J. Wood

8

Note.

Lake District

The Curragh Camp Ireland

Thomas Wood M.D.
Oct. 1863.
to
Feb: 1864

15th October, 1863.

Left Wigan at 2.11 p.m., with E.P. for Keswick by Windermere. A good day. Arrived at Windermere about half past four. Windermere at present the terminus of the Kendal and Windermere Railway. The Coach left for Keswick at five o'clock. The situation of the Windermere Hotel is very fine. Very soon after we started, we found out our mistake in not having arranged so as to make this journey earlier in the day, instead of setting out from Windermere in little better than twilight. This road is famous as a beautiful drive. Near Windermere the sides of the road

are studded with neat villas; and many fine ones dot the margin of the lake, where they peep from among the trees in a charming way. That snug villa with its handsome lawns and leafy shrubberies belongs to a retired merchant; that one on the other side with its stately campanile is the retreat of a doctor from one of the great manufacturing towns. Here on the right hand stands a man servant waiting at the gate for the newspaper. Around him are several dogs, including a handsome setter, which the coachman points out to me,

saying it is a lady's dog. She is a German lady, a spinster, who has been settled there for a good many years. She used to shoot, fish, and boat, like "any other man". Now, I am sorry to say, she is suffering greatly from rheumatism, I think the coachman said. I can imagine the good German lady so fond of her adopted land that she will not leave this pretty spot, although the climate must be one of the worst for her complaint.

The coachman is not garrulous, and is content with replying civilly but briefly to our questions. I think how much more enthusiastic

I should have been at the sight of this beautiful country once upon a time; but I am glad that I can still feel its beauties. Coachy remembers Wordsworth, Southey, and Hartley Coleridge, quite well, having driven in this district for more than twenty years. Wordsworth he speaks of as a heavy-faced man; Southey as big, heavy, man; and Hartley, as he calls him, "a little moody-lookin' fellow", lookin' always 'if he was half-drunk".
We pass Rydal in the last of the twilight. Grasmere is passed in heavy rain and in the darkness. Wordsworth

lies in Grasmere churchyard, "between a yew of his own planting and an aged thorn tree", as I find in De Quincey's "Recollections" — he died in 1850.

In Grasmere churchyard, too, is buried Hartley Coleridge.

During the greater part of the drive to Keswick, 22 miles, it rained heavily. We were about half-an-hour late.

Friday, 16th Oct.

But for a turn down Keswick Street before breakfast. It is actually fine today – that is, there is no rain actually falling, and the clouds do not quite rest on the chimney pots. After breakfast, walked round by the road which winds to the north of the town. – Saw part of the railway in course of making. The rails are laid in some parts.

After lunch, rode round the lake (Derwentwater), through the village of , up the high and winding road above the old lead mines,

past the village of the Grange, then turning the horse's head towards Keswick again, past Lodore and its well known cataract, to Keswick. It took me two hours and a half to do the distance leisurely. The day still kept fine, and enabled me to enjoy the series of lovely views which the winding of the road brings into sight. One of the most striking views is from the highest part of the road, above the old lead mines at the end of the lake, looking down upon the lake; ~~turnd by the lofty mitter~~ or in the other direction, turning the back upon the lake, and looking up the

gorge of the hills, in which stands a high, rugged, ~~craggy~~, feathery with bracken and trees.
Another very fine view is seen from the bridges over the river, about eighty yards from the Grange — ~~standing~~ facing the hamlet. It is a charming picture — the little hamlet, of rugged houses of grey ~~rugged~~ stone, the little church built in the same simple fashion; in front the swift stream shining in the rays of the evening sun; behind the ~~east~~ back ground of mountain, picked out with the rich and mellow tints of autumn, ~~with~~ ~~the brackens~~ ~~wrapped~~ with the grey of the rocks; the silvery beck

gleaming on its swarthy side, and above all the canopy of mist.

17th. Yesterday's ride brought me sound and refreshing sleep, which is a treat to me. Before breakfast, took a short walk down the town. Rain fell in the morning, a small, drenching drizzle. About eleven o'clock it cleared up; and I resolved to set out on my brother's horse to visit the Vale of St. John. Left Keswick about half-past eleven by the Penrith road, which I followed for three miles. On the left the view is very fine – the Greta running at the base of the grand mass which culminates in Skiddaw; the lower part of the mountain range ~~covered~~ with richly tinted woods; with here

and then a white farm house of a humble sort. At a farm-house called Burns a road turns off to the right, leading to the vale of St. John, of which you have already a full view from the highway. Down this narrow road, skirted as usual in Cumberland with 'Dry-stane dykes', or 'open' walls, as they call them hereabouts (also, "dry stone" walls), over the river which comes down the valley (to unite with the Glendaramacken to form the Greta). Two elderly men were fishing. One grilse had been caught that morning. A good many have been taken in the neighbourhood

of late. The day was now fine; the sun bright and warm; the clouds high and white, and only the highest mountain-tops shrouded in mist. About half-way up the vale the eye catches sight of a small grey building high up on the hill on the ~~left~~ right. It stands in a slight recess of the hill; and looks at first sight like an ordinary ~~peasant~~ dwelling. But if it be examined more closely, something like a tower will be seen rising from the further end of the building. It is the Chapel of St. John. I rode up to it. Before you come to it, is a roofless, ruined, house, evidently of some age. The chapel itself is in good repair. Perhaps has been mainly rebuilt. It is a low building, long for its height,

built of the usual grey building stone of the district (Borrondale slate?), with narrow windows, and a stunted tower, only a few feet higher than the ridge of the roof. (Most of the churches here are of a similar pattern & bearing a rude resemblance to Crosthwaite church, outside Keswick) A road leads past the church across the hills towards Keswick. In front of the church the view is shut in to the north by a grassy hill, rugged with rocks; on the other side, the sun is hid by a high and precipitous spur of the mountain range, rising from the churchyard wall. In the churchyard are a few laurel bushes of recent growth,

one small fir tree; and a plane-tree of considerable size stands, at the western side. A few yards further up the road is a little building, of similar appearance with the church, designed for a school. Not a soul is to be seen about the place. It is the most sequestered place of worship I remember seeing in this Country. They say the sun shines upon it only three months out of the twelve; and one can easily see how it cannot do much more, from the position of the little edifice.

Down from the chapel of St. John, into the vale, and along the road, past some white-washed farm houses on either side of the road: some of them

of modern appearance. The vista of hills encloses an exquisite view, in which the noble Castle Rock is the chief feature. The sunlight brings out the tints of the foliage in perfection. The hills on the right are clothed at their base with feathery-looking firs; ~~[illegible]~~ and the Castle Rock with trees of many ~~[illegible]~~ shades of russet. White faced houses peep from the deep green firs. The swiftly gliding stream is sparkling brightly in the sun. Long shadows streak the green hill-sides, as the sun's rays begin to slant down the hills. Rode as far as the "King's Head", a rude inn in Leyber-

the mile, beneath Whiteside.
Almost in front is the Eagle Crag or Raven Crag, which is on the further side of Thirlmere, a lake as yet invisible. After baiting the horse, I rode up a cross-road for about quarter of a mile, past a finely-situated house looking upon the lake, and winding round the skirt of plantation which shuts in this house, came to the Three Bridges, where Thirlmere narrows to a ~~few~~ yards, and is crossed by three little rustic foot-bridges built upon a rude causeway of stones. I could scarcely say which view to admire the most, that up the lake, or that looking down

A white house peeps pleasantly from the trees on the further side - the property of Mr. Leathes. Thirlmere seems but a shallow piece of water. It is a very quiet spot. I can see but two or three houses altogether. Back by the Ambleside and Keswick road, to Keswick, instead of by the vale of St. John. Had no rain the whole time - between four and five hours.

Sunday, 18th October.

Rained nearly all day. Went to Crosthwaite Church, Rev. Mr. Pollock, morning & afternoon. The church is old,

and contains a good many marble tablets; one monument to some of the Derwentwater family, representing two recumbent figures on the tomb, one in armour — Southey's monument, in marble, represents the poet in a recumbent position.

Monday, 19th Oct.

It did not rain, but that was all, when I went out. Rode from Keswick, past Derwent-water, through Borrowdale, by Sealsdar, through Honiston Pass, to Buttermere. Lunched at Bitesbarse at "Victoria Inn", Buttermere. Returned through the Vale of Newlands to Keswick, having been absent about seven hours.

Unfortunately, it rained the greater part of the time, although not heavily until I left Buttermere, when it increased.

This makes a very interesting trip, embracing different kinds of scenery. You have the richly-wooded views between Keswick and Seatoller, with the bold rocks called the Castle Crag, and the Boulder Stone. At Seatoller a few houses, surrounded by trees, stand in the small valley, through which a brook runs to Derwentwater. The hamlet called Grange, at the end of Derwentwater is a most picturesque spot. At Seatoller, or a

little before you reach it, you have a view of a fine mountain-range on the left, apparently terminating in a wild-looking peak, one of the most striking peaks I have observed.

After leaving Seatollar, the road winds suddenly up a steep ascent, by which you enter Honister Pass. A brook dashes over a very rugged bed down past Seatollar, and you have this brook close to the lonely road until you reach the summit of the pass. Then you come in sight of a very grand view. Hitherto you have been passing for more than a mile through a narrow glen, shut in by bleak ridges, but the sides covered with grass and rushes, and the

bottom full of bogs. Now you see the road, narrow and rugged, entering with very steep descent, a secluded defile, with immense crags frowning on either side, ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ their sides streaked with their waterfalls; huge masses of rock which have been detached from the crags lying at the base, and a rapid torrent brawling beside the road, sometimes crossing it a foot deep. This pass is the grandest scene I have yet seen in this neighbourhood; so wild and lonely, without human habitations from Scatollar to its end, except a ruined shieling which seems to have been used by men who have been digging peat,

or quarrying the slate stone.

Tuesday, 21st October.

Heavy clouds, hanging half-way down the mountains, gave but little promise of a good day; but by noon the weather was very fine, and improved as the day wore on.

John and I drove to Cockermouth, a distance of thirteen miles, down the Vale of Keswick, and past the lake of Bassenthwaite, along the south bank of which the road winds, at the base of steep crags, and skirted with copse-wood. Several little hamlets, and scattered villas, are nestled among the trees on the south side of the valley; and the sunny side of the valley, at the base of the Skiddaw range, is dotted with many a white farm-house and its out-buildings, and with many pretty residences. In the centre of the valley, about a few

hundred yards beyond Crosthwaite church, the construction of the railway works gives one a good idea of the excessive floods to which the river Derwent is subject. The line has been raised upon an embankment at this part, and it has been considered necessary to take precautions against the sudden flooding of the river by leaving long open spaces in the embankment to allow a large body of water to pass, the rails ~~lying~~ at such points being carried over a way supported by resting upon screw piles of great size and strength. About two years ago, before the line was well begun, very heavy floods occurred, ~~and their effects~~ ~~season~~ and very fortunately impressed the engineer with the necessity of being well prepared for them.

Had they not occurred at that time, it would have been difficult for my brother to have had in good time a correct idea as to their power and magnitude, from mere hearsay. The line passes close along the south shore of Bassenthwaite; in some places, actually within its margin. The view will be splendid from the railway-train as it comes abreast of Bassenthwaite, embracing the lake, with its six miles of water, finely wooded banks dotted with villas, beyond which on the north, sloping pastures stretch up the mountain-side; the grand bulk of Skiddaw, and Saddleback beyond it, and the distant town of Keswick, with the Helvellyn range beyond all. Bassenthwaite is rather swampy at either end. After passing Wood-end, the road towards Cockermouth

passes along the north side of the valley, where the scenery is much tamer, except ~~that~~ when towards the south, when several bold mountain masses indicate the position of the Lower water. This valley is more under cultivation than any tract of land I have seen near Keswick; the farm-houses are larger, and the population thicker. To the north, we seem to have left the mountains behind at Skiddaw. The railway has a run of four or five miles down this valley to Cockermouth, nearly in a straight line, the line was originally devised to take a much more tortuous direction at this part; but the responsibility was taken of altering the plan so far, and carrying the line

down nearly in a straight line, in spite of the extra expense, and doubtless, much to the ultimate profit of the shareholders. Reached Cockermouth a little before two, having left between eleven and twelve, driving leisurely. The town stands in a small valley, upon the rivers Derwent and Cocker, which join at this point; the former a wide and rapid stream, and the Cocker, though smaller, rather more rapid. The town is built partly of slate, and partly of the sandstone found in the neighbourhood. There is one rather handsome church on an eminence near the ~~last~~ east end of the town, recently built. Several handsome villas ornament the north side of the valley, near the town, backed with woods. The Castle stands on high ground near the east end

of the town. It is built of sandstone; some of it inhabited; the walls in good repair. The property of Lord Lecmfield. The hatchment at the east end is mourning for the deceased Countess. The Keswick line of railway joins the Cockermouth and Whitehaven line a little beyond the west end of the town.
The principal street is wide and regular. I am told the town is nearly with sewage, like Keswick.
There are some mills in the town, thread mills, I believe. One of them is a large building. We put up the vehicle at the "Globe", on the south side of the principal street. It is, I believe, the principal inn in the town; an old house, but not a very pleasant

hour, I am informed.

About twelve miles from Cockermouth, to the South, are the rich mines of hæmatite iron-ore, which are yielding most handsome profit to the proprietors. They are described to me as being most unsafe to life and limb; the supports employed in supporting the galleries being quite inadequate to the enormous pressure they have to sustain. I have seen, here and in Cockermouth, some splendid specimens of the hæmatite, some of the specimens about a foot in diameter.

After looking at the bridges, several of which occur on the new line at Cockermouth, we left the town for Keswick about 4 o'clock, driving home in a fine, clear, bracing evening, and arriving about half-past 5.

The moon, entering upon its second quarter, shone brightly this evening, and the sky was bright and starry, shewing the outlines of the landscape, the tops of a few of the mountains with bright caps of cloud upon them, the part of Derwentwater like a sheet of polished silver, surrounded by dark undulating woods. To add to the exquisite picture, seen from the north shore of the lake, the aurora borealis displayed its changing gleams of light beyond Skiddaw and the Dodd, at times like the lurid reflection of fire arising from craters in those mountains. A beautiful picture, enhanced by this treacherous light, which is an omen of but sorry weather in these latitudes.

Wednesday, 21st October.

The day broke bright and clear, and continued so ~~for the~~ until the afternoon, when it became overcast. Rain fell about four o'clock, and continued late into the night.

Walked with John up the valley of the Greta, to see the railway works at that part of the line, which are in an advanced state, most of the numerous bridges over the Greta being nearly finished, and the tunnel more than half finished. The works are heavy on this portion of the line. The river is very rapid, and where it impinges against the embankment of the line, necessitates very strong stonework. In one part its course has been diverted, and brought from a curve nearly to a

straight line. The bed of the river being narrow, or, rather, the valley in which it runs, there is little choice of room for the line, without necessitating very heavy cuttings through the high sides of the valley; whence the river has to be crossed repeatedly. The bridges are chiefly of the box-string pattern, of iron.
Returned by the Penrith road abreast of Latting.
After lunch, walked to call at Ormathwaite (Mr Wake), at Underscar (Mr Coley), neither at home; afterwards to Derwent Bank, on opposite side of the Lake, by Portinscale, and found Dr Leitch at home. His house is very beautifully situated, and commands

a lovely view of the lake towards the town of Keswick. Rain fell heavily as we returned.

Thursday, 22d October.
Dense white fog in the valley when I got up. Walked out, on the Ambleside road before breakfast, and upon getting up the hill beyond Brow-top (Mr Fenton's) found that the fog was limited to the vicinity of the lake and lower parts of the valley. By nine o'clock the sun was shining out warm and bright; and the day proved a splendid one.
At half past 10, set out with Peace to ascend Skiddaw, taking Atkinson the guide

with us, as it was our first ascent. We may turn up the Penrith road a short way, then to the left by a bye-road up the hill of Lattrig, past Greta Bank (the residence of — Spedding Esq.), the road soon becoming of steep ascent. After passing over the hill (the road taking us past Ormathwaite and Underscar, to the eastward of these points) the path crosses a more level portion of the mountain-mass, called Gale, which is free of timber, and covered with soft grass, and is a good upland pasture. Lattrig is finely wooded, and its steep side overlooking the bed of the Greta ~~at the~~ presents a fine

sight at this season; from the rich tints of its thick covering of wood.
Soon after crossing the Gale, the ascent becomes very steep; but the footing is good, the sides of the hill being covered with a ~~plentiful~~ thick covering of grass and heather. It is a good pull up to the half-way house, a little hut where light refreshments are sold during the height of the season.
None of us being in very good condition we were not ashamed to rest the breath now and then, for which we had a good excuse in the splendid views of the distant hills which opened out to us as we ascended.
Not far from the shoulder of the mountain, as it were, is a small spring, which, I have no doubt, has been

hailed with welcome by many a thirsty climber. After passing the peak known as Skiddaw's Little Brother (?) we felt, in the hollow between that peak and the highest part of the mountain, a sudden keen breeze from the North West, which we ceased to feel as we neared the last ascent. There are two or three points of Skiddaw marked by cairns or piles of stones by the Engineers, which appeared to be of about equal height. The most northerly being rather the highest.
We were highly favoured in the day, the weather being fine. It was nearly half-past one when we arrived at the top.

The air was tolerably warm, the sun shining brightly, and not a cloud near us. Now and then, however, the N.W. wind fanned us a little too briskly to be agreeable, in our heated state. Below, to the N.E., we saw the forest of Skiddaw, which lies at the base of the mountain, forming a boggy valley enclosed by the Skiddaw range and ~~[illegible]~~ a lesser range of hills. The keeper's house is a lonely dwelling in the middle of the wild valley. It is on a forest without trees; grouse being almost the only game found in it. It belongs now to Lord Lecnfield. The horizon was rather hazy to the North; but we could distinctly see the the Scottish border, the ranged

hills in Wigton and Dumfriesshire. We could not distinguish Carlisle, in which direction the haze was thicker. The Solway Firth was distinct; the range of Crossfell, the back-bone of England; Melfell; the town of Penrith distinctly seen; the Helvellyn range, with Catchedecam and Helvellyn itself, "the dark brow of the mighty Helvellyn" – "Striding Edge" very distinctly seen connecting Catchedecam and Helvellyn with a ragged line; the Vale of St. John, the Castle Rocks, Legberthwaite; to the right of the end of the Helvellyn range a long vista opening up a view of Morecambe Lancaster Castle and Morecambe bay are visible

on very clear days through this gap, I believe); the lake of Derwentwater with its wooded shores and islands; Borrodale, rich in varied outline and light and shadow; the lofty Scawfell range, culminating in Scawfell Pike; Great End, Great Gable, and the mountains beyond Buttermere; the quiet vale of Newlands sprinkled with white dwellings; Bassenthwaite and the more open country towards Cockermouth, which town is plainly seen, stretching towards Whitehaven; towards the N.W. the district about Silloth, where we can see signs of the coal mines which are worked there (near Workington); round again to the North, the

Solway, and the Scottish border.
The Isle of Man was not visible today. I have omitted to mention our near neighbour, Saddle-back, or Blencathra, whose sturdy back we now look upon, in the South East, or East foreground. This is but a very rough sketch of the extension and varied range stretched out ~~before~~ the traveller who looks from the top of Skiddaw.
Before we began the descent, we felt the wind very chilly, and were glad to get out at a brisk rate. At first the descent tried our legs rather severely, but the strain upon the muscles of the thigh was less felt by the

time we got half way down.
When we left there was not a cloud near Skiddaw; but before we reached the level of the town, its summit was hid by dense cloud. We reached the town about a quarter past four, having been absent rather more than five hours and a half, having taken the journey leisurely both in going and coming. The guide told us he had gone up and down in three hours, with a person on foot, accompanying tourists on ponies; and that he has ascended the mountain three times in one day. The ascent is called about six miles. The height of Skiddaw is 3020 ft.

Atkinson, the guide, performed a remarkable feat in pedestrianism. On the 6th June, 1846, he says, he ascended Skiddaw from Keswick; descending, struck across to Scawfell, ascended the Pikes; from thence by Wythburn to the top of Helvellyn; and lastly, ascended Skiddaw again, and returned to Keswick – within 24 hours, by 19 minutes. The actual distance is computed by him at between 70 and 80 miles; and, in addition to that, there is the ascent of some 15,000 feet. Such is the story as I got it. It is, I believe, recorded in "Bell's Life" of the period.

There were persons waiting for him at some of the summits, and he was accompanied by several individually

part of the way; while at Belhellyn he recorded the time of his arrival there upon a card, which he placed in a bottle upon the cairn on the summit.

Friday, 23d. October.

A magnificent day - frost over night - the air clear and bracing; the sun bright and warm. The scenery could not be seen under better circumstances. The lake seemed to look its very best. Took a boat and rowed by myself to Dodore and back. With difficulty got so far, lingering at every one of the many lovely vistas which open out to you advance towards the head of the lake. The surface of the lake was as smooth as it possibly could be.

In such weather, rowing a most exhilarating exercise, with such inducements. I spent some three hours upon the lake.
In the afternoon, walked with John to the railway works about a mile beyond Crosthwaite, near the entrance to the Vale of Newlands, where the line is supported on screw-piles, and saw the ingenious operation of screwing in the cast-iron cylindrical piles, a tedious operation, and one requiring great care, to insure the piles being perpendicular. The pile has a screw like that of a steam-ship. A stout, cylindrical piece of timber is inserted into the tube of the pile, and to the

top of this guy-ropes are attached to steady it, and to keep it perpendicular; while the rotary motion is effected by two horses, one to either of two long and powerful levers clamped to the pile about four feet from the level of the ground. As the pile screws in, these levers are shifted higher up, by means of lifts. As the pile screws in, the work becomes heavier and heavier for the powerful horses, until at last they have to stop every few yards of their circuit.

Saturday, 24 October 1863.
A very fine morning. Before breakfast, walked to the Castle Head, from which the

view of Derwentwater is very fair, and that of Borrowdale particularly so. After breakfast, visited Crosthwaite Museum, and was very much pleased with the objects of interest which it contains; such as minerals, geological specimens, antiquities &c.
The mineral specimens are numerous, and of great beauty; illustrating the rock formations of the district. Many specimens of porphyry, grain hornblende, from vicinity of Skiddaw. Skiddaw granite. Slate of various kinds; including two or three interesting specimens of 'faults' in that rock, in slabs of a foot in length - from Barf Crag.

Musical stones found by Mr. Croskrandy, founder of the Museum. in 1785 in Sandbeds of the Greta. They are blackish slabs of hornblende slate, of an oblong form. The tones elicited from them are highly musical, and the sister of the proprietor plays a pretty air upon them with a wooden hammer with effect.

Most of the Roman antiquities in the museum have been found in the neighbourhood.

One of the most valuable of the Roman relics is an iron sword, with a scabbard of brass, and hilt of bone and brass. It is one of the most perfect specimens in the country. This sword ~~together~~ with two or three other weapons, was

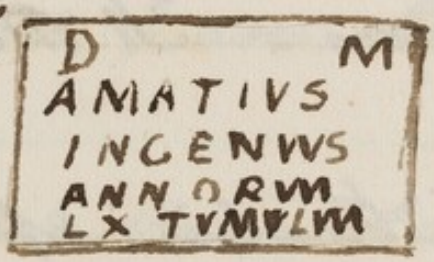
found about 20 years ago, at Embleton about 4 miles on this side of Cockermouth.
The hilt bears traces of enamelling.
Mr. Franks, of the British Museum, not long ago made accurate drawings of these relics.
In the same case is a Roman eagle, of brass, apparently belonging to a helmet (? too small for standard). ~~Such~~ It was found at a Roman Station on the Ambleside road.
Roman 'censers'. like 3-legged coffee-pots – one from Papcastle, near Cockermouth. the other from Caermot – both of which places were Roman stations.
It is said that wheat has

been found at Papcastle - said to be in a charred condition.

Bronze Roman axes, ~~axes~~ hatchets, and spear-heads - four or five are of older forms without the loop at the side for securing to the handle - two or three with the loop -

Roman flue.

Tombstone from Old Carlisle, in Wigton, about 11 miles from Carlisle. The characters are very defined, of sand-stone. The slab is



Rare and curious books -

A copy of the "Breeches Bible", 1578 - belonged to a family from Derbyshire.

A copy of Latin Psalms, with

Roman Prayers and Canticles,
printed at Paris by Peter Levet
in
St Augustine "De Trinitate"
Germany 1489 - date at end -
by Joh. Amerbach
Aldine edition of Statius -
Venice, 1502.
Livy - Lugduni 1548.
Melanchthon's "Locipraecipui Theologici"
1558.
Latimer's Sermons - "M. Doctor Latymer"
1562 -
Curious M.S. treatise upon the
Catechism of the Church
small octavo - most exactly and
carefully written, in small characters,
altogether a pattern of neatness;
although it is a pity the diligent

author, C.B., could not allow himself more paper. It is unfinished. The author is not known but is supposed to have been a rector of Freystoke, whose name had the initials C.B., and who lived at Freystoke about the date upon the M.S. 1622.

Several other rare books.

Shirt of mail of Stephen's time, each link passes through four others.

Saxon bulla, inlaid with gold on concave surface, in Carlisle.

A considerable number of articles of Roman pottery.

A considerable number of Roman coins, in good preservation - including one of Jul. Cæsar. The head of Vitellius remarkably distinct; and those of Nero and Trajan scarcely less so.

Beautiful medal in honour of Charles I - no date. The face very fine, sharp, clear, and handsome - bronze.

Medal struck to commemorate the acquittal of the seven bishops, 1688. on one side heads of bishops - on other, head of Arch. Sancroft - silver.

Half-crown of Charles II.

Many other coins and medals of various countries and periods - eastern and western.

Roman bell - about 4 inches long.
Large hand-bell, ~~[illegible]~~ four-sided - supposed to be very ancient, found near this place.

We were told that a new catalogue of the articles contained in this interesting little museum is in course of preparation.

There is an old carbine in the collection, of French make, with the maker's name - date not quite fixed. It is a two-chambered revolver, and seems to be practically well-made.

Sunday 25th. Went to the Cathedral church, and afterwards to the Druidic circle, from which the view is wonderful, looking into big valleys.

Monday, 26th Oct. 1883.

Left Keswick, by coach for Windermere, at 9.30.; the day fine, though not very clear. In Legberthwaite, saw the miners wending their way up the mountain-side, near Whitside, I think, with their white wallets on their backs, which made me think at first that they were women. They take a week's 'provisions', as a fellow-passenger told me, and remain until Friday afternoon, lodging in a hut near their work.

Eagle Crags rugged and grand. Just obscured the distant views at Dunmail Raise.

Passed Dr. Dorey on the road

Fare 5/6 for coach.

at Ambleside – brother of Sir H. and an Ambleside magistrate. Hale old man, with fishing rod in hand. Left Windermere at 1.20 p.m., went on to Heaton Bridge by that train, got another ticket for London, into another train, to Warrington, caught the express there. Near Rugeley, not far from Stafford, going at between 40 and 45 miles an hour, the wheel of one of leading carriages flew off; the two leading carriages went off the line, and the train only escaped running over the embankment through the quickness with which the guard and driver pulled it up. Guard applied the patent break. There was a connecting cord on the train

the leading carriage was leaning over the embankment. Just a few yards ahead of it there was a stone bridge, carrying a roadway over the line on a level crossing, against which the train must inevitably have been dashed. It was a very narrow escape.

(The "Times" of Wednesday 28th. contained a letter from one of the passengers upon the subject. That very day an accident occurred on the North London line from the same cause, a wheel giving way.)

Got to London an hour late.

Tuesday, 27th. Oct.

Passed last night at the

"Victoria", Euston Square. A good hotel, but charges somewhat high. However, it has many conveniences, and a large staff of servants. Bill 11/6 for supper, bed & breakfast — not so heavy, after all, including attendance.

Went in forenoon to 20 Park St., St. James's, my usual lodgings. Then to the Office of the Director General, and left my address.

In the evening, felt dull and lonely, and indisposed to read; so went to Haymarket Theatre, and saw Charles Mathews in "Cool as a Cucumber", which he has been playing in in Paris of late. His cool treatment

of old Barkins, and of Mary, the maid, are vastly amusing. He and Mrs. Matthews afterwards performed in the burlesque of Medea; the latter as Medea, very good, and Mr. Matthews as the chorus, absurdly amusing. But it is rather too bad to put Matthews to that sort of work, I think. The audience was not very select.

Wednesday, 28th Oct.

After breakfast, went to Charing Cross Hospital, saw accident surgery, but deferred going round. Went to King's College Hospital, at 1.30., ~~[illegible]~~ saw some of the out-

patients with Dr. H. Smith, one of the surgeons. Their number was large; a large proportion of them venereal. The waxy, pasty, look of the London operatives very striking; the skin dusky, dirty, and almost as black as the linen. The room where they were seen was too dark, and there was too much noise. The latter circumstance struck me after my four years of army practice.

Afterwards went round with Dr. Johnson, one of the physicians; one male and one female ward. In the former, the chief case was one of apoplexy, one of paraplegia, one of heart disease, several of rheumatism, and one of typhus in

in its third week. I am told there ~~there has been a good deal of~~ delirium excitement has been somewhat strongly marked in the typhus cases.

One of the patients in this ward was a Pole, in the Polish uniform, blue, with brass buttons, and yellow shoulder cords or straps.

In the female ward, one case of typhoid; spots well marked, especially on back, and constipation clearly proved before admission. The current typhus in male ward quite deaf.

In same ward, a bed screened off contained one of the students of the hospital.

In female ward, saw the laryn-

goscope used, for the first time, I am sorry to say. We ought to have it in all military hospitals. The patient a young, robust woman; larynx very dry.

The typhus patients are treated with brandy, to the extent of upwards of 20 oz. a day, and with Acid & Chlorine Decoct.

Mr. Smith had been trying inoculation to test the virulence of the character.

Met, this morning Keane, 55th, from Aldershott; Davis, 78th, and Hubback, R.A., from Dover. Col. Cappage has gone to Jersey. Chaplain Bailey ordered to Kew.

Zealand. The ~~of~~ 78th after
annexation, owing to removal
fresh regiments for New
Zealand and Canada.

In the evening, went to the
Olympic; saw Tom Taylor's
"Ticket of Leave Man"; and was
well pleased with it: full of in-
cident, and well acted, par-
ticularly by Vincent, as Relle
Moss, Atkins, as Jem Dallon, and
Hawkshaw, the Detective, by Wigan.

29th. Oct.
Went to the Pantechnicon,
Pimlico St., to see about some of
my luggage. At ½ past 1, to
Kings Coll. Hospital - with

Ferguson at his out patients — two cases of stricture; one of them with enlarged prostate; a woman with tumour in arm; another with encysted tumour of breast; a child with paralysis of right leg, supposed to have been displaced hip. Ferguson is tall and strongly made, rather grey, and partially bald; has a strong Lowland Scotch accent. Went round three hands with him. Saw two cases of radical cure of hernia, under Mr. Wood; one operated on a month ago, needles removed, adhesion hard and firm, felt like a pillow; the other three weeks old, discharging freely, and rather painful, but doing pretty well. A third had

been followed by inflammation of scrotum, & needles had been removed before their time.
Mr. Wood is a short, thick-set man, with a short leg.
Mr. Smith and he have patients in same ward with Fergusson.
One of his patients has a large ulcer on the ham, on a cicatrix from a Gun-shot wound, which has always broken out, owing to contraction of the skin, but more owing to adhesion of fascia and tendon. Mr. Smith intends following Mr. Gay's plan, dissecting out the contracted integument, by an elliptical incision, and separating the adhesion to tendons. (This patient is Williams, late private 34th, wounded at Cawnpore - at Fort Pitt, & Yarmouth)

At 6 p.m. got a message from Director Genl's Office, requiring my presence - went - Dr Mapleton had gone. To go at 11 a.m. tomorrow.

Friday, 30th Oct. 1863.

Went to the Director General's Office this morning with some doubt upon my mind as to the visit proving a cheerful one for me; and say at least agreeably disappointed when Dr Mapleton told me that the Director General intends to submit my name for the 45th Regt., now on home station. I am first on the roll for the East Indies or the West,

and if my turn came, I should have to go, or take half-pay. Under the circumstances, the Director General would not feel at liberty to recommend me for a regiment, but is enabled to do so, as I am first on the roll. Now, there has been some consideration there, I think; and I am grateful for it, and thankful that it has not turned out as I expected. I am recommended to apply for leave until I am gazetted, which will not be for some weeks yet. Poor Crispin has been in the same predicament with myself, and in

going to Malta. Hers 5th.
said to be a good regiment.
I think my old friend Gibbs
in it. It is at present at the
Curragh, I think. That is
rather far off, and, according to
Horsefall's Circular, I am not
entitled to travelling expenses,
joining from sick leave.
So, I shall visit the Emerald Isle,
and must get rid of prejudice.
I shd. like to spend the remainder
of my leave in town, seeing
some more of the hospitals; but
it is expensive.
Heard from John this morning.
The dinner party on Tuesday was
stylish. Lord and Lady Feignmouth
present.

It was kind of Dr. Mapleton to let me know so soon, that I might not incur unnecessary expense.

John writes me that a party of three men, two of them Keswick people, with a bag and a donkey to carry cloaks and provisions, went up Skiddaw since I left, without a guide, and lost themselves for eleven hours, wandering down into the wild waste of Skiddaw forest. So much for going without a guide. That was on Monday, the day I left.

Sunday - fine morning - to church, St. Thomas's N. heavy rain while in church -

Out fine afternoon, and walked out by Notting Hill, Kensington Old town, and towards Twickenham.

Monday, 2d Nov. rained nearly all day. Evening very cold. Breakfasted with Mulrennan, went to Geological Museum with him, and afterwards to the India Museum. At 2 p.m. went to the Royal Free Hospital Gray's Inn Road, and was with Dr. A. Marsden, while he was receiving his patients; but no operations. I mistook this for the Metropolitan Free Hosp. They have about 120 beds but dare not go round.

They treat most of their simple gonorrhea cases here with

Carb. Sodæ ʒ ss
Pulv. Jalapæ ʒ i
Ferrum Rust div. in pulv. xij.
Or, in Oiss of Water – ʒ iss
bis terve die. Swelled testicle never happens with it. Great number of venereal cases – ⅙ of the cases seemed to be of that nature.

Tuesday, 3d Nov. – heat to the City – to Mordan & Co's, on a Commission for Dr. – 72 Cheapside –
At 1 p.m. to the Ophthalmic

Mr. Power. some interesting cases of cataract, hypopyon, & with and several cases examined by the Ophthalmoscope. Patients seen every day at 1 p.m.

At 2 p.m. next to the Cancer Hospital Dispensary, in Piccadilly Dr. A. Marsden, of the Royal Free H. whom I saw yesterday. His father, Dr. W. Marsden, not present. About 15 cases of cancer of breast; scirrhus, the 'cardaceous' cancer of Velpeau, &c. Great reliance placed upon Jx. xv. of Bicarb. Soda twice or thrice a day, for arresting growth of cancerous tumours.

The Cancer Hospital at Brompton has room for 60 beds, but at

present here only about 16 cases — funds low. drugs very costly; patients get whatever the doctor chooses to order them.

Rain came on about 10 o'clock and lasted nearly all day.

Wed. 4th Nov. Dull and cloudy — so my spirits. At 1 p.m. went to Ophthalmic Hospital, or Dispensary, behind Lowther Arcade, and saw some of Mr. Sabey Hogg's practice. Used the Ophthalmoscope, in a case of ~~hypermetropia~~ a man employed as a pier-master a left eye, lens slightly opaque, right eye, punctated cataract. A case in which Mr. H. had operated, iridectomy,

but patient having started, the iris was torn out, but replaced by Mr. Hogg in greater part, sight improved. Mr. H. regretted not having removed altogether. Patient very grateful for the improvement.
Met Griffiths, A. S. A. Artillery, who used to be at Chichester.
Walked in Hyde Park, having called upon Dr. Wyld, and having been introduced to Mrs. Wyld.
Thursday, 5th Nov.
Went to National Gallery, but much disappointed to find it shut. Had been to St. George. The building looks well outside, and has rather a good site, but inside the construction is old-fashioned.
Saw Operations – by Mr. Prescott Hewett – necrosis in a young

girl; exostosis on great toe;
by Mr. Flower, ligature of varicose
vein, for ulcer, single needle
passed beneath vein: serpiginous
ulceration, burning in leg and
thigh, broken down by finger and
knife, by Mr. : breaking
down adhesions in anchylosis
by Mr. Broadbent, by flexion,
rotation then by extension.
To Geological Museum in
Jermyn St. afterwards; and
walked to Kennington.
Rained about 5 p.m. and next
evening. Dined at the
Blue Posts, in Cork St.,
Burlington Gardens,
for curiosity of the thing.
Dinner 3/6 Milk punch pint of ale.
Things clean, room small.

On the 30th Novr 1863, I received orders to join the 45th Regiment, at the Curragh. I left home on Monday the 7th Decr, with my cousin Bella Peters. We met Agnes at the station. The boat was not ready to start, owing to the stormy weather having delayed her. I accompanied my cousins to their house in Burntisland. Mr Peters is well for his age; but his intellect is much impaired. He begins a story, and forgets what he was going to say. This impairment he is quite conscious of, as he told me. Bella and I crossed to Edinburgh by the 3 p.m. train, with Bella's little nephew, Richard Redman, a nice little boy, who was on his way home to Birmingham.

Left Edinburgh by the Caledonian Railway, by the 9.30 p.m. train for London. Little Dick went by the same train as far as Lancaster, in charge of a big jovial man from the neighbourhood of Birmingham, who was going by Leeds. Reached London safely about 10 next morning.

Little Dick was very lively the whole way he travelled with us, and did not sleep a wink, poor boy.

Tuesday, 8th Dec.

A tolerably fine day.

Went to Sir J. Kirkland's; then to the place (in Motcomb St) where my furniture was deposited, and got it sent to the Euston Square Station of the L. & N.W. Railway, determining

to leave by the Irish Mail the same evening. Made a hurried call upon my friend in Bayswater, fortunately found her at home, but had little time to hear all her news, and was obliged to say "Good Bye" before I had heard half yet. Poor thing! She feels very lonely and miserable at times; and no wonder! I felt quite unable to console her. She seems to have been but poorly in health since I last saw her. It was nearly dark when I called, and I did not see her face very distinctly. May God grant that she be spared further trials!

I left London by the Irish Mail train, at 8.25 p.m.

O'Brien's ticket to Dublin 52/-

I had hoped that they would book me through to Kildare, or some town near the Curragh; but the clerk said that they only booked to Dublin. This would have been of more importance on account of the expense of paying a second time for my luggage, which cost me 18/6 to Dublin. Warehousing it at Smith's Pantechnicon in Motcomb Street, Belgrave Square, cost me £1.16; carriage there 4/; and carriage from the Pantechnicon to Euston Square 6/; in all £2.16/-. I paid ~~6/6~~ 5/- for removing it from Westland Row Station to Newbridge Station; 8/6 from Newbridge Station of the

Great South Western Railway in Dublin to the town of Newbridge; and 6/- for self and baggage from that town to the Curragh.

Carriage of luggage from Dover Castle to Castle Hill Fort, Aug. 10th	2/6
Do. from Castle Hill Fort to Priory Station of Lond. Chatham, & Dover R.	2/6
Do. per Railway to London	18/6
For storing do. at Victoria Station while sum in Scotland	4/
Removing do. to Pantechnicon	4/
Warehousing do. at do.	£1..16
Removal of do. to Hester Sq.	6/
Carriage to Dublin	18/6
Westland Row to Newbridge Station	5/
Do. to Newbridge near Curragh	8/6
Newbridge to Curragh	6/-
	£5..12-6

In addition to the above sum I must have paid about 10/- more to porters and others in gratuities, which will make the sum paid for luggage in my recent moves exceed six pounds, much more than I can well afford.

Expenses for Railway travelling & Cabs:

Dover to London, Aug. 28th	13/6
Victoria Station to Duke St.	1/6
Duke St. to Euston Sq.	2/-
London to Edinburgh	32
Caledonian St. to Hotel	1/6
Hotel to N. B. Station	1/-
Edinburgh to Fife	5/-
Fife to Edinburgh 31st Aug.	5/-
Edinburgh to London do.	£2.15/-
Euston Sq. to Duke St.	1/6
Duke St. to Victoria	1/6

London to Dover	13/6
Bourne Hotel	4/-
Dover to London 5 Sept.	13/6
Victoria St. to Duke St.	1/-
~~Duke St.~~ ~~Euston~~ Duke St. to Eust. Square	1/6
Euston Sq. to Wigan	25/-
Wigan to Manchester & back	6/-
Wigan to Birkenhead & back	6/-
Wigan to Keswick & back.	15/
~~Keswick~~ Wigan to London	25/-
~~London to~~	
Euston Square (26th Oct.) to Duke St.	1/6
~~Duke St.~~ Duke St. to Eust. Sq. 10th Nov.	1/6
London to Edinb. 10th Nov.	32/-
Caledonian to Hotel	1/6
Hotel to N. B. Station, Ed.	1/-
Edinburgh to Fife	5/-
Fife to Ed.	5/-
N.B. Station to Hotel	1/-

7th Decr. /63

Hotel to Caledonian	1/6
Edinb. to Eust. Sq. 7th Dec.	32/-
Euston Sq. to Duke St.	1/6
Duke St. to Motcomb St. (1 hour)	2/6
Duke St. to Eust. Sq. 8 Dec.	1/6
Eust. to ~~Dublin~~ Kingstown	52/6
Kingstown to Dublin 9th Dec.	1/6
Westland Row to Kingsbridge	1/6
Kingsbridge to New bridge	4/3
New bridge to Carrigh (changed with luggage)	

8th Decr. /63

Leaving Euston Sq. at 8.25 p.m. by the Irish Mail, arrived without change of carriage at Holyhead about 3.30 a.m.; the night fine, but cold. Crossed in the Leinster; arriving

at Kingstown about half past 7 on Wed. morning. Saw but little of Kingstown, being low-spirited and sleepy. Had to pay for ticket to Dublin. 1/6. Arrived at Westland Row Station, in time for 8.45 train from Kingsbridge, and set out in a dirty cab for that station; my luggage being brought by a cart. 1/- for cab; 4/- for cart — the latter overpaid. Found that the 8.45 train wd. give me but little time at Kildare to get luggage out; so took next train (10 a.m.) wh. stops at Newbridge, one mile nearer Curragh than Kildare. Fare to Newbridge 4/3. Officer's ticket 4/-

Paid 8/6 for luggage from Dublin to Newbridge – might have paid more. Got two cars for self and luggage; stopped at Newbridge to wash and change clothes. 6/ for cars. Arrived between 11 and 12 at Curragh; soon found out Dr. Speedy, and was introduced to several of the officers of 45th. Lunched with Dr. Speedy, and dined with him. So married, and has ten children.

10th. To Hospital; only some fifteen cases in all. Called upon Dr. Prendergast, D. I. G. and P. M. O. for Curragh.

Walked to Kilcullen and stood

by bank of Liffey – some say a eight miles. Dined at mess.
11th. Walked towards western end of Clanagh. Heavy lowering weather, but mild.
12th Saturday – Speedy and I walked to Kildare and back. What a place! Did not go through the town; merely looked in at Cathedral gate. Close to the Cathedral, in same enclosure, a fine specimen of the 'round tower'!
Sunday 13th Dec!
Walked a round of some six miles – heavy sky, but no rain, and very close. Too late for Church in morning.

14th Decr. Met Staff Assist: Surgeon Dr. Martin at Hospital. He is in charge of the Staff Surgery here, & lives at Hare Park, a sort of General Hospital for the camp, but not so used at this season.
Heard from Mary. Helen had written to me, and I ought to have had her letter about this time. Poor thing! she is left alone; Peter having been summoned to the frontier, in consequence of hostilities

20th Decr 1863.
For some days the weather has been cold; no frost; lowering sky; sun seldom visible.

I have been fortunate thus far in weather, since my arrival at the Curragh; for we have scarcely had any rain since I came, except at night, and not much then.

Wrote my father today.

Went to Garrison Church in morning. Large Church, of wood; well heated. After church walked to 1½ across the Curragh in a South-easterly direction, towards Ballysack, where there is a parish church; then by the road to Old Kilcullen, a small hamlet, close to which is a round tower. This tower is ruinous; its remains being about 40 feet high. On the northern aspect, about 6 feet from the ground, is a narrow window, the top of which

is arched. There is no other entrance to the tower. The building seemed to be chiefly of a coarse granite, much weathered. The site of the tower is peculiar, on an eminence which, although of no great height, commands a wide view of the surrounding country. It reminded me of the situation of the Druidical circle near Keswick; although the landscape is on a much smaller scale at Kilcullen. The tower stands in a grave-yard, which is still in use, I observed. The tombstones I did not particularly remark, having but little time. But my attention was arrested by two ancient-looking pillars, ~~of stone, or four~~ shafts, four-sided, one to the east, the

other to the west of the tower, and both ~~somewhat~~ a few yards to the north of it. They appear to be ~~hewn~~ of the same granitic stone ~~with~~ of which the tower is built. The western one has assumed a slanting position. On one side it bears a dim sculpture, of rude workmanship, apparently representing a human figure holding in the right hand a large axe, in the other a tall staff, with a crook at the top, the lower end of which appears to be resting upon the prostrate body of a man. Other sides of this shaft are marked with a wavy, or tortuous tracery, the meaning of which I was at a loss to understand. The eastern shaft is more

weathered; and I did not see any marks upon it except two parallel straight ~~lines on one~~ grooves on one side. A third shaft has stood in a line with the two now standing, as seen by the square stone with the socket in which it was fixed. Further information about these relics of the past I cannot at present obtain. There is no church near this old burial-ground, as far as I could see. A battle took place here at some period or other, I am told; but my informant was not versed in the Irish history any more than myself.

By the time I had ~~returned~~ regained the Curragh it was

dark. Near the rifle butts most distant from the Camp we passed a group of men and boys, about forty in number, who, we afterwards learned, had been holding a wrestling match, which I should have liked to have seen.

Heard tonight a story to this effect:- Col. , who was with the in India during the mutiny, found some pistols which had belonged to General Martin, the French adventurer, who left such an immense fortune, part of which was expended in building the celebrated Martinière at Lucknow. The pistols were mounted with solid silver, and richly jewelled. The Colonel packed them up among his heavy baggage, which followed

him home ~~after~~ at a considerable interval of time. When the baggage reached England, he found that the pistols had been stolen from the box in which they had been packed; and he gave them up for lost.
A few months ago, when his regiment (11th Hussars) was in Dublin, he saw one day in a shop on one of the quays a richly ornamented pistol which struck him as being very like the Martin pistols which he had lost. He examined it, and satisfied himself that it was one of the identical weapons: but, perhaps because he had no money with him, he did not purchase it as he desired to do. Returning next day, he was told that the sailor who

had left it, or pawned it, as the case might be, had returned and had taken it away. By dint of inquiries and some money, he secured it at last, and is quite certain that it is one of the pistols which he got at Lucknow. How it came to Dublin was not explained to me: but I have heard of lost disappearing from boxes on board ship before, as happened in the case of some officers returning from the last Chinese war, with some of the loot of the Summer Palace in their baggage.

Hard Frost.

At the Curragh - 5th Jan. 1864.

For three days past there has been a keen frost, with an East wind. The cold has been intensely felt in these huts; and many of us have lost our sleep at night from sheer cold. Last night the wind fell, and we felt the cold less; but during the night the cold increased, and seemed to be greater than ever. I awoke frequently during the night; and in the morning I found the ground covered with hoar frost; the water in my basin containing large pieces of ice; my sponge a frozen lump; and ice in my bath. I think I never felt so cold while dressing. I find that

during the night the minimum thermometer at the Observatory registered 12°.5, the lowest register ~~for~~ at the Curragh for some years. Wind easterly; barometer falling slightly this morning.

9th Jan. The frost continued equally intense until the 7th, when it shewed signs of giving way; but the thaw cd. scarcely be said to begin until last night. To-night, it rains a little. During the week there has been skating on the pools on the Curragh, and yesterday, on the Liffey, at the Mill of Athgarven about two miles from camp. My friend Martin, Staff Asst. Surgeon, has taken to the sick list in consequence of injury received through

falling into the ice, while skating, the day before yesterday.

It appears that the Director General has ordered that regimental assistant surgeons shall do the rifle practice duty alternately with Staff assistant-surgeons; and Hyde of the 84th is actually doing that duty, while Sharkey, of the Staff, does Hyde's regimental duty. This is doing away with any distinction between being on the Staff and in being in a regiment; which we feel a very hard interference with our privileges; a feeling which, I am sure, the Staff medical officers will share with us, although they may reap some benefit from the

measure. What is the use of paying Regimental subscriptions, — we may well ask — why put us to the trouble and expense of joining a regiment? If commanding officers take a proper interest in the matter, they will remonstrate against their medical officers being taken from their special duty in this way, and their men being intrusted to a new doctor every few weeks; and surgeons will still more strongly strive to get this bungling measure rescinded, if they have any spirit left in them. Few assistant surgeons know more about the monotonous and unprofitable service in connection with rifle practice

than I, and I fully sympathize with the staff medical officers who are condemned to that wearisome duty. I grant that it is highly desirable to relieve them of it as often as possible: but this is not the way to do it. The Director-General has no right to interfere with our commission in this way. — Sunday, 10th Jan. During the cold weather of last week I had three cases of severe pulmonary affections traceable to the sudden accession of cold; one, a case of acute sthenic Pneumonia, or perhaps, more properly Pleuro-pneumonia, in the Qr. Mr. Sergeant, 6th Batt. Military Train; with marked jaundice appearing the second day; another case of

Pneumonia in a child 9 mts old, which proved fatal; and the third, a very marked case of Acute Bronchitis in the child, 2 yrs old, of my servant Pte J. Collins. It has not yet terminated.

I bled the sergeant, and he at least had temporary relief from pain and tightness of chest; but I cd not get the blood to flow freely enough. In the case of the child 18 mts old, I cd never hear crepitation; but the symptoms otherwise corresponded to those of pneumonia. It occurred to me, was the jaundice in the first case produced by the inflammation in the neighbourhood of the liver, or by the hepatic functions being disturbed by the acute disorder of the system, or by the mercury which was freely given from the first time he was seen? We have had two

or three cases of jaundice in our own regiment, one in an officer, before the cold set in, and one in a private occasioned during the severe frost.
I find that the antimonials tend to act too much on the bowels in young children, when used in acute chest affections.
It has appeared to me that granular eyelids have become generally worse during the late frosty weather.
Today, I have tried Skey's plan of treating burns with a 10 grain sol. of Nitrate of Silver, but I am perhaps a day too late. I applied whiting paste immediately after the accident occurred to the child, last night. It seemed to allay pain ~~satisfactorily~~ to a considerable extent.

15th Jan. 1864. Doing duty for Sharkey, in addition to my own, poor S. having been summoned to attend the funeral of his father, who died suddenly. Assisted Martin & Hyde in treating a case of poisoning by opium & Laudanum — the farrier-serjt. 15th Hussars, having been sentenced to degradation for misconduct, took Laudanum last night with intent to commit suicide. Appeared to have taken it about 11 p.m., and tried to get his wife to die with him. He succeeded, it appears, in getting her to take some Laudanum in whiskey, but she appears to have vomited it. When he was first seen by Martin, about 10.30 this morning, he was almost pulseless; pupils contracted, and breathing stertorous. It was evidently too late to evacuate the stomach to any purpose; but strong

tea, brandy, and ammonia were injected. Never rallied from the complete stupor in which he was found, & died about 4.30. A bottle, capable of holding 4 oz. was found in the hut, containing about 2 oz. of laudanum. Every thing thought of was tried, except galvanism, as the battery wd. not act when tried; and belladonna was suggested, but thought useless in this case. The poor wife has been for some time melancholic, her son having committed suicide not long ago. The children after suicide struck me as being but little impressed ~~with~~ by the shocking spectacle, their father lying dying while they looked on curiously but without emotion. The wife had

observed the comatose state of her husband during the night, but thought he was only drunk.

19th Jan. News from India to the effect that the war with the Enzufzaies has been brought to an end. Helen was at Peshawar by last accounts. She for one will be glad the war is over. — Deputy Inspector General Prendergast inspected the Staff and Department Hospital today without warning. I have charge of for a few days, for Sharkey, and he for Martin. Mr. Prendergast found fault severely. It seemed he expected to find fault. I know that the fault, such as it was, was owing to the hospital having changed hands so often of late, and told him so.

20 Jan: 64 The Curragh.

Rumour in Dublin that the Director General is likely to resign, and Muir talked of as his successor. Logan is before him; but it is said he will not take it.

The coroner's jury, in case of Private Serj.t Vesey, 11th Hussars, returned verdict "Died from effects of an overdose of opium"! He was buried with military honours. It was, as far as I can learn, a clear case of suicide.

Sunday, 24th Jan. /64.

After church, walked with Sharkey to Kildare. Weather threatening, but kept up pretty well.

The Round Tower has a modern top added to it, of a crenelated, fanciful pattern. There is no mortar visible

At the Curragh

between the stones on the S. west side, the weather side here, as it may be called - but the stonework has been roughly dressed with mortar ~~on the~~ at a recent period. Saw a gathering of the boys in a small field at Kildare, playing at a game with a ball and a stick - don't know its name - some of the crowd were children; others, men of middle age, seemed to be engaged in the game. As usual on Sunday afternoon, there was a small crowd of 'boys' on the Curragh, met for wrestling and other exercises.

"Army and Navy Gazette" says 2.d Brigade R. A. has been ordered to prepare for Copenhagen. This is a sham, no doubt.

Jan. 1864.

Yesterday I walked round by Kildare through bogs ~~[illegible]~~ to near Kearley, and home by a long round – with Martin after Kildare, having met him there – rode alternately with him. Was away about 6 hours, and must have gone walked over 12 miles.

Glad to learn that the Court of enquiry upon Surgeon Turnbull, 6th Dragoons, in reference to his erasures in the hospital books, has acquitted ~~absolved~~ him from of any dishonourable act. I thought the Duke of Cambridge's sentence unwarranted as regarded Mr. Turnbull's conduct.

Tuesday, 26th Jan. The Times considers that Prussia and Austria are determined to attack Denmark; and upon the whole, there seems to be a great

likelihood of war. The "Times" does not hint at the part which England is likely to take.

27th. No further news today; except that the Federals (German) are to assemble the Estates of Holstein, which the Danes hold that their King alone has the right to do. Prussians have not yet arrived at Kiel. Frost has gone in Holstein, and Elbe expected to be open soon.

Friday, 29th Jan. News this morning rather warlike - announced resignation of Lord Russell, the Premier being resolved for war if Austria-Prussian army attack Denmark - 30,000 British Troops said to be about to be ordered out. Artillery at once. We cannot think the Germans will be so

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foolish, with such odds as they are sure to have against them.
Played golf with Willoughby on three rounds – each one one: he was beating me the third round, when we desisted, it being too dark. Left rather tired after two or three hours play.
10.30 p.m. The "Times" has come in. The Prussian vanguard ordered to advance towards the Eider. They are now at Kiel. Austrians are pouring through Hamburg. Still, they may stop short of attacking the Danes, and give time for negociations. Of course, the "Times" has nothing of a rumour of Lord Russell having resigned.
The "Irish Times," with nationally characteristic exaggeration, printed a vague rumour of the Clubs as something

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more trustworthy.

30th Jan. Saturday. "Civil Times" of this morning says the following troops go to Denmark: viz. the 5th Batt. Mil. Train, 15th Hussars, 11th 12th, 45th 58th and several other infantry regiments – General Pennefather to command. Gen. P. is an Irishman, observe.

Evening. "Times" is quiet on the war. No mention of troops. Cabinet Council held yesterday, and another today. Says that Parliament will probably decide – seems to hint that the Cabinet will leave their decision until Parliament meets.

Danes are retiring from the Eider, at several points – the Dannewerke evacuated.

Surely, if we had sent our fleet to Kiel, Copenhagen, and Hamburg, as soon as ice opened, the Germans would

not have gone so far. As far as I can make out, however, that could not have been done before now, owing to the ice. Frost has again set in in Denmark.

(Two days ago, I weighed, without boots, coat & vest, 11 st. 3 lb.)

Monday, 1st Feb. — Tonight we read in the "Times" that Marshal Wrangel had summoned Gen. De Meza to evacuate Schleswig yesterday; and that Gen. De Meza replied that his orders were to defend Schleswig. Austrian & Prussian ambassadors had left Copenhagen. The K. of Denmark to have left for Schleswig at 11 last night. Smart frost in Schleswig. Austrian and Prussian forces ordered to take up a position "in battle array" along the line of the Eider & the frontier line. Another Cabinet Council today.

Measles has made its appearance in camp — the first case very mild — sent the patient to Hare Park, Fever Hospital.

Tuesday, 2d. Feb. Germans crossed Eider on Sunday night, or early this Monday morning; Danes retreating after exchanging a few shots, evacuating the Kronenwerk. Prussian artillery engaged Danish steamers at Eckernförde, and the latter withdrew, the Prussians taking possession of the town. "Times" today has a leader on the outbreak of hostilities, but does not allude to the part Britain is to play. Germans hold us in contempt at present; & think we mean nothing.

Wednesday, 4th. Confirmation of telegrams reporting an engagement, lasting several hours,

between Danes and Prussians at a place called Missunde – the latter defeated, and retiring upon Eckernförde. A telegram from seat of war this morning reports a repulse of the Austrians in an attack upon the Danish positions at Bustorf, one mile south of Schleswig. Another attack upon Missunde expected. The Queen's Speech merely says that the Government have tried to keep the peace, and will continue their efforts in the interests of peace. The "Times" still wavy; confining itself to shewing how Great Britain has put Austria, & Prussia in the wrong, if she has done no more. The latest telegram in the "Dublin Ev. Mail" is from Hamburg, 9.40 this morning. The papers arrive here about 9.30 p.m., and reach our mess about 10 or 10.15 p.m.,

along with letters. — A cold raw day, with hoar frost in morning.
~~The~~ Yesterday also rather cold and raw - one smart case of pneumonia yesterday, and one today - both first seen in their second day.

5th Feb. Hard frost - hoar frost.
The Danes had repulsed the Prussians at Missunde, and Austrians at Bustorf.
The latter have lost 30 officers and 519 rank and file killed and wounded, which speaks for a very hot reception.
Lord Derby made a humorous attack yesterday upon Lord Russell, and his speech will long be remembered as a joke against the Foreign Minister.
He likened him to Bully Bottom.
His foreign policy was "meddle and

muddle." "Nihil tetigit quod non
"contaminavit!" Lord Palmerston
said the government would main-
tain peace if possible.
Parliament was not opened by
the Queen in person.
14th Feb. During the past
week the Danish question
has come to be looked upon
by Parliament as a thing we
have not much to do with.
The ministry delay shewing
the papers relating to the
question; and the opposition
seems tacitly to agree to the
ministerial policy; for if
they call the ministry to
account, they seem to do it
~~more~~ only for form's sake.

The Prussians turned the flank of the Danes in the Dannewerk; and the Danes, fearing lest the Prussians sh^d get between them and their base of operations, hastily retreated towards Flensburg, leaving 60 pieces of cannon in the Dannewerk. The people of Copenhagen were very wroth when they heard of the evacuation of the Dannewerk. After all, it was the best thing the Danes could do: but it is not explained why the Danish gun-boats did not prevent the Prussians crossing the Schlei, which they did in fishing boats.

News of a smart fight in New Zealand — 4 officers killed,

and eleven wounded. Two captains killed, Mercer of the Artillery and Phelps, formerly an assistant surgeon in the Crimean war.

We have had frost and sun within the past eight days; we have been high winds, and a mild spring-like air, which warms my heart, softening it too with the memories it stirs up.

Generally speaking, the British public sympathize with the gallant Danes.

De Thoren, of ours, is in Schleswig at present, sub rosâ as special correspondent to the "Irish Times", with something like £30 a-month, and expenses - with instruction to be not over particular about 'shaves'.

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Feb. 21st Frost for some days again, reaching 22° F. this morning. 11.6° on the grass. Threatening snow for some days. Intensely cold.

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