

4597
(No ¹⁹ x) Delhi Bridge
12th July 98

My dear Peppa

I am like the
crow in the rhyme, or the last
hon of summer, being left
blooming alone - Scott has gone
to Calcutta on his, Alf and
Birdie have departed on a be-
lated honeymoon, and Mitchell
is away on tour - The result
is that I am monarch of all
I survey and have got to
cross the raging flood tomorrow
~~which~~ i.e. the river Soane, which
is a bon as it takes about
two hours to get across.

Oh Jupiter Pluvius
Kindly refrain
From pouring with rain
While I'm crossing the fluvius.

While I try to fill the pages
Just outside my beaver rages
Clothes strike ten
But still my pen
Scratches while my beaver rages
Dead with sleep my beaver rages.

A precarious snooze he snatches
While my pen's eternal scratches
Drive him mad
And make the lad
Curse my pen's eternal scratches
Curse its d-d infernal scratches

But my pen sensibly chooses
Still to scratch altho' he snoozes
And ~~for~~^{at} you
That will him doo
Rages madly midst his snoozes,
While it scratches, rages snoozes.

The above by J. C. Mangan.

hebubority again supervenes
Farewell

Yr loving
Ralph

