

Los Gatos Cal.,  
Sept. 26, 1897.

My dear Walsh,

I'm not in Los Gatos but up in the redwoods at the summit of the Santa Cruz mountains. But L.G. is my permanent address. My ill health made me come here, where I recovered "immejit".

It seems settled that I shall not go to Washington. It would have been for the Journal if I had gone and I've been treated so badly by somebody that that I've cut the whole crowd—Hearst and all his merry men. At least I've written "Prattle" for the last time. If they want other stuff from me they must outbid other fellows.

Leigh's treatment of you—in not answering your letters—is, I am sorry to say, quite in line with his treatment of everybody. Please accept my apology for his existence.

What number is "none"? It was originally singular, compounded of "no one." Recently it has become customary to use it either way: as singular or plural. Our best writers do so but I confess to a strong preference for the old way. "None of these peaches is ripe" sounds wrong to you, probably, because of the accidental following of a plural noun by the singular verb—with which it has nothing, however, to do.

Sincerely yours,  
Ambrose Bierce.