

(Box 567)
Washington, D.C.,
Feb'y 16, 1896.

My dear Mr. Walsh,

I have been trying ever since my arrival here to find time to reply even briefly to your letter of a month ago. I am living in a whirl of "moil and turmoil," and hardly get time ~~hardly~~ to eat and sleep. So all my correspondents are neglected. I came here (with my boy) three weeks ago, and since then have been in New York three times; so you can see that I'm "on the jump" a little. Even when there I saw none of my friends, and had not time to look you up—though I don't know if you are to be found there.

Did I tell you? Im looking over some of Lily's papers. I found a photograph of her—a fairly good one, apparently taken 3 or 4 years ago. So do not bother to look up one for me.

I saw Miss Hogan but once since Lily's death, and that was before getting your letter; so I cannot say about the pillow.

Since coming here I have written Mrs. Hirshberg instructions about beautifying Lily's grave; she kindly undertook to do so. Before I left not enough rain had fallen to settle the little mound and make it possible to get the grass going. It will be all green now, and when I go back I shall give it a border and a stone; or if I do not go back soon Mrs. Hirshberg will attend to it for me. My movements are uncertain; I am on a special mission here for "The Examiner," but it may expire any day, and then it is likely I shall go to New York for "The Journal," for a while. I was summoned up there by telegraph a week ago to-day to write one editorial.

Your village experiences with the sages of the parish must amuse you. As yet I have been unable to find ~~Rahway~~ Mahwah on any map. Has it been discovered by anybody but you?

My boy Leigh is in N.Y. working in the art department of "The Journal." I suppose he would care to see you.

Sincerely yours, Ambrose Bierce.