



4730

DUBLIN.

25<sup>th</sup> June 1844

My dear Pippa

How are you getting  
on in London?

The day I got back here I  
went on to the Curragh, where  
I lived in a tent until Friday  
last when I returned to Dublin.  
My Company was doing its Annual  
Musketry course at the Curragh,  
which in fine weather would be  
a nice enough place I should  
say. Most of the time I was there  
however it rained & blew a cold  
east wind. On three occasions

I went away into the country to fish for trout, but never caught a one. We also played 2 cricket matches and shot a donkey by mistake on the range one day.

Will you ask Frederic whether

- (1) He returned the latch-key to the lodging house.
- (2) He received a telegram from me saying I had left all my unwashed washing behind in the said house. As I haven't yet received it.

Don't you think it would be rather a good thing if you came over here for a week or so? We could have rather a good time if it

was fine, as there are lots of "places of interest" in the neighbourhood & we might even get as far as Keltarney, which I want to see. I shouldn't advise any one very large to come, as the only locomotives here - cars - are not built for <sup>the</sup> massive or aged. Ask Shinn - perhaps she would come with you - or Aunt Lett or some one.

When this battalion was encamped at a place in Kent called Lydd, they used to play cricket matches on Sunday, which shocked some of the inhabitants very much. On one occasion Stephens (known as the Stiff 'un) dropped an easy catch

when fielding. One of the natives  
said to him: "Young man - Jesus  
wept. - And well he might." It  
is uncertain whether "he might"  
on account of the dropped catch  
or on account of the Sunday cricket.  
Love to all -

Your affect<sup>o</sup> brother

Dick

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