

Los Gatos Cal.,  
April 1, 1897.

My dear Walsh,

Yours of March 25 just received on my return from Arizona. I had got that far on my way to "The Journal" office, when Mr. Hearst changed his unstable mind and recalled me. Needless to say, remembering my experience in your insupportable climate, the recall was welcome.

Thank you for the papers. I have instructed a lawyer friend to look into the matter and after my interests—if I have any.

What is a "bosopomp"? Well, literally, a sender or ringer of cattle—an ox-driver. I made the word "to fit the crime," "Drunk" having been that before he took to whacking Pegasus. O, yes, he wrote the "poems" all right, but it was I that inspired their collection and publication in covers. It has promoted "the gaiety of nations" and Drunk takes it seriously as a compliment to his genius.

~~The~~ Your story-plot is good.

Mrs. Hirshberg was greatly pleased by your letter—perhaps I told you so.

Sincerely yours,  
Ambrose Bierce.