

Our Foreign Letter.

IN THE NILGIRIS.



for that reason, if for no other, may be of interest to readers of the BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING. It

Wellington is one of the finest hill stations in India.

It is used principally as a depot for convalescent British soldiers, and

haps, not so great. The nearest railway station to Wellington is Coonoor, three miles down the valley.

A tonga conveys passengers from Coonoor to Ooty daily.

It costs a great deal more to keep horses in the Nilgiris than on the plains, and it is imperative to have a pair, as the winding, precipitous roads are too great a strain on one animal unless the vehicle is very light indeed.

The natives and many of the permanent residents use bullock waggons, with a covering of tent cloth or cane. They are a most useful, though slow, mode of conveyance.

Rickshaws are also used, and are an easy and inexpensive way of getting about.

To give a true idea of the grandeur of the Nil-



THE KULLER ROAD, NILGIRIS.

nestles among the hills on the Nilgiri Range in Southern India, and is over 6,000 feet above sea level. It is buried in eucalyptus and fir trees, and topped by surrounding peaks. Some eight miles further on, and higher still than Wellington, is Ootacamund, or Ooty as it is generally called.

Ooty, we are told, is the "Garden of the South," and is certainly a delightful refuge for the fatigued or debilitated inhabitants of the plains, who troop up in the season between March and July. It is more bracing than Wellington, being situated on a plateau, but many people, especially the aged, find Ooty too trying, and are contented to rest further down at Wellington or Coonoor, where the climate is milder and the country quite as beautiful; though the social attractions are, per-

giri range would be difficult. Impressions are, after all, comparative, and after a lengthened sojourn on the plains, one is prepared to welcome variety in any shape or form.

And so, having accomplished a long and dusty railway journey across the plains, it may be of some hundred miles, to Mettapolliam, one is overwhelmed by the beauty and majesty of the towering heights rising sheer up 6,500 feet, at some points from the plain.

The upright yellow cliffs towards the Southern point; the blue wooded slopes; the vegetation, green, vermilion, and copper hued; plantations of tea and coffee; waving palms and geranium shrubs; ravines and water courses; the light and shade, the atmosphere now clear, now dense; the

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