

Oxford, Sept 10th, 123.

CU5417/37.39

Dear Hardy,

"But Oh, beamish nephew, beware of the day,
If the Snark be a BOOJUM, — for then
You will ~~sh~~softly & silently vanish away
And never be heard of again!"

(not, "impresses"!)

It is this, it is this that oppresses my soul,
(when I think what my dear uncle said,

→ It is this, it is this that Oppresses my soul,

→ It is this, it is this that I dread.

I wouldn't swear to the verbal accuracy
(except the oppresses) from memory. I couldn't
find a copy of the Hunting of the Snark (Lewis Carroll)
to confirm it, when your letter off Aug 27th came
today, but I hope Barbara et al. have been
brought up on it, & it may be on your shelves.

a propos of these ^{quaint} tags of his, his gastic
use of the word 'pangs' — 'How's your
pangs', 'got a pain in your pangs', &c,
he adopted from my younger sister, who
was a euphemist, she once upbraided

P.S., Thanks for the Lane lectures letter
to the Rev. to the Callers. The ~~was~~ interesting to the
too some interesting ones about the house somewhere
but I haven't come across them, or am going to get them
together yet.

the baby for complaining of a pain in his
stomach. If you must refer to it, why not
use some pretty word like 'pangs'. So pangs
it has remained in the Francis family ever
since. Also two ^{vocal} bursts of thanksgiving
come back to me, when any ~~luscious~~ dish
was brought in.

Oh for thy tender mercies Go-o-ott sei-ei
dunk!, sung to the usual chant of the
hence Dimittis, or the hoody-and-Sankes
"I am so glad that our Father in Heaven
Tells of his love in the book ~~He~~ ^{He} ~~has~~ ^{given}".

I sent you off a line with a query
this ~~was~~ or Vesalius this morning, just
by way of getting back at you.

I wish I could be there. I much
prefer picking other people's work
to pieces ~~than~~ to doing any of my
own.

Love from us to you both
Rilda
nest-kiss