

Englewood,
Sept. 2, 1896.

My dear Walsh,

I have had some copies made of Lily's faded photograph, and will divide them with you. They are rather better than the original picture, being darker and more distinct. Can you tell me at about what age the picture was taken?

My health has been so bad here that I am going to the city about the first of next week. If no better there I shall go back to God's country—which is a more comfortable place to be miserable in. My chief regard in leaving Jersey is that I have not seen that "city of the soul," Greater Mahwah. Possibly you recall the admirable poem about the old French peasant, the dream of whose life had been to visit Carcassonne, visible in the distances, and who died in that unfulfilled hope.

Sincerely yours,
Ambrose Bierce.