

DEHRI BRIDGE,
SHAHABAD DISTRICT,
BENGAL.

4612

22nd Feb. 199

My dear Pippa

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Who thinks that he a pleasing lot hath found
Who plies the puzzlemonger's trade, doth err.
'Tis Ixion's wheel to which the wretch is bound,
And every mail the vulturous paup's recur.

This is my last squirm -
I break the chain and you
will receive no more puzzle
pages - It is getting too night-
marish and has probably been
the cause of (combined with
neglect of Bland) ~~which~~ has of
your 'running down' and of
my disgust of life as portrayed
in my last. I already feel
better having cast off the
shackles and by next week

I shall probably have calmed
down to my usual state
of peaceful happiness.

You said in your no 4 that
no news had been heard of
me for several weeks but I
have written at least 100 a
fortnight. So if any letters
have gone astray you will
be able to tell by the numbers
which is a good dodge &
should be continued without
the painful illustrations.

Nothing much has happened
lately except that Nicholl
is ill and is trying to cure
himself without much success.

I received 'the Open Question'
yesterday but have not yet begun
to read it, also two picture books
recommended by Oliver by Nichollson
called an Alphabet & A Calendar
I thought they might amuse the
invalid but he didn't like them
thinking they were too rough.

No more at present from

yours sincerely
R. M. C.

(R. M. C.)