

Dhroo of Kodaya, the Patel (or Revenue Collector) and our orderlies, who accompanied us so far, but not into the huts, as we went into each, examining all the people. Even in the hospital, the orderlies, who were often high-caste men, never came into the ward of the Magwar hospital, they brought everything to the entrance; but we had to depend on the patients' friends, if we needed help in opening buboes, dressings, etc.

This caste-feeling is often very inconvenient. Once a little girl was brought from a distant village to the hospital with plague, and her friends left to go home and return the next day. Soon after the child died, and then came the question of removing her to the mortuary. Not one of her caste-fellows was in the town, or villages near, and her friends would not return until the next day. Things were at a deadlock. Then we informed them that we belonged to the Brahmins, the Magwars, Mahomedans, and Christians, and nothing of that nature defiled us, or was defiled by us. So Miss H. and I took up the cot on which the child was, and carried her to the mortuary, in the silence of the people who appeared to approve.

The Hindu Hospital always had the greater number of patients, many of whom I remember with interest. One old man with a big, brawny bubo, got synovitis of the knee, and after that plague pustules which appeared on the thigh, elbow, and the backs of both hands. These are much more painful than any other form of plague, the large surfaces left when the slough separates being intensely sensitive. Poor Bhudda (old man) used to lie on his cot moaning "Bhugwan, Bhugwan" all day long, until we began to call him "Bhugwan," not knowing that it was one of their names for the great universal God, as Naran and Kham are others. But the people understood we meant no irreverence, and Bhudda took it good-naturedly, and at last he was called by this name by everybody. For a long time he hovered between life and death, but at length made a slow and good recovery.

Mahomedans form the smaller part of the population, and provide few plague patients proportionately. This they explain by saying they eat meat-food, while the Hindus are vegetarians. My first day in Kodaya a Mahomedan woman, Miriambai, was brought in with a large right inguinal bubo, gangrenous. She had been concealed in her home ten days, and was now very weak, and had pyæmic swellings in both legs. The odour was very offensive, but with very little trouble I got the whole black mass away, leaving a huge cavity, which was then thoroughly cleansed, and packed with lint soaked with iodine lotion, and it certainly filled up quite quickly. But the abscesses in her legs gave a great deal of trouble. As soon as one healed another would appear in another direction. In all she had eleven incisions, and she got to look suspiciously to see if the scalpel formed part of my equipment when I came to do her dressing in the morning. "Chacko (knife), memsahib," she would anxiously query. She was a cheerful little woman, and a very good patient, and we had her in for two months. She was the mother of eight children, and very poor, so I was most thankful to receive about this time "Mrs. Bedford Fenwick's Plague Fund," and allowed Miriambai a rupee fortnightly for her children, and one for eggs for herself, the whole time she was in hospital. Ranebai, of Gundiali, too, benefitted, as well as each of our Magwar patients. These last had all their bedding burnt before they came to hospital, so

on their going out, a blanket, and a rupee was given to each of them. The fund just mentioned, I may here say, was the greatest help in our work, enabling us to relieve much distress, and, I trust, was given with discrimination—at any rate, its many recipients were very grateful.

A week after my coming to Kodaya, the third English sister, who was stationed at Meraw, was sent to Moondra, where plague was gaining ground; we then took up her work in addition. We arranged thus: Miss H. stayed in Kodaya one day, while I went to Godra and Meraw, the next day I remained in Kodaya, while Miss H. went to Meraw, as there was no need for going to Godra daily; and the next day I went the long round again, as I was always the stronger of the two.

A camel was engaged for us, an old one certainly, but with an easy stride, which was the main thing; yet eighteen miles on a camel every other day was tiring enough, for it meant five-and-a-half hours in the saddle, part of it being done in the hottest part of the day. This is the programme of such a day. At 6 a.m. we were called, and at once sent off our orderly to rouse up Jashingar, our camel wala—not an easy task, breakfast at 6.30, consisting of coffee and buttered toast; at 6.45 a.m. I started for Godra, Miss H. for the Kodaya hospitals. The eight miles there took us two-and-a-half hours, and was a pleasant ride in the cool morning air, by the bajarie and jowari fields, now being harvested, across river beds, passing a lovely "Pir," built by, and in memory of some good Mahomedan—and that Jashingar never passed without a prayer—by curious step-wells—monuments of practical religious philanthropy—often catching sight of foxes, boars, herds of chink antelope, the mongoose and various birds of prey. We one day watched a hawk, circling strongly in the upper air without apparent movement of the wings, swoop suddenly down on an unsuspecting pigeon on the wing, give it one blow with its cruel beak, the pigeon falling almost at our feet, never after making a movement, while the hawk, disdainful of its prize, rose again and continued its majestic circling. Many pretty birds of gentler habits, the graceful hoopoo, reminding us of the pretty legend about it, bulbuls, partridges, flamingoes, and near cultivation, the stately and sacred mohur or peacock.

Godra is an old town, much like other small towns in Cutch, a strongly-built gudh, or fortified part at one end, belonging to the Tharkores, or relatives of the Rao. This gudh, capable of holding some eighty people, and strong enough with its high, thick walls, having towers at each corner and at intervals on the walls, with cannon mounted, to resist a siege, was now deserted—this particular branch of the Rao's large family having died out—therefore a part was now used as a hospital. Entering under the massive gateway we came into the court-yard, in face of one of the most beautiful pieces of Indian domestic architecture I had yet seen, and already falling into decay through neglect. But the patients, some six of them, must first receive attention. Sending for the native Hindu doctor, I learned that he had not been seen for three days; that he frequently absented himself thus, going off on a drinking bout, as long as he had any money to spend, or could get any drink given him. Leaving a note for him, saying I should report him if he was not at the hospital when I came in two days' time, I did the dressings myself, opening three buboes, giving medicines, etc., then looked round a bit. First discovery

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