently to get up.

During the retreat of the remnants Scarlett sat in front of the interval between the Royals and Inniskillings, well in view. When Paget returned he met Cardigan coming composedly from the opposite direction and exclaimed "Hallo ! wer'not you there?" and the bystanders smiled. "Was'nt I though" he replied, and then to Jennings "Did'nt you see me at the guns ?" who

replied "Yes". A few minutes after Cardigan rode up to Lucan and shouted "By God, my lord, you have destroyed my Brigade! "

Wombwell's horse was killed under him, he then caught a stray one and joined the 4th Light Dragoons, when this, too, fell he was taken prisoner but escaped, caught a second horse and rejoined the 4th in retreat. Captain Morris, commanding 17th Lancers, also dismounted and severely wounded surrendered his sword to an officer who presently left him with some cossacks who robbed him of all he possessed.

Captain Morris, commanding 17th Lancers, who was a great friend of Nolan ran his sword, in momentum of impact, through the body of the squadron officer in his front, and, unable to extricate it, the Russian's body fell against him and brought him to the ground. He recovered to find his sword extricated. Struggling to his feet he found himself surrounded by Cossacks thrusting at him with their lances and protected himself by a constant whirl of his sword arm, cutting at their thighs. A lance pierced his temple, splintering the bone. Then a Russian officer came up and offered his quarter, and, feeling exhausted, he surrendered his sword, the officer left him and the cossacks robbed him of all he had. Fearing for his life he rushed into the nearest smoke and caught a riderless horse that passed close by and was dragged by the rein a short distance till he fell unconscious. Recovering he saw a cossack watching suspiciously as if to see whether he was still alive. Once more he sought shelter in the thick smoke, here he seized another passing loose charger and rode up the valley as fast as he could but, just as he was getting out of the cross-fire, the horse was shot under him, fell and rolled over his thigh. Regaining consciousness, he found the horse lying across his leg and with difficulty extricated it, ran stumbling up the hill until worn out, he found himself close to the body of his friend Nolan. Knowing that he had fallen close to our position, he felt safe, lay down exhausted and again became unconscious.

Nolan and Morris had been great friends and, on the flank march, agreed to volunteer for any special service. Consequently each had, in possibility of an early death, written a letter which, in that event, was to be delivered, that of Morris to his young wife, that of Nolan to his mother. They had recently exchanged these letters and now, as they lay side by side - the one dead, the other unconscious each had still in his pocket the letter entrusted by the other.

Pte Geo. Smith informed Sgt. O'Hara of the spot where Morris lay and Scarlett sent the staff surgeon with Tr. Sergt. Major Wooden to bring him in. They found a trooper trying to arrest the bleeding from the scalp. Presently some Cossacks attacked the party and the doctor, Mount, said he had to draw his sword in defence, which he described as 'a novel experience'. "For this Wooden received the V.C., four years later Morris died in India, the doctor also then obtained it.

Besides three severe wounds on the head, one over the parietal bone five inches long and detaching a piece of the outer table, his right arm was fractured obliquely and he had some lance wounds on the left side with broken ribs. Mount and Wooden were given the V.C.

Roger Palmer said that he had but a slight recollection of how he passed the enemy lancers (Jerophin's) he believed that, in guarding a lance thrust and in delivering his own cut, he may have struck or killed a Cossack. But they were

riding for their lives and the account of personal combat (Kinglake V p 346) is inaccurate.

The 13th Light Dragoons and 17th Lancers were in the front line and Morgan of the latter says "We had not gone many yards before we were under fire, I think from a heavy battery on our left, the first shot from which killed poor Nolan, a splinter going through his heart and his horse carried him back to us. Soon the noise of shot striking men and horses became deafening, whilst dust and gravel thrown up was blinding. The panic increasing, on we went through the thickest shower of shot, grape canister and Minie from flank and flank, men and horses dropping every yard by scores. When about a hundred yards from the guns I noticed just in front of me a gunner apply his fuse to the gun at which I appeared to be riding straight. I shut my eyes for I thought that settled the question so far as I was concerned, but the shot missed me and struck the man on my right full on the chest. In another minute I was on the guns and the leading Russian horse, shot I suppose with a pistol by someone on my right, fell across my horse, dragging it over with him and pinning me between the gun and himself. A Russian gunner on foot at once covered me with his carbine. He was just within reach of my sword and I struck at him, which disconcerted his aim. At the same moment a mounted gunner struck my horse with his sabre and the animal bolted with me right into the Russian lines.

I succeeded in getting out in spite of their efforts to cut me down and, once clear of the guns, I saw two or three of my men making their way back. As the fire from both flanks was still heavy it became a matter of running the gauntlet again.

Scarlett estimated the time onset to combat and retreat as twenty minutes. We lost some eighteen prisoners but no unwounded man was captured. The Cossacks were seen killing our wounded on the field.

Cardigan addressed the remnant of his Brigade formed up. "A mad brained trick" he exclaimed, "but no fault of mine". and the men replied they were ready to do it again. At Roll Call the 13th had only ten mounted men, altogether out of 673 only 195 answered. Later the loss became 113 killed and 134 wounded. Of 475 horses 65 were wounded of whom 45 had to be shot as unserviceable.

The Turks again occupied No.3 redoubt and, as Liprandi had counter-marched the Odessa Battalions to the neighbourhood of Arab-tabia, supported by seven other battalions, and artillery, Cathcart's attack on the redoubts was not pressed. At 4 p.m. firing finally ceased. Thus our outer defences were lost, the Balaclava plain and Woronzoff road, and, for months we were practically besieged.

As W. Russell says "the sight of that great mass of light horse broken into, driven here and there into fragments and finally dispersed in a state of absolute disorder, was one never to be forgotten."

"The second collision between the Russians and the British Heavy Cavalry was the result of a surprise later in the morning. Scarlett was moving his brigade towards Balaclava. The Muscovite general Ryoff was leading his squadrons in the same direction without any knowledge of his opportunity. The discovery of their

presence was made in time by Alec Elliott, Scarlett's quick-eyed A.D.C. now Major General Sir A.J. Elliott KCB, Colonel of the 21st Empress of India's Lancers. He came out of the charge with fourteen sabre cuts and was returned in the despatch only as "slightly wounded". The charge of three hundred Heavies, supported nobly by the 4th and 5th Dragoon Guards, and the brilliant encounter which filled Lord Raglan and the spectators with great enthusiasm and admiration, were the work of just eight minutes. Just before it there was a meeting between Lord Lucan and Scarlett, which gave authority to the statement of the general that he had a share in the disposition of the brigade.

After all was over Lord Raglan, alluding to the capture of the Turkish forts said "We held too extended a front" but Godman pointed out that that should have been found out before.

Prisoners were asked by Liprandi if they had, in Russian fashion, been provided with alcohol before their mad charge and they astonished him by opening their haversacks and shewing their untouched rations including the rum which, without breakfast, they had not had time to touch.

Our regiment retired under the Col and encamped for the night and, next morning, went up on to the plateau on ground above Aranyl: But after the battle our dinner arrived in a filthy araba, which had been used to remove the dead and wounded. (Godman)

I spent the night by myself in our hospital, a small one storied house with inner courtyard at Kadykeui, where wounded, who should have gone on to the General Hospital at Balaclava, were deposited hap-hazard and left on our hands. Among them was a Russian major brought in late, with his leg shot off at the knee. We were dead tired and, after consultation, the wound was dressed temporarily, but his moans disturbed the night till death came to his relief.

Next morning, so elated were the garrison on arrival of our seven guns and Turkish Standard, that, after the Te Deum, they had a sortie against Evan's 2nd Division on S part of Inkerman, as we call the right of our Sapounie heights, but which really applies to the heights on N across ravine at the head of the harbour, leading to Mackenzies. Combat lasted three hours and the Russians retired driven back, crushed by concentrated artillery fire with the loss of 270 killed and wounded and more than 80 prisoners. Our day was spent among the wounded.

In the afternoon Lord Raglan came down and afterwards we heard that Balaclava was to be evacuated and that stores were being removed. The disabled were sent on board ship, and, quickened by overhead shots from the Turks on the heights, we marched the rest up to the new camp on the plateau to find that, at the conference, Lyons had prevailed and Balaclava was not to be given up.

Although the Russian advance was not impetuous it was seen to be formidable as the masses of cavalry and infantry which were directed towards Balaclava, became visible. "Such progress had been made in dislodging the Turks from the redoubts that Lord Raglan did not see the capture of Canrobert's Hill when he halted at about 5 a.m. on a spur of the ground near the Col, whence he commanded the greater portions of the plain on which the subsequent actions occurred."

Their Cossack and cavalry emerged on to the plain just as Lucan was carrying into effect a movement to strengthen Sir Colin's force at Balaclava.

CHAPTER III

52 pages of MSS 1854 - 1856

The third chapter opens with the battle of Inkerman. This was essentially an infantry battle. The remnants of the Light Brigade were on the edge of the plateau under Lord George Paget "for C rdigan lived on his yacht at Balaclava and was generally known as 'the Yachtsman' "

Cattell was thus free to go and help his friend Toby Wyatt, medical officer to the Coldstream Guards who had preceeded him in the V Dragoon Guards. Wyatt was stationed near the Sandbag battery and after midnight Moust joined them and they were operating all through the night. On the way home, completely worn out, he had a chance meeting with the Duke of Cambridge, eager for all the latest news

"The two following days were spent with Wyatt in operations, and, sometime later, I found myself the only one in the regiment returned for the Inkerman clasp. Afterwards it was given to the Guards at Head-arters, a mile further from the battle, then to all intermediate troops. There were strange stories of the battle; on the previous night the churches in the town were seen to be illuminated and the troops were marched to Mass and dosed with vodka, a mixture of the spiritual and the spirituous!"

"At the Sandbag battery, where a gun had been temporarily placed to silence one on the Inkerman heights opposite, the carnage was fearful. Some 1200 Russians lay around, dead or dying. The Duke of Cambridge's horse was shot under him, as also was Macdonald's. He was singled out by the enemy and saved by Assistant Surgeon Wilson, 7th Hussars, who led some Guards to his rescue, for which gallant act he received the Duke's thanks. Remembering that the surgeon of his old regiment was married to his wife's sister, H.R.H,in a private note to Head uarters acknowledged Dr. Wilson's services. At the Council two days later the Duke became so excited that he was sent on board the Caradoc."

Moust and Wilson were by no means the only doctors to lay aside the scalpel and take up arms on occasion. At the Sandbag battery Assistant Surgeon Wolseley found himself

"hemmed in by the Jakoutsk Battalion, he seized a musket which had its bayonet fixed (for he was without a sword) and rallying some men shouted "Fix bayonets and charge". They answered with a burst of "Hurrahs", sprang forward to the charge and tore a way through the enemy, who retreated towards the Quarry Ravine."

It is doubtful, however, whether the Russians were the most formidable enemy our troops had to face during that black winter. The arctic weather, with the extraordinary blizzard of November 13th, combined with the appalling breakdown of nearly all the administrative services and the ever present cholera (now camouflaged under other names in order not to impair the morale of the troops) go to make up a picture of misery seldom if ever suffered by our armies in the field, and yet, as ever in the British Army, cheerfulness persisted in breaking through.

"On November 13th a thunderstorm developed in the afternoon and, during the night increased into a hurricane. We could see tents and bedsteads being whirled away over the edge of the plateau, over a sea of mud in which horses were snorting, stamping in terror and then stampeding."

When the storm abated "the funny aspect of the thing kept everybody cheerful and the chase after the horses and the hunt after scattered articles gave exercise and warmth."

"Soon news of distress came in from all sides, of sentries frozen at their posts, of the utter discomforture at Head-quarters, of Lord Lucan ('Look on' as he was generally called) squatting on a box where his tent had been - that was some consolation for he was not loved. Morning rose over the snowy heights with rumours of disasters at sea. Now we had to go down for watering besides catering, for our horses were dying of starvation and what food they got they had to bring up themselves."

The rumours of marine disasters were only too well founded. The 'Prince' containing the winter supplies of forage and warm clothing with millions of rounds of ammunition was a complete loss while the French lost the Henri IV and several transports.

On December 1st, in an interval of fine weather, the cavalry moved into winter quarters near Karani and, at long last, the hospital marquee arrived.

Today the word "evacuation" implies the removal of casualties by helicopter, aircraft and motor transport under

conditions of comfort and efficient treatment. It had a different implication for our soldiers of a hundred years ago. This is Cattell's description of the Via Dolorosa traversed by his unhappy patients:

"Towards the end of the month there were nearly 8000 men in hospital. Wrapped in wet blankets they are taken from the muddy tents and placed on horseback, a dismal troop as of mounted corpses, with closed eyes and lurid cheeks, some, fever stricken, glaring with wide eyes void of observations for whom the passers by, if they saw them at all, existed as phantoms which haunted their delirium. Bound for the great hospital at Scutari the cavalcade would toil on, wading through and slipping past the dying horses, the half-buried bullocks and skeletons and carcasses in various stages of decay... On - always on - to the place of embarkation. Lying among crowds of other sick and wounded, on bare planks, in torture, lassitude and lethargy, without proper food, medicine or attendance, they were launched on the wintry sea. Their covering was scanty and the roll and plunge of the ship was agony to the fevered and maimed."

"In place of the hush, cleanliness and quiet and the silent step which should be around the sick, were sounds such as the poets have feigned for the regions of the damned - groans, screams, entreaties, curses, the strain of the timbers, the trampling of the crews and the weltering of the waves. The sick flocked in faster than the dead were carried out till the hospitals overflowed, while, still faster flowed the misery-laden ships down the Black Sea as they went on feeding the fishes with their dead."

"So intense was the cold at nights that icicles formed from the breath in our beards which froze to the blankets. Last thing at night and first thing in the morning our servants put the fire in the chibouk bowls and the warm smoke released the beard. The new tents were fastened with hooks and eyes, and after a short time, they contracted in the damp and it was impossible to open them from inside without loosening a peg. This occasioned great distress, the impracticability causing urgent desire to relieve the bladder. Then we found the utility of an empty meat tin!"

Cattell had a faithful batman, Johnson, to whom there are many kindly references. As a pair, they must have been something of a phenomenon to their comrades. When officers were encouraged to raise morale by singing on the march Cattell burst out into a Greek chorus to the mystification of the troopers, while "Johnson was always choosy, at times exasperatingly so. He would quote Shakespeare, Ovid or Horace, ever apt and ready. His listeners could not understand but they caught his enthusiasm and joined in the laugh with which he ended."

He tells again the well-known stories of the hardships undergone by the troops, the coffee which arrived in the form of green beans, puddings hard as iron wrapped in helmet covers, the weevilly biscuits which they exchanged for the excellent rolls issued to the French who had a much better grasp of the situation and could make appetising soups and salads from dandelions and other plants which our men, riddled with scurvy, trod under foot. Occasionally a few dried vegetables arrived "and Oh! the value of an onion full of phosphorous and sulphur which came to us in those despised vegetables." The situation was occasionally relieved by a visit to the Navy at Balaclava "They were certainly good to us, those sailors, ever ready to help from their surplus stores with ham or preserves". As a quid pro quo the cavalry arranged to turn out some ponies to send the naval officers on a joy ride to see Sebastopol. They seem to have done the whole outing at a continuous gallop after which the ponies "needed repose". The whole incident is perhaps characteristic of sailors on horseback!

With the coming of spring spirits began to rise. Dog hunts were organised and the first Spring Meeting took place. The X Hussars had now arrived, "glorious on their unrivalled arabs" and one of the Officer's wives known as "The gilded Lady of the Camp" followed by a staff of her own "was the cynosure of all eyes by her exquisite 'air de Marquise' and the ease with which she sat her horse." An attack of a dozen or so Russians on one of our vedettes only added to the excitement. The whole gathering, spectators and jockeys set off in full cry and drove them off. Cattell was riding for a friend of his in the 17th Lancers.

In April the first of Miss Nightingale's nurses arrived; they consisted of Irish nuns and English sisters.

Shortly after Cattell had a recurrence of his diarrhoea but could not be spared to go sick. To complicate matters the mess was completely out of port but "when the ladies heard I was indisposed a bottle of port was promptly sent up and the first glass restored me completely, one of them also gave me a 'Christian Year' ".

Early in May Miss Nightingale herself visited the camp. She was obviously ill and had to lean on Cattell's arm during the visit. She left saying she was gratified to find things much better than she expected.

Another distinguished visitor was the famous chef, Alexis Soyer, who, it will be remembered gave a demonstration of cooking on the Soyer stove clad in a loose white jacket, trousers with a broad blue and silver strip and a wide brimmed dark blue hat bound with a gold scarf. It took place on the Guards' parade ground attended by the French Marshal Pellissier, the Divisional Commander, the Commissary General, the Inspector of Hospitals and nearly a thousand officers. Two regimental bands played during the demonstration while the guns were booming in the background.

Cattell gives the following description of the visit to his unit: "Soyer has come from the Reform Club to teach us how to utilise rations, very necessary considering our difficulties with the pudding, which, tied tight in a helmet cover, never became eatable. At his leaving there was some chaff about preparing an epitaph for a man so self-assertive in the event of his being killed. Someone suggested 'Soyer Tranquillo'. After an investiture of the Bath at Head warters he held a different reception in the Guards' camp where a row of kitcheners prepared tasteful viands out of our rations."

"One day he honoured us with a visit. He galloped up like a general to the saluting point, attended by some French officers who kept carefully in the rear, his white burnous streaming in the wind, with silver striped blue overalls, gold braided vest and red and white kepi. Wherever set, even though riding with a general, he was ever foremost; but, as he was not good at walking, his visits to the cookhouse were hurried. At lunch he became entertaining and, full of assurance, gave us some useful hints which really affected an improvement in the salt ration by showing how the addition of a little sugar sensibly masked the saline flavour.

Then the good-natured, round faced little chef rode away."

Alcohol seems to have been considered the wonder drug of the day. We have seen how Cattell's recurrent diarrhoea was cured by a glass of port. Now his hospital sergeant, Elliot was stricken with a second attack of cholera with all the characteristic symptoms, cramps, facies hypocratica, unconsciousness. The padre had been told the case was quite hopeless when "we procured a bottle of champagne and I gave him a little slowly, drop by drop, and, as it was swallowed, a few more. The pulse had certainly rallied and, by evening, he was better - but the champagne had vanished, his friend the pay sergeant, who was nursing him, had drowned his own terrors!"

Apart from giving artillery support British troops took little or no part in the battle of Tchernaya which was fought in the "Valley of Death" on August 16th. At one time it was thought that there might be an opportunity of a charge and the cavalry were formed up in readiness, Pollissier decided the risk would be too great and to their great disappointment they were withdrawn.

This was a full dress affair, undertaken at the express orders of the Czar. At dawn the Russian general Gortschakoff was seen approaching from Mackenzie's farm with a force of some 60,000 men including 6000 cavalry and 20 batteries with bridging material and entrenching tools. The men carried little in the way of rations or water having been promised plentiful supplies to be found in Balaclava after the allies had been driven into the sea. They suffered a crushing defeat at the hands of the French, Turks and Sardinians, a general retirement was ordered at two o'clock. In the afternoon Cattell and three companions rode over the field. The tragic valley which had so recently rung with the cries of the wounded of the Light Brigade was now

strewn with Russian wounded described as "ghastly objects, sitting up among the dead and uttering supressed groans."

Soldiers were seen rifling the dead removing crosses and ikons and even clothing and it is indeed shocking to learn that "An English cavalry officer's wife was prominent among the looters"

The chapter ends with a final "set piece" on the storming of Sebastopol. The cavalry did not play a significant part in this and their function seems to have been to act as police to ensure that only staff officers and those with passes were allowed to approach and to look out for spies among the crowd of sightseers.

Cattell describes the attack with dramatic detail. At 8 p.m. the enemy began quietly to withdraw carrying away his principal stores and ammunition. Tremendous explosions shook the town throughout the night. Covered by columns of smoke and flame the last Russians had left by 6.45 and by 9 a.m. the town was a mass of flames and the French were already inside busy looting.

An invetorate sightseer, he was early in the ruins. He paints a vivid picture of the burning buildings, the soldiers recklessly smoking amid the 146 tons of power which lay around and blowing themselves up, pools of blood, dead and dying in heaps covered with swarms of flies, the silence constantly interrupted by tremendous explosions as the various forts blew up.

Here again we get another example of the intrusion of women on the battle field. We have read of officers' wives having an early breakfast before an attack to enable them to get on to the heights to stand with the Commander in Chief and watch the carnage in the valley below, as one might watch the Aldershot

Tattoo today, we have seen her the cynosure of all eyes with her attendant swains at the local race meeting, we have seen her at the ghastly work of collecting souvenirs from the dead and now here is a distracted wife among the stretcher bearers in search of her husband:

"In the assault Colonel Hancock was mortally wounded. His wife was in camp and, in her anxiety, wandered down the valley of death and met the bearers bringing him on a stretcher. Captain P of the 90th made a sketch of the scene inside the tent, the wife on a chair on the right of the door anxiously watching, the pallid face propped up on a camp bed on the left and the moon in the distance flooding the scene with its pale green light. It was so painfully realistic that the Artist had to alter the likeness."

Now it was all over, ceremonial parades and services of thanksgiving were held, medals were distributed, the troops dispersed and the Russians returned to Sebastopol to retrieve many treasures they had secreted in cellars and wells and other hiding places.

And, at the end of it all, nobody seems to have been at all clear as to what it had all been about. After all the months of misery, muddle, confusion, hardship and suffering Cattell sums up the situation:-

"Ultimately we left behind us in the Crimea a hundred and twenty six well filled cemeteries and for what object? Ostensibly some Turko-Russian dispute over the keys of the Holy Places which did not concern us, possibly to consolidate the French Empire,

CHAPTER IV

52 pages of MSS - CONSTANTINOPLE
1856

Chapter IV begins with a brief record that the Heavy Brigade embarked for Scutari after the fall of Sebastopol while the Light Brigade moved to Ismid on the Sea of Marmora.

The V D.G. were quartered in a summer palace at Haida Pasha, a wooden building of two stories which was also occupied by the Divisional Staff and the Inniskillings. The hospital was situated in a similar building across a court-yard until it was destroyed by fire, fortunately without casualties. It then moved to a General Hospital on the Bosphorus.

Most of the chapter is devoted to a turbulent story of the rise and fall of the Byzantine Empire, the life of Constantine the first Christian Roman Emperor, and many lurid details of massacres, stranglings, and wholesale slaughter. Seliman II, for example, had such strong views on total abstinence that he poured molten lead down the throats of anyone whom he found the worse for drink while Mured II was followed by an executioner who sliced off the heads of those found in a similar condition. He related with gusto the grim tale of the massacre of the Janissaries in 1826:

"Multitudes were caught and privately strangled or beheaded in places which became horrible slaughterhouses. For days arabas carried off mangled bodies which were cast into the Bosphorus, till, buoyant from corruption, they floated into the Sea of Marmora and, in the putrid masses ships got entangled.

" 'Fluctibus, ac tarda per densa cadavera prora cruentis' "

We have detailed accounts of his visits to the "Revolving Dervishes" and the "Howling Dervishes" and he spent long hours exploring places of worship of all religions, studying the history of their ritual. Many services took place at midnight and he even set forth at 2 a.m. to visit an obscure Christian Sect in the purlieus of Galata. Only occasionally, interspersed in long theological dissertations, do we come across what may be described as the

personal touch; how, for example his faithful batman Johnson rose to the occasion, " My servant Johnson volunteered to cater and cook, so one evening we had some Turkish and other neighbours to dinner and he managed so well that one dish puzzled us; was it brains? No! cauliflower en rissoles." We learn, too, that "Miss Nightingale found herself in a dilemma. No less than six, including some of her best nurses presented themselves and declared their intention of getting married, backed up by six prospective husbands in uniform".

He found that he had his hands full when he acted as bear leader to a young officer in the K.D.G's.

"When the K.D.G's came out the mother of one of the officers asked me to look after him, but, as he took Jack Mytton as his exemplar it proved difficult. One evening at Pera Hibbert and I were returning from a late service in the Armenian cathedral when we passed a saloon and went in to see what was going on. Round the green baize narrow tables were seated gamblers of various nationalities, and in walking round I encountered Jack and promptly asked him what he was doing there, 'And what are you?' he replied - whereon somewhat conscience stricken we went home. He once for a bet at Mess rode in marching order up to Arthur's seat and stayed the night there. On another occasion, in the same kit, he swam the canal outside the Portobello Barracks in Dublin; but he did not repeat Jack Mytton's feat of riding upstairs into the drawing room at Chillington."

"Jack's model was a familiar character in my school days and was remembered at Chillington as a daring horseman but very foolhardy, and in one thing my friend did not follow him. Mytton began port at breakfast and got through four bottles and more a day. He died of D.T. in the King's Bench."

One sentence seem to have a familiar ring when in referring to the Greek Orthodox Church he mentions:

"Monks who wandered about, either of doubtful character or deeply engaged in Political or Ecclesiastical intrigues."

We thus get little or no indication as to the medical work he did in Constantinople, nor of the day to day life in the regiment, and one has a feeling that the chapter was probably written late in life for the edification of his grandchildren at the time when he was about to embrace the Roman Catholic faith.

CHAPTER V

HOME SERVICE

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HOME SERVICE

SCOTLAND TO YORK

1856 - 1858

(50 Pages of MSS)

After the dramatic events of the earlier chapters, the horrors of Devno and the stirring stories of Balaclava, Inkerman and Sebastopol, we find ourselves in smooth waters for the following chapters are a record of peace-time soldiering at home.

Embarking on May 13th 1856 he reached Portsmouth on the night of June 28th, just two years after he had set forth on the Crimean adventure and was duly exasperated by the curiosity of the Customs officials: "They did us the favour of making a special inspection, pro forma, of our baggage which consisted, besides kit and camp equipment, of presents for our friends, but everything was examined, tobacco for our own use and curios also were confiscated.", he managed to land in time to see the review on Southsea Common of the R.A. and the militia and then went up to Town to see the illuminations, for it was Thanksgiving Day. He rejoined his regiment at Petersfield and they were later reviewed at North Camp Aldershot by Queen Victoria in uniform with a scarlet jacket. They afterwards entrained for Edinburgh where from the Caledonian Station along Princes' Street "the roadway was thronged and the windows gay with welcoming faces."

Here he says farewell to his faithful batman Johnson, we are given a glimpse into the private life of the man who had served him so well during the war. "My servant Johnson was now purchased out by a sister, on condition that he became reconciled with his wife. He had a singular history, comfortably off a sub-editor of an influential paper, with the entree to all places of amusements, he became infatuated with a girl he casually met in the Strand, who repulsed his overtures because he was not a soldier. This was just before the war when the VII D.G., our affiliated regiment, was recruiting in London, and into it Johnson promptly enlisted.

His wife followed the pair to Brighton, but, when confronted with both women in the orderly room and asked which he acknowledged, the repudiated wife was shown out of the gate. Shortly afterwards the recruit joined us in a draft from Dublin. What became of the girl we never heard."

It was here that Cattell met Littlejohn, the famous expert in forensic medicine. The meeting resulted from a case in which a trooper was accused of assaulting a girl from the town when shewing her the stables on a Sunday afternoon when the barrack square was thronged by visitors listening to the band "mostly girls who flocked in demurely each carrying a bible wrapped up in an uncreased handkerchief." After a fall from his horse he consulted Syme, the famous surgeon who "was delighted at finding my great toe driven back under the sole, a rare accident".

At this time his old Brigade Commander, Scarlett, now Adjutant General, again tried to persuade him to take a cornetcy, but he again refused as he was trying to avail himself of the opportunity of study to read for the Fellowship. There is no record that he ever took his F.R.C.S. Indeed, there seems to have been little opportunity for study in the cavalry mess of those days. The visit of the general must have been something of a trial. He was devoted to the latest game of whist, which had taken the place of Loo. After Mess he would sit down to the card table, with his special bottle at his side and successive relays of drinks throughout the night. Officers were detailed into 'watches' to play with him through the night until he was driven home at 6 a.m.

Musical evenings were another feature, though Cattell, himself a musician, avers that many members could not recognise God Save the Queen when they heard it. "The most popular song of the evening was 'Old Dog Tray'. The colonel vowed it was the most affecting song he ever heard. It seems to have originated in Campbells 'The Harper':

"On the green banks of Shannon when Sheela was nigh
No blithe Irish lad was so happy as I
No harp like my own could so cheerily play
And wherever I went was my poor dog Tray"

Another popular song was "We wont go home till morning" and this provides an example of the long excursions into history which Cattell takes when a place name or tune strikes a chord in his encyclopaedic memory. The whole narrative is held up while he explains that the tune was that of the nursery rhyme "Malbrouk s'en va t'en guerre". This referred to Charles, the third duke, who led an abortive expedition against Cherbourg in 1758 and not to the great duke. First sung at Malplaquet it came into vogue shortly after the birth of the eldest son of Louis XVI. It was popular in 1781 when the young dauphin's nurse Poitrine was always singing it to him. Chateaubriand says it is oriental, chanted by the Saracens and picked up by Captain Cook's men in the South Seas. Brewer assigns it to the Crusades and says it appears in a Basque Pastorale and in the Chansons de Geste. It was well known to the Egyptians etc etc. One cannot help feeling that when writing his reminiscences in 1905 he used his diaries for the facts and embellished them from an encyclopaedia at his elbow. It is these long dissertations which contribute to the inordinate length of the work and make parts of it pretty heavy going.

Among other diversions at the mess table was the game of "Cardinal Puff" which has persisted to present time. The rules as laid down by him are not easy to follow but it apparently consisted of tapping the table and floor with specified fingers, followed by the usual penalties "extremely useful in imparting that carefulness for seemingly unimportant details which makes the successful man". Bets were taken as to how many half-crowns could be put in a glass full of wine without overflowing or the lifting of a tumbler with thumb and

forefinger or placing a wine glass on a napkin and pulling away the latter without spilling. As a piece de resistance the old mess waiter, Lacey, was called in and he proceeded to demolish the door panel with his bare fist, crunch up a wine glass and swallow the pieces and finally pin himself to the door with a two pronged fork driven through a fold of skin. History does not record who was responsible for the barrack damages!

While still on a convivial note he tells of a dinner given by a brother officer who had inherited a fortune: "We dined at the club and, amongst the nine of us, thirty six bottles of various wines and three of rum were said to have been consumed. It is notorious, however, that many bottles are never emptied on such occasions. Fortunately for myself, after several toasts with one foot on the table, I fell asleep and escaped the wassail bowl. There are in 1905 three survivors living including our host."

"Stories are told of scarcely a generation ago. Fellows say that on big guest nights a basket of wine was placed at the vice-president's side; he, dressed in a leather apron, had to open the bottles. The door was locked and the key flung out of the window and no one was allowed to leave until the contents was consumed." It was at another party that he thoroughly disapproved of host's conduct in "opening champagne before dinner and setting it with the other wines to warm and grow still" ---- and no wonder !

In the autumn he was sent on detachment to Hamilton when the Duke who was very hospitable and friendly gave them a key to his private domain. A visit from the Queen of the Netherlands included a magnificent ball. "The Minuet in which the Duke danced was most graceful and stately. His movements reminded me of old Newton in those skating figures in Kensington Gardens when he appeared in evening dress with a silver skate in his buttonhole".

As a native of Castle Bromwich, near Birmingham, it is not altogether surprising that he did not appreciate the finer points of highland hospitality. At a farewell dinner at Stirling Castle he notes that "the pipers played and the pibroch

was especially distressing, for the performer in his slow measured step halted behind my chair".

He was one of four officers detailed to accompany the troops on their march south to York. They started out on a bright autumn morning and soon singers were called to the front. At length his turn came round. He points out that while any interruption would disturb the thread when reciting English verse, he never had the slightest difficulty in Greek or Latin repetition, in fact he once gained a holiday for his school by reciting three hundred lines of Antigone. When he began to repeat the performance on the march, a voice behind called out "try back a note lower" at which he dried up completely and another officer was scarcely less successful. However, "the men were satisfied, we had done our best and those who could sing kept up the entertainment".

It is inevitable that a short halt at Gretna should evoke many stories of the marriage of runaway couples over the famous anvil. We select one which relates to "the banker Child". Child's Bank, made famous in the Tale of Two Cities and numbered Nell Gwynne among its customers, still flourishes in the Strand and is one of a group which includes Messrs Glyn Mills and Holt's, the famous army agents.

"Here in the wooded road, Child, the banker, overtook his runaway daughter and the Earl of Westmoreland, consent to whose marriage he had refused. 'Your blood, my Lord, is good, money is better'. My lord appointed a midnight rendezvous, and, in a chaise and horses carried the girl off, having ordered relays all along the road. At Shap he had the forethought to engage every horse in the village and so prevent further pursuit."

"Here Child, by great rewards to postboys, followed so quickly as to overtake the runaways as they were changing horses. Jumping out of his carriage in a rage he shot one of the earl's leaders. A servant of the latter meanwhile ran behind the banker's carriage and cut the leather suspenders unobserved. The earl drove on with three horses and Child had not gone many yards in pursuit ere his carriage fell upon the frame, so that he was compelled to wait for a post-chaise. Consequently he arrived at Gretna after the marriage had taken place".

They passed through Ullswater and Keswick, where the old posting house still had some old coaching port, where, too, "on asking for a toothpick the landlady hunted out her dear departed husband's silver one for our use".

"At York the mantel-piece was full of letters of welcome from young ladies anxious for fun and romance who were finishing their education, with whom one of us became better acquainted". The officer in question had "lived sufficiently long among Spaniards to imbibe their romance and to get their swarthy complexion, of which he took such care that raids were made on his dressing table where Pomade Hongroise and other less useful compounds were flung out of the window". The officer in question admitted to having evaded the gardener stationed on the roof with a blunderbus and to having made an entrance to the school. He was holding court with the young ladies in the hall when a teacher appeared carrying a candle at the head of the stairs. With great presence of mind one girl crept noiselessly behind her and blew out the candle while the rest loudly averred they had heard strange noises and were searching for a burglar. In the dark and confusion Don Juan made good his escape.

While at York the garrison seemed to have had a thoroughly enjoyable time. They were invited to the meets of five packs of hounds, the country was flat, the fields large, and the fences low quickset, in fact, a galloping country.

They duly called on the Archbishop whose predecessor, formerly Bishop of Carlisle, was something of a character. When asked to visit the remains of the Roman Wall, he replied "Show me the grouse and never mind the wall". It was he, too, who leaned out of his window crying Tally-Ho as the Newnham hunt went by.

Cattell's high church religious convictions were deep-seated and sincere and it is, indeed, surprising to read of two cavalry officers wandering around York Minster when one of them suddenly falls on his knees and asks Our Lady to arrange for friends in Scotland whom he had only left a few weeks before

to pay him a social visit. Here is the story in his own words: "Strolling through the Minster one afternoon with a comrade, I felt impressed to kneel before an Altar to Our Lady and pray that I might see my old Scottish friends again. It was a momentary impulse and not a right subject for prayer, yet one of the next posts brought a letter from Mrs J.W. that E wanted a change and they would come down to York and that I must look out for rooms. It seemed to me an immediate answer to prayer which deepened my devotion to the Blessed Virgin".

It is certainly odd to read a few paragraphs later "The city society was a clique and to us the Cathedral was a convenient lounge for meeting people from the neighbourhood under pretence of listening to the anthems".

After the visit, his Scottish friends took him back with them for a short holiday. Here he got into serious trouble as one Sunday afternoon he sat down at the piano and played Gregorian chants. His hostess came in to complain that her housekeeper "objected to music on the Sawbath". His host told him of a local lad who was out walking one Sunday with his lassie through the fields when he suddenly kissed her and whistled in triumph. He was promptly and curtly rebuked: "An ye whustle Sandy I'll no let ye do yon again!".

This is followed by a historical incident which must be now to many of us "Bismark whistled on landing at Hull and, when promptly rebuked asked "Why not ?" was told "It is the Sabbath". He became so angry that he immediately re-embarked, and, strange to say for Edinburgh !".

The final paragraphs of the chapter have a familiar ring about them. He was ordered north to examine a pensioner. On arrival he found his patient lived nine miles from the station, so, after lunching off bread and cheese he took a trap to take him to his destination. The result was that he arrived back late for mess and ordered a special dinner. Here are his reactions: "My travelling claim was queried at the War Office by some intelligent clerk who wished to know why I had not taken a cab, there was another query about lunch and the extra charge for dinner was struck out. The paymaster, after a reiterated correspondence, handed it over to the C.O., who ultimately obtained a portion of the claim. But the amount of foolscap

would have made headgear for the whole staff at the War Office. Since then I have heard of a claim for something at Bushire which could not be entertained on the ground that a claim for 'BUS HIRE' was inadmissable !".

When he was asked to volunteer for India in 1857 he was placed in a serious dilemma. He was most anxious to see more active service but felt he owed a debt to the regiment in which he was commissioned and who had treated him so well. The Colonel asked that he might be seconded for active service which would mean he would rejoin when the fighting was over. This was refused and he finally followed his colonel's advice and declined. He took this as a high compliment but afterwards bitterly regretted it, as it meant that regimental medical duty might devolve on those who "had not sufficient interest to get to the front with every little expedition", surely something of an understatement for the Indian Mutiny !

CHAPTER VI

HOME SERVICE

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HOME SERVICE

ENGLAND

(65 pages on MSS) 1858 -

The regiment next moved from York to Lancashire. The headquarters was at Manchester while Cattell accompanied a detachment to Burnley where it relieved two companies of the Fermanagh Militia, who, in turn, had replaced another Irish regiment which had proved "too larky" for Lancashire tastes.

During the take-over they shared the barracks with the militia, who before their departure, entertained them "More Hibernico" with liberal supplies of whisky. The next night they returned the compliment with plenty of champagne.

The barracks were old, dirty and dingy, as usual it was a case of "jam tomorrow" and they were not due for renovation until the following year. Having little to do, the officers painted and decorated their rooms to their own tastes only to find that, on their departure, they were "surcharged for a fresh coat of paint of the regulation drab".

When Cattell had finished washing down his quarter, there remained a large stain on the floor which, even with the aid of muriatic acid, they could not remove. Some nights later, after a quiet musical evening at a friend's house he retired to bed at about eleven o'clock only to be disturbed by a footstep pacing overhead and, in his dream, he saw a face 'in medallion' protruding from the wall which he strove, without success, to hammer in with the poker. Unable to sleep he placed a cross, made out of oak from Queen Mary's chamber at Lochleven, on a chair by his bedside and illuminated it with a pair of candles. This proved effective until two brother officers, seeing the light, burst into the room. Cattell asked them why his friend 'Scissors' who occupied the room above had been keeping him awake by pacing up and down. They replied: "He is snoring, retired hours ago. Come out, there is a woman

in the passage, we heard her voice came down and, seeing your light, want you to help search". The servants were roused and the guard turned out but nothing was found.

The next night he was in his room with a friend and they again heard the woman's step coming down the passage "Now we have her !" they cried, flung open the door only to find nobody there. Again the guard and mess staff were turned out to search and again nobody was found, though a thorough search of the servants' quarters was carried out.

"The Barrack Sergeant now tried to explain the mystery. In 1841 the 60th Rifles were quartered here and a pretty girl was employed in the kitchen. The Mess President, **Captain O'Grady**, who then occupied my room was thought to be too often in the kitchen and the Messman became jealous. One night O'Grady entered the kitchen and was pursued by the Messman who stabbed him near his own door. At this moment the girl appeared; coming along the passage, the Messman strode over the body of O'Grady and dealt her, too, a mortal blow. Some officers, rushing out of the ante-room with swords stabbed the man and the captain lay all night in his room, his blood staining the flooring. The bodies were buried in Holy Trinity churchyard."

"This was interesting and, on the first available night R. and I awaited the events which occurred at 12.30 a.m..... Again there was the usual search with no result. Several times this process was repeated till the guards and servants wearied and our evenings at home grew seldom".

"What was my attitude in my own mind to ghosts ? did I believe in their appearance ? No ! they never had any existence except in Lampiere's Dictionary....."

This, however, did not deter him from covering several pages with well-authenticated ghost stories.

A curious facet in the complex character of this hard riding cavalry doctor is his obsession with the supernatural and the occult. When mesmerism became the vogue in 1846 (he would have been 17 at the time) he experimented on his powers of imagination: "In bed one night I determined to raise the devil in the shape of a huge monkey in a red jacket, who soon appeared at the foot of the bed but so distinct that he persisted standing there though I tried to make him disappear. In fact the apparition my will had conjured up persisted in evidence in spite of all my will power which was, no doubt, already weakened in the first effort. So it stood there in mockery till at last I fell asleep. Now there was nothing there as a camera would have demonstrated had it been known".

He tells how, urged on by his brother officers, he tried experiments at the expense of one of the servants at the small hotel at which they messed. When she came into the room he suggested that the spoon she carried was red hot whereat she dropped it "amid roars of laughter".

"After a few more experiments, instead of ringing, I attempted to summon her by will, and, for a few times she came. Then she grew restive and would exclaim 'HES CALLING ME AGAIN !' and retreated into the coal cellar".

He apparently discovered this strange power when he was a student and used to attend seances on Sunday afternoons amid a strange collection of celebrities which included Prince Louis Napoleon, a French general and many French refugees. There the operator would form some statuesque picture in his mind, say, Ajax defying the lightning, write it on a piece of paper and hide it from view and the subject would gradually assume the pose suggested and remain a rigid and pallid statue with "the eyes open but the aspect was death-like".

In the early days of their stay there was little fraternisation with the Lancashire folk apart from the "County", however, the ice was finally broken when the cotton spinners, headed by one known as "old Stink-o'-Brass", invited them to a ball. It appears to have been something of an evening !

"As the guests were retiring they asked us to a private supper at which, after much champagne, punch began to flow and, as the intention was evidently to make a night of it, we went home but only just arrived as the men were turning out for stables. The morning was bright and someone suggested that it was a shame to go to bed. So we ordered our horses, changed clothes, and riding past the house gave a shilloo for good morning. The old coachman appeared at the door with a tankard of champagne but we rode on to Warley and, after breakfasting, came back to mid-day stables."

"One peculiarity of these Lancashire towns is that, on riding through the streets, a mill hand will touch the gold lace on our overalls and, calling attention to it, cry 'Look here lads ! we pays for this !"

His old chief, Scarlett visited the regiment again and told how, many years before, they had been sent to Burnley to deal with disturbances among the unemployed. They were met

by a local J.P., John Greenwood, who rode with the C.O. at the head of the regiment through the crowded streets. But the mill hands so fraternised with the "Fifth" that they had to be replaced by another regiment.

The regiment was then ordered South to Aldershot, but before accompanying them let us look in for a last visit to the mess where, after "fine sport on the moors, especially when grouse driving began, Cocky Hay turned up in patent leather boots, to the general amazement and such personal discomfort that it was the first and only time. In the evening "Scissors" went fast asleep in the billiard room and could not be aroused. Sir William, an old "Death or Glory" boy, exploded some gunpowder under his chair which thoroughly roused him."

The march South lay through Lichfield, Woodstock, Blenheim, Oxford and Abingdon, and, on arrival at North Camp they found themselves next to the 2nd Life Guards, for whom Aldershot was a desert. Here he made friends with Frank Buckland, the son of the Dean, who was something of a naturalist and was working for the newly established paper "The Field". One day he received a dead water rat cut through by a mower so far from water as to make it a curiosity. "This he hung up among his clothes, with similar curios. In the hot weather it became odoriferous, but Buckland's sense of smell was subordinate to his love of animals, of whatever kind, usually the ones we avoid".

Buckland's eccentricities were probably inherited as his father, the Dean, who was the author of the Bridgewater Treatise on Geology, was in the habit of inviting the leaders of Science and Literature to dine, these included Lyell, Herschell, Farraday, Liebig, Agassiz, Ruskin, Brougham etc. and regaled them on a series of succulent and exotic dishes, the ingredients of which were not made known until the end of the meal.

History does not record the feelings of the distinguished guests when they learned that they had been partaking of "puppies and mice, tortoises and rats, varied with potted ostrich and pickled horse, frogs and the succulent snail".

It is rumoured that within the body of the dean in his grave at Islip lies the heart of King Louis XIV. The heart was dry and shrivelled, about the size of a plum, and was being handed round the dinner table for inspection at one of these odd dinner parties when the Dean absent-mindedly popped it into his mouth and swallowed it !

This leads Cattell on to a long discourse on the ultimate fate of "historic hearts" (a surprisingly large number of which seem have been eaten !) Ralph Lord de Courcey, Guilelmo Rossiglioni, Bartle Frere of Zanzibar, a Sicilian count who murdered his wifes lover and served the heart up at table, and many others including Alfonso, son Of Edward I, Isabella sister in law of Henry III, Ramases II, Chopin, Robert Bruce, etc. etc.

The Aldershot of those days had only just begun to be a military centre and the soldier of today may derive some amusement in trying to identify some of the locations mentioned.

"We spent a short time in a picturesque camp on Cove Common, opposite the Queen's Hotel, where the abundant seedling fir trees rendered a formal pitching of tents impossible. Visitors from Town were numerous as were the luncheons, which to myself, as mess president were especially enjoyable. The Queen in scarlet was present at one of the field days, when a gunner met with an accident in passing and I was sent to see him. Then we went into the S. Barracks for the winter. The ground in our front was part of the old heath skirting the road to Portsmouth, once infested with highwaymen". He tells of the finding of the bones of men and horses, clearly the remains of the old days of highway robbery, and recalls that stories of highwaymen's deeds were still remembered by old inhabitants, adding that " - shot" is a suffix almost peculiar to this part of the country as Bagshot, Ewshot and Aldershot.

"The small public house at Hale is still pointed out as the site of Dick Turpin's escape through the back window".

" 'The Jolly Farmer' a lonely public house on top of Bagshot Hill, used to be called the 'Golden F.' and was, it is said, kept by a highwayman.

"Above us frowns Caesar's camp dominating the long valley of sand, which, after field days, we are gradually bringing away. This is supposed to have been a refuge on the borders of the Hiqui and the Belgoi. There is another in the neighbourhood of Sandhurst between the Bibroci and Atrebatii, for these camps generally seem to be placed on the borders of adjoining tribes.

"Another subject which interested Buckland and myself was the frequent drownings in the canal between the camps. Men, probably more or less drunk, forgot that the bridge was left open at night and, as there was no barrier walked straight into the water".

"The two storied building in use as a hospital for cavalry since the camp was formed in April 1854 was once the manor house of the Tichborne family and then became the workhouse. It is still called the Union Hospital".

"The Wesleyans opened an iron church outside our barracks with a good preacher and a choral service from the Book of Common Prayer. As the Church Service involved a long walk and, so they said, was not half as good, such numbers of our men declared themselves as Wesleyans that the A.A.G. came down to enquire what it meant. At the next station the church was nearer and they reverted".

Here is another picture of an evening in a cavalry mess a hundred years ago:

"Round the fire was a table with a railway for decanters, and, over mulled claret with a suspicion of port, we discussed the day's hunting or harked back to the war. The livelier youngsters had a chase of their own - out through the window to the outer balcony down the pipes, round the basement and up the other side.

"Before the war Loo was the invariable excitement after dinner, now whist is occasionally played. One evening some high points were introduced and, rubber after rubber, the game seemed interminable. Once or twice I took a nap during the deal and to please my partner, returned to the table. Refreshed with anchovy paste and champagne we played through the night and, after 6 a.m. next morning I passed the sentry on my way home. It was a Sunday, so ashamed was I that I have never cared for cards since."

At a luncheon party one day a young officer in the R.H.A. maintained that mesmerism was humbug and offered himself for experiment.

"Changing the conversation to divert attention, I soon fixed his left arm and the attitude of not being able to get the fork to his mouth was so ridiculous that it set the table on a roar under which he escaped to the ante-room, and, from behind the Times, was fidgeting and watching. But we were all laughing and, had I wished, I could have done nothing more then. Presently he disappeared beneath the gun tarpaulins and hid till I went away. It was some months before we met again in the road when he gave me a wide berth".

The story has a satisfactory sequel for they finally shook hands and became friends.

It was about this time that his Scottish friends introduced him to the use of Planchette which wrote with a characteristic handwriting whenever his fingers were on the machine. He frequently went to planchette for advice in later years.

Like many young officers today, he occasionally lost the last train from Town: "Visits to Town generally involved our returning towards two o'clock in the guard's van of the "Cold Meat Train", as that which brought down bodies to Woking cemetery was called. We lay on straw, thoughtfully provided by the company and walked through the gloomy pinewoods from Farnborough in time for early parade."

When the summer field days were over, the regiment moved to Shorncliffe and Brighton, celebrating their departure with a farewell dinner in East Barracks "where the youngsters were in high spirits and the fun grew fast and furious and cushions were seized as missiles with much damage to the glass".

During their stay at Brighton Cattell's detachment was quartered in the Pavilion where he had a large room containing a piano, the scene of many extempore dances. Engagements came in fast and furious, so much so that he instituted a slate on which to keep his appointments. The social whirl, however, soon began to pall, "not that a dinner party with four dances to follow constituted enjoyment. We left the first with engagements unfulfilled and arrived at the next too late to select partners".

It was here that he was visited by a sombre figure in a frock coat whom he failed to recognise as his war-time batman Johnson. It will be recalled that his sister

bought him out of the army on condition that he returned to his wife. He was now employed in a local gymnasium. Cattell met the wife at a sergeants' dance on Balaclava night and did not wonder that the union had become something of a trial.

As was to be expected, he has many stories to tell of the Prince Regent and Mrs Fitzherbert and propounds an interesting theory as to the origin of the inordinately high collars and elaborate stocks which were still uncomfortably in evidence in the uniforms of the 1850's. Apparently, when the Regent came to Brighton for sea bathing in 1803 and 4, he was suffering from enlarged submaxillary glands and adopted these complicated neck arrangements as a kind of camouflage which was faithfully copied by the young bloods of the day and survived in the army long after the fashion had been discarded by civilians.

Whilst at Brighton he seems to have met many of the great artistic, literary and musical figures of the day and prominent among his friends was a Russian who combined two large houses into one, gave enormous and elaborate parties, and kept an extensive and well-appointed stable in charge of a British captain solely for the benefit of his guests, for, he himself neither rode nor drove. He drank nothing but water and was engaged in "designing a new submarine to cross the Atlantic, a cigar boat, and was delighted to explain the details." It always gave him "great pleasure to dine with the elegant officers of your distinguished regiment." One cannot help wondering whether, somewhere in the Elysian Fields, he may not be looking with some misgiving on the vast shoals of these menacing "cigar boats" which the Russians are launching on a distracted world today.

Among the stories and scandals of Brighton Society which cover many pages we cannot forebear to quote the remark of the beautiful Lady Jersey who, arriving to find a church in Mayfair already full, murmured to her companion, Lady Clementine, "Never mind, dear, we have done the civil thing" and went home.

After another summer camp on Cove Common the regiment entrained for Ipswich in relief of the X R.H. who were destined for Ireland. From here he was ordered to London to take his promotion examination. The War Office refused to pay his expenses, as was done in the case of his brother officers. However, not wishing to be passed over, he made his own way and passed successfully.

He continued his experiments with planchette together with a kindred spirit, one of the masters at the local school in which they recognised the handwriting of the schoolmaster's brother who had been drowned at Eton.

During the winter he attended readings by Charles Dickens "evidently he has great dramatic talents; to appreciate thoroughly some tragic passage as in Oliver Twist, you should hear him read it".

Cattell had very little use for the Eastern counties, for he ends the chapter with this devastating paragraph: "This part of the country seems to be the most ignorant and immoral we have yet experienced, and one great rendezvous of the demi-monde is the ritualistic church".

CHAPTER VII

IRELAND

CHAPTER VII

IRELAND

(36 pages of MSS)

In the spring the regiment was sent over to Dundalk, this had such a depressing effect on the Farrier Major that he blew his brains out. This led to some complications as the Irish Roman Catholics loudly protested against his being buried in consecrated ground.

In the barracks at Newry they were forcibly reminded of the grim tragedy which they had encountered in the mess at Burnley, for here were to be seen bullet marks in the wall of a room in which a drama had been played nearly sixty years before. The barracks were then occupied by the 21st Foot and the senior captain, Boyd by name, had been superseded by Campbell of the 42nd Highlanders in virtue of a brevet majority. After dinner one night Boyd was tactless enough to suggest that Campbell had given an incorrect order. An angry altercation followed during which the other officers in the mess left to go to the play. Exasperated at what he considered a professional insult and flushed with wine, Campbell went off to have a cup of tea with his wife. Returning to the mess room he found Boyd just leaving. Shortly after Boyd was sent for and found Campbell waiting for him with a couple of loaded pistols. The former protested that witnesses must be present but Campbell would not wait; two shots rang out and the mess waiter entered to find Boyd with a bullet wound in his belly and upbraiding his antagonist for having "hurried to fight him without friends". In a frenzy of remorse, Campbell, who by then had been joined by his wife, went on his knees and begged for pardon averring "everything was fair". With his dying breath Boyd whispered "you are a bad man, you hurried me".

For some weeks Campbell was concealed among his wife's relations but was ultimately arrested, and brought to trial at Armagh on a charge of murder in August 1808 and sentenced to be hanged. A temporary respite was ordered and Mrs. Campbell set out for London. A furious gale was blowing as she arrived in the pier at Dublin and a fishing boat was just managing to struggle in to the harbour. In spite of imminent danger the gallant crew re-embarked and struggled back to Holyhead through the blinding storm refusing any kind of reward. She made her way to Windsor

where she arrived at 8 o'clock when the King was in bed. In spite of the sympathy of the Queen and the Prince of Wales, he was inexorable, and she sadly began her journey back to Ireland.

In the meantime the drama had been moving to its climax, Here is the closing scene -

> "The condemned man was carefully tended by an officer's wife, who, two nights before the execution, urged him to escape. As midnight struck he hinted that she should retire, and, as usual, accompanied her to the gate. The keeper was fast asleep and Campbell, saying it was a pity to disturb the poor fellow, took the keys up softly from the table and unlocked the outer wicket.
>
> "The officer's wife cried 'This is the crisis, Campbell, the moment of escape - horses are in readiness.' Putting his hand on her mouth the convict gently forced her out with 'Hush! would you have me violate my word?' and, bidding her goodnight, carefully locked the gate, replaced the keys without waking the jailor, and retired.
>
> "On this last night the chaplain watched by his side but Campbell quietly slept. As it happened, the 42nd, with whom he had served in Egypt, were now in garrison, the same men whom he had led in a bayonet charge against the invincible Napoleon, and they formed the guard that witnessed the execution. When, at noon, Campbell appeared at the fatal door a yell of anguish passed along the ranks and every bonnet was removed. He, in turn, saluted them and addressed a few words to them in Gaelic; instantly every face was upturned to Heaven, every cheek bathed in tears and on every lip a prayer, and, as the board fell there burst forth a groan from the excited Highlanders that will never be forgotten."

For the rest, this chapter consists of a medley of memories of hunting, balls, guest nights and expeditions to London interspersed with lengthy extracts from Irish history, religious discussions and his curious excursions into spiritualism. In this short survey we can only turn the pages and extract a few typical items which throw a light on life in the army of those early Victorian days and reveal something of the fascination of the author's complex personality.

The regiment subsequently moved to the Curragh where theylay next to the old Aldershot comrades, the Lancers. There was the usual guest night with much horse play during which a newly joined young cornet was found to be highly susceptible to Cattell's mesmeric powers. A jug of water first became champagne, then liqueurs and was finally poured out as mayonnaise, "then, as it was late we awakened him him. A few years later he became a lunatic".

Planchette often proved an evening amusement which Tim, a mess waiter they had brought with them from Cashel, viewed with curiosity and awe from a safe distance behind his sideboard. One evening they induced him to write a single word on a piece of paper and to hide it from view, meanwhile at the other end of the room they got busy with Planchette. After several attempts it traced the word "AMEN" in bold letters. Tim was called over and, seeing what was written dropped his paper and, rushing downstairs in tears exclaimed "They have seven devils upstairs". On opening the paper he haddropped he was found to have written "AMEN" and, furthermore, Planchette had reproduced his lettering in exact facsimile.

A few days later Cattell and his friend Gist were sitting down to Planchette when Tim came in to say that the youngest girl of the house had lost a brooch in the field and they asked Planchette to help. The answer came "I know where it is but will not tell unless the owner puts her hand on me". As luck would have it the young woman happened to pass shortly after. She was called in and placed her hand on Planchette which immediately wrote "In the nursery". She protested that there was no such room in the house but again Planchette repeated the same phrase. It was then remembered that one of the rooms had, indeed, been used as a nursery in the past. Cattell drew a rough diagram of the room and Planchette indicated the spot where the brooch was to be found. After a search the brooch was found on the wainscot edge between the wardrobe and the fireplace, the exact spot indicated on the diagram. It had not been lost in the field but had fallen from the cloak when being put away. Cattell remarks "The affair caused a sensation and the priests asked us not to continue such experiments. But the touch of the owner was essential to finding the brooch though she herself had forgotten and neither Gist nor myself could know. I only relate, but cannot explain, but there seem to be some forces in Nature we do not

realise, much less understand".

The Irish tour of duty seems to have passed pleasantly enough in dancing, hunting and occasional visits to London. Horses were easy to come by, sometimes bought from the local priest who had received the animal as a thank offering from his flock. He hunted with the Ward Union and occasionally with the Meath and remembers happy early mornings cub hunting "learning to creep cat-like over the huge banks", mornings when "innate love of sport would bring men from what they euphemistically called 'work' with a 'show us a leap' your honour and, leading the way to some stiffish jump expected you to oblige them by putting your tired mount at it".

There are many hints of the grave political unrest of the period. We are given the story of the rising led by Smith O'Brien who, though condemned to death, was pardoned and was still living in Ireland.

On one occasion Cattell sauntered into the market place with an orange coloured lily in his button hole only to be accosted by a priest who implored him to put the noxious emblem into his pocket or the consequences might be disastrous. There were worse rumours, too, of incipient Fenianism and stories of midnight drills by the Fenians on a neighbouring hill. Even in the hunting field men were pointed out who had been implicated in murder, nine murders had recently taken place in the district.

He gives several glimpses of the distressful state of the country, the churches without pews or seats where the impoverished congregation knelt on the muddy floor, the streets ankle deep in mud which, when going to a dance, plastered the legs with mud so that one had to undergo considerable grooming before going on to meet "the bevy of bright girls from the land of the Blazers and Blakes". All this, however, did not detract from the success of such gala occasions as the great costume ball and great was Cattell's embarrassment when passing the sentry and walking across the square in broad daylight dressed as an ancient Greek.

It would be wrong to conclude this Irish interlude without including a quotation which reflects the serious side of Cattell's character.

> "Before leaving England I was cautioned by my clerical friends to look upon Ireland as a foreign country and attend the Roman Catholic services just as one would on the continent, for, although the Church of Ireland was united to the Anglican, it was heretical for certain reasons now forgotten (which reminds me of the notices I had seen on East End Churches in want of a curate "No Irish need apply"). It did not occur to me that communion with a heretical body was impossible without defilement. After Mass I took coffee with Father Anderton, who, with his Anglican experience could have smoothed many difficulties but he told me that my religion was of the head, but that he would always remember me in the Mass.
>
> "At this time my leisure was spent over translating portions of the Greek Horologion, and in compiling a manual for Sojourners in the Anglican Communion, by a medley of Catholic and Greek prayers, till it became a question of what to omit, or where to draw the distinctive line - a question I dare not assume to decide. Should we not follow St. Jerome in translating 'Gratia plena' 'full of grace' and not the unmeaning 'highly favoured'? .... Miss P. had lately been disturbed by Colenso's raid on the Pentateuch and had written to me. Through collecting the best critical comments I was fortunately able to show what fallacies underlay his arguments."

It was an age when even soldiers and masters of foxhounds would pepper their after dinner speeches with classical quotations as at the end of season dinner of the Tipperary foxhounds -

> "Towards the end of the season the Tipperary foxhounds had a meet in barracks and were put up the previous evening. The Master's name was Going, and Hallett from the R.A. at Clonmel in proposing his health made an apt quotation from Virgil suggesting that his motto should be 'Vires acquiret eundo' - rather good for a gunner! Excusable in days when 'pro aris et focus' was translated as 'for hares and foxes'!
>
> "The hours grew late and passed merrily, sparkling with honour and song, and one, at least, on his way to his quarters was found on the ground persisting that he was in bed."

C H A P T E R VIII

CAPE COLONEL and NATAL

Chapter VIII.

CAPE COLONY AND NATAL

(76 Pages on 1955)

Cattell inserts very few dates in his memoirs but it is clear that this phase began about 1864, when he was 35 years old. It was in April of that year that he was appointed "Surgeon to the Forces", an appointment which had previously been known as 'Surgeon to the Hospital for the Forces' which closely resembled the 'Staff Surgeon' to a garrison familiar in our own times. Thus, to his great regret, he ceased to be a cavalryman. The appointment meant promotion, however, and the news was brought on the occasion of an inspection by the Inspector of Cavalry. He tells how he felt very much the outsider when, after lunch, he did not go on parade with the regiment but sat under an archway with the spectators "like a fish out of water".

Scarlett, his old chief and staunch friend, did his best to keep him with the cavalry and used his influence with the Director-General who replied that he "was glad to have so creditable an account of Mr. Cattell" but regretted that he could not nominate him without grave injustice to his seniors.

The morning after the news of his promotion he was ordered to Africa where a Kaffir revolt was threatened. He managed to pay a hurried visit to friends in Burnley (where he helped to decorate Holy Trinity Church in preparation for a wedding) and set off for Plymouth on August 5th to embark on the Union Mail Steamer Cambrian.

The voyage was uneventful. He was kept busy looking after a young man suffering from cardiac dropsy who unfortunately died on board. As corpses on shipboard were not popular, with the aid of the ship's surgeon, they secretly doubled the body up, pushed it into an empty wine cask and landed it at Capetown.

Here Cattell transhipped into a coasting vessel, steamed past Danger Point, where the Birkenhead was sunk ten years

before, and finally disembarked at Port Elizabeth. Here, after the party had been carried ashore through the surf on the backs of Zulus, they were accommodated in barracks by a detachment of the 96th. Here too, he bought a horse and went on his way up to Grahamstown where he reported to Lawson, the P.M.O., and an old Crimean comrade. He spent some time in the office, learning much about the manners and customs of the country from a knowledgeable purveyor.

At length he reached his destination at Fort Beaufort. A detachment of the 76th welcomed him on arrival. As he was no longer a regimental medical officer he did not live in the mess but settled down in a small cottage and engaged a Hottentot servant to look after him.

To his intense surprise he found himself looked upon by the little community as an expert on croquet! As a hard-riding hunting and racing man he had always looked upon the game with profound contempt. However, always a good mixer, he sent down to Port Elizabeth for what he called the "necessary implements", levelled a piece of ground near the Officers' Mess and found himself duly elected President of the Croquet Club!

He also organised race meetings and appeared with great success as a brigand in amateur theatricals. He seems to have settled down to a pleasant bachelor existence in his little cottage of three rooms and a kitchen, working in the garden, building a hide from which he could observe (and record at great length) local animal life, and giving tea parties which became a prominent feature of life in the garrison, especially when he produced his silver tea set which had been knocked down to him by mistake at an auction where he had been chaffed into bidding 'just for fun'.

Many pages are devoted to picnics, dances, and the various jealousies and minor scandals of a small garrison, interspersed with period of acute anxiety when there were reports of an impending rising among the Kaffirs.

In due course the 96th were relieved by the 99th, the major of whom seems to have been something of an eccentric.

He "came in with so much side on, and so smart with button-hole and kid gloves and beaver billycock which he kept diligently smoothing, that C - N, one of the relieved, watching his opportunity, when the hat had at length been deposited on the couch behind him, contrived to be pushed back and sat upon it mid general laughter. The major smothered his vexation and took the 'accident' very well".

In the meantime ructions had been taking place in Natal which resulted in the S.M.O. being sent home and Cattell was ordered to take his place.

"A farewell group of the croquet club was photoed and presented to me with regret at my resignation and departure 'We have felt it throughout to have been an honour to have been presided over by you, and kindly and gratefully will you be remembered by each and all of us, for the unwearied kindness with which you have, from the first worked for our pleasure' He then adds, somewhat inconsequently: 'Of the signatures one was of a captain afterwards employed on a tram service in London. A daughter of the magistrates' married a doctor who came home one night, maddened with drink, and drove his amputating knife through her body and the bedclothes".

He had been warned that one of the officers of the unit at Durban, then on sick leave, was reputed somewhat demented. The major in question on his return seemed to be well posted in regimental affairs and conversed freely and sensibly. However, his peculiarities became manifest when, fish being served at dinner, he carefully removed the eyes and put them in his pocket. Furthermore in his room at the club strings of onions and refuse of all kinds were hanging about and the odour was very mixed.

After long and lurid descriptions of the Zulu wars of the 1830's and 40's Cattell tells of his arrival at Pietermaritzberg where he was welcomed by the Governor who gave a ball in his honour and where the Chief Justice went about in the broadest and loudest of plaids.

It was about this time (1865) that the death occurred of the notorious James Barry. This is what Cattell has to say on the subject:

"The Colonial Secretary, Erskine, is immensely interested in the story of Dr. Barry, late P.M.O. at Malta whose recent death revealed him to be a woman, whom he had known at Capetown, here, as staff surgeon he attended Lord Charles Somerset, and enjoyed the reputation of being a skilful physician; here he fought a duel. Beardless, with high cheek-bones and marked physiognomy, of quarrelsome disposition, he seemed constantly to be striving to overcome an effeminacy of manner, which, however, never betrayed him. For frequent breaches of discipline, he, more than once, was sent home under escort; but the offence was condoned at Headquarters for, at the time, he was credited with being the offspring of a Scottish peer. Entering as Hospital Assistant in 1798* Barry became Inspector General in December 1858 and served at Malta and Montreal. He is declared to have been Joan Fitzroy, child of the Prince Regent, afterwards George IV, who, for shame, decided to disguise her sex as James Barry, and took his degree at Edinburgh. He made love to a handsome Dutch girl of whom another officer (Mannering) was enamoured, and won her affection. They taunted Mannering who flung a tumbler of wine in his face. The duel followed in which Barry allowed himself to be slightly wounded. The next day he told Mannering he had never really loved the girl, the latter ultimately married. On another occasion he was actually accosted by an officer with whom he was riding, 'By the Powers you look more like a woman than a man'. For which Barry struck him a savage cut across the face with his whip, and his appeal for redress resulted in his transference to Tristan d'Acunha; powerful influence was ever at Barry's back. When at Montreal he medically passed my brother on transfer to the Commissariat. Here he sported a large silk bow on the breast of his uniform frock coat, wore dandified boots of patent leather, and long fingered white gloves. He always appeared in a long curly chestnut wig. Only at his death in July 1865 was he discovered to be a woman, though for so many years unsuspected by his own servant".

Characteristically Cattell follows this up with the stories of a dozen men in history who have impersonated women and vice versa.

The final pages of the chapter are taken up with the ecclesiastical controversies associated with the name of the Bishop of Colenso. Cattell, as a churchwarden and Sunday School teacher in Pietermaritzberg, became heavily involved. Bishop Twells, who was one of the Provincial Bishops who had condemned Colenso for ritualism was tactless enough to call at Pietermaritzburg on his way to the Lambeth conference. The Colenso party accordingly locked and bolted the church during his visit. The Sheriff, though a Colenso-ite as part of his duties tried to effect an entrance was greeted with wet mops and a party of blacksmiths finally broke in with the aid of sledge hammers. Inside the church was chaos with benches strewn and empty beer bottles strewn about.

It is difficult to understand the intense heat generated by these quarrels of dogma and ritual in different sections of the Church of England. The whole matter is argued at length by Cattell. Things reached such a pitch that when the usual banquet was being arranged for the Queen's birthday the Executive Council met to decide whether the Bishop should say grace. When it was decided that he should follow the usual custom the Dean and his followers remained outside until grace had been said!

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* Note: The date mentioned by Cattell is inaccurate. Barry was, in fact, born in 1795 and entered the Army in 1813.

CHAPTER IX

NATAL

Chapter IX.

(43 Pages of MSS) NATAL

This chapter opens to the sound of wedding bells and is headed by a verse of Lady Lawrence's:

"Oh! wilt thou be a soldier's bride
Girl of the sunny brow?
Then sit thee down and count the cost
Before thou take the vow".

Late in 1866 Cattell became engaged to the Daughter of a member of the Council, a cousin of Sir Harry Goodricke and one of the early settlers in Natal.

The wedding was an impressive affair, the streets were crowded and the church full to overflowing, H.E. the Governor and the Secretary for Native Affairs being among the guests. One cannot help thinking that the hilarity of the pre-wedding bachelor party must have been somewhat restrained owing to the fact that the proceedings were watched through the window by a bevy of young ladies! His feelings at the reception must have been shared by generations of bridegrooms "On no occasion is a man so utterly out of it as on his wedding day".

They started their honeymoon in magnificent style, in a carriage drawn by a team of four horses, who ignominiously got stuck in a sandy patch in church road from which the Mayor and other guests helped to extricate them. Once clear the team broke into a gallop and they arrived at Redcliffe, a plantation some twenty miles from Pietermaritzberg, where they were to spend their honeymoon. This belonged to a friend of His wife's family. His disappointment that it possessed neither piano nor library was compensated for by the glorious gardens and plantations. The happy couple spent idyllic days sipping delicious granadillas to which having cut off the top they added a few drops of white wine.

The fact that the place was infested by many varieties of snakes proved an additional attraction for Cattell, an

enthusiasm which was not shared by his wife who viewed the whole business with fear and detestation.

The honeymoon over, we are given a delightful domestic picture of the newly married couple settling down and busying themselves with the house and garden. Life however, was not without incident. There was the case of his father-in-laws' Newfoundland who had the extraordinary habit of pursuing pigs, biting off their tails and laying them in triumph at his mistress's feet, on one occasion crashing through the French window in the process. Shortly after their arrival, too, they were amazed to see a man standing stark naked in the darkness, his body streaming with blood and water who "seemed like a body on which there had that morning been an autopsy". He proved to be an escaped lunatic from a neighbouring asylum who was hotly followed and speedily captured.

The livestock included an enormous cat which came from China, a collection of canaries on which Cattell practised mesmeric powers "Transfixed by a steady gaze you could take them out and toss them across the room like a ball" and a musical duck which used to settle down by the pedals whenever the piano was played. A duck pond was installed and, once again, the celebrated croquet parties were organised.

He soon received the news that the transport bringing the new regiment, the 2/XX had been sighted and hurried to meet them. This regiment had recently served in Japan and was the first to drill the local army in European methods. It is surprising to learn that as recently as 1864 the Japanese appeared in a review at Yokohama clad in chain armour and armed with bows and arrows.

The arrival of the new Commanding Officer was awaited with some trepidation. He had, in fact, court marshalled his previous medical officer no less than three times, each time without success. However, on first acquaintance he appeared "considerate and thoughtful". He at once put a stop to Cattell's appearances on the amateur stage as being below the dignity of a medical officer.

He further insisted on taking his wife around all the married quarters where they found fault with everything including the bedding. However, there were some compensations for when Cattell appeared on a board on band instruments, his musical talent was discovered and he was at once made band president and received the Colonel's congratulations when he conducted his own composition "Valse Inamorata".

The vexed question of the colour bar was very much a living issue and the natives were firmly dealt with:

> "In the towns all natives were compelled to wear trousers, but they must not assume equality with the whites by walking on the pavement, they are more dogs than human beings, though useful as police. There was a large Kaffir population in the city without any attempt being made for their instruction and it was proposed to form a native episcopalian congregation, but the colour question barred the way. An ornate, ritualistic, service would have appealed to the Kaffirs, but it was thought dangerous to educate them lest one day they should rise against us".

It was about this time that Cattell's friend Bissett, the Governor, was posted to St. Helena and the energetic colonel of the XXth took temporary charge. He at once made his presence felt:

> "There were frequent marchings out, sometimes for the whole day, invariably to return through a spruit, though he was shy of exposing the men to pain. Never out of uniform he loved the barrack square, and among the men he was not unpopular. Midnight alarms startled the slumbering town, the sudden boom of a gun summoned everyone to his post; mid the general illumination the colonel went round and inspected and, after an hour, we returned to bed and the townsfolk, who a few years ago were depressed to panic by hammering of harmless rivets in daylight, grew tolerant of alarms".

When taking over his temporary appointment

> "Instead of letting the major take over the wing, he held both appointments, crossing over to the Garrison Office to reply to his own letters and even to administer a rebuke to himself as commanding the battalion, which kept the clerks employed and Fort Napier amused".

The rest of the chapter deals with trivial pieces of station gossip which seem strangely up-to-date today. There was, for example the honey-tongued visitor from Olympus who arrived, full of bonhomie and departed leaving a legacy of diminished establishments and reduced allowances:

IX.4.

"A Control Officer has paid us an ominous visit and was received with the usual welcome, albeit there were rumours that his mania for retrenching leaves an unfavourable impression. He made himself very agreeable and departed in a halo of good fellowship. Presently, however, we found our Colonial allowance cut down by one half, others curtailed and, worst of all, forage restricted to field officers, and staff subalterns who cannot live within a mile of the Fort must therefore, in future, walk. The loss of so many Jats also materially interfered with our social functions, especially picnics".

One reads of the inevitable pin pricks which happen when a "difficult" C.O. takes over. There was the perennial wrangle about troops bringing their arms to hospital, about his treating private patients in his spare time and about his entitlement to issue licences to civil practitioners in his capacity as Senior Medical Officer, a duty which had been placed upon him by the Governor and was fiercely resented by his C.O.

Finally the day arrived when the battalion was ordered to Mauritius. All the horses were left behind, and the wife and two little girls went to Durban. This is rather a surprising statement, for, though all his social and domestic activities have been minutely described he has not so far mentioned the arrival of a family.

Domestic felicity seems to have limited his excursions into the occult and the chapter contains fewer references to spiritualistic experiments, though on one occasion when one of his ponies went astray he consulted Planchette who gave the precise spot where it was. The following morning the animal was brought in having been found at exactly the place indicated.

CHAPTER X

MAURITIUS AND HOME

Chapter X.

(54 pages of MS) MAURITIUS AND HOME

The Battalion embarked for Mauritius on June 30th 1870. During the voyage two children were found to be suffering from measles and were isolated in a deck cabin with a sentry posted on the door. In the general confusion occasioned by the visit of the Health Officer the sick children, in their mothers' arms, were found among the crowd. As a consequence the families were sent to a special quarantine station while the regiment was isolated on the Isle de Tonneliers. The Colonel stationed a sentry on the landing stage with strict instructions that there was to be no landing on the quarantine station. One of the first officers wishing to go ashore was the captain of the ship who brushed past the sentry which led to a good deal of unpleasantness.

It was not long before another difficult situation arose. A highly official document was handed direct to Cattell in the name of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, appointing him Acting Surgeon Superintendent of the temporary quarantine Station, which gave him authority over the area. In the meantime, the colonel who knew nothing of this was pulling all the strings with higher authority to get the quarantine lifted. Cattell and the Health Officer shouted reports at each other daily across a neutral zone of 200 yards and finally decided to give the All Clear to the Battalion and another awkward situation arose when the colonel demanded to know by whose authority his yellow quarantine flag had been struck.

The Cattell family soon settled down in their new surroundings. The small three roomed house by the good offices of the C.R.E. was expanded to include a dining room, study, bathing pool and a herbarium for his botanical specimens.

The station does not seem to have been a happy one as the temperamental colonel grew more and more difficult,

making matters much worse by officially reporting the ship's captain for the serious offence of forcing a sentry. Things came to such a pitch that every inducement was tried to get him to go home for a period of leave, this he stubbornly refused to do. An opportunity then arose for him to take a sea voyage to the Cape and back in a ship taking troops. This also he refused as the O.C. Troops was only a major. Finally Cattell firmly said he would not be responsible for his life if he stayed and he was induced to go home overland by Messageries Maritime. Immediately on arrival he wrote an indignant letter accusing Cattell for keeping him too long abroad!

All this time the family had been detained in the families' quarantine camp and his only contact was a weekly visit in which he was not allowed to approach nearer than 200 yards and it was four and a half months before they were re-united. To his great delight his eldest son was born on the last day of February.

The months seem to have passed pleasantly enough with the usual dances and picnics until the day came when they embarked for home on the transport Tamar. After an uneventful voyage they were met by the Colonel, who had now fully recovered, though he seems to have retained some of his eccentricities, for, when they arrived at Buttevant he turned up some old orders dating from Fenian days and promptly put them into operation. All gates were closed, guards doubled and even the Resident Magistrate was refused admission.

Throughout all his memoirs he is curiously reticent about his professional work. It is clear however, that he was both a proficient and a popular practitioner and he quotes several letters paying tribute to his kindly care and skill. During his nine years abroad he had gained much experience especially in tropical medicine and operative surgery. We know that he performed major operations such as the removal of the breast for mammary carcinoma.

He was anxious to bring himself up to date and started on a short refresher course at Netley where he met several old friends. It was while he was on the course that, to his great delight, he learned that he was being posted once again to the cavalry. In spite of their frequent differences the colonel was very averse to letting him go, however, he took it all in good part and the following appeared in Battalion Orders of 15th December 1872:

> "Surgeon Cattell having left the Battalion on appointment to the 10th Hussars, the Commanding Officer has a most agreeable duty to discharge in acknowledging the assistance and advice he has at all times received from him during his service as Surgeon of this Battalion, and in assuring him that he carries with him to his new Regiment, the good wishes of all ranks of the 20th"
>
> By Order
> Walter Randolph, Lt.
> Asst.Adj. 2/22 Regt.

In a short synopsis such as this it is not possible to give any impression of the vast mass of variegated information which Cattell passed on to his grandchildren. The last three chapters alone (VII, IX & X) fill 171 pages, about 5,000 words. We are given long dissertations on the various plants and trees, all carefully classified with their Latin nomenclature, animal life is also dealt with, with a special predilection for snakes of all kinds, there is an ethnological survey of the native races. We are told the history of the finding of diamonds and the DeBeers organisation as well as gruesome stories of the Zulu wars including Cetewayo, Lobengula and Tschaka which read like extracts from King Solomon's Mines. All this is inextricably mixed up with picnic and dinner parties, spiritualistic seances, theological discussions and many quite irrelevant and quite incredible ghost stories.

TO INDIA - 1872

(28 Pages Missing) From Netley, Cattell moved up to Colchester to take up his new appointment with the X Royal Hussars. He had been assured that the unpopular "unification scheme of the Medical Services" was not to take place for another four years, and, after the usual round of guests night, he entrained with his regiment for embarkation on January 9th.

He has little to tell of interest during the voyage beyond the usual travellers' tales of the history of Malta and the wildly gesticulating crowds and the gambling dens of Port Said.

The passage through the canal was then something of a novelty as it had only been completed three years previously.

On arrival at Bombay they were met by a "magnificently dressed Oriental" from Muttra and, to his surprise, within a few moments he found himself master of a complete retinue of servants, Kitmagar, Dhobie, Bheestie, Ayahs, Kansamah, Mahli, Chowkidar, Syce, etc.,etc.,etc.,

MUTRA (49 pages of MSS)- 1872

The chapter opens with a long description of a typical Indian station. We are given full details of his bungalow and of the local civilians who consisted of the Collector, Assistant Magistrate Civil Engineer, Chaplain and Civil Surgeon. Much of the chapter is devoted to stories of the Mutiny which had occurred some 15 years before and many pages are devoted to the study of Brahminism and other Indian religions.

At this time he learned that, in spite of assurances to the contrary, medical officers were to be removed from regiments and transferred to the Medical Staff. In consequence of this, one of the M.O's on the station discarded his regimental uniform for that of the staff, but Cattell was told by his C.O. to take no notice of the order and continued to be a Hussar, receiving the compliment the guard turned out once a day in his honour.

Once a week the medical officers met for Sunday dinner and for consultations on sanitary and professional matters.

"From sanitation, conversation mostly drifted into religious argument, since this, like politics, was excluded at Mess. My memory went back to the 'three decker', ten commandments on the East wall, the parson and clerk duet, village musicians in a gallery emblazoned with the arms, to which each, having put his face into his hat for a moment on entering the pew, turned in supposed private prayer and the whole congregation faced when singing; the chancel blocked by comfortable rooms, high curtained with a good fire for the squires; the quarterly communions the only time this service was completed and at which the bulk of the congregation was dismissed; the hunting parson (the squire's illegitimate son) who, compelled to certain week-day services, put on the church clock and hastily donning a surplice over his red coat, rushed through the tiresome office in an empty church, whilst the beadle, having no little boys to smack, held his horse in the porch; the incumbent, who spent his time in the tuition of noblemen's sons, and left his people to the despised Methodists, reading learned discourses for nearly an hour at morning and afternoon services, full of Hebrew roots, which none of his bucolic congregation could comprehend ".

This leads to further theological discussions and the chapter ends with long descriptions of animal and plant life in which he again shows his enthusiasm for snakes of all descriptions.

CHAPTER XXII

MUTTRA & MASAURI - THE HOT WEATHER (47 pages of MSS)

The Cattell family remained down in the plains during their first hot weather in India. He paints a vivid picture of the almost intolerable heat of the tropical night just before the rains.

" All night long tom-toms are strumming in the bazaar, a monotonous rhythm soon got accustomed to, like the reverberation of London traffic, and the jackal cry comes from the distance like some weird wail, ending in a sudden yell. Then the hoarse cough of the Chaukadar startles your half slumber with an occasional thud of his staff of office to tell you he is awake and watchful; again he clears his throat defiantly (this to marauders) and now you hear his tramp outside, he is on duty so you feel secure and try to sleep.....

" Escaping at last into the garden the stillness all around is impressive. Not a leaf is moving, there is not a breath in the air, which becomes stifling. Suddenly a lurid haze appears in the N.W. over the bazaar; it appears like a dark cloud and before it the birds are flying and darting about for shelter."

Today the solar topee is a thing of the past and is looked upon as a kind of blimpish joke, but tradition dies hard, and as recently as 1920's troops were instructed that to cross the compound without the sun helmet was to invite disaster and many of us can remember seeing men playing hockey and football wearing that extraordinary and quite useless appendage known as the "spine pad". In fact things were very much the same as they had been fifty years before in Cattell's day. These are his views on the subject :

" Most of our cases of sunstroke occurred on foot parades when standing in one position so that the ray strikes the same spot on the side of the head which is insufficiently covered by the present helmet. The pugri should loosely encircle the helmet like a turban, which experience has taught the natives to be the best head-gear, for it protects the temple where the skull is thinnest ".

The blessed relief at the end of the hot weather is dramatically described in the following extracts :

" then at last came deliverance, suddenly the rains came. Tatties were removed and we rushed out into the downpour to find relief; for the hot weather has covered the skin, exhausted with perspiration, with prickly heat which the cooling rain instantly relieves. Doors are opened from dawn to night and the fresh, clean air let in. How green the trees have suddenly become and how joyous seem the birds ! Soon the first deluge passes and nature puts on her gladdest aspect and how azure blue is the sky! "

" But with the rains comes a new terror - the flying bug, an odious insect that is attracted by the lamps and must be kept out by doors carefully closed before these are lighted. They communicate their disagreeable odour to whatever they touch and are most troublesome when they get entangled in your hair. All nature is alive and you can almost see the bamboos grow, frogs again enliven the night and insects of every kind abound ".....

" Mosquitoes, as yet unsuspected criminals, whose hum is even more annoying than the bite, made things lively. Lace curtains were a protection provided that when you got into them they were uninhabited, but one of these little pests, once inside, became a torment ".....

" No one can conceive the charm of a moonlight night after the languor and heat of the day...after dinner debris are spread outside and here the evening often sees midnight and the glory of the heavens above "....

" As afternoon advanced our day re-commenced; polo and tea on the Mahdi's Tomb, driving or riding and visiting, entertaining callers with milk punch (called "tea") a much appreciated brew from fresh limes and commissariat rum, not yet infected with water down to proof. After recreation we returned to prepare for dinner; no trouble about the menu - Conserve is always ready with abundance. A guest is waited upon by his own servants and sometimes partakes of his own dinner ".

With the cold weather the garrison enjoyed wonderful shooting and pigsticking, they even imported a pack of hounds, which, however, did not prove an unqualified success.

In November the whole regiment left to attend the Viceroy's Durbar at Agra. Here they occupied a magnificent camp and plunged into an even more hectic social whirl of reviews, parades, polo matches, dinner balls and amateur theatricals.

One hot weather in the plains had proved more than enough and in May they moved up to Masauri.

Back again in Mattra, the young bloods of the regiment continued their somewhat elementary forms of humour. A civilian who habitually dined not wisely but too well, staggered out of the Mess, only to find the floor boards of his trap had been removed. The pony was started up and, after running some distance, he finally subsided, fortunately without injury.

Another guest, in a similar condition, groped his way in the darkness after mess to his waiting trap, climbed in and took up the reins; much shouting and lashing of the whip followed but the turn-out remained stubbornly immoveable; which was not surprising as the subalterns had removed the horse and carefully harnessed the trap to a neighbouring tree trunk " and the Mess who formed the spectators thoroughly enjoyed the fun ".

Sometimes these post-prandial pranks took on an even more boisterous form.

" One evening, sitting outside the mess after dinner, someone dropped the end of a cigarette and soon found his cotton covered grass chair ablaze. There was a general commotion and the one next to him threw his chair, which had also probably taken fire, on the top. The example proved contagious and, one by one, all our chairs were added to the blaze. Kerr, one of the seniors, youthful as the youngest, thoroughly enjoyed the fun. Soon a rush was made for the mess room and the rest of the furniture was brought out just to keep the sport alive. It certainly

was glorious fun, with enough laughter and mirth to re-invigorate us for a long while. By next evening the chairs were replaced; there was plenty of cups in the bazaar and many dhurries nimble fingers soon replaced the damage ".

It is depressing to learn that the various Christian Communities were at loggerheads.

" Of the residents in Muttra two of the four were Catholics. A European missionary was living next to us and is supposed to be doing something, but what, not even the chaplain knew. So in this small community the Christians are in three separate antagonistic groups in the midst of a large Hindu and Mohammadan population who, despite their antagonism to each other, no longer active, are keenly observant of our behaviour. "Turn Christian" exclaimed an astonished Hindu, "there is no necessity, our religion embraces the best parts of Christianity and we carry important precepts into practice, while you are content with reading them in your sacred books; moreover, our Shastras tell us that every man is to revere his own religion" ".

Cattell himself was a regular church-goer and a Sunday School teacher. It is not surprising that he was shocked by the gyrations of the Nautch dance :

" After dinner we were entertained by a Nautch dance. Heavily clad in long dresses almost touching the ground, in a semi - circle three girls postured, scarcely moving out of a square foot. It was neither artistic nor graceful as compared with the Minuet I had seen danced by the Duke of Athol at Hamilton Palace. It was stupidly barbaric and - as commonly supposed - immoral, but not to be compared to a girl in tights on our own stage trying to elevate one foot as high as possible over her head ".

CHAPTER XIV

AGRA AND THE PRINCE (40 pages MSS)(1874-1877)

Early in May the spectre of cholera again began to raise it's ugly head among the native population within half a mile of the Barracks. Soon after a child died within two hours in the Families' Hospital.

The very efficient sanitary officer held the view that the germ, a "fungoid growth" was carried by the water supply, and not, as often supposed, by air currents. The milk supply was also suspect, which is not surprising as unexpected raid revealed the unpleasant fact that the cows were being fed on stable litter and dung, thinly disguised under a layer of food. As the disease spread from village to village, in order to allay native apprehension, the guns were turned out to fire along the road towards the infected village in order to drive off the disease, a practice which Cattell deprecates as "a mischievous pandering to their ignorance."

When a farrier of the Hussars succumbed to the disease, one troop and some families moved about a mile away to higher and open ground. The Cattell family went there for a few days. On their return his infant son, left out in the heat by the ayah, died of heat apoplexy. But this was not the end of his troubles. A small pimple on the nape of his neck developed into a large and agressive carbuncle, and his C.O. Colonel Kerr, ordered the family to the hills at once.

From Amballa he was carried by dhoolie to Kasauli. On the way there however, they were met by a detachment of native lancers who told them that cholera had broken out in Simla and had spread down the dhoolie road as far as Kalka-Hatti, where cholera corpses were lying by the roadside.

By this time Cattell was in very poor shape, and, against the advice of his old friend Crawford, P.M.O. at Kasauli, he determined to press on to Simla. By this time he had had no sleep for seventy two hours and was running a temperature of over 102 degrees. They stayed in an excellent hotel, the Dovedale, just below Government House. Sulphur was kept fiercely burning in all the rooms, nearly choking the staff in the servants' quarters so thorough was the fumigation carried out there.

In spite of this the manager and two who had visited him were seized with the disease.

Complications now set in in the form of an intensely painful sub-periosteal abscess in the leg, and life was made more difficult by the visits of a Mrs.P., the wife of one of the residents who was so anxious about her husband's health that she came to him at all hours seeking advice and consolation. Furthermore she insisted in bringing specimens of his stools for inspection. On one of these occasions his faithful dog, keeping watch under the bed, nipped her shrewdly in the ankle with disastrous results on the hotel carpet ! altogether a trying experience for a man with a high temperature, a large open carbuncle on his neck and a leg doubled up with a periostal abscess!

He was well looked after from Government House,

"delicate hot eatable dainties, brought three times a day by servants preceeded by a Grand Chuprassi with staff of office and belt in scarlet. As for stimulants, the stock of burgundy at the club, sparkling and dry, was exhausted; Champagne and Brandy and Soda were used as a drink and without exhilaration....Every day and A.D.C. came to see what was needed and told me any kabbar of the outer world, the progress of the cholera and the fancy dress ball so successful ".

The abscess was duly opened in the presence of the P.M.O. and his secretary, the Viceroy's surgeon and the civil surgeon. Finally, "jerked by tremors beyond control, and too weak to bear an anaesthetic - which I would have scorned to take - revived by brandy, relief came ".

After a long and interesting discussion on the aetiology of cholera he tells how he became convalescent, found kindred spirits who shared his enthusiasm for botany and was fit enough to be taken to the gymkhanas at Annandale.

At the end of September 1875 they returned to Muttra, Cattell was still not fit enough for the rough journey in a tonga and had to be carried in a dhoolie. Here they found the cholera still raging and had to move out to Jeyt after which the regiment joined the Cavalry Brigade for manoeuvres at Delhi where they participated in the welcome to the Prince of Wales.

The following extract gives some idea of the dazzling splendour of the occasion :

"when the Prince arrived at the Durbar tent, in front of which waved the Royal Standard, his elephant faced round, then, in succession, 150 or more, filed in curved line before him, carrying Rajas and Chiefs who saluted as they passed".

"First in precedence came the Rhoondie, with footmen and horses, elephants and camels, javelins and banner men, guns, gold palanquins and bullock pallis, a great display of Indian magnificence. Next were matchlocks and huge shakos, in ornaments of silver; princes and nobles on horseback, splendidly dressed, cavalry in white with kettledrum and yellow banner and lances with blue pennons, infantry in green with red turbans, splendid led horses magnificently caparisoned, then a gold palanquin with bodyguard in yellow".

"After an advance guard in scarlet came two elephants in gold trappings - one bearing the Raja - between banners of gold, camels, twenty to fifty with blue and red housings, two brass guns each drawn by four bullocks. After each chief followed a cavalcade of led horses. Bikanir was remarkable for his camel guns and sowars in armour, elephants and armour covered horses steeped in henna with trappings of silver mail. There were horses in helmets of steel with shield of plate armour in front, bullock gharries with gorgeously canopied domes. Each chief was accompanied by the Resident in uniform, generally on the same elephant. Few had less than twenty elephants and as many led horses, from forty to fifty camels and at least a hundred each of cavalry and infantry, some thrice the number. The music was wild and discordant and altogether the whole varied procession seemed gorgeous and barbaric".

"Enormous parties became the order of the day, the one at the Taj being attended by 7,000 guests and whose vociferous cheers and lively music from the bands, rose, as if in solemn rebuke, the white arch, dome and cupola, towering heavenwards from the worldly display, above the lines of funereal cypresses, mournful sentinels on the tomb of Mumtazi-i-Mahal".

On January 28th, the Prince lunched in the Hussars Mess when Prince Louis, who was accompanying him, upset a table of glasses and cut his hand severely. Cattell, who rendered first aid, was gratified at being referred to as the "young doctor", he must have been a well-preserved 47 at the time.

As was to be expected, there were many items of trivial gossip associated with the visit. The wife of a brother officer threw the train of her dress over her arm and heard a guttural voice behind her exclaim "those are fine ankles", it was H.R.H. himself. A retired general whose domestic menage was not beyond reproach caused a first class scandal by arriving in full cavalry uniform accompanied by his (uninvited) governess, walked through the crowd with the obnoxious lady on his arm. This resulted in a "fluttering scene" with the stewards rushing up, but the general, having accomplished his purpose, quietly retired.

At one station the medical officer had, unlike Cattell, obeyed the order to discard the uniform of the crack cavalry regiment to which he was attached and had assumed the less picturesque dress of the Medical Department under the "unification scheme". At a ball attended by

the Prince, a snobbish civilian's wife remarked "I wonder who will take me in, you, of course have no chance since your husband has no position", to which the lady replied "for my part I would rather go in with my husband". When the party assembled, however, a very distinguished officer on the staff came forward and gallantly carried off the doctor's wife leaving the other one standing.

There is the story too, of the handsome and vivacious young lady so intent on an introduction that she intentionally trod on her train and fell on her knees just in front of H.R.H. who immediately ordered her a glass of champagne and bore her off to supper to the amazement of his rather dull official partner. On another occasion arguments arose as to whether officers should be compelled to wear their swords while dancing. The general ruled that they should be retained as an emblem of sovereignty The Prince however took his off to the general satisfaction.

There were many trivial incidents oddly reminiscent of the India of a later date, for example there was the case of the soda water factory. The regiment imported a plant for making their own aerated waters and soft drinks. The Prince had brought with him vast supplies of Appollinaris water. The empty bottles were collected and refilled in the regimental plant. Nobody detected the difference and it was not until the price was reduced from a rupee to four annas a bottle that the sales fell to nothing. The enterprising N.C.O. in charge of the soda factory, Corporal Leeson, had been a watchmaker in civil life and assisted Cattell in making syringes for treating liver abscesses.

Before the hot weather the family again went up to Simla, this time under happier circumstances. Staying at the same hotel were some artists who gave the children a box of paints. Typically enough this led the indefatigable Cattell to study art and add another to his many interests and accomplishments.

In this chapter we get a good example of the rapidly changing moods which add to the strange fascination of this remarkable character.

On page 32 he becomes lyrical in extolling the life of a hermit in the Himalayan Hills :

"where the din of human struggle is replaced by the warbling of birds, The solitude is encompassed by overhanging trees, revelled in by insects innumerable and happy birds, the moist earth is gay with flowers.

"Valle sub umbrosa locus est asperginе multa
Uvidus ex alto desilientis aquae
Tot fuerant illic, quot habet natura, colores
Pictaque dissimili flore nitebat humus.
Quam simul aspexit: "Comites accedere" dixit
"Et nocum plenos flores deferte sinus"
Ovid Fasti iv 427

"In these solititudes we live with God, encumbered with no worldly distractions, the strife of temporary politics, the shock of latest scientific speculation... Oh'.happy hours spent in solitude away from human cares, with only God's creatures - happy birds, ever singing his praises....."

In the very next perngraph he descends from the heights and recounts with evident relish the peccadillos of a skittish grass widow :

"A magistrates wife is very pretty and, owing to her husband's frequent absence, scandal has been associating her name with that of an exalted official, who endeavours to beguile the weary hours of solitude till his wife is said to threaten him with divorce. This, however, has reached the ears of the magistrate who, instead of going down, suddenly returned, and, with his gun, watched for her visitor, and, ar he ascended the steps, peppered his legs with buckshot so that My Lord is said to be suffering from an accident while out shooting ".

On the next page he becomes broadly farcical in relating the incident of the constipated elephant.

"One evening came news that an elephant was suffering from serious constipation. Someone suggested the fire engine, and the youngsters were soon on the scene. Aided by one of the farriers an enema was forcibly administered to the animal's immediate relief.

On the thirteenth the regiment left Muttra for the great Durbar at which the Queen was to be proclaimed Empress of India.

The proclamation was made on January 1st 1877. Unfortunately the 101 gun salute caused a stampede among the elephants which caused some fatal accidents among the crowd.

The viceroy, Lord Lytton who was something of a poet with his head in the clouds was not popular in the army.

"Under the new regime a dreamy change has enveloped the social world, and the decorum of late years is diversified by the intrusion of smoking and liquers, cigarettes are introduced between courses at dinner, and even, it is whispered, during Councils. Lord Lytton indulged in a nap during dinner and one evening, to our astonishment, subsided into the capacious bosom of the wife of one of the high officials and she did not seem astonished. Business is prolonged into the small hours and, instead of sleep His Excellency courts the muses and sits up evolving rhymes, which may account for his faraway dreamy expression. He writes in the 'Wanderer'

"Such calm is in my soul tonight and
all my life so dreamlike seems.
I have no wish to sleep, for quite awake
I dream the strangest dreams.

CHAPTER XV

THE LIVE MARCH. (35 pages of MSS - 1877)

Leaving Mattra with many regrets, the regiment started the long march to Rawalpindi, moving towards Delhi along the great trunk road. The eldest boy, Herbert, accompanied them on the march, doing much of the journey on horseback. They remained two days at Delhi which awakened memories of the mutiny which had taken place some 20 years earlier, and many pages of the memoirs are filled with stories of those tragic days and with long quotations from contemporary works. We are reminded of the battles of the Kashmir gate and the famous ridge, of the gallant Home and Salkeld, the death of Nicholson and other historic events. He discusses at length ancient Indian astronomy and mathematics and Indian wars of the distant past.

As the march continued there were many opportunities for shooting but, in his advancing years he lost desire for this sport in his keen interest in natural history. He writes :

"Not that I was given to slaughter, for the love of animals and the wish to observe their habits, impressed on me by Buckland, overcame the desire for a bag. To watch monkeys vaulting from tree to tree is delightful, to hear the cry of a wounded one is painful. The sudden rocketing of a pheasant in the woods is a glorious surprise which checks your fire. Delightful to watch rabbits playing around their holes or to observe a hare feeding in peace. How painful his cry, so like a child, when wounded. The animal kingdom is subservient to man, but that does not justify us in turning out loads of home-fed birds to be slaughtered next morning in wholly unaccustomed surroundings."

At Ambalia he met Temple, one of our Mutiny V.C's. On then to Amritsar, the holy city of the Sikhs and thence to Wazirabad. Here too, they had a three days rest, royally entertained by their hosts. Young Herbert was invited to dine in the mess on the first night but was dismissed to bed "before the fun got fast and the evening advanced in the warmth of old comradeship". Finally the whole family came together at Rawalpindi and Cattell was delighted to take over the regimental garden. Characteristically the chapter ends with a description of the campaigns of Alexander the Great in the Attock, Rawalpindi area.

CHAPTER XVI

RAWALPINDI (11 Pages of MSS)

The 'Pindi garrison of the day consisted of one British and one native cavalry regiment, two British and two Indian Infantry battalions and a battery of Field Artillerry.

The military hospital was next door to the gaol and Cattell put in a certain amount of prison work, though he invariably refused to be present at the frequent executions. He lost little time in getting the regimental garden into shape. Badminton, tennis and band concerts seem to have taken the place of the more strenuous pursuits he enjoyed in other stations.

"Badminton is a social game and passes the time in the hills in the absence of wind and rain, where women can use their hands and feet with equal effect and on equal terms with the men, their skirts are not in the way as at lawn tennis, but it does not rank with sports which - unless they cultivate physical endurance and a quick eye - are worthless, such as hunting and polo".

He goes on to describe the many ancient Greek and Indian ruins in the Attock - Taxilla area, quoting extensively from many historical works dealing with them and with the stormy history of the Peshawar valley.

(26 pages of mss)

A column of 10,000 men with 30 guns was to assemble under Sir Sam Browne and another 5,500 under Roberts in the Kurum Valley and an ultimatum was despatched to the Amir. In the meantime scabbards were being covered with leather, khaki helmets and patrol jackets issued, food tablets and water filters laid in and a pig-sticking lance issued all round.

Malaria was however, still taking a heavy toll, beds had to be equipped on the verandahs and in outbuildings, and Cattell was ordered by his C.O. to remain behind to bring the invalids back to their units as soon as they were fit to rejoin. This went very much against the grain as the cavalry brigade under Charles Gough was being formed ready for action. When the P.M.O. of the Kaiber column passed through he maintained that Cattell had been detailed for his force and that the O.C. had no business to keep him back. The P.M.O. who arrived soon after, clinched the matter and sent him off in a ghairy to rejoin his regiment. Parting from the family was not easy as they could not forget the past Afghan war when the entire force was massacred or captured, including women and children, and Dr. Brydon, the only survivor, "the Remnant of an Army" staggered into the fort and Jalalabad.

Passing through Attock and Nowshera, with his servants and equipment trudging cheerily behind he arrived at Peshawar where he met a brother officer, Appleton, who had come down for stores and they went on together to the camp where Cattell dossed down for the night in the mess tent.

At mid-day the next day he watched a horse artillery battery shell the fort. One of the columns had not arrived at the scheduled time because the staff, "like Napoleon were unable to read a map".

All was quiet in the fort however, and an attacking party led by Sir Sam Browne, his sword slung over his shoulder found that the place had been evacuated.

Leaving their camp equipment behind, the force then advanced into the open plain before Landi-Kotal where they went into bivouac. After some sporadic skirmishing with fugitives they arrived at Dakka Fort. This, too, had been evacuated. In the meantime the women and children down in Pindi were warned to be ready to move into the fort as any reverse, or rumours of one, might lead to unrest among the native population.

Moving up through the Kyber Pass the cavalry reconnoitred some nine miles ahead without seeing the enemy. They were fully expecting to march on to Kabul when the X Hussars were recalled to Dakka, en route for Peshawur, owing to the difficulty of supplying food for the horses. To their great delight however, the order was countermanded and by the 17th they had retraced their steps and were leading a column of Royal Artillery, Rifles, Ghurkas and Sikhs. On the 19th a very long and trying march brought them into sight of Halalabad some six miles distant. The next day the whole force formed up for a processional entry into the city which had been evacuated.

(11 pages as MS) CHAPTER XIX (BUDIABAD AND THE CAPTIVES)

Late in February an expedition was sent to Logkman and the early part of the chapter is devoted to a geographical and historical survey of this part ~~of this part~~ of Afghanistan.

Mention of Budiabad Fort, 40 miles from Jelalabad, recalls the terrible story of the capture, torture and sufferings of the British captives, including women and children, by Mahmoud Akbar Khan. This took place however, in 1842 and the story is compiled from contemporary records.

We are spared few of the harrowing details, but as it all happened so long before Cattell's time it is not included in this synopsis.

CHAPTERS XX and XXI (24 Pages of mss)

On March 1st 1879 came the news that Azuntula Khan was advancing down the Lughman Valley and that the Afghans were massing around their chief's fort at Fatihbad, some seventeen miles to the North West. Two light columns were therefore made ready to be accompanied by a squadron each from the X Royal Hussars and 11th Bengal Lancers. It fell to Cattell to organise the Field Hospital to receive casualties.

To everybody's surprise the order to march came after a long and fatiguing cricket match, and as the squadron moved off the remainder retired after mess to get in as much sleep as possible. Between 10 and 11 the Kitmagar aroused Cattell with the news that loose horses were in the camp. Somewhat annoyed at this unnecessary disturbance he addressed himself to sleep again when the news arrived that "Napier's horse had come in riderless." It was obvious there had been a major catastrophe and horses were coming in in groups, galloping wildly without riders and dripping with water.

The river which had to be forded, was swollen with ice-cold water from melting snows. Most of the column passed in safety but the Hussars apparently used a lower crossing and were literally washed away. It was pitch dark and there was only one lantern so that it was very difficult to keep in touch.

Here is the scene described in his own words :

"The X Royal Hussars probably entered the stream lower than they should and soon they saw the head of the column safe on the opposite bank. Believing themselves on the same track they pressed forward until the water reached their saddles, and the horses, unable to keep a foothold grew restive and plunged. The strong current, nine miles an hour, swept them downwards into still deeper water. Immediately the whole squadron was swept away and became a confused struggling mass, men and horses contending furiously with the rushing waters for dear life. Horses snorted wildly as they were swept down, overweighted with saddles and accoutrements they turned over, kicking their feet in the air and were lost. Their riders fatally encumbered with sword belt and ammunition (enough of itself to drown a good swimmer in smooth water) endeavoured to save themselves. Most of the riders were dislodged and from the bruises found on the foreheads of the bodies they must have freely used their feet once they were free. Most of the bodies showed vain efforts to get rid of their belts"

There are many stories of individual gallantry, and only 30 out of the 76 men in the squadron reached safety. The loss of one officer and forty five men is commemorated by a tablet in All Saints Church at Aldershot. Queen Victoria sent this telegram to the Viceroy :

" I am deeply grieved sad loss of squadron X R.H. Anxious for details. Please communicate this telegram to the Regiment".

Shortly after midnight it was in a sad silence that the main column moved off into the night, reaching Fatinbad, some sixteen miles on the road to Kabul by nine o'clock the following morning.

The next day a patrol reported that the enemy were massing on the table land South East of Fatinbad. At one p.m. E and B Troops of the Hussars together with a squadron of guides with detachment of the Horse Artillery set out in the direction of Surai, six hundred infantry (Sikhs) were to follow later.

The enemy, estimated at 6,000 strong, were in position ready to oppose our advance to Kabul, the capitel.

After a fierce battle in which the X R.H. took part in many hand to hand combats, the enemy withdrew. Cattell describes many dramatic incidents in the battle and, with his friends, provided sketches from which a picture was made which appeared in the Illustarted London News of March 17th 1879.

In spite of his defeat, the headman, Hyda Khan, refused to give an assurance that he would not give further trouble; a further column was therefore despatched to blow up the towers at Khuja which brought him to his senses and secured his co-operation.

It was during a routine sanitary inspection that he came upon four Mullahs, who had been condemned to death by the political officer for preaching a jehad, and found himself

"immediately in front of the mullahs, blindfolded and standing in front of a newly dug trench and opposite them a firing party of the 17th Regiment. At the first volley the men fell forwards and some, at least, were wriggling on the ground. The young subaltern came forward and asked should he fire again. I replied Yes, certainly".

Cattell quotes the views of the Russian Skobeloff (who himself had massacred 8,000 men and women at Geoktepe) on summary British justice of this kind. Our milder punishments can never be so terrible as those of other native rulers and produce no effect or worse "the execution of a Mussulman by an infidel provokes hatred, whereas a terrible blow is submitted to as the will of God." Events in Hungary and elsewhere and our own difficulties in the Commonwealth seem to provide an interesting Parallel.

On Sunday the 13th, the force advanced further up to Safed Sang where they were encamped next to the Guides. The weather was now becoming sultry and ophthalmia and enteric were rife among the native troops.

Here the inhabitants were friendly and appeared to bear no ill will, probably because their good comrades, slain by our infidel troops, automatically became holy. The only cause of resentment seems to have been the fact that having defeated them in battle we did not call it a day and go home but persisted in pursuing them with our cavalry.

The Camp was constantly visited by the native budmarsh who was able to remove blankets and bedding from the tent without awaking the sleeper and to steal horses apparently under the eyes of the picket. Corporal Stinchcomb, a corpulent provost corporal sought to beat them at their own game by also stealthily crawling among the tents on his stomach. Unfortunately "his body was too prominent an object and in the dim light he was detected and assailed by whatever weapon came to hand".

The Khan of Gandamack invited several officers to a breakfast of frizzling kid, fowl and mutton, with toasted cheese to finish up with, all eaten with the fingers. The Khan talked freely of the battle at Fatihabad, they had done their best, but now it was all over why not be the best of friends ?

Negotiations were in train and there was every prospect of a peaceful entry into Kabul. The Amir himself, Yacoub, came down to Gandamack on May 8th and was met by Sir Sam Browne who rode beside him into camp with an escort of the X R.H. He was arrayed in gorgeous Russian uniform of white and gold with massive gold epaulettes and aiguilettes, with a coat and trousers of white cloth heavily embroidered with gold and a broad blue sash with three gold stripes. On his head was a steel helmet surmounted by a plume of feathers.

The treaty was finally signed on the 10th May, presents were exchanged and the Khan took the salute at a grand review of the troops calmly smoking his hookah as the troops marched past.

Cattell's final reflections seem strangely apposite to the world of today :

"Afghans seem to believe in the future supremacy of Russia who never retires and all of whose expeditions in Central Asia end in conquest. Three times we invaded Afghanistan and with what results ? After three years occupation, our garrison, some 13000 strong perished almost to a man, In attempting to withdraw from Kabul one only escaped from the greatest disaster ever suffered by our army. In the last war a serious defeat at Kushk-i-Nakud had to be repaired, and, although we retired of our own accord, popular report from tribe to tribe represented our soldiers as fugitives.....Unless wiser counsels are adopted the Afghan view of the situation cannot fail to be realised ".

FORD O' KABUL RIVER
by
RUDYARD KIPLING.

Kabul Towns' by Kabul River
Blow the bugle, draw the sword -
There I lef' my friend for ever
Wet an' dripping by the ford.
Ford, ford, ford o' Kabul River
Ford o' Kabul River in the dark
There's the river, up and brimmin', an' there's half a squadron
swimmin'
'Cross the Ford o' Kabul River in the dark.

Kabul Town's a blasted place -
Blow the bugle, draw the sword,-
'Strewth I shan't forget 'is face
Wet and dripping by the ford.
Ford, ford, ford o' Kabul river,
Ford o' Kabul river in the dark.
Keep the crossing stakes beside you, and they'll surly guide
you
'Cross the ford of Kabul river in the dark.

Kabul town is sun and dust -
Blow the bugle, draw the sword -
I'd 'a sooner drowned first
'stead of 'in beside the ford
Ford, ford, ford o' Kabul river
Ford o' Kabul river in the dark,
You can 'ear the 'orses threshin', you can 'ear the men
a-splashing,
'Cross the ford o' Kabul river in the dark.

Kabul town was ours to take -
Blow the bugle, draw the sword -
I'd 'a' left it for 'is sake
'Im that left me by the ford
Ford, ford, ford o' Kabul river
Ford o' Kabul river in the dark
Ita' none so bloomin' dry there, ain't you never comin' nigh
there,
'Cross the ford o' Kabul river in the dark.

Kabul town'll go to hell -
Blow the bugle, draw the sword -
'Fore I see him live and well
'In the best beside the ford
Ford, ford, ford o' Kabul river
Gawd 'elp them if they blunder, for their boots'll pull them
under,
By the ford o' Kabul river in the dark.

Turn your 'orse from Kabul town,
Blow the bugle, draw the sword -
'In and 'alf my troop is down,
Down and drowned by the ford.
Ford, ford, ford o' Kabul river
Ford o' Kabul river in the dark.
There's a river low an' fallin', but it aint no use
a'callin
'Cross the ford o' Kabul river in the dark.

CHAPTER XXII (JEDALLACK AND THE MASSACRE) (15 Pages of MSS.)

A few of the officers rode out to Jagdallack and explored the surrounding country. They visited the scene of the disaster of 1842. The bones of our massacred soldiers were still lying around and Cattell brought home the thigh bone of a drummer who had sounded his last post. He presented this to the museum of the Royal College of Surgeons.

The whole chapter is devoted to quotations from various authors describing the appalling sufferings of the Kabul garrison in that fateful year.

It will be recalled that Akbar had given safe conduct for the whole garrison to leave in safety for Peshawar, the long party consisting of 4500 of the garrison with their wives and families, and a host of some 17000 camp followers set forth. One man only, Dr. Brydon, arrived at the fort at Jallabad. The sufferings of the remainder, starved and frozen to death, and savagely butchered by the Afghans, are described in horrifying detail.

CHAPTER XXIII (THE DEATH MARCH - 1879) (21 Pages of 155)

Through the failure of the winter rains the spring crops had failed in the Punjab, furthermore foot and mouth disease had carried off 30,000 head of cattle in the 'Pindi district and the season was sickly for both man and beast.

Cholera seems to have started at Saharanpur where the Ganges enters the plain and where many thousands congregated for the Kumbh-Mela, a large fair held every twelfth year. By the end of April it had spread all over the province. In May it attacked the Peshawar garrison with great virulence. In May and June 170 Europeans were admitted with a death roll of 121. The total death roll was 26,000 as compared with 215 the previous year.

"On 16 May, Lytton, desirous of relieving the financial strain, considered in Council the withdrawal of the army via Miahwali to avoid the Kaiber and Peshawar valley; but political and military disadvantages outweighed and it was referred to the medical chiefs, Kerr-Innes and Ryyden. Gough and MacPherson both condemned withdrawal on political and sanitary grounds, which moreover, will cause great loss of life; but we all wanted to return. So, on 31st May, the order was issued for us to retire.

Cholera is reported to be very prevalent at many stations between this and Peshawar. Knowing that it was approaching along our road tonIndia and that some regiments had more champagne than they could carry back, I endeavoured to obtain some but without success."

"Cholera was to me an old acquaintance. We had met it in London in student days, and again at Devno and Kotlubi in 1854 where so many fatal cases occurred. Lately, too, in India at Muttra and Simla. There was also another disturbing factor, we had learned that the road was marked by carcases of commissariat transport animals, and of Indian servants who had succumbed to the fatigue, stress and chill of the winter. Natives are only allowed one blanket apiece and suffered terribly. The line of march was marked by bodies of Kahars who fell out through privation and cold, and were torn to pieces by wild beasts, or turned into skeletons by vultures. Camels dropped in hundreds to die by the roadside, to leave skeletons as a direction".

The first column consisted of the X R.H. (Lord R.Kerr),a battery of R.H.A.,with a section of a Field Hospital under Dr. Cornish, which came from Jamrood and went on to Peshawar. Dr. Rose, suffering from typhoid, and Surg. Kelsall, also ill at headquarters, were to accompany us".

"Native regiments marched separately and to each column was attached a section of a Field Hospital. The first to retire were the on 30th from Dakka to Peshawar, where they were attacked by cholera and again moved into camp. We were the first column from Gandamack followed by the second column, 4th Bn. R.B.. On the 9th the rearguard, Guides and 45th Sikhs under Tylor left, winding up the wire. The day temperature was now 110 to 118 in the shade, an, at night, too hot for sleep ".

"On 1st June we started and passed over the river, under the H.Q. camp where the Field Hospital and the invalids joined us. Rose had been able to secure two bottles of champagne, which were appropriated and placed in a dhoolie for general emergencies. We marched 17 miles to Fort Battye on this side of Fatiabad village, where Rose was accommodated in a house, with Wharton in charge. The weather has become much warmer. The heat of the valley at this season is often oppressive, for Jalalabad, though scarcely 1800 feet below the gorges by which the Kabul river pierces the Sish-Koh range, lies in the centre of a basin sheltered on all sides from the wind."

"Thartie Wilson and his party of sick, Di Rose and four others rested at Fort Battye, but without proper diet. Three of the five died on the road, two of cholera. Next morning on to Jalalabad, encamping on ground formerly occupied by the headquarters camp. The top stone was still lying where it had been left at the door of Kerr's tent and I brought it down. We went to visit and sketch the little grave yard under the S.E. wall where rest Harford and the men lost in the river. The march next day was short, to Ali Boghan where the sappers have made a road over the hill near the river out of Jelalabad plain. Soon we had two cases of cholera."

"On the 4th Thartie moved down with a later column with his sick. When approaching the camp he noticed an unoccupied isolated tent which he thought would make a good shelter for Rose. No sooner had the dhoolie been put down inside than up rushed an attendant - "Sahib, here cholera hospital, this tent burn in five minutes". They escaped immediately and were shown to a house, the only one in the neighbourhood, where a quarter had been prepared."

"After visiting the Field Hospital that evening I determined to try and avoid infected ground and accompanied Q.M.King at midnight to examine and prepare the sight for the next camp, leaving my old comrade Cornish and Field Hospital staff alongside the troops. The night was dark and still as we rode slowly under the silent stars, anxious and weary, to Bassawul".

"We spent the early hours scavenging and preparing the cleanest site we could select, for the ground was cut up with latrine trenches in all directions. The troops arrived soon after with fresh cases of cholera and we had to form an intermediate hospital, for it was fatal to send a suspicious case direct to the horrors of the cholera tent with discoloured groaning men distorted with spasms terrible to witness. Tootsy and reassure then I went round at intervals from tent to tent and spoke to each man, and, whenever anyone seemed nervous, gave him an opium pill, as I had done in Kothubi in 1854."

"Entering one tent I met Sergeant Davis who had been in the orderly room at Muttra, a well educated man who had been my children's tutor. He was leisurely writing at a table next door. I spoke to him and he seemed as well as any of us, but, as I was leaving, he jumped up and somewhat excitedly asked for a pill as he was not feeling well, and immediately rushed off into a nullah. Shortly after he was sent to hospital and later I found him in the cholera tent. That evening he died in agony. White, the mesmann, who, in Muttra used to kill our sheep and so was called "The Butcher", a strong ruddy man, was seized. There were two brothers, the younger a pallid boy who exaggerated a bruise into an excuse for hospital, especially on field days, and who had been the first to fall out at the Khyber, survived; the other apparently stout and strong, succumbed."

"Kerr insisted on going with me into the cholera camp and I could not dissuade him for he is by no means well himself. He felt it his duty and, by his calm courage, is setting a splendid example if he does not overtax himself".

"We found White writhing in agony on the ground, his clothing torn off by cramping convulsions and his dusky skin covered with sand. Seizing my hand, he dragged me down and asked if this was the cholera; evasively I replied that if he kept courage he would recover; "Tell me true is this cholera?" and I had but reluctantly to reply "It is" and tried to reassure him, but during the night he succumbed. Dr. Kelsall died during the night also".

"Next morning we left for Dakka and encamped South of the road between the fort and the pass in a small valley under the hills. Then I went into the fort to attend Kelsall's funeral but, instead, found myself occupied all afternoon in hospital where they were short of servants and other necessaries, of which we had insufficient to supply their wants."

"We then entered the pass and encamped on narrow ground on the left of the road under Landi Kotal. Manners-Wood knew one of the officers of the 11th Fort above and asked me if he could get anything for us. I replied "Champagne if possible" and soon after a box arrived. Several more cases of cholera and we are on the main road in a narrow defile - not encouraging !, and I cannot persuade Kerr that he is running un - necessary risks in his frequent visits to his stricken men ".

"When the case of wine arrived, I was importuned to distribute the two hoarded bottles (of champagne), everyone felt uncomfortable interiorly - in fact thoroughly depressed, so they were opened. But when Manners-Wood arrived he said the 11th could not spare champagne (and I do not blame them) but had sent a case of brandy. Twenty two cases of cholera in the last two days, and here fourteen more. We went up the gorge on the 8th and past Landi Kotal Fort and we entered the new road scarped out of rocky walls above the left bank of the river, past the H.Q. caves and up to Shargai ridge where we encamp. We have had no fresh case since leaving the last camp. In all since reaching Ali Baghan we have lost thirty eight men in four days, besides those of the R.H.A. alongside "....

"We left the heights in better spirits, since the last camp below Landi Kotal we have had no fresh cases and on the 10th encamped half way between Jamrood and Peshawar and dined in the open. We were back in India "

In all the X Hussars had left behind in Afghanistan the bodies of one officer, fifteen N.C.O's and eighty six men. They had to bring their al fresco meal to a hurried close as it was feared that the floods might carry away the bridge of boats over the Indus at Attock. They were due to camp at Nowshera the following day.

Generally speaking Cattell was lucky in his Commanding Officers and Lord Ralp Kerr, who became a life-long friend, seems to have been a particularly attractive and gallant character, though perhaps a shade casual according to modern ideas. During dinner he had been handed a blue envelope which, being engrossed in conversation, he put inside his helmet and completely forgot. The following day, about ten miles from Peshawar on the road to Nowshera, he met the battery of R.H.A. encamped on the road. They had left the last camp at 2 a.m., two hours before the main body. Stewart, the battery commander, (who had a pail of iced champagne and soda waiting for them) suggested they should dismount and move into camp in accordance with orders, a duplicate of which he had received. It was a hot day and a somewhat puzzled Kerr took off his helmet to cool his head and saw the blue envelope containing the missing orders. As the baggage had gone on he decided to ignore these and pressed on to a standing camp outside Nowshera. The officers had lunch with the Northumberland Fusiliers, which, after a thirty five mile march, was very acceptable. Incidentally the 5th were still getting cases of cholera.

Stewart and his gunners arrived at three a.m. and the whole column moved off an hour later, doing fifty four miles in two days. As it was absolutely necessary to avoid the depressing effect of another funeral, Kerr sent Cattell back along the road to bury the body of a Hussar which was being brought down behind the column. This, on top of the long march and the prolonged strain to which he had been subjected proved too much for his strength and for two days he had to be carried in a dhoolie.

They reached Hasaan Abdul on the 14th when they received orders to remain in quarantine until freedom from cholera was assured.

On the 18th the column arrived back in Pindi where General Macpherson took the salute. In five weeks we had suffered a loss of 354 European troops, the dead included five medical officers, Kellard, Gray, Wallace, Porter and Wright.

Another column which arrived shortly had nobcholera and marched in fit and fresh. Their Commander, Colonel Ford, attributed this to his own common sense, and consistent disobedience of orders. He had been told to march by day and only halt at the appointed places. He studiously ignored both instructions and thereby saved his men.

With the end of the campaign Cattell again proceeds to assess the Russian ambition to dominate the world, tracing their history back to Ivan 3rd in 1463. He repeats Seminoff's dictum that any retirement in Asia is always misunderstood by natives as a sign of weakness, quoting the annexation of Kazan, Astrakhan, Georgia and other areas. He recalls the systematic advance to Khiva, one of the most sacred cities of central Asia, and by tradition, free from invasion which is strangely reminiscent of events in Tibet today. We, on the other hand had sent no less than twenty five separate expeditions to the N.W.Frontier, each followed by a separate "peace"and it is certain that had we remained in Afghanistan it would have been as orderly and peaceful as the Punjab. His final assessment surely finds an echo in the distracted world of today :

"Czarism by aid of semi-barbarous and Mongol tribes strives to tyranise over cultured nationalities and a hideous despotism that corrupts and degrades, extending its tentacles over Europe and Asia in thirst of universal dominion. Since the Mongol invasion of the golden horde in the 13th century Russia has been a pyramid of oppression".

CHAPTER XXIV (RAWALPINDI, KHANPUR AND HOME)
(42 pages of MSS)

Back again in Pindi the family settled down once again to the normal routine of an Indian Cantonement. Cattell gave a great deal of time to his painting until an attck of fever accompanied by diarrhoea necessitated his going up to the hills again. The doctors suspected typhoid but "fortified by a large dose of Chlorodyne" he persuaded them to "leave nature's safety valve open and give her a chance". He quickly improved and was well enough to look after his C.O., Lord Ralph Kerr when he arrived at Murree a few days after with the same complaint. He stayed with his friend Slade who sang and played the banjo so that the evenings were"soon brightened with song". It was while he was there that he heard of the new massacre at Kabul. The X R.H. were, however, so weakened by their recent experiences that they could not accompany the column sent up to deal with the situation.

When the rest of the family came up, in September, they moved into a bungalow. He was now well enough to walk and once again got down to painting the landscape and training his servants as a botanical collector.

Most of the chapter is devoted to the usual station small talk. He tells of his exasperating Mali who mixed all the carefully written labels to his precious cuttings and, under the impression that they were some form of decoration, stuck them among the various flower pots as the spirit moved him, of the faithful bearer whom he had left in the Hills who walked all the way from Simla to Pindi to rejoin the family, of the colonel's daughter who, the day before her wedding was found to be a boy, of the medical officer with a "handsome, ruddy but rustic wife" who would never dine in mess or associate with other officers "always shabbily dressed, his underclothing seemed to consist of one flannel shirt, and if he could have been persuaded to dine our boys could have bathed him afterwards."

We learn too, of the enthusiastic medical officer who spread out the camp of his hospital to an inordinate extent, placing in the middle a meteorological Office which consisted of an old and broken bath thermometer surrounded by a latrine screen. After the general's

inspection the " unpractical commander had departed for fresh glories "
and finally we participate in the Christmas festivities when Lady Kerr
"who was the soul of the festivities" introduced a new novelty, the Barn
Dance :

"She introduced a barn dance which had to be practiced after dinner at mess,,but I was soon bowled out, being utterly bewildered in the maze and unable to distinguish my partner or to tell her where one ought to go. On another occasion I led one of the ladies under a large branch representing mistletoe and, to her dignified horror, threatened to kiss her, but it was harmless fun and caused much and very beneficial laughter."

In the Gazette of 27 November 1879 he received his promotion to the rank of "Brigade Surgeon", which he considered an inappropriate title, and the time had come to leave India. On February 3rd he was dined out by the regiment, which he looked upon as a melancholy occasion, though no doubt he did justice to the menu which consisted of Puree de Pois Vert - Consomme Printanier - Mahaeer a la Genevoise - Cotellettes de Mouton a la Reforme - Cailles en Chaufroid Truffle - Strasburg Boeuf a la Napolitaine- Selle de Mouton - Pintades Piques au Lard - Asperges en branches - Jambon Sauti au vin de Champagne - Poudin a la Queen Mab and Glace de L'eau aux Oranges.

His great friend Cornish, whose name occurs repeatedly in the memoirs, remained behind with the regiment, later to meet a glorious death on Majuba Hill. His walking stick was brought home and placed in the Netley Museum and he is commemorated in the X R.H. window at All Saints Aldershot. Having failed to get the regimental tailor to make him a "departmental" uniform Cattell finally departed as a Hussar, complete with his ferns and other botanical impodimenta.

On his way to Deolali he passed again through the scenes of the Mutiny and once again we are harrowed by long and horrific extracts from various writers.

On March 16th they embarked at bombay. The voyage home was comparatively uneventful. Apart from an outbreak of measles the most dramatic event seems to have been the occasion when his daughter was locked in the ladies' lavatory with another twelve year old who effected a rescue by means of a hazardous exit through the port hole.

On arrival at Portsmouth his youngest sickened with measles and he went on to Netley with the invalids, still laden with his baskets of ferns. Here, he tells us, he felt like one going into the lion's den as, at his C.O's instigation, he had ignored the regulation of 1873 and had not obtained a "departmental" uniform. However, there was a hearty invitation to dinner as the last old surgeon-major of the X Hussars. On the way to Aldershot the precious ferns went badly astray. However, they ultimately turned up and were taken to Kew, where to his confusion the rali's delinquincs were discovered by the keeper of the Herbarium, nearly all of them being incorrectly labelled. After attending a levee at Marlborough House he settled down to another tour of duty at Aldershot.

Under the heading "Farewell India" he outlines his reflections on the future of the Empire which make startling reading in the light of recent events. Possibly these were added when he was compiling the memoirs in the early years of the century, but, even if they are only fifty years old they are almost prophetic in character and reveal a very alert and far-seeing appreciation of the trend of histroy.

"India farewell ! whose various races we have compelled to live in harmony, whose people we rule, but have not yet learned more than to live in peace, slumbering in dreams of days gone by, the lower classes ground down by the Sarcff, with nothing to live or hope for. Slumbering for how long ! under a Raj which has no definite religion and protects all alike, divided mainly into the assertive Mohammedan and the meek Hindu the one a conqueror who compels allegiance by the sword and, through death goes to Paradise; the other who submits to all things and may one day return as an ox or snake; held down by a people who cannot propogate in the country and therefore can never people it, or occupy it as the dominant race.

"According to history, unless the natives are exterminated, they must expel or absorb their conquerors. The Saxons drove the British into the Welsh fastnesses; but the Normans amalgamated with the people, and of them only a trace remains" "Goths and Franks founded permanent empires through extermination, but the Saracen Empire in Spain tumbled into ruins"

"It seems historically certain therefore, that a handful of aliens cannot for ever keep in subjection a large and increasing race that yearly becomes more intelligent and insistent in their demands for self-government which pertains as a natural right. Mohammedans and Hindus are very religious one has a definite, and the other a dreamy pantheistic faith. Both are strict in the observance of their religious duties. The conquering race are of many conflicting religious opinions, which only a few carry into practice or make any outward show of and, too often, ostensibly ignore.

"There has to be considered that our Mohammedan Empire is extensive and that many Hindoos, most intelligent of race, are sacrificing prejudice by crossing the salt water to learn Western ideas, and return to propogate them and to tell their people that we also are civilised and are not exploiting their country for material profit through preventing their rulers from decimating them by inter--necine wars. But we are imbuing them with material knowledge without the safe guard of superior training in spiritual knowledge.....

"Nor can the generation foresee what God's purpose is slowly evolving, not for the workers, but for His ultimate ends in the world. Through all our purposes a higher power is carrying out its designs. Empires rise to their zenith and crumble into nationalities as these attain knowledge and self reliance. As the tree at maturity dies down and saplings take its place; so that there is no abiding City, no permanent Imperialism, whose ambitious title sounds the death knell of Empire ".

"Yet may we ever remember those noble words of Virgil

Tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento,
Hoc tibi erunt artes; priusque imponere moren,
Parcere subjectis, et debellare superbo
(Aen VI 852)

CHAPTER XXIV (A)
ALDERSHOT AND MALTA. (45 pages of MSS)

On arrival at Aldershot, Cattell found himself posted to the newly erected Cambridge Hospital. A medical mess had not yet been formed and he lived with his old regiment, the 7th Dragoon Guards back in the old S.Cavalry Barracks which they had occupied twenty years before. The quartermaster was the only one of his brother officers still remaining and he was delighted to see the hoof of his old charger, "Bill", a survivor of the famous charge, still appearing on the mess table.

He seems to have become finally reconciled to the "unification" system, and to have realised that it made for economy in administration and expense. His chief complaint was that Muir had brought it in a coup d'etat when everybody had assumed the scheme had been pigeon-holed indefinitely. The whole scheme had met with strong disapproval from commanding officers as well as from medical officers who found themselves gazetted out of the regiments with whom they had hoped to spend their service. The commanding officer urged that the Dragoons should all be segregated in one ward and became so exasperated by constant changes of M.O. that the task of tooth extracting was relegated to the Farrier-Major who became expert at the operation.

The family arrived in due course and he took a house in Aldershot, the Mess was opened at the Cambridge and he was delighted to find himself admitted to the Linnean Society at Burlington House as a result of his botanical reputation.

The next dozen or so pages are devoted to descriptions and stories relating to various historic buildings and personalities in the district, there is a geological survey of the area around Aldershot, and many stories of Waverley Abbey, Cowdray, Farnham Castle, Battle Abbey, Moor Park and other historic spots together with the families and religious orders associated with them. He ranges over many counties and many centuries until he finally comes back to his own time and tells of the enthusiasm of his children over the newly formed balloon section.

The Cambridge Hospital was busy and contained two hundred patients, the operation room had just been opened and the first patient was an officer maimed by a premature explosion of dynamite. As many of his young

medical officers had to be away in Winchester to give evidence in cases arising from various camp brawls he appealed to the Depot (then in Aldershot) where forty M.O's were under training. The commandant gave him the chilly reply "My officers are for drill not for hospital work".

Cattell was now attacked with pleurisy and, in spite of his remonstrances a medical board recommended four months leave. He hurried up to the Army Medical Office in Whitehall Place. The next day, while in Town, he received the devastating news that he was to be put on half pay. A visit to the Director-General did not help very much as he knew nothing about the case and indulged in a tirade about Brigade Surgeons shirking foreign service and told him to go back to duty. Things gradually sorted themselves out though he never discovered what happened to the board papers or who had sent the half-pay telegram from Aldershot and shortly after he was posted to Malta as Sanitary Officer under his old friend Jock Mackinnon.

Passing through Gibraltar the governor, Lord Napier, sent his barge to bring him ashore and regaled him with many stories of the Rock, among them being the little known origin of the name. In A.D. 710 a one-eyed Berber chief, Tarck by name, landed at the head of 12,000 Moors. The place was therefore called Jebel (Arabic Mountain) Tarck.

A synopsis of this kind is certainly no place to follow him through an exhaustive history of Malta(with a couple of ghost stories thrown in for good measure) and a few short extracts of general interest must suffice.

That the amalgamation of Scottish battalions is calculated to give rise to friction is no new phenomenon. When he visited the Gordon Highlanders he was told that when the old 75th joined up with the 92nd in the previous year they erected a tombstone bearing the following inscription :

" Here lies the poor old 75th; but under God's protection
They'll rise again in kilt and hose, a glorious resurrection
For by the transformation power of parliamentary laws
We go to bed the 75th and rise the Ninety-twos "

A dissertation on Anglican baptism is relieved by the story

of the clergyman in a country village who found the services unduly prolonged by the excessive number of christenings. His curate suggested having two fonts, one at either end of the aisle. The subsequent announcement that "This afternoon and henceforth we will baptise children at both ends" caused considerable consternation among the young mothers.

The following extract seems to make it clear that the memoirs consist of transcriptions of notes made at the time to which later reflections have been added. Malta Fever, for example is described in the present tense while Bruce's discovery occurs later in the passage.

"Cases of Malta, or Rock Fever, are too frequent, in which quinine has no effect; different in type to any we have seen in Natal or India, inflammatory with local congestion, running a short course, often fatal, and generally recurring. The rock which we see daily being cut with a saw is soft, and in the poorer houses I noticed two tubes pierced into it close together, one for the water well and the other for the latrine. The rock must therefore be infiltrated with sewage and the water contaminated. The harbours, especially the Naval, are being hourly coated with ordure from the shipping. Whilst water is probably not the cause, or it would not generally, it engenders receptivity and liability to attack of any specific organism. This fever has since been traced to goat's milk, its microbe being discovered in ten per cent of goats on the island. That so few Maltese suffered is due to their invariable use of boiled milk, a precaution which we did not take ".

Soon after his arrival in Malta he was approached by the President of the Economic-Agrarian Society, the Marquis Testaferrata Olivier. He was later elected, without being consulted, curator of the few shrubs and flowers struggling for existence around the city walls, but, to his immense relief he was posted to Canada before he could undertake this thankless task.

On his way home he called at Rome which obviously made a deep impression and elicits a long study of the papacy, foreshadowing his final conversion to the Roman Catholic faith. Here, again, we find how history repeats itself. Did not Stalin scornfully ask "How many divisions has the Pope got"?, another dictator, the Emperor Napoleon seems to have made a similar miscalculation for Cattell writes :

"Napoleon required the concurrence of Pius VII in his designs against the English who had afforded refuge for the exiled priests of France and, as the Pope refused he was imprisoned and Napoleon, excommunicated, exclaimed "Does the Pope think that the arms will fall from the hands of my soldiers "?. Moscow was his answer and Waterloo".

CHAPTER XXV (CANADA)
(45 pages of MSS)

A stormy passage on the Hibernia brough him to Halifax where he was met by several brother medical officers and was conveyed by sleigh to his hotel. "After dinner, as the night was so bright and the air exhilarating, the rowdy party did the town in sleighs and, freed from irksome close quarters, indulged in boisterous fun". The following morning he found comfortable quarters near the R.A. and R.E. Mess, a great social centre in the heart of the city. He found an exceptionally congenial character in the Gunner Colonel, Drayson, who was also an astronomer, spiritualist and whist enthusiast. He was asked to join the yearly party for the Governor General's Ball at Ottowa, and paid visits to Niagara and Quebec which he describes in detail. They returned to Halifax in time for the funeral of Archbishop Hanna.

With characteristic zest he soon became an enthusiastic participator in winter sports.

"Tobogganing was in full swing, but not having a young lady to pair off with for the season (in fact they were all engaged) I indulged in rink skating and, after eighteen years, managed to cut ordinary figures, grape vines etc; but it was impossible to put heel to heel in a straight line without which many evolutions would not figure, nor could bevies of charming enthusiasts however much ti no they wanted, teach me to waltz. This was a most graceful movement, and, as a spectacle, the Lancers was delightful.".

As a grass widower he plunges wholeheartedly into the social whirl, retailing bits of local scandal, fishing, sailing, botanising, geologising, meetings of the Natural History Society being interspersed with an occasional "surprise party".

"A surprise party is a favorite device of the younger girls who collect cakes and other refreshments and meet at the unconscious victim's house, of which they take possession, enjoy a rapturious evening, dance and sup, and retire with profuse thanks".

"Only next day did I learn that my house had been chosen for the previous evening's frolic, but at the last moment some of the flappers had turned shy and the company was diverted to another address."

"My predecessor had devoted himself to the girls, and with histrionic protestations was wont to offer his hand and heart - and, very occasionally, even the diamond ring off his finger - until one, long out of her teens and not of a screnest scraggy appearence, whose chances were becoming desperate, took him in earnest and strove to keep possession of the ring; after which my friend restrained his pantomime and the lady took to making cakes for whose excellence she has now attained some notoriety ".

About this time Padres were given military rank, much to the

mortification of the troops. The Irish sentry solved the difficulty of giving the "present" to all chaplains. When remonstrated with he replied "Sure, Sorr, I trate them all alike".

It was while in church he was seized with his first attack of ague and he had to be taken out by an acolyte, on the same evening

"when about to dress for a dinner party a sudden distress seized me...I sent for my old friend Major W. who helped me to bed there only to shake so violently that it was impossible to keep the coverings on; with perspiration came the welcome elucidation and relief. This uncontrollable shaking I had seen in Mauritius but never had myself experienced, and did not know what it portended. These were the only two occasions."

On the anniversary of his wedding day he was joined by his family and his household was made cheerful by relays of youthful visitors from the Navy, in fact the house became known as the "Middies' Home". In preference to drinks in saloons they preferred cakes and thoroughly enjoyed jars of preserved ginger. Like the navy today they were "susceptible to a pretty face - of which there were many - there was occasional tension".

It was here, too, that he met Mrs. Leon Owen who spent many years at the court of Siam, educating the young princes but she does not appear to have had much in common with the fascinating Miss Deborah Kerr of "The King and I".

Among many items of local gossip is the description of an extraordinary atmospheric phenomenon:

"The air here and in the States is thought to be more electrical than in Europe, and the dry winter is especially attended by evidences of such, as by sliding the feet on the carpet to charge the body, so that you can light a gas jet by the spark from your finger. Blanche can do this at any time by taking off her shoes and gliding along the carpet for frictional exitement, and she thinks there is nothing uncommon in the power".

It was at this period that he became increasingly drawn towards the Roman Catholic faith. He searches his conscience at very great length and, finally, with his wife's consent resolved to "submit to the Catholic Church, and to the authority of the Pope as Vicar of Christ". He was received by the Archbishop and it was a painful day when he and his wife parted at the cross roads, she to the chapel, he to the cathedral. His wife and daughter later

embraced the same faith shortly afterwards.

He recounts several miraculous phenomena which cannot but strain one's credulity; how Father McIsaac, hurrying to administer a last Sacrament found himself carried, he knew not how, across the waters of a lake, and how potatoes and beans on being cut open revealed a red picture representation of the Sacred Heart; it was afterwards discovered that a stolen sacred pyx had been buried in the field from which they came.

It is a little curious that the whole of the Canadian chapter contains no inkling as to the nature of his medical or military duties the whole being devoted to religious discussion and social tattle.

On his return to England he lost no time in visiting his old haunts at Aldershot and Kew Gardens, where he found that some of the plants which had been named after him were later discovered to be a species already known.

CHAPTER XXVI

SOUTHERN IRELAND RE-VISITED (52 pages of MSS)

His wanderings over, Cattell has now returned home for the last time and he finds himself posted to the same part of Ireland from which he sailed for the Crimea in 1854. Though his army days are drawing to a close his literary activities are not in any way diminished and his memoirs continue through many more chapters.

It must be confessed that these pages are of a more pedestrian nature and sometimes make difficult reading. Their chief interest would be to the botanist, or to the student of Irish history and theology for they are mainly devoted to long descriptions of places visited, the history of historic Irish families and scientific essays interspersed with more tales of the supernatural.

We learn practically nothing of his military or medical activities though he must have held high administrative appointment. He was by now a Surgeon General and accompanied his general on many inspections.

In the last paragraph, however, he gives his views on the soldier's dietary.

"Everywhere a place of primary importance was the cookhouse and the mode of preparation of rations so as to obtain a variation of dietary, and the distribution so that the food came to the table as speedily as possible, and could be enjoyed without unnecessary ceremony. The same routine of rations undiversified by changes in cookery and serving up is not appetising. Regimental interior economy varied greatly, so much depended on the quartermaster; and there was too often much unnecessary waste dripping that should have been utilised for frying odds and ends for supper, was sold. There were many old stagers still in each mess whose surplus food was shared with new recruits, their appetites sharpened by unwonted muscular drill, so that on the whole the ration was sufficient, but old soldiers were becoming scarce and it became a question whether one pound of meat should include bone. As for bones, they were thrown away, and when attempted to be utilised for soup at the camp, this at once became tabooed in the belief that bones had been removed from the plates to be thus re-utilised, probably from misunderstanding and prejudice.

CHAPTER XVII

IRELAND - FURTHER NORTH (57 pages of MSS)

The chapter begins in Killarney where every prospect pleased and only men tragic fully cast a cloud over the scene. The following are only a few of the grim stories he has to tell:

"The estate agent drives everywhere with an armed escort of constabulary. 'Before '79' says an American visitor you could not bribed a Kerry man to assassinate anyone, but the other day I said to an intelligent parish priest in the bishops presence 'Now for half a crown you could probably find a dozen within ten miles', 'It is, I fear, too true' he replied'."

"Murphy was shot through the leg and killed, Leahy for outbidding another on a farm of Lord Kenmare's was shot and frightfully bayonoted before hi wife's face - no evidence given at the trial. Donoghue, four years ago, within a mile of Killarney, was shot in the legs for buying out a broken-down tenant farmer, part of the money going to pay for arrears of rent. Rohilly on his way home near the workhouse in Killarney was murdered in '85 because he had been caretaker of an evicted farm. A farmer near here - Brown - purchased his own and an adjoining farm which he sublet. His neighbour did not pay and B. threatened to evict him. A few days later B. was shot at mid-day working in a field and his brothers were not allowed to see or help the widow".

The plight of the widows of the murdered men was particularly tragic. Mrs Curtin, for example was a prisoner in her own house protected by the constabulary.

"Purchasers from her were warned to expect Curtins fate, no one would work for her, not smith nor carpenter either, for fear of night boys. The baker for continuing to supply her had his house fired at, his windows smashed and his gate unhinged. No company would insure her and, when she sold a calf its throat was cut on the road."

Her pew in the church was broken up and nobody nearer than Cork would make a new one. The driver who brought this up was beaten and forced to go to America and the new pew smashed to bits in the churchyard.

It is surprising to read that, in spite of the bitter hatred directed against him Lord Kenmare had spent some £ 7000 in building cottages and had spent £ 33,465 between 1878 and 1881 in abatements, allowances etc in addition to what he had spent on the estate, this was more than he received from his estates. Yet he was denounced locally and had to leave the country, discharging employees whose wages were £ 460 a week.

With the arrival of a new general we get a glimpse of one of those crises which every staff has to face from time to time.

"With a new general came a different routine, mornings slipped away over matters of trivial import whilst work had to wait. The late Chief despatched business quickly, found time to hunt and encouraged others to take part in a sport, which, more than any other, trains the eye in contour of country and the mounted soldier in some of his most important duties. The present has no time and makes work so that correspondence accumulates like a snowball".

"One staff officer after another sought a change of station. Late of an evening the A.D.C. would appear with a bundle of papers to be gone through and reported on; there was no hurry but the general would like them to be ready by 8 a.m. next morning. So that officer got himself transferred".

"The A.G. shewed such effects of worry that he was induced to seek consolation in matrimony. He went on leave and returned with a charming wife, who, however had scarcely aired her trousseau than he announced his determination of retiring and going to live with his mother, though she objected that that was not her intention in marrying. Some time later he passed me in town, at first alone, then with a companion, without recognition and muttering to himself. Not long afterwards he committed suicide. He was succeeded by an officer who, with his wife, was imbued with heavenly aspirations and gravely warned the servants not to be astonished if some morning they came down to find that both of them had been taken bodily up to heaven !".

CHAPTER XVIII

RETIRED (75 pages of MSS)

The date of retirement was November 23 1869 and Cattell looks back on having done his duty without fear or favour for thirty six years. The family now had to solve the difficult problem of finding a home. They were attracted by Montfield Tower, which stood on the West bank of the river and had been unoccupied for half a century, ever since, in fact, the bride fell dead at her wedding breakfast. A doom was said to hang over the place so it was struck off the list.

He made several excursions to England and experienced the novelty of travelling third class in a carriage full of soldiers. One of them, a Hussar, was batman to an officer of his acquaintance who entertained his comrades with stories of how his master left letters and telegrams about, some from a certain actress who never appealed for money in vain. Apart from the continuous smoking their behaviour was exemplary.

A delightful summer was spent with friends at Oursbinny who possessed a large country house and a commodious yacht where many hours were spent with Monseignieur Robinson and J.F.Dugrue. They were "an intellectual treat, brilliant repartee diversed with passages from the Latin psalter".

He recalls a few witty sayings of Father Healy. A clergyman remarked "After studying the subject deeply these fifty years in this world, I have come to the conclusion that there is not much difference between the Protestant and Catholic religions" "Most certainly" replied the Father "You wont be fifty minutes in the next without finding how greatly you are mistaken". From the pulpit he declared: "It is whiskey that makes your homes desolate and makes you shoot your landlords", then - with a pause - "and makes you miss them".

Like all retired officers he took enormous pleasure in visiting his old regiment, the X R.H. whom he met at the Dublin horse show. There was the faithful "Chartie" who will be remembered in the chapter on the "Death March," also Ruldoe in attendance on Prince Eddie (later Edward VIII and Duke of Windsor). His old C.O. Lord Ralph Kerr was now General in Command. He met them again the following

year at their annual sports in Cahir. He took his boy around the Mess and shewed the regimental trophies, which he enumerates in some detail. He revelled in dining in his old messand enjoyed the good natured badinage of the mess table. "Baldoc propounded the conundrum 'Why is George Scott like Nelson?' When all had given up he explained 'Because he expects every man to do his duties!' We get a passing glimpse of the great Lord Shaftesbury taking part in an amateur performance of Les Cloches de Corneville.

After the regiment had left for the Curragh he managed to find a country house which seemed to meet his requirements Once again, however, he found himself faced with the supernatural. He had gone to bed "after the usual quadratic equation which me in the quiet hours till feeling inclined me to retire", when, about 2 a.m. the whole household was awakened by an unearthly yell coming from the basement. In addition to the family, the groom, cook and maid rushed out of their rooms and the dog crouched in a corner, shivering with terror. The parish priest later explained that, a year ago, he had been called out to one of the maids who had been terribly burned in the same basement and died in agony. The matter was set right when Father St. George came and blessed the house. The next year the fatal date passed without incident.

The time arrived when he decided to return to London. This is a rather surprising decision as, during his sojourn in the country he seems to have become more Irish than the Irish, with his long excursions into Irish lore and his bitter diatribes against their English oppressors. He paints a pathetic picture of the farewell to his staff.

" Rain was falling steadily and the unfortunate Desmond (his groom) - of the once powerful tribe that once owned all the country round - lately a sergeant in the XVI Lancers, wife, with baby in arms and all their worldly goods were turned into the drive to await transport from the village. It was one of the saddest moments of my life and brought home painfully what an eviction meant "

It was altogether a sad departure for, just before he left, a calamitous fire destroyed the store which housed all his pictures,

books and uniforms, including his ' magnum opus ', a complete history of Constantinople and the Eastern Church and the causes of schism between the Greek and Roman churches.

We can bid a farewell to the Irish people in the following extract :

"A race musing yet adventurous, open to every poetical influence, ardent, passionate, impulsive, delighting in the joy of battle, ready to die for the banner it follows. Have any people save Israel suffered more ?. Living on old memories Erin looks forward to the coming time as though she had sprung into existence yesterday. The great rich world, bent on pleasure, power , pursuit of aggrandisement through wealth, does homage to a glittering pageant whose substance will not endure, for the fashion of this world passeth away. Neither the wisest nor the wealthiest find a continuing city; the world hastens to it's end; the Cross abides "

"Stat Crux dum volvitur orbis"

CHAPTER XXIX (78 pages of MSS)
ENGLAND

One faces the task of summarising this chapter with a sense of confusion and frustration. It consists of a mass of typescript with little relevance or sequence. It contains a flood of family reminiscence with stories ranging from the theft of the Crown Jewels by Captain Blood to the sea-bathing of King George IV to the strains of a brass band which we cannot forbear to repeat once again.

" When Allen the philanthropist recommended sea bathing it was thought so dangerous as to savour of madness. But he had a machine made at Weymouth that he might bathe his bare body in the sea,(our bathing machine of today). The public who watched the process with dread and astonishment were reassured. But such rude exposure did not become popular for many years till George, privately prepared by a course of baths of salt water in his room, visited Weymouth with his family. "Yet" says Fanny Burney" think of the surprise of his Majesty, when the first time of his bathing, he had no sooner popped his regal head under water, than a band of music, concealed in a neighbouring machine, struck up ' God save Great George our King ".

There is evidence to show that it took him at least six years to write the memoirs and, in this chapter written when into the 80's he seems to have lumped together much material which he had accumulated with little regard to it's importance.

Having left his beloved Ireland behind, he finds little appeal in his native England.

" From Ireland with the simple holy life of it's peasantry to England with it's pretentions and cant is a stride. One feels one is breathing a different atmosphere ".

Many pages are filled with rambles around London and the countryside and there are many stories of Kensington Palace, Tyburn, the Marble Arch, the Tower, and Madame Tussaud's and other landmarks.

His memory ranges back over the past and he recalls seeing the funeral of the Duke of Wellington :

" which reminds me of sometimes seeing him on his way through St. James's Park to the Horse Guards. a tall man with a prominent aquiline nose, sitting erect on horse back, looking straight before him, in blue frock coat and white trousers, strapped tight at feet."

There is an interesting story of an early attempt at aviation on the part of a young naval officer :

" Our old friend Peter, whose mechanical genius withdrew him from the Navy to study naval engineering, has, with a similar enthusiast as partner, a workshop at Clerkenwell. He shewed us the

smallest engine yet made, but it had to be eased and the flywheel worked steadily till the works became heated to maintain the speed. Peter is studying bird movements and has great hopes of this motor, but the greater difficulty of governing and balancing in mechanical flight midst storm and wind has yet to be overcome ".

"Not long after, he and the Hon Everard F.....were staying at Lord Braye's and, having accomplished a successful flight and demonstrated the powers of his machine, he was urged, against his inclination, to make another ascent. The day was wet and the bamboo stretcher ~~broke~~. He fell through some forty feet and was carried to the House to die. "

Despite the fact that he must have been well over the Psalmist's span we find his insatiable search for knowledge still undimmed and he attended courses in Palaeontology at South Kensington and Egyptology and Assyriology at the British Museum.

There is still another batch of ghost stories in several of which ghostly dogs appear, one being that of a faithful hound which starved to death by the body of his murdered master.

In 1899 he visited Aldershot to say farewell to his old regiment, the X Hussars, before they left for the South African War. One of their officers must have been an early subject for Anti - Typhoid inoculation for we read "Byng was limping about maimed by inoculation for typhoid ".

Crossing to Ireland he went by Fishguard and reminds us of the only occasion since the Norman Conquest when our shores were invaded. In 1797 2,000 Frenchmen landed, piloted by the Irish. They were left on the beach with two days rations and were soon surrounded by some 8,000 Welshmen, aimed with picks and hayforks. When ~~they caught sight of~~ 400 Welshwomen in their red cloaks hove in sight they were mistaken for the "redcoats" and the French laid down their arms.

There are vivid pictures of the wild celebrations following the relief of Mafeking when all Britain went mad with joy. He, on the other hand, took a more moderate view of the situation :

"This efferescence was out of all proportion to the event. Mafeking, compared with Ladysmith and Kimberley, was unimportant. It was, in fact, never surrounded, for despatch riders went in and out freely and there was at no time any dearth of food. But the outside world was supplied freely with sensational sketches of the omnipresent chief whose egotism put his own head on the postage stamp in place of the Queen's ".

On an evening in January 1901 the tolling of a church bell gave the news of the passing of the Great Queen and a few days later he paid his last respects as the funeral procession passed through Hyde Park. So ended what was probably the greatest era in our history. Cattell was himself essentially a Victorian and though he lived to see two more monarchs on the throne, his remaining years were spent in the tranquil quietude of an old retired officer, engrossed in his garden with occasional nostalgic visits to his old cavalry friends, and to anniversary rallies of the famous Balaclava charge.

CHAPTER XXX
"ET APRES" (8 Pages of MSS.)

In 1907, at the age of 78, having been soaked through on returning from a service in the Cathedral, he contracted double pneumonia and Father h..... administered the last Sacraments, though the patient himself had no doubts as to his ultimate recovery and, after recuperating with his daughter in Cork he returned to his house at Southsea.

This chapter, with its wistful title scrawled on the cover in the old man's own handwriting, forms a sad epilogue in the Cattell saga.

One by one his old Crimean friends are failing. Tom Hemyton now almost stone blind still has Kinglakes Crimean History and Russell's correspondence read to him and deplores the fact that " although for years I used to put down a bottle of champagne a night, now I only drink barley water and milk ".

His old friend Swinfen writes "No doubt our friends look upon us who have so long passed the allotted term of life as fossils, and so we are in many respects, but as dear old Aleck Elliott used to sing in one of his songs " Our hearts are both youthful and mellow " and that is something to be grateful for at any rate."

Another move brought the family to Addlestone in Surrey from where, in intervals of gardening, he was able to visit his old Crimean comrades at Windsor. But one by one the old veterans, like Colonel Newcome, were called on to answer "Adsum" to the fell Sergeant Death. He records them sadly one by one; Elliott, Scarlett's dashing young A.D.C. is the first to go and finally it is the turn of Swinfen, a military knight of Windsor and the final farewell to his old friend forms a fitting end to the Saga.

"Swinfen had been growing weaker from heart trouble and, when winter permitted of my going over to see him, he was too weak to see me, and, in fact I never saw him again. He passed away on the 22nd of June and was buried at the family vault in Kensal Green on the 26th. Eileen drove Billy and me over and I followed my old chum to Requiem Mass. Two officers and a few men of the old "Green Horse" followed through the crowded streets with a band and detachment of Coldstream Guards.

R . I . P .

THE TIMES

Wednesday 26th March 1919

OBITUARY

SURGEON-GENERAL W.D.CATTELL

A correspondent writes: "On Thursday March 20th, died one of the last dwindling survivors of the Russian Campaign of 1854 - 1856 -, Surgeon General William Deverell Cattell. Sixty six years ago he sailed to the Crimea as Assistant Surgeon to the 5th Dragoon Guards, and, with that regiment , served all through the war. He was a spectator of the Balaclava battles, the renowned charge of the Heavy Brigade and the still more celebrated charge of the Light Brigade. He worked heroically through the horrors of the terrible cholera epidemic that scourged the 5th Dragoon Guards, when men dropped in agony from their saddles or were struck down, dying, foot in stirrup, in the very act of mounting.

"Surgeon General Cattell subsequently served in South Africa and [illegible] in India. The Afghan War of 1879 found him with the 10th Hussars, and with them he went through that campaign, in which occurred the incident of the loss of a squadron of that regiment under Captain (now Colonel) the Hon. J.Napier in the passage of the Kabul River, immortalised by Kipling in the poem 'Ford o' Kabul River'. For many years he served at home with the 10th Hussars, and was brother officer and personal friend of King Edward VII, who, as Prince of Wales, held a commission in that famous Corps. After occupying the position of Principal Medical Officer at Cork he finally retired from the army in 1889 at Ballincollig, which, by a curious coincidence, was the station at which he joined the service in 1854. The remaining years of his life he spent in England, occupied in the pursuits of painting and gardening. A man of amiable and generous disposition, he was loved by all who knew him, both in his military career and during his declining days. Although almost ninety years of age when he died, he retained his faculties and almost youthful vigour up to within a few months of his death."

FUNERAL

The funeral of the late Surgeon General William Deverell Cattell took place at Hove yesterday, the burial being preceded by a Requiem Mass celebrated at the Church of the Sacred Heart. The chief mourners were Major H.Cattell R.A.M.C., and Major A.Cattell, Sherwood Foresters, (sons), Miss Cattell, Mrs Barnes and Mrs Sugens (daughters).