

Wright's Cal.,
Aug. 1, 1898.

My dear Walsh,

I'm a long time getting down to your letter on the file.

I shall expect you to keep me informed of the effect of the "holy shocking" that was "worn by a priest." By the way, that sort of treatment is fruitful of suggestions. For example, now, if a fellow had a bad case of piles—but let us turn to other themes.

Your study of wild flowers and trees is wise; if you're to be a writer you must know ~~know~~ things. Ruskin says that the artist is the man that knows what's going on, and I fancy that is particularly true of the artist in literature. I find my chief disability is that which Matthew Arnold attributed to Byron: I don't know enough.

Leigh is editing a new weekly (illustrated) in New York. It is called "The Bee." Of course, being a father, I'm doubtful of its success.

My health is improved by my sojourn in the mountains, and sometimes I'm almost encouraged to hope that I shall be well again now and then.

Being in Oakland the other day, I and my little friend Hattie Hirshberg visited Lily's grave, from which we took, for you, these stems of clover and little red flowers.

Sincerely yours,
Ambrose Bierce.