



4726

DUBLIN.

6th October 193

My dear Pippa

I suppose you will be just about back in Lancaster gate when you get this & perhaps not sorry to be there. You will find in your sitting room that photograph of an officer whose clothes are like mine, which is a gift to the room if you want it.

I arrived in Dublin on Sunday the 24th at about 7 a.m. I was very comfortable on the journey, having secured a sleeping berth in the train & a cabin on the steamer; I don't know whether it was rough crossing as I was asleep, but it was pretty cold

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a Kingston when we landed. I there met one of our captains - Arthur Hood by name, brother of the man who has succeeded the Squire as member; he had been shooting in Yorkshire & joined our train at Chester. On arrival at Dublin

I went first to a hotel, where I went to bed for an hour or so, & then went over to the mess in Ship Street barracks; Dublin is an exceedingly dirty town in every part, but Ship St. is in the centre of the dirtiest & slummiest portion & the barracks there are like pig-sties. However, they are very central, quite close to the Castle & principal streets which is something, & very healthy too - although there is a case

of Typhoid from these wards - but amongst our men though. I was put temporarily into the room of "Andy" Sanderson, son of the great Colonel, he being away for the present, & managed to drag along until last Tuesday when we left Ship Street and came here - Richmond. A lot of our officers have gone away on leave till Dec^r 15th, so we only have about 9 here now. I am Mess President, it being considered that my experience as A.D.C. qualified me for looking after the grub etc; fortunately for my brother officers there is a very good mess Sergeant. I have also got a magnificent company - "G", or Captain R. J. Shackey's Company - consisting nominally of 85 men; I don't at present know much about them, over

30 bring on furlough preparatory to going
to India to the 3rd Bato. My subaltern
is Cowell - son of Sir John Cowell, the
Queen's Master of the Household - a very
nice youth. We have got rather a
distinguished lot of relatives in this
Battalion! The Colonel is one of the
deytelterns, among the captains are sons
of the Earl of Leicester, of the owner of
St Michael's Mount, of the Chairman
of the E. I. R., of the late Ambassador
at Lisbon; subalterns are sons of the
Master of the Household, of Col. Saunders,
& of Gen^l Mansfield Clarke, a nephew of
Lord Chelmsford, a grandson of Gen^l Sir
Robert Blyth & many others whose
connections have name, fame or fortune.
None of us however have any of these
- our relations keep them for themselves!
The Irish outside car is a very peculiar
invention; when you get onto one in
Dublin you take your life in your hand,



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as the streets are all paved with very slippery cobble stones & if your horse comes down you can't possibly avoid being thrown out onto the stones. The drivers are peculiar people & with the slightest encouragement - & often without - will talk to you all the time about all sorts of people & things in a neatly embroidered brogue. I was being driven the other day & after narrowly missing running over about six foot passengers we took the varnish off a scowth - without hurting him however; my carman remarked in a tone of deep disgust "It bates the world, the dilatoriness of some of these payple."

I now speak with a curious accent myself - Australian-American-Irish!

I went the other night to dine with the Gordon Highlanders; after dinner the pipes of course came in & played several things; when their programme was finished we, the guests, were asked to suggest anything as an extra. The singer said he thought he would like "The wearing of the green" if they played it! They said they certainly played it but didn't call it by the same name - "we're a' content" was their name for it. It was finally settled by the senior piping member that they should play "we're a' content" then break into some quick march & end up with "The deil amang the tailors." The subaltern on duty was sent out to tell the pipe-major; the subaltern was a very young one of the name of Cameron & he was told to tell the pipe major to select his

own quick step - "But mind, don't tell him to play the march of the Cameron men" was shouted after the youth. On enquiry I found that this was not a tune the Gordon's ought to play. When young Cameron came back he said he didn't know what march the pipe-major would select - he hadn't told him anything particular. Of course it was the "Cameron men" when it did come & every one shook their fists at Cameron, who vowed & swore he hadn't ordered it; the Adjutant got up & left the room till the piece was done! It was all done in joke of course & was rather funny.

"As Hugh Hughes was hearing a yank log from a yew tree, a youth dressed in a suit of unusually sombre hue said to him: "Have you seen my

ewe? "If" said Hugh Hughes "you'll
~~wait~~ wait till I have hewn this ^{year} yule
log - a thing I am unused to - I
will help you look for your ewe in
any part of Europe you choose."

I don't know whether I have got it
all right myself, but that is an exercise
in dictation to set to any foreigner who
thinks he knows English! You might
try to invent some more of the same
sort; I didn't invent that myself
- only polished it up a bit.

I forgot to say that Richmond Banacks
are on the outskirts of Dublin, near the
Phoenix park & are much nicer, I think,
than Ship St, though rather a long way out.
The Grenadiers are in the same banacks
with us.

I left a card on John Morley yesterday - Tell
me in writing about Kings &c - I have
forgotten what I was told.

Your affect^{te} brother
Dick.