

Los Gatos,  
Apr. 5, 1898.

Dear Walsh,

I sent you to-day a copy of "The Examiner" with your skit in it. You will be as much disgusted as I am though, to observe that by some beastly blundering your name is left off it. I shall express my sense of the situation in a letter to the editor, and shall suggest that in part reparation you be paid handsomely for the yarn. Doubtless my suggestion will be tranquilly ignored—a newspaper has neither brains nor heart nor manners.

You will observe that I ventured to "monkey" a little with your work. I altered your names, for example. Rameses was an historical character, whose reign and history [struck out text] are a little too well known to relate these wild things of them. As to Semiramis, she too was not only a real meat-and-bone queen, but was not Egyptian. She was an Assyrian. It would mix things a trifle to bring these two together as contemporaries and compatriots. One must not neglect vraisemblance, even in humorous fiction. Maybe the editor made other changes—I don't know.

My health has been bad again, and I'm not doing much. Leigh is still in New York, I think. He seems to have a newspaper scheme on hand.

Yours, hoping to hear from you,  
Ambrose Bierce.