

Memoir.

A MEMOIR OF THE LATE LIEUTENANT-COLONEL CHARLES DALTON, R.A.M.C.

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IMPELLED by the influence which Lieutenant-Colonel Charles Dalton, R.A.M.C., exercised and will ever exercise over those who had the good fortune to know him, I have written this brief Memoir.

Conversations with his comrades have shown me that we are all, as regards our loss, under a like experience; it may be described as a mixed feeling of sorrow and exultation, a stimulating communion of spirit. Of his type, there are, thank God, in our Corps still many doing noble work, and we are grieving, alas, over not a few whose names are alongside his on the Roll of Honour. I like to think of those who, reading what has been set forth, may turn to a dear one dead and say "Why, the name being changed and a few special incidents, all this applies to you." It will be so, for the truly great and noble are all one in spirit, while at the same time to each is given a something peculiarly his own which makes him for those who love him a being complete in himself and distinct from the rest of humanity.

When I was first attracted by Dalton he was sitting, one of a class to whom I (having retired from the Service) was lecturing at St. Vincent's Hospital. My eyes rested on him, wandered over the class, returned, and before I had ended he had so centred my attention that I found myself unconsciously addressing him in a special manner.

The tie so formed was never broken. What a character was his! That buoyant, upright, fearless carriage; those eyes sparkling with joy, humour and strength; deep down, just visible, a subdued, inquiring wistfulness; in answering one, that collecting pause and slight gesture like a golfer addressing his ball. Each friend will add his quota of characteristics, and perhaps all will accept the following lines as expressing their feelings:—

“That cordial hand ; that bearing free,
I see them still, I see them now,
Shall always see—
And what but gentleness untired,
And what but noble feelings warm,
Wherever shown, howe'er attired,
Is grace, is charm.”

The manner of his death was as follows : Lieutenant-Colonel Dalton went out on August 18 with the Expeditionary Force, in charge of No. 1 General Hospital. On September 8 he joined the Headquarters, 2nd Division, 1st Army Corps, as A.D.M.S., at a place called Moussey, to the north of the Aisne, replacing Colonel H. Thompson, taken prisoner. As to how he met his death the following is from a statement sent by Major Cummins, who had it from an eye-witness, Major Bostock :—

“Dalton and Bostock went up with G.S. of 2nd Division to Verneuil hot shelled. Teams, etc., knocked about, and nobody but Dalton and Bostock to do the carrying. Dalton did all he could in personally carrying wounded into Verneuil Chateau. In doing this he got hit in the back (shell).¹ As he lay on the ground a stampeding gun limber bruised his left hip. Rescued by Persell of Signals, who just pulled him out in time. Was paralysed by concussion of spine, only pain around chest (girdle), but thought he was dying.

“On admission to the temporary hospital, where he was under the care of Colonel Copeland and Captain Carter, it was found that he was paralysed from the waist downwards. There was a wound between his shoulders, also some small wounds on his head and face. He considered that the paralysis was caused by the shell before the limber passed over him, was not too hopeful of his chances, but was very calm and suffered very little pain.

“He remained two days in the temporary hospital (a chateau) and while there was visited by Father Dey, the Army Chaplain, who administered to him the Last Sacraments. Throughout this time Dalton was cheerful and more anxious as to how others were faring than troubled about himself. He appeared to do fairly well at first, improved as regards sensation and movement and got more hopeful. Spoke of going to Paris in a motor-car and then on home. As the chateau became too dangerous to be continued as a hospital

¹ Other reports state that he was looking about for a site to place a field ambulance when struck. The existence of these different accounts may be explained by his having passed from one duty to another.

(it was under very heavy shell fire), Major P. Davidson decided to evacuate it, and risk a journey down the hill back across the Aisne in the dark to the next temporary hospital at Vieil Arcy. Dalton stood the journey fairly well, and was pleased to leave Verneuil, but was a bit collapsed at the end. Next morning at 6 a.m. it was found he had developed gangrene of the hip (where he had been bruised only), and he became comatose and died September 18.

"He had a peaceful death. Although the injury was so grave the hopes raised by his cheerfulness and great powers of endurance gave an unexpectedness to this early termination.

"He was buried in the Churchyard of Vieil Arcy, near the Braisne, by the Roman Catholic Chaplain, Father Dey, 6th Field Ambulance. There was a big attendance of the R.A.M.C., with shells falling about all the time.

"A small cross with his name and the date of his death was erected over his grave.

"On September 22, 1914, a telegram announced the death of Lieutenant-Colonel C. Dalton, R.A.M.C.

"To Mrs. Dalton, Wyvern, Killiney.

"Deeply regret to inform you that Lieutenant-Colonel C. Dalton, R.A.M.C., has died of wounds. No further details.

"Lord Kitchener expresses his sympathy.

"Secretary,
"War Office."

"September 23, 1914.

"To Mrs. Dalton, Wyvern, Killiney.

"The King and Queen deeply regret the loss you and the Army have sustained by the death of your son in the Service of his country.

"Their Majesties truly sympathize with you in your sorrow.

"Private Secretary,
"Buckingham Palace."

To his family have come since his death communications from persons of every rank of life, beginning with those at the head of affairs, expressing in the strongest and happiest terms the love and admiration still binding them to Dalton. The comfort afforded by these to his family is very great, and they long to find some expression for their gratitude. The question of publishing these references to him has been discussed, and it has been decided not to do so, at least at present. It would be invidious to make selections and extracts, and even if the letters were given *in extenso* there

would be incompleteness owing to the present situation of many of his best friends. It seems enough, therefore, for the present occasion to let it be known to those who have written, that their feeling words have fallen on generous soil. They show most clearly that for his friends Dalton is not dead, whatever the *Gazette* may say.

In the following brief Memoir, the chief incidents of Dalton's career are told as far as possible in his own words, his family having put at the disposal of the compiler letters of his in their possession :—

Charles Dalton was born at Golden Hills, Co. Tipperary, on May 3, 1867. He was second son of John Edward and Katherine Dalton, and grandson of Edward Dalton, of Ballygriffin, Co. Tipperary.

Beginning in this locality an inquiry into how Dalton became the man he was, one is told at once by the old people, as explaining everything, "Ah! it was kind father and kind mother for him," or again, "Ah! it was the ould stock." This stock can be traced back to Anglo-Norman settlers in the beginning of the thirteenth century. Eyes that searched the banks of the Suir as Strongbow's ships, on a full tide, sailed up towards Waterford, are, with an Irish tear in them showing itself as joy, the eyes which in the many adventures of Dalton's life gave cheer and courage to all around him.

Of these settlers it has been said that in intermarrying with the Irish they became "more Irish than the Irish themselves." Anyhow, for very many generations before Charles Dalton saw the light there existed between his forbears and their neighbours, high and low, a sustaining influence that was twice blessed. Of the inhabitants of a very large area round Ballygriffin, as in other parts of Ireland, it might be said in many respects that they were one happy family. Each family properly so called was large, each member of it a cell generating love, and as each centre became surcharged, floods of friendliness spread themselves abroad and intermingling gained further force. They were men who loved the land they lived by, the breath of the soil and its sustaining life were dear unto them, they gloried in it, they fought for it at home, and they sent their sons to fight for it abroad.

Mr. John E. Dalton, the father of Charley, was a man of ability and refinement. He farmed a large extent of land, was a breeder of many good horses, and is remembered as a high-minded man and in every sense of the word a true sportsman. Of his personal

68 *A Memoir of the late Lieut.-Col. Charles Dalton*

characteristics those who knew Charley need not be told. He was a man of excellent carriage, and noted as one of the best fishermen on the Suir, as a first flight man to hounds, and one whose happiness lay in adding to the general stock of the active, joyful, wholesome life of his neighbourhood. In these surroundings Charley, the offspring of generations of clean living, spent the first twelve years of his life. The explanation of the calm, happy ease with which he did all things is lying before us. He was not a miracle except in so far as all life is such.

In 1879 he was sent to Clongowes Wood College, where he remained four years. His class fellows tell me that he stands out in their memories as a steady worker, as a leading spirit in all games and athletic adventures, and especially as an influence which, considering his age, was almost unique and was altogether good.

In 1883 he began the study of medicine at the Carmichael Medical School, Dublin, and in 1888 took the diplomas of the Royal Colleges of Surgeons and Physicians, Ireland, thus going through the curriculum in the prescribed time without a hitch. As went his years at Clongowes so did these. Good work in class, in hospital, in playground, and in social life. His medical teachers remember him as hard-working, clear-sighted, one who took a firm grasp of his subject and kept a hold on it throughout.

In the Pembroke Rowing Club he helped more than one boat to victory, and as a football player he is still recollected in the Monkstown Football Club, of which he was the Vice-President at the time of his death, and one of its chief stays.

Anxious to see the world he, in November, 1888, took an appointment as Medical Officer on the R.M.S. "Magellan" to Valparaiso, and liking the trip, repeated it the March following, sailing this time in R.M.S. "Cotopaxi."

The following letters and extracts throw interesting light on the chief incident of that journey:—

TO HIS MOTHER.

"Lisbon,

"May 20, 1889.

"We have arrived here in the Company's steamer 'John Elder' with excellent health, but nothing else; our own old ship has gone down where they can never trouble her again. We just had to clear out as we stood at the time to get into the boats, and shove off when the 'Cotopaxi' sank in one hundred and fifty fathoms of water. Of course, you have read in the papers how we were in collision with a German steamer in

the Straits of Magellan, how after many hairbreadth escapes by sea and land, all of which I will relate at some future time, we continued our voyage for Valparaiso, not by the ordinary way, but through a narrow channel, hoping to escape bad weather with a patched ship. We proceeded very nicely for one week, when, at the hour of 2.30 in the afternoon, we struck an unknown rock in mid-channel, and sank in eight minutes; crew and passengers numbered in all two hundred and seven, so that getting the boats out and getting all into them was pretty smart work. Everybody lost everything, and we had four days in Patagonia, living on mussels and some casks of tallow which were the only thing that floated ashore. On the fourth day we were rescued by the German steamer 'Scots,' by which we reached Sandypoint, at which place we waited for the 'John Elder.' We expect to arrive in Liverpool on Monday, May 27. I suppose you will see something in the papers, as reporters met us in Lisbon from all the principal English papers.

"Good-bye, give my love to all, who I hope are quite well.

"The Captain and ship's officers gained great praise for the way they behaved through the whole thing, but I will tell you all about that next week."

The following letter was addressed to the *British Medical Journal*, and signed by all the officers of the ship:—

"Presuming that you have doubtless heard of the total loss of the Royal Mail Steamer 'Cotopaxi,' which occurred on April 15, we beg to send you a few particulars worthy of note and deserving of publicity through the medium of your valuable paper.

"The 'Cotopaxi' was on a voyage from Liverpool to Valparaiso and, whilst proceeding through that part of the Straits of Magellan known as Smythe's Channel, struck on an unknown rock and foundered in eight minutes. There were on board at the time, including men, women and children, two hundred souls, and yet in that brief time of barely eight minutes every soul was saved from a watery grave. We had amongst the passengers two men who were paralysed, one of whom was completely so. Our surgeon, C. Dalton, L.R.C.S.I., forgetting his own personal safety, rushed below and with great difficulty carried from the steerage the poor fellow (who could not move himself) and placed him safely in a boat; he then directed his attention towards the other (a saloon passenger) and succeeded in saving him also. No one saved anything but the clothes they had on at the time, but Dr. Dalton with great presence of mind secured a bed and one set of bedclothes from his own cabin, and gave them to the poor paralysed steerage passenger, which saved this poor fellow's life, for we all lived three days and three nights on the rocks and in the ship's boats amidst snow and heavy rain, before we were rescued by a

74. *A Memoir of the late Lieut.-Col. Charles Dalton*

passing steamer. Many of the people suffered greatly from wet and exposure, but we found food plentiful in mussels and snow water.

“ We are, &c.,

J. M. HAYES, Commander.

J. S. TAYLOR, Chief Officer.

J. C. DRUMMOND, Second Officer.

H. E. ANDREWS, Fourth Officer.

THOMAS KIDD, Purser.

A. B. HANDCOCK-MIDDLETON (Passenger, Shankill,
Co. Dublin).

“ R.M.S. ‘John Elder,’ Lisbon, May 20.”

Dr. Dalton is the second son of John E. Dalton, Esq., J.P., Ballygriffin, Co. Tipperary, and Alma Terrace, Monkstown. An intimation has been conveyed to him that the Royal Humane Society propose to confer on him their Gold Medal.

“ Ambassade de France,

“ Londres,

“ le 3 février, 1890.

“ **MONSIEUR**,—J’ai l’honneur de vous annoncer que par un décret de M. le Président de la République rendu sur la proposition de M. le Ministre des Affaires Etrangères le 31 août dernier une médaille de 1re classe en argent vous a été décernée pour reconnaître le dévouement dont vous avez fait preuve lors du naufrage du ‘Cotopaxi’ le 13 avril 1889 en portant secours, au péril de votre vie, à deux paralytiques, dont un de nationalité française.

“ Je suis heureux d’avoir été chargé de vous communiquer cette décision de mon Gouvernement et je vous serai reconnaissant de m’accorder réception de la Médaille qui vient de vous être offerte par le Ministère de la Marine que vous trouverez ci-joint ainsi que votre diplôme.

“ Agréez, Monsieur, les assurances de ma considération distinguée,

“ WADDINGTON.

“ À Monsieur Dalton, M.D.”

On his return to Dublin after the “Cotopaxi” affair, he was appointed Resident Surgeon to Jervis Street Hospital. In January, 1891, he competed successfully for a Commission in the Royal Army Medical Corps, passed through the ordinary course of training at Netley and Aldershot, and in the following October embarked for India.

He served during 1891-92 at Secunderabad. From Secunderabad Dalton went to Burma, where during 1893-94 he served in the Kachin Hills Expedition, receiving the medal with clasp.

On leaving Burma he was sent to Pindi and while there was ordered to join the North-west Indian Frontier Expedition. His doings are set forth in the two following letters:—

TO HIS MOTHER.

“Camp at Amandarraah,

“August 7, 1897.

“I wrote a scratchy letter to Elizabeth some time about a week ago, when I first got ordered on Field Service. Since then years have really passed, at any rate I feel so. I went to Murree first of all to receive orders. When I got there I was ordered to get back again and join the battery by train, as they had already left their hill station and I could not possibly catch them up by following their road. I met them on Saturday morning, and took over medical charge of them from one of our chaps called Goodwin, who of course was awfully sick at being sent back to make way for me.

“This took place at a little railway station called Hassan Abdul, which we left that evening by troop train for Nowshera, my old station. We got to our railway journey's end at four o'clock in the morning while it was still black night. I was trying to get into my boots and puttees, which were all I had taken off, when a Surgeon-Major named Johnston put his head into the carriage window and said ‘Is Dalton here?’ ‘Yes.’ ‘Well you are to hand over medical charge of the battery at once to So-and-So and you are to come and take over charge of A Section British Field Hospital from me and be ready to march at 7 a.m., behind the Royal West Kent Regiment.’ Of course I was out of the carriage at once, and tumbled out all my kit. The Royal West Kent Regiment was bivouacked on the platform, having just got out of a train from Peshawar an hour before; the men lying on the ground beside their piled arms, hardly room to move; but when the Mountain Battery began detraining mules, guns, and men outside the station matters were still worse; more row, more confusion, of course absolute darkness over all. I got away with my little baggage into a four-wheeler which Johnston had waiting for me very thoughtfully, and off we started to where the boxes, mules, ambulances and doolies of the Field Hospital were drawn up ready to march. Of course I had to take over everything documentarily without going through it, but I knew Johnston was all square, so I did not mind that—next thing was to find my pony which I had sent on a day before. Luckily my knowledge of the place stood me well. Even as it was, knowing all the likely places where to look, it took me a long time to ferret the pony out. Having found her I had only to get my tent at the station and then I was ready to march; of course there was no place to feed. The Nowshera regiments had already left for the front, Johnston was going back to Peshawar to take on the other

72 *A Memoir of the late Lieut.-Col. Charles Dalton*

sections of the field hospital. He gave me a cup of tea (black); on that I left Nowshera to march to Mardan, sixteen miles. We got along all right for half way. By that time it was 'bloody hot'—excuse the expression, none else would be sufficiently strong—three men became unconscious from heat-apoplexy while the regiment was halted to give the men some food, and when I came up the three cases were handed over to my charge. I spotted a small running stream, and soon had the three of them stripped and lying in it while we just held their noses above water. I began this at 11 a.m., and continued the treatment until 3.30 p.m., when the water had become so hot in the stream; there was no improvement to be hoped for from continuing the treatment, moreover, myself and my staff were nearly as bad as our patients, so we put them into the ambulance and started for Mardan again. I got in at 6.30 p.m. after being on the move since 4 a.m.; a drink at the Guides' Mess revived me somewhat, and then having handed over my three cases to the native hospital, I was off to the camp to see how my hospital was faring, which I had not seen since I stopped behind on the road. This kept me going until dinner time, about 8.30 or 9 p.m., when I got the first meal of the day. Every regiment and battery that came up lost somebody. I worked like the the devil the whole time, and the fellows of the regiment are awfully grateful to me and give me full credit for saving the lives of some of their men. We are halting here a few days to settle things a bit, and to get together enough transport troops to march on into the enemy's country. No more at present."

TO HIS FATHER.

"The Malakand,

"September 3, 1897.

"You know how I got out on a show at last, just as I thought that my last chance of seeing any battle fighting in India had passed when they left me out of the Tochi show. However, 'when things are at their worst,' etc., came true once again, and I was the first of my Service to get sent up to these parts when the music began. Of course I was late for the actual defence of the Malakand and Relief of Chakdara, but I accompanied General Bindon Blood's 1st Brigade on a walking tour through the Upper Swat country from where we have just returned now. The native man stood for us one day when we attacked him and gave him a very severe thrashing, and after that he would not stand again, or even show himself until he sent in to say that he surrendered to us unconditionally, and then by order of 'Simla' he was allowed to come back to his villages and crops and our force was ordered to march back out of his country. We had a very hard time of it when we first came up, but things have fallen into their proper places a bit by now, and we manage to pull along all right. I have been here for the past week, and

am kept very busy. All enteric cases which show themselves are sent here to me, where I have been handed over an empty house in the Fort and a nursing sister, and have been told to open a hospital. It is wonderful what one can do when cornered, and out of the empty barrack room and the nursing sister I have turned out a very respectable ward for bad cases; all others I treat in my field hospital which is equipped for twenty-five patients, but where I have been treating between sixty and eighty daily as a routine ever since coming here. The Principal Medical Officer said 'You must manage it, Dalton.' I said, 'It shall be done, sir,' and done it is. My greatest difficulty is to manage to feed my patients, some wanting beef-tea diet, and others who are convalescent being fit to eat their ration in 'the flesh.' However, with a bit of luck I have managed up to now to keep them from starvation, and if any poor fellow is unlucky enough to fall in for a short ration of food, well, we make it up for him in an extra dose of quinine or diarrhoea mixture and it all tots up correctly somehow in the end. Some of the pick of the Native Army are here with us, and they are fine fellows. I never had an opportunity of knowing them on Service before, and I never thought they were as fine as I know them now to be. They march the day out and at the end of it they are laughing and chaffing when our friend Thomas is too done to be able to feed. He is full of buck after a couple of days' halt, but give him a long march and a hot day and he shuts up 'amazin' as Kipling says. We do not know where or when we will end our show here, or whether we will be sent off towards the Khyber Pass. News of fresh dissatisfaction on the frontier arrives daily, and some of the oldest heads predict that we will have our fill and more of battle fighting before we are finished. They have collected troops up here in the Punjab from all parts of India, and rumour has it that the Amir has to give some very convincing proof of his fingers being clean before they believe at Simla that he has not been putting them into his frontier pie. For the time being the 1st Brigade, to which I belong, is having a rest since our return from Upper Swat, and the 2nd and 3rd Brigades are being moved out on similar tours while we garrison the Malakand and Khar camps. The Upper Swat Valley is a beautiful fertile country between two ranges of high hills. The Swat River flows down the centre of the valley, which it irrigates to the foot of the hills on both sides. The width of the valley varies from five to ten or fifteen miles, and in length it must be seventy miles at least. We had to travel on the very lightest scale while up there, and without tents to shelter us from sun and rain things were not too comfortable. However, we live in comparative luxury now and appreciate the change. We are all very keen to know what they will do with us next, as while the people in this direction seem thoroughly beaten and the fighting all over, in the Khyber direction things look as if they were going to have a bigger show and we would all be sorry to be left out of it. They are not pushing it forward very fast yet, and the hot weather

74 *A Memoir of the late Lieut.-Col. Charles Dalton*

is trying the troops a good deal, but in about another month I would not be surprised if a lot of troops were sent across the Afridis' border, as they are the people who are making themselves most objectionable."

In November, 1897, Dalton returned from India and was stationed at Belfast, where he remained until the following March, when he left England for Sierra Leone. Shortly after his arrival he took part in the Karene Expedition.

TO HIS BROTHER EDWARD.

"Karene,

"April 4, 1898.

". . . . I was sent up to the bush in medical charge of a company of a West Indian nigger regiment. We were carried in boats up a river to a town named Port Lokkoh, which was the base of operations. Port Lokkoh itself had been attacked, but the war boys had been fairly beaten there, and had been driven off in the direction of the Kassi country, which is the territory belonging to Bai Boorch, the Chief. We are fighting on the opposite borders of the country, thirty miles away from Port Lokkoh.

"We had a Police Post, and District Commissioner's station called Karene, from where I am writing now. At daybreak on March 22 the company I had come up with was sent as a convoy to a ration convoy of three hundred carriers, laden with stores to Karene. We had a very trying hot march all through the day, sort of slave-driving job, trying to get along the carriers who when they got tired used to drop their loads on the path if not watched. About 4 p.m. we got to a place, Kabantama, having done twenty miles of the thirty miles of our journey, and there we halted for an hour to rest, and water the men and carriers. The captain of the company would insist on going on, although some of us strongly urged him to halt, and form a laager here for the night. We started at 5 p.m. and got along fairly well until just after nightfall, when we were attacked by the enemy, who held a position on the left of the road from which they were separated by a belt of thick brush scrub about fifteen yards in width, through which the W.I.R. would not or could not attack them. As far as I could gather of what went on in front, the men simply bolted past it for all they were worth when they were fired on, then the three hundred carriers who came behind the main body and in front of the hospital establishment, and myself, instead of bolting, dropped the loads they were carrying and lay down behind the boxes, of course completely blocking the path. When we closed up as near as we could to the block, I and the fellows in charge of the rear-guard consulted as to what we had better do. The firing in front had stopped, as of course the men had cleared off along the road. No one had sent back to us to say what was going on, so we were absolutely ignorant of what was doing.

“Craig Brown decided that he would go up through the line of carriers to the main body and get information from the first officer he met, while I was to take charge of the rear-guard and watch the rear. After a quarter of an hour he returned, reported that the road for a distance of about one hundred yards was blocked with boxes and carriers lying down beside them, beyond these was the black night and apparently an open path, but no sign of the rest of the column, and so far as he could see no enemy. We then arranged that I would go to the leading carriers and with the help of a good stick start them with their loads on the road again, and Brown would stay with his rear-guard and do his best to keep any from lagging behind. I got up to the head of the line of carriers, and began my gentle persuasion with them, but as soon as I had a fellow up he only plunged into the bush on the right of the road and grovelled as near the ground as he could, nor did I notice at the time that they were all lying down on the right side of their loads. I had been about half a minute employed thus and of course roaring very loud, when the whole of the enemy’s fire was poured into me. They of course judged where I was in the dark by the plenty bad language I was roaring at the carriers, etc. The blaze of their guns lit up the bush on the left, the noise was absolutely deafening, and God only knows why I was not hit, but somehow I escaped. Then the world’s record was beaten for a run back that path over carriers, boxes of stores, rocks, etc., until I reached Craig Brown. Another consultation held, we decided that we would divide the rear-guard, half to remain and act as rear-guard under me, while Brown took the other half up to where I had been fired at, and put a few volleys into the bush.

“After a quarter of an hour watching and waiting, and listening to the devil of an amount of firing, I heard shouts for the doctor. I legged it along for all I was worth with some dressings, and when I got to where I had been potted at before, a chap named Tarbet, a major in the Frontier Police, called out to me from some distance up the road beyond the stockade, and said that Brown had been hit, and was lying on the road in front of the stockade. I asked him to keep his men firing from where they were, so as to take off the enemy’s attention from me while I dressed and looked after Brown, who I found had been hit in the left side down low near the last rib. On account of the position of the wound I did not like to pull him about, or carry him away without dressing him, and while that dressing lasted I was in as hot a corner as I have any wish to be ever in again. After that with the help of a stick I got a hammock brought up to where he was lying and I lifted him into it, and whacked the hammock boys along the road in front of me. By the best of luck I got the hammock and myself through a heavy cross fire without anyone being scratched; but the carriers (who, like a flock of sheep, seeing one go in front follow in a rush, had swarmed after me when they saw me push through) were not so lucky, five were killed, and three more mortally

76 *A Memoir of the late Lieut.-Col. Charles Dalton*

wounded. All the men of the West Indian Regiment remained grovelling on their stomachs as close to the ground as they could keep, afraid to get up. I met Major Tarbet and about twenty of his Frontier Police about twenty yards up the road. They and the rear-guard remained on the ground all night protecting themselves behind some of the boxes which they stacked up to shelter themselves, and by keeping up a hot fire all night prevented the enemy looting all the stores and boxes of ammunition, which the carriers had left on the road. About half a mile further I was challenged by a sentry, and found that the column had laagered for the night in the open.

“After getting in I re-dressed Brown more carefully, found another wounded officer and about four wounded men to be attended to, and we passed about as uncomfortable a night as is possible. The enemy, although they never dared rush us, swarmed in the bush all round and fired into us all night; while our men were so beat by the long march we could not keep them awake, and had to be constantly crawling about rousing them up. We ourselves were in the same way, and it was only by keeping oneself in some very uncomfortable position one could prevent oneself falling asleep in spite of the firing all round. . . . The carriers are a frightful nuisance when a fight occurs, they drop their loads and run for shelter, and nothing can get them to come back until all firing is done. If we have to retire then we cannot get a single man to come back and take up his load, so that often stores have to be left behind and the blighters we are fighting collar them.”

To HIS SISTER.

“Karene,

“April 4, 1898.

“At daybreak we continued our march and reached this place about 12 noon. Two days later I accompanied the same convoy on the return journey to Port Lokkoh. We were again attacked about five miles from here, and after fighting on for two miles further every officer but myself was hit and unable to do anything. As we were over twenty miles from Port Lokkoh, and were hampered by a lot of wounded officers and men who were absolutely funkcd, I decided to retire back to Karene. I got the whole of the convoy back without having to leave anyone behind, and since then have had a busy time of it here. We have to go out every second day with troops along the road to try and clear the bush of stockades and keep the road open.

“Two days after our failure to get through to Port Lokkoh a strong convoy was sent from there to relieve us here and bring us up supplies. We had sent them the news of our difficulties by carrier pigeons, which we brought up from Sierra Leone. This is our daily means of communicating with the outside world. Well, the convoy got through after a very hard time. We helped them by opening up the road for seven

miles from here. They had one officer mortally wounded. One man was killed, and thirteen wounded of the West Indian Regiment, and five carriers wounded. That convoy returned to Port Lokkoh a week ago; we saw them seven miles of the way, going before them and doing all the fighting. We had another officer badly hit through the knee that day, and some five or six other men wounded; these went on with the returning convoy to Port Lokkoh, together with all the wounded I could move from here. Since then I have not been quite so busy, but we have had very trying times and everyone is feeling the strain.

"I must say the kind of fighting we have to do is very funking. The enemy build up huge stonework stockades, most of them about one and a half yards in thickness. Through this thick wall they run bamboo stems, and having got under cover of the stone wall they fire at us through the bamboo tubes. These stockades are built quite close up to the road in the very thickest bush they can find growing, and from the back of the stockades they have a bolt hole, or line of retreat down which they retire when things are getting too hot for them. When we come along the road they wait quietly until we are just passing them, then they blaze at us, and, knowing that they are quite safe inside the stockade, they keep their fire dead on us while we have to cut a path through the bush round to the back, so as to get at them from there. When they hear us approaching they bolt away, generally managing to keep a whole skin, as, owing to the thickness of the bush we never get a view of them. Iron pots broken up into slugs is what they use mostly, but they also have some good rifles and seem to have a fair amount of ammunition. I have never been so funk'd in my life as I have been at this game, and for many days it seemed only a matter of waiting a little and that your turn would come to get bowled over. I am the only officer left out of the lot I left Port Lokkoh with. But now the worst seems to be over, as they have given up rebuilding the stockades which we have pulled down, and for the past three days that we patrolled the road not a shot has been fired at us. We know nothing here about how this little show is going to end. They thought at the beginning that it would simply be a walk over, but it looks very different now. This man, Bei Boorch, who is fighting us, used to be a pal of the Britishers, and has been with our troops on several expeditions about here against other tribes; in that way he knows a lot about our weak points, and what kind of fighting tells most against us."

"April 8.

"We have had no news since we left that convoy on the road, and returned back here to hold the place. We are just beginning to feel a bit anxious, as our provisions are running a bit short, but we are sure to get supplies before very long.

"To-day is the 8th, we can only live here until the 14th. After

that we must starve or try to cut our way through to Port Lokkoh, unless we are relieved in the meantime. This will most probably happen, as they must know we have only a limited supply of food for the garrison here—if the worst comes to the worst, we will probably be able to get through to Port Lokkoh all right. Our last pigeon is to be sent off the day after to-morrow. If nobody turns up, it will tell them that if not relieved we march from here on the 14th.

“Excuse the scrawl, most of it has been written while I am lying on my back on my bedding, which is spread out on the mud floor of a hut—and a very dirty floor it is, too.

“We will most probably hear what they intend doing with us when the convoy comes up, and I will add another scrap, telling you what they have decided on, whether we are to stay up here for the rainy season, which is just beginning, or to go back to Sierra Leone.”

“Saturday, April 9.

“We were relieved to-day, just as we were thinking that after all we might have to make a run for it; everyone’s spirits have changed in consequence from almost despair to the very opposite extreme.

“As usual we started to patrol the road. We were up at 3.30 a.m., and started in the moonlight. Had great difficulty in getting the carriers to leave camp; they all dreaded the road, owing to the number that have been hit lately. Yesterday four were very badly hit while out with the Frontier Police. At last, about 5.30, we got clear of the camp; the two beauties who were carrying my medical appliances and dressings bolted into the bush when about a quarter of a mile out, leaving the loads on the road. We got along without meeting any opposition for about seven miles, and were wondering what was the meaning of it when suddenly we saw the head of a convoy coming along the road towards us. This turned out to be a strong relieving force who were on their way to Karene. They had halted last night at a village named Kaghantama, about ten miles from Karene, had left a strong party there to get a position to make a permanent camp where troops will be kept to help us to keep the road open; another such camp has been formed half way between Kaghantama and Port Lokkoh; so with these two permanent camps between Karene and Port Lokkoh we ought never to be cut off again. They returned to Kaghantama, and are to come on here to-morrow with stores, ammunition, etc., and I believe they have some mails for us. The effect on us all was magical. Officers, men, and carriers bucked up like anything when they saw the new companies. Indeed, things were getting a bit bad—the carriers were absolutely funkcd, and could not be got to do any work on the road. The men of the West Indian Regiment had been worked off their legs like all of us, and were about dead sick of being shot at every day by an enemy they never could catch a glimpse of; we were having a lot of sickness, too, and for the last few days had great difficulty

in finding thirty-five men out of the whole company of over one hundred strong who were not either suffering from fever or wounds, or else pretending that they were not well. The night guards were nearly all done by men often with fever on them or else those recovering from wounds. I have never seen things so bad before as they were with us, and everyone was dead down on his luck. To-day everything is changed, and we are all for fighting again.

"The new Colonel who succeeds the poor old boy who died on the way up here has come up with the column that we met on the road to-day. He seems to know more about what he has to do than any of the fellows I have met out here up to now. He told me he heard at Port Lokkoh that Bei Boorch is getting very sick of the show, and his men are tiring of fighting us. And report says that he is wanting to ask for peace. The only peace he is likely to get is four yards of the best hempen rope.

"Maxwell, the Colonial surgeon, went out with the police yesterday and got wounded in the neck: a black devil crept up in the thick bush to within about fifteen yards of where he was standing while the police were knocking down a stockade; the bullet missed his head, just cutting him on the side of the neck and passed on to a carrier boy who was beside Maxwell, hitting him plump on his head. It smashed the skull right in, and when I operated on him when he was brought back to camp here I took large bits of broken skull out of the brain substance into which they were driven to the depth of about two and a half inches. The boy is still alive, but I entertain small hope of his recovery. It was a very near thing for Maxwell. I have been most lucky; I have a perfectly whole skin up to the present time; although I was struck one morning by a spent slug on the point of the shoulder it had not enough force to enter my jacket, and after hitting me fell down on the ground. They say here that I bear a charmed life. I think it must be that you are all praying very hard for me at home. I will send off this letter when the next convoy of wounded leave here for Port Lokkoh, which I hope will be soon, now that a larger force has arrived."

SIERRA LEONE.

Extracts (written from memory) from two reports sent in by Captain Carre-Smith, of the 1st West Indian Regiment, to the Officer Commanding Troops, Karene. The first report was sent in on March 23, 1898, the second on March 25 or 26, 1898.

EXTRACT FROM FIRST REPORT.

"The Column under my command marched from Port Lokkoh at on March 22, 1898, and reached Matiti at dusk, when we were vigorously attacked.

"I wish to specially mention the following officer:—

". . . Captain C. Dalton, R.A.M.C., who displayed conspicuous bravery in attending to Lieutenant Craig Brown, who was dangerously

80 *A Memoir of the late Lieut.-Col. Charles Dalton*

wounded under an extremely heavy fire from a stockade a few yards away ; while he was binding up this officer's wounds four or five carriers who were lying close by at the time were killed. It was entirely owing to Captain Dalton's coolness and courage that Lieutenant Craig-Brown is now alive."

EXTRACT FROM SECOND REPORT.

"The Column under my command marched from Karene at on March 25, 1898. Just after leaving Matiti we were fired on from two stockades in the bush, and as Lieutenant C. W. Maclean and I were wounded almost simultaneously I ordered the Column to return to Karene ; when we had gone some five hundred yards it was discovered that Private Barrett had been left behind. Surgeon-Captain Dalton, R.A.M.C., called for volunteers to go back and fetch the man, and as no one would go, he and Company Serjeant-Major McKillop went back and brought the man in."

CERTIFICATE.

"It having been brought to my notice that two reports sent in by me in March, 1898, to the Officer Commanding Troops, Karene, were never forwarded to the proper quarter, I hereby certify that the above extracts, written from memory, convey the idea of what I stated in those reports concerning the gallant conduct of Captain C. Dalton, R.A.M.C.

"(Signed) MEREDITH CARRE-SMITH, Major,

"Tower of London,

"June 28, 1901."

"Late the West Indian Regiment

and 4th Middlesex Regiment.

It is to be noted that the official reports of Captain Dalton's conduct on these two occasions sent in March, 1898, were never forwarded to the proper authorities, who appear to have received no information concerning them till June, 1901, more than three years after the occurrence. Men of experience, with a knowledge of all that happened and of the lie of things on the occasion, assure me that had the matter been gone fully into at the time Dalton would have been awarded a Victoria Cross.

Dalton returned from Sierra Leone, March, 1899. In the August of that year his father died, and it must have been a satisfaction to him that he was at home on that occasion.

Two months later, November, 1899, he was posted to the 14th Hussars, then under orders for South Africa.

TO HIS SISTER.

"R.A.M.C. Mess, Aldershot,

"November 22, 1899.

"I arrived here on Monday to take over my charge, a nice regiment, and good fellows I am told. It was by the merest chance I secured it as another man had been posted for it at first, and owing to his not

being able to ride I think they were obliged to find another medical officer. I happened to turn up just at that moment in the office, and was asked if I could ride. Of course I could, so now I am attached to the 14th Hussars during the whole show, and you will always be able to know whether I have any fun or not by watching the movements of the regiment, and you will know that I am there or thereabouts, if you see that they are in luck.

"The actual day for our embarking is not known yet, but we hope to get away by the first week in December, earlier than that we cannot hope for as the ship cannot be prepared to take horses before that time."

(TO THE SAME.)

"Estcourt,

"January 11, 1900.

". . . Here I am, as fit as a fiddle, and having the very best of good times. Were it not for all the sorrow attached to the whole show nothing could be better. Climate is excellent and everybody feeling the very fittest; we came here straight from the ship. . . .

"A big battle is expected to come off in a few days, and we hope to be there. It is the ambition of the regiment to be the first of our troops to gallop into Ladysmith; it will be rare luck should it come off. I only heard to-day of Captain Bacon's death. He was shot clean through the head gallantly leading his men in the action of December 15 at the Tugela River, when we failed to effect a crossing.

"His regiment behaved awfully well, and gained the admiration of the whole camp.

"It has never been my luck to have served in such a delightful climate or under such pleasant circumstances as we are doing at present. Everything is on the grandest scale and 'Tommy' never had such good times as he is having. . . .

"FRERE, BEYOND ESTCOURT.

"We marched here from Estcourt last Saturday and were only on the war path one day since we arrived. We formed a part of a force sent to reconnoitre the Boer position at the Tugela River, Colenso, same place where Buller was defeated on December 10, 1899, and where Bacon was killed. Our object was to draw the Boers' fire, and to discover the position of their trenches and guns so that we might bombard them with our heavy guns. The result was not altogether satisfactory as we only managed to draw a mild fire from them. Buller is trying to go round more to the south-west of our position—and we are not with him—he is at it hard to-day, and when he succeeds in taking their position by his flank movement, then we will probably act as escort to a big provision convoy which is here ready packed on wagons to forward to the starving wretches in Ladysmith. We will probably go up the direct road via Colenso.

82 *A Memoir of the late Lieut.-Col. Charles Dalton*

“ . . . The Boers have occupied an extremely strong natural position, and it will cost a lot of lives to turn them out. But it must be done if Ladysmith is to be relieved and that immediately. . . . We can hear Buller's big gun plainly. He is twenty-nine miles from here, and all is ready for conveying a big batch of wounded to the base hospital. The hospital train is ready at the station here to start when the wounded arrive.”

MAJOR HACKETT, R.A.M.C., TO MISS DALTON.

“ No. 4 General Hospital.

“ Mooi River, Natal,

“ Friday, January 26, 1900.

“ Your brother, Captain Dalton, who was badly wounded on Tuesday last, asks me to write you as he knows you would be anxious to hear about him. I am very sorry to say that his wound is in a most dangerous position, the bullet went into the front of the abdomen and came out in the right flank. But I am very glad to be able to tell you that so far he is doing well, and I hope he will continue to do so. It is a very great matter that no bad symptoms have set in and this being the third day makes us hopeful of his recovery. It will be some consolation to you to know that he was wounded in nobly doing his duty as a good soldier surgeon, attending to a wounded comrade under a heavy fire from the enemy. You will also be glad to hear that we all admire him and think he is a fine brave fellow, that we, his brother officers of the Medical Corps, as well as you his own people may well be proud of. His reputation before this had always been very high; now it is still higher, and we all fervently hope he will live to reap the reward of his self sacrifice and devotion to duty. I heard he obtained special permission to go and attend the wounded in a very dangerous place, and was shot from a very short distance. He would not leave his wounded comrades. I am sorry to say he was out all night after, and had a very hard time of it, but he is now very brave and does not complain of anything and is much more hopeful than he was. He is a great friend of my brother's family at Kilmallock, and you may be sure we will be very kind to him.

“ P.S.—He is very comfortable now and well looked after.—C. H.”

MAJOR E. O'BRIEN, 14TH HUSSARS, TO MISS DALTON.

“ Cape Frere,

“ South African Field,

“ January 27, 1900.

“ You will doubtless have been informed before this of your poor brother having been wounded on the 23rd inst. He came to the regiment about five weeks ago just before we left England, and in that time he endeared himself to us by his fine gentlemanly feeling and soldierly qualities. I am a man with a family, and have seen a good deal of the

world, but have never met a man I took a greater fancy to; I mention this to show how much he was appreciated by us all. The wound is certainly a serious one, but I hope he may quickly recover. The news yesterday was that he was doing well. I was in command of the portion of the regiment that went out on the 23rd, and he was therefore under me. He was throughout up to the time he left me the same cheery good officer he always is. A man galloped up, and asked for a medical officer as an officer was badly wounded. Your brother immediately volunteered to go, and he rode off in the direction of very heavy firing; this is the last I saw of him. I learn that he reached the dying officer and attended him, when another man was hit, and in stooping down he was hit in the stomach. I thought all was well with him, as he was wearing the Red Cross, till I reached camp about 10.30 p.m. He appears to have had a dreadful night of it, poor fellow. He is now at Mooi River Hospital, where he is receiving every attention.

"You will be glad to hear General Barton told him when he saw him wounded and brought in that he had heard of his gallantry, and intended to bring it to notice. I feel very much for you, as I myself feel I have lost, I hope only temporarily, a dear friend. If there is anything more I can tell you, I hope you will not hesitate to let me know.

"January 29, 1900. The news is he is much better.

"With sincere sympathy, and may God grant his return to you safe and sound."

"Spearrans Camp,

"February 4, 1900.

"I have just time to send you a line to say your brother is much better.

"We are on the eve of a big battle.

"E. O'B."

TO HIS SISTER.

"Mooi River Hospital,

"February 2, 1900.

"Thanks very much for your kind letter which I received yesterday. I am glad to be able to tell you that I am making a most marvellous recovery from what at first seemed a mortal wound. I was hit through the abdomen on the evening of the 23rd ult., just as we were retiring and the Boers following us up. They fired on me as I was kneeling dressing a wounded man, and hit a third man at the same time. Our own people, who were busy covering their own retreat, knew nothing about us, and there we remained lying on the ground all through the night. That was a terrible night. The two wounded men with me were dying the whole night—wounded through the stomach, just as I was. They, however, would drink water which the Boers offered us when they came up, and they would not lie perfectly still as I advised them to do. It was a most

heartrending thing to be obliged to look at all through the night, and of course I could render them no assistance.

“At 5 a.m. in the morning after lying on my back for twelve hours I managed to pull myself along to a native kraal to send a native for assistance. The kraal was deserted, and I had to pull myself along until I met our advanced pickets before meeting anybody who would bring assistance. I remained lying down until a doctor and ambulance arrived, and when he had attended to me and given me a hypodermic of morphia I directed him to where the other poor fellows could be found. One was found dead, the other died before he reached the camp in the ambulance. For twenty-four hours I thought I had no possible chance of recovery, but after that when no bad symptoms began to appear, I began to hope of pulling through; since then my recovery has been uninterrupted, and I hope to be back again at work in a fortnight.

“The Mauser bullet used by the Boers is a most gentlemanly bullet. The hole it makes is so small that if you remain perfectly quiet for some hours after being hit through almost any part of the body you have a very good chance of pulling through. I attribute my recovery to having lain perfectly quiet for twelve hours after I was hit, and I was further lucky in not having had any food for about ten hours before. There have been most marvellous cases of recovery from wounds in almost every part of the body. I want for nothing. The care and attention I have received is beyond any words of mine to express; nurses and doctors have done everything possible to add to my comfort.

“I am now taking solid food again in small quantities; the first few days was, of course, absolute starvation.”

TO HIS MOTHER.

“Bloemfontein,

“April 30, 1900.

“I had not time to write to anyone last mail, as I was away on a week's trip out to the East where we had some fighting. I saw none of the sport, however, and had only some operation work to do. I get on very well in my new job, and am very pleased with it. It is a grand opportunity for seeing every big operation done by the very best of surgeons—Watson Cheyne, of King's College, London—we pull along together very well, and I anticipate a very pleasant time on our march to Pretoria, which begins to-morrow. The hardships will be nothing like as hard to bear as if I were with a regiment, as we have our own transport and can carry sufficient blankets to keep us warm. The weather is dry and fine, but the nights are beginning to be exceedingly cold; heavy dews, but healthy so long as one can keep warm. How long we will be on the tramp it is impossible to tell, but even granting that we meet with comparatively little obstruction it will take us a good two months to do the 300 miles

from here to the Transvaal capital. I am feeling exceedingly fit, and enjoyed my week's tramp last week very much; we only arrived back yesterday and leave to-morrow morning. I received a letter forwarded from the Commander-in-Chief, Lord Wolseley, to General Buller, stating that he was much pleased to hear of my gallant conduct at the Tugela affair—what the conduct was I hardly know, but he desired that I should be informed of how he approved of it. We leave to-morrow to march to a place called 'Karree,' where we have had a division holding a position ever since we marched into Bloemfontein. All the troops will rendezvous there for the general advance, which we expect will begin on Sunday next. There has been a dreadful amount of sickness here, principally enteric fever. There are over 1,100 cases under treatment at present out of a total of some 1,500 sick. We have had great difficulties to contend with in the way of getting our sick transferred down to the base, as all available rolling stock was required to bring up food-stuffs and ammunition to carry us on during our long march. Owing to this reason the sick have been accumulating here at a frightful rate, and it is most depressing to see about twelve or twenty funerals every afternoon. We hope that the health of the troops will improve once we begin to march."

TO HIS SISTER.

"Scotch Hospital, Norvals Pont,

"June 10, 1900.

". . . I have only got as far as the above address as yet on my way home in disgrace as useless. I came down here in a hospital train, which did us very comfortably, and made the journey very easy. Unfortunately I went back a bit here at first, which has delayed my being sent down to Cape Town, but I hope to be sufficiently well to be considered fit to travel some day this coming week. . . . Ever since I left hospital at the Mooi River I have been nothing but the veriest crock, and have hardly done an honest day's work, and now they all seem to consider that I am useless until I am given a rest. However, as things seem to have come to a sudden ending (as far as the war is concerned) I am not now so dissatisfied at the prospect of going home to England. The rotten thing about my present trouble is that although I am useless for work on account of going wrong inside I am perfectly fit and sound constitutionally and have my ordinary most excellent appetite, but cannot satisfy it. I wish this order of things would change quickly, and I am sure it will after this long rest I am having now. What played Old Harry with me was the marching which I had to continue after the last attack began. In previous attacks I was able to lie up at once when the trouble started, but here I had to continue on the trek until we got to Kroonstad, and I feel certain that that was the cause of my convalescence being so much delayed this time."

"Claremont Convalescent Home,
"Cape Town,
"June 19, 1900.

"By the address above you see where I have got to; I feel exactly like the healthiest of the patients I used to look at at Linden—you know the kind, as healthy-looking as possible, loafing about the grounds trying his best to appear to be a sufferer and only making a very bad attempt at that. . . ."

Soon after this he left for home, on March 16, 1901. The Arnott Gold Medal for distinguished gallantry in the field was conferred on him by the Irish Medical School and Graduate Association, this being the first award made.

During 1901 Dalton was stationed at Hounslow Barracks, and in 1902 he went to Sierra Leone a second time. After a year's service he returned, and the Curragh Camp knew him till 1905, when he left for another tour of service in India, Pindi being his station. The letters at hand covering this period are numerous and illuminating. In them written in an intimate way you see the man somewhat as if you were living with him in a tent. It, however, has not been found possible, even by the most cruel use of the blue pencil, to bring them within limits proper for the present publication. The experiment was tried and the cripple remaining did not correspond to the full-sized free-moving man whom we remember with special and ever-changing energy in each part of him. They cover his life at Pindi—short visits to hill stations—two periods of strenuous solitary life in Cashmere in pursuit of game, snipe and duck shooting in Scinde on the Manchar Lakes, a period of work amongst the plague-stricken natives of Pindi, a voyage to South Africa in charge of troops, 9th Lancers, when he met his brother Edward, who was settled in Natal; five months in Ireland, during which he had much hunting, people vying with one another in giving him mounts, and again rending the air with "Go it, Charley," as he cleared the last fence at Fairyhouse on a winning mount. Finally, eight months at Aden, where, in November, 1909, he concluded this tour of foreign service.

The following telegram tells of an honour conferred on him during this period:—

"Major C. Dalton, R.A.M.C.

"Dated May 22, 1908.

"R. Pindi.

"175 T. Viceroy is pleased to select you for distinguished service in the Field for appointment of honorary surgeon to His Excellency.

"Military Secretary, Viceroy."

The letters written during this varied tour are necessarily interesting, owing to the scenes and incidents they describe. But while a loved personality is fresh in one's memory, one can think only of his behaviour as he passed through them. There is frequent mention of interesting medical and surgical cases, and one cannot help sharing in the joy he feels in the skilful practice of his profession when he gets to work on his own responsibility. One goes back to his early experience—for instance, to that letter to his father written during the North-West Indian Frontier Expedition on the Malakand, in which is plain the delight he felt in watching the men undergoing recovery whom he had (as they were suffering from sunstroke) put "lying in a running stream while we just held their noses above water," and from this start one can follow him as he goes with ever accumulating experience and force to further work. What an eventful entrancing life! As he goes through it, one is struck with this—that whether things are great or small, he does them with equal ease, naturally, and as a matter of course. Owing to his spiritual condition, they are all for him on one level. He was not of those whom great occasions make look bigger than they really are, and in whom it is plain that they feel so themselves.

The word distinguished never occurs in connection with Dalton, for this simple reason, that he so loved his fellow men, that what he wanted was not solitary glory but to be with them, and of them; to be carried upwards by the attraction of their hearts, and to exercise a like influence over them. This state of feeling, like the sweet scent of a flower, pervades the whole correspondence, and, moreover, was for those who knew him in daily converse one of his marked characteristics. Another fact made clear in these letters is, what a sustaining force a love of home was for him. In his letters to his mother and sisters, he is clearly just the fully developed boy whom we have seen leaving Ballygriffin at 12 years old for a public school, and they are for him the same who on that occasion pressed him in their arms.

"Happy he with such a mother! Faith in womankind
Beats with his blood, and trust in all things high
Comes easy to him, and tho' he trip and fall,
He shall not blind his soul with clay."

His habit of self-repression when occasion demanded, is yet another and not the least charming feature of his correspondence. He knows that even truth may be economical in the service of love, and consequently the most anxious heart can accompany him

joyfully through all situations. Any of us who have served at Aden know that it is not the one place on earth for a man given to sport, and for whom bodily exercise was a necessity, still so cunningly does he suppress what is tiresome and give roseate hues to the good points that we might be tempted to have another try of the place if occasion offered. Again, if we turn to his account to his mother of the "Cotopaxi" affair all is as calm, as far as he is concerned, as was the sea around him, but once in an unguarded moment he lets in a side light which illuminates this incident. It was to his eldest brother Edward, who was one with him in early days and remained so to the end. With him he spent some hours when revisiting Natal on trooping duty with the 9th Lancers. Over pipes in talking of the adventure Charley remarked: "When I was coming up the companion ladder with the second paralysed patient the water was pouring down on us with great force. Having to carry him I had of course only one hand with which to drag us both up against it. By George! Edward, I thought it was all over. At each hand's turn it looked as if we both must be washed down by this flood before I could regain another hold."

THE TOUR OF HOME SERVICE PRECEDING HIS DEPARTURE FOR THE SEAT OF THE PRESENT WAR.

During this time, with the exception of absences at camps of exercise and instruction, he filled the position of D.A.D.M.S. Irish Command. What he was through these years to the many old friends he met here and to the social, sporting and military life of Dublin it is unnecessary to say. The name "Charley Dalton" opens up so many bright scenes that special reference to them is out of the question. He played many parts with a charm that was peculiarly his own.

Sport.—Under this heading a man of like type, and one intimately acquainted with him in most of his doings in the field, has given me the following notes:—

"Charles Dalton was about as fine a type of sportsman as it would be possible to get in this or any other age, a man who liked to be and went to great trouble always to keep himself fit, sticking to extreme moderation in food and liquor, and taking an extraordinary amount of exercise. One day, overtaking Charley in St. Stephen's Green, I asked him if he was going to Leopardstown Races. On his answering 'Yes,' I said, 'All right, let us take this

outside.' 'Outside be hanged!' 'How then are you going?' 'Going to walk,' and off we went on one of the most enjoyable walks I ever had. Charley moved so easily and was always so fit, that he envied not those who passed us in motors."

Most of his love of sport came to him from his father. Charley, being one of a large family, had as a young man to content himself with amusements less expensive than those classified as sport, i.e., with cricket, football, tennis, and rowing.

When away in India and on the West Coast he did a lot of shooting, and his residence was covered with trophies; but it was his hunting and racing career which showed the real grit of the man. Like many men in the Royal Army Medical Corps he could not afford either of these amusements when a young man, and although occasionally getting a mount, and willing to ride anything that came along, he was well on the wrong side of thirty before he found himself the possessor of a couple of horses—one of these named Caloola he brought up from the country in a horse truck himself, trained and rode him during the winter practically on his own, and had the satisfaction of being second in the military race at Fairyhouse, the Corps being, as the saying is "on to a man."

His last horse was the well-known Grand National horse Thowl-Pin; as brave as a lion, and as gentle as a lamb, would aptly describe him; trained by kindness and not by brute force, he was an extraordinary docile animal, and at the same time an extremely good one. Thowl-Pin fell once at Fairyhouse, but won everything else he went in for, including several point-to-point races—the Army heavy-weight race, the Military race at Fairyhouse, and finished by winning the Blue Riband of Irish Military Racing, the Grand Military at Punchestown, horse and owner being accorded a great ovation.

Charley was terribly fond of the sport, he worked at it so hard and so persistently that at the time of his death he would have very few superiors as a rider amongst military men, and certainly no one else who started so late would be likely to attain his proficiency.

As a horseman he had very little faith either in spur or sticks, and doing most of the training of his own horses, no one ever saw him in trouble with them.

In a sporting country, he got, and was offered plenty of mounts, and for the sake of a ride did not cavil very much if on some occasions their capabilities were rather below par.

Tennis in the summer and squash rackets in winter, at either of which he was fit to win tournaments, kept him very fit, and on the

90 *A Memoir of the late Lieut.-Col. Charles Dalton*

bike, "the poor man's friend" as he called it, he pedalled many a weary inch of the Ashbourne road in order to get a day's hunting or go for a "school" before breakfast on some embryo chaser.

Charley Dalton we believe was the first member of the Royal Army Medical Corps to win a Military Steeplechase in Ireland, and he added to the already high sporting status of the corps when he cantered away with the Irish Grand Military on Thowl-Pin. Thowl-Pin was a horse trained by himself. He was sold before the outbreak of the war, and is at present amongst the favourites for this year's Liverpool Grand National.

In conclusion, it was extraordinary the amount he did in a sporting way on his moderate means, and when one takes into consideration the way in which he met with open heart and hand the many calls upon him, calls personal and remote, the words "a true sportsman," with all they mean in the part of Ireland from which he came, take on a new and fuller meaning.

The following letters indicate Dalton's movements and doings from the outbreak of the war:—

TO HIS SISTER.

"15 Acres,
"Phœnix Park, Dublin,
"August 9, 1914.

". . . Here I am, busy mobilizing No. 1 General Hospital on the ground on which I have so often ridden old Thowl-Pin when exercising.

"It hardly seems credible that we are preparing for the big war, about which we have been talking so long that it seemed to have become a thing that was never going to be a reality.

"My billet is commanding one of our base hospitals, and although I expect to have plenty to do, I will be doing it under more comfortable surroundings than I have ever worked on service before. . . ."

TO HIS MOTHER.

"No. 1 General Hospital,
"British Expeditionary Force.

". . . The above is my address, and our orders are not to give any more information as to our positions. We are at present preparing to see patients, but have none up to date; when we get settled we will be very comfortable and can live quite in a civilized way, so you have no need to worry on that head. . . . We hear no war news except what we read in the English papers, and these only get to us very late.

"Even here we never know where anyone goes to. They disappear into a train and they do not themselves know their destination until after they have started. I have to read every letter of my unit before it is stamped with my Censor stamp—so that none of the men can let their families know of their whereabouts.

"Yours, etc."

Found in His Writing Case Returned from the Front.

TO MRS. FRANK DALTON.

"Head-quarters 2nd Division,

"British Expeditionary Force,

"September 13, 1914.

". . . I have lost my nice comfortable billet of a General Hospital, and, as you probably heard, have joined the Field Army. I have been sent up to do A.D.M.S. of a Division in place of Colonel Thompson of my corps, who is amongst the missing."

(Before going out he confided to a friend that an assurance had been given him that what he called "his comfortable billet" would not hold him long.)

"We are having a very strenuous time, but we are beating the Germans, and nobody worries much about anything else. They are on the run now and we are following up. Large batches of German prisoners and wounded are now coming almost daily into our hands, and they all seem thoroughly tired and sick of fighting. We are off every morning in the dark, and get into our billets after dark. The shortening days are handicapping us considerably, and of course this is an increasing evil as the winter comes on. The Head-quarters Staff of the Division always have a roof over their heads, which is a lot to be thankful for, and our billets vary in a wonderful way. One night we will be in a farm building, next night in a very fine chateau, and again another night we may be in some public building in a town. The Germans have generally only left twelve hours before we arrive, so the beds we have to-night were slept in by Germans last night.

"All the nice places are deserted by their owners, and only a caretaker left, and it is quite sad to see the whole of the wardrobes, drawers and other lock-ups burst open and the contents scattered all about the rooms. As a rule I must say there is no wanton destruction of property noticeable, but everything that is of any use is taken, including the food and wine; always the wine, in fact they never leave a bottle, and the French inhabitants tell us they are always drunk every night.

"I, of course, have had no letters or papers for a very long time now, as they all go to No. 1 General Hospital first—poor old No. 1 and I had become great friends, and I was very sorry to part from a

real good lot of men. They gave me a great send-off when I was leaving them, and my departure was very sudden.

“We have had excellent weather on the whole but occasionally we get a good washing out, it is about the only washing we do get.

“I have not had a bath since I joined the 2nd Division and do not see any prospect in the near future. We have to be after the Germans very quickly if we want to get a good bag of them, and when you get up at 4 a.m. or earlier and”

This is all we know of Dalton under his own hand ; the remainder has been told in the opening pages. There remains a few points to be referred to under such headings as :—

PROFESSIONAL WORK.

His life was so eventful that we have to guard ourselves from loving him, as in Othello's case, “solely for the dangers he had gone through.” There was much besides.

Firstly his handicap in professional efficiency as adjudicated by the War Office was “scratch” and those who served under him used to say, that it should be plus 3. His letters teem with instances of the interest he took in matters medical, surgical, and military and show him in unremitting efforts to make up his work. In one he says, “A senior to me has arrived, thank God! I can now spend evenings at home making up lea-way—as long as I was the only senior man I felt bound to dine with the young fellows constantly at mess.” Examinations and camps of instruction are invariably referred to as incentives to, and opportunities for making up work. The present writer recalls a day when he dropped in upon him in his office at the Castle about 3 p.m. After a reference to how hard Thowl-Pin had pulled at “a school” that morning, the conversation turned upon the army medical work as shown by statistics referring to his last tour in India. He told me, as he might describe a fox hunt, of the personal efforts made by each individual medical officer to bring down the death-rate and that of invaliding ; of letters of the surgeon-general urging them each year to try and break each previous record ; of how they had hunted up “typhoid carriers” and tried not to give one single trick away to the arch enemy, etc., etc. Then on my referring to the state of things, as shown by statistics, during my first tour of service in India he looked up those of 1866 and those in the last blue book, with the following result :—

Year	1866	1912
Death-rate per 1,000	19.03	4.62
Invaliding ,,	48.79	6.68
Average daily sick ..	58.42	28.86

What a splendid record of life-giving efforts equal to more than destruction (as applied to us) has been able to accomplish in the present war.

Surely! brother officers ours is a "noble profession," and worthy the devotion of a life.

RELIGION AND HOME LIFE.

These necessarily go together, for his home bound him to his religion and his religion to his home. As has already been said, he was one of a large family. For him religion and home meant everything, the oftener the reader goes on repeating "meant everything" the nearer he will be getting to Charley. He was a Catholic, sincere but not austere, who adhered to the end to the practices of his religion. A soldier when questioned as to his religion, not seldom answers "I hold the religion my mother taught me." It is not on record that Dalton ever made such a statement, but intimate friends of his hold the opinion that he found his religion, as taught to him by her, so satisfying that there was nothing urging him to these transcendental inquiries, which, for many, as Keats says, "Spoils the singing of the Nightingale."

This concludes, for space is necessarily limited, the doings of as simple, as adventurous, as noble and as open-handed a soldier and sportsman as Ireland ever produced. It has already been said that he had a harmonious strength, an equal ease in doing all things, an intuition of order, rightness and the essentials of matters spiritual and temporal. These made the God-head that quickened in him; perhaps with equal accuracy you might call it duty, you might call it love, all the virtues are one, since God is one. When the life was knocked out of him, strength yielded temporarily to violence, I say temporarily, for violence is not of God. Lucky are we who knew him. As soldiers it is our duty when we turn "right about" in the grave yard to go our way rejoicing; but on that account we, perhaps more than others, keep a corner in our hearts where we

94 *A Memoir of the late Lieut.-Col. Charles Dalton*

“let love clasp grief” lest both be drowned, there we shall treasure him—he in return making alive for us these words of George Eliot’s :—

“ O may I join the Choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence live
In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
For miserable aims that end with self.
In thoughts sublime, that pierce the night like stars
And with their mild persistence urge man’s search
To vaster issues
This is life to come.

Which martyred men have made more glorious,
For us to strive to follow, may I reach
That purest Heaven, be to other souls
The cup of strength in some great agony,
Enkindle generous ardour, feed pure love,
Beget the smiles that have no cruelty—
Be the sweet perfume of a good diffused
And in diffusion ever more intense
So shall I join the Choir invisible
Whose music makes the gladness of the world.”