

1321 Yale St.,
Washington D.C.

Dear Walsh,

Please don't think me indifferent to the charms of the beautiful Louise. I do not doubt that she is the onliest girl in seven States and the District of Columbia, and you the knightliest of all her lovers. And I approve the situation as it stands. Don't spoil it by marrying her and you'll be all right.

But the fact is that ever since getting your letter I have been either absent (in Western New York—at Niagara and other hateful places) or too ill to write. I'm all right now, apparently, and hasten to express my sense of your happiness. Lord! what a thing it is to be a lover, a lunatic and a poet!

Bring her down here and I'll tell you my real, sure enough, honest opinion of her. You'll not get your own, you know. O, well, I used to be like that myself.

With best regards to the pretty sister, who, I do not doubt is every way superior to this new idol. I am sincerely yours,

Ambrose Bierce.

Dec. 7, 1902.