

18 Iowa Circle,
Washington, D.C.,
Dec 27, 1900.

My dear Walsh,

I thank you for directing my attention to Mr. Wilstach's remarks in the Times. I at once made a few paragraphs in answer and my editor is still holding them. When they are old enough to smell I suppose he will pass them to print. Wilstach is a goodish fellow, I think—I know him only slightly—but you are right in supposing that I had no great belief in the soundness of his taste in literature. I fancy he suspected that, and it may have piqued him a bit.

It may interest you to know that I was in New York recently, and that in the last hour of my stay I tried to find 45 William street, but without success. The buildings appeared to be unnumbered and principally in course of erection or repair, with high "hoardings" in front of them. I searched a half hour and finding neither number nor sign swore a few oaths and gave it up. I'm glad I blackguarded all life insurance.

I could not get an evening to go to your house. Moreover, I had not my address book and was not sure about it.

Well, I hope to be in New York again soon.

My health is good; hope your is, though as a good Irish Catholic and follower of the Lamb you must have impaired it somewhat, on Christmas day. Don't say you are not and didn't—I won't have it.

Sincerely yours,
Ambrose Bierce.