

VISITS TO  
WALT WHITMAN  
IN 1890-1891

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J. JOHNSTON, M.D.  
J. W. WALLACE

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VISITS TO  
WALT WHITMAN  
IN 1890 AND 1891



To those who've fail'd.

To those whose fail'd in operations rest

To unarm'd soldiers fall'n in front, on  
the lead

To calm, devoted engineers - to over-ardent  
travelers - to pilots on their ships,

To many a song and picture without  
parturition - I'd rear a laud: Cover'd

High monument  
High above all the rest - to all cut off  
before their time,

Posse'd by some great spirit of fire,  
Quench'd by an early death,

Walt Whitman





Walt Whitman  
in 1890

H. J. G.



VISITS TO  
WALT WHITMAN  
IN 1890-1891

BY  
TWO LANCASHIRE FRIENDS

J. JOHNSTON, M.D.

AND

J. W. WALLACE

WITH TWENTY ILLUSTRATIONS

LONDON: GEORGE ALLEN & UNWIN LTD.  
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TO  
HORACE AND ANNE MONTGOMERIE TRAUBEL  
WITH GRATEFUL MEMORIES  
AND LOVE



## PREFACE

THE little volume entitled "A Visit to Walt Whitman and some of his friends in 1890," by John Johnston, M.D., published in 1898 and well known to subsequent students of Whitman, though often asked for, has been long out of print. Its contents are here presented to the public anew.

This portion of the present volume was originally written without any thought of publication, and consists of Diary Notes written—immediately after the interviews they report—for a small group of friends. At their request they were afterwards printed in pamphlet form for private circulation, and a copy was sent to Whitman. He endorsed it very heartily,<sup>1</sup> and sent us a list of his friends to whom he wished copies to be sent. The demand for copies led eventually to a complete publication of the Notes, and they were printed as originally written, with the expressed hope "that whatever they may lack in literary form, they may present, in the most direct and perfect manner possible, the actual impressions of the time."

Copious Notes, hitherto unpublished, are also given in this volume of visits to Whitman, etc., by J. W. Wallace in 1891—the year following Dr. Johnston's visit. These include accounts of

<sup>1</sup> See Letters on pages 22, 248 and 249.

visits to Dr. Bucke in Canada, to Whitman's birth-place and the scenes of his early life in Long Island, and to Timber Creek in New Jersey, where Whitman experienced "partial recovery from the prostration of 1874-5," amidst the rural scenes and influences described so inimitably in "Specimen Days." An additional chapter gives a summary of the visitor's general impressions of Whitman.

The reports of these visits would be incomplete, and would lack their true setting, without some account of the little group of friends in Lancashire represented by the visitors, and frequently referred to in the text. The first section of the book, therefore, gives a brief description of the group, and an account of the circumstances which led to our correspondence with Whitman during the closing years of his life.

The story of the relationship between Whitman and ourselves is completed by the addition of a final chapter which continues it from J. W. Wallace's return to England until Whitman's death. It consists mainly of extracts from letters written by Horace Traubel during Whitman's last illness—from December 17, 1891, to March 26, 1892—in so far as they convey messages to us from Whitman, and some accompanying indication of the general character of his sufferings and demeanour at the time of writing. These extracts are taken from an article ("Last Days of Walt Whitman") by J. W. Wallace, contained in a book entitled "In re Walt Whitman," published in 1893 by Whitman's literary executors, and we are indebted to the surviving executors, Horace Traubel and T. B. Harned, for permission to use them.

During the period of our correspondence with Whitman over a hundred and twenty letters and post-cards were received from him, and nearly eighty of these—or extracts from them—are given at the end of the volume.

We are indebted to the kindness of Mr. H. B. Binns for the use of four photographs, taken by himself, and reprinted here from his "Life of Walt Whitman," by permission of the publishers, Messrs. Methuen & Co. Most of the remaining photographs were taken by J. Johnston during his visit to America.

J. J.

J. W. W.





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WALT WHITMAN'S FRIENDS IN  
LANCASHIRE

J. W. WALLACE



## WALT WHITMAN'S FRIENDS IN LANCASHIRE

THE little group of friends in Lancashire with whom Walt Whitman corresponded, near the close of his life, came together under the following circumstances.

In the year 1885 I lived with my father in a small house in Eagle Street, Bolton. My father was a millwright in the employ of a large engineering firm in the town, and I—then thirty-one years of age and unmarried—was an assistant architect. My mother had died in January of that year, and certain experiences of mine in connection with that event are recorded in a paper which Dr. Bucke afterwards published in his book on "Cosmic Consciousness." Soon after her death a few of my intimate friends, who often came singly to see me, began to make a special practice of coming each Monday evening, on the understanding that I should always be at home on that evening, and that each might expect to meet some of the others. It was tacitly agreed that our time together should not be spent solely in the discussion of current topics and events, but that some part of it should be devoted to subjects of more permanent interest and value. Thus began a series of weekly meetings which were soon felt to be profitable, as well as

socially enjoyable, and were attended with increasing regularity and in larger numbers.

We never formulated any programme, however, nor thought of organizing a society for any specific purpose. We remained always, as we were at the beginning, a little company of men of widely different characteristics, ideas and training, who were united only in a common friendship. In nearly every case this dated from many years back, and in some cases from school days and early boyhood. The fact that I was the host, round whom the others gathered, made me the natural centre of the group (which was nick-named later by Dr. Johnston "The College"), but there was no attempt at leadership by any of us. We were all about the same age and belonged to nearly the same social stratum. Our number included a doctor, a clergyman, two lawyer's clerks, two bank clerks, a cotton-waste dealer, a hosiery manufacturer, another assistant architect, a newspaper editor, an accountant, and one or two artisans. We had no remarkable gifts or attainments, and the main difference between us and the majority of our class lay in our interest in some of the subjects we discussed with each other. When we were met together, however, we were conscious of a composite character and of a certain emotional atmosphere belonging to our group as a whole, which, during all the years that have followed, we have never met with elsewhere in the same degree. It resulted in part from our very diversity and from the curious way in which our several personalities seemed to fit in with each other, the limitations and idiosyncrasies of each being offset and har-



monized by the complementary qualities of the rest. Its basic element was certainly friendship—hearty, full-blooded, intimate, free, of long growth and freighted with old associations. Another element, not less vital, was the almost religious character which our meetings developed as time went on. Religious in the ordinary sense of the word, however, they certainly were not. They expressed with perfect spontaneity the impulses and circumstances of the moment, ranging (frequently during the same evening) from good-humoured banter and uproarious hilarity to the deepest gravity and seriousness. Three of our number had gifts of humour and of flashing wit and repartee which could hardly be excelled anywhere, and there were times when the general full-throated laughter was almost deafening. But, because we were old friends who could talk together on any subject quite frankly and without fear of giving offence or of being misinterpreted, whenever the subject of conversation or discussion touched upon questions of religion or philosophy, we could each speak with an abandon and unconstraint impossible to us elsewhere. Each one of us felt that this friendly and perfectly free interchange of ideas on such subjects did us all an invaluable service. And there were times when it led us, by imperceptible stages, to a deepened intimacy, in which the inmost quests and experiences of the soul were freely expressed, and each grew conscious of our essential unity, as of a larger self which included us all.

Three or four of us had been for some time ardent admirers and students of Whitman, whom

we regarded as the greatest epochal figure in all literature, and at our meetings he was frequently the subject of papers, readings, talk and discussion. In the year 1887 Dr. Johnston and I wrote a joint letter to him, enclosing a small gift of money, for his birthday, as an expression of our personal gratitude and affection, to which he responded by sending to each of us a brief but kind and characteristic note. We wrote again for each succeeding birthday during the next three years, and again near Christmas in 1889. In the year 1888, when he was for a long time so seriously ill that he was not expected to recover, he sent no reply; but in the following year he sent us a very kind note, with a paper reporting a public dinner to him; and in 1890 he sent us each a little book on Bruno, containing a preface written by himself, and some papers giving us an account of the celebration of his seventieth birthday. Dr. Johnston was then recovering from a rather severe illness and was advised to take an ocean voyage. He decided to go to America to see Whitman, and, during the very short stay possible to him, to visit Brooklyn, Long Island, etc., and afterwards to pay a hurried visit to relatives in Canada. A letter was written to Whitman asking for the favour of a brief interview—"if only for a few minutes"—and before Johnston sailed, on July 2nd, we gave him strict injunctions to record every word spoken by Whitman, with full descriptions of his appearance, and of his own impressions, as well as of places associated with Whitman which he might find time to visit. Hence the "Notes" by him included in this volume. He returned to us on August 8th,

visibly and deeply influenced by his personal intercourse with Whitman, and a month later read to us his "Notes," which it was agreed to print in pamphlet form for private circulation.

This visit to Whitman had results later which were entirely unexpected by us at the time. Hitherto our correspondence with him had been as previously described, but it now entered on a new phase, and soon became continuous on both sides. On July 15th Whitman wrote me a very kind and affectionate note, reporting Dr. Johnston's visit to him that day; and he afterwards manifested his personal friendliness still further by sending me, at intervals, various magazines, etc., containing pieces of his own writing or articles relating to him. On August 15th he wrote again, sending me at the same time his "last screed" in *The Critic*, and saying: "I am getting uneasy at not hearing again from Dr. J.—no doubt he is all right and back there—send me a word *immediately* on getting this." I had already written him a long letter—which had not then been received by him—reporting Johnston's return, and thanking him for the gifts he had sent to me and for his great kindness to us both; but I cabled at once, and wrote again for the outgoing mail, Johnston also writing. We had occasion to write very frequently after that. In one of the books he had sent me I saw an advertisement of a pocket-book edition of "Leaves of Grass" to be had direct from the author, and I ordered one immediately. Several copies were afterwards ordered for other members of our group—including a few for presentation, in which Whitman himself kindly

wrote the inscriptions. In connection with these we gave him reports of some of our meetings, and descriptions of individual members of our group ; a few of whom wrote to him. Dr. Johnston sent him copies of photographs he had taken in America—of Whitman himself, and of his house ; of his friends Burroughs and Gilchrist and of their homes ; and of scenes in Long Island and Brooklyn. Whitman was very pleased with the photograph of himself, and asked for the negative or a duplicate of it for publication. Near the end of November a copy of the pamphlet, "A Visit to Walt Whitman, etc.," was sent to him, and he at once expressed his cordial approval, and gave Dr. Johnston the addresses of several of his friends to each of whom he wished a copy to be sent. We forwarded to him copies of some of the letters received from his friends, and such books, magazines, etc., as were likely to be of interest or service to him. We had frequently to thank him for various gifts :—photographs of himself, etc. ; copies of a book containing Ingersoll's lecture on him ; copies, set up in type, of recent unpublished poems and prose writings, which appeared soon after in his latest book, "Good-Bye, my Fancy," of which he also sent us copies ; and numerous magazines and papers. In this way it came about that soon after Johnston's visit we both found ourselves in communication with Whitman by every mail.

For the part which Whitman himself took in our correspondence, however, we were entirely unprepared. At the outset our only desire and hope had been to have the privilege of showing him,

Camden New Jersey U S America  
Dec: 2 '90 - the Notes & Good Words  
have come all right - of the Notes I wd like  
you to send a copy each to

- Mrs. O'Connor, 112 M street NW, Washington DC
- Mrs. Mary E Van Nostrand, Greenport, Suffolk Co New York
- Miss Whitman, 2436 2<sup>d</sup> Calowlet Av St Louis, Missouri
- Miss H & Heyde, 21 Pearl street, Burlington Vermont
- R & Ingersoll, 45 Wall street New York city
- Sloane Kennedy, Belmont, Mass
- David McKay, Publisher, 23 south 9<sup>th</sup> st Philadelphia
- Talent Williams, Press newspaper office, Philadelphia

U S America

- Bertha O'Dowd, Supreme Court Library, Millbourne, Victoria
- R Pearsall Smith, 44 Grosvenor Road, Westminster Embankment London
- Edw Carpenter, Millthorpe near Chesterfield Eng
- M Gabriel Barrazin, magistrat, Noumea Nouvelle Calédonie  
(Colomes Franques)
- ? to Fenimore  
W H Rostette, Easton Square London
- J Addison Symonds, Devereux Platz, Switzerland

I have read the Notes all through & accept  
& like them (am pleased & flattered always in the  
human side) - hope you have had a good lot struck off  
by the printer, as they will surely be wanted - & (barring  
their fearfully eulogistic tinge) I endorse <sup>all</sup> -

Walt Whitman

REDUCED FACSIMILE OF PORTION OF LETTER FROM WALT WHITMAN,  
DECEMBER 2, 1890.



so far as we could, the profound appreciation, gratitude and personal affection which his books had aroused in us. We knew of his physical weakness and suffering, and of the difficulties these interposed in the way of such literary work as he was still able to do and of his ordinary correspondence. We had no claim whatever on his regard or attention, and we neither suggested nor looked for any response. It was, therefore, a continual astonishment to us, and indescribably affecting, to find him writing, however briefly, to either Dr. Johnston or myself—sometimes to both—by almost every mail, and sending books, magazines, and papers likely to be of special interest to us, with inexhaustible kindness and consideration, and with ever-recurring messages of tender affection and blessing to us all. Nor did this cease till he was stricken down with his last illness, when Horace Traubel (who had previously written to us with great frequency) sent continual messages from him which he could no longer write himself. And his last letter of general farewell to all his friends, written February 6 and 7, 1892, at the cost of a very great and painful effort, was sent to us for facsimiles and distribution.

In addition to our correspondence with Whitman we also came into frequent communication with some of his chief friends in Europe and America—Horace Traubel, Dr. Bucke, Burroughs, Symonds, etc.—and with Mrs. Davis and Warren Fritzingler. In July 1891 Dr. Bucke visited England, and immediately after his arrival in Liverpool came to Bolton on the 17th and stayed with Dr. Johnston for three or four days before proceeding to

London. I shall have occasion to say more about Bucke later, and it will be enough here to say that his visit was a genuine delight to us all, and that he left with us memories of a personality not unlike Whitman's in its robust manliness and democratic camaraderie and simplicity. At our first general meeting he read to us a message from Whitman, contained in a letter which he had received just before sailing: "What staunch, tender fellows these Englishmen are! when they take a turn—I doubt if a fellow ever had such a splendid emotional send-back response as I have had from those Lancashire chaps under the lead of Dr. J. and J. W. W.—it cheers and nourishes my very heart—if you go down to Bolton, and convenient, read publicly to them the last five or six lines as from my living pulse." That Dr. Bucke himself enjoyed his visit to us we had ample evidence both at the time and afterwards.

While he was with us Bucke urged me in the strongest terms to accompany him on his return to America, as it would almost certainly be my last opportunity of seeing Whitman. Horace Traubel and his wife had urged the same course, inviting me to stay at their house, and had pressed its advocacy on Bucke as well. But circumstances seemed to make it impracticable and I had to decline. The suggestion was not a new one, for the "College" friends had urged it some time previously, and had even suggested the particular ship which I should take (the *British Prince*, on which Johnston had sailed), and the date of sailing, and had offered—as a birthday gift—to pay my passage. I had told Whitman about it at the time



in a letter, and had also told him that I could not see my way to do as they wished. It was characteristic of him that he at once wrote me a longer and even kinder letter than usual, conveying his "thanks to the dear friends for urging you to come on a trip to America," which he described as largely on his account, and thanked me for considering it, adding: "but I feel that your decision in the negative is the best and wisest and approve it decidedly." I have always thought his reply a perfect example of tender consideration and courtesy.

Three or four weeks after Bucke's visit, however, circumstances changed unexpectedly and I found that it would be possible, after all, to visit Whitman, and I decided to do so. Dr. Bucke, who was still in London, had booked his return voyage on the *Majestic*, sailing from Liverpool on August 26th for New York; but we found that all the berths were already engaged not only on this but on every other ship sailing on or about that date for New York or Philadelphia. Dr. Johnston had been able, the year before, to do an important service for the captain of the *British Prince*, and now enlisted his aid. Eventually he telegraphed that a berth had been given up on his ship sailing August 26th, and that I could have it on immediate application. This was at once engaged; and thus it was arranged that I should sail not only on the same day as Dr. Bucke but on the very date and in the ship my friends had suggested some time before his arrival!

On August 24th Dr. Bucke returned to Bolton, having previously visited Tennyson, bringing with

him Edward Carpenter, on whom he had called, and whom we now met for the first time; some of us to recognize him later as the most important of contemporary English poets and writers, and the most penetrating and luminous interpreter of Whitman. Dr. Bucke offered to await my arrival in Philadelphia, and it was agreed that, after a visit to Whitman, I should accompany him at once to his home in Canada, stay there for two or three weeks, and, after one or two other visits, return to Traubel's in Camden, and visit Whitman from there at my leisure.

At a general meeting of our friends the same evening Dr. Bucke was urged (on Traubel's previous suggestion) to give us an address on Whitman as a basis for subsequent discussion and talk. He seemed very diffident, saying that he was no speaker and advising us to ask Carpenter instead, but finally yielded on condition that I should first read something from "Leaves of Grass," "to set the ball rolling." With his approval I selected and read "By Blue Ontario's Shore," and he then gave us, quite informally and conversationally, the weightiest and most impressive address we have ever heard. ("He carries heavy guns," Whitman had said of him in a letter to me.) His subject was Cosmic Consciousness—more especially as illustrated in Whitman. He told me later in Canada that my reading had suggested the subject of his talk by recalling to him the circumstances of his own illumination in 1872 (since recorded in his book, "Cosmic Consciousness," p. 7), for, by a curious coincidence, I had read the poem he himself had read to his two friends, H. Buxton

Forman and Alfred Forman, immediately before his illumination took place. When writing his book, he told me in a letter that it was his address in Bolton which had started him on it.

Two days later, August 26th, we both sailed from Liverpool; he to New York, and I on a much slower boat to Philadelphia, where he was to await me.

As I looked back, during the voyage, on the succession of events which had followed our first letter to Whitman in 1887, bringing us into close relationship with him and his friends, and which had brought about—so unexpectedly, and in the face of apparently unsurmountable obstacles—my present pilgrimage, I felt as though I were encompassed by invisible agencies of amazing beneficence, animating all phenomena and operating alike in Whitman, his friends and in all persons, events and circumstances, yet of whom Whitman seemed the focal centre of expression. Are there not times when the reader of "Leaves of Grass" is overpowered by a similar feeling?



**NOTES OF VISIT TO WALT WHITMAN  
AND HIS FRIENDS IN 1890**

**JOHN JOHNSTON, M.D.**







MICKLE STREET, CAMDEN, N.J. (1890).

x Walt Whitman's House.



## IN CAMDEN

ON Tuesday, July 15, 1890, I landed at Philadelphia—"the city of brotherly love"—and after getting through the troublesome Customs I called at the post-office, where I found a letter from Mr. Andrew H. Rome, of Brooklyn, inviting me to go and stay with him, and enclosing a letter of introduction to Walt Whitman.

Crossing the ferry by the ferry-boat *Delaware*, I arrived at Camden, putting up at the "West Jersey" Hotel, and about noon I walked down to Mickle Street, which I found to be a quiet and retired side street, grass-grown on the roadway and side walks and ornamented with two rows of large and graceful, leafy trees, which give it quite a pleasant, breezy, semi-rural appearance. The houses are, for the most part, timbered structures, painted different, low-toned colours, and of various heights and outlines.

Number 328—which, by the way, is duplicated next door—is an unpretentious, two-storied building, with four wooden steps to the front door, on which is a small brass plate engraved "W. Whitman." I rang the bell, and the vestibule door was opened by a fine young man, of whom I inquired if Walt Whitman was at home. On his answering "Yes," I gave him my card, and was shown into a room

on the left side of the lobby—a sort of parlour—with the blinds three-parts closed against the heat.

The young man informed me that “Mr. Whitman was pretty well, but had been rather sick.” He “would see if he would receive me.” He returned almost immediately, and asked me to “go right upstairs, turn to the left and go straight in.”

I did so, and before I got to the room I heard a voice from within, calling, “Come in, Doctor! Come right in!” and in another moment I was in, and saw Walt Whitman seated. Stretching forth his right hand as far as he could reach he grasped mine with a firm, affectionate grip, saying, “Glad to see you. I’ve been expecting you. Sit down.”

I did so, and his next words were, “And how are you?” To which I replied, and he continued, “You find it very warm in these parts, don’t you? Strangers often find it uncomfortably so; but I just resign myself to it and take things quite easy; and I get along pretty well during the hot spell. So you’ve been travelling about our States, have you?”

“No,” I said, “I only landed in Philadelphia this morning.”

“Ah, I am confounding you with another friend of mine.”

He talked on in the most genial, natural and affable manner for a few minutes, until I said, “But I’m forgetting my letter of introduction, and my commission.”

This gave me the opportunity of changing my seat from facing the light to a place by the window, where I could see him better. I then

handed him Mr. Rome's letter, and while he was reading it I took a look at him and his surroundings.

The first thing about him that struck me was the physical immensity and magnificent proportions of the man, and, next, the picturesque majesty of his presence as a whole.

He sat quite erect in a great cane-runged chair, cross-legged, with slippers on his feet, and clad in rough, grey clothes and a shirt of pure white linen with a great wide collar edged with white lace—the shirt buttoned about midway down his breast, the big lapels of the collar thrown open, the points touching his shoulders and exposing the upper portion of his hirsute chest. He wore a vest of grey homespun, but it was unbuttoned almost to the bottom. He had no coat on, and his shirt sleeves were turned up above the elbows, exposing most beautifully shaped arms and flesh of the most delicate whiteness.

Although it was very hot he was not visibly perspiring, while I had to keep mopping my face.

His hands are large and massive, but in perfect proportion to the arms; the fingers long, strong, and tapering to a blunt end. His nails are square, showing about an eighth of an inch separate from the flesh. But his majesty is concentrated in his head, which is set with leonine grace and dignity upon his broad, square shoulders; and it is almost entirely covered with long, fine, straggling hair, silvery and glistening, pure and white as sunlit snow, rather thin on the top of his high, rounded crown, streaming over and around his large but delicately shaped ears, down

the back of his big neck, and from his pinky-white cheeks and top lip over the lower part of his face, right down to the middle of his chest—like a cataract of materialized, white, glistening vapour, giving him a most venerable and patriarchal appearance. His high, massive forehead is seamed with wrinkles. His nose is large, strong, broad and prominent, but beautifully chiselled and proportioned, almost straight, very slightly depressed at the tip, and with deep furrows on each side running down to the angles of the mouth. The eyebrows are thick and shaggy with strong white hair, very highly arched and standing a long way above the eyes, which are of a light blue with a tinge of grey, small, rather deeply set, calm, clear, penetrating, and revealing unfathomable depths of tenderness, kindness and sympathy. The upper eyelids droop considerably over the eyeballs, the left rather more than the right. The full lips are partly hidden by the thick, white moustache. The whole face impresses one with a sense of resoluteness, strength and intellectual power, and yet withal, it evinces a winning sweetness, unconquerable radiance, and hopeful joyousness. His voice is highly pitched and musical, with a *timbre* which is astonishing in an old man. There is none of the usual senile tremor, quaver, or shrillness, his utterance being clear, ringing, and most sweetly musical.

But it was not in any one of these features that his charm lay so much as in his *tout ensemble* and the irresistible magnetism of his sweet, aromatic presence which seemed to exhale sanity, purity and naturalness, and exercised over me an attraction





WALT WHITMAN'S ROOM (1890).

which positively astonished me, producing an exaltation of mind and soul which no man's presence ever did before. I felt that I was here face to face with the living embodiment of all that was good, noble and lovable in humanity.

Before I refer to his talk with me, I may say a word about his surroundings, which were unique. All around him were books, manuscripts, letters, papers, magazines, parcels tied up with string, photographs and literary *matériel*, which were piled on the table a yard high, filled two or three waste-paper baskets, flowed over them on to the floor, beneath the table, on to and under the chairs, bed, washstand, etc., so that whenever he moved from his chair he had literally to wade through this sea of chaotic disorder and confusion. And yet it was no disorder to him, for he knew where to lay his hands upon whatever he wanted, in a few moments.

His apartment is roomy, almost square, with three windows—one blinded up—facing the north. The boarded floor is partly carpeted, and on the east side stands an iron stove with stove-pipe partly in the room. On the top of the stove is a little tin mug. Opposite the stove is a large wooden bedstead, over the head of which hang portraits of his father and mother. Near the bed, under the blinded-up window, is the washstand—a plain wooden one, with a white wash-jug and basin. There are two large tables in the room, one between the stove and one of the windows, and another between that and the washstand. Both of these are piled up with all sorts of papers, scissorings, magazines, proof-sheets, books, etc. Some

big boxes and a few chairs complete the furniture. On the walls and on the mantel-piece are pinned or tacked various pictures and photographs—Osceola, Dr. Bucke, Professor Rudolph Schmidt, etc.

He himself sits between the two unblinded windows, with his back to the stove, in the huge cane chair,<sup>1</sup> which was a Christmas present from the children of Mr. Donaldson, of Philadelphia.

Raising his head from Mr. Rome's letter, which he read with the aid of a folding vulcanite-rimmed *pince-nez*, he said :—

“Oh, Doctor, you did not need an introduction to me ; but I am very glad to hear from my old friend Andrew Rome. You know he was my first printer, with his other brothers, and I have a deep regard for them.”

He talked so freely, and so unconstrainedly to me for over an hour, that I cannot possibly note down all that he said ; and the following are mere scraps of his intensely interesting talk :—

“That must be a very nice little circle of friends you have at Bolton.” I assented ; and he went on : “I hope you will tell them how deeply sensible I am of their appreciation and regard for me ; and I should like you to tell all my friends in England whom you come across how grateful I am, not only for their appreciation, but for their more substantial tokens of goodwill. I have sometimes thought of putting my acknowledgments in print in some form or other. I have already alluded to it, but I feel it deserves more.

<sup>1</sup> —since described by himself in a letter to me as “the big, rattan, heavy-timbered, old yellow chair”—



I have a great many friends in England, Scotland and Ireland, but most in England. I hope I acknowledged your and Mr. Wallace's communications—some of my correspondents are rather remiss, and I do not wish to be on the list of defaulters at all."

This gave me an opportunity of presenting him with the book and letter which my friend J. W. Wallace had kindly commissioned me to give him. The book was Symonds's "Introduction to the Study of Dante," and while reading the letter he exclaimed :—

"How wonderfully distinctly Mr. Wallace writes !"

"Yes," I said, "and he speaks just as distinctly as he writes."

"Ah, that is one of his characteristics, then. It is a pleasure to see such beautiful writing. Sometimes one has to wrestle with handwriting."

Reading on, he exclaimed, "Have you met Symonds?"

"No," I replied.

"He is a great friend of mine," he continued, "never seen, but often heard from; and he has given me a good many of his books, from time to time. He writes a good deal, and writes well; and he reads my books."

Reading the letter further on, he said, "What a wonderful eye Mr. Wallace has for the beauties of external nature—the light, the sky, the earth." (This was in reference to a sentence in the letter beginning, "I draft this in the open fields.") "That used to be a kink of mine. 'Leaves of Grass' was mainly gestated by the sea shore, on

the west coast of Long Island, where I was born and brought up. There is a great deal of sea there."

I here mentioned that I purposed visiting Long Island and Huntington. "You do!" he exclaimed, evidently pleased; "then you must go to West Hills. It is a very picturesque place, and is still occupied by the same family, named Jarvis, that succeeded my father and mother in the farm. It is rather a common name there, and I think it must be a corruption of some old English name."

"Do you know Gilchrist?" he then asked.

"No," I said, "but I have an introduction to him, from Captain Nowell, of the *British Prince*. I believe he is staying on Long Island."

"Yes," he answered, "quite close to Huntington. He is located there, and you must go and see him."

Here I handed him J. W. Wallace's beautiful letter to me the day before my departure. As he read it, he exclaimed, "The dear fellow!" At one part of it he was visibly affected—tears standing in his eyes—and for a few moments he did not attempt to speak.

Upon my saying that I intended going to Timber Creek, he said, "That is a place I am very fond of. You must, while there, go and see Mrs. Susan Stafford, at Glendale, three miles from Timber Creek. She is a great friend of mine. Tell her that you have seen me, and that I am still, as I say, holding the fort."

On my saying that I might call on John Burroughs, he took up his big pen and wrote out the

address on one of his envelopes, as well as that of Dr. Bucke, whom he suggested I should visit, if possible.

"Do you know Robert Ingersoll?" he asked me.

"Only by repute," I replied. "He was at your banquet, according to the report in the paper you sent me."

"Yes," he said, "and made a good speech of over an hour long. He lately sent me a copy of one of his books, most beautifully got up. Here it is," handing it to me, and showing me the inscription on the fly-leaf. "He is a wonderful man—one of those men who remind me of the ancient Peripatetics, who used to deliver long orations in a manner which few nowadays can. In Ingersoll there are none of the stock tricks of oratory, but it flows from him as freely as water, pure and clear from a hidden spring which eludes all the investigations of chemistry. It has spontaneity, naturalness, and yet behind it *everything*."

But he checked himself, saying, "I'm talking too much, and infringing on the doctor's orders; and I may have to pay for it by some little prostration."

This led him again to refer to his physical condition, which we had spoken of at the beginning of the interview.

"I am fairly well, for me, at present, though I have been sick lately. I live very simply. I had breakfast of bread and honey—there's some of the honey up there," pointing to a butter-cooler half-buried in the pile of papers on the table.

On my tasting it, he remarked, "It is in the comb, just as the good friend who lives where the

bees make it sends it to me. Isn't it delicious? You can almost taste the bees, can't you? Then I'm very fond of blackberries and fruits generally. I have two meals a day; breakfast at half-past nine, and dinner at four o'clock. I get out into the open air every day, if possible; my nurse [the young man I had seen downstairs] wheels me out in the cool of the evening, and I get along wonderfully well. My physical functions are fairly regular, and my mental faculties are unaffected, except that they are slower than they used to be. The brain has been somehow wounded—I don't know the exact physical condition—I doubt if even the doctors know—but my mentality is still as good as ever, with the exception of its being slower than formerly."

I here referred to his paralysis.

"Yes," he said, "my right arm is my best, but I have a good deal of power in my left."

He then held it out for me to feel, which I did, and I was surprised at the wonderful softness and pliancy of the skin, and the firmness and fulness of the muscles beneath.

As I thought I had stayed long enough I rose to go, when he said: "I wish I could give you something. Have I given you my picture? I suppose so."

I replied that he had not, and, glancing round, I saw a torn scrap photograph of himself among the pile of papers and held it towards him.

"Ah," he said, "that's torn, but if you care to have it you may. I'll write my name on it."

And taking up his huge pen, he wrote on it, "Walt Whitman, July 1890."





FRONT PARLOUR ON GROUND FLOOR OF WHITMAN'S HOUSE (1897).

Before leaving him I happened to mention my copy of "Leaves of Grass," whereupon he expressed a desire to see it, and asked me to "come again to-morrow" and show it to him, which I gladly agreed to do.

I also mentioned that I had seen a copy of the first edition of "Leaves of Grass" (the thin, quarto copy which Mr. Cuthbertson, of Annan, has), and that we were anxious to possess it.

"Why?" he asked.

"Because," I replied, "we know that the type had been partly set up by your own hand, and the book showed the first inception of your ideas."

"As to the printing," he said, "that edition was on very little different footing from the others. I always superintended, and sometimes undertook part of the work myself, as I am a printer and can use the 'stick,' you know."

Shaking hands with him, I came downstairs and was invited by Mrs. Davis, the housekeeper, to sit down in the front room, which is less than the one upstairs and is evidently the visitors' reception-room. The most striking thing about it is the large collection of photographs and portraits that adorn it. Among these I noticed oil paintings of Whitman's father, his mother, and himself. The mantel-piece is covered with photographs, among which are those of Dr. Bucke, the late Mrs. Gilchrist, Mr. Herbert Gilchrist, and others. Curiously enough, I found a portrait of J. W. Wallace, and a copy of my photograph of Ecclefechan, as well as one of myself, which we sent to him three years ago. His

wheeled chair occupies one corner, and his big house-chair the other. Two statuettes of ex-President Cleveland and a huge head of Elias Hicks stand in separate corners.

In the room I found a little coloured girl, Annie Dent, "cleaning Mr. Whitman's wheeled chair," as she said. The young man who wheels him out and attends upon him, and whose name is Frederick Warren Fritzinger—"Warry," Whitman calls him—is a fine-looking young fellow with beautifully symmetrical features, coal-black eyes and hair, and a quiet, unobtrusive, gentle manner. He is a genuine "sailor boy," as Whitman says. His father was a sea-captain, and he has spent a good deal of time at sea, having been round the world three times.

Mrs. Davis—Warry's foster-mother and the widow of a sailor who was drowned at sea—is an extremely pleasant and comely young "ma'am," almost typically American in face and speech, in striking contrast to Warry, who speaks without the least American accent. She has been with Whitman for six years, and Warry about three. They are both evidently very fond of him. During my stay they gave me a good deal of detailed information respecting his habits and mode of life, and were very kind to me in many ways. After chatting awhile I bade them good-day and left the house.

In the evening I had another long talk with Whitman—an unexpected treat. At 7 p.m. he was wheeled by Warry right past my hotel, according to his custom, down to the wharf, close to the river. I was waiting about with my camera in







WALT WHITMAN AND WARREN FRITZINGER ON CAMDEN WHARF (1890).

the hope of meeting him, when he accosted me, and invited me to accompany them down to the river's edge. As we approached the wharf he exclaimed: "How delicious the air is!"

On the wharf he allowed me to photograph himself and Warry (it was almost dusk and the light unfavourable), after which I sat down on a log of wood beside him, and he talked in the most free and friendly manner for a full hour, facing the golden sunset, in the cool evening breeze, with the summer lightning playing around us, and the ferry-boats crossing and re-crossing the Delaware.

Soon a small crowd of boys collected on the wharf edge to fish and talk, which elicited the remark from him that—

"That miserable wretch, the mayor of this town, has forbidden the boys to bathe in the river. He thinks there is something objectionable in their stripping off their clothes and jumping into the water!"

In reference to these same boys he afterwards remarked:—

"Have you noticed what fine boys the American boys are? Their distinguishing feature is their good-naturedness and good temper with each other. You never hear them quarrel, nor even get to high words. Given a chance, they would develop the heroic and manly; but they will be spoiled by civilization, religion and the damnable conventions. Their parents will want them to grow up genteel—everybody wants to be genteel in America—and thus their heroic qualities will be simply crushed out of them."

During the talk which followed, and referring

to his services during the War, he said that the memories of the American people were "very evanescent." "I daresay you find the same thing in England"—this without the slightest tinge of resentment or ill-feeling in his words; in fact, I never heard him express an angry feeling except when he referred to the mayor's action in reference to the boys, and to the influences which he knew would spoil them for men.

The great hope of the America of the future, he said, lies in the fact that fully four-fifths of her territory is agricultural, and must be so; and while in towns and cities there is a great deal of pretentious show, sham and scum, the whole country shows a splendid average, which is an absolute justification for his fondest hopes—and nothing could ever destroy it. All his experiences of the War confirmed him in it, and it was yet destined to find its full fruition in the future.

He quoted the saying of the Northern Farmer of "Lord Tennyson" as he called him: "Taake my word for it, Sammy, the poor in a loomp is bad"; which he took exception to, saying that the poor in a lump were not bad. "And not so poor either; for no man can become truly heroic who is really poor. He must have food, clothing and shelter, and," he added significantly, "a little money in the bank too, I think."

"America's present duty," he continued, "was to develop her material sources for a good many years to come, and to trust that the spirit of the men who fought as those soldiers did [in the War of Secession] would yet prove itself and justify our most sanguine hopes." He repeated, almost

*verbatim*, the "Interviewer's Item" in "Specimen Days," the gist of which is that it is the business of the Americans "to lay the foundations of a great nation in products, in agriculture, in commerce," etc., and "when these have their results and get settled, then a literature worthy of us will be defined." Unlike other lands, the "superiority and vitality" of the nation lie not in a class—a few, the gentry—but in the bulk of the people. "Our leading men," he says, "are not of much account, and never have been, but the average of the people is immense, beyond all history." In the future, he thinks, "we shall not have great individuals or great leaders, but a great average bulk, unprecedentedly great."

Speaking again of the War, he said that the surgeons, with whom he mixed a good deal, proved themselves heroic in their struggles to save the lives of the soldiers of both sides. "My sympathies," he said, "were aroused to their utmost pitch, and I found that mine were equalled by the doctors'. Oh, how they *did* work and wrestle with death! There is an impression that the medical profession in war time is a bit of a fraud, but my experience contradicts this; and nothing can ever diminish my admiration for our heroic doctors." I remarked that he had not put this in his book so emphatically, to which he said that he knew he had not, but felt that he ought to do, and if opportunity offered he intended doing so.

O'Connor and he, with a few others "who," he said, "must have been something like your little band in Bolton," were among the few in Washington who supported Lincoln in his policy. "We

are ready enough to shout hurrah for him now ; but I tell you that up to his death he had some very bitter enemies."

"There were times, too, when the fate of the States trembled in the balance—when many of us feared that our Constitution was about to be smashed like a china plate. But it survived the conflict. We won, and it was wonderful how we *did* win."

Referring to Warren as his "sailor boy," he said that he had been of great service to him when he was at a loss about the names, etc., of parts of a ship. It had always been his custom, when writing or describing anything, to seek information directly from the men themselves ; and he gave me two illustrations of this.

1. In one edition of "Leaves of Grass" he wrote, "Where the sea-whale swims with her calves," because he had often heard sailors say that the calves did swim with the mother ; but on reading it to an old whaler he was told that it was a very exceptional thing for a whale to have more than one calf ; so he altered it to—"Where the sea-whale swims with her calf." (See "Leaves of Grass," p. 56.)

2. He was under the impression that the Canadian raftsmen used a bugle, and he referred to it in one of his lines ; but when he went to Canada he found his mistake and struck it out in the next edition.

Speaking of Walter Scott's edition of "Leaves of Grass," he said he did not like it. "It was like cutting a leg, or a shoulder, or the head off a man, and saying *that* was the man." He pre-





WALT WHITMAN'S HOUSE (1890).



ferred that people who wished to read him should have *the whole critter*, and those parts of his book to which so many took exception were the very ones that he regarded as most indispensable.

"Voltaire," he said, "thought that a man-of-war and the grand opera were the crowning triumphs of civilization; but if he were living now he would find others more striking—in the modern development of engineering, etc."

"A ship in full sail is the grandest sight in the world, and it has never yet been put into a poem. The man who does it will achieve a wonderful work." "I once cherished the desire," he continued, "of going to sea, so that I might learn all about a ship. At another I wished to go on the railway to learn the modern locomotive. The latter I did to some extent, but the former I did not."

I asked him where I could get a copy of Dr. Bucke's "Man's Moral Nature." He told me at Mackay's, Philadelphia; and on my asking whether I could get a copy of John Burrough's "Notes" there also, he said, "Oh, I will give you a copy of that, if you like. I think I have one I can spare."

After listening to his delightful talk—(oh, that I could reproduce his words, and, more than all, the sweetness of his voice, the loving sympathy, the touches of humour, the smile that played round his lips and in his merry twinkling eyes, the laughter that shook his stalwart frame, and the intense magnetism of his personal presence!)—we returned, I accompanying him right to his own door in Mickle Street. He talked the whole time, seemed

pleased with everything and everybody ; and everyone—man, woman and child—seemed to like him. He saluted nearly every person he passed—the car drivers he accosted by name ; to the young men, he said “ How do, boys? ” ; to the women sitting on the door steps, with babies in their arms, he said, “ How do, friends, how do? Hillo, baby ! ” The labourers loafing at the corners saluted him with : “ Good evening, Mr. Whitman ! ” and some took off their hats to him, though most simply bowed respectfully.

As he went along he told me that he had “ sent off a card to Wallace ” ; and continued, “ When you see him tell him what a pleasure it is for me to see his beautiful caligraphy. I get so many letters that I can only read with a struggle, that I cannot help stopping to admire one which is well written. I am very fond of a well-printed book. Your William Black & Sons, of Edinburgh, produce some splendidly printed works. I think I was intended for an artist ; I cannot help stopping to look at the ‘ how it’s done ’ of any piece of work, be it a picture, speech, music, or what not.”

“ Ingersoll is a good illustration of what I mean. From my point of view the main question about his matter is, ‘ What does it amount to? ’ But I cannot but admire his manner of giving it utterance—it is so thoroughly natural and spontaneous—just like a stream of pure water, issuing we know not whence, and flowing along we care not how, only conscious of the fact that it is beautiful all the time.”

Soon we reached his house, where Warren

“scotched” his chair in the angle between the steps and the wall. He invited me to take a seat beside him, on the steps, which I did, and he talked off and on for half-an-hour longer, mostly about his health and physical condition. He allowed me to feel his pulse, which I was pleased to note was fairly full and strong, and quite regular—no intermission, as I half expected. Upon my expressing the hope that he would not feel any ill after-effects from to-day, he said—

“No, Doctor, I don’t think so—though I have had quite a number of visitors. A dear niece (my brother’s daughter) came to see me, after a considerable interval, and I have had several others as well as yourself, Doctor. It has been quite a ‘field day’ with me. My doctor is very strict, but I am always fearful of being too good, you know, and I am often tempted to trespass.” He then told me the following story:—

An old gentleman, named Gore, lived opposite to him (in Mickle Street), who was so strictly proper in all his ways that once, when ill, he asked the doctor so many questions about what he must eat, drink, and avoid, that the doctor told him the best thing for him would be to go on a “devil of a drunk”! “By which,” said Whitman, “I guess he meant that he lived so strictly by rules that it would be best for him to break through and away from them all for once. And,” he added, with a chuckle, “I sometimes feel that way myself!”

“I suppose after this I shall have what Oliver Wendell Holmes calls ‘a large poultice of silence.’ Holmes is a clever fellow, but he is

too smart, too cute, too epigrammatic, to be a true poet."

"Emerson came nigh being our greatest man ; in fact, I think he is our greatest man."

Some people passing and saluting him, I said, "You seem to have lots of friends about you, Mr. Whitman."

"Yes," he replied, "and I have some very bitter enemies. The old Devil has not gone from the earth without leaving some of his emissaries behind him."

He then referred to the lines he wrote—at the request of an editor—upon the death of the old German Emperor, and said that his Democratic and Liberal friends were incensed at him for venturing to say a word in his favour.<sup>1</sup>

"You know, I include Kings, Queens, Emperors, Nobles, Barons and the aristocracy generally, in my net—excluding nobody and nothing human—and this does not seem to be relished by these narrow-minded folks."

"I had a visit last year from a young English earl, who, in the course of conversation, said :—

" 'I have an impression that you regard lords and nobles as akin to fools.'"

<sup>1</sup> The following are the lines referred to—

#### THE DEAD EMPEROR.

To-day, with bending head and eyes, thou, too, Columbia,  
Less for the mighty crown laid low in sorrow—less for  
the Emperor ;

Thy true condolence breathest, sendest out o'er many a  
salt sea mile,  
Mourning a good old man—a faithful shepherd patriot.

“ ‘Well,’ I replied, ‘there is an impression of that kind abroad.’

“ ‘But,’ said the earl, ‘I venture to hope that you may be willing to admit that there may be exceptions—that they are not *all* alike !’

“ Which I thought,” said Whitman, “a remarkably good answer.”

As it was now 9 p.m. (his bedtime), I bade him good-night and went to my hotel, pondering deeply on many things, and marvelling at the wondrous magnetic attraction this man had for me—for I felt I could stay with him for ever.

*Wednesday, July 16th.*—A magnificent day, but so intensely hot that movement of any kind is almost impossible. It had been my intention to go to Timber Creek to-day; but finding, on inquiry, that it is not very easy of access, I decided to spend the time at 328 Mickle Street. And now I am glad, because I have been able to take photographs of the house and its inmates, and have held much pleasant converse with them. Mrs. Davis gave me an engraved portrait of Whitman, and expressed a great desire to send something as a little present to my wife. She is an altogether agreeable person, and so charmingly natural that I do not wonder at Whitman liking her; while Warren is so gentle, so unassuming, frank, intelligent and unaffectedly kind-hearted that the more I see of him the better I like him. He and I had a walk together, during which he talked about Whitman. He said that two years ago the doctors—including Dr. Bucke, who was in attendance—all said that he could not live, but that he

is better now than he was for a long time after that. He always attends to his mail himself, and replies with his own hand to all his letters, except those of autograph-hunters, which are consigned to the waste-paper basket.

But my good fortune did not end here, for I was favoured with another brief interview with Whitman himself, whom I found lying upon his bed (over the head of which hangs a large daguerreotype of his mother—another of his father hanging by the washstand—), fanning himself—prostrated by the intense heat. I took the fan and fanned him for about five minutes, when he said:—

“I have found that copy of John Burroughs’s ‘Notes,’ and I will get up and give it to you.”

I assisted him on to his feet; and with his right arm round my neck and my left round his waist we walked across the floor to his chair, wading through the sea of papers on our way.

He then gave me John Burroughs’s little book, and taking up two other booklets, he said,—

“I wish you to give these to Mr. Wallace, and these”—(taking up two similar ones)—“are for yourself.”

They were copies of “Passage to India” (1871) and “As a Strong Bird on Pinions Free” (1872).

I thanked him, and afterwards, at my request, he kindly wrote our names and his own on the title pages of them all.

As I did not want him to talk much, I showed him some of my photographs. One of Annan, from the Milnfield, he especially admired, saying—

“What a beautiful vignette! There’s nothing finer. It is very pretty.”

He looked at it with evident interest for several minutes, and though I had intended it for John Burroughs I gave it to him.

He was interested in my copies of "Leaves of Grass" and "Specimen Days" (Wilson and McCormick's), which he had not seen before, but he at once recognized the type, and said,—

"I see they have used our type and their own title page. I believe they had permission to do so."

When shown the photograph of the interior of "Eagle Street College," he exclaimed,—

"So this is the room where you good fellows all meet! What a beautiful room!"

I asked him if he recognized the portrait on the wall.

"Is it mine?" he asked eagerly; "which one is it?"

I told him that it was published in the *Illustrated London News*, when he said,—

"Oh, I have seen it—and I don't like it."

"Why?" I asked.

"A friend of mine says there's a foxy, leering, half-cynical look about it—and I think he's right," he replied. "It's a wonderfully good piece of engraving, though," he added.

I gave him a photo of J. W. Wallace's room, as well as those of J. W. W. himself, which I took there.

He referred to our hour on the wharf last night, with evident pleasure.

Soon rising to go, I said, "Is that the portrait of Osceola?" referring to an old tattered engraving tacked on the wall near the door.

"Yes," he replied; "do you know much about him?"

"Not much," I said. He then gave me a brief sketch of Osceola's history—telling me that he was a Seminole chief whose grandfather was a Scotsman, married to an Indian squaw, down Florida way, and when trouble broke out some fifty years ago he was basely betrayed, imprisoned and literally done to death.

"That portrait," he continued, "is by George Cable, who is quite a clever portrait engraver. I got it in Washington during the war. It was packed away for a good many years, and when I found it it was all torn, cracked and frayed. I spent an hour one day in piecing it and pasting it on that paper."

Among the photographs on the mantel-piece upstairs I noted the original of the engraving in my edition of "Leaves of Grass," two of Prof. Rudolph Schmidt, of Copenhagen, one of Dr. Bucke, and others.

"And that," I said, pointing to a picture behind a pile of papers, "is another oil painting of yourself?"

"Yes," he said; "do you like it?"

"I do," I replied hesitatingly.

"Then you may take it with you if you like; I don't care for it," he said. "It was done several years ago by Sidney Morse, but I don't think it is satisfactory."

"Nor do I. In fact, I've never yet seen a portrait of you that *is* quite satisfactory to my mind," I said. "They are portraits, but they are not *you*."



“No, I guess not,” he said. “You cannot put a *person* on to canvas—you cannot paint vitality.”<sup>1</sup>

Before my leaving he again referred to his circumstances, saying that he got along pretty well. The time of his extreme poverty had gone. He had many good friends, his wants were few, “and,” he added, but without the least touch of sadness, “it will probably not be for very long that I shall want anything. I have no desire to emulate the manners of the *genteel*; and I never was one to whom so-called refinement, or even orderliness, stood for much.”

Fearing that I had trespassed too much on his time, and feeling overwhelmed by his generosity, I took my leave.

On the mantel-piece of the room downstairs I found the photograph of “The Boys of the Eagle Street College,” as well as those of Carlyle’s grave and birth-room, which we had sent to him.

In the evening, I walked down to the wharf, in hopes of seeing Whitman and “Warry,” but was disappointed. I sat down on a log, and ate my repast of fruit and crackers. Near me were a good many boys, of the lower middle class, fishing and frolicking, and I could not but remark the genuine good humour that prevailed among them, and the entire absence of anything approaching to rudeness or bad language; joking, of course, there was, but all in good-natured fun, and I never

<sup>1</sup> This portrait, one of the few oil paintings of Whitman, and of Jovine proportions, is valuable, as showing something of the colour and freshness he retained even in advanced life,

heard a single unseemly utterance. I think our English boys of a similar class would compare very unfavourably with them. Nurses, with babies and little children, were sitting about the logs, and I enticed one bright little boy of three-and-a-half years on to my knee with my bag of crackers. The sun had set beyond the river, and in its after-glow Venus was outshining mildly and unattended. I stayed there, in the waning light, enjoying the cool breeze from the Delaware—until the mosquitoes drove me home.

*Thursday, July 17th.*—Another day of magnificent sunshine and intense heat.

I crossed the Delaware in the *Weenonah*—Whitman's old favourite ferry-boat, he told me the other night, while we were sitting together on the wharf—the name of an old Indian tribe, though probably a corrupt spelling.

Returning, I took a bag of fruit with me to Mickle Street, and received a most cordial welcome from Whitman, who was seated in his chair fanning himself, looking quite bright and happy, dressed as on my first visit, and spotlessly clean. He gave me his manly grip with extended arm, saying—

“How do, Doctor, how do? Take a seat”—pointing to a chair. He said he had had a fairly good night, and had partaken of his usual breakfast of bread and honey (with milk and iced water, I think).

In a few minutes he said, “I'm going to send this photograph to Wallace”—lifting up a large mounted photograph from the top of his pile of

papers—"I wish him to substitute it for the one he has hanging in his room, as I don't like that one at all. It makes me look, as I told you, a bit foxy, sly, smart, cute and almost Yankee. So if you will take this one, and ask him to put it in place of the other, I shall be glad. If it doesn't quite fit the frame you can get what we call a mat—I dare say you in England have them—and make it fit."

I said that Wallace would value this photograph very highly indeed, and I considered it the very best one of him I had yet seen.

"Yes," he said, "I think it is pretty satisfactory myself. They got me over in Philadelphia, much against my inclination, in the spring, I think it was, and that is the result of my sitting. Nowadays photographers have a trick of what they call 'touching up' their work—smoothing out the irregularities, wrinkles, and what they consider defects in a person's face—but, at my special request, that has not been interfered with in any way, and, on the whole, I consider it a good picture. And now I'll write my name on it, and I want you to take it to Wallace with my love." He then wrote on it, "Walt Whitman in 1890."

I told him I should try to copy it.

"Oh!" he said. "Well, if you do, I should be glad if you would send me a copy." This I promised to do.<sup>1</sup>

I now produced my bag of fruit and gave him an orange, which he at once put to his nostrils, saying, "How delicious it smells!"

<sup>1</sup> A reduced copy of this photograph (taken by Mr. Gutekunst) forms the frontispiece to this volume.

He smelled it in silence three or four times, each time dwelling upon it, and taking long, deep inspirations, closing his eyes and being apparently lost to everything except the delicious feeling which the aroma of the luscious fruit imparted to him. I noticed that he did not do this with any fruit except the orange, and that grapes, peaches and pears were admired and commented on, but not so lovingly handled as the orange, which he again took up and smelled after putting all the others aside.<sup>1</sup>

He then took up a little volume—"Camden's Compliment to Walt Whitman"—saying, "Oh, I've found a copy of that little book I spoke of the other day, and will give it to you since you say you've not seen it."

Now it so happened that I had bought a copy at David Mackay's, and I told him so; but I said that since it was his original intention to give it to me, I would accept it and give mine to someone else. He thereon wrote in it, "J. Johnston, from Walt Whitman, July, 1890."

I afterwards found that he had put the following note on page 53, by the side of Rudolph Schmidt's letter—"This is the letter of R. S., referred to

<sup>1</sup> He was endowed with exceptionally acute senses. Dr. Bucke says he has heard him speak of hearing the grass grow, and the trees coming into leaf. In the "Song of Myself" he mentions the "bustle of growing wheat." And, as to scent, he says in "Specimen Days," "There is a scent in everything, even the snow; no two places, hardly any two hours, anywhere are alike. How different the odour of noon from midnight, winter from summer, or a windy spell from a still one!"

by me when Dr. J. asked about the photo in Mickle Street."

Speaking of David Mackay, I mentioned the fact of his being a Scotsman, when he said that he had known quite a number of Scotsmen—"dozens, scores of them"—and had a high admiration for them. There was something "very human," something "very good and attachable," in the Scottish people, especially in the mothers of large families. Scotsmen, he thought, were apt to be a little glum and morose, as Carlyle was, but as they became old they usually mellowed a good deal.

I told him I had got an autograph copy of "Peter Peppercorn's" poems, and he said he was glad I had, because he knew "Peter" very well, and liked him for his genuine goodness of heart and his sharpness of intellect which was almost uncanny. He was a Scotsman, or of Scottish extraction; sometimes came to Camden to see him; and, with all his faults, was a downright good fellow.

Another volume I had was "Poems by Hermes" (Thayer), the author of which he also knew. "He comes here," he said, "and is a fine fellow—in fact, a very handsome fellow. I believe he is writing a history of modern Italy, including Garibaldi and his times."

He afterwards most willingly consented to let me try to take a photograph of the interior of his room, which I did, but he said,—

"You can't do it, Doctor, no more than you can photograph a bird. You may get an outline of the bird's body, but you can't fix the life, the surrounding air, the flowers and the grass."

On my leaving, he shook hands very warmly with me, saying,—

“ Good-bye, Doctor, good-bye ! Give my love to Wallace and the rest of the fellows—and tell them that I hope they won't overestimate Walt Whitman. He doesn't set up to be a finished anything, but just a rough epitome of some of the things in America. I have always been glad to hear from you all, and now that I have seen you *in propriâ personâ* I feel that I know you, and regard you as friends. Good-bye, good-bye ! ”

Coming downstairs, I was invited by Mrs. Davis to join them in their mid-day repast, which I did ; and much did I enjoy the sugared blackberries, bread and butter, and coffee. In fact, I regard it as almost the crowning honour that I should be asked to share the hospitality of Whitman's house, and to sit in that quaint, ship's-cabin-like kitchen, as one of the family.

Mrs. Davis gave me a fan which “ Mr. Whitman ” used for some time, and had given to her ; also a bottle of most beautiful shells (off the mantel-piece), which her late husband had brought from the Island of Cuba. These are presents from Mrs. Davis to my wife.

Another member of the household is Harry Fritzing—“ Warry's ” brother—a fine, tall, handsome young American, quiet and reserved in manner, but very likeable, and evidently “ a good sort.”

The other inmates are Polly the robin, Watch the spotted dog, a parrot, Kitty the black cat, and a canary bird.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> This bird, which was the subject of Whitman's lines, “ My Canary Bird,” died shortly after my visit, and Mrs.

While sitting there I was surprised to hear Whitman coming downstairs, "all by himself"; and he actually got nearly to the bottom before Warren could reach him. When he was seated in the front room he asked:—

"Has the Doctor gone?"

"No, sir," answered Warren; "he's having a cup of coffee and some blackberries in the kitchen."

"Oh," said Whitman, "I'm very glad, and I hope he'll enjoy them."

We overheard him tell Mrs. Davis that he had sent a poor woman a dollar, and she had just replied, saying that she had "received his gift," which wording did not please him, for he said,—

"Why can't she say that she has received the *dollar* I sent, and not go running the devil round the post by saying that she has received my *gift*?"

I then came into the room for my things, and on my saying "Good-bye" again to him, he held out his hand—this time the left one, simply because it seemed to be the handiest at the moment.

Warren came with me to my hotel, assisted me to pack my box, put it on to the hack, went with me to the station, and even accompanied me in the train to the first station out. In our talk he said that he thought Mr. Whitman had enjoyed my coming to see him, and he had never heard him say anything but what was pleasant in reference to it.

Many of his visitors, he said, seemed to expect

Davis had it stuffed. It was brought to Bolton by Dr. Bucke, together with an autographed copy of the lines, in 1891, and presented to Mr. Wallace.

him to keep talking about "Shakespeare and poetry" and such-like, all the time; and Mr. Whitman told him that he liked a little of the talk of everyday life occasionally—in fact, as Mr. Whitman once put it, he "liked to be a sensible man *sometimes!*"

The following additional notes may be of interest:—

He does not use tobacco. I should be surprised if he did; I could not imagine Walt Whitman smoking.

He does not use a table for writing, but does it on a pad upon his knee; and he writes slowly and deliberately, but without the least perceptible tremor. He uses a huge penholder and pen, and he seldom blots his writing, preferring to let the ink dry.

He speaks slowly, distinctly, and with forceful and telling emphasis, occasionally hesitating for the right word or expression, but always rounding and completing his sentences in his own way; and I noticed that he frequently made use of phrases and words familiar to me in his books.

Of late years he seems to have changed in two particulars. (1) Mrs. Davis told me that he does not now sing much, whereas singing used to be his favourite amusement. Dr. Bucke speaks of him as singing whenever he was alone, whatever he might be doing: e.g. while taking his bath, dressing, or sauntering out of doors. (2) He talks more than he used to do. He certainly talked a good deal to me, and as freely and unconstrainedly as to an intimate and lifelong friend.



## VISIT TO BROOKLYN

AT 2.40 p.m. I took train for Brooklyn, which I reached about 6 p.m., and went to 79 North Portland Avenue—the residence of Mr. Andrew H. Rome—where I received a most cordial welcome from him and his good wife, who is my wife's cousin.

In our talk, Mr. Rome told me many new and interesting details of Whitman's early life—how he became acquainted with him, and the difficulties they had with the printing of the first edition of "Leaves of Grass." "Whitman," he said, "always earned his own living, was liked by everybody, was never in a temper, never swore, to his knowledge, but once, and then extremely mildly, at something in a newspaper of which he disapproved; never spoke disparagingly of anyone or anything; was not then a brilliant conversationalist, though he talks more now, and had the knack of drawing other people on to talk of what they knew best about," etc.

The rest of our conversation was about Annan and Annan folks—for Mr. Rome, like myself, is an Annan man—and much did I enjoy that talk about my dear old home, three thousand miles away.

I have reason to believe that Mr. Rome is the friend in Brooklyn referred to on page 25 of Dr. Bucke's book.

*Friday, July 18th.*—Morning gloriously fine. In company with Mr. Rome, who took me through many of the public buildings, I visited the corner of Cranberry and Fulton streets, where Whitman's first edition of "Leaves of Grass" was printed—at Mr. Rome's office. I afterwards crossed the Fulton Ferry to New York; rode down the whole length of Broadway; walked back to Brooklyn over the magnificent Brooklyn Bridge, and was much impressed by the superb view over the whole bay, with its splendid shipping, and all the shows of Manhattan—really the finest spectacle of the kind I have ever seen.

*Saturday, July 19th.*—Another morning of splendid sunshine tempered with a gentle breeze. After a visit in the morning to Coney Island—a favourite haunt of Whitman's in his youth—I spent the afternoon at Fulton Ferry—another of Whitman's youthful haunts—on the boat called the *Fulton*, and there I had another slice of good fortune.

As one of the deck-hands saw that I was going to photograph from the deck, he suggested that I should ask the pilot to allow me to go on the upper deck. This I did, and the pilot's reply was, "I guess you can, if you want to." I gladly went; and, after a little while, we got into conversation, in the course of which I asked him, "Did you ever hear tell of Walt Whitman?"

He looked up quickly and said, "Do you mean Walt Whitman the poet?"

"Yes," I said. "Do you know him?"

"I should think I do!" he replied. "Why,



THE "FULTON" FERRY BOAT (1890).



he used to come on this very ferry-boat, when I was a young fellow, nearly every day, and go backwards and forwards with us for an hour at a time."

"Indeed," I said. "What was he like at that time? Tell me about him, as I'm much interested in all concerning him. I've been to see him at Camden."

"You have?" he said. "I hear he is very feeble now. When I knew him he was a fine, strappin' fellow, tall, broad-shouldered and straight; walked with a slow, steady swing. He was a slow speaker. He did not talk much, and seemed to prefer hearin' other folk talk. He took a long time tellin' a thing, but, when he'd done, you'd know what he meant. He had a kind word for everybody and from everybody, for everybody liked him. I have good reason to think well of him; for when I had typhoid fever he used to come every day with fruit and delicacies, and sit with me for an hour or two at a time, when I knew he could ill spare it, as he had his duties to attend to. Yes, I have a very great regard for Walter." (This was the first time I had heard anyone call him "Walter," and he often spoke of him by that name.) "There was a little book of his I used to be very fond of, called 'Leaves of Grass.' Do you know it? I've heard that some folks don't like him for some of the things in that book; but they needn't come around this ferry and say anythin' agin' Walter Whitman."

I asked him to write his name in my book, and I found it to be John Y. Baulsir—one of "the Balsirs" mentioned in "Specimen Days." He

said that he had known several of the other pilots mentioned there—John Cole, pilot of the *Union*, who was a pilot still; George White, Luther Smith, and Bill White, who died suddenly and alone at his post, in the very chair in which I was then sitting.

He afterwards told me the following incident which he had witnessed: "Walter" and he went one Sunday morning to Trinity Church, Brooklyn, and Whitman forgot to take off his hat. One of the church officials requested him to remove it, but in such a low voice that he did not hear him; and thinking that he was defying him, he deliberately knocked it off; whereupon Whitman stooped down, picked it off the floor, and twisting it into a kind of rope—it was a soft felt—he seized the man by the collar and struck him with it on the side of the head three or four times, and then walked out, followed by the red-faced official, who vowed he would have him arrested.<sup>1</sup>

I spent a couple of hours in that pilot's wheel-house, chatting to him, looking at the stream of passengers, and enjoying the breeze from the river, the ceaseless movement, and the brilliant and varied panorama of "Manhattan from the Bay."

<sup>1</sup> On my afterwards telling this to Mr. John Burroughs, he said it was the only instance he had ever heard of Whitman resenting anything.

## VISIT TO WEST HILLS

*Monday, July 21st.*—After a brief visit to some relatives at Wheatley, Long Island, I took train to Huntington. Here a letter awaited me from Mr. Herbert Gilchrist. A darkey driver took me in a “Brewster’s side-bar wagon” on to West Hills, where, after a little difficulty—for candour compels the admission that the name of Walt Whitman is not so familiar in the neighbourhood as I expected—I found the farm-house in which he was born. Alighting, I went up to an elderly, farmer-looking man in the yard.

“Good-day to you! Are you Mr. Henry Jarvis?” I asked.

“I believe I am,” he replied.

“Is this the farm where Walt Whitman was born?” I enquired.

“Walter Whitman? I guess so,” he replied.

“Well,” said I, “I’ve come a long way to see this house, and I should much like to stay in the neighbourhood all night, if I possibly could.”

After a little further talk, he “guessed I could stay there,” but in a few minutes his wife came out and said she could not accommodate me. However, after a little persuasion, she agreed to let me stay the night; and here I am, writing

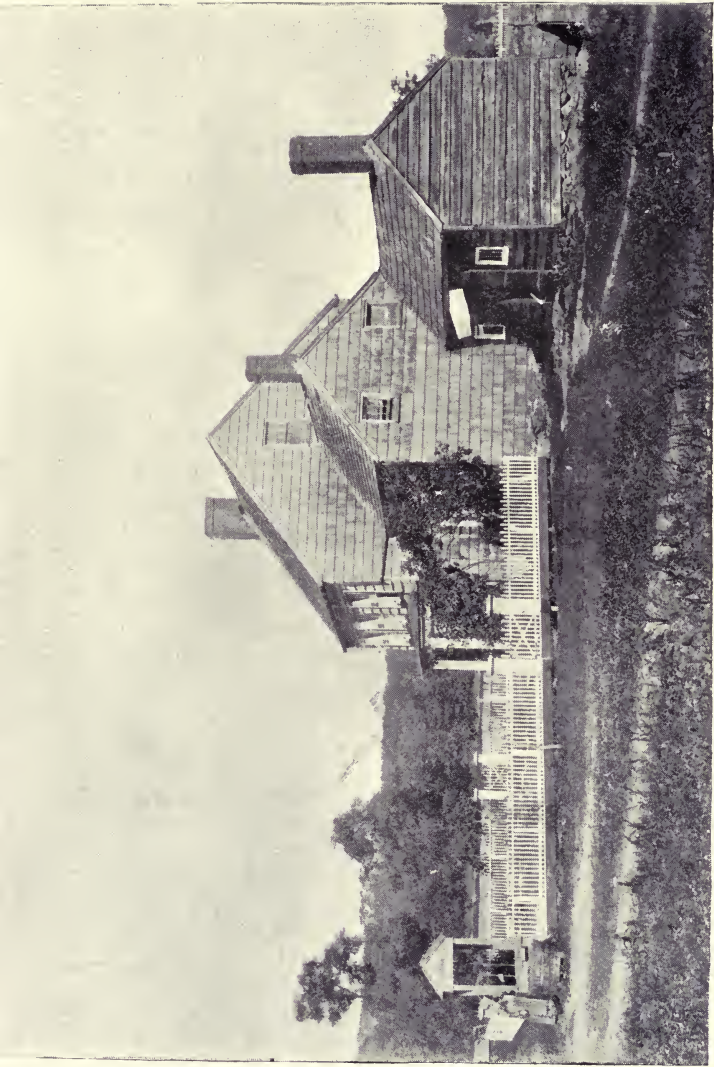
this note in the very house—perhaps the very room—in which Whitman was born, seventy-one years ago!

After supper with the family I spent three delightful hours strolling quietly about the neighbourhood. It is richly wooded, the vegetation is luxuriant, and the roads seem to cut their way through a dense undergrowth of shrub and grass and creepers, which lines each side, climbs high up the trees, and completely covers the fences.

The evening was gloriously fine—another superb sunset, the sun going down in splendour and trailing after him clouds of crimson and vermilion, shading off into violet, pink, orange, saffron and pale lemon—an “artist’s despair” sunset, which was followed by a starry night of unusual brilliance and beauty. I had witnessed just such another starry night at sea—the Milky Way stretching like a luminous belt across the star-sprinkled sky, the constellations shining in unsurpassed brilliance, and almost shaming the light of the crescent moon.

I wandered on in the waning light until the sun was below the horizon and the peaceful beauty of the scene at “the drape of the day” was most impressive, with the all-pervading music of the crickets filling the air, until the young katydids began their evensong, and the fire-flies flashed their phosphorescent lights on the grass, the roadway, the trees and the fences. I strolled along the road to where all insect sounds ceased, and there stood alone, with the deep solitude and peace and the sublime spectacle of the luminous, crowded heaven above.





WEST HILLS—WHITMAN'S BIRTHPLACE—FROM FARMYARD (1890).



I do not remember to have experienced a solitude so utter or a silence so profound as when I stood there under the silvery radiance of the moon, "alone with the stars." They seemed charged with a new beauty and a new meaning addressed to my individual soul; and long did I stand there, drinking in peace, contentment and bliss.

*Tuesday, July 22nd.*—After a refreshing night's sleep I awoke to the singing of some sweet little songsters at my window. What they are nobody here can tell me, but they are certainly not English. Even the so-called robin is not the English robin, but seems to be a sort of cross between it and a thrush, being almost as large as the latter, with a red breast and a long spread-out tail, which it flicks about with sharp, sudden, spasmodic jerks, like a blackbird.

I was up betimes, and went out into the grateful morning air and the beautiful sunshine which flooded and steeped everything with its glory.

I walked, or rather waded, through a field of tall, rank grass, wild flowers and weeds, rising almost breast-high, and was amazed at the wealth of colour, and the multitudinous abundance and variety of insect life. Great club-bodied dragon flies buzzed with their gauzy, diaphanous wings; butterflies of every conceivable tint and hue hovered around or fluttered from flower to flower; brown locusts and green grasshoppers shuffled and fiddled on the slender, bending stalks of the tall, golden-headed grasses; yellow-bodied, black-barred bees hummed as

they flitted from the nectar-laden chalices ; flies, moths and "bugs" of all kinds were there in almost countless numbers ; and the katydids were loudly whispering their self-contradictory assertions, that "Katy did," and "Katy didn't." Where could such a scene as this be found but in America?

Soon—too soon, alas, for I was reluctant to leave this charming district, the motherly-kind Mrs. Jarvis and her interesting household—my darkey came along with his wagon, to take me to Centreport Cove, to visit Mr. Herbert Gilchrist.

On the road we met an old man named Sandford Brown, who, I had been told, had known Whitman in his youth. We stopped him, and the following are some of the scraps of his talk :—

"Walter Whitman, or 'Walt,' as we used ter call him, was my first teacher. He 'kept school' for 'bout a year around here. I was one of his scholars, and I used ter think a powerful deal on him. I can't say that he was exactly a failure as a teacher, but he was certainly not a success. He warn't in his element. He was always musin' an' writin', 'stead of 'tending to his proper dooties ; but I guess he was like a good many on us—not very well off, and had to do somethin' for a livin'. But school-teachin' was not his *forte*. His *forte* was poetry. Folks used ter consider him a bit lazy and indolent, because, when he was workin' in the fields, he would sometimes go off for from five minutes to an hour, and lay down on his back on the grass in the sun, then get up and do some writin', and the folks used ter say he was idlin' ; but I guess

he was then workin' with his brain, and thinkin' hard, and then writin' down his thoughts.

"He was a tall, straight man, but not so tall as his father and his uncle, who were about  $6\frac{1}{2}$  feet high."

Here I showed him the portrait in "Leaves of Grass," when he said that he did not recognize the features as he then knew them, but he did recognize the negligent style of the dress, the open collar and the "way of wearin' the hat."

"He kept school for a year," he went on, "and then his sister"—Fanny, he thought—"succeeded him. I did not see him again for about forty years, when one day he came to my house and asked me,—

" 'Do you know anything about Walt Whitman?'

" 'I should think I do,' I said. And I looked at him, reco'nizin' him, and said,—

" 'Yes, an' I *know* Walt Whitman.'

" 'Yes,' said Walt holding out his hand, 'I see you do; but I have seen those that didn't.'

"I'm one of the very few left," continued the old man, "that knew him in the old days, but there are enough on us to be his pall-bearers, and I hope, when his time comes, that he will elect to lie here, where all his forbears rest."

I told him I had seen a newspaper paragraph to the effect that he had selected his burial place in Camden, at which he hung his head, and said sadly,—

"Oh, I'm very sorry if that's so. I've never read his 'Leaves of Grass,' because I could not afford to buy it; but I've heard tell that some

folks say some parts of it is immoral; but I can't believe that, because Walt was always a man of strict propriety. But it may be that those folks don't quite understand his meanin'. He is a very well eddicated man, and a very deep thinkin' man, and I am quite sure that he would write nothin' but what he believed to be good, proper and true. I believe he is far in advance of his time."

"Yes," I said, "he will have to be dead and buried a hundred years before he is properly appreciated."

At this the old man looked suddenly up at me, and said quite sharply—

"Bury Walt Whitman, did you say? No, sir-r! They'll never bury Walt Whitman! *Walt Whitman'll never die!*"—and he nodded significantly at me, as much as to say, "I have you there!"

"And so," I said, "you believe in the immortality of the soul?"

"Well, naow," he replied slowly, "it would take too long to explain my views on that subject, and I might say somethin' which might mislead you; but I may say I believe that nothin' really dies that has ever lived. I believe, too, that I once existed before I lived in my present form, and that I shall again live as an individual after I have changed my present form."

"Why," I said, "that is something like Whitman's belief."

"I don't know whose belief it is, but I tell you it's mine," he said.

"Walt Whitman is a great favourite of mine," he continued, "and I think a good deal on him.

I don't say that because I know he has now made a name for himself and become famous. Lots of folks want to claim friendship with him now, but I hear he won't have 'em. But it's what I've allus thought, and I would give almost anythin' just to take him by the hand and look in his face—though I wouldn't tell him—oh, dear no!—I wouldn't tell him—I couldn't tell him—what I think on him!"

### VISIT TO HERBERT GILCHRIST

THE remainder of the journey was uneventful—a long drive along the shore of Centreport Cove bringing us to the Moses Jarvis Farm, where Mr. Herbert Harlakenden Gilchrist is located and lives alone—literally so—and does everything for himself—cooking, washing-up, bedmaking, etc. The house—an old wooden farm-house, formerly built on the low ground on the shore, but moved up to its present elevation sometime during the War—is commandingly situated on the brow of the hill overlooking the beautiful bay, which Mr. Gilchrist says is like the Bay of Tarsus, and is putting into his new picture. Under his artistic hand, the house has assumed quite a charmingly picturesque and rural-retreat appearance—a sort of ideal artist home. On the walls of the rooms are tacked or pinned various engravings, sketches, photographs, etc., notably those of Walt Whitman, his late mother, engravings of some of Rossetti's pictures, a platino-type of his own picture the "Rake's Progress" (exhibited last year), photographs of friends, etc., and on the table a copy of his biography of his

mother. A beautiful skin rug covers the luxurious couch in the large room, and in the inner room is a fine old spinning-wheel. The kitchen is at the back, and there is a good orchard with garden attached.

I received a very cordial greeting, and an invitation to stay all night with him, which I regretted I could not accept. He was engaged cooking the dinner when I arrived; and it did seem strange to hear this cultured English artist and author say:—

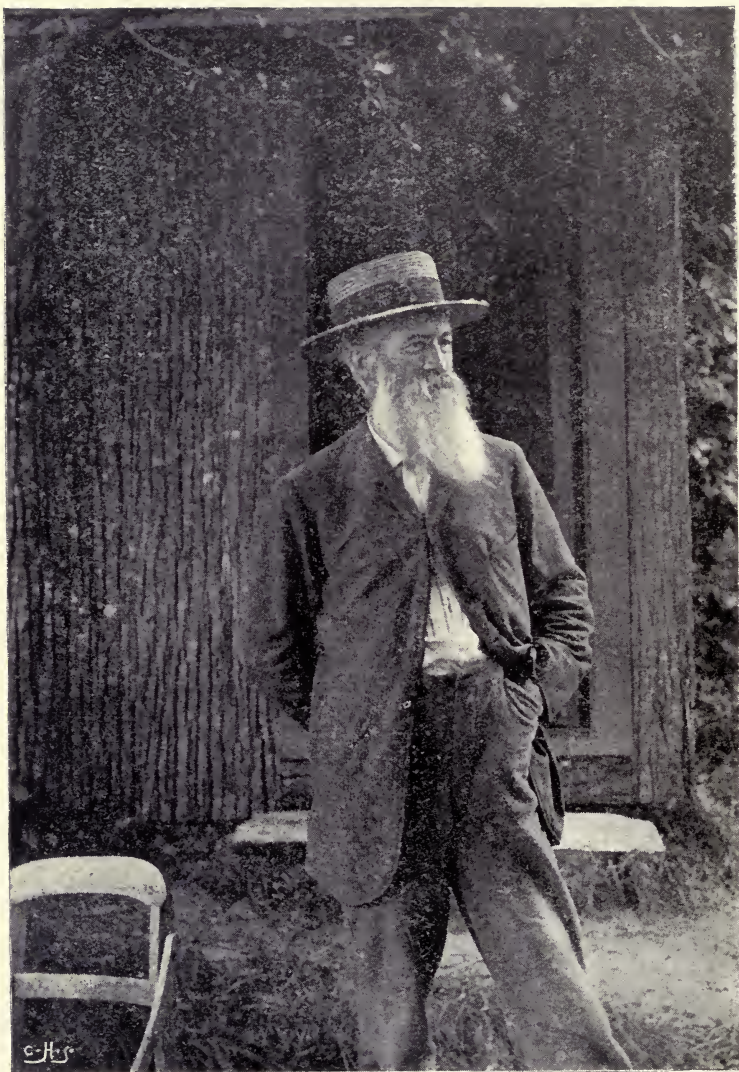
“Excuse me, but I must go and attend to the dinner.”

And a real good dinner we had—roast beef, potatoes, spinach, green peas and stewed apples—all except the beef raised in his own garden, I believe.

I found him a most agreeable host and a pleasant companion. We had an interesting conversation, and it was with extreme regret that I left him to return to Brooklyn in the evening.







JOHN BURROUGHS (1890).

## VISIT TO JOHN BURROUGHS

*Wednesday, July 23rd.*—This morning I left Brooklyn and sailed up the magnificent Hudson river to West Park, on a visit to Mr. John Burroughs. Our steamer, *The Albany*, was a floating palace, most luxuriously fitted-up, and filled to overflowing with a thoroughly characteristic American crowd of well-dressed people. We were favoured with ideal weather, and the sail was most enjoyable, the scenery being somewhat like that of the Rhine, *minus* the castles. The banks beyond the Palisades are well wooded and diversified with houses, villages and towns, picturesquely nestling among the trees. At West Point the scenery is exceedingly beautiful.

Landing at Poughkeepsie, I ferried to West Park, where I found Mr. Burroughs watching some workmen sinking a well through a rock in the grounds of a new house adjoining his own. He is a fine, farmer-like man, of medium height, with a well-built frame, a good head, well posed on his square, sturdy shoulders, a long, flowing, grizzled beard and moustache, and greyish hair. His sun-browned face has a peculiarly pleasant expression, especially about the eyes, which twinkle with a merry light when he smiles; and he has a well-shaped, nearly Roman, nose, a mobile mouth, and a full, broad, rounded forehead.

He was dressed after a free-and-easy fashion—in grey, home-spun trousers, striped shirt, without vest, a plum-coloured, loose alpaca coat, a white straw hat, and canvas boots. He is altogether a good-looking fellow, with a genial, likeable presence, and an out-of-door air about him—just such a man as one might expect this cultured lover and critic of nature and of books to be.

He gave me a very cordial welcome, and took me at once to his summer-house—a shingle-roofed, wooden structure, built of peeled hemlock and vine-branches intertwined. It stands at the head of a vine-clad slope, beneath some wide-branching, leafy trees, directly overlooking the Hudson. It is open on all sides, and is provided with a small table, a seat on each side, and a couple of comfortable chairs. Up in one corner near the roof was a robin's nest of last year. On the seats and the table were strewn papers, magazines and books, among which I noticed the *Cultivator*, the *Country Gentleman*, the *Conservator*, the *Critic*, the *Chautauquan*, the *Unitarian Review*, "The Blessed Birds" (by Eldridge E. Fish), "Lorna Doone," "Wide Awake," etc.

We sat down—he insisting upon my occupying the most comfortable chair—and had two hours' talk in the delightful shade of that cool retreat, with birds singing and fluttering in the swaying trees, the vine-clad slope below, and the majestic river gliding seawards.

He was, of course, much interested in all that I told him about Whitman, and spoke of him with great affection. He said he had been with him a good deal, twenty or twenty-five years ago, and

owed him much. Whitman, he said, was altogether a unique man—a problem for the future. When he (J. B.) and W. D. O'Connor began to write about him, there was a good deal of opposition, "pooh-poohing" and ridicule, but now there was a great change in the treatment of him, and he was no longer insulted by the literary guild, as he used to be.

Speaking of O'Connor, he showed me one of his letters, and told me of his death.

"Did you ever know him?" he asked.

"Only through his essay on Whitman," I replied.

"Ah!" he said quickly and with emphasis, "*that* was a splendid bit of work, wasn't it? Well, he was one of the most acute-minded men I ever knew. His intellect was like a Damascus blade—so clean-cutting and incisive. He was a vehement debater, and the most brilliant talker I ever heard. He was a great reader, and never seemed to forget anything he read—he had it, apparently, at his finger ends. His essay on Whitman shows him at his best. It is vigorous, trenchant, high-pitched, full of sarcasm, and is unsurpassed. He was a keen controversialist, and Whitman and he used to have some fierce tussles. He held socialistic views, was a great hater of kings and emperors, whom Walt would often defend, and the two of them used to go at it pell-mell. I didn't care for these wordy wars, but Walt enjoyed them. He liked to be stimulated, and O'Connor stimulated him—with a vengeance! At that time, Whitman came to my house in Washington regularly every Sunday morning to breakfast, for three or four years. He always came by the street-cars, rolling

off and walking down street with a great swing, which was characteristically his own. He was never punctual, though, and we had always to wait breakfast for him ; he was never methodical in his habits. Mrs. Burroughs used to make very nice buckwheat cakes, of which he was very fond. After breakfast we sat and talked till noon, when he would roll off home, going every Sunday evening to tea to O'Connor's, where I often joined them. He has stayed with me here for weeks at a time, and I've tried to get him to come and live in this neighbourhood—in a cottage close by—which would be far better for him than that half-dead place, Camden, but he isn't to be moved."

In a little while we began to talk about the birds—through my asking him the name of a certain bird near us. It happened to be the king-bird, which, he said, was a remarkable little creature for keeping a place clear of hawks, crows and such pests, frequently attacking them by getting on to their backs and tweaking their feathers, or otherwise annoying them. He had seen a king-bird on the back of an eagle doing this.

And thus began what was to me one of the most delightful treats I had in America—viz. listening to John Burroughs discoursing upon American birds. While sitting there we saw or heard the following :—The cat-bird (a wonderfully appropriate name, for its call is just like the mewing of a cat), king-bird, wood-thrush, robin, song-sparrow (a sweet little songster), goldfinch, swallow, bush-sparrow, and, later on, the phæbe-bird, purple finch—I caught a young one indoors next morning—high-hole, indigo-bird, blue-bird, etc.

One of the most striking things about him was the fact that he recognized every one of them, in an instant, by their notes—either their songs or their calls—and could at once differentiate each individual bird, even though there might be several together of different kinds. He would suddenly exclaim :—

“ That is the wood-thrush with its sweet notes —‘ pu-ri-ty, holy-be ! ’ There is the song of the phæbe-bird—over there, you may just hear the ‘ ch-e-e-p ’ of the blue-bird ; and there goes the robin, which is really a thrush ; ” and so on.

Later on I had a sample of his wonderfully acute and accurate powers of observation. While walking down to the Post Office—he is Postmaster—which is in West Park Station, he called my attention to an elm, pointing out how it differed from our English elms, and said, “ These long branches overhanging the roadway are favourite nesting places for the oriole, which loves to swing in the wind, and I shouldn’t be surprised if we saw one in one of these trees.” In a few moments his sharp eyes had detected the very thing he expected, and he exclaimed, “ Oh, there’s one ! ” pointing directly to an oriole’s nest swaying at the very end of the long branch.

He is a thorough countryman in his habits—rising at what he calls the “ ridiculous hour ” of 5 a.m., and going to bed at 9 p.m. He has a farm of about eighteen acres, on which he grows nothing but fruit—apples, pears, raspberries, strawberries, blackberries, peaches, currants and grapes—for the market. He was much concerned about the apparently imminent failure of his grape harvest,

through a black blight which had struck the newly-formed grapes. He took me through his grounds—lading me with apples and pears—down to the immense wooden ice-houses by the riverside—“our only cathedrals here,” he said—and entering them he tried to awake their echoes by shouting “Echo! echo!” at the top of his voice.

To a question of mine as to how he did with his vines, fruit-trees, etc., during a dry season, he replied, “Oh, they’ve just to take their chance and wait until the rain comes.” “Do you never water them?” I asked. (There is a natural spring of clear, good-tasting water in his grounds.) “No,” he replied, “we cannot imitate Nature’s method, which is slow, gentle and penetrating. Ours is too rapid, and soddens the soil, instead of moistening it gradually through and through, as rain does.”

On our return he took me into his study—a two-windowed, square, one-storey building, situated a few yards behind the summer-house. The walls outside are covered with large strips of bark. Entering this *sanctum*, we find two sides of it devoted to well-filled bookshelves let into the wall; a strong, well-cushioned couch stands on one side, and near the door is an open fireplace with hearth, for a wood fire, a gun resting against the jamb. In the centre of the room are one or two chairs, and a large, substantial table, all littered with books, papers, magazines, pamphlets, etc., a good reading-lamp standing in the centre. Another table beneath the bookshelves is covered with books, among which are cloth-bound copies of David Douglas’s edition of his own six little volumes, while stacked in the





JOHN BURROUGHS'S STUDY (1890).



corners are piles of periodicals, manuscripts, etc. Pinned or tacked on the walls, or resting on the mantel-piece, are portraits of Walt Whitman—two or three of these—Matthew Arnold, Humboldt, Carlyle, Emerson—these two last similar to the ones that used to be in J. W. Wallace's room at Eagle Street—Lyell, Ibsen—he has not got the Ibsen mania, I found—Thoreau and others, including the profile of himself which appeared in *The Century*. There are also several pictures of birds, an oriole's nest in which the birds had interwoven some coloured yarn, a gigantic moth, and a good many other natural curiosities.

From the study we went into his house, where I was introduced to the hospitably-kind Mrs. Burroughs and to their boy. The house, which was planned by himself, is built upon sloping ground, so that it has three storeys behind and two in front. It has four gables, a porch in front, and a spacious balcony behind commanding a splendid view across the waters of the Hudson and its richly-wooded and fertile banks, away to "the delectable mountains." The house is mainly built of stone—a dark-grey, quartz-veined slate, quarried in the neighbourhood; and in showing it to me Mr. Burroughs remarked, "Who would build with brick when they could get such stone as that close at hand?" The upper storey is of wood, and the greater part of the front is covered by the red foliage of the Virginia vine. The interior is most charming, the whole of the woodwork from floors to rafters being of various natural-coloured woods, carefully arranged so as to contrast and yet harmonize with each other, and the carpets and

wall papers are all toned low and in pleasing combinations of colour.

After supper—the Americans call the evening meal supper—we returned to the summer-house, where we sat talking and watching the long raft-tows slowly gliding down the river, until the light faded, the fire-flies lit their flashing lamps, the tree crickets fiddled and chirruped out their monotonous and the stars twinkled through the trees.

*Thursday, July 24th.*—I arose at 6 a.m., and spent a most delightful time with Mr. Burroughs in his grounds, study and summer-house—our talk being mainly about America and England, their poets, literary men and literature. He has a sweetly-toned, well-modulated voice, with a clear, musical ring in it. He talks well and fluently, and there is a marked individuality about some of his sentences and phrases which a student of his writings could easily detect.

The poet who is more to him than any other is Wordsworth, and next to him comes Tennyson. The latter, he thinks, is more fluent, more universal than Wordsworth, and is undoubtedly a great poet. To him Tennyson's great charm lies in his universality and his sympathy.

"Browning," he said, "I cannot read with any satisfaction. He is very brilliant, very clever, very scholarly, but he is all the time striking verbal attitudes—like some one turning somersaults over chairs. It's very clever, no doubt; but gracious! It tires me to think of it! He has not voiced his age, like Tennyson. I like a poet who draws me with cords of sympathy and love, rather than

one who is astonishing me all the time with his verbal contortions. I do not respond to Browning; he seems to require some trait in which I am deficient."

The younger generation of English poets are, he remarked, a long way behind; and the same is true of the American. Swinburne he abominates. Morris and Dobson have written some good things, but none which appeal to his deeper nature. There are none to take the places of Longfellow—some of whose things "will keep," as he phrases it—Bryant, Emerson and Whittier. Oliver Wendell Holmes is very clever and very witty, but there is nothing solid, helpful, moulding, or formative about his writing.

He deploras the present state of literature in America, from the newspapers upwards.

"In America," he said, "there is a host of authors and poetlings. In New York there is a 'Society of Authors,' of which I was a member; but some two or three years ago they actually black-balled Whitman! I've never been inside the doors since that. They would have done themselves infinite honour had they elected him—I didn't propose him,—but they showed themselves contemptible little fools by refusing him. They are mostly second-rate, obscure scribblers, who consider themselves poets—and Whitman is not a poet, in their opinion!"

He spoke a little about his private life—said he had very few friends in the neighbourhood for whom he really cared much, his neighbours being mostly rich merchants who knew nothing about books. He was engaged most of his time on

his farm; and spent most of his leisure in his summer-house or study, ever since a slight illness a year or two ago, which made him resolve to live mostly out-of-doors; but he often wished he had more congenial society, and that he could see Whitman now and then. He was sure it would do him a lot of good.

On my showing him the large portrait which Whitman had given to me for Wallace, he exclaimed,—“Gracious! That’s tremendous! He looks Titanic! It’s the very best I have yet seen of him. It shows power, mass, penetration,—*everything*. I like it too because it shows his head. He *will* persist in keeping his hat on and hiding the grand dome of his head. The portrait shows his body too. I don’t like the way so many artists belittle their sitters’ bodies.”

“What a magnificent head it is!” he again exclaimed. “Every part of it large and in perfect proportion. It is built like a splendid stone bridge—every part necessary, and the whole perfect in symmetry. It is certainly the very finest head, and Whitman is the greatest all-round personality that this country has yet produced.”

## SUPPLEMENTARY NOTES

SUCH are some of the details of my visit to Walt Whitman and his friends in America ; but interesting and perhaps valuable as they are, I feel that they form but an imperfect record of an experience which is indelibly graved into my memory as one of the most important events of my life.

When I think of the open-hearted loving-kindness with which he received me, of his open-handed generosity—giving me an oil painting of himself, two autograph photographs and six autograph books for J. W. Wallace and myself—and of the trouble he took to please me ; allowing me to photograph himself and his surroundings, ransacking his treasures for souvenirs—when I think of the hours of unconstrained, genial, friendly talk I had with him, and the homely intimacy to which I was admitted—when I think of his considerate kindness in writing to Bolton after my first visit, and of his tenderly anxious, almost paternal, solicitude concerning me, after I left him, because he had not heard from me—when I think of the many tokens of regard which we have been favoured with since my return—above all, when I think of the immense debt I owe him through his books, my heart swells with reverence and gratitude. That

large, sweet soul, "exhaling love as a dew," is to me the ideal of humanity, manifesting in himself all that is manly, noble, heroic, wholesome and kind—and therefore of all that is truly lovable in human nature.

He is by far the most impressive personality with whom I ever came in contact. Jove-like in majesty, he is yet child-like in simplicity; and he is natural, unaffected and sincere in every fibre.

His presence makes the same indefinable impression upon one as Nature herself in her grandest scenes, and reminds one of the cliffs, the sea, the mountains and the prairies. It has the same tonic and life-giving influence, the same uplifting and expanding power and the same charm.

To look upon his noble face, to take him by the hand, to talk with him, to gaze into his eyes and to hear his voice, is to feel drawn to him by an irresistible attraction; and the memory of such an experience must remain a precious possession through life.



VISITS TO WALT WHITMAN AND HIS  
FRIENDS, ETC., IN 1891

J. W. WALLACE



## FIRST VISIT TO CAMDEN

SEPTEMBER 8TH AND 9TH

THE *British Prince* arrived in Philadelphia at noon on Tuesday, September 8th, after an unusually protracted voyage, having been delayed considerably by a storm in mid-Atlantic. I soon distinguished Dr. Bucke amongst the crowd on the wharf waiting the arrival of the ship, and with him were Horace Traubel and Whitman's nurse, Warren Fritzing ( "Warry" ). I recognized Warry at once from his photograph, though the actual man looked better than the portrait, and he won my heart immediately. Horace Traubel, too, seemed a familiar figure, and quickly made me feel as though we were old and close friends. After clearing the customs and arranging for my baggage to be sent to Traubel's, we walked on together, Bucke taking my arm, till we came to a point where we had to separate,—Traubel to go to business and Warry to return home to inform Whitman of my arrival. Dr. Bucke and I then took a car into the town, where we had dinner together in a large restaurant in the "Bullitt Building." Returning to the street Bucke said: "Now we'll go and see Walt." We walked down to the ferry, crossed over to Camden, and then took a cab to

Mickle Street—"to Mr. Whitman's." We alighted opposite the door of the house and Bucke walked up to an open window on the ground floor, near which Whitman usually sat when downstairs, and looked in to see if he was there. As the room was unoccupied, he went to the front door, opened it, walked in, and turned to the left into the front parlour, I following him. We were joined immediately by Mrs. Davis, who shook hands with me very cordially and expressed her pleasure in seeing me. She then went upstairs to notify Whitman of our arrival, and we sat down to await her return. I looked round the room, illustrated and described in Dr. Johnston's "Notes," and examined the various photographs on the mantel-piece, amongst which I was pleased to see one of our "College" group, one of Dr. Johnston, etc. Mrs. Davis returned presently, saying that Mr. Whitman was awaiting us, and Dr. Bucke and I went upstairs, he preceding me and walking straight into the front room. As I followed I heard Whitman's voice: "Come right in! Have you got Wallace with you?" Then face to face with Whitman, and the grip, long and kind, of his outstretched hand.

"Well," he said, with a smile, "you've come to be disillusioned, have you?"

Of course I said that I had not, but with what words I do not know.

He was sitting in a chair near the stove, and I seated myself in a chair opposite to him, with Dr. Bucke to my left.

Of course I had had a previous conception of my own of Whitman and his room, derived from

the descriptions and photographs by Dr. Johnston and others ; and, equally of course, this was instantly corrected and supplemented to a considerable extent by the actual facts. But any partial sense of strangeness resulting from this was immediately offset by the unaffected and homely simplicity of Whitman's greeting, the firm, kind grip of his hand, his look into my eyes, and his smiling suggestion that I should be "disillusioned."

Indeed, I *was* a little 'disillusioned. The reality was simpler, homelier and more intimately related to myself than I had imagined. I had long regarded him as not only the greatest man of his time but for many centuries past, and I was familiar with the descriptions given by others of the personal majesty which was one of his characteristics. But any vague preconceptions resulting from these ideas were instantly put to flight on coming into his presence. For here he sat before me—an infirm old man, unaffectedly simple and gentle in manner, giving me courteous and affectionate welcome on terms of perfect equality, and reminding me far more of the common humanity to be met with everywhere than suggesting any singular eminence or special distinction. Indeed it *was* our common humanity as it will appear when, as in Whitman, it is stripped of all that divides or disguises man from man.

I was to realize very soon after, as fully as any, the impressions of majesty, and of something in him "more than mortal," which others have experienced and referred to, but my first and predominant impressions on this first encounter were those which I have just described.

No doubt Dr. Bucke's presence contributed to this sense of intimate and homely familiarity. For Bucke had already exemplified for us the same qualities; and Walt himself was hardly more simple and unaffected in his intercourse with all classes of people than was Bucke. It was very interesting to see them together. Bucke tall and powerful in physique, robust and virile, easy and unaffected in manner, and direct almost to bluntness in speech, his voice strong and slightly harsh, and addressing Walt, for all his profound reverence for him, with the careless ease and frankness of an equal comrade. Walt, originally robust and powerful as he, now grown old and feeble, presented a striking contrast with Bucke's more exclusively masculine nature by his exquisitely delicate sensitiveness, his gentleness and refinement of speech and manner, and also by his deep and sympathetic tenderness, "maternal as well as paternal."

I can only give disjointed scraps of the conversation, for it was late that night before I was free to write them down, and I had experienced so many new impressions, and had seen and heard so much of intense interest to me, that my memory could not hold all the details of the conversation. Of course even a complete record of the spoken words would only present the least important elements of the general effect upon me of this my first interview with Whitman. The changing expressions of the face, the look of the eyes, the wonderfully varied and subtle modulations of the voice, the pose and aspect of the whole figure, and the yet deeper, more potent, and indescribable

influence of personality—these cannot appear in any record. I can only give such scraps of talk as I have preserved, and add some accounts of the impressions I experienced at different stages of our talks and afterwards.

W. W. "What sort of a trip have you had? Well, you are welcome to America, and welcome to Walt Whitman. But you have come to be disillusioned!"

"I have written a letter to Dr. Johnston which I have purposely kept back till now. I will add a few lines after supper, saying that you are here, and it will be mailed to-night."

"What a splendid lot of fellows you have in Bolton!"

J. W. W. "I am afraid there is an exaggerated notion here of what we are. We are only commonplace fellows who happen to be good friends."

W. W. "Oh! we size them up pretty well, and succeed better than you do with us. We all swear by them here."

Dr. B. "Horace has had a letter from Symonds this morning and will let you have it to-night."

W. W. "Have you read it?"

Dr. B. "Horace read it to me as we were waiting for Wallace. I guess Symonds is in a bad way—dying. I don't mean that he will die in a few days, but in a few months likely. He talks of having his 'Warry' with him at Florence—someone to attend to him." (W., evidently affected, listening silently, except for an occasional "Oh!"—spoken with great tenderness.)

After a pause, *Dr. B.* "Of course he's been ill a long time."

*W. W.* "Yes. He's like a——" (I didn't catch the word)—"as we call it; but the divine Soul shines through it all.—That's his portrait, Wallace" (pointing to end of mantel-piece).

I took it down, looked at it, and passed it to *Dr. B.*

*Dr. B.* "How old is he, Walt? Sixty?"

*W. W.* "I should say he must be six or seven years younger than that."

*Dr. B.* "There can't be any immediate danger. Someone had asked him to write a life of Michael Angelo, and he had some thought of doing it. So he's likely to live some time yet."

*W. W.* "Yes; just hanging on, like me."

(*Dr. Bucke* said to me afterwards, with reference to the abrupt way in which he had told Walt that Symonds was very ill, that the best plan always was to tell him the worst right off. Then, if he found that things were not so bad, he was relieved and pleased.)

*W. W.* "There's a fine group of friends at Melbourne. One of them, Bernard O'Dowd, writes to me and gives me quite interesting off-hand pictures of Australian life, sheep-walks, grazing, etc. They have a bell-bird there, as they call it, a bird about so high," (indicating the height with his hand) "with a note like the striking of a bell, and with an undertone of something weird and plaintive." Barney has travelled a good deal and is quite a 'Leaves of Grass' fellow. There are about twelve persons in the group, some of them women. They meet frequently—Sunday even-



ings, etc.,—at O'Dowd's house. Barny sends me sketches of them."

I suggested that I might write to O'Dowd, mentioning Hutton, (one of our group who had been in Australia and whose wife is an Australian) and W. at once gave me his address, Dr. Bucke pronouncing it "a good scheme."

*Dr. B.* Speaking about some book belonging to Walt said he hoped it was not lost, and then laughed heartily and looked significantly at the litter of papers and books on the floor described in Dr. Johnston's "Notes."

*W. W.* "You may laugh at my want of order, but I have given it up. The exertion is too much for me, and when I have read a paper I just drop it on the floor."

*Dr. B.* "Walt, I'm going to take Wallace to Fairmount Park to-morrow."

*W. W.* "Yes, he should see it."

*Dr. B.* "And Anne" (Mrs. Traubel) "and Mrs. Bush will go with us. Will you come?"

*W. W.* "No, I think I must not do so. I should *like* to come."

*Dr. B.* "I will not urge it, as it involves three or four miles of rough jolting road in the town itself."

*W. W.* "My bladder trouble must be remembered too. I soon fill up. I am like the man whom the doctor ordered to drink a quart of a certain liquid. 'But, doctor, I only hold a pint!' My friends do not realize my condition. They persist in imagining that I am like them."

Later he said that he would go downstairs, and called for Warry to assist him. Dr. Bucke and

I left the room and went down to the front parlour in which we had previously sat. Here Bucke took a seat in the corner to the left of the doorway and near the front wall, and I seated myself on his right. Opposite to us, in the corner to the right of the window, stood Walt's huge arm chair, presented to him by Thomas Donaldson's family. Walt followed us, stick in hand, and as he advanced to his chair he called my attention to it, saying: "Have you noticed my chair? It is strong and timbered like a ship. I thought of sending one like it to Tennyson."

*Dr. B.* "How would you get it to Tennyson?"

*W.* "I thought once of sending it by the Smiths, but I think I will ask Herbert Gilchrist to take it. He is going to England soon, and he knows the way about. He knows Hallam well."

Here Mrs. Davis came in with Whitman's supper, which she placed on a light table before him, with a cup of tea, etc., of which he partook, speaking only at intervals.

*W.* "My supper is my main meal now. My breakfast used to be, but I have changed that, or it has changed itself."

Lifting up a volume of Scott's poems near him he held it towards me, saying:—

"Wallace, here is a book I have had for the last fifty years. It is an inexhaustible mine of interest. I used to read it and re-read it and re-read it, and now I read the interminable prefaces and notes. They are full of meat. What a talker Scott was!"

*J. W. W.* "Have you read Scott's Diary recently published?"

W. "No ; do you think I should do?"

(*Later*) "Wallace, if any of your friends like good eating, Mrs. Davis cooks a dish of tapioca and stewed apples together, which is very good, and which I am having now."

He invited me to a cup of tea, but I declined, as we had promised to go to supper at Traubel's.

A photograph of Mrs. Davis and the dog, "Watch," hung upon the wall near me, to which he directed my attention.

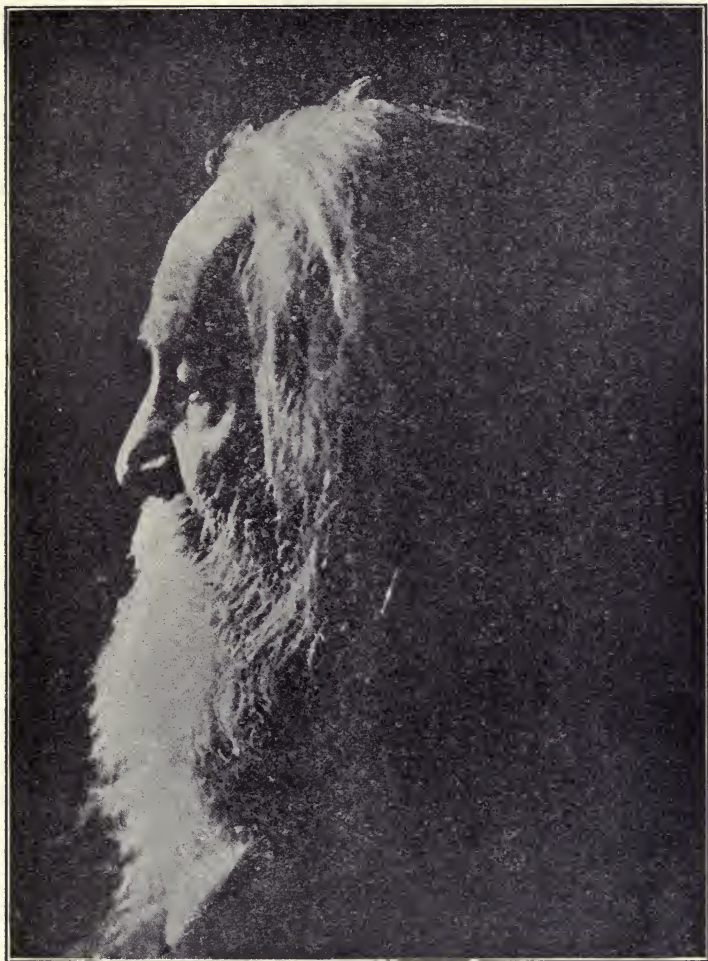
Speaking of my trip he said that he had felt uneasy in consequence of my late arrival. He found that as he got old he was given to imagine things, as old people do, and hearing of the storm in the Atlantic, and the ship being thirteen days out, he grew uneasy.

(Warry told me afterwards that Whitman had sent him down to the wharf for three or four mornings in succession to make enquiries about the ship, and that when he returned each time with the report that no information had been received, Whitman had once exclaimed :—"the damned ship!")

Horace Traubel came in presently with the easy unobtrusive familiarity of an intimate of the household, and, after greeting us all quietly, seated himself near the fireplace, the four of us forming an irregular square. He was soon asked by Walt if he had Symonds's letter with him. Traubel at once handed it to him, and suggested that he should read it aloud for me ; but it was ultimately settled that he should read it later at his leisure, and return it the following afternoon. It was very

beautiful to see the way he took the letter and the tender care with which he put it in his inside breast-pocket.

A rather prolonged conversation then took place between Bucke and Traubel about Canadian affairs and politics, during which Walt sat silent, looking sideways through the window to his right. He appeared to be physically tired and weary, and was probably in some pain or discomfort as well ; and, though he listened with interest and courtesy to all that was said, and was obviously one with us in fullest comradeship and sympathy, his thoughts evidently travelled over a wider area than that of the immediate talk and scene. I sat in close watch of his every look and movement, and I shall never forget the noble and pensive majesty of his appearance and expression ; far beyond that of any portrait or picture I have seen of him, or of any other picture or sculpture. His great head seen almost in profile, with its lofty and rounded dome, his long white hair and beard, the striking and impressive effect of what seemed from my position the immense arch of his high-set and shaggy eyebrows, his brow seamed with wrinkles, his whole aspect suggested something primeval, preterhuman, and of deeply moving power. His expression was pensive and almost mournful, as that of one who has had long and intimate experience of all human sorrows ("a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief,") and full of a profound and wistful tenderness and compassion ; but it was also that of one who is visibly clothed with immortality, sharing to the full the limitations of our mortal life and yet ranging in worlds beyond our ken. And though



SCULPTOR'S PROFILE OF WALT WHITMAN, MAY 1891.



in present pain and weakness he was uncomplaining, patient, gentle and loving.

As I sat watching him, after a time a strange and unique experience happened to me. I am not psychic or clairvoyant and I have never engaged in any experimental investigation of spiritualism or the "occult." But quite suddenly there came into my mind what I can only describe as a most vivid consciousness of the presence with us of my mother, who had died six and a half years before. I seemed to see her mentally with perfect clearness, her face radiant with the joy of our realized communion and with more than its old expression of sweetness and love, and to feel myself enwrapped in and penetrated by her living and palpitating presence. I record it here because it seemed equally indubitable that Walt was somehow the link between us, and as if his presence had made the experience possible.

I had not been thinking about my mother, and at the time I was too much engrossed in close observation of Walt to think of anything else. And no explanations that have occurred to me have ever affected my inner and abiding conviction of the essential veracity of the experience. Whether it was the result of some shifting of my "threshold of consciousness," due to the emotional effect upon me of Walt's appearance and expression, or due to some deeper and more direct influence emanating from him, I do not know. I never spoke of it to him, and I believe that Dr. Bucke was the only person in America whom I told about it, when we were at his home in Canada, about two weeks later. But it has always seemed to me

to be significant in relation to many passages in "Leaves of Grass."

During the desultory conversation which followed I once said something in praise of Warry—I forget in what connection. "Yes," responded Walt, "he is faithful, true, and loyal—or leal. What is the meaning of leal?"

Finally he called for Warry and said:—"Well, friends, I must bid you good-night, as I must go upstairs." He took his stick and stood up, leaning upon it, and as he passed he extended two fingers from the handle of his stick to me and advised me to sit in his chair and see how comfortable it was. I stood beside him as his tall figure passed slowly out of the room; and couldn't help noticing the extraordinary delicacy and beauty of form of his ears, so often noted by others. Soon after we left and proceeded to Traubel's.

Throughout the following day, while the impressions of my first visit to Whitman were yet strongly and deeply felt, a line in O'Connor's famous letter of 1865, in which he described Whitman as "the grandest gentleman that treads this continent," recurred continually to my mind as an apt summary of the various impressions he had made upon me. I still think it apt. It marks first of all the grandeur of personality, in its range of character and power, which is obvious to any competent student of his work and life, and which one soon felt in his presence. And it rightly lays emphasis on qualities in him which have often been depreciated, but which in all I saw of him were equally supreme and unique. I am only concerned



here with my own experience, without reference to anything else, and I am anxious to avoid both exaggeration and understatement, and I can only say that in his full and rounded combination of all the qualities which go to the make-up of a true and perfect gentleman (including all those enumerated by Ruskin in his analysis of gentleness as contrasted with vulgarity) he was not only unequalled but unapproached by any one else whom I have ever met.

After leaving Mickle Street a walk of about ten minutes took us to Traubel's home in York Street. Here I received a hospitable welcome which made the evening very memorable to me, both in itself and because of the high qualities of our host and hostess.

Traubel was at that time thirty-two years of age, clerk in a bank in Philadelphia, actively associated with the Ethical Society there and elsewhere, and editor of the *Conservator*, then in its second year, much of which he wrote himself. He was of medium height and rather long in body, with a well-developed head of great length from front to back ("always the best sign of intellect," says Carlyle), wavy hair, and square forehead. He had fine clear eyes, greyish-blue in colour, nose somewhat Jewish in profile, a moustache, and a delicately moulded and dimpled chin. Quiet and unaffected in speech and manner; undemonstrative, though kind and brotherly and always silently planning for my benefit; simple, spontaneous, and natural; easily taking his part in ordinary social talk and pleasantries, and enjoying a joke; very

intuitive and of unusually alert and swift intelligence, with eyes which at times showed rare penetration; a born idealist and poet, yet a tireless worker, and with many-sided practical ability;—he devoted himself unsparingly, during all the leisure he could command, to the service of Whitman,—to whom he was more than a son,—and of all his friends, as well as to the causes which he represented.

His wife (to whom he had been married the previous May) was equally notable in her transparent goodness, naturalness, purity, sweetness and loyal affectionateness, as well as in her grace and charm of person and manner. With both, Bucke, who had been staying there, seemed perfectly at home, like an elder member of the family. There was also present a lady friend from New York, Mrs. Bush, who left us during the evening to visit other friends in Philadelphia. In addition to these two Mrs. O'Connor—the widow of Whitman's brilliant friend William O'Connor—had also been spending a few days at Traubel's, and had left only the previous day, after kindly protracting her stay as long as possible in the expectation of meeting me.

Traubel took me up to his study after supper and showed me his unique collection of Whitman MSS. and other treasures. During the evening we discussed arrangements with Dr. Bucke. It had previously been agreed that I should accompany him to Canada, and, as he naturally desired to go home now without any unnecessary delay after his long absence, we decided to leave Philadelphia the following evening—I to return to Traubel's four



HORACE TRAUBEL (1893).



or five weeks later, and to make my home there during the rest of my stay in America. For the morrow it had been arranged that Bucke and I should drive through Fairmount Park—Mrs. Traubel and Mrs. Bush accompanying us—and pay a brief visit to Whitman after our return.

*September 9th.*—Traubel left us after breakfast to go to business, and at nine o'clock Warry came round, as arranged, with a two-horse buggy which he had engaged for us. Before returning he told me that Whitman was about the same as on the previous day and had passed a fair night. He had sent a letter to Dr. Johnston by the previous evening's mail, and Warry had also written. Dr. Bucke drove off in the buggy to call for Mrs. Bush, and Mrs. Traubel and I followed later to join them at an appointed rendezvous in Philadelphia.

It was a day of perfect loveliness and the long drive through the park and along the Schuylkill River and back—with lunch in Germantown—was most enjoyable. We arrived at Traubel's again about five o'clock, and, after leaving the ladies there, Bucke and I drove to Whitman's where we stayed about half an hour. Dr. Bucke went upstairs at once to see Whitman, while I conversed for a few minutes with Mrs. Davis and Warry, to whom I gave little presents from Johnston and myself. I then followed Bucke upstairs, and on knocking at the door of Whitman's room heard both call to me to come in. As I entered Whitman held out his arm at full length, and grasping my hand in his own held it steadily for some time, saying with a smile: "I won't say as I

said yesterday that you come to be disillusioned." Horace Traubel was also in the room and nodded pleasantly to me. A little talk followed between the three, of which I have no record, Whitman always addressing Bucke as "Maurice."

I had with me a present of some underwear sent to Whitman by one of our group—Sam Hodgkinson—who was a hosiery manufacturer. I told him about it and, at his request, opened the parcel to show it to him. He took the goods in his hands and admired them—Bucke assuring him that nothing could be better for winter wear. He showed me the sleeve of the vest he was then wearing; knitted fine and suitable for the season. I told him that Johnston and I had intended the present to come from ourselves, but as Hodgkinson had insisted, we were left at the last moment without anything. "Well," he said, "but you've brought yourself!"

I then showed him several photographs by Dr. Johnston, which he examined with the utmost courtesy and interest. He was chiefly interested in some pictures of the *British Prince* (taken by Johnston the previous year) and of the steerage passengers—mostly foreign immigrants including several Armenians—saying: "The human critter is pretty much the same everywhere!" But the photograph which interested him most of all was that of a stowaway—a man with a sooty face, clear wide-open eyes, and a hunted, wistful expression which was very pathetic. Whitman looked at it closely and absorbingly for a long time. I wish it were possible to convey in print the deep and tender compassion, or the wonderfully sympathetic

and subtle modulations of voice, with which he said: "Poor fellow!—I suppose they would have to take him on? Poo-or fel-low!"

He grew physically tired, however, of looking at them, so I picked out those chiefly meant for him, or most likely to interest him, and put them together on his table. Our time, too, was limited, and we rose to go. As we did so Dr. Bucke said: "Well, Walt, I must go. I shall see you again before long. You are better now than you have been for three years back."

W. W. "But I so soon give out."

Dr. B. "You do. I know you do."

W. W. "But I recuperate. I suppose it is quite appropriate that I should hold out so."

"Good-bye, Wallace. I hope you will have a pleasant journey. I travelled along the same route, I think, and I got along very well."

Before leaving the house we spent a few minutes downstairs with Mrs. Davis and Warry. Mrs. Davis invited me very cordially to come in as often as I chose after my return to Camden, to make myself quite at home, ask any questions I wished, and when Whitman was too unwell to see me to sit with them.

We drove to Traubel's to supper, after which we had a little chat, and Mrs. Bush gave us some very excellent music on the piano. One item of the talk (in connection with the packing of our belongings) was a little story of Whitman's. "Moses, have you got all my things together?" "Yes, massa, I'se got all, *at least!*"

Dr. Bucke left at seven o'clock to make a call, and I left half an hour later, Traubel accompany-

ing me to the Depot in Philadelphia. The new moon was shining, and the lights on the river as we crossed it were very beautiful. Traubel's quiet talk, as we walked along together, impressed me as these did, and brought him very near to my heart and soul.



## VISIT TO DR. BUCKE, Etc.

DR. BUCKE and I travelled from Philadelphia by "sleeper" to Buffalo, and thence went on to Niagara, where we stayed a few hours, and visited the Falls. We arrived at London, Ontario, in the evening, and were met by Bucke's son, Pardee, and Doctors Beemer and Sippi, from the Asylum. A drive of over three miles brought us to the house, beautifully situated in a corner of the extensive grounds of the Asylum for the Insane, of which Dr. Bucke was the chief medical superintendent. Here we had quite a dramatic reception—a band playing on the lawn in the moonlight, and a crowd of relatives and friends waiting to welcome the Doctor. Alighting from our carriage, Bucke joined the crowd, striding about from group to group and shaking hands with all, for over half an hour. Then the band played the National Anthem and we went into the house.

At the time of my visit Bucke's eldest son, Maurice, was engaged in the Geological Survey, near Muskoka, and, of the four sons and two daughters who were at home, the two elder sons were only home on a short vacation from college. In addition to the family there were usually one or two relatives also staying in the house, who came from a distance to see Bucke after his visit to

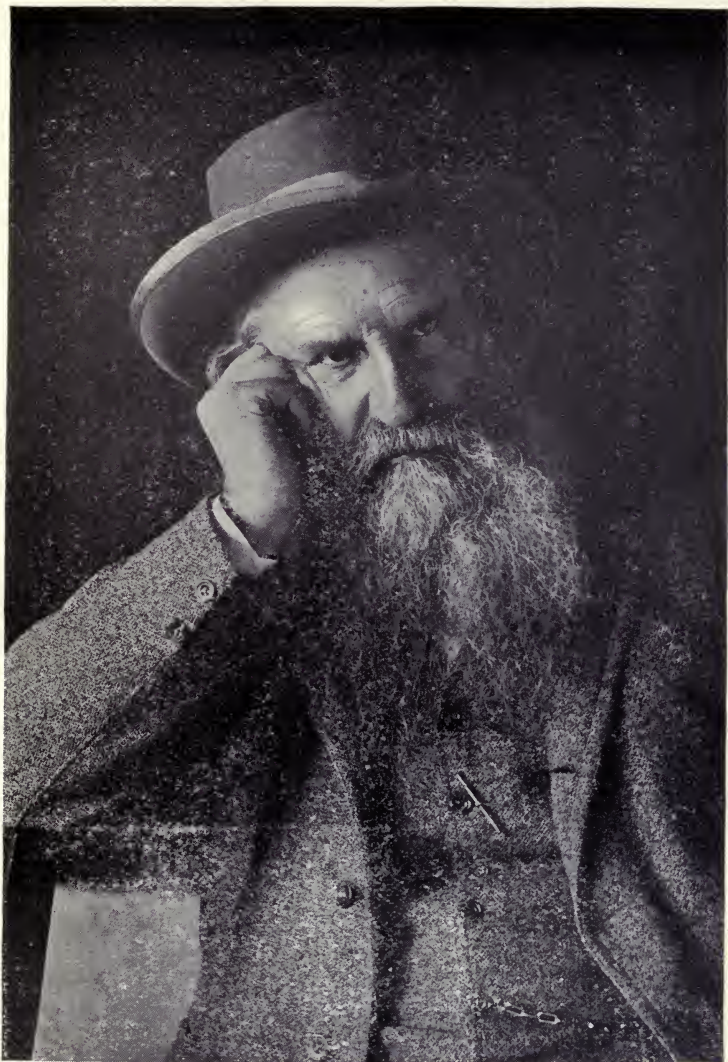
England, and, after a few days left to make room for others, besides frequent visitors from the immediate neighbourhood. Over the household presided Mrs. Bucke, gentle, lady-like and kind; undemonstrative, but quietly proud and fond of her husband, of whose goodness and silent heroism she told me several stories.

During the eighteen days of my stay I spent most of my time with Bucke, who treated me always with the utmost kindness and consideration, and with the frank and confidential intimacy of an elder brother.

He was then fifty-four years of age, tall and stalwart, with a long full grey beard and moustache, his head very high above the ears and bald above the forehead and on the crown; his face full of character, at once determined and benevolent, his nose long and aquiline and his eyes keen and observant. He dressed always in grey, loose-fitting clothes, with a broad-brimmed, grey hat; and, as he had an artificial foot, he walked rather lame, with the aid of a stick.<sup>1</sup>

The house contained three large entertaining rooms, and had a wide veranda on two sides, in which we often sat. He had a fine collection of books, his spacious Library having its four walls

<sup>1</sup> Bucke's lameness was the result of a terrible adventure when he was twenty years of age. After spending a year in a gold mining camp on the eastern slope of the Sierra Nevadas, he set out with a companion, named Allen Grosh, in the middle of November, to cross the Sierras to visit San Francisco. They encountered heavy snow-falls, and though, after desperate efforts, they succeeded in reaching the Pacific slope, they lost their way in the



DR. R. M. BUCKE (1891).



covered with them from floor to ceiling. His professional books were kept in his office in the main building, which was lined on one side and end with them. Here he also kept all his Whitman literature, including a copy of every known book referring to him, and a surprisingly large collection of magazine and newspaper articles. To these he added, while I was there, an extensive collection of O'Connor's, just received from his widow; and he had compiled a bibliography of the whole. He had also a unique collection of photographs of Whitman, and two busts of him, by Sidney Morse, occupied corners of the room.

Here Bucke spent most of his working hours. He started out from home each morning immediately after breakfast, I sometimes accompanying him, and, on arrival, attended at once to his correspondence with the help of a stenographer, received reports and gave directions, while I wrote letters, etc. Occasionally he would invite me later to join him on his daily round of inspection. He visited a separate section of the Institution each morning, so as to complete the round of the various buildings once a week. During some part of the day we frequently drove to town on matters of business, with occasional drives in the surrounding country. Once or twice we visited an engineering workshop

snow. When, finally, after terrible struggles and privations they reached a mountain mining camp on December 4th, they were both badly frost-bitten, and in the last stage of exhaustion and famine. Grosh died twelve days later, and Bucke barely escaped with his life. One foot had to be amputated and part of the other.

in the town, where a water meter was being constructed which his brother-in-law had invented, and in which Bucke had a considerable interest. He spent most of his evenings in his office, where I often joined him. (I specially remember one or two of these occasions when he talked intimately on the subjects dearest to his heart. With his head bent slightly forward and fully revealing its lofty dome and rounded proportions, and his face illumined by his theme, he was a deeply impressive picture of noble manhood and of mature wisdom and benevolence.)

We had long talks on all kinds of subjects, and I had continual opportunities of seeing him in every personal relationship of his daily life—in his home, with the doctors, attendants, and patients of the Asylum, and with those whom we met in town or elsewhere on business or pleasure. With all persons and at every moment he was the same; equable and unconstrained, addressing all alike on equal terms, with the natural and unconscious dignity of a large and powerful nature, grave, considerate and wise. His personality seemed to influence every one about the Asylum, and to fill it with an atmosphere of homely simplicity and kindness.

I heard of many salutary reforms he had introduced, soon after his appointment, into the management of the Institution and the treatment of patients. He had been the first in Canada to abandon the old system of restraint and seclusion, with its padded rooms, strait jackets, etc., and to substitute a more humane system. He had provided the patients with light work of various kinds, sometimes quite nominal, and with other interests. He had abolished the

use of alcohol in the dietary, with beneficial results, and had effected other reforms as time went on. He was a capable administrator and business manager, and, amongst other things, he had introduced a new system of sewage disposal by intermittent downward filtration on six acres of land near the kitchen gardens, by which it had been turned to profitable use. He was a man of iron determination, whom no opposition or obstruction could thwart where the interests of the patients were concerned. But this lay in the background, giving bony centrality to a character of universal charity and goodwill, and his wide experience of men enabled him to manage difficult people with exceptional ease. His personal attitude to the patients we encountered was most admirable, his very presence inspiring confidence and trust, and he would listen to the fantastic and trivial complaints of a lunatic with the grave courtesy and equal brotherliness which he showed to all men.

I once asked him how they managed any new patient who was reported to be dangerous. He replied that very few dangerous patients were sent to him, but that when one came a special attendant was told off to look after him. Every "dangerous" lunatic was dominated by some overwhelming fear or apprehension, as of the murderous attack of some lurking enemy, or some impending calamity. The work of the attendant was to win the patient's confidence, to find out what he was afraid of, and to convince him that he was his friend and would assist and protect him. As soon as the attendant succeeded in this the patient would become quite tractable, and there would be no further trouble

with him. If at the end of twenty-four hours the attendant had failed, he was removed and another put in his place. In the worst case Bucke had ever known the patient had become quite peaceable within five days. The attendants in these cases were specially qualified and trained for such work and received no injury.

Though an isolated instance, this seemed to me to be typical of the sympathetic friendliness and humane consideration and of the enlightened fraternity and equality upon which the treatment of all the inmates was based, and it was certainly characteristic of Bucke. He was a pioneer in the application of these principles to the treatment of the insane, and his methods were said to have had considerable influence on the practice of other leading alienists in America.

He was always occupied, "without haste and without rest," and had many things to attend to, and many interests. But at the heart of all his activities, supplying him with motive power and daily guidance, burned the constant flame of his profound devotion to Whitman and his cause, and the associated memory of his own illumination nearly twenty years before. Neither his family nor his immediate friends shared or understood this inner and ruling passion. But if he ever felt any loneliness of soul because of this he accepted it cheerfully and made no sign. Once indeed when I remarked that he would find the world very cold for a time after Whitman's death, he replied: "Yes, I guess it will seem empty; nobody in it! But that feeling will gradually pass away as time goes on. We shall have so many things to remind us of him,



and so much to do in connection with him, that he will seem to be with us still." His reply would have been the same, however, had those about him been in the fullest accord with his own spirit. For Whitman was not only by far the greatest of his personal friends, but he represented and quickened that in which all Bucke's affections had their genesis, and his influence deepened and intensified them all. Partly through him Bucke had learned, more fully than most people, to recognize in those nearest him, and in all the circumstances of his daily life and work, "the best, or as good as the best." He was fortunate and happy in his home-life, and he loved his wife and family with deep and tender pride. He had many friends, his work was one for which he was exceptionally qualified, and he was widely honoured in his profession. His available leisure was filled with various projects of literary work, including much work in the Whitman cause, and he had the pleasure and stimulus of constant communication and occasional intercourse with Whitman and his friends.

During my stay with Dr. Bucke, Whitman wrote to me occasionally in kind and affectionate terms, frequently sending me papers in token of his constant thought, and sending me messages in his letters to Bucke. Traubel wrote me daily letters of great charm and friendliness, giving me news of Whitman, and occasional messages from him.

One day I took train to the little town of Forest to pay a brief visit to Dr. Johnston's cousins.

At last, on September 28th, my delightful and memorable stay with Dr. and Mrs. Bucke and family came to an end, and I left for Toronto in the

afternoon. Dr. and Mrs. Bucke followed soon after on their way to Montreal, where, on October 1st, Bucke gave the Introductory lecture of the session to the Medical Faculty of McGill University.

I spent the following week in a very enjoyable visit to some friends of my old school-fellow and "College" friend, Fred Wild, near Fenelon Falls and Haliburton, where I saw some beautiful and still primitive country of lakes and woods. I left Haliburton on October 6th for Port Hope, crossed Lake Ontario to Rochester, then proceeded by train to Albany, and thence by steamer down the river Hudson to New York.

## VISIT TO LONG ISLAND

I ARRIVED in New York (Friday, October 9th) just as the sun had set. The sky was one of extraordinary splendour and beauty, and with its reflections in the hurrying tide of the broad river, the crescent moon, the varied shipping on the river and in the wharves, the rapid movement of the numerous steam-tugs and ferry-boats, and—a little later—the lights on the river and ashore, with the distant statue of Liberty and its lighted torch, made my introduction to the scenes Whitman had loved so well one never to be forgotten.

I had previously accepted a kind invitation from Andrew H. Rome—one of the brothers who printed the first edition of "Leaves of Grass," in 1855—to stay a few days at his house in Brooklyn, and I immediately took the "Annex" boat and crossed the river in the rapidly deepening dusk, and then proceeded by tramcar to the end of Portland Avenue, where Rome lived. He was looking out for me when I arrived and I received a welcome from him, and from his wife and son, which made me feel at home with them at once.

Rome and his wife had come originally from Annan, in Scotland, and, notwithstanding their long residence in America, still retained their native accent and characteristics. Rome himself was a good

representative of many of his countrymen ; plodding, steadfast, faithful, undemonstrative and of few words, but very considerate and kind, and with deep reserves of tenderness and loyalty. During the evening (after I had written to Whitman and Traubel) he talked about Whitman, as he had known him in the old days in Brooklyn, with great personal respect and affection, though with little to say about his book. He remarked that the portrait of Whitman in the 1855 edition was a very good one of him, and that he had often seen him like that in dress and pose. But he added nothing of importance to the information which he had given to Dr. Bucke and Dr. Johnston, and which has been quoted by them.

Next morning Rome and his son went immediately after breakfast to their place of business. I followed them a little later and was introduced to Andrew's brother Tom. A letter from Whitman was awaiting me, which, on opening, I found to contain the following message : " Send you word in hopes it may reach you through care of my friend Andrew Rome—I cannot write the name but old recollections (Brooklyn 1852-61) come up on a rush—and Tom Rome—how good and faithful and considerate they both were—and I wish to send them here my best remembrance and love—and of course show them this letter—(Tell Andrew I am having a big book—complete works—including my last ' Good-Bye my Fancy ' bit, bound up, and I will surely send him one)."

Andrew Rome afterwards took me to Cranberry Street, and into the room where " Leaves of Grass " was printed. He showed me where Whitman stood

when setting up the type and the corner where he used to sit reading the *New York Tribune* each morning.

Leaving Rome I walked down to the Ferry, crossed over to New York and back, and then went over the Suspension Bridge and spent the rest of the morning in New York, returning to Rome's for dinner.

In coming to Brooklyn I had intended to visit Whitman's birthplace at West Hills, about thirty-five miles further east in Long Island, and near the northern shore of the island, as well as the places in its neighbourhood where his father and mother were born and where their respective families had lived for many preceding generations. The little town of Huntington, connected with Brooklyn by rail, was the most convenient centre from which to visit these places, and, after a talk with Rome, I decided to go there that evening :—to visit West Hills, etc., on the following day (Sunday), to call on Herbert Gilchrist at Centreport Cove on Monday morning, and to return to Rome's in the evening. I spent part of the afternoon in writing to Whitman and Traubel. Rome came home early and accompanied me to the depot.

I arrived at Huntington just before seven o'clock, and found that I had still about a mile and a half to travel by tramcar before reaching the town. I put up at an hotel, and afterwards explored the long straggling street of which the town consisted. I called in the Public Library, where I saw a copy of "Specimen Days," which contained an inscription in Whitman's handwriting: "Presented by the author to Huntington Public Library, September,

1883." I wished to see a map of the district and was referred to a drug store kept by an Englishman, who kindly showed me maps and gave me all the information he could. It was in Huntington that Joseph W. Whitman—from whom the Long Island branch of the family descended—settled in 1660, after coming from Connecticut ; he or his son afterwards purchasing the West Hills estate. It was also in Huntington that Walt Whitman, at the age of nineteen, printed, edited and published a weekly newspaper, *The Long Islander*, for several months.

I was interested in finding that a weekly paper with the same title was in circulation at the time of my visit, and I sent a copy to Whitman. Finally I arranged for drives on the following day.

#### VISIT TO WEST HILLS

Next morning (Sunday) an old man, named Dodge, came round with a buggy at 8.30, and we started off to visit the farm-house at West Hills in which Whitman was born and which was now occupied by Henry Jarvis. We drove for a time along the road and then through country lanes ;—the country we passed through being slightly rolling, in long sweeping undulations, with distant hills on each side, and so admirably described in Whitman's words, "Far-swooping elbow'd earth," that they were probably written with this district in mind. Pasture and meadow lands somewhat predominate, though there is a good deal of grain and the country is well wooded ; and the frequent orchards laden with apples, great heaps of which lay unregarded on the ground,





WEST HILLS—WHITMAN'S BIRTHPLACE—FROM THE LANE (1904).



attested the accuracy of the second half of Whitman's line, "rich, apple-blossom'd earth!" We passed occasional farm-houses, some of them very pretty, all of timber and usually covered with shingles, with old-fashioned porches and verandas, and, in most cases, with garden and orchard adjoining. Our road ran at times along or through woods, and gradually ascended as it approached West Hills, the orchards becoming more numerous, and at last the gable of the house came into sight on the left of the road and we stopped at the gate on the farther side. Mr. Jarvis was preparing to go to church when we arrived, but he came out to me with a kind welcome and taking me into the house introduced me to Mrs. Jarvis, who showed me the different rooms. I gave them a copy of Dr. Johnston's photograph of the house, and, after a look round the farm yard with Mr. Jarvis, and enquiries as to our way to the original home of the Whitman family, we drove away.

We returned a little on the road by which we had come, and then turned to the left in the direction of Jayne's Hill. This is the highest of a range of hills, rising here and there to three or four hundred feet high, which extends eastwards from Brooklyn near the northern shore of the island; the old Whitman homestead and the farm lands which had been in the possession of the family since the end of the seventeenth century resting on its south-eastern slope. We drove along gently rising ground, with frequent apple trees at the side of the road, passing an old house ("Churchester's") which Dodge said had once been a sort of tavern, and, at some distance farther on,

we came to an extensive orchard (planted by Walt's uncle Jesse) which stretched along the left of our road. On our right was "a stately grove of black walnuts, Apollo-like," at the end of which the road suddenly widened considerably to the right, forming a long open space with the two Whitman houses at its side. We passed the old house in which Walt's great-grandfather lived (1750-60), and at a little distance beyond it, with its front half turned towards us, stood the "new" house, built in 1810, which was now occupied. A narrow strip of garden extended along its front, and before it, in the open space, was a large oak tree, with a large well near it. Opposite the houses, and on the left of the road, the orchard stretched along the sloping side of a low hill, with an old barn opposite the corner of the older house.

Leaving the buggy I called at the house to see its present occupant, Mr. Place, whose father, Philo Place, had bought the farm from Iredwell Whitman, Walt's uncle, in 1835, or 1836. I found only Mrs. Place at home, who courteously gave me permission to look round the premises as I wished, and, after a brief talk with her, I enquired as to the whereabouts of the old Whitman burial ground, which I at once visited.

It is a small plot of ground on the top of the low hill above the orchard at a point a few yards beyond the entrance to the lane by which we had come. It is partly surrounded by trees, mostly oaks and chestnuts, but it is open on the south-east where it commands an extensive view of beautiful and well-wooded country with farm-houses dotted about here and there. Another

burial ground adjoins it on the north-west, which belongs to the present owners of the farm and is fenced off. The Whitman ground, which was in use for many generations, bears evidence of long neglect, and nearly all the headstones of the graves lie flat, broken and more or less shapeless, amidst weeds and shrubs. Only two remained intact and with still legible inscriptions; one being in memory of Walt's cousin Mahala, daughter of Iredwell Whitman, who was born in the same year as Walt and died December 9th, 1843, in her twenty-fifth year. The other stone is dated 1852.

The secluded position of the ground, so near the old home of those whose bodies had been buried here, yet so entirely separated from it by its position and the surrounding trees; its elevation, with the grey sky above and the outlook over the wide plain below to the hills in the distance; its primitive simplicity, and its lapse unto ruined desolation and forgetfulness, with the immemorial dirge of the soft wind amongst the trees—all these made it impressive and eloquent beyond description.

Returning to the homestead I looked round the old buildings, etc., at my leisure. I broke off a few twigs and leaves from the trees to give to Whitman as souvenirs, and had a further talk with Mrs. Place, and a look into her kitchen with its wide, old-fashioned fireplace. She told me, however, that the floor had been raised since Whitman's time.

Bidding her good-bye, we drove next to the top of Jayne's Hill, about a mile farther on, ascending through woods all the way, without any proper road. We alighted a little below the summit and

walked up to the level plateau on the top, where we stood for some time, enjoying the extensive and beautiful panorama on every side. Looking southward we could see, about twenty-five miles away, the long spacious lagoon of the Great South Bay, on the nearer shore of which Walt kept school as a youth, and on its farther side the narrow beach which separates it from the Atlantic. On the north lay the Long Island Sound with the many inlets and winding harbours of the shore in the near distance, and beyond it the fields and hills of Connecticut. Eastward was a long stretch of well-wooded country rising on each side to Dix Hills near the centre of the island, and a similar view (somewhat obstructed by trees) presented itself in the opposite direction.

#### VISIT TO COLD SPRING

From Jayne's Hill we returned to Huntington, and in the afternoon set out to visit the site of the old home of Whitman's mother, Louisa van Velsor, near Cold Spring, and about a mile from the Harbour, where her Dutch ancestors had settled many generations before. Dodge did not know its exact position and suggested that we should make enquiries from Warren P. Velsor, a descendant of the family, who lived at Cold Spring. The sun which had been clouded all morning had now come out and I thoroughly enjoyed our drive through beautiful, well-wooded country; first along rising ground to Cold Spring Hill and then descending to the Harbour. Arriving at Cold Spring we called on Warren Velsor, who, in reply to our enquiry, directed us to his cousin, Charlie Velsor,

who lived at a short distance from the place we were seeking, and from whom he advised us to enquire further. Speaking of himself he said that when he was a boy he attended Walt Whitman's school. His father was a half-cousin of Cornelius van Velsor, Walt's grandfather. Walt "boarded round" in the homes of the scholars, and had stayed for some time at his father's house, he and Walt sharing the same bed. He said that Walt was well liked at school, but he had not seen him since and did not know much about him, beyond what he had seen occasionally in the papers. He was a butcher, but retained the old Velsor love of horses, for I was told that he was quite a good horse doctor, and liked and kept a good horse. After leaving him we drove round the Harbour (a fine bay, studded with yachts and enclosed in woods,) up an ascending road through woods to level ground above, and then along a lane bordered by snake-fences to the house of Charles Velsor, Walt Whitman's cousin.

We found Velsor at home, and he very kindly offered to accompany us. We had not far to go, and, as he was rather lame on one foot, I gave him my place in the buggy and walked beside it. He was then in his seventy-eighth year, tall, and strongly built, quite hale, active and intelligent, with a fine head and face, a little like Whitman's in nose, ears, etc. His lameness he attributed to the fact that he and his brother "Lige" had at one time been "great hoppers," and the "rheumatiz" had since got in. He confessed that he had almost forgotten Walt Whitman, and had hardly thought of him since Walt's visit ten years before.

On our way we visited the Van Velsor burial ground. The road descended through woods into a valley, where, leaving the road, we crossed a narrow field and alighted at the foot of a low hill on our right. A walk up through the brush wood for two minutes brought us to the level ground at the top, less than half an acre in area and surrounded by trees. It was in good preservation, with several small white marble headstones (some belonging to Charles Velsor's parents and family) and I copied the inscription over the grave of Walt's grandmother, Naomy, dated 1826;—the adjoining grave of the old Major (Walt's grandfather) being without headstone. The place is well described in "Specimen Days" and is certainly the most beautiful secluded burial ground I have ever seen;—especially as I saw it on our return, itself in shadow, with the tops of the trees in bright sunshine, the sky clear overhead and a light breeze rustling gently in the foliage.

We drove next for about a quarter of a mile along the valley to the site of the old Van Velsor homestead. Its position in the quiet, secluded valley, with well-wooded hills at front and back, was very beautiful. Nothing remained of the house but loosely piled stones showing the foundation walls and the positions of the different rooms. In one of these and in an open cellar tall cherry trees were growing, and in front stood a great ash tree. No trace was left of the wagon house and barns at the back, and in place of the grain fields mentioned in "Specimen Days" the ground was occupied by youngish trees, mostly cedars. Of two other houses which had once stood near, and in





CENTREPORT COVE (1890).



which Charles Velsor's brothers had lived, no trace was left.

Velsor gave me some of his reminiscences of the place and of the old Major; linking the present with the vanished past. Presently we returned to his home, where, after expressing my grateful thanks to him and saying good-bye, we left him and drove to Huntington. I was very happy in the memories of my day's experiences, of which during the evening I sent a report to Walt.

#### VISIT TO HERBERT GILCHRIST

Next morning, Monday, I drove with Dodge to Centreport Cove, on the North Shore of the island, to visit Herbert Gilchrist. The morning was cold and bleak with a strong wind, but tonic and bracing. First we drove to Huntington Harbour, and then to the right along an uphill, sandy road, with woods on each side most of the way. Arriving on the top of the hill we got glimpses of the sea and of the many inlets and harbours of the coast. The next of these was Centreport Harbour or Cove to which we descended and drove for half a mile or so along the beach—the sea rough, and the air filled with the aroma of brine and sea-weed. Turning to the left from the beach we came to a painted frame house, with a veranda in front and overlooking the sea, which Dodge said was Gilchrist's. I found Gilchrist at home and received a very hearty welcome from him. He was busy preparing breakfast, and, though I had already had breakfast, I had a cup of coffee with him and a slice of excellent bread which he had baked

himself. Then we had a long talk together, and I found him to be a charming and agreeable companion and talker. He urged me in the most friendly way to stay with him till the following day, and seemed to be genuinely disappointed that I could not do so. Of course we talked a good deal about Whitman, and he showed me his mother's copy of "Leaves of Grass" with her marginal annotations. He said that Walt frequently sent him papers and occasionally a post-card, but that they did not write very often. He thought that the fact that Walt stayed indoors so much indicated a morbid condition. Three or four years previously Walt used to drive over to Stafford's every Saturday, but on one occasion he stayed imprudently late and caught a severe cold in returning. Since then he had never visited Stafford's again, and seemed to have a growing prejudice against going out at all. Gilchrist thought it very much to be regretted. "He (W. W.)—the apostle of hygiene, outdoor life, etc.—living indoors all the time in a close room, badly ventilated, and with no open fireplace" (as in Gilchrist's house) "to cause a constant current of air!" Only an exceptionally strong man could stand it. He was getting more morbid than Tennyson. When Gilchrist's mother helped Tennyson to choose the site of his house in Surrey, he would go through a hedge rather than meet a countryman or have any one staring at him. But the breezy healthy country life had taken a lot of it away, "and here he is, at eighty-two, wonderfully hale and well for his years. Walt certainly used to go out a good deal, a year or two ago, and wave his hand to people, but

he only did so spasmodically, and did not take daily exercise as was to be wished." It was clear, however, that he did not realize Walt's physical condition and debility.

He had always found Tennyson approachable and agreeable. Of course there were spells, as with Walt, when he was not well and did not wish to see people.

He had never accompanied his mother on her visits to Carlyle. He had once met Carlyle in Piccadilly, and described him as tall, spare, stooping, hollow-chested, with a fine head. He looked a great man, and had expressive poetic eyes. Walt would soon have doubled him up, though. Carlyle had best described himself as deep or high rather than broad. Walt once said of him that he lacked amorousness.

He had often heard Walt speak with great admiration of Darwin. He had a great reverence for science, and perhaps thought more of Darwin than appears from his books.

He regretted that I had not called on John Burroughs, who, he was sure, would have been pleased to see me. He thought, though, that Burroughs did not fraternize well with the younger friends of Walt.

He also talked about Long Island, Centreport, his reasons for living there alone, (amongst others he liked it as an experiment and for the reasons which appealed to Thoreau,) London life, America and the Americans, and the time passed very quickly. He had read in the *Camden Post* about Dr. Bucke's visit to Bolton, and he made enquiries about our group. We had an excellent lunch together

which he had previously prepared for some guests whom he expected the previous day and who had not arrived. He seemed to combine great practical ability and self-reliance with artistic and literary culture and social charm, and I was very sorry when at two o'clock I was compelled to leave.

Soon after my arrival at the hotel in Huntington, Dodge came to tell me that Mr. Place, who lived in the old Whitman homestead, had called to see me and was awaiting me, and I at once joined him. His father had bought the farm from Iredwell Whitman—Walt's uncle—55 or 56 years before. A son of this Iredwell Whitman, bearing the same name, and, of course, a cousin of Walt's, was then living seventeen or eighteen miles east. This man had visited the old place some time before, and walked the whole distance both ways, carrying his lunch in his pocket. He was supposed to have saved money by his thrift and industry and just recently a plot had been made to break into his house, kill the old man, and steal his money. But it had come to the ears of the police and the men had been arrested. When Walt was at Place's house in 1881, with Dr. Bucke, he was asked if he would visit Iredwell. "Well, no," he replied; "I guess his way of living is different from mine." Place said that Walt was very pleasant and talked freely, but he had no reminiscences of Walt's visit to communicate that were of any special interest or importance.

He had seen Walt years before, several times, when he used to spend his holidays on Long Island.

He was a man whom folks liked, and he had never heard a word against him, except that some folks thought he was lazy.

“He was a boy to get hold of! He was down at South Bay once and some fishermen tackled him, but they concluded it was best to let him alone!”

This was about as much as I could gather from Place, and at four o'clock I took train to Brooklyn, where the Romes again made me feel at home.

The next morning was wet, and I stayed indoors, writing letters. In the afternoon I crossed over to New York, and took a car to Union Square to call on J. H. Johnston, jeweller, at his store. He was just leaving the store on urgent business as I arrived, but he welcomed me with the utmost cordiality, made me promise to dine with himself and family the following evening, and introduced me to his daughter, May, who was in the store and with whom I had a little talk before leaving.

She talked about “Uncle Walt” with warm affection. She had not seen him, however, for twelve months. She said that he was loved by the whole family, though her father thought most of him, because he knew him best. They used to live in the country and had horses, etc., and when Walt stayed with them they took him for frequent drives, and he liked it very well. But they had removed into the town and Uncle Walt didn't like the town; a good many people came in to see him and made a fuss of him, and he didn't like that. He never liked to be considered different from the rest. They often wished him to live

with them, but he preferred to be independent. She spoke very highly of Traubel.

I called next for a few minutes on Williamson, a friend and occasional correspondent of Whitman's, and then went back to Rome's for the evening. In conversation with Rome I spoke of going to Camden on Thursday and Rome decided to accompany me for the day and to visit Walt.

Next day, Wednesday, being the last day of my stay in Brooklyn, Rome spent part of the day with me. We saw one or two houses in which Walt had lived, and visited the park at Fort Greene, on the height above the town. It owes its existence as a park in a considerable degree to the persistent newspaper advocacy of Walt Whitman when a young man, and it celebrates the memory of Washington and of a battle fought on its site during the early days of the War of Independence in 1776. (See "The Centenarian's Story" in "Leaves of Grass.")

In the afternoon we crossed over to New York and called later on J. H. Johnston in his store. After a brief talk, Rome returned home, and I accompanied Johnston to his house to dine, and spent a pleasant evening with the family. Here I saw the original oil-colour portrait of Whitman, painted by Charles Hine in 1859, of which a steel engraving appears in the 1861 edition of "Leaves of Grass." The picture is much softer in effect and very much more attractive than the engraving, and the colouring adds considerably to its interest and value. Johnston had also a fine portrait of Whitman, painted by Horace Traubel's father, and based upon the photograph by Gutekunst in 1889.

## IN CAMDEN

OCTOBER 15TH TO 24TH

ON Thursday morning, October 15th, Andrew Rome and I left Brooklyn and crossed the river to Jersey City, where we took train to Philadelphia; Rome intending to visit Whitman with me and to return to Brooklyn in the evening. Immediately after arriving in Philadelphia we took a tramcar to the ferry and proceeded to Traubel's house in Camden, where I was to make my home during the rest of my stay in America. We were very cordially welcomed by Mrs. Traubel, and, after lunch, Rome and I started at about two o'clock for Mickle Street. The weather, which had been dull and threatening in the early morning, was now perfect, with bright sunshine and a cloudless sky, and the atmosphere sweet and genial.

Warry was standing at the door when we arrived—Horace Traubel's father having just left—and took us into the front parlour and then went to inform Whitman of our arrival. He returned immediately, saying that we were to go upstairs at once. As I tapped at the door of Whitman's room he called to us to come in, and, as we entered, he extended his right arm at full length to me and his left to Rome, and held our hands firmly and kindly for some time, saying: "I am glad to see you both!

So you have really come, then, Andrew ! Sit down. Wallace, take a chair."

Then followed a conversation which lasted over three hours, Whitman talking nearly all the time. My report (written next morning), though fairly accurate so far as it goes, is unavoidably incomplete.

He asked Rome about himself, his wife and son, his business, his brother Tom, and then about Brooklyn—the old house in Myrtle Avenue which he built and in which he used to live, about old Brooklynites, Brooklyn papers, and the alterations and growth of the city.

He asked Rome, at least twice, to give his "respects and memories 'to all enquiring friends,' as they say."

Rome reported a conversation he had had a few days before with ex-Mayor Stryker, who had known both Walt and his father and who spoke quite affectionately of the latter. Whitman was evidently pleased and touched to hear it, and also to hear Rome's account of Stryker himself ; a man who had kept himself poor by his lavish charity to others ; "a hard case and a pitiful story always found his hand and pocket open."

W. W. "When you see him tell him that you have been along here and seen me, and that I still hold the fort, 'sort o', as I tell the friends, and that I am comfortable and as happy as the law allows ; and give him my respects and love."

R. "Well, I guess, Walt, that your Brooklyn days were about as happy as you have had?"

W. W. "Yes, though I have had more happy days—north, south, east, and west—than I have



deserved. Coleridge once replied when some one said that his soup was cold: 'Well, whether it is or not, it is better than I deserve!'

"Do you find this room warm, Wallace? The warm weather that we had opened my pores and suited me better than the colder weather does, and I have to keep the room warm."

*J. W. W.* "I am glad to hear that you are better than you have been lately."

*W. W.* "Well, I have had a pretty bad spell to-day. When friends come it stimulates me, and I appear better. But when I am alone—nine-tenths of the time—I am pretty bad."

*J. W. W.* "But you seem better than you were before the birthday spree."

*W. W.* "I don't know. The catarrhal troubles thicken upon me, and the bladder trouble."

*J. W. W.* "Well, your friends wish it were better with you, or easier."

*W. W.* (with a little gallant toss of the head and smiling tenderness). "You need not. I guess it's all right. I do not wish to be under any illusion, nor my friends either; and that is what I meant when I said to you at first: 'Come in and be disillusioned!'"

(To *R.*). "Andrew, I looked out for your coming and I got this copy of the complete edition ready to give you. I couldn't wait for the copy with the 'Good-Bye' bit in, but will give you this. And here is something for Tom. Give it him with my love. You will find in your book some reminiscences of old Brooklyn."

"You can tell my friends, Andrew, that I am getting along here quite comfortably, and that the

book which has been the object of my whole life has at last got a fair hold on the public mind. If it deserves to live it will do so ; if not, it will go to the devil, as it ought."

(To *J. W. W.*). "Well, you have been travelling all round. And you have been to West Hills, have you? If I had known beforehand I would have given you the address of —, who would have driven you round. I knew him well. And I would have given you the names of one or two others. Did you see Jarvis's? And have a look round the old place? Though I was born there I do not remember so much of it as of the house where Philo Place lives and of the Van Velsor homestead. Isn't that a well-secluded place, removed from all sophistications? How well I remember the long, grey, shingle-sided, storey-and-a-half house, with its great kitchen and open fireplace!" (The words spoken slowly, as though he were visualizing the scene in his mind and recalling each feature, one by one.)

I spoke of my visit there with Charlie Velsor.

*W. W.* "He must be getting old now. I should like to send him something. Do you know his address?"

I gave it to him and then referred to my visit to Gilchrist at Centreport Cove. *W.* spoke in praise of the coast there—said the island was worthy of long study, and the folks too—queer folks with strong individualities: quite a good many spiritualists there. Then the South coast on the Atlantic side should be visited—flat, sandy, with the Great South Bay and the delicious aroma of the sedge—nothing better—couldn't escape from

it at any season, or in any place, along that coast.

There were three or four Charles Velsors living. The family had dropped the "Van"—"I guess it's all right. But *I* haven't dropped it, and it marks the Hollandic descent."

"Forty or fifty years ago the west end of Long Island, New York and Brooklyn, were largely Hollandic; to an extent people can hardly now realize. That element has since been swept away by immigration. Perhaps no one now understands that old race as I do. They should be put in a book, and I ought to be cuffed and kicked because *I* haven't done it. Broad, solid, practical, materialistic, but with the emotional fires burning within—their women, too, as much as the men—they exemplified my theory of physiological development underlying all else; just as we come from the earth ourselves, however much we may soar above it. Better than any other people—French, German, English, or of any of the British Isles, or American—they illustrate this."

"But my 'Good-Bye' is probably my last bit of writing. And every month or so I notice another peg dropped."

(Speaking about "Good-Bye.") "Some of my friends feel—Dr. Bucke does—that I should bind my pieces in better—make them one book—instead of having so many annexes. I suppose every college-bred man must feel my book very deficient in this way. But I have felt to make it a succession of growths, like the rings of a tree. My book is terribly fragmentary. It consists of the ejaculations of one identity—not college bred, not

a scientist—in the latter half of the nineteenth century, in presence of the facts and movements around him. The great poems—Homer's 'Iliad,' Shakespeare's plays, etc.—discuss great themes and are long poems. My poems do not discuss special themes and are short. And, anyhow, that is *my* method. As one of Shakespeare's characters says : 'A trifle, my lord, a trifle, *but mine own!*' 'A trifle, but mine own.' Isn't that good?"

"A short notice of my 'Good-Bye' appeared in the *Boston Transcript*, very sweet and appreciative, and referred to my 'blameless life.' Oh, how it cut me! How it made me wince! I knew better!"

R. "Mr. Wallace had the good fortune to secure a copy of the first edition of the 'Leaves.'" "

W. W. "Oh! How did you manage that?"

I told him that I got it from Johnston, of New York, who, having two copies, gave one up for his name-sake in Bolton. And Johnston said: "If you will take it to Walt and get him to inscribe his name in it, it will be complete."

W. W. "Oh! Well, I will do so. So you saw Johnston and his wife, Alma? They are great friends of mine. He is a typical American merchant; cute, money-getting, but with more behind. And you saw May? She is a fine girl; loves experiences, worldliness, etc., but with more added. And Bertha and Kitty?"

I said that Mrs. Johnston intended to come to see him before long and to bring the youngest boy.

W. W. "Oh! Well, I shall be glad to see them."

I told him that Johnston had asked me to write to say how I found "Uncle Walt."

W. W. "Well, you can say that I keep about as usual, and send them my love—and that's about all. We old fellows mustn't become growlers!"

J. W. W. "No likelihood of *your* becoming one!"

W. W. "I don't know. I used to feel, and Mrs. Gilchrist, one of my dearest friends, in some respects my dearest friend, used to think so too, that I was to irradiate, or emanate buoyancy and health. But it came to me in time that I was not to attempt to live up to the reputation I had, or to my own idea of what my programme should be, but to give out or express what I really was, and, if I felt like the devil, to say so! And I have become more and more confirmed in this."

J. W. W. "Perhaps your example and influence will be all the more valuable to others who suffer as you do."

W. W. "I don't know. I inherit buoyancy anyhow from my parents and I suppose there is some of it left."

I told him of the large budget of letters I had found awaiting me at Traubel's, and of the messages of love to him which they contained. I told him of Fred Wild's wish to give him "a hearty kiss."

W. W. (his face flushed with pleasure). "Well, tell Fred how I respond to his words, and send him my respects and love when you write."

I told him of the kindness I had received from Rome and from his other friends, and he said that one of the things he had wished was that as

people of different countries visited and got to know each other more they would like each other better.

Rome spoke of the difficulties they encountered in printing "Leaves of Grass," to which W. replied: "I don't remember any, but I remember that you were always ready to overcome them."

R. spoke of the old press, etc., and of the poor job they were able to do, but W. expressed himself quite satisfied with it. He disputed R's. description of the type used, saying he believed it was entirely "English," while Rome thought it was only "an English face."

He invited us to have supper with him downstairs, but, before we left the room, Rome asked him to inscribe his name in the presentation copy of the complete edition, which he very readily did, writing on his knee with a big pen. He also showed us letters which he had just received from Dr. Bucke and Dr. Johnston.

Rome and I then went downstairs, W. following us with the assistance of Warry. We found supper awaiting us in the kitchen, where Warry joined us at the table, opposite to W., who sat near the door, R. and I sitting at the sides;—Mrs. Davis asking to be excused went into the front room. The supper consisted of oysters, bread and Rhine wine, of which latter W. made "sangaree" by the addition of lemonade and sugar. He said that, "like baking bread, or boiling a potato, it is not so simple as it looks." He himself handed the sangaree to us and passed the oysters. He was in quite jovial spirits, addressing us as "boys," praising the

bread, which he said was Mrs. Davis's own baking, and seemed to enjoy his meal. A caged canary in the corner of the room was silent for a time, "abashed by the company," but presently began to sing; W. encouraging it and calling: "Sing on, birdie! Go on!"

He said to me: "The canary you have, the stuffed one, arrived all right, I suppose? I understood that the glass shade was broken." (To Rome.) "I used to have a canary in the front room, and when I sat there alone it was great company to me. When it died Mary and Warry took it into their heads to get it stuffed and send it to Wallace."

"I got an offer yesterday which seems likely to be important. I received an offer from Joe Gilder, of the *Critic*, telling me of a new publishing company in England, which is to run parallel and to compete with the Tauchnitz house. Their New York agent is ——. They want me to let them have the exclusive right to publish my books, and they offer to pay me either by commission or in a lump sum. When you write to Dr. Johnston you might tell him about it. I don't know what I shall do yet, but I think I shall ask Harry Forman to see about it. He is a business man, knows the ways of publishers, is a good friend of mine and no doubt he will do it."

"I receive a good many curious letters. I received one this morning from a man who said that he had written to me previously for my autograph, and he did not understand why he had had no reply. This was the third time he had written,

and he hoped he should get it. But I let the greater part of my letters go without answering them. *I can't.*"

"Several people to whom I have shown the picture of the 'College' group say: 'How American they look!'"

*J. W. W.* "I have been taken repeatedly for an American; but I got an explanation in Canada which was not flattering. They said: 'It's because you're so thin!'"

*W. W.* (laughing heartily). "That was a set-back,—like one I received once as I was travelling from St. Louis to Denver. A man came along the cars, as they do, selling candies, papers, books, etc., and he made a dead set at *me* and the party I was with to buy a book. 'Go away, my son,' I said; 'go away, go away. *We* don't want books, we write books ourselves.' 'Books!' he said. 'What sort of books? *Almanacs?*' That was a set-back, like yours!"

"Now, boys, help yourselves to oysters. Won't you have some, Andrew? Have some more Rhine wine, Wallace."

Mrs. Davis came into the kitchen and leaned over the back of Walt's chair, saying: "I am delighted to see you having supper downstairs, Mr. Whitman." "Thank you, Mary; I am enjoying it too," he returned. (He had not had it in the kitchen since Dr. Bucke's visit the previous Christmastide.)

Finally he said: "Now we'll go into the front room. I'll go now, and you follow."

Warry went to him, turned his chair round, and helped him into the front room; Rome and I



following. He called Rome's attention to his chair there before seating himself.

Something was said about Herbert Gilchrist, and he asked me how he was. I told him that he was well and in good spirits, but that he was beginning to feel that he needed a change, and would probably go to England before long.

W. W. "I thought he would."

A. H. R. "What is the picture he is painting, Walt?"

W. W. "I think it is a picture of Cleopatra, the Egyptian queen of Julius Cæsar's time, sailing away from port."

A. H. R. "Dr. Johnston thought he was rather reticent about it, and he didn't show him the picture."

W. W. "Artists usually are. He may work away at his picture, and then, behold! something else comes to light, and he gets quite a different idea of what Cleopatra was. He alters his picture and thinks all is settled. But it isn't settled, and lo! some other fact is discovered and he gets a different light on it again. I don't know that it is so with Herbert, but I guess so."

Something was said about Gilchrist (I don't know what) which led Walt to give us an account of his mother and family.

"His father liked to write about the lives of people who had not been recognized in their day, and to bring them into notice. He wrote a Life of William Blake, the artist, in this way. He had got most of the book written when he took ill of fever. Three children had it, I think, at the same time, and Mrs. Gilchrist attended to them all

herself. Gilchrist died, and left his wife—a strong, clever young woman—with a great responsibility. She had the children to nurse and look after, and there was Gilchrist's book to see to. She had the courage of ten men. It was in the publisher's hands and was, the greater part of it, written, and it was important that it should be finished. She set to, finished the book, and wrote the preface—thought to be the best written part of the book. The book was very successful. I have a copy of the first edition, in one volume. Another edition has since been published, in two volumes.

“Herbert had a tendency to drawing and she decided to make him an artist. She gave him the best masters in England. He draws very well, and I believe that drawing is his forte.

“Beatrice, the daughter, she decided should be a doctor—a lady, woman doctor. There were no colleges for women in England, and she brought her over along with the rest of the family to Philadelphia, where there was the best medical college for women in the country. In time, however, Beatrice came to dislike her profession. Her weakness had always been what may be called an excess of veracity. She would not do, or be, or seem anything that was not strictly true or veracious. And she declared that doctors could not, as a rule, find out what really ailed people, and she would not be one. One night she disappeared, and, from certain indications, it was feared that she had committed suicide or something. A search was made, but no trace was found. At last, some months after, her body was found in a wood, with her clothes and fixings much battered and decayed.

Very likely Mrs. Gilchrist's sufferings at this time hastened her death, which took place two years after.

"Herbert wrote a Life of her—have you seen it, Wallace?—And he wrote to me asking me to allow him to publish the letters that passed between us—from her to me and from me to her. But I refused peremptorily. I felt that the letters were too intimate and too sacred.

"She was a great friend of mine, and outdid you, Wallace, in her estimate of the 'Leaves' and their author, and till the end she never budged an inch. Herbert, too, is a friend of mine; but I have fancied lately that he has gone back a little. Perhaps it may be on account of my refusal.

"His brother, the eldest, does not like me at all, and will not come to see me. He is a sensible, good fellow, though" (smiling); "and has made quite a number of inventions in connection with chemical metallurgy, and is now a rich man. He was in the States a year or two ago, with the English engineers, and took Herbert with him. And I guess he gives over to Herbert quite a good many English sovereigns—which are very useful over here too!"

Soon after six Rome rose to go, and I prepared to accompany him to the Depot. But Warry offered to go with him, and, as W. asked me to stay a little longer, I did so.

Traubel had come in half-an-hour before Rome left, and there were mutual courtesies between them. After Rome's departure W. talked to Traubel about the letter from Gilder, etc., and

Traubel approved the idea that W. should consult Forman and not worry himself about it.

W. W. "Worry? I shan't worry about it one way or the other."

Traubel explained that he meant that he should be relieved of all trouble in the matter. We left shortly afterwards, and as I shook hands with W. he said: "Good-night. You'll come in to-morrow? Come in about twelve."

*Friday, October 16th.*—A perfect October day, with blue cloudless sky, bright sunshine, and a refreshing breeze. I went to Mickle Street about noon, and had a little talk with Mrs. Davis and Warry, who reported that W. was "pretty well for him," and no worse for the long talk of the previous day. I then went upstairs, and on knocking lightly at the door of his room, heard him call "Come!" He received me very cordially, shaking hands and asking me to sit down. In answer to my enquiry he said he was pretty well, and enquired how I was and about the previous evening at Traubel's. He smiled pleasantly when I told him that T. and I had sat up till "the wee short hour ayont the twal," remarking: "And you got over it, I suppose?" He had had no mail, he said, and I fancied he looked rather disappointed. He said that it did not often happen so.

He took up a quince and enquired if we had any in England, inviting me to smell it and see how fragrant it was, and said finally that he would give it to me if it would keep till I got home. "I will give it to you anyhow, and you can show it to the friends and give it to Johnston or someone."

*J. W. W.* "Well, I'll give it to Fred Wild."

*W. W.* "Yes, give it to Fred with my respects and say that I should like him to send me his portrait. If he will do so I will send him mine, and that will be quits. And I wish you to tell the friends that I fully appreciate—and thank them for—not only their acceptance of me as a literary man, but their goodwill and human affection and fraternization. I don't know whether I have indicated it or not."

I assured him that he had in a score of ways.

*W. W.* "My friends sometimes tell me that I am cold and not demonstrative." (Smiling.)

He talked again about Long Island. If he had known that I was going there he would have sent something to Charles Velsor. He said the latter must be getting old, and was glad to hear that he was still living. I told him what I could of C. V., and he seemed interested in it all. I said that if I went back to New York I would convey whatever he wished to Velsor. But he said he would wait till Gilchrist or someone went to Huntington. He wanted to send some books. He said C. V. knew his grandfather as well as he, or better.

I told him about the superabundance of apples, for which there was no sale, and the depreciation of the farms in consequence of Western competition. He seemed interested and a little aroused from a visible lethargy. His colour, however, was good, and his complexion fresh and wholesome.

He spoke of Place, whom I had seen, the son of Philo Place, who had bought the farm from Walt's uncle, Iredwell Whitman. The farm had

belonged to three brothers (of whom I. W. was one) and a sister. W. had often been there. He seemed pleased to hear of some twigs and leaves which I had broken off various trees about the old place for him, and placed in my trunk which had not yet arrived.

I mentioned Churchester's house which we had passed on our way to the old homestead, and he said that he used to go there a good deal. I said I understood that it used to be an hotel, ("sort o', sort o',") but it is not so now.

"Did you go to Jayne's Hill? Is there an hotel there now? A splendid view, isn't it?"

At this point Warry brought in the mail, which had just arrived, and handed it to W. He took it and I turned aside, saying that I would let him read his letters quietly. "But there are no letters, and I do not care for these."

J. W. W. "I should like to see Pete Doyle while I am here. Can you give me his address?"

W. W. "Do you know him?"

J. W. W. "No. But Dr. Bucke showed me some of your letters to him, and I should like to see him."

W. W. "Well, I don't know where he is. I have not known for two years. He used to be baggage master on the freight trains between Washington and New York, and then between Washington and Philadelphia. He lived in Washington."

J. W. W. "Traubel thought he lived in Baltimore, and referred me to you."

W. W. "Did he? I must ask him why he thought it was Baltimore. I should like to know

where Pete is as I am rather uneasy about him. The cars used to come to Philadelphia, and he came here every week."

J. W. W. "It is strange that he does not write to you."

W. W. "It *is* strange, and I fear something must have happened to him. He is a good friend of mine. He was born in Ireland. His father and mother came out here when he was a little chap of four or five,—a bright-eyed little fellow—and the sailors took to him a good deal, as sailors do. They went to Richmond and lived there. His father was a machinist. His mother was a good specimen, I guess, of an Irish woman of that class. Pete grew up there till he was a young fellow, a big boy of sixteen or seventeen. When the War broke out he joined the Southern army and was a rebel soldier. He was wounded by our troops and made prisoner, and brought to Washington. The doctors got him over his wound, and he went out and got a job as tram-conductor. And it was then that I met him first."

J. W. W. "Then you didn't meet him in the hospital?"

W. W. "Well, sort o'. I don't know whether you know or not the horrible monotony and irksomeness of the hospital—to a young fellow recovering. So, as soon as they can, the doctors let them out, and they have to report themselves till they are quite well. Well, Pete was out in this way. We became acquainted and very good friends. The house in Washington was broken up. His father didn't get work, didn't get success; so he went away to New York, where he thought he would

succeed, and that was the last that was heard of him. No doubt he was drowned or killed. His mother died a year or two ago. And his uncle, his mother's brother—Nash—whom I used to know is dead. So I don't know where Pete is now."

J. W. W. "Perhaps the railroad people could tell me at the depot."

W. W. "Yes, I think they might. If you were to ask for Peter Doyle, who used to be baggage master on the freight train between Washington and Philadelphia."

Looking at my watch I found it was time I was due at Traubel's, so I rose to go. As we shook hands W. said: "Well, you will come again to-morrow? Come about the same time."

I spent the afternoon writing indoors, and in the evening accompanied Horace to a lecture on Music, at the close of which I was introduced to Harned (who had been chairman) and his wife (Horace Traubel's sister).

*Saturday, October 17th.*—My trunk arrived during the morning, and I took out some twigs and leaves I had brought from the old Whitman homestead for Walt, and a little before noon I started out with Mrs. Traubel into the town. Near Mickle Street we visited a confectioner's store, where Mrs. Traubel made one or two purchases and bought a small lemon pie for me to take to W. We next visited a fruit store, where I bought a bunch of grapes and some pears, etc. With these I went to W's., Mrs. Traubel proceeding on her way. Mrs. Davis reported my arrival to W., who sent



word that I was to come upstairs at once. Before doing so I told Mrs. Davis that I would stay to lunch, which seemed to please her. On tapping at W.'s. door I heard him say "Come," and as I entered he greeted me warmly, with outstretched hand and smiling face. As I took a seat I asked him how he was, to which he answered: "Pretty well." He was sitting in his usual position, near the middle window and facing the room, with the little table on his left, and a bearskin rug thrown over the back of his chair. Noticing my parcels he asked what I had got, and I told him about our purchases, giving him the pie Mrs. Traubel had sent, and then the fruit. These he placed near him, praising each, and saying he liked the sickle pears best. Then I showed him the twigs and leaves I had brought him: oak from the old Whitman homestead, black walnut, oak and ash from the Velsor homestead. He held these in his hand for quite a long time, looking at them and inhaling their fragrance.

W. W. "I sent a copy of the complete edition this morning to Charles Velsor."

J. W. W. "Well, he is not a reading man, but I am sure it will please him very much."

W. W. "Yes: it will have a curio interest to him and he will examine the pictures."

J. W. W. "Did I tell you that I showed him the pictures of you in Dr. Bucke's book and in the pocket-book edition?"

W. W. "No. Did you?"

J. W. W. "Yes; and to Warren Velsor, Place and Mrs. Place, and to Jarvis and his wife. And they all seemed interested in them."

W. W. "And Charles Velsor is looking quite hale, is he? He is seventy-eight, I think."

J. W. W. "In his seventy-eighth year—seventy-seven. But he seems quite strong and active, and, though he limps on one foot, he gets about pretty briskly."

W. W. "I should like to see him."

J. W. W. "He said at least twice that he wished you could come over. He will appreciate your kind thought in sending him a souvenir more than anything in the book."

W. W. "Yes, he is one who will feel that."

He asked what I had been doing, and if I had written to Dr. Johnston. He had written a postal himself, but had stupidly dated it the 16th instead of the 17th. He supposed it did not matter much, but he liked—and Doctor did—to know the exact when and where.

Then followed a talk about America, but I do not remember how it began.

W. W. "The Americans are given to smartness and money-getting, and there is a danger of over-smartness. Emerson and others have feared that smartness—refinement or intellect—might run over to demonism. There is a danger—I'm not afraid of it, it will come out all right, but the tendency is to become demoniac, to cheat one's own father and mother, to be damned smart, to 'gouge.' There is nowhere in the world, I suppose, the demonism, the foulness, the corruption, that we have in America."

J. W. W. "I suppose that this is true of the towns, but is it so of the rural agricultural population?"

W. W. "The towns are swelled from the country, and radiate back to the country. A country population in direct contact with natural facts and growths becomes wholesome and pure as Nature is. This is, in part, the influence I wish 'Leaves of Grass' to have. If the book lives and becomes a power, it will be understood better in fifty or a hundred years than now. For it needs people to grow up with it. Its lesson or impetus or urge is not direct, but at second or third or even fourth removes or indirections. It is so with Nature. She does not say, like the good uncles and aunts, 'Now be a good child and behave nicely.' Her lessons are well folded and enveloped. No child can be born or brought up but they are brought to bear on him and are absorbed by him. So with the 'Leaves.' Their aim is Character: what I sometimes call Heroism—Heroicism. Some of my friends say it is a sane, strong physiology; I hope it is. But physiology is a secondary matter. Not, as in Homer's 'Iliad,' to depict great personalities, or, as in Shakespeare's plays, to describe events and passions, but to arouse that something in the reader which we call Character."

J. W. W. "You say to each reader, 'You become my poem.'"

W. W. "Yes. Not to describe things outside you—creeds or bibles or anything else—but to arouse that which is in *you*. It *is* in you. This I repeat over and over; perhaps too much."

"There was an old Quaker preacher, Elias Hicks—have you heard of him? That picture of him in my book is like what he was when I knew him, Fine, tall man, with noble Roman figure;

eyes deep black, which would glow, coruscate and flash ; fine voice. He found his best lever in the Hebrew scriptures ; used them and selected texts from them like the rest, but used them in his own way. And that was what he used to urge—sometimes directly—mostly, perhaps, indirectly.”

Here a pause followed, after which the subject of conversation was changed.

(I shall never forget the effect upon me of W.'s manner and speech during the foregoing talk. He sat upright, his head bent slightly forward, and spoke quietly and tenderly, with the utmost simplicity and equality of manner, as of an elder comrade to a younger, yet with an earnestness and prophet majesty which were indescribably impressive.)

I said that one reason why I wanted to see Pete Doyle was that he perhaps represented the average American.

W. W. “ Well, no. Pete hardly does. For years past Pete has been whirled among the sophistications.”

I said that Herbert Gilchrist had told me that if I studied the life of New York and Philadelphia I should know American life as a whole.

W. W. “ Well, Herbert is cute, perceptive,—like the rest—but——”

Here Mrs. Davis came in and asked me to come down to lunch, and asked “ Mr. Whitman ” if he would come too. “ No, Mary, I will not come now.” I told him that I had invited myself to lunch. “ Well, that is a compliment all round. Mrs. Davis will be pleased and I am pleased.”

“ Shall I come up again for a few minutes? ”

I asked, "or shall I leave you now? I do not want to fatigue you."

W. W. "Just come up a little. It does not fatigue me, but rather the reverse; but my head gets like an apple dumpling, as I say. It seems to go round and round; like nothing so much as an apple dumpling."

I went downstairs and had lunch in the kitchen with Mrs. Davis and a friend of hers, where I sat in the chair which W. usually occupied and I drank tea from the big cup which he used. After lunch Mrs. Davis and I went into the front parlour, where she told me about her past life, and the circumstances which led her to come to W's. After her husband's death she had kept house successively for two old and infirm sea captains, each of whom she had waited on till his death. Afterwards W. had invited her to come and keep house for him, but she felt very averse at the time to the idea of undertaking another task similar to the two last and she declined. W. was then living alone in considerable poverty, and one cold morning, when snow was falling, as she was looking through the window of the house where she lived, she saw him passing slowly, stick in hand, along the street; and, as she watched him, her heart melted with compassion and she decided to do as he wished. She went to the door, invited him into the house and told him her decision. He seemed much affected and grateful and, saying, "Thank you, Mary," he kissed her.

As we were talking Warry came in, having just returned from an errand in Philadelphia, and, after a little talk, we agreed to have a short walk

together. First, however, we both went up to see W. Warry asked him the number of the house in Stevens Street (322) where his mother died, and I explained that we had agreed to have a walk and that I wished to see it. He enquired what my programme was for the rest of my jaunt. I replied that I had not decided, but that I intended to visit Timber Creek some time.

"To Mrs. Stafford's?" he asked. "Sunday is a good day for going there. Get there about twelve and it will leave you three or four hours to look round. Horace going with you?"

I said I hadn't consulted him yet and feared he could not. I had promised to go with him to hear Clifford on Sunday, and would go to Timber Creek some other day.

"Well," he returned, "if Horace can't go, Warry will go with you." I said I would not decide anything then. "No," said he, "my suggestions are only candidates for your consideration."

I asked if Timber Creek was too far for W. himself to drive.

W. "Yes, it is too far, I think."

I said I hoped he would be able to take a drive while I was there. It was painful to think of his being indoors all the time during such fine weather.

W. W. "Well, my dear fellow, as we say here —(I don't know whether you have the phrase)—we have to 'face the music.' A soldier has to go through what lies before him."

"I am only a casual here, anyhow. In '73 I had paralysis and left Washington for Philadelphia

and the coast probably. My mother had died a little before. At Philadelphia I became helpless. As a temporary arrangement I came over here and have been here ever since. My friends don't like it. Doctor" (Dr. Bucke) "despises Camden and despises Mickle Street; but here I am."

J. W. W. "I know that several of your friends—Dr. Bucke, Johnston of New York, and Herbert Gilchrist—all wish that you were with them."

W. W. "I quite appreciate their reasons and kindness, and have given them pretty serious ponderings. But Mrs. Davis and Warry are very good, and, as we say, 'every cock likes his own dunghill best.'"

He asked me, if I did not go to Timber Creek on Sunday, to come with Horace about twelve o'clock, which I promised to do.

I then left him, and had a walk with Warry round Stevens Street and past the house where W.'s mother spent the close of her life. I then went to Traubel's, where two friends—Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert—joined us at supper.

At nine o'clock Traubel, Gilbert and I set out to visit W., taking him a basket of fruits and candies. We found him still up and sitting in the corner near his bed, reading one of Scott's novels, "Count Robert of Paris," with the gaslight behind his left shoulder. He reported himself better than during the day, and said he usually felt better when evening came. He seemed pleased with his present, which he held in both hands for a long time, looking at it.

A short talk followed, of which the following report gives only a few scraps. Traubel picked

up a programme of W.'s lecture on Lincoln and suggested that W. should give it to me, which he at once did. In connection with this Traubel told W. that I had confessed to not knowing very much about Lincoln, and had enquired as to the best books on the subject, and he asked W. if he had read Herndon's book. W. thought a complete idea of Lincoln could hardly be obtained from books. He himself had watched Lincoln weekly and daily in Washington.

"I was in a very depleted condition when I went to Washington. My pocket was picked on the way by a pickpocket, and I arrived without a dollar. My brother George was said to be fatally wounded, but it was not so bad. A bullet—a spent slug—struck his cheek, and he took it from his mouth with his hand! It caused him discomfort, but the doctors made light of it in presence of so many serious cases and got him through all right."

"There was a Russian Count at Washington, Count Gurowski. Have you heard of him? He had been at most of the Courts in Europe—on the Continent, Russia, France, etc.—was a Prince himself—but had to leave because of his liberalism. He was very intuitive. He did not like our public men, and we thought he was given to pessimism, till he saw Grant. One day William O'Connor and I were coming along and we met Gurowski. He had a way of holding his hands up and throwing his head back when he was elated." (W. mimicking.) "'I have seen him! I have seen him!' 'Seen whom, Count?' we asked. 'I have seen Grant. *He will save you!*'"



“ He approved and endorsed Lincoln in the same way, and was quite optimistic. O’Connor did the same, and a few others. But there were many others—‘bad eggs,’ Secretary Chase for one; he was a very bad egg—who opposed him.”

Traubel showed W. a letter he had received from the wife of another Secretary of the Treasury, Mrs. Fairchild, who was a great friend of W.’s. W. read it, and then said to me: “ My best friends are women. They are my best friends. Put *that* in your pipe and smoke it ! ”

H. T. “ What is there better than the friendship of a woman? ”

W. W. “ Nothing at all, Horace: nothing: nothing in this whole world ! ”

Traubel picked up from the floor an envelope containing the famous letter to W. from Emerson written in 1855. This had been lost for some years and Traubel reminded W. that he had promised it to him.

W. W. “ Did I? Well, I’ll not go back on my promise, though it seems almost too precious to part with. But you must leave it here, and I will look it over and let you have it to-morrow when you come.”

Before we left he said: “ Our friend has never had anything from us,” and that he would like to give Mr. Gilbert his picture if he could get up. He rose from his chair and slowly moved to the chair he usually sat in, took up a parcel of papers from the floor, opened it, took out a picture, (a copy of the one he had nicknamed “ the Laughing Philosopher,”) wrote his name at the foot of it and gave it to Gilbert. After this we said good-

bye and left him. Traubel remarked afterwards that W. had given Gilbert the picture because he had previously given Traubel and myself something.

*Sunday, October 18th.*—Traubel, Gilbert and I went in the morning to Philadelphia to hear Clifford at a meeting of the Ethical Society, Mrs. Traubel and Mrs. Gilbert following, and I was afterwards introduced to Clifford and to Dr. Longaker and his wife. Then Traubel, Gilbert and I went to Camden to see W. At the ferry I was introduced to Ed. Lindell, whom W. knew well and who is mentioned in "Specimen Days." He was chewing calamus root and gave me a piece.

We found W. sitting in his usual chair, and he greeted us with his customary kindness and courtesy. He had had a fairly good night, had slept three or four hours anyway, but complained of his head. He asked where we had been, etc., and I told him about seeing Ed. Lindell.

W. W. "Ed. is a curious fellow. Like the singed cat he is better than he looks."

J. W. W. "There are a good many folks like that, are there not?"

W. W. "Perhaps so. A wise and profound writer once said that the worst man—if studied fully, exhaustively—would be found to deserve pity or compassionate affection. It has a long tail, as I say, and so much depends on circumstances—often hereditaments."

Traubel told him that I wanted to take some calamus home, and that Ed. was chewing the root. W. began to describe it, and I told him that we

had it in England and called it "sweet flag," or, in our own district, "sweet-scented flag." "Yes," said he, "we used to call it sweet flag sometimes." He asked Traubel to get a bundle of roots and some leaves for me from Ed.

*H. T.* "Ed. said they were brought by negroes."

This led to a talk about the market in Washington to which negroes go. I cannot report his words, but he described the folks there, young and old; their curious, quaint wagons; their curious fetishes and superstitions. He described the negroes in the country districts; how they hire themselves out on farms, or cultivate small patches of garden; their economy; how they will walk long distances to save a few cents of railway fare: one man used to wheel a barrow with Christmas evergreens several miles: a man who took home a few quarters, or a dollar or two, being looked on as the magnate of the neighbourhood.

He also described the darkies who used to be at Ed. Stafford's farm—his going over with Ed. at supper time to see them—their food, their merriment, etc. At Election times they sell their votes to the highest bidders. At the beginning of the day the price of votes is high, and as the day goes on they become cheaper and cheaper. The fellow who hasn't sold his vote feels he has done badly. "Poor wretches!" he exclaimed. "They are invariably—invariably—almost without exception—a superstitious, ignorant and thievish race. William O'Connor used to be a great defender of theirs; used to find palliations, excuses and alleviations."

Speaking of Canada Traubel said he thought W. had not seen much of French Canada.

“Oh yes,” he replied, “I saw a good deal of it about Quebec, and about the Saguenay river.”

He described the curious towns and villages. “The people speak French,” he said, “a sort of patois—some of them don’t know any English. They are far removed from all sophistications and civilized life. They are Catholics—Roman Catholics. There are a good many priests—fine, superb fellows some of them—young and middle-aged and old. Some of them have been to France to be trained in the ecclesiastical institutions there. Others have never travelled at all. They do trading, farming, boating; and all do something. I was once in a boat rowed by priests. And how suave they were! And full of politesse! And not a skin-deep politesse either. I used to feel quite ungainly. Always smiling and pleasant. One fellow never spoke to me without saying ‘Monsieur’ and touching his cap. Every time he spoke up went his hand. They have a sea trout there, a fish about so big” (indicating its length), “with pinky flesh, very common and very cheap. They don’t think much of it, but I liked it, and every morning they had two for my breakfast.” (Some other dainty was described, which they got regularly for W.) “I was never more tickled than I was when an old priest told me that my politeness was different from theirs, but it was better! Of course I knew it was all nonsense, but it tickled me.”

“I have just written a short postal to Doctor, and a letter to Harry Buxton Forman. I have given him full power to act as my representative in the book publishing business. I should like him to do

it and I believe he will. I have given him absolute authority."

"Have you ever seen 'Richelieu,' Wallace? No? Well, at the first opportunity you have you go to see it. I think Bulwer Lytton has made his title clear in three plays: 'Richelieu,' 'The Lady of Lyons,' and 'Money'—and 'Richelieu' is the best. It is not a work of genius, but of first-rate talent—of first-rate talent, with *dashes* of genius. It keeps the action going. When I was a young fellow and went to see it we used to like to see something going on and the pot a-bubbling all the time. Well, the old king gets into terrible difficulties all round, and doesn't know how to extricate himself. He sends for Richelieu to help him and gives him authority to act. Richelieu is very old, bent, with white hair and beard, and he coughs—'ugh! ugh! *Ab - so - lute* authority?' " (W. mimicking.)

"'Yes,' the King says, 'absolute authority.' Up goes his old head, and he says then to the man who had been opposing him: 'You look pale! you are not well! Put five hundred miles between yourself and here within twenty-four hours, or your head will be chopped off!' So I give Harry Forman 'absolute authority' in the same way." (The foregoing was spoken and acted by W. with splendid dramatic power and vigour, and he looked the part of "Richelieu" to the life.)

He spoke of operas and of some of the famous artistes he had seen, and said that Fanny Kemble loomed out in his memory from them all. He had always loved the Italian opera. But the greatest contralto singer he had heard was Alboni; a woman with two children, fat, black hair, low forehead,

not considered handsome, but he thought so. He had seen her shed tears—not sham tears, but real ones trickling down her cheeks. He used to sit quite near and could see them. “It was in ‘Lucia.’ Lucia kills her own children. There is the bed in the corner where the children sleep, Lucia with dagger approaching. Alboni was said to have two children away in Italy, and I suppose she thought of them. Whether there was passion in the opera or not there was in *her*. She used to sweep me away as with whirlwinds.”

“But how garrulous I am getting!”

I hoped that he would be no worse for talking so much. He replied that he would not, as he had been sitting quite alone all the time and it was a change—it reversed the scene—but his head was “like ten devils.” We came away immediately.

*Monday, October 19th.*—I walked in the morning to Harleigh Cemetery to see the tomb which W. had had erected for himself (and for his father and mother, and other members of the family) and which was now very nearly completed. The Cemetery, which was comparatively new, is situated in undulating ground, with many trees of various kinds, and is very tastefully laid out. Perhaps with some remembrance in his mind of the burial hills of his ancestors in Long Island, Walt had selected a low hill for his place of burial, but instead of arranging for a grave on the top of the hill, he had a tomb built into its side, surrounded by trees and the front only showing as one approaches near it from a side path. The front is built of unhewn grey granite, with a great upright block on each



THE TOMB, HARLEIGH CEMETERY (1904).





side of the entrance and a projecting lintel over, surmounted by a triangular block, like a steep pediment, with a sunk panel and "Walt Whitman" in large letters in the centre. The door, which opens inwards, is also of grey granite, with a wrought iron gate in front. Inside the tomb is a vestibule about ten and a half feet wide by six feet, with granite floor and roof; and the side walls are lined with rough-faced tiles of a light red colour above a marble skirting twelve inches high. The receptacles for the coffins face the entrance and are eight in number, four in width and two in height. The shelves and divisions of these are of dark blue marble, and the fronts are of blue-veined white marble, with skirting, frieze, and a small cornice mould of the same material.

The external appearance of the tomb is one of great simplicity and massive dignity, and is very appropriate. As in Whitman personal dignity and self-esteem went along with a loving and tender identification of himself with all lowliness, so the tomb, behind its proud front, nestles into the earth like a child in the bosom of its mother. On the sloping bank above it grows in untrimmed profusion the grass which gave the title to his book and which symbolized so much to his mind, and around it is the quiet and beautiful seclusion of the trees, with the soft and ever-varying music of their rustling leaves and the sighing wind. Above it, seen through the trees, is the deep sky: and at night the stars he loved so well.

Before leaving the Cemetery I called at the Entrance Lodge to see Mr. Moore, the superintendent of the Cemetery, with whom W. had arranged the

contract for the tomb. He kindly invited me to lunch with his wife and himself, and offered, if I would join them, to drive me afterwards in his buggy to Camden, and to accompany me to W.'s—an invitation which I gratefully accepted. Instead of driving by the direct road, he took me by a long detour through beautiful though flat and somewhat marshy country. Arriving in Camden, Moore put up his horse and buggy near Mickle Street, and we then walked to W.'s. After a few words with Warry we went upstairs together and were both cordially received by W.

We talked for a time about the tomb which W. described as perhaps seeming queer at first and not esthetic, but strong and substantial. He didn't wish it to make much show, but to be let well into the bank and amongst the trees, shrubs, vines, etc. It would look better in ten or fifteen years than now. He seemed pleased to hear from Moore of an old army captain and experienced traveller who thought it the best he had ever seen. And Moore said the majority of people liked it.

Moore told W. of our drive, and said he had wanted to show me some Jersey dust. W. said: "He has come to see all he can, dust included. To see America fully requires months and years. I myself have not seen it. Like the cat it has a longer tail than we supposed. But every day and every hour helps."

At this point Moore took off his overcoat and W. asked if I had not one. I replied that I had left mine at Traubel's. He said: "The wise man takes a coat, or cloak, or shawl. I used to carry a shawl which I found very useful."

I assured him that I had been quite warm enough and that I had walked to the Cemetery.

"Good!" he said; "I wish *we* walked more, instead of so much devilish riding. I am sure it would be better for us."

I remarked that I thought that Englishmen on their first arrival here were less susceptible to cold than Americans.

"Yes," he said, "I believe they are. Mrs. Gilchrist used to say so, and she used to open all the doors and windows for fresh air."

After discussing some details about the tomb Moore rose to go, and asked W. if he might come for him some day the following week—the first suitable warm day—to drive him over. Would he come? He could be well wrapped up and protected.

"Yes, I will," said W. "I should like to do so." And so it was arranged.

When Moore left I rose to go too. W. asked me to stay a little, but I feared to fatigue him as he was not well. He said that he was relieved to find himself better than he had anticipated in the morning. He had feared that he would have an extra uncomfortable day, but his headache (of which he had complained on the previous day) had lifted. He said he had written a supplementary letter to Buxton Forman suggesting that his books might be brought out in three volumes: "Leaves of Grass" with the two annexes in one volume, "Specimen Days" in another, and the prose in the third. But this was only a suggestion to be worked out later.

I said it pained me to leave him alone and to

be able to do nothing. He was very gentle and tender as he replied: "My dear friend, there is nothing you can do. And I am used to being alone. You and Johnston and Traubel go too far in your estimation and kindness. Traubel is invaluable, and I don't think I could live without him."

I spoke of the impression Traubel's letters had made on us of comradeship, etc.

"Yes, he has all that about him."

"Have you seen his mother?" he continued. "She is a fine woman and I like her. And I like his father too. He is of German birth: came over here as a young fellow and married here."

I was anxious that he should not be fatigued by too much talk, and rose once more to go. He asked me again, as he had done once before, "won't you have some tea?" but I declined, and we shook hands and said good-bye.

I had quite a long talk with Mrs. Davis and Warry downstairs, and finally decided to have a cup of tea with them (now four o'clock). Warry and I sat down together, I in W.'s chair, and I poured out the tea, pouring out a cup also for W., which Mrs. Davis took upstairs. On her return she reported that W. had said: "Here comes Mary Davis with my tea. Good!" To which she had replied, "Yes, and Mr. Wallace poured out the tea," and W. responded: "Good!" After tea we went into the front room where Warry played his violin for a little time, after which I had to leave to keep an appointment with Traubel.

*Tuesday, October 20th.*—I spent the morning in writing letters and had lunch with Mrs. Traubel.

I had arranged to spend part of the afternoon in Philadelphia, and on my way there I called to see W., but I knew that he was too unwell for much conversation, and I intended to make my visit as short as circumstances permitted. Warry opened the door, and in reply to my enquiry, said that W. was about the same as on the previous day. After reporting my visit to W. he brought me word that I was to go upstairs at once. As I entered W.'s room he received me with smiling welcome and outstretched hand as usual, saying: "I am glad to see you." On enquiry he said that his head was bad, and added: "How is it with *you*? Did you go to Harned's last night? At Traubel's all goes as usual I suppose?"

I told him that I had been writing letters all morning. "All those fellows will be glad to receive letters I suppose." He said he had received a post-card from Edward Carpenter, merely giving slight change of postal address. He had also received a letter from Dr. Johnston. "He seems to be quite busy now."

I said that I was going to the post office in Philadelphia, and asked if I could post any letters for him, and he gave me three postals which he had written. I asked if there was anything I could bring from the city for him, but he said there was not. None of the talk was of much importance, and, though he was kind and courteous as ever, he was obviously very unwell and only able to talk with considerable effort. So I left him at the end of a quarter of an hour or so. After a little talk with Mrs. Davis and Warry, I proceeded to Philadelphia, where I did a few errands, including a

visit to the book store of David McKay, W.'s printer and publisher (where I bought three copies of "Good-Bye My Fancy" and other books), and also a visit to Gutekunst's, where I bought a photograph of W. taken in 1889, which was new to me. Then I met Traubel by appointment, and later Harrison Morris, and went with them to the studio of Eakins, the artist, where we saw his recent portrait of W. We also visited J. D. Law, another friend of W's.

*Wednesday, October 21st.*—On arrival at W.'s soon after one o'clock, I learned from Mrs. Davis that he was better than on the previous day. I found him sitting as usual and looking quite bright, and he said that he was "not so unwell as yesterday." I had brought a parcel with me (containing the three copies of "Good-Bye My Fancy" which I had bought the day before and some copies of the pocket-book edition of "Leaves of Grass") which I laid on the bed before taking a chair, and he asked what it was. I explained that I had brought the books for his inscription. He offered to write the names at once, but I said I would leave the books to await his leisure.

He said McKay had been to see him the day before. He was bringing out the final edition of the "Leaves." Perhaps it was not necessary. It contained nothing new and was the same as the '83 edition published by him but with the two appendices bound in with it. He did not care very much about the binding and the get-up—as Dr. Bucke did and he believed Horace did—but he considered the contents the main thing. This would contain the second appendix and com-

plete the pagination of the book. With this addition he would feel that he had finished the work on the "Leaves."

"We have had some serious difficulties—set-backs—and seemed at times to be wrecked past recovery ; but we have pulled through, and here we are. I do not consider 'Leaves of Grass' to be rounded and complete, but so far as it can be I think it is completed now."

I said I was told that McKay opposed the issue of "Leaves of Grass" in a cheap edition.

"Yes, he does," W. replied ; "and I let it go at that. He has a good deal of publisherial tact and judgment, though he is a little given to whims, and even whimsicalities, and I give way to him a good deal. And he gives way too. He said that if I insisted on the cheap issue then it should be so. But I said : 'Oh no, it does not amount to insisting at all. I approve it and prefer it, but let it go at that.'"

I said that I had seen McKay in his store. His assistants had told me that Peter Peppercorn had been in the day before.

"Do you know Peter?" W. asked. "He has good qualities, human, a good head, and is a good fellow, but he lacks pilotage, a rudder. He must be getting an old fellow, is poor, and used to drink. Does so yet, does he? What sad work the rum makes ! But I guess it's not so much the rum as the want of steering."

I asked how far it was to Timber Creek and the best way to get there.

"It will be eight or nine or ten miles from here," he answered. "You go past the Cemetery

you were at to Haddonfield—a beautiful village—and you can easily get someone to put up a wagon or something for a dollar and drive you there. See Mrs. Stafford and her husband, George : they are the old people. They have removed from the house I used to go to and now live about two miles away, at Glendale. You stay there two days. It will be quite worth while. Mention my name strongly : say that you are not only a personal friend to me but that I wish you to go there, and I daresay it will go a long way. You will find them quiet reticent people, not demonstrative, and you may think them rather cold. Andrew Rome is rather like that. But, as I said of Emerson, 'the fires burn within,' and they will make you welcome. When I was sick in '76 and had to take drugs, medicines, I gave it all up and went out there, and stayed there weeks, months. But for them and my stay there I should not have been able to finish 'Leaves of Grass.' Whether that is a good thing, and whether the world has cause to be thankful, is doubtful (smiling). But I owe them a good deal. They are plain farmer people, but Mrs. Stafford is naturally a refined lady-like woman and I like her very much. Her husband George is a fine fellow too in his way ; a different way. He is getting elderly now ; a cute, black-haired, quiet fellow, not demonstrative. They are poor and you had better pay them. Pay them two dollars. They are spunky, high-spirited folks and won't hear of taking money, but pay them—not too much, two dollars will be enough—and say that I said so. Do it courteously, but of course you will do that anyway."



“ You should see Ed. the son ; a cute, industrious young farmer—a good specimen of a Jersey farmer. I like him—and he comes here often. Stay there two days and look about you.”

“ And there is Debbie, as they call her—a married daughter—Deborah Virginia Browning. She has dropped Virginia (folks often drop what they should not and keep what they should) and she calls herself Deborah Browning. They have two children now, a boy and a girl, and a small house ; but nice I guess. I liked her very much as a girl.”

“ Herbert—Herbert Gilchrist—used to like to walk there, went there often and made himself at home, and did some artistic work there.”

“ I should like you to go there and I think you had better go soon. The weather is good, and will remain so a little, I think, but there seems to be a storm hovering round.”

I said I should like to see a typical American farmer : I had perhaps seen a Canadian one of Scotch stock in Tom Rutherford, at Fenelon Falls.

W. “ A typical American or a typical American character hardly exists. Like nature it is not a thing that is done or made, but a becoming.”

I told him about meeting Harrison Morris, etc. “ Harry? Morris? ” he said. “ A nice fellow—nervous, literary—snatched from the ranks of the enemy through Horace. A great friend of mine, and comes here.”

He enquired how I had spent the previous evening. I told him and added that I had read a few pages that morning to Mrs. Traubel from the '55 edition of “ Leaves of Grass.”

“ Oh! I should like to see it. Show it to me—what a curio it is! And I will write the names in the books now, and then I can write them just as you want them. Fred Wild—shall I write it *here*? What shall I write?” I replied that the name and date would be enough. “ I believe I should like Fred Wild from what you have said of him. Any more than Fred? No ‘ e ’ in Wild? ” He wrote: “ Fred Wild, from his friend the Author, October 21st, 1891.” As he was about to write the next inscription, “ Thomas Shorrock,” I told him that Shorrock was the best fellow amongst us—not literary but manly, etc. He wrote: “ With hearty good wishes.” The next was F. R. C. Hutton. “ Does he care about the ‘ Rev.?’ ” he asked, to which I replied, “ No, either way.” When he had finished I thanked him and he said: “ Give my respects to them all when you return, especially Fred.” There was some talk too about Dixon and Greenhalgh.

“ Did you bring the picture from London? ” he asked; referring to some copies I had ordered when in Canada of a photograph of W. taken in 1881 when he was staying with Dr. Bucke, and at the same time as that reproduced in Bucke’s book. “ If it is the one I think, I do not like it. I will give you a picture ” (showing me one) “ for the friends. I have a good many and will give you twelve or more.” I said there were fourteen of us. “ Well, I will give you fourteen or fifteen.” I told him that I wished to take back some copies of the pocket-book edition of “ Leaves of Grass ” which he kept in stock, and I gave him a list of names in an envelope in which I had enclosed

dollar bills for the total cost. Seeing these he exclaimed "Oh, let me *give* them to you!" I declined and he said: "Well, if there are any inscriptions or pictures that you want you must let me know. I intend to send copies of the complete edition to Dr. Johnston and you."

Remembering his condition the previous day, and fearing that too much talk would fatigue him, I spoke a time or two of going but he would not hear of it. He said: "Your fear of intruding or disturbing us is almost morbid. We do not trouble so much about it in America. We are coarser. You are our guest and *we* are the hosts now. I've felt the kindness of you folks to me and to Dr. Bucke when he was over there. Now the scene is reversed."

He read me a letter he had received from Dr. Bucke that morning. It contained a reference to the water meter, and I expressed a regret that he should be loaded with meter business in addition to his other work.

"He can stand it. He is in the full prime of his strength, has great superabundant energy, and needs something to spend it on. Of course he knows—as a man of common sense, as a physician, as a scientist, as a physiologist—that a decline in his strength must come. And I suppose he has caution enough. That is an important point and has been a great stay with me. The phrenologists put my caution at seven. And I guess Doctor is cautious enough. With his meter work, his Asylum work and his 'Leaves of Grass' work he is fully loaded, but his shoulders are strong enough to carry it,"

I said that I liked Bucke very much, and that the feeling had grown on me instead of lessening since I left him. "I think that is often so," said W. He referred to the nice way in which the Doctor dealt with the patients—he had often watched him—and said he seemed just the right man for his place. He should be sorry if Doctor were to leave Asylum work.

I came away at 2.30, feeling that I had stayed long enough for W.'s good, though he did not seem fatigued and he was quite bright and cheery. He was wonderfully kind and courteous throughout.

I went on to Philadelphia and returned to Traubel's at four o'clock. Half-an-hour later Mrs. Traubel and I went to Dr. Longaker's, where Horace had arranged to join us for supper. In the evening we went to a Class meeting of the Ethical Society, where Joseph Fels opened a discussion on "Profit Sharing" with Traubel as chairman.

*Thursday, October 22nd.*—The morning was wet and I stayed indoors till 1.15, when I went to Mickle Street. Here I found W. not so well: "the catarrhal trouble—the apple-dumpling feeling, as I call it—in my head coming on."

"There is a change of programme for you in the weather. Have you decided when you will go to Timber Creek?"

I replied that I would probably go on Sunday, and that Horace thought it better that W. should write to Staffords, or write a letter of introduction, but perhaps it was not needed.

W. "Yes, I will write. You can tell them and

arrange for yourself, but I will write too. I like to write to them anyhow. How are you going? I wish it were so that I could go along with you. I should like to do so very much."

"What is that you have got?" It was one of the copies of the photograph of W. which I had ordered in London, Ontario, and I unpacked it and handed it to him. "I have not seen this before. It is not the one I thought of. I do not dislike it and do not prohibit it. The hat looks familiar. I had a grey beaver—made for me and given to me by a friend and admirer in Philadelphia. It was not so high in the crown as that, but it was a better beaver."

J. W. W. "Horace does not like the picture at all."

W. W. "No, he said so."

J. W. W. "I had decided that if *you* did not like it I would not take it."

W. W. "I don't dislike it at all."

J. W. W. "The pose is good."

W. W. "Yes, it is."

I then showed him the photograph of himself which I had bought from Gutekunst's two days before. "I remember this," he said, "but I do not like it." I thought the unsatisfactory effect chiefly due to the way the head seemed sunk between the shoulders and I covered all up except the face. But still he did not like it. He pointed to a parcel of photos which he said were for me. There were "enough to give the boys one each."

I did not stay long, and, after a little talk with Mrs. Davis and Warry, I went on to Philadelphia. On my return to Camden I took train to Pavonia

to visit some people I had known in Bolton who now lived there. At 8.30 I returned to Camden and went to Harned's, where Traubel joined me soon after. In the Dining Room there was a portrait of Lincoln over the mantel-piece. Until no longer able to do so W. used to dine with Harneds every Sunday, sitting at table immediately opposite the portrait, to which he would lift his glass saying: "Here's to *you*!" In the Drawing Room was hung a fine collection of etchings and other pictures, and one—of an old dismantled ship—was pointed out to me as having suggested one of W.'s short poems. "That's me, Tom, that's me," W. had said to Harned. Horace told me about several of W.'s talks in that room. Horace's own talk as we returned home was very fine and memorable.

*Friday, October 23rd.*—About eleven a.m. I accompanied Mrs. Traubel to Philadelphia, where, after lunch together, she assisted me to purchase some things for the Bolton friends. After leaving her I met Horace by appointment and we called on Talcott Williams at the *Press* office. Then, after visiting Carpenter's Hall and the old State House, we went to "Reisser's," to see the room in which the banquet was held on W.'s seventieth birthday. To my surprise I found four of our friends there waiting for us, and learned that a "surprise party" had been arranged. Eight of us sat down to supper (Harned, Dr. Longaker, Morris, Clifford, Buckwalter, Williams, Traubel and Self), after which we had coffee and cigars. Our waiters were those who had attended the Whitman

dinner. We left early and Harned, Buckwalter, Traubel and I crossed the river to Camden to visit W. On entering his room we found him sitting in the corner near his bed, and he welcomed us with great and even jovial cordiality, with his hand outstretched to its full length as usual, and immediately enquired: "Have you had a good splurge?" But, before an answer could be given, Harned asked: "Walt, have you had that bottle of whisky?"

W. "No."

H. "There is one for you at our house and my wife should have sent it to you to-day."

W. "Oh! That's the best news I have had for a month!"

After a little talk it was arranged that when Harned went home Horace and I would accompany him, wait a few minutes and then bring the bottle back if Warren (who was then out) had not already done so.

Harned said: "We've been drinking your health, Walt. But we hadn't champagne; we're a beer crowd."

W. "Who were there?"

Harned. "Longaker, Morris, Clifford, Frank Williams and we four."

W. "And what did you do?"

I said we had had dinner and talked, etc.

W. "What about?"

Harned. "Wallace has been telling us about their Bolton group. He says that your influence has drawn them together and strengthened their comradeship."

J. W. W. "I started from that to speak of

the comradeship and kindness with which *they* had received me."

*Harned.* "It must have seemed a quiet affair to you. When Bucke visited you you wrote songs and sung, etc."

*W.* "And shouted hurrah!"

*J. W. W.* "Well, making a noise was about all we could do."

*Traubel.* "Wallace is a temperance man and didn't drink beer."

*J. W. W.* "But I smoked."

Someone asked *W.* how he had been during the day.

*W.* "I have had a pretty bad catarrhal condition, but am better this evening. I have just put my duds on after a wash—a bath."

(To me.) "I have written the names in those books of yours and they are ready for you. I ought not to take the money from you, but I have spent part of it to-day for another purpose." I thanked him and added: "I want you to inscribe another book; I will bring it down for you to-morrow," to which he replied, "I will do so with pleasure."

*W.* "I have been reading Carlyle's Diary of his visit to Paris" (in the *New Review*). "What a growler he was! He looked to the left and growled, he looked to the right and growled and he looked forward and growled. Someone who came here—Moncure Conway, I think—said that he and Carlyle went out for a walk, as they call it. It was a beautiful night—clear, stars shining—I guess an exceptional thing in that country. Conway looked up and said: 'It's a



beautiful sight.' Carlyle looked and said: 'It's a *sad* sight.' "

I said the story was told by Leigh Hunt rather differently, and I gave his version in detail.

W. spoke a few words (of which I have no record) in praise of Carlyle, saying in effect that people who roused and shook others from their comfortable habits and convictions perhaps did the best service to them.

*Saturday, October 24th.*—In the morning I accompanied Mrs. Traubel to Philadelphia, where we took train to Carpenter to visit Mrs. Lichtenheim, Horace's sister Agnes. I saw there a fine crayon picture of W. by Horace's father, based on the well-known photograph by Gutekunst taken in '89, but with careful direct study of W. himself. It was a very beautiful day and I enjoyed the visit very much. We returned in the afternoon and on arrival in Camden I left Mrs. Traubel to visit W., arriving about six o'clock. He sat in his usual position, but looked obviously very unwell and said that he had had a rather bad day. He was as tenderly kind and courteous as ever and talked freely, though with some effort. He said that Jeannette Gilder, of the *Critic*, had been in to see him along with some girl friends, otherwise he had had no visitors. He had been pleased to see Jeannie and the three or four charming girls who came with her.

He enquired about our doings during the day and about Agnes and the baby. And he enquired again about our party the previous evening and as to what had been said.

I told him about letters I had received from Johnston and Fred Wild, and of the pleasure of the latter in receiving W's. message. I told him that I had written to Fred, saying that if he had come with me he and W. would have been "thick as thieves." W. smiled and, when I asked if they had that phrase in America, replied, "Oh yes—that and others."

He asked what I had got under my arm. I told him that it was a copy of "Good-Bye My Fancy" which I wished him to inscribe for Henry and S. J. Dearden. He consented with his usual readiness and courtesy and listened with interest to my account of Deardens, whom I said he would like. "Yes, I think I should." I left the book with him so that he might inscribe it at his leisure.

He enquired if I were going to Glendale the following morning, and directed me to enquire—after leaving Haddonfield—for "the little church," Methodist church. Stafford's place was opposite.

I said I would go as I did not wish to fatigue him. He replied: "I guess you'd better sit a little as Horace may be here soon." But I said I would sit with Mrs. Davis as I had not had a talk with her for a day or two. So I left him and sat with Mrs. Davis and Warry till 6.40, when Warry walked with me most of the way to Traubel's.

After supper Horace and I started out to attend a reception at the Penn Club, in Philadelphia, but called on our way at Mickle Street to see W.

I thought it best that Horace should see W. alone, and I stayed behind in the parlour while

he went upstairs. But in a minute or two I heard him calling from the landing: "Wallace, come up!" I found W. sitting in the corner near the bed and looking rather brighter than before.

He enquired about the Penn Reception, what was to be done, etc., and said he thought we should have been already there "in the thick of it." Horace said he wished me to meet some of the fellows there. W. said that Horace Howard Furness would probably be there, but Horace thought he didn't go now: he was very deaf. W. "Oh, he will get along all right. I can get along with him. He has an ear trumpet and ears." Some talk followed about Edison's microphone, etc., in which, however, W. did not join.

He took up an illustrated magazine belonging to Traubel which he offered to return, asking if Horace would take it now, but he said he would leave it. It had an engraving of a Dutch portrait in front which I admired, and something was said in praise of the breadth, etc., of Dutch paintings.

W. "Yes, they help to free us from slavery to Greek art, Greek ideas, and have power, momentum, solidity, weight and bottom—which is not to be 'despised,' as one of Dickens' characters would say."

Horace spoke of an article in a magazine called *Brains*.

W. "Yes, I have heard of it, I think."

*Horace*. "I am not sure that it should not be called 'Guts.'"

W. laughed a little. "That is a favourite word with Herbert Gilchrist. Speaking of a picture he will say: 'That is very refined and shows excel-

lent drawing and line and a good sense of colour—but it has no *guts* in it.' ”

He referred again to my proposed visit to Stafford's and said: “You must go as the old knights used to go in search of adventures, and take what comes. You will find Staffords are not demonstrative, but you will be welcome. And I will give you a dollar that I will send to Harry's children. He has two: a boy and a girl. Give it to Mrs. Stafford and she will give them each half a dollar.”

Horace told W. a story—but I don't remember in what connection—about an American lady, Mrs. Jones, who visited Europe and saw amongst other things the Apollo Belvedere. After looking at it a long time and listening to what was said, she remarked: “So *that* is the Apollo Belvedere! Well, give me Jones!”

I followed this with the story of an old woman in Bolton who said: “They talk abeawt Heaven an' they talk abeawt Hell—but Bowt'n for me!”

W. laughed a little at both stories, but made no comment, and, after saying “Good-night,” we left.

We then went to the Penn Club, where in a suite of rooms on the first floor we found forty or more men in evening dress. Frank Williams was there and took us in tow, inviting us to refreshments (oysters, etc.) and a cigar. Harrison Morris came late. We had interesting talks with different people and I was introduced to Morris Jastrow (son of a Jewish rabbi in Philadelphia, himself “a come outer” and Professor of Assyriology), Professor Smythe, and a man

named Estlin, who had just returned from a stay of eighteen months in Europe. Judges, lawyers, doctors, etc., were there, and they were all said to be men of more or less note ; but the return home, after midnight, with Horace—our walk and talk under the star-lit sky with the shining half-moon—was to me by far the best part of the night's entertainment.

## VISIT TO STAFFORD'S AND TIMBER CREEK

*Sunday, October 25th.*—I left Traubel's some time before noon to walk leisurely to Glendale, nine or ten miles distant, to visit Mr. and Mrs. Stafford, who kept a store there. They had lived there for over ten years, and had previously lived at a farm-house three or four miles away, near Timber Creek, where Whitman had stayed with them for long periods during his convalescence, as recorded in "Specimen Days."

It was a perfect autumn day and the country looked very beautiful, with gently undulating surface, moderately wooded, and laid out in well-cultivated farms; the corn still standing in the fields in tall, grey stooks. I halted for lunch about half-way on my journey at the pretty little village of Had-donfield; the road, with large maple trees on each side, forming its one street. Beyond the village the sandy road becomes more undulating and passes through occasional woods. I arrived at Glendale at about three o'clock and was kindly received by Mr. and Mrs. Stafford; the rest of the family being out at the time. Presently their son Ed. came in, and soon afterwards his brothers Harry and Vandoran, with two friends of theirs. After a little talk Ed., who had an appointment, went



MR. STAFFORD'S STORE, GLENDALE (1904).





out with the two visitors, and I had a long chat and then a walk with Harry. He remembered Edward Carpenter's visits, and spoke of him with quiet affection. After supper I accompanied Harry some distance on his way home, and returned alone under one of the most beautiful star-lit skies I remember having seen. We all went to bed soon after nine o'clock.

*Monday, October 26th.*—After breakfast Ed. offered to take me in the afternoon to the old homestead where they had lived when Whitman stayed with them. Meanwhile I wrote some letters and then accompanied Mr. Stafford and Ed. to the orchard, where I helped them to load the cart with apples. These Ed. drove to a cider mill, and I went with him to a point at a distance of two fields from the farm where his sister, Mrs. Browning, lived, and paid her a short visit. She received me very kindly, and I found her to be a naturally refined and hospitable woman. Her little girl, Susie, a beautiful and charming child, had been unwell, but was now recovering.

Mrs. Browning said that Mr. Whitman was changed from what he was fifteen years before, that he used to be lively, always singing and full of jokes, but had now less enjoyment of life.

After my return to Glendale I had a little talk with Mrs. Stafford about W. She said that at times he used to be like a volcano, and then very quiet. Not angry—she scarcely knew how to express herself, but he seemed to love everything and everybody. He *could* be angry: she had seen him more angry than anyone she knew, but it

soon passed away. He used to be angry when his papers were disturbed; but she did not mind that at all, and in a few minutes he would burst into song again. She let him have his own way as a rule, and she knew intuitively what he wanted or disliked; but she insisted on straightening up his papers. She thought it was a thing that had to be done. He didn't like to be disturbed when out alone, and she used to tell the children that if they saw him in some secluded place they were not to go near him. Once when Mrs. Gilchrist came to see him he was very angry. Of course he was glad to see her, but he would have liked it better if she had come another day.

She (Mrs. S.) had seen him sitting quite still, alone, in deep meditation, and had not gone near him to disturb him. But if he was on the road, or near the house, it was different. She had known him get up at twelve o'clock on a fine night to go down to the creek, and she had known him stay out till twelve. But she used to be alarmed and waited up till he returned. As he was a paralytic she feared he might have another seizure at any time.

When first he came he didn't look as though he would live many months. But she found that he chiefly needed rousing and heartening up. She told him of cases of paralytics who lived for twenty years or more after a seizure. It seemed to cheer him.

He gradually improved sufficiently to go outdoors a little and then a little farther. He would hobble as far as the barn, and one of the children would carry a chair for him. Later he would

venture farther and go down the lane a little. Then he began to take the chair himself.

She didn't take the credit to herself for rousing him. As he grew a little stronger he took interest in everybody, and everybody roused him.

At first he was rather downcast, but soon became quite happy. He always used to sing in a morning as soon as he rose from bed. After he had been out he would sometimes say : " Susan, folks question sometimes what happiness is. But I have had a happy day."

She had read Dr. Bucke's book ; but she didn't think that Dr. Bucke understood Mr. Whitman properly. Mr. Whitman once said to her : " He doesn't know all my kinks." She supposed he meant his imperfections.

She learned to understand him quite well, and could tell without asking him what he liked or disliked. For instance, she once got red napkins for the table, thinking them better for the children. But she saw that Mr. Whitman did not like them, so said : " Mr. Whitman, let me change your napkin." He said : " Did you know that I did not like it?" " Yes, I did." " You amaze me."

After dinner Ed. prepared to go with me to Laurel Springs to see the old farm-house where they had previously lived and to visit Timber Creek, and at three o'clock we started in the wagon ; driving along sandy roads and past indifferently cultivated farms, some of the cornfields filled with " bitter weeds."

The old farm and the farms adjacent to it were now in the hands of speculative builders, the land staked out in building lots, and several new houses

were scattered about. The general aspect of the country was accordingly quite changed since the time of W.'s stay there, and, instead of the primitive farms and lanes, there were the beginnings of a town, and two lines of railroad.

The house seemed to Ed. to look quite different, though in itself practically unchanged, except that it had been painted, etc. But it was fenced round and the road went past it, instead of through a spacious yard; and some of the old outbuildings had been pulled down. The old farm-lane beyond the house and leading to the creek was gone, and in its place was a half-formed road, with a few houses alongside it, each in its own plot of garden. About two hundred and fifty yards from the house it passed over a railroad and near the "Laurel Springs" station, and at about the same distance beyond the railroad it terminated at an old gate which Ed. said had been brought over from the farmyard. Here Ed. tied up his horse and we walked along a footpath (in continuation of the road) which soon descends gradually and at right angles into a shallow valley or clough, perhaps thirty feet or so below the general level. Along this valley flows from left to right a brook, or "creek" as Americans call it, about three yards wide. As the footpath approaches the creek it curves a little to the left and upstream and passes the large oak tree, "five feet thick at the butt," described in "Specimen Days," with a smaller oak beside it, and two poplar trees between these and the creek. The creek itself moved with hardly perceptible current, its dark surface covered at the time of my visit with fallen leaves, with tall willow

trees fringing the nearer side, and the farther bank well wooded throughout its length with many varieties of trees ; maples predominating. Following the path upstream for a hundred or a hundred and fifty yards we came to the old Marl pit, where the sloping bank (once steep) on our left had been cut back sixty or seventy yards from the creek. Near this point the creek widens out considerably on the side next the path, where it is very shallow, with a thick deposit of mud, the other side being crowded with dense, tall grasses like calamus, which Ed. called "cat-tails." Here W. used to take his mud baths and sun baths. Continuing along the path, we soon came to a small brooklet or "crystal spring" of clear water, clinking musically as it joins the creek from the left, where it issues from an eyelet in the bank. An outer casing of stone had been built against the bank and a fountain put in since Staffords had left the farm. On the other side of the brooklet is a graceful yellow poplar, referred to in "Specimen Days." After this point the path soon reaches the limit of Stafford's land and the limit of W.'s usual walks in this direction.

Returning as we came, we arrived at the old oak again and the end of the path from the farm. Looking down-stream the creek is bordered on the right by a level triangular field, of which the path forms the base, the creek one of its sides and a sloping bank the other ; with the apex down-stream. The nearer side of the creek is fringed with willows, and the farther bank wooded, as before described, but the field is clear except for two beautiful and majestic trees near the centre ; one

in full leaf being a hickory and the other, which had shed its leaves, a walnut. As we passed the hickory Ed. showed me a sapling which W. used to wrestle with, as described in his book.

Following the path beyond the field, we soon arrived at a fair-sized pond, surrounded by trees, into which the creek discharges, and we walked alongside it as far as the limit of Stafford's land.

There were three or four boathouses at the side of the pond with a small landing-stage to each, and in the bank at one point an old limekiln. Beyond the boathouses and a little back from the pond is a steep bank of white limestone, with several holes in its face where kingfishers build their nests.

Returning to the end of the pond, I lingered there for some time, looking westward along its length. The sun was near its setting and the sky was one of rare magnificence and splendour; purple and glowing crimson near the horizon, with two bars of golden cirrus clouds above, and passing through lovely gradations and harmonies of colour to delicate blues overhead. The red and yellow autumnal foliage and deep shadows of the trees surrounding the pond, and the reflections of these and of the sky in its leaf-strewn surface, made up a scene of rich and many-coloured harmony, of pensive autumnal majesty and beauty and of brooding peace, with far aerial vistas of light and splendour, which—associated as it was in my mind with thoughts of Whitman—seemed to me a fitting symbol of his closing day of life.

We went back to the horse and wagon and Ed. drove me to Kirkwood Station, where I bade him good-bye and took train to Camden.



TIMBER CREEK : THE POND (1904).





## IN CAMDEN

OCTOBER 27TH TO NOVEMBER 2ND

*Tuesday, October 27th.*—On calling at Mickle Street, soon after one o'clock, Warry reported that Mr. Whitman had had a bad night and was not well, but after acquainting W. with my arrival, he brought word that I was to go up to see him. I found W. sitting in his usual position, and he greeted me with his customary kindness and cordiality. He said that he was having rather an extra bad day and his head was "in an apple-dumpling condition, but" (smiling) "I am thankful it is no worse." "Have you been to Timber Creek?"

I said "yes," and that I had brought him a little wild mint from the creek as a souvenir. He looked pleased as he took it and, pressing it to his nostrils, said: "How it brings it all before me, and I see it all!" I regretted that the mint was rather shrivelled, but he replied that "it had to fade to bring out its full value."

"And did you see George and Susan Stafford? And how are they? And is George Stafford well? Does he do any work?"

I gave him, in outline, an account of my visit, W. listening with much interest and smiling at times,

enquiring about Ed. and Harry, and about Eva and the children, and smiling very tenderly as I praised little Susie Browning. I told him, too, of my visit to the creek, of the changes there, and of the beautiful sunset I had seen across the pond. He said: "I have seen a good many beautiful sunsets there."

When I had finished he said: "I am very glad to hear of Staffords, and I am very glad to see you. I am glad to hear definite news of them. It is two or three months since I heard anything definite of them."

He remarked of the weather that it had been bright a little before, but seemed to be getting cloudy and cooler. He had had "a letter from Dr. Johnston yesterday, but no special news in it: all seemed to be moving along as usual." I told him that I had also received a letter from Johnston, and that George Humphreys had been very much pleased with a copy of the centennial edition in two volumes of "Leaves of Grass," etc., which W. had sent him. W. smiled kindly, saying: "Likes it, eh? Has Dr. Johnston, or have you, got a copy of the 1876 edition, with the 'Two Rivulets'?" I told him that Dr. Bucke had given me a copy, but that Johnston had not one; though he could have the use of mine. He said at once: "I will give you one for him: I have a copy I can spare, and it is a good copy."

I remarked that O'Connor's book "Three Tales" was advertised by the publishers, Houghton, Mifflin and Co., of Boston, as to be ready the following day, the 28th, and I enquired if McKay would have it.

W. "Yes, I think so, or he will get it for you."  
 "Traubel is well as usual?"

J. W. W. "Yes; he seems to have good health and a wonderful store of nervous energy."

W. "Yes, he has a good deal of physical stamina and physical uncorruptedness, and these are good things for a young fellow."

J. W. W. "Dr. Bucke and I both fancied he was working too hard; but I am better satisfied now that I have seen more of him. He seems to get through it all right."

W. "Yes, it seems to be the radiating or giving out of what is in him, or what he can do. Sidney Morse—you know of him?—once told a story of a man he had in his studio at Boston. He was a good help, and looked well after the studio, and Morse liked him very well—but when he was left in charge for a long time he went and got drunk. Sidney gave him a lecture and, as they do sometimes, he got more angry as his diatribes went on. The man took it very quietly and said nothing; but when Sidney got more angry than ever he said: 'Well Morse, I guess it had to be!' *Had* to be! A wonderful philosophy that!" (Smiling.) I suggested that perhaps the poor fellow felt himself partly a victim, as is the case sometimes, to which W. replied: "Perhaps so."

I told him that I was going on to Philadelphia, and enquired if there was anything I could bring him from there; but after consideration he said there was not. I told him that I had arranged to meet Horace, and that we would call together on Miss Porter. He said: "Well, give my best respects to Miss Porter, and tell her that I am

here, that I am having an extra bad day, but that I am moving along." (Smiling.) I expressed a hope that he would feel better as the day advanced, to which he replied: "Yes, perhaps I shall," and after saying good-bye I left him.

Later I met Horace Traubel, and we called together on Frank Williams at the Drexel Building, where he was a clerk. We went next to the office of the *Poet Lore* magazine, to see Miss Porter, who was associated with Miss Clarke in the editorship; after which we returned to Camden.

*Wednesday, October 28th.*—I called at W.'s about noon. Warry opened the door and reported that W. was unwell. There had been a few visitors to the house, one of whom was then with Mrs. Davis in the parlour; and Dr. Longaker was upstairs with W. I waited till Longaker came down and had a few words with him. He said that W. was fairly well, but he had had too many callers. I asked Warry to let him know that I had called, but to say that I was going on to Philadelphia and would not come upstairs. But Warry brought back word at once that W. wished to see me. He received me with even more than his usual kindness, holding his hand out to its full extent and smiling pleasantly: "Come in for a minute anyway! Take a seat!"

I enquired how he was, and he replied: "Not so well." I said that Dr. Longaker seemed to think he was rather better. He smiled as he said: "Well, I like to be told so, anyway."

He pointed to a small heap of books near his feet and said: "Those are the books I have in-

scribed for you." There were three parcels : one for Dr. Johnston, containing the two volumes of the 1876 edition ; one for Deardens ; and one containing six copies of the pocket-book edition of "Leaves of Grass" ; all neatly made up and labelled in W.'s handwriting. I told him how pleased the friends would be and thanked him. "Oh," said he, smiling, "that should go without saying."

He said : "Will you take them now, or shall I send them?" I said I would take them. "But they are rather awkward to carry." I replied that I had a valise with me and would carry them in that.

W. "The weather seems to be in your favour. It is quite fine again this morning."

J. W. W. "I have been wonderfully favoured all through ; in weather and in everything else."

W. "Yes, I am glad that things have gone on so well with you. I was a little apprehensive about your coming—that they might not turn out so favourably. And I thought that you were more frail than you are. You are not robust or formidable in appearance ; but I think you are like some of the Southern soldiers in the war. They had more staying power, could go through more, than some of us who were more robust, fatter, or more formidable in appearance."

I told him that I had yielded the previous evening to pressure from Horace, and had decided to postpone sailing till the following Wednesday. W. endorsed my decision cordially, saying : "Do not hurry away now that you are here. And another week will not make much difference. I suppose

there is nothing *imperatively* requiring you to go?" "No," I replied, "except one or two home affairs that I am a little anxious about." "Well," he said pleasantly, "as they say, 'Christmas comes but once a year.'"

I rose to go, and as I did so he said: "Well, call here again as you come back from Philadelphia, or—if you go on home—come here in the evening."

I came away feeling deeply the cordial, smiling kindness of his whole manner and look and speech. Before leaving the house I sat a little with Mrs. Davis, who gave me a piece of granite from W.'s tomb, which, however, I said I would give to Dr. Johnston. Later she said she would give me an old china cup which had belonged to Mr. Whitman for forty years, and which he used to drink from regularly until two or three years previously.

Speaking of W.'s visitors, she said some people worried him a good deal with questions, and talked too much, till he was tired out. "How is it"—she had heard him ask—"How is it, Mary, that some folks are so considerate, and others are so damned dumm?" (i.e. stupid, German "*dumm*"). After a visitor had gone she had known him close his eyes as if quite fatigued, and say: "Oh, I feel like a squeezed orange."

I went on to Philadelphia, where I had lunch and did a few errands, including a visit to a shipping agent, and then returned to Camden, where I bought a few roses and other flowers near the corner of Mickle Street and took these to W. He sat in his usual place, with a shawl loosely wrapped round him. The day was exceptionally clear and beautiful, but the window shutters were closed and partly

shaded. The room (to me) was very warm, and there was a heap of firewood near the stove, as for a day or two previously, doubtless for its aroma.

W. was reading a paper, which he dropped on his lap as I entered; and he received me with his usual kindness. On my enquiry he said he was pretty much the same. I gave him the flowers, telling him where I had got them. He smelled at them a time or two, noting the two or three different kinds of flowers, and said: "How good they are to me!" He took a little tumbler on his right, partly filled it with water from a jug, cut the stems of the flowers with a pair of scissors, placed them in the tumbler and set it on the table in front of him. I told him that the woman from whom I bought the flowers was English and came from Bolton. "Quite a coincidence!"

He asked how I had gone on, and if I had met anyone in particular. I told him where I had been, and that I proposed to sail on the *City of Berlin* from New York.

"Well, you have dipped into everything, nearly."

J. W. W. "Yes, *dipped* into them."

W. "We who have lived here all our lives feel that we have done little more than that. America, as the scientists say of Nature, is a 'becoming,' is a process, something going on. And though we have made good progress in a hundred years or so, we are—as I say of myself—only beginners."

J. W. W. "I don't feel that I have really seen anything of America, and I hardly set out to do so. My object was to see *you*, and some of the places where 'Leaves of Grass' had their genesis."

W. "Well, even to see a little of America is like one's first sight of the sea, or the sky, or the fields: something better than you can get from books, even the best."

There was little more said, and his tone and manner throughout, though kind and courteous always, indicated considerable physical depression and languor, and I did not prolong my stay. I shook hands with him and bade him "good-night"; and as I wished him a better morrow he smiled cheerfully, saying: "No doubt."

I sat with Mrs. Davis and Warry, and eventually stayed to a cup of tea with them. While I was there Horace came, and after he had been upstairs with W. a short time, we walked home together; both impressed by the beauty of the sunset, of a kind which, owing to the dry atmosphere and the perfect clearness of the cloudless sky, is rarely seen in England.

*Thursday, October 29th.*—I called at Mickle Street in the morning, about 10.30, and learned from Warry that Mr. Whitman was not well and was just finishing breakfast. I did not intend to go upstairs, but Warry reported my call and brought word I was to go up. I found W. sitting in his usual chair, with the remains of his breakfast on the table before him, and as I entered the room he called out: "Good-morning, Wallace!" In answer to my enquiry he said: "Well, I feel rather blue, but I am thankful it's no worse."

The morning was clear with bright sunshine, and I said that I hoped the weather might do him good. Looking through half-closed blinds and



shutters, he said : " Yes, perhaps it may." But he was obviously very unwell.

W. " I had a letter from Johnston yesterday, and one from George Humphreys, saying that he had got his book and thanking me ; and one from Buxton Forman."

" Perhaps you have not written to those Bolton fellows so copiously as I imagined. I have not written much as I thought *you* were writing."

I said they complained that I wrote too much !

" Oh ! They seem very read-y, and want to have full information about you."

I told him about a letter I had received from Greenhalgh, which I read to him, and said I should like him to inscribe a copy of " Good-Bye " for him, to which he replied : " Yes, certainly. I shall be glad to do so."

Then, after telling him my programme for the day I left him.

My diary contains a few notes at this point, describing W's. appearance and manner during these days of extra weakness and suffering.

His face was still clear-skinned and ruddy, with its usual suggestion of extreme physical cleanliness, as of one who has just had a bath, and of inner purity. He sat upright in his chair, with firm carriage of body, his head slightly drooping, and with his elbows and forearms resting on the arms of his chair. But he evidently suffered from great physical languor and depressed vitality, with some pain as well, which made it a little effort for him to talk, and he breathed rather heavily when not

speaking. He spoke rather slowly, though perhaps little more so than usual, for it was his habit to choose his words carefully as he went along; sometimes apparently visualizing the mental picture or idea he wished to convey and adding adjective to adjective or sentence to sentence till he had expressed it fully. At times he would half close his eyes and stroke his forehead gently just above the eyebrows or nose, with the tips of his half-spread fingers, when trying to recall something to memory or when weary. His voice was fairly strong and always musical, though slightly muffled with catarrh, and full of a wonderful tenderness, like that of a gentle mother's voice, and with endlessly subtle inflections and modulations. His face often lighted up with a smile, and his kind and gentle courtesy was still the same though shining through such physical media. His eyes were dull and his face, when in repose, was rather sad, but always noble, compassionate and uncomplaining. His personal majesty never left him, and, however unwell he might be, he always seemed to me to sit there like a god upon his throne. But it was the real majesty—unaffected and inherent—of which the majesty of emperors and kings is only a crude and childish counterfeit. And it was accompanied by a perfect simplicity and equality of manner which made the very atmosphere about him seem charged with an influence which compelled a like equality of bearing in those who were with him.

It is worth noting, too, that, despite W.'s bodily prostration and weakness at this period, though I visited him more than once when I myself felt unusually tired in consequence of late hours, etc., I

always came away after a brief interview with him feeling physically refreshed and renewed.

After leaving Mickle Street I went on to Philadelphia, and on the ferry-boat I had a talk with Ed. Lindell. He had known W. by sight in Washington, and he said that anyone who had seen W. once would know him again. He dressed peculiarly with a wide open collar, and Ed. thought him the finest-looking man he had ever seen. Since W. came to live in Camden he used, at one time, to cross the ferry twice a day, and Ed. kept a chair specially for him.

In the city I met Mrs. Traubel by appointment, and Horace later, and we had lunch together at the Bullitt Building, where Harrison Morris joined us. Afterwards Mrs. Traubel and I went out to Tioga to the house of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Fels, where we found Mrs. Fels at home and Mrs. Gilbert with her. It was a perfect day and Mrs. Fels drove us through Fairmount Park, returning along the Schuylkill river to the city. We then joined Fels at his place of business and returned by rail to Tioga, where Horace and Gilbert joined us. After supper we sat round an open fireplace in the Hall with a log fire and spent the evening pleasantly in sociable chat and talk.

*Friday, October 30th.*—Another clear, fine sunny day, warm in the afternoon. I did not leave the house till one o'clock when I went into the city to do some errands. I had intended to call at Mickle Street on my return, but found that I had not time to do so before calling as arranged for Mrs. Traubel,

to go with her to Harned's for dinner. Horace joined us there soon after our arrival, but Harned had been detained elsewhere on business. Soon after dinner Horace left to attend a committee meeting of the Ethical Society, and at eight o'clock I went to Mickle Street to make a short call on W. Warry's brother Harry was there—a handsome, pleasant and good-natured young fellow—with whom I had a little talk before going upstairs. I found Wi. sitting in the corner near his bed reading a book, the title of which I did not see. He said he was about the same, and enquired after my day's doings. When I referred to the glorious weather he repeated the word: "Glorious!"

Presently he said: "Will you have some cider? I had—or Warry had—anticipated your coming and brought some cider." He poured some out of a jug into a glass tumbler which I drank to him. And very good it was. I told him that I regretted not having brought some from Stafford's farm for him.

I told him that I had got my ticket for the *City of Berlin*, which would sail from New York the following Wednesday. Also that I had got a copy of "Good-Bye My Fancy" for Greenhalgh, which I would bring down next day for him to inscribe. "Oh yes, I will do so with pleasure."

I said that I would send him a copy of Scott's Journal from home. It would interest him as he liked Scott so well.

"Yes," he said, "I do; perhaps owing to circumstances. I got so much pleasure from reading him when a boy." I remarked that Emerson called Scott "the delight of generous boys." "Yes," he replied, "though he is more than that. Perhaps

not more than Homer. But I liked the Border minstrelsy which he collected as a young fellow even more than his own work."

I said that Horace had arranged for us to drive to Pea Shore (on the bank of the river Delaware) the following afternoon, but that I feared it would be too late in the afternoon for him to come with us.

"Well, yes, I fear it will. But some of my friends think I should push out more than I do."

J. W. W. "You are the best judge of that."

W. "One has a sort of intuition."

I came away soon after this, W. first asking me if I would have some more cider and pouring some out. I said: "Here's to you—and to our Bolton friends." He nodded and added: "Especially Dr. Johnston."

I returned to Harned's, where we stayed till ten. Harned came in a little before we left, and I had a little interesting talk with him about W. He urged me to dine with them again before leaving Camden and when he was himself at home.

*Saturday, October 31st.*

(During the remainder of my stay in Camden I had only time to jot down a few detached memoranda of talks with W., and my diary was not entered up till after leaving New York, so that my reports are necessarily very far from complete.)

Another clear day of warm sunshine. At noon I took a camera to Mickle Street, intending to take photographs of Mrs. Davis and Warry, and of the two houses in Stevens Street where W. had lived with his brother George. On arrival I told Mrs.

Davis that I had come to lunch and went with Warry into the yard to look at a box which he had made for me. The trunk I had brought from England had been damaged on the voyage and I needed a larger one for my return, so Warry had offered (with W.'s approval) to make me one from a large box which used to stand, filled with books, in W.'s room. Warry had put a lid on it and a lock, lined the bottom with paper, and put two strong rope handles—sailor fashion—at the ends. He said that Mr. Whitman was quite anxious to see it.

I went upstairs to see W. for a few minutes before lunch. When I told him about the proposed photographs he said that the house 431 in Stevens Street was not of special importance, but he advised me to photograph Warry just as he was, "with that jacket on." He was in pretty much the same condition as on previous days and well wrapped up. He thought it unlikely that he would be able to accompany us on our drive to Pea Shore, but would see later on.

While we were at lunch Mrs. Davis went upstairs on some errand, and brought down a mug of sangaree, which she said Mr. Whitman had sent me, and which I drank to his health.

After lunch I photographed Mrs. Davis and Warry in the yard, and afterwards the two houses 322 and 431 in Stevens Street, Warry accompanying me.

Returning to Mickle Street, we went into the front parlour, and very soon after W. came downstairs, with Warry's help, and entering the parlour sat in his chair in the corner. He wished to see the box, which Warry and I had previously brought

in, discussed its size and recommended that it should have a stout rope round it both ways. Warry thought it strong enough. "But"—said W.—"they get knocked about a good deal by truck men, railroad men, etc. They have to do it."

He wished that he could come with us to Pea Shore, but it was getting late, and, what was more important, he did not feel equal to it.

When Warry left the room he said: "Warry has the quality which I put before all others, that of good nature. I think it is in the main the meaning of the word that the old Biblical translators translated by the beautiful word 'Charity.' There is a good deal of it in our average common class, more of it I think than in any other. I saw a good deal of it during the war. It is at bottom—in the bone and marrow—a religious quality; and it is also physiological. The English people have it, I think, more than any other nation. They don't know themselves how much they have it in their literature. We have it too. It is in the breed, I think; in the blood. We have bad qualities too; getting worse every year. But it exists too, the good nature. Warry has it in full." I said I thought Warry was the best man he could have to attend him. "Yes I think he is, in many respects."

Speaking of the weather, I said I thought it must be something like the Indian summer. He said it was, though "rather early for it, but it is very variable and comes some years sooner than others."

He thought it rather too late to go to Pea Shore, and we could hardly go there that night.

As we were talking the postman came along the street and looked in at the window. I raised the sash next me and took a letter from him, which I handed to W. He fumbled for his glasses, which he found he had left upstairs, and I proposed to call Warry to fetch them. He said: "I am waiting for Warry, as I find it cool here." I called Warry, who came. W. rose, saying: "I will go back, Warry, as I find it cool here." Warry helped him across the room, and as W. was passing out through the door he said to me: "All is going well, I suppose?" I answered in the affirmative, and thanked him for the sangaree he had sent down, which I said I had drunk to his health, and he smiled pleasantly. Arriving at the foot of the stairs, Warry asked: "Shall I go up first, Mr. Whitman?" "Yes, Warry," W. replied, "I guess you had better." Then, clutching the handrail with his left hand and using the stick in his right, he slowly ascended the stairs, step by step.

Horace came immediately after. He had been detained beyond the time intended, and after he had had a few words with W. upstairs, he, Warry and I started at once in a two-horse wagon which Warry had brought round, Warry driving. We drove through the country for about four miles, and arrived at Pea Shore just after the sun had set. The sky was still radiant; light orange on the horizon passing by imperceptible gradations through yellow to the blue zenith, with rosy shafts of light. The broad river reflected the sky on its placid surface, and tiny wavelets gently lapped the beach. Horace and I left the wagon some distance behind and stood for a long time absorbing the beautiful scene. W.



used to love to drive here, and it was here that he spent an "unspeakable hour" alone, at sunset, on the evening preceding his nearly fatal seizure three and a half years before. Horace had accompanied him a time or two, and described to me W.'s utter absorption in the scene before him, and a little peculiarity of his breathing at such times.

Returning to Camden, we left Horace in York Street, and Warry and I went on to Mickle Street for the box which we brought to Traubel's. Later some friends came in to supper—Mr. and Mrs. Fels, the Gilberts, etc.,—and we spent a quiet sociable evening together.

*Sunday, November 1st.*—Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert had stayed at Traubel's overnight, and in the morning we went to Philadelphia to a meeting of the Ethical Society, where we heard a good address by Salter. Afterwards Gilbert, Traubel and I had lunch together in the city. I afforded some amusement to the others by ordering a "porterhouse steak," forgetting that it would be big enough for two; Horace, however, shared it with me. We then crossed over to Camden and went to see W. Unfortunately I can only give a few brief and imperfect scraps of W.'s talk, which was intensely interesting. In his appearance there was quite a remarkable change, amounting almost to a transformation, from that with which I had grown familiar. He was of course still weak and lame, but the physical weariness and suffering of so many previous days had left him, and he seemed to have drunk some potent elixir of immortal youth. I had never seen him look so well, and I do not believe that even

in his physical prime he had ever looked so handsome as he did then. All his inertia and heaviness had gone, and in their place was a smiling radiance of genial fellowship and joyous cheer which was like the sunshine. Never have I seen in any person or in any picture anything at once so divinely human, so genially simple, sweet and brotherly, and so majestic and grand. No picture of W. can ever come anywhere near doing justice to him as he looked that Sunday afternoon, but if it could it would be enough in itself to establish him in the affection and reverence of mankind for all time.

He sat in his usual place, and received us with a smiling welcome. He said that he had just been writing to Dr. Bucke. He enquired about the arrangements I had made for leaving, and referred again to the box and the advisability of securing it with a strong rope round it. I had decided to leave Camden early on Tuesday morning and to spend the remainder of the day in New York and Brooklyn. Horace said he would give me a letter to Ingersoll whom I ought to see. This led W. on to a long and exceedingly eloquent talk about Ingersoll, of which, unfortunately, the few sentences I have preserved give little more than a caricature.

"You should see him in one of his splurges—speaking. He is full of faults, full of mistakes, but he is an example in literature of natural growth—as a tree, as a great plant—not like others who imbibe from books, libraries. There is nothing of this in Ingersoll. He is splendid in his vehement spontaneity; like a geyser pouring out from inner depths."

I said that I had only read his Whitman lecture.

W. "That is the outcome of his emotional nature. He knew 'Leaves of Grass,' and he knew me from what others said of me, and he enthuses. You *all* do!"

J. W. W. "But I think we get it from 'Leaves of Grass' direct."

W. "An acute writer said that there can be no true appreciation without some enthusiasm. Not mere cuteness nor cold criticism is sufficient."

"Shakespeare is read in this way. People grow up in it from their mother's milk. Give the fellows—the Bible, Bacon, Shakespeare, etc.—the credit of stirring up these depths of feeling."

Horace spoke of Salter's address. W. remarked, with a smile: "Churches and preachers fill a large area, but I don't take much interest in them: never did!"

W. (*Later.*) "What a beautiful day it has turned out! How I wish I could go with you!"

He offered to give us a Jersey sangaree if we would wait while he mixed it, which we did. He had some Jersey wine which he used, making the sangaree in a mug with a lid, like a loving-cup. He stirred the sugar up with a long pencil, sipped a little of the sangaree himself and then handed it to me. I drank to his health and passed the cup to Gilbert, who passed it in turn to Horace.

Horace told him about our lunch and said that I wanted a whole porterhouse steak for myself. W. smiled and said, turning to me: "That is the best thing I have heard about you yet!"

Speaking of W.'s health, I said that I should carry back a favourable report on the whole. He said that his catarrhal condition increased: he was

satisfied that it was catarrhal. Dr. Bucke held the progressive paralysis theory. Longaker held it too. No doubt it was that at bottom. Longaker was cute and he had a great respect for and confidence in his judgment. Horace said that Longaker thought he would live a few years yet if he could be kept from shock or a severe cold. W. thought his heart was all right.

After saying good-bye to W. we went to Harrison Morris's house, where we found Morris and Dr. Longaker waiting for us. We all started immediately for a most enjoyable walk in Fairmount Park, which was very lovely in the bright sunshine, with the autumnal foliage of the trees and the clear bracing air. On our return Morris and Longaker left us, and Gilbert took Traubel and me to his house to supper and for the rest of the evening.

*Monday, November 2nd.*—I spent the morning in packing my box, etc. The weather was still beautifully fine and clear, and at one o'clock I went into the town with Mrs. Traubel, who was going on to Philadelphia. In Fifth Street we met Warry, who was coming to Traubel's with a rope for my box, and he turned back with us. In Market Street we met Harned, with whom we talked a few minutes. Then Mrs. Traubel left us and Warry and I went to the office of the *Camden Post*, where I had a short talk with Bonsall, the editor. After that we called at the express office and then went on to Mickle Street to see W.

We learned from Mrs. Davis that Sir Edwin Arnold (who had just come to Philadelphia and

who was to be entertained at a Reception by the Penn Club that evening) had been there about an hour earlier with two others and that W. was rather fatigued. I went up to see him, however, for a few minutes. When I knocked at the door he called out "Come," and as I entered he stretched out his hand at full length with his usual smiling welcome. On enquiry he said that he was "pretty much as usual."

J. W. W. "I hear you have had visitors this morning."

W. "Yes, I have had my bevy: Arnold, Russell Young and Major Pond. They were very genial and I was very glad to see them."

J. W. W. "I hope you are no worse for it."

W. "Oh, no. Your luck with the weather continues. How very bright it is!"

"I had a letter from Dr. Johnston this morning. They are all well, moving along as usual and expecting to see you. He said he would not write to you as you might have left."

J. W. W. "I have exceeded the time I said."

W. "Well, it's just as well, I guess."

J. W. W. "I have had a letter from Greenhalgh this morning. I have brought the book I wanted you to inscribe for him, and I will leave it with you."

W. "Well, I will do it now. Shall I write his name or mine, or both?"

I told him about my visit to Bonsall. He said that Bonsall was an old friend of his. He had lost his wife, a daughter and son and other relatives, and was now alone.

I told him that Warry had proposed to go to

New York with me. He said that he left it to us. He had nothing to say except that he did not think it necessary.

He asked if I intended to go to Andrew Rome's and I told him my plans for the following day; which were to call on Ingersoll, then on J. H. Johnston, and afterwards to go to Rome's. He seemed rather tired and I left him, saying that I would come up again before leaving the house.

I went downstairs and had lunch with Mrs. Davis and then we went into the front parlour. She gave me some presents for Dr. Johnston (including a lock of W.'s hair) and for myself, and we had a little talk about W., etc., more especially about the time before W.'s illness in 1888. About four o'clock after W. had had his supper, I went upstairs for my final interview.

W. seemed very much refreshed and he talked freely, with easy, impressive eloquence. Unfortunately the brief scraps of his talk, very imperfectly reported, which were all that I found opportunities to preserve, though interesting in themselves, give no real idea of the wonderful quality of his conversation.

Referring again to Arnold's visit he said: "Arnold is more demonstrable, genial, than the typical John Bull. He is very genial, talks a good deal, and is disposed to enjoy everything. In travelling he is ready to like the persons and places he visits, instead of criticizing, finding faults. He quite enthuses about Japan and the people there. He was there about a year and a half, I think. Are you going to the reception at the Penn Club to-night? The swell people in New

York, the Lotus Club, gave him a reception on Saturday night, and he made a speech there."

"It is Election Day to-morrow, and a great day here. They elect Governors for the different States."

I said I should have liked to attend a political meeting while in the States. I thought that Americans were generally better speakers than the English.

"They are, are they? They have readiness, facility, cuteness, a little fun or sense of humour: qualities belonging to the surface mainly. They do not tell most, or last the longest. Amongst English-speaking peoples the English are like the artillery. The Americans have horsemen and infantry, but it is the artillery that tells."

He said that there was much in English character that has never been expressed, even in Shakespeare and Tennyson; perhaps can never be expressed. The unexpressed perhaps the greatest.

He talked of Shakespeare as the poet of great personalities, the lordly port, *amour propre*, dignity, etc.

"Some folks think that he is primarily the poet of the passions and their unfolding, but in cyclonic, thunder-crashing, air-clearing passion, I rather think Æschylus greater. Our friend, my friend, William O'Connor, used to get mad with me for this, and would not have it at all. He was a great student of Shakespeare, and he used to quote a saying of Bacon's that a proper explication of the passions must be made before philosophy could advance, and he thought that Shakespeare's plays

supplied this. But, so far as a novice could see, it did not seem so to me."

I was very sorry to break in upon the talk—so poorly indicated here—but my time was up and I rose to go. I said I supposed I might convey his respects to the "College"?

"Oh yes," he replied, "give them my respects and love. I am quite proud to have such a cluster of friends over there."

I said that they had some of the inarticulate qualities he ascribed to the English, but that they had a love for him which was a growing one and which, with some of them, was the deepest of all.

"Yes," he responded, "I feel that."

We shook hands, saying good-bye, and I stooped forward and kissed him, saying: "God bless you." He returned the kiss, saying: "And God bless *you*!" As I neared the door he called after me: "Give my love to them all—especially to Dr. Johnston and Fred Wild—yes, and to Dixon."

I can't attempt to describe my feelings as I walked back to York Street. About 5.30 Mrs. Traubel and I went together to Harned's, where we found Horace waiting. Harned was at home and we all had dinner together, I occupying again W.'s old position at the table opposite to Lincoln's portrait. It had been arranged that Harned, Traubel and I should attend the reception to Arnold in the evening, at the Penn Club, and that we should call for Professor Brinton in Philadelphia, who was also going. After dinner Horace proposed that before going to Philadelphia we should call on W. I told him that I had already said good-bye to W., but he suggested that I should



call this my "annex" good-bye (in allusion to the two annexes to "Leaves of Grass").

When we arrived at W.'s Mrs. Davis opened the door, and in the passage I met Warry, who told me that Mr. Whitman did not seem to favour his going to New York with me, and he thought it better not to do so. Horace had told me that W. thought it better that I should go alone and unimpeded, and so we settled it at that. Harned and Horace went upstairs as I was talking to Warry, and as I entered W.'s room I heard Harned tell W. that we had come for my "annex visit." W. was sitting in the corner near the head of the bed reading with his back to the light. Harned sat on the bed near W., Horace sat in W.'s chair near the middle window, and I seated myself at the foot of the bed.

Harned referred to Arnold's visit, and W. spoke of one of Arnold's companions as "a fine healthy looking fellow, a handsome fellow." Harned asked if Arnold understood anything of "Leaves of Grass," to which W. replied: "Yes, I think so." He said Arnold was greatly interested in the Orient. He spoke highly of Japan and Japanese women. He was confirmed in this by Major Pond.

"So you are going to receipt him at the Penn Club, are you?"

Harned replied in the affirmative but said that we were going to Brinton's first. Later Harned spoke of some books which Judge Garrison had ordered from W. some time before, paying for them at the same time, but which had not yet been delivered. W. at once said that he would send them with pleasure, but he asked if Garrison would

not prefer the forthcoming new edition of the Complete Works. Harned, however, thought it best to send the present edition without delay, and W. said: "It will please me to do so."

As we rose to go Harned said that he had bought a complete set of Fenimore Cooper's novels for his boy. W. at once spoke of three of them as being the best: "The Prairie," "Wept of Wish Son Wish," and "The Pilot." "There is nothing finer." He spoke of the heroine of the second story: a girl taken in childhood by Indians and brought up by them till her arrival at maidenhood, when she was restored to her own people. These were Puritans and the effect of their gloomy, Calvinistic beliefs and habits upon her was well described.

We shook hands with W. as we said good-night. Just as we got outside the room Horace said to me: "Why don't you kiss him good-bye? Go back now." I did so, saying to W.: "Horace asks why I don't kiss you good-bye, and I have come back to do so." He was as tender as a mother, and as our lips met he showed unmistakable emotion. Then, "Good-bye," and I left the room.

Downstairs I said good-byes to Warry and Mrs. Davis, and then, silent and abstracted most of the way, I accompanied Harned and Horace to Philadelphia.

On arrival at Brinton's we sat with him for an hour or more in conversation. During the summer he had travelled extensively in Russia and Finland, and had much to say that was very interesting about the people there. Afterwards he introduced us

to a guest of his, Captain —, and we all went together to the rooms of the Penn Club. These were filled with men in evening dress: amongst them O'Donovan (the sculptor), Eakins (the artist), Stoddard (editor of *Lippincott's Magazine*), Harrison Morris, Professors Jastrow and Smythe, and others with whom we talked. We were late in arriving and Arnold left soon afterwards, and in the crowd I hardly noticed or looked for him. Feeling as I did at the time, I was indifferent to celebrities; and, in comparison with the unaffectedly simple and grand personality of Walt Whitman, whom we had so recently left, the men around me seemed only half developed.

After leaving the Club rooms, about ten of us—including Brinton, Jastrow, Smythe, Stoddard, Morris, Harned and Traubel—went to Zeisser's Restaurant. In the conversation there Brinton was the chief speaker and talked well about American problems and about Whitman. Finally we drank farewell toasts and separated; Horace and I reaching home at one o'clock.

Next morning, November 3rd, I left Traubel's early and went to New York. On arrival I went at once to Ingersoll's office but found it closed because of the general holiday on Election Day. I went next to his house where I learned that he was out of town. After a call on J. H. Johnston I crossed over to Brooklyn to visit Rome's, receiving again a very kind and hearty welcome. Late at night I went aboard the *City of Berlin*, which sailed early the following morning.

## GENERAL IMPRESSIONS OF WHITMAN'S PERSONALITY

IN the foregoing pages I have included every scrap of Whitman's conversation which I was able to note down after each visit to him, with a few brief descriptions of the impressions made upon me at different times by his personality. I have also reported such visits to places associated with him, and to persons who knew him, as are likely to be of interest to students of his works.

In doing so I have included much that is of only slight intrinsic importance, but which, I trust, will add to the completeness and verisimilitude of the story as a whole. And a full transcript of Whitman's conversations, however trivial the themes of some of them may appear, will present a more faithful picture of him, as I saw him from day to day, than any selections can.

A report, however, which is restricted to the mere words spoken by Whitman, without the accompaniment of his living voice and presence, necessarily omits the most vital elements of the impression he made upon one during an interview. And these can only be described very imperfectly.

In every man one becomes quickly aware of a total expression of personality, which is vastly more self-revealing than his immediate words and actions,

but which it is very difficult to describe. This difficulty is especially great in the case of those in whom the inner life is of exceptional depth and range.

It was this indefinable, incommensurable element in Whitman's personality which gave it, as Carpenter has noted, a suggestion of "immense vista or background." What this background was can only be partly divined, according to the capacity of the reader, after long study and absorption of "Leaves of Grass" as a whole.

We may trace its influence, however, in the extraordinary effect which Whitman's personality had at times on those whose natures were attuned responsively to his, as illustrated by the analogies which some of them have used in trying to describe it. His influence is said to have been akin to that of Nature in her grandest scenes, as if in him Nature seemed personified. Thoreau wrote, after an interview, followed by reading the second edition of his book, "he occasionally suggests something a little more than human." He has often been described as looking at times "like a god." And to Dr. Bucke, during the period of exaltation which followed his first interview with Whitman, it seemed certain that he was "either actually a god or in some sense clearly and entirely preter-human."

Such descriptions of the occasional effect of Whitman's personality will only seem extravagant to those who have not yet realized the significance of much that is implicit in "Leaves of Grass." For the divine life which is at the root of every human soul, however deeply buried in his or her

subconscious nature, had in Whitman risen into clear consciousness and dominating power, "dazzling and tremendous as the sun." The same essential life underlies all objective nature, and its self-realization in a great composite personality like Whitman's—so rich in broadest human sympathies and tenderest sensibilities, and so deeply interfused with the concrete material world—was inevitably attended by the kinship of his personal influence with that of "the eloquent, dumb, great mother" herself.

His illumination, in which "Leaves of Grass" had its origin ("O heaven! what flash and endless train of all!") had been accompanied by a liberation and vast expansion of consciousness and vision, and by a readjustment of all the diverse elements of his nature, which related them thenceforth with the universal and eternal. In this was his home, withdrawn and silent, from which he drew his inspiration and power. It was this—together with his long, resolute and uncompromising faithfulness to the promptings of his deepest nature—which invested him with the personal majesty which, with all his simplicity and spontaneity, always characterized him. And this was the main source of the silent influence of his personality and bodily presence.

He knew the futility of any attempt to give direct expression to this inner life in words. Even in "Leaves of Grass," in which he seeks to convey it, he uses Nature's method of indirections—with occasional clues which can only be understood by those who are approaching the same levels of life and experience. He knew that "there is

little or nothing in audible words," that "all merges towards the presentation of the inaudible words of the earth," and that "the masters know the inaudible words of the earth and use them more than audible words." These are the real burdens of his book, and they were the chief factors in his personal influence.

Knowing this I never attempted, during my talks with him, to question him or draw him out on any subject of philosophy or literature, and I was quite satisfied to deal with him on the ordinary surface level of everyday affairs, and to leave him to the free play of his own volition. No matter how trivial the subject of conversation might be, the impression he made upon me was always akin to that of his books, and in no way inferior to it.

An apt student of "Leaves of Grass" soon becomes more or less aware of the oceanic vastness and depth of the emotions in which it had its origin, of the all-enclosing range of its subject matter and of its deep and many-folded meanings; and also of the organic inter-relationship of all its diverse elements and their fusion into a living unity in Whitman's identity. It is this fact which makes its full meaning so elusive, and any complete account of it impossible, and which compels its best exponents to confess their own inadequacy. And a similar confession must be made about every attempt to describe Whitman's personality from the outside.

It is obvious that the accounts of him which I received from two or three of his early associates on Long Island, and from some others better

equipped who knew him later, are absurdly superficial and limited. But the reports and descriptions which have been written by men nearer his own stature—though invaluable to students of Whitman—are also to be read with discrimination and caution. For these, too, reflect the limitations and idiosyncrasies of the writers, and reveal Whitman only as he appeared in relation to themselves, at the time and under the particular circumstances of their association. All need to be read in the light of the full and intimate expression of himself—from full maturity to old age—which Whitman has given us in his writings, and upon which our understanding of him must primarily rest. And of course this applies also to my own account of him, as I saw him from day to day at a period very near the end of his life.

The very great superiority of Whitman's personality to any other that I have known—in its amplitude and grandeur, its rich and warm humanity and in delicacy of perception and feeling—while it seemed to set him apart in spiritual isolation and to give him at times an air of wistful sadness, emphasized and drove home the lesson of the perfect equality and simplicity of his bearing towards all with whom I saw him, or of whom I heard him speak. It was as spontaneous and unaffected as the naïve and innocent acceptance of a child, and one could not doubt that it expressed his real and constant feeling. In him the two complementary sides of the religion outlined in "Leaves of Grass"—the divine pride of man in himself and an outgoing sympathy which



amounted to self-identification with all others—were extraordinarily developed and in perfect balance.

This twofold character was to be seen in all his intercourse with others. He had the refinement and delicate courtesy of speech and manner as well as the lofty port of a very great noble—of one who (to use the proud words of Robert Burns) “derived his patent of nobility direct from Almighty God.”

He represented a new type, as yet rare, but which his example and influence will help to make common in the future; that of one of the average workers and mass-peoples of the world, who, remaining where he is, exemplifies in himself all that is of value in the proudest aristocracy or the noblest culture when set free from all taint of superciliousness or exclusiveness. And he exhibited a corresponding type of manners, which included all that is excellent in preceding or existing types, and added new ones—of an indescribable freshness and charm—which are to be found only in Democracy, and which are indispensable henceforward in any complete ideal of humane culture and behaviour.

His surroundings were those of the average citizen he represented, and he lived in a plain, old-fashioned house which had not the slightest pretension to gentility or art, and which might have belonged to a small tradesman or superior artisan. His style of living was similarly of the most unaffected and homely simplicity. On its level the humblest might approach him freely and on equal terms, while the proudest would find in him a

natural dignity and perfect breeding superior to his own.

He had in a supreme degree the qualities and demeanour which made one feel immediately and entirely at home with him, with no barriers between. The cordial loving-kindness of his smiling welcome, the firm grip of his hand, his tender and gentle courtesy, his perfect ease and unconstraint of manner, with its freedom from any conventional pretence or affectation, his unassuming equality of bearing, and the quiet sincerity, naturalness and simplicity of his speech, all combined to give one an extraordinary sense of intimate and deep-seated relationship. His talk adapted itself with spontaneous grace and appropriateness to every passing theme, trivial or important, and, on due occasion, he spoke with an unadorned eloquence and elevation which rose to grandeur.

He had too fine a sense of the significance of words, and he was too scrupulous and veracious in his use of them, to be a rapid talker, though he spoke with unhasting fluency and freedom. His accent and articulation were of a purity and clearness entirely free from any local peculiarity or mannerism. And on the occasions when he used a slang word or Americanism he did so with the deliberation of an artist selecting the exact pigment his purpose required. His voice was always musical ("a tender baritone") and the most flexible I have ever heard, with a marvellous range of modulations and of delicate subtleties of tone and expression.

He was always calm and restful in manner and benignant in appearance. Sitting erect, his

shoulders well back and his hands usually resting on the arms of his chair, his complexion of a fresh, rosy clearness and his clothing and linen spotlessly clean, he appeared the embodiment of a strong, well-poised soul, of rare purity and sweetness, serenely wise and loving. Even when his physical condition was at its worst his composure and gentle affectionate courtesy never failed. And when he was feeling better his smiling cheer and geniality were like the sunshine.

He responded cordially to all genuine affection, and it pleased him to note any true appreciation of his work. But he loved truth too much to wish his friends or readers to be under any illusions about him, or to imagine him better or greater than he actually was. This trait appeared again and again in his conversation and letters, as it does in his book. He recoiled from everything which seemed to ignore his essential unity with all his fellows, and his participation in their mortal limitations and shortcomings. He regarded his proudest distinction as amounting to no more than a fuller realization in himself, and the expression in his book, of things which are latent in every human soul, constituting its true nature and only awaiting recognition and unfoldment. He was conscious of failure to fully achieve his own aims, and he looked to future bards to carry his work to further heights.

In relation to others he was pre-eminently a great loving nature, full of tenderness and sympathy. One felt this on first coming into his presence, and the impression deepened as time went on. His tenderness was wonderful, at once paternal and

maternal—the expression of a strong, virile nature of unfathomable emotional depths and of an exquisite delicacy and sensibility of soul. He was not demonstrative; he had the fitting reticence and reserve of a proud, sensitive spirit who dislikes sentimentality and make-believe, and prefers always to be understood intuitively and by indirections. But it revealed itself not only in his beautiful consideration and loving-kindness, and in his face, voice and manner, but it seemed to radiate from him in an influence that could be felt.

The depth and fulness of his affectional nature, his fine sensibility and his all-embracing sympathy, had laid him exceptionally open to wounds, and burdened him with a full share of the sorrows of others. His one-time splendid health had been wrecked by the physical and emotional strain of his immense labours in the hospitals during the war, and for over eighteen years he had suffered in varying degrees from the paralysis which had been one of their results. At different times he had been very near to death, and now only six months of waning life remained to him. No wonder, then, that when in repose his face showed deep traces of pain and suffering. But these only added to the heart-stirring impressiveness of the mingled tenderness and grandeur of his whole appearance and manner—as of a hero now drawing near his release after long and arduous campaigns in the service of his fellows; battle-worn and weak in body, but victorious in soul and advanced in spiritual mastery by long and dread initiations of suffering; every narrowness of the personal self giving place to a serene universality.

of spirit, his whole nature becoming as sweet and full of contentment and trust as a little child's; and everything given up to love and to such service as he was still able to render.

Whatever defects of character or manner he may have shown in earlier life, or on other occasions, no defects were ever observable in my own intercourse with him, and his life during that period seemed to me a crowning manifestation of the spirit revealed in his book. And to witness it was to feel absolute assurance of its inherent immortality and triumph.



**WHITMAN'S LAST ILLNESS AND FINAL  
MESSAGES**

**J. W. WALLACE**





## WHITMAN'S LAST ILLNESS AND FINAL MESSAGES

WHITMAN wrote to Dr. Johnston on the day I left Camden (November 3, 1891) and again on the following day, and he wrote at intervals to us during the five weeks which followed. On December 10th he wrote a brief post-card to Johnston, and along with it he sent us each a copy of a new complete edition of "Leaves of Grass" (for our "Xmas presents"), with our names inscribed "from the Author, with best wishes, remembrances and love." Just before they came to hand, however, we were saddened by a cable message to the effect that Whitman was suffering from a serious illness, which was likely to be fatal.

His health and strength had been failing for some time, and on December 17th he was seized by a chill, and helped to bed. Dr. Longaker, of Philadelphia, saw him next day and found him suffering from congestion of the right lung. He became rapidly worse, and on the 21st the doctors (a doctor close at hand having also been called in) said that his case was hopeless and that he could not survive many days. Telegrams and cable messages to this effect were sent to his relatives and friends at once.

His condition remained at about the same general level for several days, except a few times when he seemed to be very near death itself. Dr. Bucke visited him on the 22nd, and remained in Camden till the evening of the 28th, but could only confirm the views of the other doctors. Burroughs also visited him at this time for two or three days, and has recorded<sup>1</sup> that when he last saw him (on the 26th), "though he had been very near death for many days, I am sure I never saw his face so beautiful. There was no breaking down of the features, or the least sign of decrepitude, such as we usually note in old men. The expression was full of pathos, but it was as grand as that of a god. I could not think of him as near death, he looked so unconquered." Dr. Longaker says of him<sup>2</sup> at this time: "He fully realized his critical condition, but gave not the slightest evidence of anxiety or fear of its probable outcome. He was indeed cheerful and complained of nothing, admitting that he had pain or suffered in any way only when he was especially asked. I may say here, this state of mind (this lack of anxiety for the future, this absence of complaint, this cheerful attitude) was maintained to the last hour of his life." Horace Traubel, however, in his letters at the time, though often referring to Whitman's serenity, tenderness and mental clearness, says that he suffered so much for several days that, believing the end to be near, he frankly expressed his desire for immediate release. But this did not come till three months' later.

<sup>1</sup> See "Whitman, a Study," by John Burroughs, page 53.

<sup>2</sup> See "In Re Walt Whitman," page 399.

On the 27th the doctors noted a very slight improvement in the condition of the lungs, and a gradual amelioration went on for several days. On January 7th the doctors found "a complete abatement of all the alarming symptoms," though his general condition remained very low. His partial rally was entirely unlooked for, and Dr. Longaker described it as "one of the most remarkable experiences of my professional life." But, though the lung trouble was partially relieved, Whitman's weakness and discomfort remained very great, there was no return to convalescence, he slowly lost flesh, and his physical sufferings gradually increased until, for some weeks before his death, they amounted to torture.

The full story of Whitman's last illness will be published in due course by Horace Traubel. A short instalment of it appeared in 1893 in a volume edited by Whitman's literary executors and entitled "In re Walt Whitman." This account consists of a compilation, by the present writer, of extracts from letters which Traubel wrote to us daily (which we forwarded for circulation amongst Whitman's chief friends in Britain, etc.), and from his letters to Dr. Bucke. The following paragraphs quote only such extracts from Traubel's letters as contain references to our group—so as to complete the story told in this volume—and such further passages as will serve to indicate Whitman's condition and demeanour when they were written.

*Jan. 7th.*—"No sign or seeming hope of a rally. W. asked yesterday if word had come of the

arrival of his books" (the two Christmas gifts) "in Bolton. A few minutes later Johnston's letter received, in which they were acknowledged."

*Jan. 8th.*—(From Walt's room.) "Some trifling rally. We send our love. Walt is glad the books arrived safely."

*Jan. 12th.*—"Perhaps a bit of *ease* to-day. No change to report. I am just in Warry's room from Walt's, after '20 minutes' talk with W. He was sane and loving. Of all his distant friends Bucke and Ingersoll seem most in his mind. I asked as I left, 'What message for Bolton?' and he responded: 'Tell them I am very low—very—very! that I have still one chance in four or five—but only one, if that; tell them I am well seen to—that I am encircled by sweet attentions: tell them I send my best affection and regard—my best; tell them'—and here he broke off out of sheer feebleness, and I cried: 'That is enough, don't try more: they will know it all from that!' and he murmured almost in a whisper, 'Right!'"

*Jan. 29th.*—"No change. I am not in favour of life on such terms, and I know he feels its weight and sorrow. All his remarks to and of his friends are tender. He is always frankly affectionate with me. Wonderfully still shines the clear light of the soul; no dimming, no loss, no trace of discontent: the very central life of him grand, sure, serene, as in his best days of health and performance."

*Jan. 30th.*—"Walt experienced an easier though not a stronger day, and we had a good chat, in which he evinced a thorough calmness and con-

tent, and expressed the most loving thought of you and others. He is greatly pleased that the Morse bust " (of himself) "reached you safely."

*Feb. 6th.*—"I hardly need to write you to-day, since Walt has sent you a word. And yet I will write, if to say no more than that you must cherish that note as a struggled last word, written under the saddest difficulties, and at the price of complete exhaustion—for when it was done, he, too, was done and sank wearily back on his pillow. By the application of the plasters his side is a bit relieved. But the *strength* seems departed for ever. He seems to be thoroughly convinced of this himself, and I do not think he has the least notion he can be essentially better than he is now."

*Feb. 7th.*—"I supposed Walt had finished your letter yesterday, but he holds it and has added something more to-day. So far as he is concerned there does not seem to be any visible change at all. He passes abjectly weak days, with comfort about all gone and even sound rest not regular or long."

*Feb. 8th.*—"We here watch Walt as he holds his slender claim against death. All is pain and unrest. He asked me this evening to give you this counsel: 'If entirely convenient *fac-simile* the letter of February 6th and send it copiously to European and American friends and friends anywhere,' letting us have copies here as well. It meant a great struggle to get this letter written, and he wishes it to go out as his general salutation to friends to whom his strength will not permit

<sup>1</sup> See page 264.

him specially to write. It was framed with that end in view. I give you his own words written down as he laboredly uttered them."

*Feb. 12th.*—"I have just had a talk with W., but he was so weak, after passing a bad day, that he was not able to say much or to manifest any great interest. I told him I would go into the next room and send a line to you, whereat he advised me to include his love to you all, with special remembrances to George Humphreys and Fred Wild, and particular affectionateness to J.W.W. He loves you all and his sweet words of you should exalt you for ever. To-day's mail brought me a letter from Carpenter and a postal from Rudolf Schmidt."

*Feb. 20th.*—"The bad reports of yesterday cannot be made brighter by to-day's. He rests all day long, not sleeping, but dozing, and will not manifest interest in anything under the sun. He does not say a word about you or about anyone—not because he forgets, but because the pressure of pain holds him down stiffly to his reserves. The only hope now is for him to maintain absolute privacy and peace—to sweep away all interests and anxieties—to retire into himself, back to nature, and to let the winds and seas sail him whither they will. If to life, sweet and good—if to death, also sweet and good: that always has been, and would be, and is, his philosophy.

"Walt tells me, always to 'keep in touch with the boys everywhere,' to take his place, now—at least, in those minor matters which another may hold in hand."

*Feb. 21st.*—"As Carpenter says to me, Walt

does seem to turn away from the scenes and claims of this earthly life—to take serene wing to other spheres, away into the eternal silences. He tells me: 'I seem to be washed out—to go forth with the tide—the never-returning tide.' And usually, when I ask him for messages for others, he gives me some such word as that—and it is a sad word to us, though it may seem to make eternity more glorious. We will almost envy the other world that receives him. And yet Walt says always: 'I am no saint. Don't let our Bolton fellows tumble into that bog'—though more our comrade, doubtless, because *not* saint."

*Feb. 23rd.*—"Have just had a talk with Walt, and while he is in sad bodily condition, his heart and faith are up with full sail, and he is at the wheel. But strangely silent day by day.

"(*Later.*) Your cable just here. Thanks—thanks from both of us. He has handed it to me with request to acknowledge. He cannot write. Very serene—uncomplaining—but certainly at the edge of things."

*March 2nd.*—"No change in affairs here. It is a sad chronicle, yet one full of victorious lessons, too. I have had a talk with W.—the first, they told me, had by him with anyone to-day. He even laughed at my merry-making description of a tiff between — and —. Frightfully worn and pale, lips blue, hands cold, and eyes dull. But so earnest and kind, so willing to say right things and do good deeds and make even these last endeavours regnant of old royalty—his pride of personality lofty and secure and unruffled! Such an old age and such a sickness as go to his eternal

evidence, and will be to me, its witness, the warrant for many a proud word should I live in years to come. We spoke of things and people to-night, a word being put in of you fellows, and a reminder of the plain men at the ferry, and not a little in connection with the nearer necessities and sufferings, from which he can never escape for an hour and which are our perpetual grief. Not a point seems gained, and he suffers past patience—though he patiently endures! To-day he speaks of his miseries as having new aspects—great pain when he lies *left*, and choking when he lies *right*. He says: 'I shall never see the boys at the ferry again.'

*March 4th.*—"Fac-similes here. Walt is pleased and hastens thanks and love. The poor *fac-simile*! or that poor original, trembling orthographically faulty, but bravely determined, and with eyes out and up, from whatever seas of drowning pain! As if his last word, the lips closing for ever, held men to supernal truths. He wrote a short note to-day to Mrs. Heyde." (His sister.)<sup>1</sup>

*March 7th.*—"Walt fearfully *down*—a bad day throughout—and now he is in for a restless night. This restlessness appears with early evening, works its way fretfully into the midnight, then pours down like a great flood, overwhelming peace, until morning is advanced. He is pale and blue, his eyes are sunken, his temples have fallen in, his cheeks are flat and poor, and his body is terribly emaciated. He suffers constant and intense pain. He told me this evening calmly and rationally that

<sup>1</sup> During his illness he wrote six short notes to his sister, and three to Dr. Bucke.



he felt death itself upon him. I almost hope that to-morrow, or any near day, may release him—for the spectacle of his pain is one to break your heart. My sorrow is not made less by the knowledge that he never breathes any complaint, but is as nobly serene as in health. It is marvellous how his grand soul triumphs over all physical disaster and holds its old music like a refluent sea. Last night I kissed him good-bye, and said, 'Dear Walt, you do not realize what you have been to us!' to which he murmured, 'Nor you what you have been to me!'"

*March 8th.*—"Have just had a word with Walt. After his dreadful night he has lived through a silent day. I found him really too weak to talk. He seemed pleased to hear I was to write to you."

*March 11th.*—"He has been in such a state to-day over that right side trouble that he has at no time been able to rest that way more than five minutes. This makes the strain on the (sore) left side greater. His flesh has so far gone that he cannot lie on his back at all. My love to you all—and Walt's. 'Always *that*,' says Walt."

*March 12th.*—"The pain increases. How terribly he suffers—yet he is so voiceless, so patient, so sweet to those who serve him. You would weep to be here at his bedside and to witness the struggle and the heroism; weep for joy as well as sympathy, for such a spectacle is inspiration itself—a life set in scripture.

"He speaks loving words of you all, when I convey by sign or sentence some evidence of your love. Other times he is silent. But on the bed

of pain his joy has been to feel the strong arms—yours and others—under him."

*March 15th (Morning).*—"I fear some fatal cable message may outleap this letter. I hope for better fortune, but fear the worst. Though one must not call that worst which gives Walt rest and release. My whole life rounds to that prayer. It springs a thousand times a day to my lips and fills my sleep with dreams. When I talked with him he was too weak to lift his hand to shake with me. But when I said, 'I am sorry you must suffer so,' he struggled and responded, 'All right' so to utter his content even at the last strain and torture.

"6.20 *p.m.*—I have just read Walt your (J. W. W.'s) brief note, which came to-day. It touched him, but he made no comment. Comments are scarce; he is silent and composed."

This was the last direct communication between us.

On the evening of Saturday, March 26th—the daylight fading and a gentle rain falling outside—the end came, simply and peacefully—Whitman conscious to the last, calm and undisturbed, his right hand resting in that of Horace Traubel.

COPIES OF LETTERS AND POST - CARDS  
FROM WALT WHITMAN TO J. JOHNSTON  
AND J. W. WALLACE, BOLTON, ENG.

MAY 29, 1887, TO FEB. 6, 1892



## COPIES OF LETTERS AND POST-CARDS

U.S. AMERICA—CAMDEN, NEW JERSEY,  
(To F. F.) 328, MICKLE STREET, *May 29, '87.*

YOUR good affectionate letter with the welcome carte pictures & the handsome birthday present, safely rec'd this morning,—& thank you for all most sincerely. I am living here comfortably enough, but a paralytic bodily. As I write I sit by the open window of my room, the birds singing & Summer bursting. Again thanks.

(To F. W. W.)

*May 29, '87.*

Your & Dr. Johnston's letter & the pictures & birthday gift have safely reach'd me, & thank you indeed from my heart. I am ab't as usual in health—& a little (but not much) engaged in writing. Your letter is indeed comforting to me.

(To F. W. W.)

*June 4, '89.*

The good letter, the £10 & the photos reach me safely—& most affectionate responses & wishes to you & Dr. J. & "the boys" all. (Note a paper with report of public dinner, sent to J.) If different f'm last accts I am rather better—get out almost daily in the open air push'd on a wheel'd

chair by a stout Canadian friend, my nurse. We are all gloomy from the great cataclysm west.<sup>1</sup>

(To F. W. W.)

July 15, '90.

(Thanks for the Dante book).

Am as well as c'd be expected & still hold the fort (sort o') as we say. Dr. Johnston has arrived & has been with me the last hour, & is well, & is to come to-morrow. Dear friend, y'r appreciation & kindness & messages are indeed accepted & absorbed fully by me. I am getting along better than you fancy, tho old & completely physically disabled & paralyzed. Hot weather (extra) here. Love to you & the friends.

(To F. W. W.)

Aug: 15, '90.

As I write am getting a little uneasy at not hearing f'm Dr. J.—no doubt he is all right & back there—send me a word *immediately* on getting this. He did not visit Dr. Bucke, Canada, (wh. Dr. B. regrets much). I send you my last screed in *Critic*, N.Y. (have sent other papers too). Am getting along fairly, considering. Memories & best respects to you and all.

(To F. W. W.)

Aug: 26, '90. p.m.

Thanks for y'r consideration & kindness send'g the cable message ab't Dr. J. I was getting to be a little uneasy. Nothing very new or different with me—am pretty well & writing—get out doors

<sup>1</sup> The disaster at Johnstown; Pennsylvania, May 31, 1889.

& down to river side almost daily—make my meals of fruit, bread, honey, coffee, etc. Did J. give the portrait (of self) to you in good order? (I don't like that *Illustrated News* one—it looks a little *foxy*.) I send my love, remembrance &c. to Dr. J.—in fact affectionate respects to you all.

(To F. F.)

Sept: 8, '90.

The photos have come safely, & we all like them well—Warry has his—he is well. Is it practicable to *fac-similize* your plate (of course at our expense here) of my picture (in 1890) to send here for my forthcoming little (2d.) annex? We all like it much & I sh'd like to have one to keep here to print from. Am well as usual & send love & thanks. Warry & Mrs. D. same.

(To F. W. W.)

Sept: 8, '90.

Y'r kind letter rec'd & I have enc'd it in my letter to Dr. Bucke to-day. I continue well as usual of late—had melon & rye bread for my breakfast—fair appetite. Have just written a card to Dr. J.—his photos rec'd good. I am getting some sharp notices in print here lately. One I hear of (I have not seen it yet) in Sept. *Atlantic Mag*: by Dr. Holmes (the physician, you doubtless know, wants to achieve a good job more than to get the love of the patient).

(To F. F.)

Sept: 13, '90.

All as usual with me. Sit here in the big ratan heavy timber'd old yellow chair much the same

as when you were here. Pleasant weather, (frequent showers). Warry is somewhere down in the cellar with the wood-fuel preparations and cleaning up. The massage book came safely, (valuable book). I have sent a 2d. copy of p'k't-b'k L. of G. to our friend Wallace. Enclosed letters f'm Dr. Bucke to me rec'd lately. (I just send letter to Dr. B. who writes me ab't twice a week—welcome.) Warry has just come in & made the bed. A sudden quite heavy shower. Loving salutation to you, to Wallace & to all the friends.

(To F. F.)

Sept: 20, '90.

Yours of 6th rec'd. I send the little pk't-b'k L. of G. with this, (pay rec'd). Am well as usual, (the old grip has hold of me tenaciously). Suppose you had the *time* on 13th<sup>1</sup> & hope it was indeed a *good* one—(no doubt you or Wallace has written me some acc't of it). Best affectionate remembrances to you & W. and the friends all. If the photo. plate can't be duplicated, (probably impracticable,) I w'd like to have it (the plate) sent to me here to be printed from & returned to you.

(To F. W. W.)

Sept: 22, '90.

Yr's of 11th rec'd—P.O. order rec'd—& thank you. Sent the little L. of G. pocket-bk ed'n three or four days since—possibly I may have made the mistake of directing it to Dr. J. (hope I have not also made the mistake of writing y'r or his

<sup>1</sup> When J. J. read his "Notes" to the "College" friends,



name in it—cannot now remember distinctly,)—but at any rate you must have rec'd it by this time.

The little "new volume" to be put out by me will be only a further annex (the 2d. one) to L. of G.—fixing the bits of the last year and a half in book shape. Will send you word of it and probably the sheets themselves. Tell Dr. J. the photos (of myself & Frank Warren Fritzing, my friend & gillie) are rec'd & valued both by me & Warry. Cooler weather here, but I get out in wheel chair a little. Keep as well as usual. Enclose a printed slip (a 2d. one, give to Dr. J.). Respects to F.R.C. Hutton & all the friends.

(To F. F.)

Nov : 1, '90, *Evening*.

Only a word to salute you & Wallace & all the friends—to say that matters go on with me much the same—& to enclose a printed slip "Old Poets," my latest writing (age's garrulity I guess). Have been out in wheel chair this fine, sunny, cool afternoon. God bless you all.

(To F. F.)

Nov : 25, '90.

Y'rs of 15th rec'd & welcomed. The celluloid photo plate came safe, (rec'd gratefully,) & I grant its use to a magazine article ab't me (N. E. Magazine) by Horace Traubel wh he is finishing—will send you, if printed. Will soon send you (soon as I get some) a Phila : Mag. with my latest poem. Sunny & cold here—ab't same as usual.

Love to you & Wallace (show him this) and to all the boys.

*(To J. J.)**Dec: 2, '90.*

The *Notes* & "Good Words" have come all right. —Of the *Notes* I w'd like you to send a copy each to :

Mrs. O'Connor, 112, M. Street, N.W., Washington, D.C.

Mrs. Mary E. Van Nostrand, Greenport, Suffolk Co., New York.

Miss Whitman, 2436 2d. Carondelet Av. St. Louis, Missouri.

Mrs. H. L. Heyde, 21, Pearl Street, Burlington, Vermont.

R. G. Ingersoll, 45, Wall Street, New York City.

Sloane Kennedy, Belmont, Mass.

David McKay, Publisher, 23, South 9th St. Philadelphia.

Talcott Williams, Press Newspaper Office, Philadelphia.

Bernard O'Dowd, Supreme Court Library, Melbourne, Victoria.

R. Pearsall Smith, 44, Grosvenor Road, Westminster Embankm't, London.

Edw'd Carpenter, Millthorpe, near Chesterfield, England.

M. Gabriel Sarrazin, Magistrat, Nouméa, Nouvelle Calédonie (Colonies Françaises).

? to Tennyson.

W. M. Rossetti, Euston Square, London.

J. Addington Symonds, Davos Platz, Switzerland.

Have read the *Notes* all through & accept & like them—(am pleased & flatter'd always best in the human side). Hope you have had a good lot struck off by the printer, as they will surely be wanted—& (barring their fearfully eulogistic tinge) I endorse all. Nothing very new or different here—physically bad off these times. The pict: in "Good Words" has got a decidedly better turn to it than the big Ill: one. A gloomy blue week

here—death of my brother Jeff six days ago at St. Louis, Missouri. Cold weather here—all white f'm snow out. Affectionate remembrances to all. I am sitting here in the big old chair with wolf skin spread—sun shining merrily out on the snow.

(To F. W. W.)

Dec : 23, '90. Evening.

Y'r letter welcomed. Feel pretty fair (considering)—was out in wheel chair yesterday but cold—sit here to-day in a big chair with old wolf-skin spread on back. Some visitors. Write and read (or rather go thro' the motions). Once in a while something or somebody that *cheers* me—(what an art that is !). Often think of you all there.

(To F. F.)

Jan : 9, '91. Night.

Y'rs of Dec. 27 welcomed with copy of J. A. S.'s & the paper & poem. Yes, I will send the copy to Dr. B. (it is beautiful). Have just rec'd some impressions f'm the plate printer f'm y'r celluloid negative—curiously good & fine, no better work (I often say the last best work is the right *press-work*). Next time you write give me a list of whom you have sent the *Notes* to—(I think you have builded better than you knew). Am getting along fairly—even well—steady. Cold, & at present dry & clear. God bless you & all.

(To F. F.)

Jan : 27, '91.

Y'rs & J. W. W.'s letter rec'd & welcomed—also copy of J. A. Symonds's good letter. Thanks for all, & to W. for delineation of Fred Wild—& to

him & all my loving wishes & regards. Review of Reviews rec'd; thanks. I continue rather poorly. End uncertain. Have sent copies of Ingersoll's little book, one to you, one to J. W. W. Fine sunny weather. Am sitting here in my den as usual. Show this to Wallace.

(To F. F.)

Feb: 8, '91. Evn'g.

Nothing special to write but tho't I w'd send a word. Ab't as usual with me—a bad two months—keep up tho. Yrs & Wallace's letters mag's & papers rec'd—best thanks & love to you both. Dr. B. has had a short sharp sick spell but is now out again. Worry well.

(To F. W. W.)

Feb: 10, '91.

It is sunset and growing dark but I tho't w'd write you just a line. Nothing new or notable with me. Rather bad times, but have eaten my supper & am sitting here in fair trim:—that is might be much worse.

God bless you.

(To F. F.)

Feb: 14, '91.

Fine sun shining out as I look. Have been kept in now six weeks & over by bad weather—& my physical incapacities & poor spell generally. Enclose you a printed slip to make up for writing meagreness—but I send you & to Wallace a heart full of good wishes & 'affectionate regards. Get the Phila. March *Lippincotts Magazine* if to be had there—but I will send you to make sure. Worry & Mrs. D. well. Thanks for papers, &c.

*(To F. F.)**Feb : 17th, '91. Noon.*

The item was right, am in a bad way : " may blow over—may not," but it will be all right either way.

Remembrance to you & J. W. W. & all the friends. Am sitting here as usual—& have had a cup of coffee. God bless you & all.

*(To F. F.)**Feb : 19, '91.*

Palpable slight turn for the better with me, (or I take it so). Suppose you have rec'd my frequent notes & papers—convey this to J. W. W. My copy is to go to printers in three days for the 2d. annex. Fine sunny middling cold day. God bless you all.

*(To F. W. W.)**Feb : 23, '91.*

Still badly off, but a shade easier if anything this forenoon. The Art Magazine has come—it is a fine number—thank you. The first batch of copy for " Good-bye " has gone to the printer—but, tho' a little matter, sh'l not have proof of it for ten days. The next (March) number of N. A. Review is adv'd to have an essay (very scrappy it will be) by me.

*(To F. F.)**March 10, '91.*

Fine superb sunny day out. Poorly still, but suspicion of shade of betterment—am taking medicine—sit up here in chair as usual. Y'r & J. W. W.'s letters rec'd to-day & welcomed : (hand him this.) Y'r celluloid of the '90 pict.

satisfies me & all more and more—you are authorised to give it out as you like. (Don't like those smart professional foxy prints of me.) Getting on fairly with proofs of 2d. annex.

(To J. W. W.)

March 14, '91. Evn'g.

First, thanks for y'r affectionate fervid letter of 3d wh' I have read twice & absorb'd. Don't expect much of the little 2d. annex—it is very brief and most of it you have seen already—then it is bro't out in sickness & g't depression. Sorry I have no cheery or favourable news to send of physique—am up and abt to eat a bite of supper.

(To J. J.)

March 19, '91. Evn'g.

Nothing worse at any rate—the Dr. has just been here & his talk & atmosphere are cheering. The book "Holland" rec'd—thanks. Have just had my supper, some stewed mutton & rice. It is 6 but quite light yet. Loving remembrances to J. W. W.

(To J. J.)

March 30, '91.

Pleasant sunny day out & I am getting on fairly considering—have pretty good nights—must have five or six hours sleep—no vehement pain night or day that I make acc't of. Eat my two meals daily or something of them, farina, roast apple, rare fried egg, mutton & rice, &c. &c. Dr. Longaker, (652 North 8th Street, Philadelphia) comes every 2d day, and I like him & his doings. There has been some little correspondence bet'n him & Dr. Bucke. The latter is well—I got letter to-day. Wish you

to pass this scrawl to J. W. W., as he may like to know particulars. The Nat. Review comes to-day & I have been looking at W. Sharp's piece. (All guessing ab't future American National Literature seems to me guessing on the weather of years f'm now.) The proofs of "Good Bye My Fancy" are slowly getting along. Have sent back 31 pp. to be corrected—(there may be ab't 45). Dont you look out for anything stirring—it is small anyhow & mostly to untune (let down) clinch what I have said before, pass the fingers again carelessly over the strings, & probably some parrot-like repetitions & *to close the book*, avoiding anything like trumpet blasts or attempts at them. Intend it to be bound in with "November Boughs" & make its supplementary part.

*Tuesday 31st, 1 p.m.*

Dr. L. has just been—thinks matters are going along satisfactorily. Dark glum day—& I am too, but it is blessed to be no worse, & even indication of turning better. Am sitting here, same way in big chair alone &c. Drizzling out. God bless you & all.

*(To F. W. W.)*

*April 7, '91.*

Y'rs rec'd to-day—thanks. Fine sunny spring-like day out. Keeping on much the same—no worse I guess. Have you seen my dead friend O'Connor's story "The Brazen Android" com'd in April Atlantic Monthly? Am sitting here (listless & stupid as a great log) in my den—take medicine every day. God's blessings on you & Dr.—& my love.

(To F. F.)

April 15, '91. Evn'g.

Perhaps the best self-news to send you is that I have to-day got out (little but decided) in the open air on wheel chair propell'd by Warry—the first time for four months. Was so confused and blinded & excited tho, I soon came back & have been unsettled since, but am now feeling easier. The Sculptor f'm N. Y. is here & begins on me to-morrow.

(To F. F.)

April 20, '91

Have been out in wheel chair this afternoon—the weather fine. Y'rs & J. W. W.'s. good letters rec'd this evn'g—thanks. The Doctor has just been in—thinks I am getting along fairly. Have had my supper four nice raw oysters & some bread & farina.

(Convey to our dear friend J. W. W.)

(To F. F.)

May 5, '91.

Bad condition all around. Fine weather. Was taken out yesterday to the cemetery to see my burial house. You & J. W. W. w'd dwell on it long & silently—will send you photo soon as done. God bless you all.

*The following letter—and all letters after this date—had a printed note in small type at the top as follows:*

*From the Boston Eve'g Transcript, May 7, '91.—The Epictetus saying, as given by Walt Whitman in his own quite utterly dilapidated physical case, is, a "little spark of soul dragging a great lummux of corpse-body clumsily to and fro around."*



(To J. W. W.)

May 9, '91. Even'g.

Thanks for y'r loving cable missive, rec'd to-day. Everything with me is at low ebb—perhaps the lowest—perhaps the waters may come in again—perhaps not—it will be all right either way. Dr. Longaker has come in to-day after ten days absence—is very welcome. Y'rs & Dr. J's good letters rec'd to-day & a good letter f'm Dr. Bucke. Have sent a Copy May N. E. Magazine to Dr. J. for his and y'r service. Seems a spell of warm sunny weather started here.

May 10, noon.—Fine sunny warm day. . . . Do you keep at all the American presidential trip Pacific-ward & South-westward, with the tip-top off-hand speeches of Prest. Harrison? All curious & significant & satisfactory to me—a lunch trip of 10,000 miles, “& all on our own land.”

(To J. W. W.)

Even'g, May 23, '91.

Nothing pronounced to write—y'r kind letters promptly rec'd—thanks. The Contemporary Mag : & Manchester Guardian 13th. rec'd : & others. Is now well on to sunset. Have had my supper—mainly a dish of strawberries, (good & plenty & cheap now here). My condition the same continued, bad, bad enough. (If my birthday reveller friends don't look out they will run on as bad a snag as the good friends who went with loving gifts & words to congratulate the old musician & found he was just dead & cold up in the garret.) Suppose you have had the stitched “Good-Bye” I sent Dr. Sh'l soon send you & Dr. a portrait

or mask of self photo just taken,<sup>1</sup> the most audacious thing in its line ever taken. Dr. Bucke is still lamed badly.

(The following letter refers to a paper on Epictetus read at one of our meetings by Wentworth Dixon.)

(To F. W. W.)

May 29, '91.

Still badly prostrated—horrible torpidity, y'rs & Dr.'s letters rec'd & cheer me much. Am sitting here in big chair at this moment. I guess I have a good deal of the feeling of Epictetus & stoicism—or tried to have. They are specially needed in a rich & luxurious, & even scientific age. But I am clear that I include & allow & probably teach some things stoicism would frown upon & discard. One's pulses & marrow are not *democratic* & *natural* for nothing. Let Plato's steeds prance & curvet & drive at their utmost, but the master's grip & eyes & brain must retain the ultimate power for all or things are lost. Give my loving compliments to all the boys, & give this scrawl to Wentworth Dixon to keep if he cares for it.

(To F. F.)

June 1, '91.

Well, here I am launched on my 73rd year. We had our birth anniversary spree last evn'g. Ab't 40 people—choice friends mostly—twelve or so women. Tennyson sent a short and sweet letter over his own sign manual. Y'r cable was rec'd & read. Lots of bits of speeches with gems in them. We had a capital good supper, (or dinner,) —chicken soup, salmon, roast lamb, &c., &c., &c. I had been under a horrible spell f'm 5 to 6, but

<sup>1</sup> See Illustration p. 98.

Warry got me dress'd & down—(like carrying down a great log)—& Traubel had all ready for me a big goblet of first-rate iced champagne—I suppose I swigged it off at once. I certainly welcom'd them all forthwith & at once felt if I was to go down I would not fail without a desperate struggle. Must have taken near two bottles champagne the even'g. So I added (I felt to) a few words of honor & reverence for our Emerson, Bryant, Long-fellow dead—and then for Whittier & Tennyson, the boss of us all, (specifying all)—not four minutes altogether—then held out with them *for three hours*, talking lots, lots impromptu. Dr. B. is here. Horace T. is married. Fine sunny noon.

P.S. Doctor, if easy and cheap photo (fac-simile) this June 1 note, not the mask, & give one to each of the friends that desires, send Tennyson one, send Symonds one, send Whittier one (Amesbury, Mass.) & half a dozen to me. Just send them without explanation.

(To F. F.)

June 6, '91. *Even'g.*

Will write even if only a line or two. Yr's & W's letters just rec'd. Am getting along, but sick enough to-day, (yesterday easier). Just rec'd letter f'm H. T. in Canada. Cool weather (after almost hot.) Probably Dr. B. will be in Eng. soon & come & make you all a short visit. Love to you & all.

(To F. F.)

June 9, '91. *Sunset.*

Just finish'd my supper—mutton chop, &c. More freedom the last three days f'm excessive lassi-

tude, &c. This is f'm Prof. B. (Brinton) who wanted to read the Notes—the other f'm H. T. in Canada I tho't might interest you. Sit up 2/3rds of the day—retain pretty buoyant spirits. Always thanks & love to you & J. W. W. Letters, magazines, &c. come. God bless. Am sitting here as usual.

(To F. F.)

June 12, '91.

There must something wrong in that item of y'r or W.'s letter ab't "no letter rec'd for two weeks"—then there has been bad fault in P.O. for I have surely sent word at least as often as every three days. Have you rec'd the letter dated June 1? Forthcoming *Lippincott's Mag.* will probably have fuller report of birthday sp'ee. H. T. is expected back Sunday. I continue much same. Love to all.

(To F. W. W.)

June 16, '91. Evn'g.

Y'rs rec'd. Will send you budget of portraits. Will send Dr. his six G. B. F. soon as I get bound ones (in a day or two probably). Hot weather here, the most oppressive ever known. I am standing it pretty well so far. Look out for next *Lippincott Mag.* Love to Dr. & all the boys.

(To F. F.)

June 18, '91.

The six "Good-Byes" are going (or soon to go) to J. W. W.; also pict's. Horace T. resumes his old routine. (He is bank clerk, you know). I heard this morning f'm Dr. B. Canada. Almost cool (sudden change) now f'm the fearful unpre-

cedented three days hot spell. It pull'd me down like a pack of hounds, but I believe am emerging as before. Am sitting here in the big chair by window—two dear little boys with their delicious chatter just in to visit me.

(To F. F.)

June 25, '91.

Am feeling fairly considering. First I must tell you do *not* bother ab't July Lippincotts, as the birthday acc't is *not* printed for some reason, (probably over-crowd of matter). Y'rs of 11th & 17th rec'd, with the yellow fac similes wh. are capital. (With them & such matters give them out & do as you feel to—I stand by the fac simile.) Wallace's dear letter also rec'd. Ab't the P. O. Order you sent, I consider it over-paying. I shall retain it, but don't do anything like that again. I sh'l send the picts. (& more books too). Love to you & all.

(To Dr. Bucke.)

June 25, '91.

Hot wave set in again—quite mark'd depression with me to-day—fairish night last. The birthday report, &c., is all left out (*not* printed) in July Lippincott's for some reason, (probably excessive crowd of matter,) so don't look out for the Mag. Rec'd letters f'm the Bolton friends to-day & fac similes of one I sent the next day after the birth-supper. (I believe one of the f.s. is sent to you—if not I will send you one.) What staunch tender fellows those Englishmen are! when they take a turn. I doubt if ever a fellow had such a splendid emotional send-back response as I have had f'm those Lancashire chaps under the lead of Dr. J.

& J. W. W.—it cheers & nourishes my very heart. If you go down to Bolton & convenient, read publicly to them the last five or six lines as f'm my living pulse.—But I feel a bad spell coming on me & must lie down—hot oppressive to-day. (I fear a long continued spell of heat—piled on the rest—may tell badly on me.) Am again sitting here by open window—some breeze.

(To J. J.)

June 27, '91.

Perfect day, sunny, right temperature. Am getting along fairly. Suppose you have rec'd the printed slips (proof) of the birthday business f'm next August *Lippincott*—(slips sent you yesterday.) Forward you now a budget of pictures, curios:—where duplicates let J. W. W. have one of each duplicate. The photo mark'd \* in corner back was the favorite of O'Connor & his wife at Washington, (where the pict. was taken ab't '64) as a remarkable good likeness war times. The one in hat (curl'd) was the favorite of dear Mrs. Gilchrist. Have sent proof slips of birthday acc't to Symonds & to Dr. B.—(the best bits are S's, Conway's & Dr. B.'s). Warry is over to Phila. to-day. H.-T. with friends & photo cam. are going out to the tomb, the cemetery—(I believe tomb finished.) Soon as I get good pict. will send you.

(To J. W. W.)

June 30, '91.

Y'rs rec'd to-day. Ab't same continued with me—head ache. Dr. Bucke leaves N. Y. 8th July on *Britannic*—is well. Of the picts: sent to Dr. J. when duplicated you are to have one each. The

fuller birthday acc't is to be in Lippincott's for August. Warm weather keeps on, but I stand it fairly—good nights help me.

(To F. W. W.)

July 14, '91.

Hot wave here—am sitting here by window as usual. Y'rs & Dr's letters & papers come right—thanks. Suppose you have seen Dr. B. before this. Am much the same considering but badly depressed to-day—hope for better things by and bye. God bless you.

(To F. F.)

*p.m.* July 17th, '91.

Y'r cable of Dr's arrival & being with you at B. & well rec'd this mn'g—& thank you heartily & love to you & him & all. Hot weather continued here. Bad day with me—but shall try to get out an hour, not sure, tow'ds evn'g, as Traubel is com'g with horse & wagon. Am sitting here same place, &c.

(To F. W. W.)

July 19, Sunday Evn'g, '91.

Pretty bad days and nights with me. Very hot weather cont'd. Thank the dear friends for urging you to come on a trip to America largely on my acc't, and thank you for considering it, but I feel that y'r decision in the negative is the best and wisest & approve it decidedly. Suppose you have had some tremendous talks with Dr. B. (he carries heavy guns). Did you get y'r duplicate photos? The one with \* on back was a faithful pict: of me period f'm '60 to '70 (the war time) & was the favorite of Wm. & Mrs: O'Connor. The head

on white paper unmounted was taken in the war toward close, down in Virginia. I believe you are to get one of each those two. Horace is gone to Wash'n, returns to-morrow. I rec : letters & papers, best thanks. A little breeze springs up as twilight comes.

*July 20*—Yours of 10th rec'd this mn'g & well conn'd. Heat cont'd. Warry is down stairs practising on his fiddle. The agent of some suburban lots has just been to see me. (I have a notion of investment.) All goes on as fairly as c'd be expected. Love to you & B. & J. & all the friends.

(To F. F.)

*July 28, '91.*

God bless the Church & branch of the Church (with candelabras blazing more fervidly than any) that is planted & grown in Bolton. I have rec'd Dr. Bucke's letter & acc't of y'r reception there & thank you all f'm the bottom of my heart. Things go on with me—I sit up & read & eat, but little or no rest. Suppose you and dear J. W. W. have rec'd the tomb photos I sent. Best love to you both & to all the friends.

(To F. F.)

*July 31, '91.*

Y'rs of 22d has come (I half think the one sent immediately preceding has *not* come). With Drs. own letter I get a pretty full acc't of the Bolton visit. I am getting on abt same as ever. Yr's and dear J. W. W.'s letters help to cheer me up. I send best regards to Geo. Humphreys (if you say so I will send him a copy of L. of G.) Have



you rec'd the tomb photos? Its best investment—vines creepers &c.—are yet to come. Cooler and more endurable—a g't let off on me. Love to you & J. W. W. and all.

(To J. W. W.)

Sunday Evn'g : Aug : 2, '91.

Y'rs of July 23 rec'd yesterday—two f'm Dr. J. now received—thanks. All goes fairly enough (I fancy) with me—lying on the bed a good deal of the time, 1/3rd dozing. Fine weather.

Aug. 3.—Much the same cont'd with me—Un : Serv : Mag's come—thanks. Letter f'm Dr. B. this mn'g. Quiet & monotonous here to-day. Am sitting here in big chair, with alternation pulls to bed near by and reclining. Best love to you & Dr. & all.

(To J. J.)

Aug : 11, '91.

Thank dear J. W. W. for his cheery pen picture (in letter) of the old sea shore farm house to which you and the rest went for your outing.—I am still holding out ag't the heat and other lesions—pretty bad—but as I just told Warry : If they get their backs up we must show we can get our backs up too. Love to you and all.

(To J. J.)

Evn'g Aug : 16, '91.

Warm yet but not as severe. It has pull'd me down badly, but keep around much as usual. Sitting here sunset.

Aug : 17.—Rumor (not confirmed) that Whittier is severely ill. Y'r letter of leaving & return to

B rec'd. A bad night (insomnia &c.) last. W'd you (or w'd Wallace) care for the W. W. clay head at 40 Grosvenor Rd, London? If so I will send an order to give it you.

(To F. F.)

Sunday Evn'g Aug: 25, '91.

Nothing very mark'd to tell. The heat continues & tells upon me badly, but hope hourly for change of temperature. Y'r & J. W. W.'s good letters rec'd. Have had my supper. Am sitting here in big chair by window as usual. Perhaps Dr. B. is at this moment down with you again—(that was a noble visit to Tennyson).

Aug: 24, noon.—Hot weather yet, but expecting the change hourly. Tolerably fair night last—(have a stout massage ab't 9½ p.m.) My breakfast two hours ago (rare fried egg, toast & raw tomato.) Probably my missives are monotonous enough, the same old story over & over again, but that may give *the fact* the main thing best. This is the first I have sent for nearly a week—my eyes are dimming badly & fast. Best aff: regards to J. W. W. and all the friends. You all overrate me too much, immensely too much.

(To F. F.)

Aug: 28, '91.

Y'r letters (two) & J. W. W.'s & one f'm Dr. Bucke rec'd this evn'g, & I am delighted at seeing W. & B. so soon. Am still holding the fort (after a fashion) & have just eaten quite a supper—hot weather yet but more tolerable to me. Mrs. O'Connor comes to-morrow, guest of Horace & Mrs.

T. & to see Dr. B. Catarrh more tyrannical with me than ever.

(To F. F.)

*Even'g Sept : 3, '91.*

Dr. B. is back safe. The Majestic came in N.Y. yesterday mn'g—Dr. will be here to-morrow evn'g. J. W. W. will arrive here Sunday ab't. Mrs. O' Connor is here. Horace is well. I am having very bad days and nights. Am sitting up now—have just had a light supper. Respects & love to you & all the little church.

(To F. F. : *Postscript to Letter.*)

*Sunset Sept : 4, '91.*

Dr. Bucke has come hearty & cheery as ever—has come with Traubel. After over two hours—Mrs. O'C and Dr. & T. & I—have had my 4½ meal with zest. We all send best respects and love to you and to the friends.

(To F. F.)

*Sept : 6, '91.*

Went out yesterday afternoon on a short drive to the cemetery—& have eaten quite a hearty breakfast this forenoon—so you see I am getting along fairly. Wallace is expected hourly. Dr. B. is of course here yet, is hearty & flourishing—expecting to take J. W. W. on with him to Canada. Am alone at present—is ab't 1½ p.m.—quiet & sort o' warm—pleasant—rain last night.

*Sunday evening.*—Quite a little levee down in my front room f'm 3 till after 5—I down there in the big chair by the window—six or seven persons—then at 5½ my supper. No news of J. W. W.

yet. Horace & Dr. B. are going over to Phila early forenoon to speir of *British Prince*. I will keep this open to send by steamer by the 9th.

*Sept: 8, 5½ p.m.* Wallace has arrived all right—has been here with me this afternoon—is well & in good spirits—goes off to Canada with Dr. B. to-morrow night—had a good passage—all is jolly. Respects to all friends.

(To *J. J.*)

*Thursday sunset—Sept: 10, '91.*

Two perfect days—fine for travelers. Wallace & Dr. went off at 8½ last evn'g. & are probably home by this moment. All well when starting. Thanks for your photos, I dwell upon them long. Thanks for the noble underclothing wh' is just what I wanted—I thank Mr. Hodgkinson heartily.

*Sept: 11.*—Fine weather still—am feeling much same. Warry has gone off on a day's visit 30 miles country to his grandfather. Apples are coming in ripe and large—had two roasted for my breakfast. Two visitors just call'd down stairs—didn't see them. What they call the "political cauldron" is begining to bubble and agitate all over the United States, as our great Presidential election comes off next year, preceded by great blare & all sorts of what we call wire-pulling, ("fortunate is that country that has no history" says some (Quakerish?) political economist—But I don't know.)—It is ab't noon—all quiet—& I am sitting alone. The Lord bless you & the friends, & love to all.

(To *J. W. W.*)

*Sept: 13, '91.*

Dear J. W. W.—Received letters f'm Dr. J. Bolton, yesterday—all well. Went out latter after-

noon on a drive four miles out to "Pea Shore," (Mrs. Bush, Horace & I)—fine fresh moist south-east breeze, welcome to me. M. D. Conway here yesterday an hour talking & inquiring ab't Tom Paine—(wh' *life* he is soon to pub. in book)—with altogether my poor brain was wrapped all up like an apple-dumpling. Restful and quiet to-day.—Hope you share the long stretch of fine cool sunny weather we are having here.—Warry well & blooming—Mrs. D. ditto—I continue same as before (thankful it's no worse)—but bad enough *when I'm not on parade*.—I enclose Ernest Rhys's letter from Wales—he must be having good times—(he is a handsome smart *litterateur* worthy of a better fate).

*Sept: 14.*—Fine weather continued—thank you for y'r good letter rec'd this mn'g—also Dr. B.'s—I can almost see the whole scene, the lawn, the evn'g shades, the lights, the crowd, Dr.'s return, y'r arrival—& hear the band.—My friend, take my advice, resign yourself tacitly to rest and absorb quietly, *reposeful*, for a while, tying up for the nonce.—I appreciate y'r loving wishes as ever.

(To J. J.)

*Sept: 15, '91.*

Perfect weather cont'd—fairly well with me. Y'r letter & New Review rec'd—thanks. No d't J. W. W. is having good time in Canada—I have advised him to just lay quiet with little or no excitement or unrest—fallow. I am arranging a really *complete ed'n of L. of G.* 438 pp. wh' I will send you when ready—nothing new. Affectionate compliments to all.

*(To F. F.)**Sept: 18, '91.*

Word received every day or two f'm Dr. B. or J. W. W. f'm Canada—the latter keeps well & is evidently having a good time. The deeply interesting (& to me far too complimentary) Report of Meeting of Aug. 24 rec'd f'm friends T. Shorrock and W. Dixon, to whom I send aff. respects & thanks. I continue on fairly. I have just read the Report a second time, ("Hold y'r horses, Bolton.")

*(To F. W. W.)**Sept: 20, '91.*

Y'r good letters come & are welcom'd. I continue fairly & ab't as before of late. Have just written to Dr. J. Am sitting up in big chair by window—perceptible breezes—warm & quiet Sunday—get down stairs.

*(To F. W. W.)**Ev'n'g Sept: 25, '91.*

Y'r good letters all rec'd & welcomed—I am getting along easier than yesterday. Am satisfied with my finale ed'n—(nothing new but putting things in their right & consecutive positions). Warry is over to Phila. to see a friend sailor off for California. Good luck to you in y'r Canadian & hitherward jaunts.

*(To F. F.)**p.m. Sept: 29, '91.*

*(Written on the back of a letter to W. W. from Dr. Bucke and enclosing letter from F. W. W.)*

Altho you doubtless have full & particular news f'm J. W. W. and perhaps Dr. B. I will

send you these. Probably by the time all this gets to you W. is *here* with us. At present I feel like writing myself & condition *the same subject continued*—possibly a little *plus*, as it is to-day cloudy & tolerable after an unprecedented September hot spell and continued sun-glare, bad for me. I am up and sitting by the window as I write. Love.

(To J. J.)

Sunday noon, Oct. 3, '91.

Word yesterday f'm J. W. W. f'm Fenelon Falls, Canada—Expect him here in a few days. Y'rs f'm Annan &c. rec'd—thanks. Traubel just in—matters much the same. Dr. B. doubtless back home. Aff. regards to Fred Wild.

(To J. J. enclosing letter from Dr. Bucke to W. W.)

Oct: 6, '91.

This is Dr. B's letter rec'd yesterday—may have something acceptable to you. Am daily looking for J. W. W.'s arrival here. I have lost Geo. Humphreys' address—and was waiting to get a copy of the newer more completed ed'n L. of G. to send, but as that has been postponed still further I have sent a copy of *Two Rivulets* with Democratic Vistas & War Memoranda for him to y'r care. A cool spell has set in here. Nothing worse with me—have just eaten my supper—sit anchored in big chair same—a fair night last. Y'rs of 26th Sept. rec'd to-day—thanks. Traubel well. Mrs. D. has had a ten days' illness, seems to be getting better. Warry well. Aff. regards to you all.

(To J. W. W.)

Oct : 9 p.m. '91.

Y'rs of 8th f'm Albany rec'd—& (doubtless) all y'r Canada letters & welcom'd all. Send you a word in hopes it may reach you thro' care of my friend Andrew Rome. I cannot write the name but old recollections (Brooklyn 1852-'61) come up on a rush—& Tom Rome—how good & considerate & faithful they both were—& I wish to send them here my best remembrance & love—& of course show them this letter. (Tell Andrew I am just having a big book complete works including my last "Good-Bye My Fancy" bit bound up & I will surely send him one). Still holding the fort (sort o'),—fluctuating a good deal—(lately *neuralgia* added, bothers me of nights). Rec'd word from Dr. B. to-day with copy of the admirable lecture at McGill College. H. Traubel & Warry well, Mrs. D. so-so. Fine weather, cool. Have just drunk a great mug of buttermilk.

(To J. J.)

Evn'g Oct : 12, '91.

Nothing very different or notable—printed leaves f'm you rec'd. J. W. W. still at Brooklyn, New York, (perhaps gone down to West Hills). Expect him daily—also Andrew Rome. Cold and wintry here—I have oak-wood fire. Have put on one of Mr. Hodgkinson's presented undershirts—first rate—fit & all. Love to you all.

(To J. J.)

Evn'g Oct : 15, '91.

Wallace (well & hearty) Andrew Rome & H. Traubel have been here this afternoon. I am well as of late.



(To F. F.)

Evn'g Oct : 16, '91.

J. W. W. here with me part of this afternoon—is well & hearty. Matters with me going on same. Dr. B., H. T., Mrs. D. and Warry all right.

(To F. F.)

Oct : 20, '91.

J. W. W. here yesterday—is well & enjoying everything. H. T., Mrs. D. & Warry well. I am having a bad day. Mottled but pleasant weather. Have had a nibble to publish in England—placed it in the hands of Buxton Forman. Best resp. to Fred Wild & all the "Church."

(To F. F.)

Oct : 27, '91.

J. W. W. has ret'd f'm a pleasant visit to the Staffords (Glendale, Camden Co. N.J.)—is well, has just gone over to Philadelphia. O'Connor's book "Three Tales" pub'd by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, is out. I am having a bad spell—(sinking & congestion.) All y'rs rec'd.

(To F. F.)

Nov : 3, '91.

Sunny cool day. Wallace went hence this mn'g well & in good spirits to take *City of Berlin* f'm N.Y. to-morrow mn'g. Sir Edwin Arnold & others here yesterday—all went well. A is being *recepted* here finely—he is evidently one of my warmest and solid friends. I continue ab't same as of late.

(To F. F.)

Nov: 4, '91.

Wallace went off f'm N.Y. yesterday mn'g in *City of Berlin* & will maybe precede this—we all miss him & hate to have him go. Arnold has gone to N.Y. & Boston to public speak. I continue ab't same. Winter weather. Aff. regards to all.

(*The following letter was written on the back of a letter from Dr. Bucke to W. W.*)

(To F. F.)

Monday evn'g: Nov: 9, '91.

Have just had my supper—mutton chop, potato, & some stew'd pears—& there are ten minutes light enough to write a bit, & finish & send it off to-morrow. You will see that Dr. Bucke is well & strong & hard at hard work. His estimate of J. W. W. is one we all confirm, & we all felt sorry to let him go. The *weather* is finer than ever—probably Indian summer, though without the slight haze belonging. It w'd have been a splendid experience for W. to have staid another week if only to get a knowledge of *that*. Y'r kind letter yest'd'y.

Nov: 10.—Sitting here again—just eaten my breakfast, buckwheat cakes and coffee. Quite a budget of letters &c., by mail this mn'g—some ridiculous enough—have a g't pressure for autographs (never answer them). I kill two birds with one stone by sending letter f'm Dr. B. to me. He is in his prime, must feel so; writes three or four times a week, always cheery. Ah, there comes the sun shining out f'm the warm cloudy weather. Aff. regards to you & J. W. W. & Fred Wild & all the dear friends.

(To J. W. W.)

Nov : 15, '91.

Congratulations on your safe arrival after the (I hope) satisfactory trip here, & look at us even but for a day or two face to face. All ab't as usual. Traubel here last even'g. Sunny fine weather. Aff. regards to Dr. J. & all the friends.

(To J. J.)

Dec : 1, '91.

Y'rs rec'd—also J. W. W.'s—thanks—(I can see you all with y'r home-reception to dear W. & the jolly time—*so mote it be*). Dr. B. & H. T. well. Sunny & cold weather. Bad & depress'd physical condition night & day—no hour without suffering. Get a new book "Modern Authors" by Arthur Lynch, pub'd London, Ward & Downey, 12, York Street, Covent Garden.

(To J. J.)

Dec : 10, Evn'g : '91.

Y'rs & J. W. W.'s rec'd—thanks both. I send you each copies of the new complete L. of G. (for y'r Xmas presents). It has been 35 yr's making, & as here as near finish'd as may be. Am ab't same & badly enough.

(Printed Note pasted on following letter.)

One Vol., \$2—438 pp., Green Cover. Single copies sent.

**WALT WHITMAN** wishes respectfully to notify the public that the book LEAVES OF GRASS, which he has been working on at great intervals and partially issued for the past 35 or 40 years, is now completed, so to call it, and he would like this new 1892 edition to absolutely supersede all previous ones. Faulty as it is, he decides it as by far his special and entire self-chosen poetic utterance.

D. MCKAY, Publisher wholesale and retail, 23 South Ninth street Philadelphia.

*(To F. F.)**Feb: 6, 1892.*

Well I must send you all dear fellows a word from my own hand—propp'd up in bed, deadly weak yet, but the spark seems to glimmer yet—the doctors & nurses & N.Y. friends as faithful as ever. Here is the adv. of the '92 edn. Dr. Bucke is well & hard at work. Col. Ingersoll has been here, sent a basket of champagne. All are good—physical conditions &c. are not so bad as you might suppose, only my sufferings much of the time are fearful. Again I repeat my thanks to you & cheery British friends, may be last—my right arm giving out.

WALT WHITMAN.

*Feb: 7.*—Same cond'n cont'd—More & more it comes to the fore that the only theory worthy our modern times for g't literature politics and sociology must combine all the bulk-people of all lands, the women not forgetting. But the mustard plaster on my side is stinging & I must stop—Good-bye to all.

W. W.

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