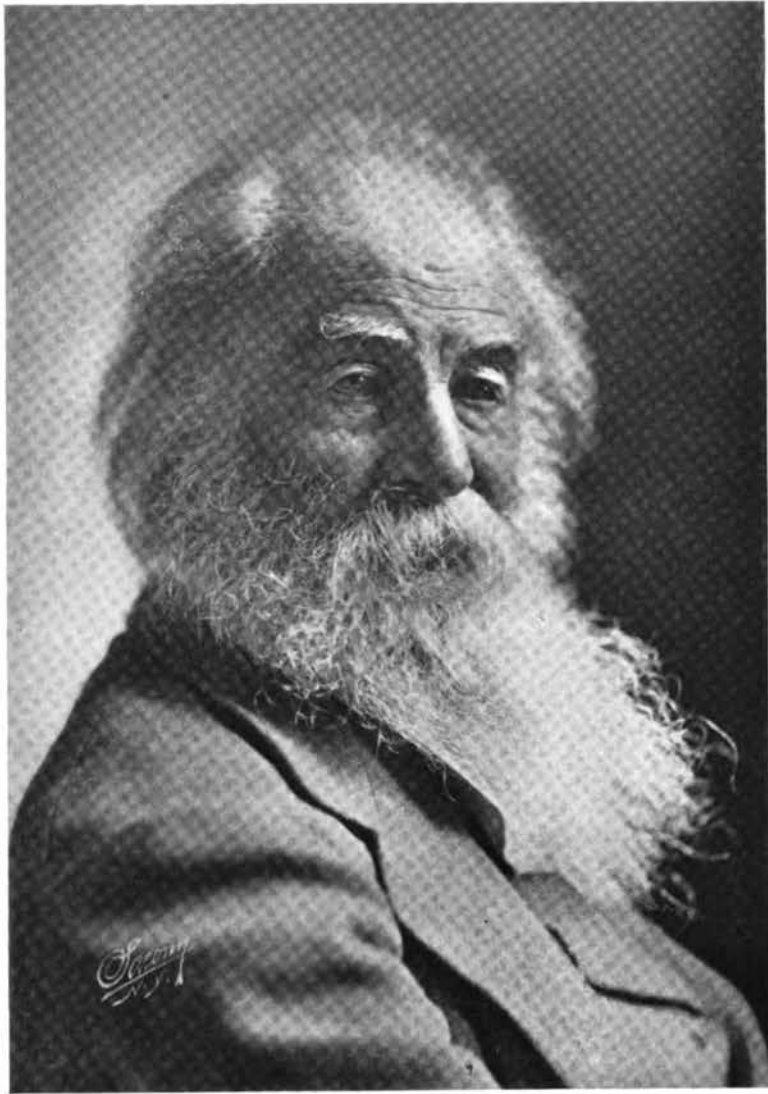


WALT WHITMAN'S WORKSHOP.

**LONDON : HUMPHREY MILFORD,
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WALT WHITMAN'S WORKSHOP.

A COLLECTION
OF UNPUBLISHED MANUSCRIPTS.

EDITED WITH AN INTRODUCTION AND NOTES

BY

CLIFTON JOSEPH FURNESS.



CAMBRIDGE:
HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS.

1928.



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TO
MY MOTHER AND MY FATHER
AND TO ONE WHO WAITS.

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"MAKE THE WORKS."

Whitman's motto that he kept at his work-table.


The workshop . . .
The paper I write on or you
write on, every word we write,
every cross and twirl of the
pen, and the curious way we
write what we think, yet very
faintly . . .
In them realities for you and
me — in them poems for you
and me . . .
In them themes, hints, provokers.

From "Chants Democratic" (1860).

The pages of the lesson having writ to train
myself—to you I bring them here and now
resign with all their blots, to image back the
process for your use.

From MS. of unpublished Preface by Walt Whitman.

PREFACE.

OR kind permission to use material in original manuscripts, printed in this volume, I wish to thank the officials of the Library of Congress; Mr. Oscar Lion, of New York City; the board of directors of the Pierpont Morgan Library; Mrs. Anne Montgomerie Traubel, of Philadelphia; Mrs. Frank J. Sprague, of New York City; Mr. William Sloane Kennedy, of West Yarmouth, Massachusetts; the Boston Public Library; the American Academy of Arts and Letters; and Mr. Milton I. D. Einstein, of New York City. The illustrations are from photographs furnished by the courtesy of Mr. Oscar Lion, Mr. Milton I. D. Einstein, and Mr. Herman Livezey, director of the Walt Whitman Foundation, Camden, New Jersey; and from photostats prepared by the Pierpont Morgan Library and the Library of Congress.

Although it is impossible to designate each instance of the many contributions of time and careful thought by others which have helped to make this book possible, I appreciate the generous courtesy and hearty coöperation of all, naming by name Miss Belle da Costa Greene, director of the Pierpont Morgan Library; Mr. J. C. Fitzpatrick, Acting Chief, Division of Manuscripts, Library of Congress; Dr. Clara Barrus, of Roxbury, New York; Mr. J. E. Lodge, director of the Freer Gallery, Washington; Miss Ruth Shepard Granniss, librarian of the Grolier Club, New York; Mr. V. Valla Parma, Keeper of Rare Books, Library of Congress; Mr. Harrison S. Morris, of Philadelphia; Mrs. A. W. Eckels, of Washington; Miss Bertha Johnston, of Brooklyn; Mr. Henry

Saunders, of Toronto; Miss Jessie Whitman, of St. Louis; Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Ives, of New York; and Miss Virginia W. Brewer, of the Law Division, Library of Congress, who has given indispensable assistance. To Mr. M. A. DeWolfe Howe and to Miss Elizabeth Gilbert I am indebted for assistance with proof, and for other favors. For many years Mr. Alfred Goldsmith, of New York, has taken pains to answer adequately every question I have brought to him in regard to Whitman, even at cost of much care and long searching. Like Whitman himself, he remains the enduring though unnamed contributor of many a requisite item incorporated in this book, and elsewhere. Mrs. Traubel, likewise, has furnished valuable source material and information without stint. Dr. Barrus has kindly made available the unpublished manuscripts of John Burroughs concerning Walt Whitman.

The initial conception of this volume grew from fancy into fact through the encouragement of Professor G. L. Kittredge and Professor Kenneth B. Murdock, of Harvard University, and both of them have contributed largely toward its final accomplishment by concrete assistance in the preparation of the material. For guidance, as well as inspiration, in shaping the mould by which to "make the works," I am indebted to Professor John L. Lowes.

After acknowledging specific assistance, I must still remain debtor, over and above the measure of any verbal expression, to the spirit of good will and creative enthusiasm which has been shown consistently by every person who has been concerned in even the slightest detail of perpetuating this glimpse into Walt Whitman's workshop.

C. J. F.

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS,
August 8, 1928.

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* MSS. in the Library of Congress.

† Courtesy of Mr. Oscar Lion.

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INTRODUCTION.

INTRODUCTION.

RECENTLY there have come to light several unpublished manuscripts by Walt Whitman which clarify the purpose, growth, and gradual unfoldment of *Leaves of Grass*, and possess at the same time sufficient literary distinction in their own right to warrant consideration as independent pieces of writing. This material includes a wide range of subject-matter. The various manuscripts of prefaces for American editions of Whitman's poems, which were lost during Whitman's lifetime before they reached print and were rediscovered only after his death, have a fascinating history, and possess marked significance for the student and collector, as well as the casual reader of Whitman. From these documents may be derived a new understanding of that "something a little more than human" ¹ which Thoreau early recorded as his dominant impression of the rudely transcendental Whitman who celebrated himself in the first *Leaves* of 1855. In addition to these American prefaces, a selection of other significant Whitman manuscripts, dropped or withheld for various reasons during his lifetime, here appears for the first time. Many of these are particularly pertinent to the study of the development of Whitman's poems, and the personality of which they were an outgrowth. This material has been collected from scattered sources and has shaped itself into a single volume, the primary purpose of which, underlying all other currents and drifts, is to contribute a composite picture of Walt Whitman, the literary workman.

Unpublished manuscripts by an acclaimed writer are often brought to publication posthumously by eager literary curio hunters, irrespective of merit. A considerable part of the large body of such literary remains might better have remained unsalvaged. When viewed in the amplitude of time, they often reflect no literary credit and little historical enlightenment upon their originators. Moreover, such ventures, when based upon a museum appeal only, constitute astonishing indictments of the lack of sound judgment on the part of the collectors and editors of the material.

It should be understood at outset that the present volume is not offered merely as a collect, growing out of the current mania for new literary specimens. The unpublished material which is brought together here for the first time is advanced for reasons. This group of significant manuscripts covering a wide variety of subjects forms perhaps the most authentic commentary possible, in Whitman's own words, on various phases of his activity. Here we see Walt Whitman at work, talking to himself, and about himself. In addition to the interest which such important documentation possesses for the reader or student curious to steal a glimpse into Whitman's workshop, many of these passages here first printed are of ineluctable value as first-hand expressions of some of Whitman's most significant thought, wrought with a high degree of force or of beauty — sometimes of both. Such hard-won gold as "the rude air, the salt sea, the fire, the woods, and the rocky ground — sharp, full of danger, full of contradictions and offence" merits preservation for its own sake, without apology or explanation.

With regard to the literary quality of what is included here, the material must speak for itself. No commentary should be allowed to intervene between the author and his invited guest when words flow large and clear, and the reader is as eager to attend as the waiting poet is to deliver himself, without formality of introduction, prologue, or epilogue. Whitman requests intimate audience, in no uncertain terms: "A conference of our two Souls exclusively, as if the rest of the world, with its mocking misconceptions, were for a while left behind and escaped from." It is on this basis of final communion with the author himself that the artistic appeal of this collection shall rest. Whitman must speak for himself, and the reader must listen by himself. It is hoped that this may be the final disposition of the book, even for the student of literary history who may wish to trace the provenience of each manuscript before settling to the enjoyment of its contents. He may be greeted by a refreshing breath of Whitman's "primal sanity" if at last, after the scholarly examination and scrutiny are ended, he will re-read these pages, forgetting the notes and all vexed controversial aspects of text or theme.

For proper enjoyment, the reader must loaf and invite the soul of Walt Whitman to rekindle for him the ecstasy of the creative moment in which the word itself was conceived. Clews and signs the poet has left scattered everywhere through these pages. Any one of them, grasped and held, may prove a key to the unlocking of many unsuspected portals to the understanding of Whitman's work.

But the historical background may not be overlooked completely, if one is to gather the full significance of the material. There are many points of interpretation connected with some of

the manuscripts which will not be apparent without reference to a wide-flung frontier of Whitman tradition and record. The initial impetus and intention of *Leaves of Grass*, as well as the processes of their origination, at best appear somewhat dim and obscure when viewed from the standpoint of current conceptions of Whitman's ideals and personality. It is with purpose to clear up such points, and to correlate as nearly as possible the whole body of work here presented with authentic biographical and historical data, that the notes to the text have been prepared.

For the critical scholar and literary historiographer, sources are cited and biographical facts are indicated, supplemented by contemporary history bearing on the interpretation of documents. Particularly needful for the student of literary composition are the indications of parallel passages, revisions, or rejected readings, which make up a considerable part of the notes. None of these specialized requirements have been completely overlooked, since for each of the particular types of scholarly approach, as well as for the casual reader, writer, or poet on whose fireside five-foot shelf Whitman finds steady hospitality, the material in this volume will have its own special significance. From these pages many a "glimpse through an interstice caught" may be assembled, by those who have the wish and the will, into an authentic picture, from the life, of Walt Whitman at work. For those who are interested, hints have been provided for setting about the drafting of such a portrait from any angle that may suit the taste of the individual reader.

In building up any reconstruction of the processes of Whitman's creative imagination, it should be borne in mind that con-

siderable pertinence attaches to certain little-known phases of his activity and ideals of expression, which are here brought forward into the prominence which their relative importance in the whole scheme of Whitman's work dictates. All shifts or unsuspected progressions of this sort which may prove unfamiliar upon first approach must not be considered merely as isolated phenomena and assimilated separately. They must find their proper place in the mosaic. They must be allowed to cohere in the ensemble which is Walt Whitman.

"The Bard of Democracy" has been generally discussed as a poet, perhaps a literary eccentric, but rarely as spokesman in a broader, less specialized sense, which he really was. The totality of Walt Whitman is singularly difficult to estimate, because the average view of his poetical theory and its product is not wide enough to include the semi-articulate phases of his development, which were parallel with *Leaves of Grass* and supplementary to it. These, in their beginnings, constituted the "long foreground" of Whitman's poetical career which Emerson postulated. Remnants of them survived through his whole course of life, an essential part of his character and work. It is necessary to know these elements and reckon them in the total portraiture of Walt Whitman. It is equally necessary to view, in comprehensive succession, the shifting points of view through which the poet's mind reflected itself, in his outlook upon the world outside himself, and his relation to it. His attitude toward himself underwent little change; acceptance of the Genius-Self, "loos'd from all limits and imaginary lines," was established as his uncontested birthright by his entrance into the literary scene with the challenging "Song of

Myself," as he eventually styled the poem that constitutes the larger part of the first issue of *Leaves of Grass*. But his political, social, and philosophical conceptions were evolving constantly throughout his life, so that the latter state of the man appears nothing less than a metamorphosis of the first.

If our picture is to include the whole stream of Whitman's life and thought as a necessary and revealing background or commentary for his poems, it is of moment to consider his collateral forms of expression in public speaking, and in polemical writings on themes of politics and social and economic theory. Of import, too, must be the consideration of the poet's first-hand interpretation of his own work, as he reviews it in the light of conscious theories and ideals of composition formulated by himself. Especially suggestive and significant are his evangelical pronouncements at the outset of his career, in which he asserts his belief that he has a specific message to deliver, dictated by his Genius and by the spirit of the time. The underlying lifelong direction of his work shapes itself before our eyes, as we read these fragments left by the roadside during a span of time which extends from the first edition of *Leaves of Grass*, and even before, until the last creative offering is released to the world with the lingering pulsations of "Good-bye My Fancy." All his efforts and almost endless experimentings to find the one right mode of expression were in response to his inner conviction that he must deliver his "say-so" to humanity somehow — he was not always certain himself just how. His purpose, as he perceived it with constantly increasing clearness, and as he voiced it with more and more insistence toward the close of his work, was at bottom a religious rather than a



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literary one. "One deep purpose underlay the others — and that has been the religious purpose." 2

The evolution of Whitman's own conception of his almost militant gospel, from the vague indeterminateness of his first reaching toward a goal but dimly perceived, to the startling distinctness and ring of unmistakable certainty in his later pronouncements, forms one of the most neglected but fascinating phases of his development. The focus of his attention was gradually transferred to more and more comprehensive fields, in such a way that not only was the total range of vision increased, but the detailed relations of the parts to the whole were constantly revealed with greater distinctness. From the initial circumscription, "I celebrate myself," he passed through the intermediate, narrowly patriotic horizon of "America isolated I sing," to emerge at last with final outlook fixed upon an "heroic, artistic, and especially emotional intertwining and affiliation of the Old and New Worlds" — the international "Adhesiveness" which he proclaimed as the ultimate goal of his intention.

The evolution of mind and spirit by which the exclusive individualist, writing "to express that volcano, myself," was transformed into the "poet of the wider Selfhood," left its record in form and face, as well as in words. One has but to compare the two portraits reproduced in this volume, the one taken very early, the other comparatively late in life, to acquire a graphic impression of the almost phenomenal growth of Whitman's personality within the period between the two photographs.

The same story is recorded in the unfolding *Leaves of Grass*. The characterization of his poems as "a series of growths, or

strata, rising or starting out from a settled foundation or centre and expanding in successive accumulations," which the poet was fond of quoting from John Burroughs's *Notes on Walt Whitman*, applies equally to the development of himself, "a simple separate person." In his case, at least, this theme did prove to be "small . . . yet the greatest." But the arduous process by which this fine flowering was accomplished is not to be traced merely in the finished and polished record which Whitman has left in his completed books. In order to register the full import of the struggle from clod toward God, we must step behind the scenes carefully set by the literary showman to produce a desired effect. We must see the man in the throes of composition, not merely view the work after its completion.

It is true, of course, that the general trend toward progressive expansion of ideas is evident to some degree from an examination of Whitman's published writings, taken in chronological order. But this study will be much more likely to reveal the measure of his genius if it be supplemented by a survey of other less-finished attempts at self-expression, such as those portrayed in some of the manuscript material presented in this book. Not all of the material here first printed had been wrought to the final stage of incisive keenness attained in his fully tempered literary productions. In the half-formed, equally with the fully modelled, product, we trace the ecstasy of his inspiration, and the travail of its embodiment.

When the examination of these early manuscript notes is supplemented by a careful reading of the prefatory matter collected here, which was projected by Whitman at various times during

his literary career but left unpublished, it is possible to arrive at a more nearly complete and comprehensive conception of what life and work meant to him than can possibly be derived from even the closest scrutiny of the body of work which was published during his lifetime. We are by this approach able to envisage more clearly what he conceived his work to be, both in relation to himself and in relation to the world. We see with certainty that the business of literary expression was to him always a work, rather than an art. Art for anything less than humanity's sake was inconceivable to him. Through the progression of the material presented in this volume, we can even delineate with some particularity the gradual shaping of the self-generated medium of expression, by which Whitman proposed to follow to definite issue his irresistible urge toward some ultimate projection of himself, and what he stood for, into the life and thought of his time.

There is one important aspect of the evolution of Whitman's work, concerned with its form more than with its content, which has not been generally understood and evaluated in its relation to the genesis of *Leaves of Grass*, and to its subsequent additions and revisions. His lifelong interest in public speaking, and his desire and enunciated purpose to deliver much of his original "message" through this channel, have an even more vital connection with the form in which his ideas eventually cast themselves than had the lyceum lectures of Emerson with that author's published essays. Much of the material which Whitman recorded for his public-speaking projects formed at the same time the immediate objective and the ultimate point of departure for his poems. His lectures on Abraham Lincoln, given frequently during the latter

part of his life, are practically the only indication of this oratorical rôle of Whitman which has been adequately considered.

Very little of the documentary material extant on this subject has been published, and the contemporary records of it remaining are largely in manuscript or other sources which are difficult of access, and have not been collected. During his entire period of active composition, especially before he felt assured that he could attain an audience through his poems, he had the set purpose to deliver public lectures on the themes predominant in *Leaves of Grass* and in his own thinking. Many of his notations for these lectures have been preserved. Their most striking feature at first approach is their fervid religious or didactic character. Despite their evangelistic trend they bear the hall-mark of sincerity, and furnish abundant proof that the charge of atheism and a generally hedonistic attitude toward life which was laid at Whitman's door in the early days was based upon an entire misapprehension of the real effect he hoped to accomplish by the publication of *Leaves of Grass*.

In the face of misinterpretation, he did not swerve from uncompromising adherence to the message which had revealed itself to him, which he felt called upon to deliver, like George Fox. He was enough of a Quaker to follow before all else the leading of the spirit. His entire work may be said, in Quaker phrase, to have been to deliver himself of a "call,"³ to present somehow to the world what he felt he must say. He was not certain for a long time himself whether his avenue of approach to the public should be through the lecture platform, the printed broadside and newspaper article, or the more quiet and dignified published volume of

verse. The all-important thing was that he was burning with an inward zeal which would not be denied expression, but sought to cast itself forth through every possible doorway that opened upon the outer world.

This evangelical spirit in Whitman is not known and appreciated so generally as is his barbaric yawp. Nevertheless it is everywhere present in the content of lectures and poems alike, a fundamental organ point. Its "booming undertone"⁴ (as he described the music of Wagner) vibrates through all his early work, inlaying with harmonious intent the sometimes strident cacophony of his words, whether intended to be spoken or read. Thorough acquaintance with this basic religious motive serves to explain, if not to palliate, the effect of certain elements in his work which appear as weaknesses to some critics of this age, when it is considered a bit old-fashioned for a poet to have a "message." There can be no doubt, after considering his statements concerning his work from beginning to end, that Whitman always considered himself in the light of *vates* or seer.

I am held to the spiritual world,
And to the identities of the Gods, my lovers faithful and true
After what they have done to me, suggesting my themes.⁵

The poetical expression of this idea in *Leaves of Grass* is only one indication of his belief that his utterances proceeded from some source of consciousness or wisdom beyond himself. His conception of the function of the creative imagination was practically identical with the religious intuition of the Quaker faith. We shall have occasion to remark testimony to this effect at many points in connection with the material of the present volume.

Here are presented, in the order of their evolution, documents which portray more clearly than any analysis the gradual articulation of Whitman's conception of his mission, and his own ideas as to how he might best body it forth concretely before the world. First come fragments and notes for lectures on "Democracy," "Religion," "Literature," and so forth. The composition of this material evidently extended over many years, but the greater number of the notes are contemporary with the early editions of *Leaves of Grass*, some entirely antecedent to it. These memorandum jottings show clearly the cumulative fervor and definiteness of Whitman's leading themes, equally with the utterance of the same ideas in the proto-*Leaves*.

Then there are fuller notes, from diaries and commonplace books, expressing Whitman's early abolitionist sentiments, dating from the days of the Missouri Compromise and the Fugitive Slave Law. At a later time, this radical attitude of a reformer on Whitman's part became tempered to a less belligerent point of view, humanitarian but non-partisan. In fact, he has often been charged with being indifferent to the crisis of national destiny and human liberty which was gathering at the outset of his poetical career. But in these notes we find him revealing the full tide of emotional enthusiasm which was still smouldering in later years, and was occasionally urged to full flame by the sweep of events. In 1860 he allied himself openly with the Abolitionists by presenting himself at the Boston courthouse to defend Frank B. Sanborn, by physical force if need be, against apprehension by Federal officers on the charge of implication in John Brown's raid at Harper's Ferry.⁶ In these anti-slavery notes we see him as a man of his

times, actively participating in the current of affairs, and expressing himself in as ardent a vein as Whittier or Stowe or Beecher.

Through this revelation of his character, we are prepared for the tautening of his spiritual and mental fibre in anticipation of the impending national struggle. We are keyed to hear "The Voice of Walt Whitman to Each Young Man in the Nation, North, South, East, and West." In an unpublished pamphlet, "The Eighteenth Presidency," prepared in support of the "Black Republican" campaign of 1856, Whitman offered the best of himself for public service. He intended that this pamphlet should be published and scattered broadcast to the laboring people, farmers, and mechanics of "These States." He rises to meet the approaching tragedy of civil strife with an emotional intensity which hammers out keen words that bite and surge. "Henceforth there is no further compromise. All this is now being cast in the stuff that makes the tough national resolves of These States, that every hour only anneals tougher. It is not that putty you see in Congress and in the Presidency; it is iron — it is the undissuadable swift metal of death."

After this, we have another interesting manuscript made up of a number of palimpsest prefaces, which Whitman intended to be used in American editions of *Leaves of Grass*, but which for some reason were never employed until, about the time of his removal from Washington, the manuscripts were lost. They were never found again until after his death. The writing of these prefaces extended through the years immediately succeeding the composition of the anti-slavery notes and the pamphlet of 1856. These manuscripts, worked over and over with greatest precision,

are the most authentic record possible of what Whitman at that time conceived his literary purpose to be. Excluded probably by chance rather than by intent from the canon of his published work, they form a sort of apocryphal comment to *Leaves of Grass*. In the carefully formulated self-revelation of these pages we find what is probably Whitman's first definite statement that his purpose is primarily a religious one.⁷ The implication of this idea appears also in the drafted "London Introduction," which dates from approximately the same period.

This "London Introduction" is the first interpretation of *Leaves of Grass* which Whitman ever prepared for readers outside "These States." It is a manuscript of great interest to students of Whitman's psychological attitude toward his work, for it purports to be written by an impartial observer and acquaintance of the author, but was in reality written by Whitman himself, as both external and internal evidence conclusively prove. It was probably prepared anonymously for some proposed English edition which did not reach publication. The first draft was written in 1868, and the material was subsequently revised in 1872 and 1881. It was during the same period when he was engaged in the composition of the American prefaces, that Whitman conceived the project of preparing a special edition of *Leaves of Grass* for English readers, and set about composing an anonymous introduction for it. For comparative purposes, the proposed American and English prefaces, approximately contemporaneous in composition, really supplement each other. In the first, we have Whitman's personal estimate of himself and his work for America; in the second, his attempt at an impersonal evaluation for the

British reader. In both, he underscores the religious element as the dominant motivation of his work.

Finally, there is inserted in this book a series of letters and prefaces prepared for various actual or proposed foreign editions and translations. Whitman wrote these during the latter part of his life, when his poems were gradually gaining international attention. Never published *in toto* since they were dropped because of various changes in plans, they are gathered together as the conclusion of this book, because they mark the culmination of its purpose, not only chronologically, but organically. They show, more clearly than anything else that he has left in words, how Whitman's conception of his own message and its import to the whole world had gradually evolved from his primary conception of himself as one of the roughs, avowedly the spokesman of "myself" exclusively, announcing a gospel intended merely for "These States," to a wider, more cosmopolitan outlook toward a "signal cluster of joyous, more exalted Bards of Adhesiveness, identically one in soul, but contributed by every nation, each after its distinctive kind." These foreign prefaces are offered, therefore, as a fitting conclusion to our survey of the whole round of Walt Whitman's creation.

What is the total sense of the diverse materials associated in this gathering of unpublished manuscripts? There is, indeed, a central purpose and unity informing the stuff in hand. The observer can condense this centripetal drift toward the heart of Nature out of which rolled the burden of Walt Whitman's *Leaves of Grass*, if he tally each detail with its archetypal origin in the personality of the poet. At the end as at the beginning, and in fact

during the reading of every sentence in this book, he may envisage Walt Whitman, interpreter of humanity to itself, at work in the "laboratory of his own consciousness." In the graph of creative evolution afforded by these pages, every phase of his development may be surveyed, from the robust "live flush eating and drinking man" of 1855 to the sadly reminiscent bard of Columbus, "old, poor, and paralyzed." Here is a shifting cinema of the soul of a poet, mirroring each several stage comprehended in the progression from an obscure political orator and pamphleteer to "The Good Gray Poet," chanter of "Passage to India," and final enunciator of "new formulas, international poems . . . the New World's greeting-word to all." Truly, "this is no book, but a man," and no man in the sense of a single individual being, statically portrayed, as if arrested at some given nodal point of his growth. This collection furnishes, rather, a composite portrait of that part of Walt Whitman which is of vital concern to the ages — the creative aspect of his daily life and work.

So much for the broad general background of details which fortify and render substance to the particular image of Whitman which each reader must construct for himself from the matter of this book. This figure may become inspirited with the breath of life for one who feels the enthusiasm which quickened the soul of the poet, rekindled from this record. All the elements of Whitman's personality are here poured together in a whirling vital compound of fluid essences. Gradually there emerges, projected in the strange limbec of fancy, a mental panorama that bridges, by the medium of its flashing protean shapes, that mysterious gulf which exists between the ecstasy of conception in the poet's

mind and its agonized fulfillment in the recorded word. Here are portrayed all the steps from first thought to final execution — here, in fine, Walt Whitman lives again in his workshop.

All about lie carefully hewn chips and odds and ends of lumber. Here repose sedulously polished revisions, side by side with careless half-formed passages. It is possible to follow his palimpsestic method of working upon the same manuscript at different stages — to share his questioning uncertainty as to the better version of some troublesome phrase — to observe his relentless economy of material, working over the same ideas again and again until they are forced to render their full tale of meaning. Here among the fragmentary *débris* of the *atelier*, the curious craftsman may turn up final evidence that seldom, if ever, did Whitman work with immediate conscious accuracy, with surety of intellectual perception. He acknowledged an instinctive distrust of his own rational mental processes, when he felt descending upon him that state of divine enthusiasm which is the peculiar province of the poet — the *doer*, rather than the thinker. “Intellect is a fiend,” Whitman protests,⁸ and again he counsels, when engendering a poem, “Veil thy strong perceptions. Musing, retire within thyself.”⁹

Since Whitman himself was only dimly conscious of his own method of composition, we need not be surprised if the quick of his creative process elude our search for long. The journeyman poet of democracy, the singer of the simple and easy and near, is not so forthright as we might wish, for our own enlightenment, in his method of procedure. We shall be put to pains if we would surprise the secrets of his craft. It is not easy to focus the vision under constantly shifting lights of an unevenly illumined work-

shop. Through a door ajar may be caught glimpses of this shaper of words, slowly and painstakingly gathering together the stuff of fantasy, vagrant flashes and half-gleams, never relinquishing the relentless pursuit of an elusive goal. With arduous labor he draws out the full essence of his thought, eventually building into vivid, inescapable prison-patterns of sound the captured sense. Somehow (even though the exact turn of the trick escape our closest scrutiny) the image of the poet's dream is set at last in a crystal of divers facets, the accretion of many momentary flashes of inspiration.

Indeed, "inspiration," in the traditional sense, we are forced to accept as Whitman's trusted guide, in default of any evidence for a more scientifically accurate mentor. We have his own testimony that "the great thing is to be inspired as one divinely possessed, blind to all subordinate affairs and given up entirely to the surgings and utterances of the mighty tempestuous demon."¹⁰ Friends and observers have left record that, after the inception of an idea for a poem, Whitman would usually be forced to let it lie for many days, inactive unless subconsciously so, until a fresh tide of inspiration bore him again into the current of his creative thought.¹¹

Perhaps the state of "meditation," as consistently practised by mystics,¹² would be a more accurate designation than "inspiration" for the particular process by means of which Whitman's creative imagination exercised itself. He was himself conscious of a certain trance-like suspension of ordinary mental processes in moments of intense imaginative perception and creation. "Only to the rapt vision does the seen become the prophecy of the unseen."¹³ He records in a working notebook the conception of a

poem in a state psychologically comparable to the ecstasy attained through mystic meditation: "a trance, yet with all the senses alert — only a state of high exalted musing — the tangible and material with all its shows, the objective world suspended or surmounted for a while, & the powers in exaltation, freedom, vision — yet the *senses* not lost or counteracted." ¹⁴ Whitman's insistence that this state of imaginative receptivity is maintained with "the *senses* not lost or counteracted," but "with all the senses alert," marks his mysticism as of a ranker, perhaps healthier stamp than that of Wordsworth, who asserts that "in that serene and blessed mood . . . we are laid asleep in body, and become a living soul."

Whitman's only consistent guiding principle in his work seems to have been that he worked by faith rather than by sight. He testifies upon occasion to a sense of illumination from the "Inner Light." A realization of its presence had been instilled into his consciousness by his early contacts with Quaker thought and training. "Following the impulse of the spirit, (for I am at least half of Quaker stock) I have obey'd the command." "Very likely this same *inner light* (so dwelt upon by Fox) is perhaps only another name for the religious conscience." "Yet George Fox stands for a thought — the thought that wakes in silent hours — perhaps the deepest, most eternal thought latent in the human soul . . . Great, great is this thought — aye, greater than all else . . . Most neglected in life of all humanity's attributes, easily cover'd with dust, deluded and abused, rejected, yet the only certain source of what all are seeking, but few or none find — in it I for myself clearly see the first, the last, the deepest depths and high-

est heights of art, of literature, and of the purposes of life"—“to elevate the inner life more and more into the light of consciousness.”¹⁵

It was that “Voice — the invisible *demon* of Socrates & the *voices* of Joan of Arc”¹⁶ to which he referred as the source of his artistic inspiration. It was that “Voice” for which he feared he had been an inadequate spokesman, when he lamented “my full supply of well-form'd whispers lacking.”¹⁷ What he did succeed in bringing to utterance, he unhesitatingly and with full faith pronounced to be derived from a daemonic prompting: “the hint that comes in whispers to me night and day, at every step,”¹⁸ and he declared it to be his final intention “to yet fill up these *Whisperings* (if I live & have luck).”¹⁹

But the “Whisperings” of the Voice were intermittent. Each poem was a composite result of many separate forgings at the central flame. The arduous process by which Whitman cast his work is in many ways analogous to the schedule by which a modern moving-picture is filmed, with a few minutes of intense activity, followed by a long period of survey, revision, and careful preparation for the next period of actual performance — the separate bits finding their appropriate place and significance later in the assembled whole. This cyclic process of composition marks the rhythm of his whole creative output, as well as the gestation of individual writings. In this book are gathered significant manuscripts he has left, a long-delayed arrear to complete the just tale of his issued works (as he himself suggests in a proposed title for a final volume) in a “Life Mosaic of Native Moments.”²⁰ Here is shown finally his continuous and relentless effort

to perfect his medium of expression, together with the cumulative expansion of view which inevitably resulted from his rigid self-discipline. Here is traced, in his own words about his work, his progression from the limited field of a platform speaker to the wider but fickle audience of the political pamphlet and newspaper forensic, thence to emerge in the guise of poet, flinging his "Chants Democratic" broadcast upon the land, indifferent of reception, concerned only that his voice bear testimony to the faith that was in him. Thus, with "the unimpeachableness of the sentiment of trees"²¹ his soul expands by successive rings of growth, passing from narrow attachments and adherence to party or sectional views of North or South, to larger imaginings of national import, and wider issues of human endeavor. Transcending his initial intent of voicing exclusively American patriotism and democracy, he aspires finally to the utterance of a Chant which includes all lands and peoples. His own life-course furnishes the fullest exemplar of the principle which he enunciated as the basis of his poems: "that lesson for man and woman which Nature shows throughout — of continual development, of arriving at any one result or degree only to start on further results and degrees. Invisibly, inaudibly, after their sorts, all the forces of the Universe, the air, every drop of water, every grain of sand, are pulsating, progressing."²²

This collection is a gathering of the loose, scattered threads of record which Walt Whitman has left of that remarkable "Passage to more than India," the course of his whole life and work. It is offered with the hope that it may serve as a permanent record of the most significant trait in his matured character — his steady

obedience to the guidance of that Inner Light which led him ever beyond the seen to the prophecy of the unseen. The genius of Walt Whitman was one which admitted no compromise. It demanded exclusive devotion, consecration complete. But its fulfillment was as certain as its discipline was unrelenting.

MY TASK ²³

Begun amid my ripen'd youth, and steadily kept on
throughout,
Wandering, peering, dallying with all —
war, peace, day, night, absorbing, —
never even for a brief hour abandoning my task,
I end it here in poverty, sickness, and old age.

~~This journey
Began amid my ripened youth and steadily
I end ^{it} ^{here} in old age.~~

~~Delayed at times wandering dallying
Dallying, dallying, wandering - never ^{was} ^{for a brief hour} ^{abandoned}~~


This journey
Began amid my ripened youth, and steadily kept on throughout.
Wandering, peering, dallying, seeking - war, peace, and sorbing - never even for a brief ^{moment} ^{abandoned}.
I end it ^{all} ^{here} in old age.

This ^{Task} Journey
Began amid my ripened youth, and steadily kept on throughout.
Wandering, peering, dallying with all - war, peace, day, night, absorbing - never even for a brief hour ^{abandoned}.
I end it ⁱⁿ ^{here} in old age.

I
NOTES FOR LECTURES.

I

NOTES FOR LECTURES.

HE average reader of Walt Whitman's poetry knows little or nothing of the oratorical bent from which it sprang. Yet the adequate biographies have all made note of his interest in public speaking.²⁴ Its importance as a key to some of the vexed problems of the genesis of Whitman's ideas about poetry has been largely overlooked in the prolonged discussion over debatable points in his personality, his main poetical themes, and his departures from accepted form. But in order to understand the fluent orotund tone of his verse, it is essential to realize that the fountain head of his poetry was in oral declamation. From his autobiographical memoranda we learn that he was in the habit of reading aloud on the seashore from earliest youth.²⁵ He wrote on the cover of an improvised reading copy of Shakespeare's "Richard the Second" which he made by tearing the leaves of the play out of a complete volume and binding them in wrapping paper: "Had it put this shape to take in my pocket to Coney Island on my seashore jaunts — read it & 'spouted' it there." ²⁶

From the initial impetus of delivery, he was doubtless stimulated to undertake his own first characteristic poetical attempts, which naturally shaped in themselves some unconscious imitation of the rhythmic cadence of the waves, since much of his "spouting" was done by the seashore. But the desire for speaking in public, on vital topics of discussion, was also strong in him, and was not, as is generally presumed, merely subsidiary to poetical expression in his estimation. He stated about himself, in a review of the 1855 *Leaves of Grass* which he wrote anonymously, "In the scheme this man has built for himself, the writing of poems is but a proportionate part of the whole. It is plain that public and private performance, politics . . . the art of conversation . . . the American people, the reception of the great novelties of city and

country, all have their equal call upon him, and receive equal attention. In politics he would enter with the freedom and reality he shows in poetry." 27

This interest in public speaking and declamation survived all through Whitman's life as a main objective, and at one time he even considered making public lecturing his vocation. We have his brother's statement that, in the early years of political agitation which precipitated the formation of the Republican party, Whitman "wrote what mother called 'barrels' of lectures." 28 One biographer has established the fact that some of these, at least, reached public delivery. 29 The first one on record was delivered March 31, 1851, and later printed. During the latter part of the forties, according to John Burroughs, he was occasionally engaged to make political speeches. 30 Two of his literary executors have made mention of the copious notes which they found among his manuscripts, after his death, dealing with oratory, or elaborating themes for proposed "Lectures" or "Lessons," as he often referred to them. It is evident, from the manuscript notes for lectures included in this volume, that at one time he entertained the thought that "the Lectures may be printed and sold at the end of every performance." 31 A partial summary of some memoranda made by Whitman for lectures in 1858 states that the lectures were to be published eventually as a companion volume to *Leaves of Grass*, to take the place of a preface. After the publication of the second edition he seems to have given particular attention to the expansion of his lectures, hoping to be able to give them publicly in order to advertise that volume. 32 He acknowledges the bad taste of thus crying up his own wares, but "it cannot be helped," for it is the only way by which he "can gain the ear of America and bid her 'Know thyself.'" 33

A considerable body of notes for these lectures has been preserved among the Whitman manuscripts in the Library of Congress. It is from that source that the selections which are published here have been made. For convenience in reading, they are grouped under the main heads of "Notes on Lecturing and Oratory," "Notes for Lectures on

Religion," "Notes for Lectures on Democracy and 'Adhesiveness,'" and "Notes for Lectures on Literature." Whitman had a practical habit of marking the general subject for which the memorandum was intended on the separate scraps of paper on which he jotted down isolated ideas as they came to him, so that it is comparatively easy to collect the material intended for a lecture on any given subject, even when the fragments are scattered.

He had the same system of making notes of material to be used later in his poems³⁴ and it not infrequently happened that ideas which were originally intended for poems were transferred to lecture notes, and *vice versa*. At the head of one scrap of paper found among notes for the Religion lectures appears this caption: "Poem — Religious," and later was added: "or in lecture on Religion." There is a striking instance of the reverse of this process, by which lecture notes were worked into the structure of poems, noted in Whitman's own copy of the 1860 edition of *Leaves of Grass*,³⁵ where one of his pencilled emendations reads:

lecture

(Nor character, nor life worthy the name without religion,
Nor State nor man nor woman without religion.)

The word *lecture* was subsequently crossed out, and the passage incorporated, with modification, into the poem, "Starting from Paumanok." This shows that the process of interchanging material between poems and lectures, indicating his uncertainty as to which would prove the better medium of expression, was still going on while the revision for the fourth edition of *Leaves of Grass* was under way, between 1860 and 1867.

Whitman was very explicit in his written directions to himself as to how to deliver his lectures most effectively. He had developed, by long practice and thought on the subject, a practical system of declamation. The notes collected under the head of "Notes on Lecturing and Oratory" not only set forth his ideas on the project of giving lectures in general, but also delineate his specific conception of how these "Lessons" should be delivered. His stage-directions to himself sometimes leave so


little to the imagination as to be amusing, as for instance, "fiercely and with screaming energy."

This characteristic trick, "auto-suggesting" himself into the condition requisite for the best performance, is consistent with Whitman's whole attitude toward the creative processes of his own mind and spirit. He was imbued more thoroughly perhaps with the "daemonic" theory of inspiration and execution than any other poet of the nineteenth century.¹⁰ A man who sang, without any sense of incongruity, "my Soul and I," or "Come, said my Soul," would naturally resort to the third personal form of address in exhorting himself to induce higher degrees of enthusiasm or poetic frenzy. This invocatory tendency is evident even in his briefest notations of thoughts for use in poems or lectures, which are usually dashed off with first-heat vividness on slips of paper, intended to be stored away and later built into some permanent structure, in accord with the shrewd thrift which characterized Whitman's handling of his material. The variety of striking devices used to catch his own attention at some future re-reading, and to underscore the pregnant points of some particularly rich gleaning of ideas, can hardly be conveyed to the reader even by a photographic reproduction of the poet's memoranda. Different-colored pencils and ink, and a wide variation of styles of printing or writing, as well as technical typographical indications, are constantly utilized. The frequent use of hands drawn with index finger pointing to a "lead" are especially revelatory of the "third-personal" objective attitude of Whitman toward his creative Self. The notebooks containing the geneses of poems abound in directions for composition in which he addresses himself as a third person.¹⁶

The perusal of Whitman's notes on Oratory reveals the fact that he had as fully defined an ideal of a new and freshly American style in oratory as he had in other arts, specifically poetry and music. His celebration of the ideal American poet, from the Preface of 1855 on through his whole career, is too well known to require comment. It is not generally realized, however, that he entertained equally definite conceptions about the future development of music, and even went so far as to give

after reading a Ballad
from Walter Scott.
The ancient ballad re-
citing.

a Ballad from
Walter Scott
had reciting
from Walter Scott

Random Moments

Months & Moments
out of a life in the 19th century
in the New World
on the cover
Walt Whitman's
Months & Moments

12.2.2

specific indication of what American opera should approximate, in his scheme of correlated arts consecrated to the formation of a new national art idiom.³⁷

In the field of oratory, his favorite theme — of the great national spokesman to come — had full play. “A great leading representative man, with perfect power, perfect confidence in his power, persevering, with repeated specimens ranging up and down The States, — such a man, above all things, would give it a fair start . . . Washington made free the body of America, for that was first in order. Now comes one who will make free the American soul.” Is it possible that Whitman imagined at times that he was called to be the orator “to make free the American soul,”

To inflate the chest, to roll the thunder of the voice out from
the ribs and throat,
To make the people rage, weep, hate, desire, with yourself,
To lead America — to quell America with a great tongue?

It is not unlikely that he had ambition to fulfill this rôle himself.

But it was not only in political speeches and public addresses of an ethical character that Whitman delighted to exercise his declamatory powers. There is abundant contemporary evidence concerning his reading of poems in public, in a very impressive manner. In a diary for the year 1863, used by Whitman during his visits to war hospitals, appears the entry: “October 1st, 1863. Among other things in my visits to hospitals, I commence reading pieces.”³⁸ This practice of reciting poems, both his own compositions and others, he kept up throughout his life, as many references show. Herbert Gilchrist made manuscript notes of Whitman’s visits to his mother’s house in Philadelphia in 1876–1877, among which occurs this entry: “In the evening Sunday he recited Tennyson’s *Ulysses* grandly, and at my request the *Mystic Trumpeter*. He said it exercised his lungs, the animal part — but that he did mostly this, and seldom entered into the spiritual part.”³⁹

There are available many contemporary newspaper accounts, supplemented by descriptions of personal acquaintances,⁴⁰ concerning his

public appearances as a reciter of poems, or as a lecturer on "The Death of Abraham Lincoln," a rôle which he filled regularly on the anniversary of Lincoln's death, from 1879 till 1890.⁴¹ This was an activity which he enjoyed very much. In 1879 he wrote, "I intend to go up and down the land (in moderation) seeking whom I may devour, with lectures, and reading of my own poems."⁴² But doubtless the most interesting souvenir of this phase of his activity is the "Reading Book" which he used on the occasions of his public lectures or poetical readings during his latter years, and which is now in the Library of Congress.⁴³

From all this, it is apparent that Whitman's interest in oratory was by no means merely that of an amateur. He regarded it as an important phase of his work as a national spokesman, and never lost an opportunity to demonstrate his theory of public speaking. Considerable understanding of his philosophy and the genesis of his own poetical expression may be gleaned from the notes for lectures, and their delivery comments, here reproduced. In addition to this derivative interest, many of the notes constitute vital thought-stuff expressed in an unmistakably Whitman vein. Those on Religion and on Democracy and "Adhesiveness" are rife with loose-flung ideas which later crystallized into some of the trenchant passages in *Leaves of Grass*. This is not surprising, since, according to a recent thematic analysis of Whitman's poetry, these subjects loom far beyond all others in bulk, in the totality of themes treated in Whitman's poems.⁴⁴

NOTES ON LECTURING AND ORATORY.

“LECTURES” OR “LESSONS.”⁴⁵

The idea of strong live addresses directly to the people, adm. 10 c.,⁴⁶ North and South, East and West — at Washington, — at the different State Capitols — Jefferson (Mo.) — Richmond (Va.) — Albany — Washington &c — promulging the grand ideas of American ensemble liberty, concentrativeness, individuality, spirituality &c &c.

Keep steadily understood, with respect to the effects and fascinations of *Elocution* (so broad, spacious, and vital) that although the Lectures may be printed and sold at the end of every performance, nothing can make up for that *irresistible attraction and robust living* treat of the vocalization of the lecture, by me, — which must defy all competition with the printed and read repetition of the Lectures.⁴⁷

Lessons (as for instance

To — (so and so

To Spiritualists

To Lawyers

Names of Lectures

To (so and so)

as

To Religious inquirers

To women

Lessons number them as Lesson No. 5, 41, 66

? — no matter what it is — In Geography, Language, Politics — a person (as Elias Hicks, Voltaire, Emerson, &c) —

At end, *with energy and as a fruit or crowning flowerage*, with perfect, perhaps vehement vocalization give the morale, finale, amount, application, part in the ensemble, relation to the ensemble of the subject of that Lesson —

A Lesson must be supplied, braced, fortified at all points. It must have its facts, statistics, materialism, its relations to the physical state of man, nations, the body, and so forth, and to money-making and well being. It must have its intellectual completeness, its beauty, its reasoning to convince, its proofs, and so forth, and finally it must have its reference to the spiritual, the mystic in man, that which knows without proof, and is beyond materialism.

Some Lessons or Discourses — may be in *Parts* as with separate headings — *not* in the connected and unbroken style of the present Discourses of preachers, Lectures, &c

founding a *new school* of

Declamation	far more direct, close,
Composition	

 animated and fuller of live tissue and muscle than any hitherto — entirely different (of course) from the old style — and acting as Consuelo's free and strong Italian style did in the singing of the respectable village church

May 31, 1858 ⁴⁸

It seems to me called for a revolution in American oratory to change it from the excessively diffuse and impromptu character it has (an ephemeral readiness, surface animation, the stamp of the daily newspaper, to be dismissed as soon as the next day's paper

May 31. '58.

It seems to me called for to inaugurate a revolution in American oratory, to change it from the excessively diffuse and impromptu character it has, (an ephemeral readiness, surface animation, the stamp of the daily newspaper, to be dismissed as soon as the next day's paper appears) - and to make it the ~~action~~ means of the grand modernized delivery of live modern orations, appropriate to America, appropriate to the world.

May 31 - 2

This change is a serious one, and, if to be done at all, cannot be done easily. A great leader representative man, with perfect power, and perfect confidence in his power, persevering, with repeated specimens, brings up and down the States - such a man, above all things, would give it a fair start. - What are your theories? - Let us have the practical sample of a thing, and look upon it, and listen to it and turn it about for to examine it.

appears) and to make the means of the grand modernized delivery of live modern orations, appropriate to America, appropriate to the world. This change is a serious one, and if to be done at all, cannot be done easily. A great leading representative man, with perfect power, perfect confidence in his power, persevering, with repeated specimens ranging up and down The States, — such a man, above all things, would give it a fair start. What are your theories? Let us have the practical sample of a thing, and look upon it and listen to it, and turn it about for to examine it. Washington made free the body of America, for that was first in order — Now comes one who will make free the American soul. —

“STYLE.”

Practice and experiment until I find a flowing, strong, *appropriate speaking, composition style*, which requires many different things from the written style.

Develop language anew, make it not literal and of the elder modes but elliptical & idiomatic.

The trouble in Lecture style is often the endeavor (from the habit of forming the rhythmic style of *Leaves of Grass*) involuntarily to preserve a sort of rhythm in the Lecture sentences, — It seems to me this rhythm, for them, is not only not necessary, but is often dangerous to their character-requirements — which, for speaking purposes, need to be abrupt, sometimes crackling, with strong contrasts.

I have fallen into a *serious fault of too strong and frequent emphasis* from repeating the Shakesperean passages Caesar & Richard 3d ⁴⁹

*Style**A main requirement of any Lecture*

Does it embody, and express (one leading and simple idea) fitted to popular apprehension without too much complication — and the accessories (and other ideas, in themselves, equally great, but, for the present purposes, not brought too forward) all carefully kept down so that the *strong colors, lights and lines of the Lecture* mark that *one simple leading*



idea or theory.

☞ Do not attempt to put *too much* in one Lecture nor make it too complicated — The elocution should be so broad and spacious as to make a short lecture (in writing) fill up the hour.

In "Lessons" (Orations) the new speaker need not (must not) spare himself

"I have sinned" must run through some part of them, or may run through — Confession, Penance, an open exposition —

? Why not mention myself by name, Walt Wh - - - , in my speeches — aboriginal fashion? as in the speech of Logan?

Style

besides direct addressing *to You*, another leading trait of Lectures may well be — strong assertion — ("I say") it is so?) — launched out with fire, or emphasis, or enthusiasm, or anger - - - (Each of the above emotions may come in well in the elocution of lectures)

Style of Lectures**Shorter, more abrupt paragraphs****Carefully fitted****For Elocutionary Purposes,****For expressive Pauses,****For a Vocal Style****Short paragraphs like Mr. Clapp's leaders.****"ORATORY." ⁵⁰**

From the opening of the Oration & on through, the great thing is to be inspired as one divinely possessed, blind to all subordinate affairs and given up entirely to the surgings and utterances of the mighty tempestuous demon.⁵¹

Yes, the place of the orator and his hearers is truly an agonistic arena.⁵² There he wrestles and contends with them — he suffers, sweats, undergoes his great toil and extasy. Perhaps it is a greater battle than any fought by contending forces on land and sea.

Subordinate and keep back, as with a strong hand, all gestures, except a few irresistible ones, and look carefully to the termination or subsiding of gestures, namely: the falling back of the hands, arms &c. into position after they have been put out of it. Restrain and curb gesture. Not too much gesture. Animation and life may be shown in a speech by great feeling in voice and look. Interior gesture, which is perhaps better than exterior gesture.

The amount of all this about interior gesture and a flowing forth of power, simply is: that so much must have been generated, such an exhaustless flood of vitality, tone, sympathy, command and

the undeniable clinch, (all the product of long previous perfect physique through food, air, exercise &c &c) ⁵³ that a subtle something equivalent to gesture and life plays continuously out of every feature of the face and every limb and joint of the body, whether active or still.

Within, the memory, the fancy, the judgment, the passions are all busy; without, every muscle, every nerve is exerted; not a feature, not a limb, but speaks. The organs of the body attuned to the exertions of the mind, through the kindred organs of the hearers, instantaneously and as it were with an electrical spirit vibrate those energies from soul to soul. Notwithstanding the diversity of minds in such a multitude, by the lightning of eloquence, they are melted into one mass, the whole assembly actuated in one and the same way, become as it were but one man, and have but one voice.⁵⁴

Sweeping movements, electric and broad style of the hands, arms, and all the upper joints. These are to be developed just as much as the voice by practice.

The strong, yet flexible face. By persevering exercise, muscular, mental, copious, practice of face, all the muscles attain a perfect readiness of expression, terror, rage, love, surprise, sarcasm.

Animation of limbs, hands, arms, neck, shoulders, waist, open breast, &c. — the fullest type of live oratory — at times an expanding chest at other times reaching forward, bending figure, raised to its fullest height, bending way over, low down, &c.

On the Religion

Change the name from Elias Hecker
make no allusion to him
at all

State the object to be to release
the subject of investigation and
treatment of Religion, from all
tyranny of authority, and throw it
open to the investigation of great
minds, as something which has
to be now taken up de novo,

and carried over
the above is the spinal cord of the lecture
on Religion

Obtain R sentence.

The analogy holds in this way, that the
Love ~~and spirit~~ of the Universe is the ~~Male~~ ^{Male and Lord} ~~the~~ ^{and Mother}
~~spirit~~ and impregnating and animating Spirit.
The ~~Female~~ ^{matter} is the Female and
waits barren and bloomless, the jets of life
from the masculine vigor, the undermost
first cause of all ~~vigor and motion~~ that is not
what Death is.

NOTES FOR LECTURES ON RELIGION.

On the Religion

Change the name from *Elias Hicks* ⁵⁵

make no allusion to him at all

☛ State the object to be to release the investigation and treatment of Religion, from all tyranny of authority, and throw it open to the investigation of great minds, as something which is not settled but has to be now taken up de novo, and carried on
- - - *The above is the spinal cord of the Lecture on Religion*

I say of all dicta upon religion we inherit from the old days, they are worth the same degree of obedience that the dicta upon politics — the same as what their astronomy, chemistry and geology are — no more

Understand then, that in this age or any age, it is a study which has to be begun by the age for itself. Much comes bequeathed to us, in these things, to help us. — Yet the price we pay is equal to the gift.

Opening of Rel.

The fact that concealed beneath the ostensible life which is celebrated in forms, politics, society, conversation, the churches and what is called knowledge and amusement, is the deep silent mysterious never to be examined, never to be told quality of life itself, to which all those ostensible things ceaseless tending — the

eternal life which active or passive, will not let a man ever entirely rest, but in one way or another arouses him to think, to wonder, to doubt, and often to despair.⁵⁶

Rel ? outset

First I wish you to realize well that our boasted knowledge, precious and manifold as it is, sinks into niches and corners, before the infinite knowledge of the unknown. Of the real world of materials, what, after all, are these specks we call knowledge? — Of the spiritual world I announce to you this — much gibberish will always be offered and for a season obeyed — all lands, all times — the soul will yet feel — but to make a statement eludes us — By curious indirections only can there be any statement of the spiritual world — and they will all be foolish — Have you noticed the [worm]⁵⁷ on a twig reaching out in the immense vacancy time and again, trying point after point? Not more helplessly does the tongue or the pen of man, essay out in the spiritual spheres, to state them. In the nature of things nothing less than the special world itself can know itself —

Compared to the vast oceanic vol of the unknown spiritual facts, what is all our material knowledge before the immensity of that which is to come, the spiritual, the unknown, the immensity of being and facts around us of which we cannot possibly take any cognizance.

Catholics have now such numbers as to place any enterprise within their power.⁵⁸ — The laity have long desired an opp to aid such a work — the habit of giving only enhances the desire to

give. The more we give to the poor of Christ, the more blessed will we be.

the true religious genius of our race now seems to say,

Beware of churches!⁵⁹

Beware of priests!

above all things the flights and sublime extasies of the soul cannot submit to the exact statements of any church, or any creed.

Really what has America to do with all this mummery of prayer and rituals and the rant of exhorters and priests? We are not at all deceived by this great show that confronts us of churches, priests and rituals — for piercing beneath, we find there is no life, no faith, no reality of belief, but that all is essentially a pretence, a sham.⁶⁰

I say that there is today little perhaps no religion — it is a matter of dress only.

A few words in memoriam, pensive to the stages of religious expression during the past thousands of years, for the changes all that time have been little changes of costumes. It is America that makes the radical change involving new stages for many thousand years to come.

The theme of my lecture is Religion.

I am not to be deceived by this huge show of envelopes (churches) and by all the dramatic scenery of religion. I demand something far more real than that for America. I say that today the mummery of the churches, in which none believe but all agree to countenance, with secret sarcasm and denial in their hearts, is what

stands most in the way of a real athletic and fit religion for these States.

What if I should say Religion is too direct a thing to be fooled with in these ways? America is now awake — has knowledge — over looks the past — eyes already the swift-advancing soul, calm, content, coming in strength in beautiful modern garments. It is time the men be sternly recalled to themselves — and the women also. I say in the present age, for developed people, the churches are full of mummeries, unfit to America, disgraceful. Have done with mummeries.

As we look around on Nature, the facts of life, how real they are — how unconscious then all these passing chrysalis Religions, with all the churches and the insane statements of the ministers — appear but as empty shells. They know it not — so melancholy. The bodies are dead — the spirits have flown to other spheres — yet they keep on the same celebrating over the coffins.

Though who does not see that the outward & technical religious belief of the sects of this age is a mere crust crumbling everywhere under our feet? Who does not know that with all these churches, ministers and all the surface deference paid to the sects the souls of the people need something deeper and higher — have irrevocably gone from those churches. Yet let it be distinctly said of the different sects, not only here, but perhaps throughout the world, and in all ages, that from grand points of view, ascending high enough, we dare not find fault with any of them, but perceive that they have done the work that was for them to do, and could not be done without them.

Of this thing Religion, the greatest thing, I perceive, that can engage the individual's or nation's mind, through time, do you suppose you are to treat it as something explored and known? — it needs such rare combinations, such sublime faculties, with inherent vision. Where may we procure them? Of the thousands and tens of thousands engaged in babbling in America over the divine themes, how many do you suppose (contribute) one thought, one single word? dialogues, hollow, (all) life long departed.

I write not hymns

I see the building of churches

If I build God a church it shall be a church to men
and women.

If I write hymns they shall be all to men and women,

If I become a devotee, it shall be to men and women.

The new theologies bring forward man — There is nothing in the universe any more divine than man. All gathers to the worship of man — How awful, how beautiful a being — How full of Gods is the world — There are none greater than these present ones — Why has it been taught that there is only one Supreme? — I say there are and must be myriads of Supremes. I say that that is blasphemous petty and infidel which denies any immortal soul to be eligible to advance onward to be as supreme as any — I say that all goes on to be eligible to become one of the Supremes —

The whole scene shifts — the relative positions change — Man comes forward inherent, superb, the soul, the judge, the common average man advances, ascends to place. God disappears — the whole idea of God, as hitherto presented in the religions of the

world for the thousands of past years, or rather the scores of thousands of past years, for reasons disappears —

God abdicates

I say to you that all forms of religion, without excepting one, any age, any land, are but mediums, temporary yet necessary, fitted to the lower mass-ranges of perception of the race — part of its infant school — and that the developed soul passes through one or all of them, to the clear homogeneous atmosphere above them — There all meet — previous distinctions are lost — Jew meets Hindu, and Persian Greek and the Asiatic and European and American are joined — and any one religion is just as good as another.

There is no false Religion — Each one is divine. Each one means exactly the state of development of the people — they have arrived at that, — by-and-by they will pass on farther — The Christian Religion though the highest and most beautiful and advanced means the same and stands in the same position.⁶¹

If you have in you that which makes you realize the delicious-[ness] of visiting the sick in hospitals and the poor — if you have those sublime moments released from all cares and soaring to the idea of God, rapt, sublime — if elate with immortality, realizing the divine of man, then you have the curious something, the crown of life and being, the lumine of the soul, without which all else is darkness, religion — no matter whether in one country or another, one age or another, one profession or another, pagan, Mahometan, Christian, or atheist —

Disaster, and temptation, are the examiners of a man. — They take his weight and density, and thenceforward he can be labeled or stamped at so much value.

Agitation is the test of the goodness and solidness of all politics and laws and institutions and religions. — If they cannot stand it, there is no genuine life in them, and they shall die.

A noble soul often illustrates itself in what the world rates as trivial: the grandeur and beauty of the spirit making the commonest action more luminous than the sun.

Do you ask me what are my own particular dangers and complaints — what is taken that belongs to me — I complain not of myself — What have I to complain of for myself — Everything is mine that I want, and I know of nothing to be had at all which I could not work for and get.

What is it to own anything? — It is to incorporate it into yourself, as the primal god swallowed the five immortal offspring of Rhea, and accumulated to his life and knowledge and strength all that would have grown in them. [There is no]³⁰⁷ such a thing as ownership here anyhow — one of the laws being that from the moment a man takes the smallest page exclusively to himself, and tries to keep it from the rest, from that moment it begins to wither under his hand and its immortal hieroglyphics presently fade away and become blank.

The affluent man is he who confronts the grandest show and sees by an equivalent or more than equivalent from the grander wealth of himself.

No one can realize anything unless he has it in him . . . or has been it.

It must certainly tally with what is in him . . . otherwise it is all blank to him.

The animals, the past, light, space — if I have them not in me, I have them not at all.

The future is in me as a seed or nascent thought —

If the general has a good army in himself he has a good army . . . otherwise he has no army worth mentioning.

If you are rich in yourself you are rich . . . otherwise you are wretchedly poor.

If you are located in yourself you are well located . . . you can never be dislodged or moved then.

If you are happy out of yourself you are happy . . . but I tell you you cannot be happy by others any more than you can beget a child by others . . . or conceive a child by others.⁶²

fiercely and with screaming energy

This great earth that rolls in the air, and the sun and moon, and men and women — do you think nothing more is to be made of them than storekeeping and books and produce and drygoods and something to pay taxes on?

I will not envy a man who possesses sides of beef and barrels of apples or cubic rods of good coal, if he merely have all the care and hauling and lowering and hoisting of them, and so goes on for a lifetime, and they never serve his sinews and blood and senses for food or for warmth. — The more of these he has, the more books to keep, the more he stays indoors, the more he demeans and wilts himself, and deforms himself into the crooked. Will it pay? —

The few who write the books and preach the sermons and keep the

schools — are they so much more than those who do not teach, or preach, or write? This we call literature and science, is not so very much — there is enough of unaccountable importance and beauty in every step we tread, and every thought of ours.

Noble as books and the writers of books are — the leaven of the true bread of life, the stairs of humanity, the cables that hold to us, as to a shore, the freighted supply ship of the past — there is something better than any and all books, and that is the real stuff whereof they are the artificial transcript and portraiture. —

There are plenty who do not own books, but all men and women possess in fee simple the curbless and bottomless mine itself, whence books are but the dust and scraps. — I have not seen the great pictures and sculpture of the world — the magnolias of art; I have never yet seen the fragment of the true cross in Rome, or that magnolia of art the Last Judgment, — I am not on visiting terms with the rich connoisseur at his palace up town, who shows envying visitors through sumptuous galleries of rich work from Italy and France (and I too love to see them) that cost a quarter of a million, but where under the sun by day or the stars by night, under what grade of latitude and longitude, on the sea or on the land, will I be without the autograph of God? — What black and stupid hour is that, while the unspeakable Something in man's eyes anywhere beams upon me, that I do not feel the hint and the extasy of the presence of God?

Poem Religious
 or in lecture on Religion

Put in the idea that we absolutely know *nothing*, on these mysteri-

ous and ever-elusive subjects — that they are useful, as suggestive, as soaring up, beyond the demonstrable, the practical which appeals to mind and sense — that they are precious beyond account, as elevating and clarifying, as fine spiritual exercises — but beware! beware! Know, once for all, they are not true as truths, — only as indications or primary spiritual hypotheses (?)

The real truth is no doubt infinitely beyond all those little broken and jangled hints.

The Incomplete

Always unfinished — always incompleting,
 The best yet left — the road but fairly started,
 The learning practice so far only practice,
 The seed but sown — the test the fruit.
 That is best which wears the longest ³⁰⁸

Beg. of Religion

? (three Lectures)

Convey the idea that for all much has been ciphered out — though around me I see plenty, perhaps most, persons, who suppose these great things (unknown world things) are well investigated and settled, to me for one, they are as studies to be commenced, leading, I know not yet to what conclusions — I am therefore a beginner —

Yes — first steps, approaches, (for must we not first creep, as a babe, even toward the grandest) — attempts. And what is the Universe, with all its shows? What is Life itself? but a Vestibule to something, in the future, we know not what — but something as certain as the Present is certain. Nay, who that has reach'd what

may be called the full Vestibule but has had strong suspicions that what we call the Present, Reality, &c. with all its Corporeal shows, may be the Illusion for reasons, & that even to this Identity of yours or mine, the far more Permanent is yet unseen, yet to come — like a long train of noble corridors & infinite Halls & Superb endless chambers, yet awaiting us. Yes, indeed, “in our Father’s House are many mansions.”

Our acquirements, judgments, views, on Religious, Literary or Political subjects — what are they, even the best & most labored of them but Vestibules to fuller views and judgments?

There are in things two elements fused though antagonistic. One is that bodily element, which has in itself the quality of corruption and decease; the other is the element, the Soul, which goes on, I think, in unknown ways, enduring forever and ever.

The analogy holds in this way — that the Soul of the Universe is the Male and genital master and the impregnating and animating spirit — Physical matter is Female and Mother and waits barren and bloomless, the jets of life from the masculine vigor, the undermost first cause of all that is not what Death is. —

I do not seek those that love me I would rather seek after some that hate me.³⁰⁸

The test of the goodness or truth of anything is the soul itself — whatever does good to the soul, soothes, refreshes, cheers, inspirits, consoles, &c &c — that is so, easy enough. — But doctrines, sermons, logic? ?

There was never any more inception than there is now
 Nor any more youth or age
 And will never be any more perfection
 Nor any more heaven or hell ⁶³

Of my affairs, bothers, annoyances — a thought —

To reduce everything to the Spirit of Nature, so sanely complacent, al fresco and imperturbable, — (as I sit here writing this — in the open air, down in the fields, alone at White Horse, Oct 2, '76, the sun almost down, the evening shades beginning) & saturate everything that happens to said affairs with that imperturbable Spirit

is the thought in my mind.

So sweet, fresh, and compact, we will go forth in the open sky, under the sun, to glide swift in our spirits over all continents and seas, that we possess ourselves of the great round globe, and lose these little nuisances that we're dwelling too long upon —

Nature all so real — so whole — so compact, without flaw! But these religions — these creeds!

It is a terrible sign of the human soul that it will not own any limit, even the widest. — The moment we knew the diameter of the earth to be eight thousand miles, it became no great thing to us. — With all the appalling grandeur of astronomy, if we could fix the line beyond which there was no material universe, our soul, I think, would pine away and begin its death sickness.

The mirror that Nature holds and hides behind is deep and floating and ethereal and faithful. — A man always sends and sees himself in it — from himself he reflects the fashion of his gods and

all his religions and politics and books and art and social and public institutions — ignorance or knowledge — kindness or cruelty — grossness or refinement — definitions or chaos — each is unerringly sent back to him or her who anxiously gazes.⁶⁴

In the respect of happiness or extasy, the beautiful gas pervades the air continually and we only need to be rightly tuned and conditioned in order that it may catch to us like gunpowder catches to fire and flow into us like one river into another.

good moments

soul in high glee *all out*
 exquisite state of feeling of happiness
 some moments at the opera
 in the woods

[?] ²⁰⁷

or the mettlesome action of blood horses
 and the unimpeachableness of the sentiment of trees ²¹

good to bring *in lecture*

or reading

beauty

series of comparisons

not the beautiful youth with features of bloom & brightness

but the bronze old farmer and father

not the soldiers trim in handsome uniform marching off to sprightly music with measured step

but the remnant returning, thinned out,

not the beautiful flag with the stainless white, spangled with silver & gold

But the old rag just adhering to the staff, in tatters — the remnant of many battle-fields

not the beautiful girl or the elegant lady with ? complexion,

But the mechanic's wife at work, & the mother of many children, middle-aged or old.⁶⁸

Not the vaunted scenery of the tourist, picturesque,
But the plain landscape, the bleak sea shore, or the barren plain, with the common sky & sun — or at night the moon and stars

Rel opening Rel

(short sentences and ¶'s ?

To declare, with simplicity, two premise points

? after stating that I enter upon these things as studies

1	{	that I understand perfectly well how all the past religions distinctly acknowledge	of the world, and the present ones also, deserve respect (notice) ? as outlets (outgrowths) in one channel or another, each age, each land, each race or sect or ? according to its kind, its precedents — outgrowths of the invisible something, the soul, contained within, mocking analysis, mocking even the statement of itself, yet proof, higher than all the art of						
		? or of words that		immortality the spiritual conscientiousness the sense of the distinction between right and wrong					
2	{	yet I will not	<table border="0" style="display: inline-table;"> <tr> <td style="font-size: 2em; vertical-align: middle; padding-right: 5px;">{</td> <td style="padding: 0 5px;">?</td> <td style="padding: 0 5px;">mislead</td> <td rowspan="3" style="padding-left: 20px;">you — what I teach America</td> </tr> <tr> <td style="padding: 0 5px;">delude</td> </tr> <tr> <td style="padding: 0 5px;">ignore</td> </tr> </table>	{	?	mislead	you — what I teach America	delude	ignore
		{	?	mislead	you — what I teach America				
delude									
ignore									
		teach as religion makes	<table border="0" style="display: inline-table;"> <tr> <td style="padding: 0 5px;">little</td> <td rowspan="2" style="padding-left: 5px;">account of all</td> </tr> <tr> <td style="padding: 0 5px;">no</td> </tr> </table>	little	account of all	no			
little	account of all								
no									
		— Doubtless the very opening of this sublime study							
		— Did you suppose it already with settled conclusions?							

THREE LECTURES ON RELIGION

Finale — state, in a strong manner, (with wierd [*sic*] illustration if necessary), that all I say is but arousing and troubling, — that I can settle nothing — that we are sailing a great sea blown hither and thither and know not our own destination⁶⁶ — only this ~~is~~ that, whatever it is I, full of confidence, full of joy, know that it is good for me, and that it is divine and great.

If I have any principle & lesson underlying my writings, peculiarly marking them, it is that lesson for Man and Woman which Nature shows throughout — of continual development, of arriving at any one result or degree only to start on further results and degrees. Invisibly, inaudibly, after their sorts, all the forces of the Universe, the air, every drop of water, every grain of sand, are pulsating, progressing.²³

Notion of the Immutability of God

Religion, the noblest Religion, is not a complete edifice in itself; it is the array of coping, the last crown and finish — the top of towers and pinnacles — yet raised at last on many edifices — many foundations and substructures. I cannot join men of science in their silent or expressed contempt of the vulgar idea of God. That idea seems to me to come out of the abysm — not that it is true, but that it is a faint indication of the all-enclosing truth, perhaps indirection (as much as the masses can hold) of the truth beyond all science. Grant all the harm that it has done in the history of man — then what would man be, or have been, without it?

**NOTES FOR LECTURES ON DEMOCRACY AND
"ADHESIVENESS." 66**

I say that the Spirit of the Democracy of These States looks upon all the things so far done as but the initials of stronger things to come — I say there must be positive and vital Democracy — not these make-believes and outward shells — Democracy of manners, sociology. — At present all give lip service enough but neither in manners, nor courts of law, nor in the spirit of literature (except in the cheap mass-papers) do I perceive any real Democracy. — I know nothing more treacherous than the position of nearly all the eminent persons in These States toward the Spirit of Democracy —

In These States, more than all the world else, are needed today stern reminders

The questions are such as these ³⁰⁷

Has his life shown the true American character?

And does it show the true American character?

Has he been easy and friendly with his workmen? — Has he been the stern master of slaves?

Has he been for making ignominious distinctions? Has he respected the literary classes and looked on the ignorant classes with contempt?

What have we of such except a few old traditions? And what of them but the husks?

I say that the idea and practice of all the present relics of imported feudal manners, the taking of hats off in any presence,

and all siring and Mr.-ing with all their vast entourage, and all that depends upon the principle they depend upon are foreign to These States and are to go the same road hence as the idea and practice of royalty have gone.

I want no more of these deferences to authority — this taking off of hats and saying Sir — I want to encourage in the young men the spirit that does not know what it is to feel that it stands in the presence of superiors

The time has arrived when These States, in all their intercourse with powers, Courts, or what not, shall preserve their own personality, with haughtiness and silence. When These States have their own type of manners, idiomatic and free — when the free-man keeps his hat on his head in any presence, no matter for President, or judge.

I hold it should be the glory and pride of America not to be like other lands, but different, after its own different spirit.

Let others say what they like — I say that all the military and naval personnel of the States must conform to the sternest principles of Dem.

I say that what so far prevails here, the hitherto types of the royal person, the classic hero, the European lord, the fine gentleman, for our own purposes are essentially defective and foreign to us — and that America must haughtily advance and support her own types, ruder and more generous, full of practical life, — type of a man to whose nostrils the air of These States has been breathed for the breath of life.

The world is too prone (even here in America) to this glamour about Kings and Lords & leaders greatly born. Democracy needed one averaged certainly down low enough in the average of his birth & growth to prove not only grandest heroism but grandest estheticism eligible to us, our working-day occasions (for Abraham Lincoln).

I have seen some very indignant rebukes in various papers on the charge of the physical degeneracy of the American race — But the truth is there will be in America as great specimens of men, as fine horses, as in any other part of the world.

There is something more important than Arts and Literature & the mighty Factories & great Architecture of cities, & ships at the wharves, and bank-safes fill'd with coin, or mints with bullion, — rather, these are not the least worth except as conducing to this result — a race of perfect men, women & children, grandly developept in body, emotions, heroism & intellect — not a select class so developept but the general population.

In the midst of all this eager and stately talk about leading the world in trade, these decisions of the Treasury and the great Bankers about Currency, and Silver and Gold — the meetings of Chambers of Commerce — these ardent aspirations of so many good Americans that our country should be filled with myriads of trading rich cities and productive Factories, let me launch the thought for simple, independent, proud, sane, unrich hardy manhood! Broad I would have it, and general — all the States each after its kind — South, North, West, East. Dare I to say that I distrust the excessive growth of these Commercial, Manufactur-

ing theories and practices. All the Commerce and Wealth of the World — vast ganglions of bankers and merchant princes — what were they in comparison with the general prevalence through the bulk of the torso of These States of sound men women and children, of simpler wants, owners of their own homes, of natural talents, untainted with the sick-madness which we see.⁶⁷

— Rank as those movements are, I know nothing in These States so grand as the movements of their politics — I do not view them in their details, but in the magnificent copiousness of their aggregate; I perceive all the corruption — I observe shallow men are put in the greatest offices, even in the Presidency — and yet with all that, I entirely accept the movements of American politics. I know that underneath all this putridity of Presidents and Congressmen that has risen at the top, lie pure waters a thousand fathoms deep. — They make the real ocean, whatever the scum may be on its surface.

About this business of Democracy & human rights &c, often comes the query — as one sees the shallowness and miserable self-ism of these crowds of men, with all their minds so blank of high humanity and aspiration — then comes the terrible query, and will not be denied, Is not Democracy of human rights humbug after all — Are these flippant people with hearts of rags and souls of chalk, are these worth preaching for & dying for upon the cross? May be not — may be it is indeed a dream — yet one thing sure remains — but the exercise of Democracy, equality, to him who, believing preaches, and to the people who work it out —

this is not a dream — to work for Democracy is good, the exercise is good — strength it makes & lessons it teaches — gods it makes, at any rate, though it crucifies them often.

Subjects

Rapid and temporary manner of American changes of popularity for eminent statesmen. (instance of Crawford) (reverse instance, Pitt)

Answer the objection that democratic forms of gov. not energetic enough in cases of emergency. (Commonwealth of England — directory of France.)

Equality of all rights and persons is imperiously demanded by self-preservation — The cause of the ruin of all states that have been ruined has been that the whole body of the inhabitants without exception were not equally interested in the preservation of those states or cities — or that a portion were degraded.

There is no week nor day nor hour when tyranny may not enter upon this country, if the people lose their supreme confidence in themselves, — and lose their roughness and spirit of defiance — Tyranny may always enter — there is no charm no bar against it — the only bar against it is a large resolute breed of men.

I have little hope of any man or any community of men, that looks to some civil or military power to defend its vital rights. — If we have it not in ourselves to defend what belongs to us, then the citadel and heart of the towns are taken.

The idea of reconciliation — that what has been done, is con-

sumed — Ever, out of its ashes, let new, sweeter, more amicable fruits ripen. —

The idea that no style of behaviour, or dress, or public institutions, or treatment by bosses of employed people, and nothing in the army or navy, nor in the courts, or police, or tuition, or amusements, can permanently elude the jealous and passionate instinct of American standards. —

Have you in you the enthusiasm for the battles of Bunker Hill and Long Island and Washington's retreat? — Have you the heroic feeling ²⁰⁷

— Look forth then for there is still occasion for courage and devotion.

— Nature is not so poor but there is always occasion for courage and determined power and defiance.

Then you can say as to Nature these words — send us O Nature as much as you like — send us the children of the poor, the ignorant, and the depraved — We are ready for them — we can receive them — For them also we have preparation and welcome — We have not only welcome for the healthy and strong. — And to the soul every feeble and helpless creature is its child.

Going among a large collection of blind persons — the wish that they could see and have all the blessings and knowledge thence — would it make your sight any less valuable to you?

I know that pleasure filters in and oozes out of me at the opera, but I know too that subtly and unaccountably my mind is sweet and odorous within while I clean up my boots and grease the pair that I reserve for stormy weather.

If there be some brute very sagacious and intelligent
 And a being of our human race no more sagacious and intelligent
 than that animal — is one preferred to the other?

Clergymen get their two or ten thousand a year, and members of
 Congress get their eight dollars a day; and certainly it is right
 enough by the moral theory that floats on the surface, which is
 exactly the same as the paper money theory; everybody knows
 that it is not money and the puzzle is never exactly satisfied; but
 the bills pass and we will take them as long as other folks do.

to Picture-Makers

Make a Picture of America as an IMMORTAL MOTHER, surrounded
 by all her children young and old — no one rejected — all fully
 accepted — no one preferred to another. Make her seated. — She
 is beautiful beyond the beauty of virginity — she has the inimita-
 ble beauty of the mother of many children — she is neither youth-
 ful nor aged — around her are none of the emblems of the classic
 goddess — nor any feudal emblems — she is serene and strong as
 the heavens. Make her picture, painters! And you, her statue,
 sculptors! Try age after age, till you achieve it. For as to sons and
 daughters the perfect mother is the one where all meet and binds
 them all together as long as she lives, so The Mother of These
 States binds them all together as long as she lives.⁶³

There is a full-sized woman of calm and voluptuous beauty — the
 unspeakable charm of the face of the mother of many children is
 the charm of her face - - - she is clean and sweet and simple with
 immortal health — she holds always before her what has the
 quality of a mirror, and dwells serenely behind it — ⁶⁴

Mannahatta Lectures "9**"A great city proposed."**

Do you know whom you celebrate in the name of this haughty and populous city? — You celebrate the meanest and feeblest tyrant that ever press'd the English throne — the Duke of York, duly James the Second — the burner of women and torturer of men, for the least freedom in thought or words. Every time the hitherto name of this city is written with the pen or spoken with the mouth it celebrates that man. — If it remains fastened to the city, when after times ask what the name perpetuates, they will have to be answered that it perpetuates the memory of that wretch whom his people chased away, but whose memory is preserved here in the grandest freest and most beautiful city of the world! — It celebrates one who attempted the basest violations of his word, of the colonial charter of this very city, and of all human rights! A pretty name, this, to fasten on the proudest and most democratic city in the world!

Finale for (*Democracy*)**1863**

— Yet through war itself — aye through these thrice hot hells of civil war — through flashing bayonets and out of many a volley — through the yells of the men and the colonel's cries, leading with unsheathed sword, the cries of Charge! Charge! — through the p-h-t! pht of the mine — & the bursting of shells, the thud of the great ball falling, and that wild shriek of the rifled powder — though the fields are covered with dying and with dead — and the hospitals crowded long & long with wounded and with sick — out of all that — the like, and the ghastly face, just dead upon that

cot outside the tent, and the other covered with a dark gray blanket, and waiting to be buried — for these, & more than these, if more than these there be — if anything more monstrous, more unnatural than these there be. . . . Democracy goes on — the modern soul America goes on and must and shall go on.

My final aim

To concentrate around me the leaders of all reforms — transcendentalists, spiritualists, free soilers. — We want no *reforms*, no *institutions*, no *parties* — We want a *living principle* as nature has, under which nothing can go wrong. This must be vital through the United States, fit for the largest cases and actions, and the smallest.

The expression of a perfect made man appears not only in his face — but in his limbs — the motion of his hands and arms and all his joints — his walk — the carriage of his neck — and the fleck of his waist and hips. Dress does not hide him. The quality he has and the clean strong sweet supple nature he has strike through cotton and woolen — To see him walk conveys the impression of hearing a beautiful poem. — To see his back and the back of his neck and shoulderside is a spectacle, Great is the body!³⁰⁸

There is something in the close presence of any candid and clean person — what it is I do not know . . . but it fills me with wonderful and exquisite sensations — It is enough to be with him.³⁰⁸

There is a quality in some persons which ignores and fades away the (reserve) around the hearts of all the people they meet. To them they respond perhaps for the first time in their lives — now

they crave ease — now they take holiday — here is some one that they are not afraid of — they do not feel awe or respect or suspicion — they can be themselves — they can expose their secret failings and crimes. — Most people that come to them are formal or good or eminent — are repugnant to them — They close up, then leave them.

Do you know what I well know?

Do you know what it is to be loved as you pass in the street?

Do you know what it is to have men and women crave the touch of your hands and the contact of you?

Questions of life, —

Have you loved and been beloved?

Are you solitary and without love?

Or is your love unrequited?

Do you love? And is your love requited?

— Beneath the ostensible questions, unspoken yet ever speaking.

Long I was held by the life that exhibits itself,

By what is done in the houses, or the streets, or in company:

The usual pleasures and aims — the intercourse to which all conform, and which the writers celebrate

But now I escape and celebrate the untold and carefully concealed life,

I celebrate the need of the love of comrades.³⁰⁶

Lect. ⁶⁶

Why should there be these modesties and prohibitions that keep women from strong actual life — from going about there with men? I desire to say to you, and let you ponder well upon it, the

fact that under present arrangement, the love and comradeship of a woman, of his wife however welcome, however complete, does not and cannot satisfy the grandest requirements of a manly soul for love and comradeship, — The man he loves, he often loves with more passionate attachment than he ever bestows on any woman, even his wife. — Is it that the growth of love needs the free air — the seasons, perhaps more wildness more rudeness? Why is the love of women so invalid, so transient?

NOTES FOR LECTURES ON LITERATURE.

adv. or [lecture] ³² on L of G

The noisy topics of the world, the world itself with all of its affairs, divide away and disappear in comparison with those things that come directly home to, or arise out of your own body and soul. These are the things made the themes of L. of G.

Poem ? or { statement
lecture
criticism

Suppositious theory as of one who saw where the existing condition of literature was weak, and needed strengthening — What was most needed in America, and through a long range of the future — How the great organizations of machinery, education, refinement, peace, and general social security, make men now (and current literature) deficient in those strong fibres.

For lect. on Literature

What are these called our literary men, poets, &c? Scintillations at best of other literary men and literary needs of other lands — exiles here.

Literature to these gentlemen is a parlor in which no person is to be welcomed unless he come attired in dress coat and observing the approved decorums with the fashionable.

When a grand and melodious thought is told to men for the first time, down within their hearts, each one says, "That music! those large and exquisite passages! Where have I heard them before?"

The poet is a recruiter. He goes forth beating the drum.

— O, who will not join his troop?

He leaps over or dives under for the time, all the reforms and propositions that worry these days, and goes to the making of powerful men and women. — With these, he says, all reforms, all good, will come. — Without these all reforms, all good, all outside effects were useless and helpless. — ³⁰⁷

He does not lose by comparison with the orange tree or magnolia, with fields that nourish the sugar plant or the cotton plant . . . what strengthens or clothes, adorns or is luscious can be had through subtle counterparts from him — from him magnolia and orange and sugarplant and cottonplant and all fruits and flowers and all the sorts and productions of the earth.

address on literature

— You must become a force in the state — and a real and great force — just as real and great as the president and congress — greater than they.

Not (negligible) must be the poets I would have. The poets I would have must be a power in the state, and an engrossing power in the state.

It is not a labor of clothing or putting on or describing — it is a labor of clearing away and reducing — for everything is beautiful in itself and perfect — and the office of the poet is to remove what stands in the way of one perceiving the beauty and perfection.

Always any great and original person, teacher, inventor, artist or

poet, must himself make the taste by which only he will be appreciated, or even received.

The very greatest writers can never be understood or appreciated forthwith — any more than the very greatest discoverers. It takes some ages to unfold the scope of the invention of steam-power or printing, or the discovery of America, or the commencement of the greatest breed of poets.

Addresses on Literature

Though it have all the learning and art of the schools if it have not life it is nothing. When you read or hear it, if it do not call the blood leaping and flowing [it is nothing].³⁰⁷ We do not fall in love with statues — we have no healthy love for them.

We need somebody or something whose utterance were like an old Hebrew prophet's, only substituting rapt literature instead of rapt religion — and the amount of that utterance crying aloud: "Hear, O People! O poets and writers! Ye who have made literature as the upholstery of your parlors, or the confections of your tables. Ye have made a mere ornament, a prettiness. Ye have feebly followed and feebly multiplied the models of other lands. Ye are in the midst of idols of clay, silver and brass. I come to call you to the knowledge of the Living God, in writings. Its own literature, to a nation, is the first of all things. Even its Religion appears only through its Literature, and as a part of it. Know ye, ye may have all other possessions, but without your own soul's literature, ye are but little better than trading, prosperous beasts. Aping but others, ye are but

intelligent apes. Until ye prove title by productions, remain subordinate, and cease that perpetual windy bragging. Far, far above all else in a nation, and making its men to move as gods, behold the bards, orators, and authors, born of the spirit and body of that nation.”


Its Literature, when it comes, is to be the most serious, most subtle, most solid part of America, and making its conflicting elements homogeneous and the States a Nation, and constituent; not a Literature on its breast, for a breastpin, or worn in the ears for ear-rings.⁷⁰

II

ANTI-SLAVERY NOTES.

II

ANTI-SLAVERY NOTES.

 **HERE** is a sin of omission often laid at Whitman's door by ardent humanitarians. "How is it," they say, "that a poet of democracy and humanitarianism did not express himself on the subjects of abolition, ill treatment of slaves, the Missouri Compromise, and the national issues leading up to the Civil War?" It is not surprising that the impression should have got abroad that Whitman was indifferent to these matters, considering the almost total omission of the subject from his published works. In a paper read before a meeting of the Whitman Fellowship in Boston in 1897, he was openly reproached with the charge that he had not left "at least one stinging philippic against his country's shame." ⁷¹

There are other reasons besides the seeming neglect of the subject of anti-slavery agitation in his poems, which have strengthened the opinion that Whitman was not in sympathy with Abolitionists. It is well known that the serious misunderstanding which led to final estrangement between Whitman and his warm friend and ardent admirer, William Douglas O'Connor (the originator of the phrase "the Good Gray Poet") arose from Whitman's unwillingness to go as far as O'Connor in demonstration of violent Abolitionist sympathies. Of his own attitude in this unfortunate affair, Whitman has this to say: "O'Connor was a thorough-going anti-slavery believer and writer (doctrinaire), and though I took a fancy to him from the first, I remember I feared his ardent abolitionism, — was afraid it would probably keep us apart. (I was a decided and out-spoken anti-slavery believer myself, then and always; but shied from the extremists, the red-hot fellows of those times.)" ⁷²

Whitman was connected with many different newspapers, both as contributor and editor, all through the years preceding the outbreak of

the Civil War, yet the newspaper articles or printed reports of speeches by him which have been published in collections of his journalistic writings have only remote bearing upon his attitude toward abolition. In the lack of much positive evidence to the contrary, there has seemed to be good ground for the generally accepted opinion that Whitman, perhaps a trifle phlegmatic in political and public affairs, as one biographer observes, evinced "an evident detachment from the pressing concerns of American life."⁷⁸ Fortunately for his reputation as a public-spirited citizen, there have come to light among the notebooks and manuscripts in the Library of Congress a considerable quantity of notes occasioned by the Missouri Compromise and the Fugitive Slave Law, in which Whitman comments upon the contemporary situation at white heat. The general effect of these notes is to show that his attitude was anything but "an evident detachment."

It is uncertain what purpose these notes may have been designed for primarily. They may have been set down as grist for some of the various newspapers with which Whitman was connected. They may even more probably have been intended for working up lectures on the subject. This conjecture would seem to receive considerable support from the oratorical style of some of the notes, which may doubtless have served their purpose on some occasion such as Whitman had in mind when he set down this vivid snapshot of himself on the firing-line, in his notebook marked "Orator." "Having been engaged to deliver one of the 'Lessons' to an Anti-Slavery Meeting — he does not go, smiling and shaking hands, waiting on the platform with the rest — but punctual to the hour, appears at the platform-steps with a friend, and ascends the platform, silent, rapid, stern, almost fierce — and delivers an oration of liberty — up-braiding, full of invective — with enthusiasm." One wonders, when surveying this vivid word picture, whether it was drawn from experience in just such gripping situations of actual public appearance, or whether its realism may have been due largely to the dramatic imagination and emotional intensity of the poet latent within the would-be lecturer. There can be no doubt that Whitman did formulate

material for anti-slavery speeches, whether they were ever delivered or not. Here is a specimen notation.

for oration

must we be unchecked, unmastered — what real Americans can be made out of slaves? What real Americans can be made out of the masters of slaves?

Whatever may have been the initial impetus for the prose jottings on the subject of slavery, there can be no doubt that the torsos of poems which emerge at intervals from the medley of this material were spontaneous outbursts of genuine feeling on the part of the author. There is almost fierce exultation in anticipation of meeting Apollyon.

I welcome this menace — I welcome thee with joy,
Why now I shall know whether there is anything in you,
Libertad.⁷⁴

The threatening undertone of approaching conflict is clearly discerned and tossed into groping lines that yearn toward rhythms not yet realized.

I heard & yet hear, angry thunder — O sailors! O ships!
make a quick preparation!
O from his masterful sweep, the warning cry of the eagle!
— Give way there all! it is useless — give up your spoils!⁷⁵

There seems to be no logical explanation as to the motive which restrained Whitman from bringing these fragmentary chronicles of one of the most stirring periods of American history to a state of complete articulation, and welding them into unequivocal testimony of his feeling of identity with the struggle to abolish human slavery, along with his carefully prepared pictures of the “shows I knew of crimson war.” Only in the poetically negligible “Boston Ballad (1854)” is there a specific attempt to record this phase of his life. May it be that he felt too personally the bitterness of the ante-bellum spiritual conflict before the actual physical struggle was precipitated, to care to perpetuate it in his poems? Or did his eventual sympathy with the South conduce to silence on the subject? ⁷⁶

ANTI-SLAVERY NOTES.

As of the orator advancing

As, for example, having been engaged to deliver one of the "Lessons" to an Anti Slavery Meeting — he does not go, smiling and shaking hands, waiting on the platform with the rest — but punctual to the hour, appears at the platform-steps with a friend, and ascends the platform, silent, rapid, stern, almost fierce — and delivers an oration of liberty — up-braiding, full of invective — with enthusiasm.

Every one that speaks his word for slavery, is himself the worst slave — the spirit of a freeman is not light enough in him to show that all the fatness of the earth were bitter to a bondaged neck. — When out of a feast, I eat corn and roast potatoes for my dinner, through my own voluntary choice it is very well and I much content, but if some arrogant head of the table prevent me by force from touching anything but corn and potatoes then is my anger roused.³⁰⁷

for oration

must we be unchecked, unmastered — what real Americans can be made out of slaves? What real Americans can be made out of the masters of slaves? ⁷⁶

in dim outline we see

picture of strong Imperial stern Democracy its attitude & gesture toward the south, toward this hot rebellious rise we call the south — If then you will not own your fate but dare to lift the knife to

plunge it at my breast, learn what it is to rouse the devil. — on your head be the red blood, and on your children's heads, for whether now or ten or twenty years, these must & shall yield place, curious as it seems, to prisoners in war clothes, with wretched blankets, marched to prison, surrounded by armed guards ⁷⁷ — must yield to the poor boys, faint & sick in hospitals, without grace, have not an eye for pictures, have not read the elder poets, but have amputated limbs.

If one compromise is not too good to be broken neither is another — Lay not the flattering unction to your souls that you can play at this game and not we. You believe, or affect to believe the Missouri bargain unconstitutional. We believe it damnable. It is forbidden and overridden by twenty other specific guarantees of the Constitution; if we are cornered so tightly to a choice whether we obey the twenty palpable requirements of freedom, or the one inconsistent compromise for delivering fugitive slaves —

Let no one scorn this band because they are few. — A few, resolute and enthusiastic are more than a match for thousands. — The hearts of men who believe in the inalienable right of every human being to his life, his liberty and his rational pursuit of happiness.

What, this little thing, this just perceptible nerve — so much hubbub about this? It is a just perceptible nerve. — But its soreness makes the tooth ache, and then the torment of the damned runs through the giant's whole body.

I know its preamble or head is comprised in small space, but with it as with a human being, all the rest though ever so big, is noth-

ing at all without the brains at the top. In this case, too, the rest are the belly and legs and arms, serviceable in just so far as they obey the sound brains.

If things go on at this rate, an amazing prospect opens before us, the Union is threatened with a destiny horrible as it is altogether a novelty, something that never happened to any nation before — it is likely to be saved to death. — Our country was born in a manner out of all precedent, if - - - - - have their swing much longer, it will thus go off as no other nation ever went off from the earth before — it will expire from being too affectionately preserved. I think it is already growing a little stale for that.

When the packets arrive in port, they break up the steerage bunks, and build them over again out of new boards.

If I cannot make the harbor and the landing I want, then I sail forever on the seas.

You have learned that the only safe law for religious sects is equal and universal toleration to all of whatever numbers, ages, hues, or language or belief. — Learn that still below this law there lies one larger and more vital to our safety, every one of us; that of the uniform and inherent right of every man and woman to life and liberty, which as no power can take away from an innocent man without outrage, so every such person on whom that outrage is attempted has the inalienable right to defend himself. — As to assisting such a person, it is not likely I shall ever have the privilege, but if I can do it, whether he be black or whether he be white, whether he be an Irish fugitive or an Italian or German or Carolina fugitive, whether he come over sea or over land, if he comes to

me he gets what I can do for him. — He may be coarse fanatical, and a nigger, he may have shown bad judgment, but while he has committed no crime further than seeking his liberty and defending it, as the Lord God liveth, I would help him and be proud of it, and protect him if I could. —

We are all ready enough to make ovations for the great refugees who come with banners flying and the sound of trumpets and drums. — Then we go with the crowd, most men from motives that are creditable to them — a few suckers to make a show and lay traps for votes. — But if some poor Cudjo dodges this way, with the marshal of the United States on his track, and the police to aid in the hunt, that's a different affair. An abolitionist or two may bandy words with the court; but in the main we join against the man and the few who stand up for him. —

I hear much said about the supremacy of law, and that the one citizen submits to the decisions of the constituted tribunals of the law, whatever they may be. — This is a good doctrine and in the main correct. — In the ninety nine hundredths of legislation and judicature respecting taxes, property, tariffs, elections, trade, banking, naturalization and all the decisions of local government — this is a sound rule to go by, and most of us will doubtless pass our lives without controverting it. — But the true American free-man holds in reserve, forever, a stern power, which though it lie asleep for scores and fifties of years because no occasion compels it, must never be given up altogether. — If you want to know what it is I tell you in plain terms. It is the iron arm of rebellion. — I say that the Congress of these states has no right either law

constitution, compact, or any other source whatever, to the unparalleled audacity of intruding in the midst of our local communities anywhere, north or south, ruffians who at their pleasure and on the most flimsy grounds, and in the most summary manner deprive of liberty and carry off one of my countrymen, an American born, an innocent and un-criminal man. — (Is this nothing to me, because it is never likely to be applied to me myself?) It is a direct surcingle on the strongest guarantees of the Constitution, violates the compact of the Declaration of Independence, whose averments and promises the delegates from the colonies pledged their lives fortunes and honor to sustain and those pledges were distinctly ratified by the colonies afterward, and read to the army and sworn to with naked sword. — I say that the power to send among us on authority of the President emissaries unaccountable to our own free laws, to seize with violence on what those only recognize as peaceful Americans, white or black, who have made themselves amenable to no hurt or punishment whatever under our statutes or customs, was never delegated to any man or body of men — that it violates every atom of the theory of state rights — and that we would be no true American freemen, if, whenever it be tried on, it do not wake among us the voice of defiance — aye that iron arm of rebellion which I spoke of, and which we keep for time of need. — Is this a small matter? — The matter of tea and writing paper was smaller. — Why what was it — that little thing that made the rebellion of '76 — a little question of tea and writing paper only great because it involved a great principle. But this is in every way a large question — because among other points it involves the large principle whether we or a power for-

eign to us shall be master of our own special and acknowledged ground. The constitution covenant that the free states shall give up runaway servants — that we all know. — But by the letter and spirit of its most important provisions, we hold the right to decide how to do it, who the runaway servants are, and to perform the whole obligation as we perform any other obligation by one process of law and without any violent intrusion from abroad. — The paltry lawyer's quibble that this section of the Constitution justifies such an unlawful violation of all other rights and covenants of the Constitution does not avail a straw in this infinitely superior question. Every American is proud or may honestly be proud of independent republican institutions — more free, more flexible, more careful of particulars as well as aggregates, than any political practice on a large scale known elsewhere now or that we read of in the past. — Well I say that an American who understands these truths ought to use his voice, not in the snivel of prayer-meetings, or the genteel moderation of a northern congressman, but stern and strong. — Something of this sort is his proper style — What do you want in my free city of the North? The question of respect for the rights of the blacks I defer for the present. — This is purely a question of my own rights, immunities and dignities.⁷⁸ — These streets are mine — there are my officers, my courts, my laws. — At the Capitol is my legislature. — The warrant you bring with you, we know it not; it is foreign to my usages as to my eyes and ears. — Go back to the power that sent you. — Tell it that having delegated to it certain important functions, and having entered into certain important engagements with our brother states, we like all the rest have re-

served more important functions, embody our vilest rights exclusively to ourselves. — For such intrusion upon those vital rights you well deserve the penalty of all hired minions of tyrants and the penalty which the proud Athenians and the stern souled Spartans visited upon the officers that came from the haughty power of Persian royalty with insulting attempts upon their rights. — This one time go in peace. — But come no more with demands of this sort in my proud cities of the North, or my teeming county towns, or along my rivers or sea shore.⁷⁹ —

Congressmen make themselves merry over the supposition of a higher law. But I tell you Americans the earth holds on her huge bosom not a creature more base and abject than that man who takes all that is dictated to him by superior power, whatever it may be, and having no other text for his obedience than political laws, then obeys. It is a law of the soul wherever the rain falls or the hawk flies. The man that lays his beard in the dirt before absolute power is no less abject whether the power come from Washington or the Persian shah.

I say that there is no law nor shadow of law on which high officers of this confederation can claim to send their salaried constables through the separate states and without any trial by our juries or any of the wise checks and delays which we have found it necessary to plant along the road of our judicature, decide at their pleasure, or the pleasure of a petty commissioner, which man among us has right to his liberty and which has not. —

Some simple person or worse, asks how this degrades us. — *We* are not in personal danger of degradation. — Why, what can be a

greater meanness and degradation than for a proud and free community to have forced upon it from an outside power, officers who go at their pleasure and say to a man, come, this soil is no protection to you?

The theory of the American Confederation as outlined in the Declaration of Independence and embodied in the Constitution, and the harmonious workings of the several states, is the most perfect theory in the world, because it is the best in the world in practice. — He fails utterly of understanding its key, however, who supposes we have delegated to any portion of the government, either federal, state, or municipal or the courts any of the most important of our rights. — We have given to these just so much power.

The next worst thing to having such enormous outrages put into laws and acquiesced in by the people without any alarm, is to have them practically carried out. — Nations sink by stages, first one thing and then another.

It is not events of danger and threatening storms that I dread. Give us turbulence, give us excitement, give us the rage and disputes of hell, all this rather than this lethargy of death that spreads like a vapor of decaying corpses over our land. — Give us anything rather than this, beat the drums of war.

Our country seems to be threatened with a sort of ossification of the spirit. Amid all the advanced grandeurs of these times beyond any other of which we know — amid the never enough praised spread of common education and common newspapers and books — amid the universal accessibility of riches and personal comforts — the wonderful inventions — the cheap swift travel bring-

ing far nations together and all the extreme reforms and benevolent societies — the current that bears us is one broadly deeply materialistic and infidel. It is the very worst kind of infidelity because it suspects not itself but proceeds complacently onward and abounds in churches and all the days of its life solves never the simple riddle why it has not a good time. — For I do not believe the people of these days are happy. The public countenance lacks its bloom of love and its freshness of faith. — For want of these, it is cadaverous as a corpse.

I come not to flatter. I know that America is strong, and supple, and full of growth. — I know we are on good terms with the world, and on extra good terms with ourselves. Treaties we make with Europe. Steamships paddle the sea. Gold comes from California, and trade is brisk, and the jobbers are busy nailing up goods and sending them off to customers, and the railroads run loaded, and all goes thriftily. — These things I do not expect to see less but more, and if any one supposes I am at all alarmed about the prospects of business on this continent he misunderstands me, for I am not — no I see its way clear for a hundred years. — But with all such decking ourselves in the robes of safety and gain, there at the scales sits Mordecai the Jew and we know that either we are to have his life, or he is to have the best part of us on the gallows high. — What are all these business prospects, these steamships, these fat sub-treasuries and our profitable trade? I do not want those brave and large souled men, men if not without wickedness of some sorts yet looming up into fit proportions to a sublime land and its sublime beginnings.³⁰⁷ - - Folks talk of some model plantations where collected families of niggers

grow sleek and live easy with enough to eat, and no care only to obey a thriving owner, who makes a good thing out of them, and they out of him. — By God I sometimes think this whole land is becoming one vast model plantation thinking itself well off because it has wherewithal to wear and no bother about its pork.

flawless truth and put it in the windows of your trains

A Man at Auction ⁸⁰

How much for the man
 He is of value
 For him the earth lay preparing billions of years without
 one animal or plant.
 For him the things of the air, the earth and the sea
 He is not only himself
 He is the father of other men who shall be fathers in their
 turn
 For him all sentiments
 In his appointed day he becomes a God
 In his appointed time he reaches his extasy
 He is the one loved —
 He is the master

Where others see a slave, a pariah, an emptier of privies, the Poet beholds what, when the days of the soul are accomplished, shall be the peer of God.

Where others are scornfully silent at some steerage passenger from a foreign land, or black, the poet says, "My brother! good day!"

And to the great king, "How are you friend?" ^{80a}

The poet is a recruiter. He goes forth beating the drum. — O who will not join his troop? ⁸¹

O brood continental ⁸²

O brood continental!
 O you teeming cities! invincible, turbulent, proud!
 O men of passion & the storm! O all you slumberers!
 Arouse! arouse! the dawn-bird's throat sounds shrill!
 Arouse! as I walk'd the beach, I heard the mournful notes
 foreboding a tempest!
 The low, oft-repeated shriek of the diver, the long-lived
 loon, I heard;
 I heard & yet hear, angry thunder, — O sailors! O ships!
 make a quick preparation!
 O from his masterful sweep, the warning cry of the eagle!
 — Give way there all! it is useless — give up your spoils!

Ship of Libertad ⁸³

Blow mad winds!
 Rage, boil, vex, yawn wide, yeasty waves,
 Crash away —
 Tug at the planks — make them groan — fall around,
 black clouds — clouds of death
 Ship of the world, — ship of Humanity — Ship of the ages
 Ship that circlest the world
 Ship of the hope of the world — Ship of Promise
 Welcome the storm — welcome the trial
 Why now I shall see what the old ship is made of
 Anybody can sail with a fair wind, or a smooth sea
 Come now we will see what stuff you are made of, Ship of
 Libertad
 Let others tremble and turn pale
 I welcome this menace — I welcome thee with joy
 Why now I shall know whether there is any thing in you,
 Libertad,⁷⁴
 I shall see how much you can stand
 Perhaps I shall see the crash — is all lost?


III

THE EIGHTEENTH PRESIDENCY!

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III

THE EIGHTEENTH PRESIDENCY!⁸⁴

HE tangle of Whitman's changing political affiliations from orthodox Democrat to Free-soiler, from "Barnburner" to "Black Republican," has never been traced in all its convolutions. It has been noted that Burroughs refers to him as speaking in political meetings for the Democratic party prior to 1847.⁸⁵ In 1848 we find him leaving his post as editor of the Brooklyn *Eagle* because the owner objected to his Free-soil party sympathies.⁸⁶ In *Voices from the Press*, the earliest published volume containing any of Whitman's work, issued in 1850, is a biographical notice stating that "Mr. Whitman is an ardent politician of the radical democratic school."⁸⁷ But whatever may have been his political activities or party affiliations at that time, there is no doubt of the temper of his persuasion in the presidential campaign of 1856.

After the lapse of over seventy years, or, to be more precise, exactly eighteen "presidentiads" since it was written, there has just come to light a very significant document by Whitman, called "The Eighteenth Presidency," which grew out of his active interest and effort to aid the cause of the Republican candidate, Frémont. In the Library of Congress are the proof-sheets of a long pamphlet which he prepared under the pressure of that exciting presidential campaign, for public distribution. His intention was that "editors of the independent press" or "any rich person, anywhere" should "circulate and reprint this Voice of mine for the workingmen's sake." Evidently the progressive editors and rich persons were not forthcoming, for the yellowing proof-sheets have remained among Whitman's effects ever since they were pulled in 1856, without having got themselves perpetuated in any permanent record, so far as ascertained, with the exception of a mere modicum of the material from this pamphlet which Whitman worked, in modified form, into his frag-

mentary sketch on "Origins of Attempted Secession" (published 1882).⁸⁸

Yet this is undoubtedly one of Whitman's most characteristic and carefully prepared utterances. It was not something which was hatched up over night, for transient "copy." It was a fervent statement of his own convictions, the logical culmination of a line of political thought which had been taking shape in his mind for ten years — since 1846, when he had addressed a much less forceful and extended appeal to "the workingmen of the North, East, and West" on behalf of Free-soil policies.⁸⁹ Certainly this impassioned outpouring merits attention as final outcroppage and vent for a long period of cumulating thought. Moreover, it deserves permanent inclusion among Whitman records as the fullest example in existence of Whitman's spokesmanship of a peculiarly American theme growing out of the practical problems of his age.

In addition to these claims for serious consideration, the document contains passages of independent value as literary expression. The whole composition is breath-taking in its spontaneity, its almost colloquial vigor and raciness of language. It seems to have poured forth directly as an outcome of the policy of expression which Whitman once set forth for himself in a proposed emendation to *Leaves of Grass*, eventually rejected.⁹⁰

Now let my extatic craze rage — I but sing anyhow to please and
vent myself,
To express that volcano, myself.

And indeed that volcano did belch forth the "Voice of Walt Whitman to each Young Man in the Nation" in 1856, with almost as much primal vigor as that with which his barbaric yawp had been launched toward the literary audience of America with the first issue of the *Leaves* in 1855.

In this pamphlet Whitman bastes well the corrupt politicians into whose hands he feels the reins of power to have slipped. He assails mercilessly the "three hundred and fifty thousand masters of slaves." Such complete abandon to partisan feeling is all the more remarkable in view

of a memorandum made by Whitman less than a year later, in April, 1857, in which he declares it to be his intention to keep clear of all political entanglements, and dedicate his zeal and activity to the propagation and dissemination of vital information on public questions without reference to party.⁹¹ We recall, too, his statement that when he first met W. D. O'Connor in 1860, he "shied from the extremists, the red-hot fellows of those times."⁹² He does not seem to have been very shy about expressing "extremist" views in 1856. If one may judge from the temper and force of the language used, he must have been one of those self-same "red-hot fellows" four years previous to his meeting with O'Connor.

Yet his ardor is, on the whole, clear-sighted. The emotional stress with which he feels called upon to deliver his message to the workingmen of America leads to heights of self-forgetful abandon, which may register as permanent accomplishment, despite occasional lapses from dignity in diction. The whole tone of the writing is one of eloquence springing direct from forthright idealism. The language, at its worst, is picturesque and significant. In the more telling passages, he anticipates at times the stride of his adequate prose style developed at a later period.

Nor is the content of this pamphlet to be despised. In spite of occasional extravagances of style, the fundamental thought is based on sound principles of economic and political science, just as pertinent now as when Whitman wrote. His power of penetrating to the root elements of a situation and weighing the principles involved vouchsafed to him a degree of clear discrimination and sound judgment which give many of his utterances almost the force of prophecy. In fact, stripped of minor details and transposed into the key of present political situations, this pamphlet might serve almost as well for the presidential campaign of 1928 as for that of 1856! For in it are involved, and exemplified, perennial principles of human government.

As historical record and embodiment of Whitman's ideas and ideals at this time, this document is unique. Here appear pronouncements of

what would doubtless have been considered at that time a radical socialistic trend. Even communism might see in him a prophet: "I expect to see the day when . . . qualified mechanics and young men will reach Congress and other official stations, sent in their working costumes, fresh from their benches and tools, and returning to them again with dignity." There is an almost uncanny pre-vision of the destined savior of the Union who, four years later, was to come out of the West: "I would be much pleased to see some heroic, shrewd, fully-informed, healthy-bodied, middle-aged, beard-faced American blacksmith or boatman come down from the West across the Alleghanies, and walk into the Presidency." If Whitman had only said "rail-splitter" as well as "blacksmith or boatman," the description would have been accurately prophetic in every detail!

Various conjectures have been hazarded as to Whitman's anti-capitalistic views.⁶⁵ Here he identifies himself more closely with the laboring class, as a political factor, than was his wont: "It is those millions of mechanics you want. I am not afraid to say that among them I seek to articulate my name, Walt Whitman, and that I shall in future have much to say to them. I perceive that the best thoughts they have wait unspoken, impatient to be put in shape." Did he, at that time, have the ambition to become the permanent spokesman in political affairs of "the workers of the land — that prolific brood of brown-faced fathers and sons who swarm over the free States and form the bulwark of our Republic, mightier than walls or armies,"⁶⁶ as he had addressed the farmers of America ten years previously?

This little-revealed side of Whitman's political and economic theory shows itself only occasionally, and guardedly, in later life, doubtless because he distrusted some encroachment upon the free exercise of individual rights under any socialistic régime. In one extant manuscript, apparently of comparatively late date, dealing with the proposed "Songs of Insurrection," he speaks freely of "the more and more overshadowing and insidious grip of capital."⁶⁶ But on the whole, he carefully refrained from committing himself publicly on such points. So here

we undoubtedly have Whitman off his guard for the moment — and in one of his most engaging veins of expression. If he does occasionally run to stump-speech tactics, it must be borne in mind that he nevertheless contrives to effect a distinct amount of self-revelation within the limitations of a popular campaign harangue. This accomplishment appears all the more remarkable when it is realized that as late as 1864 Whitman was still capable of such ranting journalistic utterance as this: “All honor and reverence to these, and to all old campaigners! They are not forgotten, whether in captivity or in camp, or whatever has befallen them. Thousands, aye millions, of hearts are turning to them night and day wherever they are.” “All things considered, this utterance of the “Voice of Walt Whitman” in the “Eighteenth Presidency” pamphlet of 1856 is one of his most salient offerings of the “Spontaneous Me.”

THE EIGHTEENTH PRESIDENCY!⁸⁴

*Voice of Walt Whitman to each Young Man in the Nation, North,
South, East, and West*

Before the American era, the programme of the classes of a nation read thus, first the king, second the noblemen and gentry, third the great mass of mechanics, farmers, men following the water, and all laboring persons. The first and second classes are unknown to the theory of the government of These States; the likes of the class rated third on the old programme were intended to be, and are in fact, to all intents and purposes, the American nation, the people.

Mechanics, farmers, sailors, &c., constitute some six millions of the inhabitants of These States; merchants, lawyers, doctors, teachers and priests, count up as high as five hundred thousand; the owners of slaves number three hundred and fifty thousand; the population of The States bring altogether about thirty millions, seven tenths of whom are women and children. At present, the personnel of the government of these thirty millions, in executives and elsewhere, is drawn from limber-tongued lawyers, very fluent but empty feeble old men, professional politicians, dandies, dyspeptics, and so forth, and rarely drawn from the solid body of the people; the effects now seen, and more to come. Of course the fault, if it be a fault, is for reasons, and is of the people themselves, and will mend when it should mend.

Has much been done in the theory of These States? Very good;

more remains. Who is satisfied with the theory? I say, delay not, come quickly to its most courageous facts and illustrations. I say no body of men are fit to make Presidents, Judges, and Generals, unless they themselves supply the best specimens of the same, and that supplying one or two such specimens illuminates the whole body for a thousand years.

I expect to see the day when the like of the present personnel of the governments, federal, state, municipal, military, and naval, will be looked upon with derision, and when qualified mechanics and young men will reach Congress and other official stations, sent in their working costumes, fresh from their benches and tools, and returning to them again with dignity. The young fellows must prepare to do credit to this destiny, for the stuff is in them. Nothing gives place, recollect, and never ought to give place except to its clean superiors. There is more rude and undeveloped bravery, friendship, conscientiousness, clear-sightedness, and practical genius for any scope of action, even the broadest and highest, now among the American mechanics and young men, than in all the official persons in These States, legislative, executive, judicial, military, and naval, and more than among all the literary persons. I would be much pleased to see some heroic, shrewd, fully-informed, healthy-bodied, middle-aged, beard-faced American blacksmith or boatman come down from the West across the Alleghanies, and walk into the Presidency, dressed in a clean suit of working attire, and with the tan all over his face, breast, and arms; I would certainly vote for that sort of man, possessing the due requirements, before any other candidate.

Such is the thought that must become familiar to you, who-

ever you are, and to the people of These States, and must eventually take shape in action.

At present, we are environed with nonsense under the name of respectability. Everywhere lowers that stifling atmosphere that makes all the millions of farmers and mechanics of These States the helpless supple-jacks of a comparatively few politicians. Somebody must make a bold push. The people, credulous, generous, deferential, allow the American government to be managed in many respects as is only proper under the personnel of a king and hereditary lords; or, more truly, not proper under any decent men anywhere. If this were to go on, we ought to change the title of the President, and issue patents of nobility. Of course it is not to go on. We Americans are no fools. I perceive meanwhile that nothing less than marked inconsistencies and usurpations will arouse a nation, and make ready for better things afterwards.

But what ails the present way of filling the offices of The States? Is it not good enough? I should say it was not. To-day, of all the persons in public office in These States, not one in a thousand has been chosen by any spontaneous movement of the people, nor is attending to the interests of the people; all have been nominated and put through by great or small caucuses of the politicians, or appointed as rewards for electioneering; and all consign themselves to personal and party interests. Neither in the Presidency, nor in Congress, nor in foreign ambassadorships, nor in the governorships of The States, nor in legislatures, nor in the mayoralties of cities, nor the aldermanships, nor among the police, nor on the benches of judges, do I observe a single bold muscular, young, well-informed, well-beloved, resolute American man,

bound to do a man's duty, aloof from all parties, and with a manly scorn of all parties. Instead of that, every trustee of the people is a traitor, looking only to his own gain, and to boost up his party. The berths, the Presidency included, are bought, sold, electioneered for, prostituted, and filled with prostitutes. In the North and East, swarms of dough-faces, office-vermin, kept-editors, clerks, attachés of the ten thousand officers and their parties, aware of nothing further than the drip and spoil of politics — ignorant of principles, the true glory of a man. In the South, no end of blusterers, braggarts, windy, melodramatic, continually screaming in falsetto, a nuisance to These States, their own just as much as any; altogether the most impudent persons that have yet appeared in the history of lands, once with the most incredible successes, having pistol'd, bludgeoned, yelled and threatened America, the past twenty years into one long train of cowardly concessions, and still not through, but rather at the commencement. Their cherished secret scheme is to dissolve the union of These States.

Well, what more? Is nothing but breed upon breed like these to be represented in the Presidency? Are parties to forever usurp the government? Are lawyers, dough-faces, and the three hundred and fifty thousand owners of slaves, to sponge the mastership of thirty millions? Where is the real America? Where are the labouring persons, ploughmen, men with axes, spades, scythes, flails? Where are the carpenters, masons, machinists, drivers of horses, workmen in factories? Where is the spirit of the manliness and common-sense of These States? It does not appear in the government. It does not appear at all in the Presidency.

The sixteenth and seventeenth terms of the American Presidency have shown that the villainy and shallowness of great rulers are just as eligible to These States as to any foreign despotism, kingdom, or empire — there is not a bit of difference.⁹⁷ History is to record these two Presidencies as so far our topmost warning and shame. Never were publicly displayed more deformed, mediocre, snivelling, unreliable, falsehearted men! Never were These States so insulted, and attempted to be betrayed! All the main purposes for which government was established are openly denied. The perfect equality of slavery with freedom is flauntingly preached in the North — nay, the superiority of slavery. The slave trade is proposed to be renewed. Everywhere frowns and misunderstandings — everywhere exasperations and humiliations. The President eats dirt and excrement for his daily meals, likes it, and tries to force it on The States. The cushions of the Presidency are nothing but filth and blood. The pavements of Congress are also bloody. The land that flushed amazed at the basest outrage of our times, grows pale with a far different feeling to see the outrage unanimously commended back again to those who only half rejected it. The national tendency toward populating the territories full of free work-peoples, established by the organic compacts of These States, promulged by the fathers, the Presidents, the old warriors, & the earlier Congresses, a tendency vital to the life and thrift of the masses of the citizens, is violently put back under the feet of slavery, and against the free people the masters of slaves are everywhere held up by the President by the red hand. In fifteen of the States the three hundred and fifty thousand masters keep down the true people, the millions of white

citizens, mechanics, farmers, boatmen, manufacturers, and the like, excluding them from politics and from office, and punishing by the lash, by tar and feathers, binding fast to rafts on the river or trees in the woods, and sometimes by death, all attempts to discuss the evils of slavery in its relations to the whites. The people of the territories are denied the power to form State governments unless they consent to fasten upon them the slave-hopple, the iron wristlet, and the neck-spike. For refusing such consent, the governor & part of the legislature of the State of Kansas are chased, seized, chained, by the creatures of the President, and are to-day in chains. Over the vast continental tracts of unorganized American territory, equal in extent to all the present organized States, and in future to give the law to all, the whole executive, judicial, military, and naval power of These States is forsworn to the people, the rightful owners, and sworn to the help of the three hundred & fifty thousand masters of slaves, to put them through this continent, with their successors, at their pleasure, and to maintain by force their mastership over their slave men and women, slave-farmers, slave-miners, slave-cartmen, slave-sailors, and the like. Slavery is adopted as an American institution, superior, national, constitutional, right in itself, and under no circumstances to take any less than freedom takes. Nor is that all; to-day, to-night, the constables and commissioners of the President can by law step into any part of These States and pick out whom they please, deciding which man or woman they will allow to be free, and which shall be a slave, no jury to intervene, but the commissioner's mandate to be enforced by the federal troops and cannon, and has been actually so enforced.

Are The States retarded then? No; while all is drowned and desperate that the government has had to do with, all the outside influence of government, (forever the largest part,) thrives and smiles. The sun shines, corn grows, men go merrily about their affairs, houses are built, ships arrive and depart. Through evil and through good, the republic stands, and is for centuries yet to stand immovable from its foundations. No, no; out at dastards and disgraces, fortunate are the wrongs that call forth stout and angry men; then is shown what stuff there is in a nation.⁷⁴

The young genius of America is not going to be emasculated and strangled just as it arrives toward manly age. It shall live, and yet baffle the politicians and the three hundred and fifty thousand masters of slaves.

Now the term of the seventeenth Presidency passing hooted and spurned to its close, the delegates of the politicians have nominated for the eighteenth term, Buchanan of Pennsylvania, and Fillmore of New York, separate tickets, but men both patterned to follow and match the seventeenth term, both disunionists, both old politicians, both sworn down to the theories of special parties, and of all others the theories that balk and reverse the main purposes of the founders of These States. Such are the nominees that have arisen out of the power of the politicians, but another power has also arisen. A new race copiously appears, with resolute tread, soon to confront Presidents, congresses and parties, to look them sternly in the face, to stand no nonsense, American young men, the offspring and proof of these States, the West the same as the East, and the South alike with the North.

America sends these young men in good time, for they were

needed. Much waits to be done. First, people need to realize who are poisoning the politics of These States.

Whence the delegates of the politicians? Whence the Buchanan and Fillmore Conventions? Not from sturdy American freemen; not from industrious homes; not from thrifty farms; not from the ranks of fresh-bodied young men; not from among teachers, poets, savans, learned persons, beloved persons, temperate persons; not from among shipbuilders, engineers, agriculturists, scythe-swingers, corn-hoers; not from the race of mechanics; not from that great strong stock of Southerners that supplied the land in old times; not from the real West, the log-hut, the clearing, the woods, the prairie, the hill-side; not from the sensible, generous, rude Californian miners; not from the best specimens of Massachusetts, Maine, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois, Wisconsin, Indiana, nor from the untainted unpolitical citizens of the cities.

Whence then do these nominating dictators of America year after year start out? ⁹⁸ From lawyers' offices, secret lodges, backyards, bed-houses, and bar-rooms; from out of the custom-houses, marshals' offices, post-offices, and gambling hells; from the President's house, the jail, the venereal hospital, the station-house; from un-named by-places where devilish disunion is hatched at midnight; from political hearses, and from the coffins inside, and from the shrouds inside of the coffins; from the tumors and abscesses of the land; from the skeletons and skulls in the vaults of the federal almshouses; from the running sores of the great cities; thence to the national, state, city, and district nominating conventions of These States, come the most numerous and controlling delegates.

Who are they personally?⁹⁹ Office-holders, office-seekers, robbers, pimps, exclusives, malignants, conspirators, murderers, fancy-men, port-masters, custom-house clerks, contractors, kept-editors, Spaniels well-trained to carry and fetch, jobbers, infidels, disunionists, terrorists, mail-riflers, slave-catchers, pushers of Slavery, creatures of the President, creatures of would-be Presidents, spies, blowers, electioneers, body-snatchers, bawlers, bribers, compromisers, runaways, lobbyists, sponges, ruined sports, expelled gamblers, policy backers, monte-dealers, duelists, carriers of concealed weapons, blind men, deaf men, pimpled men, scarred inside with the vile disorder, gaudy outside with gold chains made from the people's money and harlot's money twisted together; crawling, serpentine men, the lousy combings and born freedom sellers of the earth.

Strip of padding and paint, who are Buchanan and Fillmore? What has this age to do with them? Two galvanized old men, close on the summons to depart this life, their early contemporaries long since gone, only they two left, relics and proofs of the little political bargains, chances, combinations, resentments of a past age, having nothing in common with this age, standing for the first crop of political graves and grave-stones planted in These States, but in no sort standing for the lusty young growth of the modern times of The States. It is clear from all these two men say and do, that their hearts have not been touched in the least by the flowing fire of the humanitarianism of the new world, its best glory yet, and a moral control stronger than all its governments. It is clear that neither of these nominees of the politicians has thus far reached an inkling of the real scope and character of the

contest of the day, probably now only well begun, to stretch through years, with varied temporary successes & reverses. Still the two old men live in respectable little spots, with respectable little wants. Still their eyes stop at the edges of the tables of committees and cabinets, beholding not the great round world beyond. What has this age to do with them?

You Americans who travel with such men, or who are nominated on tickets any where with them, or who support them at popular meetings, or write for them in the newspapers, or who believe that any good can come out of them, you also understand not the present age, the fibre of it, the countless currents it brings of American young men, a different superior race. All this effervescence is not for nothing; the friendlier, vaster, more vital modern spirit, hardly yet arrived at definite proportions, or to the knowledge of itself, will have the mastery. The like turmoil prevails in the expressions of literature, manners, trade, and other departments.

To butchers, sailors, stevedores, and drivers of horses — to ploughmen, wood-cutters, marketmen, carpenters, masons, and laborers — to workmen in factories — and to all in These States who live by their daily toil — Mechanics! A parcel of windy northern liars are bawling in your ears the easily-spoken words Democracy and the democratic party. Others are making a great ado with the word Americanism, a solemn and great word. What the so-called democracy are now sworn to perform would eat the faces off the succeeding generations of common people worse than the most horrible disease. The others are contributing to the like performance, and are using the great word Americanism without

yet feeling the first aspiration of it, as the great word Religion has been used, probably loudest and oftenest used, by men that made indiscriminate massacres at night, and filled the world so full with hatreds, horrors, partialities, exclusions, bloody revenges, penal conscience laws and test-oaths. To the virtue of Americanism is happening to-day, what happens many days to many virtues, namely, the masses who possess them but do not understand them are sought to be sold by that very means to those who neither possess them nor understand them. What are the young men suspicious of? I will tell them what it stands them in hand to be suspicious of, and that is American craft; it is subtler than Italian craft; I guess it is about the subtlest craft upon the earth.

What is there in prospect for free farmers and work-people? A few generations ago, the general run of farmers and work-people like us were slaves, serfs, deprived of their liberty by law; they are still so deprived on some parts of the continent of Europe. To-day, those who are free here, and free in the British islands and elsewhere, are free through deeds that were done, and men that lived, some of them an age or so ago, and some of them many ages ago. The men and deeds of these days also decide for generations ahead, as past men and deeds decided for us.

As the broad fat States of the West, the largest and best parts of the inheritance of the American farmers and mechanics, were ordained to common people and workmen long in advance by Jefferson, Washington, and the earlier Congresses, now a far ampler West is to be ordained. Is it to be ordained to workmen, or to the masters of workmen? Shall the future mechanics of America be serfs? Shall labor be degraded, and women be whipt in the

fields for not performing their tasks? If slaves are not prohibited from all national territory by law, as prohibited in the beginning, as the organic compacts authorize and require, and if, on the contrary, the entrance and establishment of slave labor through the Continent is secured, there will steadily wheel into the Union, for centuries to come, slave state after slave state, the entire surface of the land owned by great proprietors, in plantations of thousands of acres, showing no more sight for free races of farmers and work-people than there is now in any European despotism or aristocracy; and the existence of our present Free States put in jeopardy, because out of the vast territory are to come states enough to overbalance all.

Workmen! Workwomen! Those universe National American tracts belong to you; they are in trust with you; they are latent with the populous cities, numberless farms, herds, granaries, groves, golden gardens, and inalienable homesteads, of your successors. The base political blowers and kept-editors of the North are raising a fog of prevarications around you. But the manlier Southern disunionists, the chieftains among the three hundred and fifty thousand masters, clearly distinguish the issue, and the principle it rests upon. McDuffie, disunionist governor, lays it down with candid boldness that the workingmen of a state are unsafe depositaries of political powers and rights, and that a republic cannot permanently exist unless those who ply the mechanical trades and attend to the farm-work are slaves, subordinated by strict laws to their masters. Calhoun, disunionist senator, denounces and denies, in the presence of the world, the main article of the organic compact of These States, that all men are born free

and equal, and bequeaths to his followers, at present leaders of the three hundred and fifty thousand masters, guides of the so-called democracy, counsellors of Presidents, and getters-up of the nominations of Buchanan & Fillmore, his deliberate charge, to be carried out against that main article, that it is the most false and dangerous of all political errors; such being the words of that charge, spoken in the summer of the 73d year of These States, and, indeed, carried out since in the spirit of congressional legislation, executive action, and the candidates offered by the political parties to the people.

Are not political parties about played out? I say they are, all round. America has outgrown parties; henceforth it is too large, and they too small. They habitually make common cause just as soon in advocacy of the worst deeds and men as the best, or probably a little sooner for the worst. I place no reliance upon any old party, nor upon any new party. Suppose one to be formed under the noblest auspices, and getting into power with the noblest intentions, how long would it remain so? How many years? Would it remain so one year? As soon as it becomes successful, and there are offices to be bestowed, the politicians leave the unsuccessful parties, and rush toward it, and it ripens and rots with the rest.

What right has any one political party, no matter which, to wield the American government? No right at all. Not the so-called democratic, not abolition, opposition to foreigners, nor any other party, should be permitted the exclusive use of the Presidency; and every American young man must have sense enough to comprehend this. I have said the old parties are defunct; but there re-

mains of them empty flesh, putrid mouths, mumbling and squeaking the tones of these conventions, the politicians standing back in shadow, telling lies, trying to delude and frighten the people; and nominating such candidates as Fillmore and Buchanan.

What impudence! For any one platform, section, creed, no matter which, to expect to subordinate all the rest, and rule the immense diversity of These free and equal States! Platforms are of no account. The right man is everything. With the downfall of parties go the platforms they are forever putting up, lowering, turning, repainting, and changing.

The platforms for the Presidency of These States are simply the organic compacts of The States, the Declaration of Independence, the Federal Constitution, the action of the earlier Congresses, the spirit of the fathers and warriors, the official lives of Washington, Jefferson, Madison, and the now well-understood and morally established rights of man, wherever the sun shines, the rain falls, and the grass grows.

Much babble will always be heard in the land about the Federal Constitution, this, that, and the other concerning it. The Federal Constitution is a perfect and entire thing, an edifice put together, not for the accommodation of a few persons, but for the whole human race; not for a day or a year, but for many years, perhaps a thousand, perhaps many thousand. Its architecture is not a single brick, a beam, an apartment, but only the whole. It is the grandest piece of moral building ever constructed; I believe its architects were some mighty prophets and gods. Few appreciate it, Americans just as few as any. Like all perfect works or persons, time only is great enough to give its area. Five or

six centuries hence, it will be better understood from results, growths.

The Federal Constitution is the second of the American organic compacts. The premises, outworks, guard, defense, entrance of the Federal Constitution, is the primary compact of These States, sometimes called the Declaration of Independence; and the groundwork, feet, understratum of that again, is its deliberate engagement, in behalf of the States, thenceforward to consider all men to be born free and equal into the world, each one possessed of inalienable rights to his life and liberty, (namely, that no laws passed by any government could be considered to alienate or take away those born rights, the penalties upon criminals being, of course, for the very purpose of preserving those rights). This is the covenant of the Republic from the beginning, now and forever. It is not a mere opinion; it is the most venerable pledge, with all forms observed, signed by the commissioners, ratified by the States, and sworn to by Washington at the head of his army, with his hand upon the Bible. It is supreme over all American law, and greater than Presidents, Congresses, elections, and what not, for they hurry out of the way, but it remains. Above all, it is carefully to be observed in all that relates to the continental territories. When they are organized into States, it is to be passed over to the good faith of those States.

One or 2 radical parts of the American theory of government: man can not hold property in man. As soon as there are clear-brained original American judges, this saying will be simplified by their judgments, and no State out of the whole confederacy but will confirm and approve those judgments.

Any one of These States is perfect mistress of itself; and each additional State the same. When states organize themselves, the Federal government withdraws, also absolved from its duties, except certain specific ones under the Constitution, and only in behalf of them can it interfere in The States.

The true government is much simpler than is supposed and abstains from much more. Nine tenths of the laws passed every winter at the Federal Capitol, & all the State Capitols, are not only unneeded laws, but positive nuisances, jobs got up for the service of special classes or persons.

Every rational uncriminal person, twenty-one years old, should be eligible to vote, on actual residence, no other requirement needed. The day will come when this will prevail.

The whole American Government is itself simply a compact with each individual of the thirty millions of persons now inhabitants of These States, and prospectively with each individual of the hundred millions and five hundred millions that are in time to become inhabitants, to protect each one's life, liberty, industry, acquisitions, without excepting one single individual out of the whole number, and without making ignominious distinctions. Thus is government sublime; thus is it equal; otherwise it is a government of castes, on exactly the same principles with the kingdoms of Europe.

I said the National obligation is passed over to the States. Then if they are false to it and impose upon certain persons, can the national government interfere? It can not under any circumstances whatever. We must wait, no matter how long. There is no remedy, except in The State itself. A corner-stone of the organic

compacts of America is that a State is perfect mistress of itself. If that is taken away, all the rest may just as well be taken away— When that is taken away, this Union is dissolved.

Must run-away slaves be delivered back? They must. Many things may have the go-by, but good faith shall never have the go-by.

By a section of the fourth article of the Federal Constitution, These States compact each with the other, that any person held to service or labor in one State under its laws, and escaping into another State, shall not be absolved from service by any law of that other State, but shall be delivered up to the person to whom such service or labor is due. This part of the second organic compact between the original States should be carried out by themselves in their usual forms, but in spirit and in letter. Congress has no business to pass any law upon the subject, any more than upon the hundred other of the compacts between the States, left to be carried out by their good faith. Why should Congress pick out this particular one? I had quite as lief depend on the good faith of any of These States, as on the law of Congress and the President. Good faith is irresistible among men, and friendship is; which lawyers can not understand, thinking nothing but compulsion will do.

But can not that requirement of the fourth article of the Second Compact be evaded, on any plea whatever, even the plea of its unrighteousness? Nay, I perceive it is not to be evaded on any plea whatever, not even the plea of its unrighteousness. It should be observed by The States, in spirit and in letter, whether it is pleasant to them or unpleasant, beholding in it one item among

many items, each of the rest as important as it, and each to be so carried out as not to contravene the rest.¹⁰⁰ As to what is called the Fugitive Slave Law, insolently put over the people by their Congress and President, it contravenes the whole of the organic compacts, and is at all times to be defied in all parts of These States, South or North, by speech, by men, and, if need be, by the bullet and the sword.

Shall we determine upon such things, then, and not leave them to the great judges and the scholars? Yes, it is best that we determine upon such things.

Whenever the day comes for him to appear, the man who shall be the Redeemer President of These States,¹⁰¹ is to be the one that fullest realizes the rights of individuals, signified by the impregnable rights of The States, the substratum of the Union. The Redeemer President of These States is not to be exclusive, but inclusive. In both physical and political America there is plenty of room for the whole human race; if not, more room can be provided.

To the American young men, mechanics, farmers, etc. How much longer do you intend to submit to the espionage and terrorism of the three hundred and fifty thousand owners of slaves? Are you too their slaves, and their most obedient slaves? Shall no one among you dare open his mouth to say he is opposed to slavery, as a man should be, on account of the whites, and wants it abolished for their sake? Is not a writer, speaker, teacher to be left alive, but those who lick up the spit that drops from the mouths of the three hundred and fifty thousand masters? Is there hardly one free, courageous soul left in fifteen large and populous States?

Do the ranks of the owners of slaves themselves contain no men desperate and tired of that service and sweat of the mind, worse than any service in sugar-fields or corn-fields, under the eyes of overseers? Do the three hundred and fifty thousand expect to bar off forever all preachers, poets, philosophers — all that makes the brain of These States, free literature, free thought, the good old cause of liberty? Are they blind? Do they not see those unrelaxed circles of death narrowing and narrowing every hour around them?

You young men of the Southern States! is the word abolitionist so hateful to you, then? Do you not know that Washington, Jefferson, Madison, and all the great Presidents and primal warriors and sages were declared abolitionists?

You young men! American mechanics, farmers, boatmen, manufacturers, and all work-people of the South, the same as the North! you are either to abolish slavery, or it will abolish you.

To the three hundred and fifty thousand owners of slaves: Suppose you get Kansas, do you think it would be ended? Suppose you and the politicians put Buchanan into the Eighteenth Presidency, or Fillmore into the Presidency, do you think it would be ended? I know nothing more desirable for those who contend against you than that you should get Kansas. Then would the melt begin in These States that would not cool till Kansas should be redeemed, as of course it would be.

O gentlemen, you do not know whom Liberty has nursed in These States, and depends on in time of need. You have not received any report of the Free States, but have received only the reports of the trustees who have betrayed the Free States. Do you

suppose they will betray many thousand men, and stick at betraying a few more like you? Raised on plantations or in towns full of menial workmen and workwomen, you do not know as I know, these fierce and turbulent races that fill the Northeast, the East, the West, the Northwest, the Pacific shores, the great cities, Manhattan Island, Brooklyn, Newark, Boston, Worcester, Hartford, New Haven, Providence, Portland, Bangor, Augusta, Albany, Buffalo, Rochester, Syracuse, Lockport, Cleveland, Detroit, Milwaukee, Racine, Sheboygan, Madison, Galena, Burlington, Iowa City, Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Columbus, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Sacramento, and many more. From my mouth hear the will of These States taking form in the great cities. Where slavery is, there it is. The American compacts, common sense, all things unite to make it the affair of the States diseased with it, to cherish the same as long as they see fit, and to apply the remedy when they see fit. But not one square mile of continental territory shall henceforward be given to slavery, to slaves, or to the masters of slaves — not one square foot. If any laws are passed giving up such territory those laws will be repealed. In organizing the territories, what laws are good enough for the American freeman must be good enough for you; if you come in under the said laws, well and good; if not, stay away. What is done, is done; henceforth there is no further compromise. All this is now being cast in the stuff that makes the tough national resolves of These States, that every hour only anneals tougher. It is not that putty you see in Congress and in the Presidency; it is iron — it is the undissuadable swift metal of death.

To editors of the independent press, and to rich persons. Cir-

culate and reprint this Voice of mine for the workingmen's sake. I hereby permit and invite any rich person, anywhere, to stereotype it, or re-produce it in any form, to deluge the cities of The States with it, North, South, East and West. It is those millions of mechanics you want; the writers, thinkers, learned and benevolent persons, merchants, are already secured about to a man. But the great masses of the mechanics, and a large portion of the farmers, are unsettled, hardly know whom to vote for, or whom to believe. I am not afraid to say that among them I seek to initiate my name, Walt Whitman, and that I shall in future have much to say to them. I perceive that the best thoughts they have wait unspoken, impatient to be put in shape; also that the character, pride, friendship, conscience of America have yet to be proved to the remainder of the world.

The times are full of great portents in These States and in the whole world. Freedom against slavery is not issuing here alone, but is issuing everywhere. The horizon rises, it divides I perceive, for a more august drama than any of the past. Old men have played their parts, the act suitable to them is closed, and if they will not withdraw voluntarily, must be bid to do so with unmistakable voice. Landmarks of masters, slaves, kings, aristocracies, are moth-eaten, and the peoples of the earth are planting new vast land marks for themselves. Frontiers and boundaries are less and less able to divide men. The modern inventions, the wholesale engines of war, the world-spreading instruments of peace, the steamship, the locomotive, the electric telegraph, the common newspaper, the cheap book, the ocean mail, are interlinking the inhabitants of the earth together as groups of one family —

America standing, and for ages to stand, as the host and champion of the same, the most welcome spectacle ever presented among nations. Everything indicates unparalleled reforms. Races are marching and countermarching by swift millions and tens of millions. Never was justice so mighty amid injustice; never did the idea of equality erect itself so haughty and uncompromising amid inequality, as to-day. Never were such sharp questions asked as to-day. Never was there more eagerness to know. Never was the representative man more energetic, more like a god, than to-day. He urges on the myriads before him, he crowds them aside, his daring step approaches the arctic and antarctic poles, he colonizes the shores of the Pacific, the Asiatic Indias, the birthplace of languages and of races, the Archipelagoes, Australia; he explores Africa, he unearths Assyria and Egypt, he re-states history, he enlarges morality, he speculates anew upon the soul, upon original premises; nothing is left quiet, nothing but he will settle by demonstrations for himself. What whispers are these running through the eastern Continents, and crossing the Atlantic and Pacific? What historic denouements are these we are approaching? On all sides tyrants tremble, crowns are unsteady, the human race restive, on the watch for some better era, some divine war. No man knows what will happen next, but all know that some such things are to happen as mark the greatest moral convulsions of the earth. Who shall play the hand for America in these tremendous games?


IV

**INTRODUCTIONS INTENDED FOR
AMERICAN EDITIONS OF
“LEAVES OF GRASS.”**

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IV

INTRODUCTIONS INTENDED FOR AMERICAN EDITIONS OF "LEAVES OF GRASS."

 CERTAINLY one of the permanently interesting stories of lost manuscripts is that connected with the disappearance and final recovery of the seven separate notebooks in which Whitman worked over the material for introductions to future editions of *Leaves of Grass*. All the work on them was done at intervals between the appearance of the first edition of the *Leaves*, in 1855, and the date of his fifty-first birthday (May 31, 1870), which is the last date recorded in the manuscripts. He attached throughout his life a certain epochal significance to his birthday, and he seems to have gone through a sort of self-imposed ritual on that day of every year.⁴⁸ One important feature of this observance was a mental summary of his life's work, as accomplished so far, with a projection of possible plans for the future. The record of these birthday reviews and panoramic musings he often committed to paper, with the date of their composition, and some of the entries in these manuscripts were composed in this way. Here we have a series of closely dovetailing documents dealing with the most intimate concern of Whitman's life, the conception and progressive execution and rounding out of his full scheme of poetic utterance. The manuscripts as they stand are the result of many years of reflection and revision. Their composition dates from the period of the poet's prime activity, the time when the greater bulk of the poems which brought him enduring fame were being conceived, drafted, revised.

For safe keeping, Whitman fastened these notes, bound as separate booklets, into his own copy of the first edition of *Leaves of Grass* (which is now in the collection of Mr. Oscar Lion). This is an unusual

form of the volume, one of the rare paper-covered copies of the second issue. On the cover (which now appears a muddy brownish-gray in color, but was probably originally green, like another of the very few copies with the paper cover now in existence) is written in Whitman's hand:

Second and fullest version of original edition 1855-'56
(The 1st edition consisted of the Poems alone —
some months afterwards the extracts prefacing the
text, as here, were added — making this edition)

Above this is written the following memorandum, which explains the probable reason why the material in the precious manuscript notebooks fastened into this copy of *Leaves of Grass* was never used by Whitman:

"HORACE L. TRAUBEL
1892

"Whitman made annual searches for this volume during his lifetime, I assisting him, but we could never turn it up. It was his intention that I should take and possess it. At his death I found it, crushed and torn, in an old box, packed close with old MSS & books — H. L. T."

The story of the finding of the volume is thus recounted by Anne Montgomerie Traubel, who was present at its discovery, and smoothed out the crumpled pages which hold some of the rarest first-fruits of Whitman's thought, so narrowly rescued from oblivion.¹⁰²

"My knowledge of this manuscript dates from the day the material, which came to the literary executors under Whitman's will, was divided among them. It was not until several years after Whitman's death that the division took place at our house, 537 York St., Camden, New Jersey.

"The procedure was that each lot should be assigned to each man in rotation by seniority — Bucke, Harned, Traubel. During the course of the distribution while Horace was examining a piece, he called out: 'Here it is. O this is it. Walt said if it ever turned up I could have it.' 'Heavens,' demanded Dr. Bucke, 'what can it be to cause such excitement?' Horace held out to him a crumpled, twisted, discolored copy of

Carace & Traubel
1892

Whitman made several
orders for the volume during
his lifetime, I recollecting him,
but we never could locate it
of. It was his intention that I
should take & possess it. At
his death I found it, packed & torn, in

Leaves of Grass.

in a red
box, packed
close with
old news &
books
St. Louis

2nd edition
version of original
fullest edition

1855-56

(The 1st edition consisted of the Poems
alone - some months afterwards the
extracts &c. prefacing the text as
here, were added - making this edition)

UNIV.
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the first 'Leaves.' Dr. Bucke shouted, throwing his head back in a characteristic gesture. I can still hear the laughing words exploding upon his lips. 'Well, my dear boy, if Walt ever promised you that, take it. If Harned is willing you should have it, I certainly am — though it can't be worth much, Horace.' 'It is Walt's copy. He mentioned it several times. He could not remember what had become of it but he said if it ever turned up I could have it. Are you willing I should take it now out of my turn?' They both said, 'Of course,' and he laid it in my lap as if it were a great new and dazzling universe.

"Repeated stroking and straightening and putting weights on it, slowly worked the volume into better shape, and when Mr. Clifford suggested having a sermon case made for it, I felt that no greater security could possibly be given it.

"The manuscript was found pinned to the waste leaves of the book and has never been removed except momentarily. As you study the manuscript you will discover anew the method by which Whitman was to achieve his 'final lilt,' 'the keen faculty' he used, 'to penetrate, to diagnose, to truly understand and encompass the joy, pride and doubt of experience,' and to put it into his verse alive, and performing according to the law of itself. ANNE MONTGOMERIE TRAUBEL."

The method in which these manuscripts are constructed, with leaves of approximately the same size (which is in distinct contrast to Whitman's usual composite style of manuscript) fastened together into neat book form with ribbon, pin, or paste, shows a much greater degree of apparent system and careful arrangement than is the case with any other of the hundreds of manuscripts which have been examined in the preparation of material for this volume. Every indication points to the probability that this material had been worked over to the point where Whitman must have actually had it in mind to print it in very nearly the form in which it now appears. This is further indicated in the comments written on two of the manuscripts: "Good & must be used," and "The best of the two Introductions."

The number of different completed drafts of the same material with widely variant readings, in these manuscripts, is the most complete revelation possible of the painstaking method by which Whitman strove

to perfect the working out of his thought. Every page is filled with superimposed revisions, crossed-out words, and interlinear additions, in different styles of writing, ink, or pencil, which show how often Whitman must have gone through this material to shape it completely to his intent. Some idea of the illuminating character of the physical layout of these composite manuscripts, fruitful for study by the literary scholar or critic, may be gathered from the reproductions of one page from each separate manuscript notebook, which accompany the text.

There are three principal clusters of material, one for an "Introduction" (or "Introductory Notice" or "Advertisement") for *Leaves of Grass*; another for an "Inscription to the Reader at the entrance of Leaves of Grass"; and a final record of Whitman's own appraisal of his work, together with proposals for its continuance and extension. In the case of the first two collections of matter, where there is more than one notebook dealing with identical or similar themes, one manuscript has been selected and reproduced in the body of the text, while the alternate versions of each are gathered in an appendix. The version which has been selected in most cases for printing in the text itself is the one which seems to have been carried nearest to a state of final revision and completion by Whitman. The same editorial procedure of allowing the final manuscript reading to stand without alteration has been observed in handling both the manuscripts reproduced in the text and those in the appendix. Absolutely no change has been made in spelling or punctuation, and where the intended order of words, phrases, or sentences has been clearly manifest in the arrangement of the manuscript, it has been followed literally. All cases of interlinear additions of ambiguous connection have been indicated in the notes. The same is true of passages where the editor has been forced, by the presence of two or more uncanceled parallel readings, to make a choice between them. In the notes, too, will be found all the variant readings of any importance worked out by Whitman for passages altered in any way from their first form, except some minor changes that do not affect the thought or style appreciably. Wherever Whitman has written more than two readings

for the same word or phrase, the revisions are recorded in the notes in the evident order of their writing, as nearly as it is possible to infer this from the character or arrangement of the script. The fundamental principle observed throughout is that the version which appears in the text as reproduced in this book is what the author manifestly intended to leave as his final choice, in so far as that can be determined from manuscripts of so complex and involved a character as these are.

To complete the history of these manuscripts satisfactorily, it seems necessary to hazard some conjecture as to why Whitman did not publish this material, if it was so nearly ready for final presentation as it appears to be. It is evident that he wished to perfect these expressions of his own conception of the significance of his work, for the definite purpose of using them in published volumes of his poems, or he would not have spent so large a measure of time and thought going over them year after year. The most probable explanation for the fact that none of these manuscripts reached publication is that the 1855 *Leaves* may have been lost a little time before he was ready to use the manuscripts contained in it.

It seems more than likely, if we proceed from the clew furnished by the last date recorded in the manuscripts (1870), that they may have been lost or misplaced in such a way that he was never able to locate them again after leaving Washington in 1873. In the beginning of that year he suffered his first stroke of paralysis, and left his government clerkship in Washington, to stay with a brother in Camden, New Jersey, for a time. During the next few months, his life was upset in such great measure that he would have been unable to work with his material if he had had it. As a matter of fact, most of his books and papers were left in Washington for several months, because he hoped that he might eventually be able to return. However, his own ill health continued, and he was further afflicted by the death of his favorite sister-in-law, and finally by the loss of his own mother. He never returned to Washington, but took up his residence in Camden. After a time he purchased a house for himself there, where he lived until his death.

Whitman's copy of the 1855 *Leaves* must have dropped out of sight in the transfer of his goods from Washington to Camden. It is not known who disposed of the papers and effects which he had collected at his lodgings in Washington. It is certain, however, that they were boxed up; some of the material was sent on to Camden, and some was stored in Washington. One box at least did not reach Whitman's hands again until some twenty years later, very nearly at the end of his life. If the 1855 volume did arrive then, concealed among a jumbled mass of books and manuscripts, it could have been easily mistaken for a magazine, since the book was bound in paper covers.

That Whitman did receive a shipment of the material he had left in Washington, during the last year of his life, we know from his own statement. In one of his last sketches he wrote a graphic description of his living-room and workshop.¹⁰⁸

“The floor is half covered by a deep litter of books, papers, magazines, thrown-down letters and circulars, rejected manuscripts, memoranda, bits of light or string twine, a bundle to be ‘expressed,’ and 2 or 3 venerable scrapbooks. There are several trunks and depositaries backed up at the walls; (one well-bound and big box came by express lately from Washington City, after storage there for nearly twenty years.) Indeed, the whole room is a sort of result and storage collection of my own past life.”

Small wonder if the precious manuscripts which had cost so many hours of exacting labor in Whitman's full-blooded years chanced to be buried somewhere in that avalanche of “oddments” with which he was surrounded!

Even if Whitman had kept the manuscripts where he could put his hands upon them, it is problematical whether he would ever have employed them *in toto*, as introductions to his poems. He appears to have worried the bone of a suitable preface-idea for *Leaves of Grass* intermittently from beginning to end of his career, without ever arriving at any solution wholly satisfactory to him. The rejection of his preface to the 1855 edition, which was not included in later issues, but used as a

quarry for material of subsequent poems, is characteristic and typical of what went on all through Whitman's widespread literary activity. We have noticed how ready he was to transpose ideas intended originally for one form of expression into another, drawing upon lectures for poems, and the reverse. There was the same sort of indeterminate opportunism in his interchange of material in prose and poetry. (Instances of his incorporation of phrases and even whole lines from these manuscripts of "Introductions" in the revisions of his poems, and some apparent borrowings from them in his prose, especially in "Democratic Vistas," are pointed out in the notes.)

Whitman has left testimony to his uncertainty over the vexed problem of a fitting introduction to *Leaves of Grass*, in various manuscripts and anonymous statements. The following comments upon an unidentified manuscript preface make clear his quandary.¹⁰⁴

"I have had serious doubts about the good of a Preface at all to *Leaves of Grass*, but have finally concluded to try as foregoing. Thoughts and granulations—random and detach'd passages, as they follow each other—suggestion-keys, such as they are, not in explanation or defence of the volume, (for the only real explanation is in itself) but kindred to the atmosphere both of its incipency and fruition . . . It is quite possible too there may be 'parrot-like repetitions'—which danger has not troubled me."

Here is a further corroboratory statement by Whitman, published anonymously in a self-penned advertisement of his work in 1872:¹⁰⁵

"It will always remain, however, impossible to clearly and fully state either the theory of Walt Whitman's composition, or describe his poem, its results. They may be absorbed out of themselves, but only after many perusals."

Yet, to adapt the phrase which he frequently used to describe the insistent recurrence of his urge to formulate *Leaves of Grass* and carry it to final completion, the idea of the need for an adequate preface to his poems "like a bee still buzzes in his head."¹⁰⁶ In 1884 he writes to

a friend that he is following the impulse to prepare a preface to his completed work, while mental energy still prevails.¹⁰⁷

Whitman's persistent return to the "call" that he felt to prepare some adequate prose commentary upon his poems is an instance of his Quakerish determination to adhere to the task indicated by his inward monitor, a determination "steadily kept on throughout." The large number of these prefatory efforts which he prepared at expense of much thought and meditation, but did not publish, may have been occasioned by his own dissatisfaction with the results accomplished by his repeated efforts at exposition of the theory back of his literary work. It seems doubtful whether he ever completely relinquished his original idea, that the best sort of explanation and introduction possible to *Leaves of Grass* would be through his favorite lecturing scheme. The proper feeling for his poems' right reception could be more effectively kindled by the living spoken word and the personal presence of the author, than aroused by the finest phrasing of thought possible to set down on paper in cold print.

Whitman's tentative attitude toward all his written introductions also serves to explain the large measure in which he felt at liberty to indulge in appropriating material from his preface manuscripts to enrich his other writings. For it must be realized that Whitman was loath to let a thought escape unused, once it had got itself down on paper! In spite of the appearance of lavish prodigality which is the first impression gathered from an examination of Whitman manuscript, he was in reality controlled by a rigid economy in the use of material. One is apt to surmise that, with all the plenitude of phrase exhibited in a highly edited manuscript, much would escape unused among the welter of ideas. But the appearance is deceptive, in Whitman's case. It was contrary to his working principles to allow any finely wrought verbal coinage to slip through his fingers unhusbanded. The just word cost too much travail to allow him to leave these carefully prepared manuscripts unrequisioned.

Yet despite his habit of working over thoroughly the quarry of his unutilized manuscripts, some of the most highly polished gems ever shaped in Whitman's workshop escaped the busy searching fingers of

the mosaic-maker here. The challenging impact of thought-charged word on word in such passages as this has scarcely been excelled in the whole range of Whitman's prose:

"Of Suggestiveness alone out of the things around us, with steady reference to the life to come, and to the miracles of every day, this is the song — naught made by me for you, but only hinted, to be made by you yourself."

Sometimes the temptation which Whitman always had to take out bits and expand them proved disastrous to the rhythm and clarity of the original. Compare this magnificent fanfare from the preface manuscripts:

"The meaning of America is Democracy. The final meaning of Democracy through many transmigrations is to press on through all ridicules, arguments, and ostensible failures to put in practice the idea of the sovereignty, license, sacredness of the individual. This idea isolates, for reasons, each separate man and woman in the world —"

with the dulled cadence, the muffled tone of the same motif transposed to a passage in "Democratic Vistas," where most of the notes of the melody are repeated literally without capturing much of the power or harmony of the first setting:¹⁰⁸

"The purpose of democracy — supplanting old belief in the necessary absoluteness of establish'd dynastic rulership, temporal, ecclesiastical, and scholastic, as furnishing the only security against chaos, crime, and ignorance — is, through many transmigrations, and amid endless ridicules, arguments, and ostensible failures, to illustrate, at all hazards, this doctrine or theory that man, properly trained in sanest, highest freedom, may and must become a law, and series of laws, unto himself."

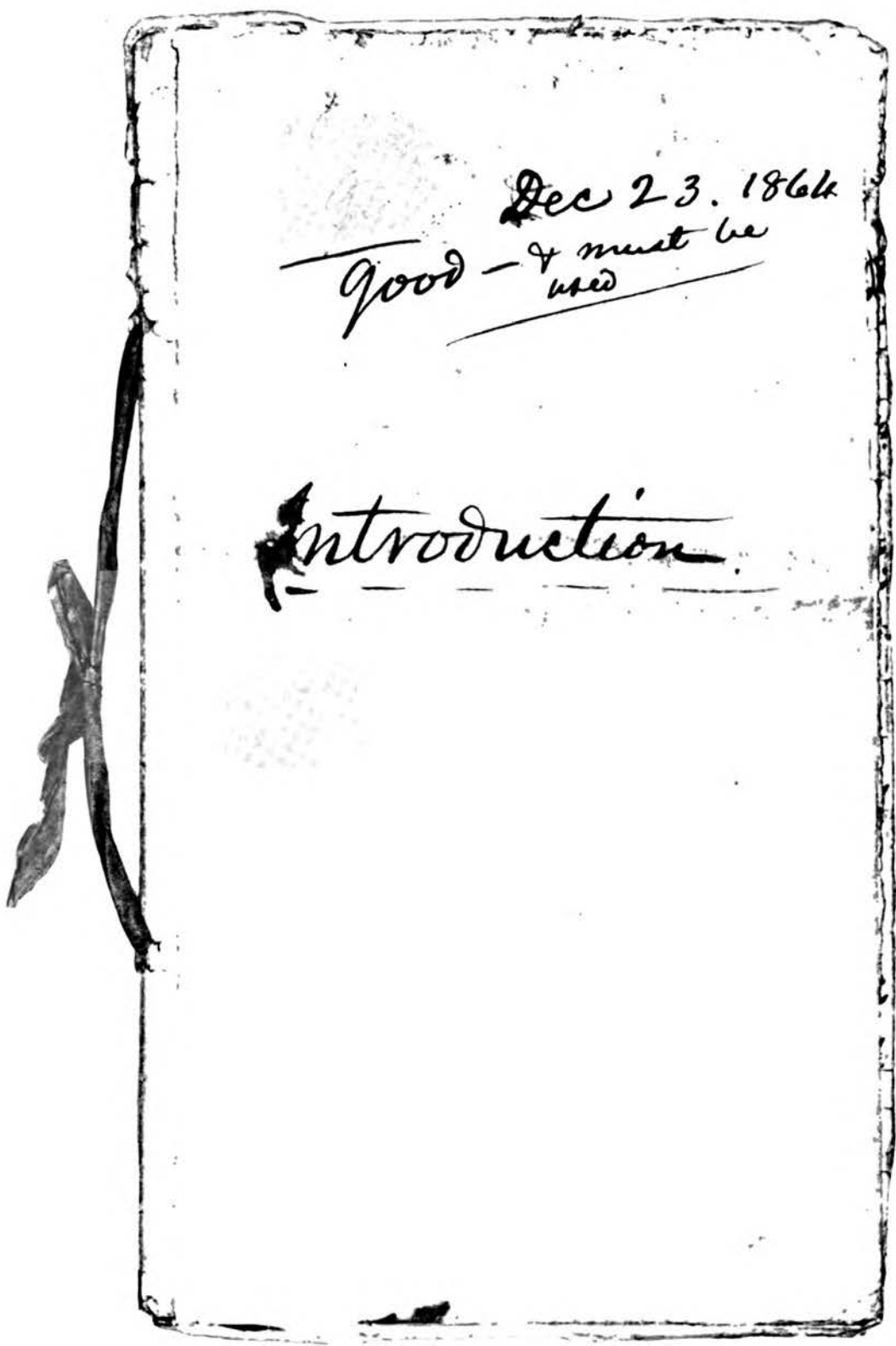
Where is the irresistible lilt of those first clear trumpet notes? Whitman did not possess infallibility of judgment in revision. He usually quickens the spirit within the words by successive recastings, but there are instances, such as this, where he edits the life out of his material.

The fact that the passage just cited, first published *verbatim* in "Democratic Vistas," 1871, makes use of phrases unmistakably drawn originally from the preface manuscripts, might seem at first thought to

indicate that Whitman still had the manuscripts themselves before him at that date. But it is possible that he worked from notes copied out of these manuscripts. He states in a foreword, moreover, that these "memoranda" derive "largely from memoranda already existing." The large amount of accretion to the original matter which is shown in the passage from "Democratic Vistas" would tend to show that the striking phrases might have been selected from the original preface manuscripts some time before, and gradually added to by many revisions.

There is still another case of parallel passages which seems to indicate even more clearly that Whitman did not have the original manuscripts to work from the next year, at least. In the prose accompanying the poems published in 1872 under the title "As a Strong Bird on Pinions Free," appear various passages which are practically identical in thought to lines in the preface manuscripts.¹⁰⁹ The resemblance is so striking, and occurs in so many instances, that it can hardly be a matter of chance. But in no case are the same words used, and in every case the reading of the 1872 prose is much weaker and less spontaneous than in the manuscripts, which cannot be said positively to have been in Whitman's hands at any date later than May 31, 1870. What is the explanation?

One is led to believe that when Whitman wrote the passages referred to, for publication, in 1872, he did *not* have the manuscripts preserved in his 1855 *Leaves*, for reference. It hardly seems likely that he would voluntarily forego all definite allusion to the earlier manuscript, and choose to voice a weaker form. It seems, rather, that the thoughts which he had been working into the preface material were still strongly impressed upon his memory, and that he tried to reproduce them, after the manuscripts disappeared. They continued to run in their worn familiar track in his mind, but, staled by custom, they no longer had the power to generate of themselves the fire of the earlier, more vigorous rendering. And so, remembering the vitality he had formerly wrought into them, Whitman endeavored vainly to reproduce their earlier fine careful rapture, as it had been caught by him in the dawn flush of inspiration, and finally moulded, through long patience, into forms of beauty which mirrored the captive thought.



Dec 23. 1864
Good - & must be used

Introduction

Dec. 23, 1864

good — & must be used

INTRODUCTION

I claim that in literature, I have judged and felt every thing from an American point of view ¹¹⁰ which is no local standard, for America to me, includes humanity and is the universal.

America (I have said to myself) demands one Song, at any rate, that is bold, modern, and all-surrounding as she is herself.

Its scope,¹¹¹ like hers, must span the future and dwell on it as much as on the present or the past. Like hers, it must extricate itself from the models of the past, and, while courteous to them must be sung from the depths of its own native spirit exclusively. Like her, it must bring to the van, and hold up at all hazards, the banner of inalienable rights, and the divine pride of man in himself. It must pierce through the shifting envelope of costumes & formulas, and strike perennial born qualities and organs, which always have meaning deeper than even any theories of morals or metaphysics, or any conventional distinctions whatever.¹¹² Hitherto the geniuses of nations have been listening to poems in which natural humanity bends low, humiliated. But the genius of America cannot listen to such poems. Erect & haughty must the chant be, and then the genius of America will listen with pleased ears The meaning of America is Democracy. The final meaning of Democracy through many transmigrations is to press on through all ridicules, arguments, and ostensible failures to put

in practice the idea of the sovereignty, license, sacredness of the individual.¹¹³ This idea isolates, for reasons, each separate man and woman in the world; ¹¹⁴ — while the idea of Love fuses and combines the whole. Out of the fusing of these twain, opposite as they are, I seek to make a homogeneous Song.¹¹⁵ A third idea, also, is or shall be put there, namely Religion — the idea which, purifying all things, gives endless purpose destiny and growth to a man or woman, and in him or her condenses the drift of all things.¹¹⁶

These for the main result, which though I do not touch in my book, is the purpose of all, namely the unknown, which fills time, and is as sure as the known.

The employment and personnel of mechanics,¹¹⁷ farmers, boatmen laborers, and men and women in factories, must be seized upon with decision by America's bards, to be by them saturated with fullest charges of electric illumination, and to be held up forever with enthusiasm and dignity.¹¹⁸ Our highest themes are things at hand. Current, practical times are to be photographed, embracing the war, commerce, inventions, Washington, Abraham Lincoln, the mechanics, and the great work now going on, the settlement of this Western World, the great railroads &c, — embracing indeed the races and locations of the whole world. ¹¹⁹

Prevalent poems cast back only facial physiognomy, a part. In the following chant, the apparition of the whole form, as of one unclothed before a mirror is cast back. The teachers of the day teach (and stop there) that the unclothed face is divine.¹²⁰ It is indeed; but I say that only the unclothed body, diviner still, is fully divine.¹²¹ These Leaves image that physiology — not apolo-

gising for it, but exulting openly in it and taking it to myself,¹²² I know the rectitude of my intentions & appeal to the future. I seek, by singing these to behold & exhibit what I am, as specimen to all — these material, aesthetic and spiritual relations & tally the same in you, whoever you are, I am.¹²³

The Body merged with & in the soul & the soul merged in the Body I seek.¹²⁴ For once, anyhow, needs that tantalizing wonder to go or seek to go, in a poem, in perfect faith in itself — not as it might be or as it is fancied in conventional literature to be, but as it actually is, good and bad, as maturity and passions, youth, sex, experience and the world turn it out.¹²⁵ A living, flush, eating and drinking man, the mould — and as from that, without wincing, to mould a book. Not but that modesty and decorum,¹²⁶ delicatessen and what proceeds from them & accumulates in literature &c. are important. But that in literature &c we were all lost without redemption, except we retain the sexual fibre of things and simplicity, and acknowledge as supreme and above these pictures and plays, man, nude & abysmal, and indifferent to mere conventional delicatessen.¹²⁷

Here then, make or break for me, it must be so, I sing the complete physiology.¹²⁸

This introduction on my birth day, after having looked over the poem, as far as accomplished. So far, so well; but the most and the best of it, I perceive, remains to be written — the work of my life ahead which if all prove propitious, I would yet do.¹²⁹ All as is appropriate to me. Of the crowds of poets, current or on record, with performance popular and appropriate to them — they to their use

(which is great) I, perhaps alone, to mine.¹³⁰ I do not purpose to school man in virtues, nor prove anything to the intellect, nor play on the piano, nor rhyme, nor sing amours or romances, nor the epics of signal deeds — nor for fashion's coterie-crowds, nor to be trameled with the etiquet of those crowds.¹³¹ But from me to you, whoever you are, we twain, alone — together, a conference, giving up all my private interior musings, yearnings, extasies and contradictory moods, reserving nothing.¹³² A conference amid Nature, and in the spirit of Nature's genesis and primal sanity. A conference of our two Souls exclusively, as if the rest of the world, with its mocking misconceptions, were for a while left and escaped from.¹³³ In short, the book will not serve as books serve. But may-be as the rude air, the salt sea, the fire, the woods, and the rocky ground — sharp, full of danger, full of contradictions and offence.¹³⁴ Those elements, silent and old, stand or move and out of them curiously comes everything.¹³⁵ I too (though a resident and singer of cities) came from them, and can boast, as I now do, that in their presence, before giving them here, I have sternly tried each passage of the following chants.¹³⁶

Inscription, ¹⁹¹¹

To the Reader at the entrance of Leaves of Grass.

1855

Dear friend, wherever you are, at last wandering, arriving hither, accept from me at this entrance (as one in waiting for you here) not a ceremony of words, but the ^{living} ~~solid~~ ^{gift} of hospitality and affection. I feel the pulse of your hand, which I return, and thus ^{throughout} upon the journey ^{to} ~~the~~ path will we go. This is no book, but one ⁱⁿ ~~whom~~ ^{whose} ~~heart~~ ^{heart} is beating - no leaves of paper ^{without} ~~these~~ ^{but} moving lips that for you open and speak. From me to you, alone, a conference, yielding up interior meanings, yearnings, and discords, and all my private moods, reserving nothing. Uninvited conference, wherein walking through the Western World, abandon we ourselves to Nature's primal ^{mode} ~~power~~, our two exclusive souls, as if the ^{world} ~~rooms~~ were left behind, with all its ^{misunderstandings} ~~misconceptions~~. While entering, yet the greatest is the theme of my ~~utterance~~ ^{recitation}.

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INSCRIPTION

To the Reader

at the entrance of *Leaves of Grass*

Dear friend, whoe'er you are, at last arriving hither, accept from me (as one in waiting for you at this entrance,) a word of living hospitality and love. I almost feel the curving hold and pressure of your hand, which I return, and thus throughout upon the journey linked together will we go. Indeed this is no book but more a man, within whose breast the common heart is throbbing; no leaves of paper these must prove but lips for your sake freely speaking. From me to you alone, a conference to ensue, to yield interior yearnings, discords and all my private egotisms and moods, reserving nothing. Conference wherein, along the robust virgin Western World, abandon we ourselves to Nature's primal mode again, our two exclusive souls, as if the imported society world were left behind with all the polite accumulations of the East. While untried, yet the greatest, is the theme of my recitative.

For main and spine of this my talk — leaving all outside heroes and events, the stock of previous bards, — up through such epic movements, masses, history, war, the rise and fall of lands, with the rich turmoil of their ascent and precipitation, comes ever surely rising, advancing towards me, when times are still again, something that audience claims more close and deep than all those powerful themes, namely *ONE'S-SELF* — that wondrous thing, a Person. It is this that has moved me and written. What the New

World means, where it centers itself in the prairies, the Missouri and the great lakes, and branches thence east and west to the seas, is INDIVIDUALITY for man and woman for the broadest average use — That, I alone among bards in the following chants sing.¹³⁷

One's self — you, whoever you are, pour'd into whom all that you read and hear and what existent is in heroes or events, with landscape, heavens, and every beast and bird, becomes so only then with play and interplay. For what to you or me is the round universe, (with all its changing pageants of success and failure) except as feeding you and me? May-be indeed it is by us created in winking of our eyes.¹³⁸ Or may-be for preparing us, by giving us identity — then sailing us with winds o'er the great seas, the apparent known, steadily to the harbors of the really great unknown.

Dear friend! ¹³⁹ I put not in the following leaves melodious narratives, or pictures for you to con at leisure, as bright creations finished all outside yourself. With such the world is well enough supplied. But of Suggestiveness alone out of the things around us, with steady reference to the life to come, and to the miracles of everyday this is the song — naught made by me for you, but only hinted, to be made by you yourself. Indeed I have not done the work, and cannot do it. But you must do the work to really make what is within the following song — which, if you do, I promise you return & satisfaction earned by you yourself far more than ever book before has given you. For from this book Yourself, before unknown, shall now rise up & be revealed.¹⁴⁰ This book shall

hint the poem of America, and its mighty masses of men, and a new and grand race of women.¹⁴¹

Man's physiology complete I sing.¹⁴² Not physiognomy alone is worthy for the muse. I say the perfect form, with all that with it goes, is only fully worthy. I think the human form the epitome of all the universal emblem. And whatever others do I will the ensemble seek and the actual fibres.¹⁴³ Man I avow him, nude and abysmal man — and as for delicatessen and art they are indifferent and may follow, but never will I them.¹⁴⁴ I think in literature or what not we will roam unsystematic and barbarous, except we seek ensemble through it and honor the actual fibres of things — whatever they be — acknowledging supreme above delicatessen and art, man, nude and abysmal and indifferent to mere delicatessen and art.

Therefore it comes, our New World, chords in diapason gathering.¹⁴⁵ I chant with reference to original tastes, the flush and strength of things — chant materials, emanating spirituality — and the human form surcharged through all its veins the same: ¹⁴⁶ chant from the point of view of my own land, and in the spirit of my own race and not other races — Chant the modern world and cities and farms and the sights and facts thereof — rejoicing.¹⁴⁷

Rejoicing in all — accepting, proud, myself the pourtrayer of all — pourtrayer of cities and modern mechanics and farmers and farms; them with the world, both present and past — with poems, histories, war and peace — such, here engermmed in myself and the following leaves, with new centripetal reference, offering to you dear friend for vista, for curious road with me to travel.¹⁴⁸

Advance therein, nor be too soon discouraged. Much will not appear that other poets, guiding you pleasant and safe, sing and sweetly pass the time away. But traveling with me, the rude air, woods and the salt sea, fire and the rocky ground, will appear — genuine, sharp, full of danger, full of contradictions and offense.¹⁴⁹ We will interrogate these curious silent objects. We too for ourselves, (no matter how many have gone before us) will arouse the original echoes.

Those — and from where it lurks, ever timidly peering, but seldom, ah so seldom really showing itself, that something also may appear, before your very feet and under them — BELIEF — that fuses past and present and to come in one, and never doubts them more. This, O friend, perfuming strange the hour that bathes you, the spot you stand on, the work you work at, and every drop of blood that courses through your veins, may prove this journey's gift.¹⁵⁰

Faith — lowly — worth all the lore and riches of the world — may somewhere by the path I lead you, among these leaves, an odorous glistening blossom, appear and become yours.

I am to day, (May 31, 1861) just forty
 two years of age - for I thought I would
 write ~~the~~ ^{my} ~~introduction~~ ^{introduction} ~~on~~ ^{on} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~book~~ ^{book} ~~as~~ ^{as} ~~well~~ ^{well} ~~but~~ ^{but} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~best~~ ^{best} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~any~~ ^{any} ~~yet~~ ^{yet} ~~written~~ ^{written}, and I consider it as
 the work of my life, yet
 to be done.
 I have some, from top to
 Chant; no matter which, the
 Chant, the Book, is really not
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 I have some, from top to
 Chant; no matter which, the
 Chant, the Book, is really not
 for you, & has not done its office.

[*Untitled manuscript*]¹⁵¹

I commenced these Leaves of Grass in my thirty-sixth year, by publishing their first issue. Twice have I issued them since with increased matter — the present one making the fourth issue with the latest increase.¹⁵²

I am today (May 31, 1861) just forty-two years old — for I write this introduction on my birthday after having looked over what has been accomplished.¹⁵³

So far, so well, but the most and the best of the Poem I perceive remains unwritten, and is the work of my life yet to be done.¹⁵⁴

The paths to the house are made — but where is the house itself? At most only indicated or touched. Nevertheless, as while we live some dream will play its part, I keep it in my plan of work ahead to yet fill up these *Whisperings*, (if I live & have luck) somehow proportionate to their original design. If it should turn out otherwise (which is most likely, dear Reader),¹⁵⁵ I hereby bequeath it to you — & that no doubt is much the best — to form & breathe *Whisperings* for yourself, in heart-felt meditations fitter far than words. Or rather, let me say, O friend, unless such meditations come, at reading any page or pages of our chant, no matter which, the Chant, the Book, is really not for you and has not done its office.

Need we mark, in this, the only true communion with our Book, which we have made, purposed, indeed unlike all others, and not, we finally confess, for literary satisfactions, ends or ornaments;

made first, to be the Chant, the Book of Universal Life, and of the Body, — and then, and just as much, to be the Chant of Universal Death, and of the Soul.¹⁵⁶

The theory of the poem involves both the expression of the hottest, wildest passion, bravest, sturdiest character, not however illustrated after any of the well known types, the identities of the great bards old or modern.¹⁵⁷ Nor Prometheus is here, nor Agamemnon, nor Aeneas, nor Hamlet, nor Iago, nor Antony, nor any of Dante's scenes or persons,¹⁵⁸ nor ballad of lord or lady, nor Lucretian philosophy nor any special system of philosophy nor striking lyric achievement, nor Childe Harold, nor any epic tale with beginning, climax and termination, yet something of perhaps similar purpose, very definite, compact,¹⁵⁹ (and curiously digesting & including all the list we have just named) very simple even and applying directly to the reader at first hand, is the main result (& purpose) of this book, namely to suggest the substance and form of a large, sane, perfect Human Being or character for an American man and for woman. While other things are in the book, studies, digressions of various sorts, this is undoubtedly its essential purpose and its key, so that in the poems taken as a whole unquestionably appears a great Person, entirely modern, at least as great as anything in the Homeric or Shakesperian characters, a person with the free courage of Achilles, the craft of Ulysses, the attributes even of the Greek deities. Majesty, passion, temper, amateness, Romeo, Lear, Antony, immense self-esteem, but after democratic forms, measureless love, the old eternal elements of first-class humanity. Yet worked over, cast in a new mould, and

here chanted or anyhow put down & stated with invariable reference to the United States & the occasions of today & the future.

Dear friend! not here for you, melodious narratives, no pictures here, for you to con at leisure, as bright creations all outside yourself. But of SUGGESTIVENESS, with new centripetal reference out of the miracles of every day, this is the song — naught made complete by me for you, but only hinted to be made by you by robust exercise.¹⁶⁰ I have not done the work and cannot do it. But you must do the work and make what is within the following song.

And now,³⁰⁷ with a remaining page or two, wherein we would pourtray, at least in pale reflection, the passionate, flush'd heart-visage of one that, having offered salutation, & join'd and journeyed on a while in close companionship, has now to resign you, Dearest Reader, and, with mingled cheer and sadness, bid farewell.¹⁶¹

WALT WHITMAN

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V

**INTRODUCTION TO THE
LONDON EDITION.**

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V

INTRODUCTION TO THE LONDON EDITION.

 **I**N a list of the books and manuscripts found among Whitman's belongings after his death, is mentioned a manuscript preface intended for a London edition of *Leaves of Grass*, the final revised draft of which was known to be in the possession of Moncure D. Conway.¹⁶² In the Library of Congress is the envelope in which Whitman kept this duplicate copy filed. On it is written:

“seems to come down to 1871 before my paralysis
copy of the London ‘Introduction’
in Mr. Conway’s possession.”

A manuscript of an “Introduction to the London Edition,” marked “copy” in blue pencil in Whitman’s handwriting, is owned by the Pierpont Morgan Library in New York.

These are the only links so far available in the chain of positive proof that Whitman planned an edition of *Leaves of Grass* published in London, with an Introduction by himself. Fortunately, the manuscript is of such a character as to furnish many suggestions as to its probable origin and purpose, which accord perfectly with the known facts of Whitman’s relations with various English publishers. Proceeding cautiously, because the inferences are based largely upon internal evidence, strengthened by the fact that the conclusions tally with historical data, the student may approach the following conjectural history of the manuscript as a possible basis for further investigation.

Although not so extensively reworked as the manuscripts for the American prefaces to *Leaves of Grass*, this document shows three definite strata. Certain passages in the first writing of it, which refer to

the Civil War as a recent event, in connection with Whitman's work in the hospitals, are crossed out or altered by later emendation. The original draft gives Whitman's place of residence in August, 1867. This is corrected to read, September, 1871. This clew furnishes two definite dates, at least, when he evidently expected to publish this preface in some English edition. At another point in the text, he is referred to as being in his forty-ninth year. This reference has been twice changed, at first to read fifty-third year, and later, sixty-second year. These references give still other dates which tally not only with the first two mentioned in connection with Whitman's place of residence, but with the dates of definite English editions, or proposed editions, of Whitman's poems.

Whitman's forty-ninth year gives the date 1868, corresponding to the date of issue of William M. Rossetti's *Selections* from Whitman's poems, published in London in 1868. This manuscript for an "Introduction" was almost certainly prepared with the idea that Rossetti might be willing to include it anonymously in the new book. Whitman had a way of suggesting to friends the interpolation of passages, in their work, which he himself had written.¹⁶³ He later did the same thing with reference to a book published by another English friend, Herbert Gilchrist's life of his mother, Anne Gilchrist. Gilchrist wrote to Whitman at the time he was preparing the volume, asking whether Whitman would be willing to permit the use of letters which Mrs. Gilchrist had written to him. Whitman replied, "I feel to keep these utterances exclusively to myself," but, in lieu of the letters themselves, he submitted to Herbert Gilchrist a statement which he had written about himself, in the third person, in relation to the subject of Mrs. Gilchrist's letters. He suggested to Gilchrist, in the letter which accompanied it, "Can't you bring in this somewhere in the book?"¹⁶⁴

The complete *insouciance* and unaffected directness with which Whitman would naturally broach such an arrangement (because to him it seemed quite a matter of course) would remove any stigma of duplicity which might attach to a more sophisticated person proposing the

same measures. But it would be equally a matter of course that English gentlemen such as Rossetti and Gilchrist, with a sharpened sensitivity in affairs involving honor, would perforce decline the proffered material. This was one respect in which Whitman always remained childlike. He could not understand an artificial code which he branded as "feudal."¹⁶⁵ Doubtless if he did offer his "London Introduction" to Rossetti, either directly or by proxy, his forthrightness must have disarmed criticism, for he and Rossetti remained the warmest of friends throughout their lives.

The supposition that something of this sort probably actuated the first writing of this "Introduction" is strengthened by the existence of a considerable correspondence of Whitman with Rossetti and Moncure D. Conway on the subject of the first English edition of Whitman's work. It was, indeed, chiefly through Mr. Conway (who, as Whitman said, did "yeoman service" for the book)¹⁶⁶ that the arrangements for the publication were effected with Rossetti. Since Whitman himself recorded the fact that this particular manuscript is a "copy" of the "Introduction in Mr. Conway's possession," what can be more likely than that Whitman prepared it and submitted it to Rossetti by way of their mutual "yeoman" friend, Mr. Conway?

This appears more than mere supposition when we learn that Whitman did make covert attempts to convey manuscripts embodying his own ideas to Rossetti, under the aegis of Conway. The following anecdote, related, by Horace Traubel, shows Whitman's lifelong consistent attitude toward such affairs. It is significant, not only as establishing close connection with Conway as a possible channel through which Whitman expected to place his "London Introduction" in the Rossetti *Selections*, but because of the light which it throws upon this much-discussed but little-understood phase of Whitman's personal character.¹⁶⁷

"June 25, 1888

"There was another document I upset with the Rossetti letter. Walt asked me to tell him what it was. Four pages of manuscript in his

own hand endorsed in this way: 'Part of Wm. O'Connor's letter to Conway, Nov. 10. 1867 — good for use in review of *Leaves of Grass*.' As this letter was originally written and all studied over and fixed up in W.'s own hand I asked him to tell me about it. He did not remember clearly whether O'C. had used it or not. 'I must have been intending to assist him in something that he was to say to Conway. If he used it at all he would probably recast it in his own manner. . . . I do not remember the incident with which it seems to belong. For one thing, it gives my idea of my book; a man's idea of his own book—his serious idea—is not to be despised. I do not lack in egotism, as you know — the sort of egotism that is willing to know itself as honestly as it is willing to know third or fourth parties.' ”

The “Introduction” may have been included in this letter which Whitman wrote for the express purpose of sending it, under O'Connor's name, to Conway, in order that it might eventually be presented, in substance at least, to Rossetti. The fact that Whitman cared enough about having his ideas concerning himself reach Rossetti, to take the pains of trumping up this round-robin sort of communication with him, strengthens the probability that the “Introduction” was submitted by the same indirect method. If he did send the manuscript to Conway with the hope of having it published by Rossetti, the conclusion of this letter of Whitman's, which was designed to reach Conway by way of O'Connor, would have served the purpose well. ¹⁶⁸

“The foregoing points, my dear Conway, I wish through you to submit to Mr. Rossetti. I have mentioned to Mr. Whitman my intention of writing him through you, and he, Whitman, has made no objection. . . . Again asking pardon of Mr. Rossetti for intruding these suggestions and placing them in any and every respect at his service should they be so fortunate as to strike him favorably.”

Still further foundation for the presumption that Whitman expected to present this introduction to Conway through O'Connor is furnished by references to “O'Connor's Introduction” in letters by Conway written to Whitman from England. He writes to Whitman,

September 10, 1867: "The copy suitable for an edition here should we be able to reach to that I have and shall keep carefully. . . . I shall keep my eyes wide open; and the volume with O.C.'s Introduction shall come out just as it is." ¹⁶⁹ On October 12 of the same year he continues the subject. "I regret to say that our hopes of getting out the complete edition of your Poems with O'Connor's Introduction is at present remote. . . . It is far better, in my opinion and that of your real friends here, that the introduction of you to the general public will come much more gracefully from an English literary man than from any American. No introduction could easily surpass in simple breadth that which O'Connor has written." ¹⁷⁰

Two interesting solutions present themselves — perhaps the "Introduction to the London Edition" which Whitman wrote anonymously is "the copy" Conway refers to in the letters just quoted. In that case the conclusion seems inevitable that it must also be the manuscript which he refers to as "O'Connor's introduction." Or is it possible that O'Connor himself had originally written another "London Introduction," and that when it was discarded, Whitman wrote his anonymous one to take its place, in order to remove the objections to an "introduction . . . from any American"?

If it could be definitely established that the manuscript known as the "London Introduction" was sent to Conway, for use in Rossetti's edition, with the implication that it was written by O'Connor, the history of the document would be authenticated, so far as its composition and original purpose are concerned. The following draft of a letter, which Whitman unearthed among his papers in 1888, indicates clearly that he had full intentions of sending the manuscript of an English Introduction to Conway at that time. The likelihood that the "Introduction written by William O'Connor," referred to in this letter, is Whitman's own manuscript, is supported by the mention of "Mr. Philip, just starting for London," who may well have been the "English gentleman and traveler . . . who sought & found him out in America," described in the text of the "Introduction." Further, the reference to

Whitman's clerkship in the letter is very much like the passage in the "Introduction": "held a small, but pleasant honorable post in the Attorney General's office."

*July 24, 1867.*¹⁷¹

"DEAR FRIEND. [Moncure D. Conway]

"I avail myself of an opportunity to send you, by the hands of Mr. Philip, just starting for London, a copy of my Poems prepared with care for the printers, with reference to republication in England. The Introduction is written by William O'Connor. All is sent you, so that in case there comes any opening you may have a proper copy of latest date, prepared by me, to publish from. Of course I do not expect you, and will not permit you, to make yourself the job of running around and seeking after a publisher; only, please take charge of the copy — I hereby clothe you with power over it, and should any good chance befall, it is what I should wish a London edition set up from. . . .

Mr. Philip starts from Washington this evening so I must cut short my letter. I will add that I remain well and hearty. For occupation I hold a pleasant clerkship in the Attorney General's office — of pay sufficient and duties agreeable and consistent with my tastes. I may write you, by mail, further about the book, and other matters. Write me on receipt of the copy. Farewell."

But here again, as in the whole attempt to trace the elusive history of this interesting document, uncertainty balks our path. When Horace Traubel questioned Whitman as to the disposition of the letter, Whitman refused to commit himself, just as he had said, when Traubel inquired about the Whitman-O'Connor letter to Conway of November 10, 1867, that "he did not remember clearly whether O'C. had used it or not."

"On the outside of the Conway letter W. had asked himself this question: 'Did the letter or copy ever go?' I asked him: 'Did it?' He answered: 'I still ask my old question: did it ever go?'"¹⁷²

At all events, whatever material may have been conveyed to Conway or Rossetti directly or indirectly from Whitman, with the hope that it might appear in a London edition, it is certain that Rossetti

adhered to his own introduction, and refused to modify it even in later reissues of the *Selections*, as is shown in a letter to Herbert Gilchrist.¹⁷³ It is likewise absolutely established that Whitman was the author of the manuscript "Introduction for the London Edition" here reproduced. Both the highly edited state of the text, and the general tone of the composition, as well as its structure and phraseology, show unmistakably its origin.

Whitman's fifty-third year, 1872, mentioned in the second reading of the manuscript, was the year of the appearance of the fifth American edition of *Leaves*, published by Whitman himself at his own expense in Washington. There are no authorized editions of this date bearing the imprint of a London publisher, but Buxton Forman's personal copy of an issue of this date, with an American imprint, has this autograph entry made by Mr. Forman: "This edition of *Leaves of Grass*, purporting to be printed in America, was in reality printed in London, — one of the many meaningless swindles of the late John Hotten."¹⁷⁴

There are several letters extant in regard to a proposed complete authorized English edition of the *Leaves*, which never materialized.¹⁷⁵ Also Whitman wrote to Rudolf Schmidt in 1872, "While I, the author, am without recompense at all in America, the English pirate-publisher, Hotten, draws a handsome income from a bad London reprint of my poems."¹⁷⁶ In the light of the overtures which Whitman had previously made to Hotten in regard to an edition of his complete poems to be published in England, it seems reasonable to suppose that Whitman revised for this use his original form of the "London Introduction" (which, as we have seen, was probably originally intended for the Rossetti *Selections* of 1868, which were also published by Hotten). If Whitman did work it over with the hope that it might serve in the Hotten edition of 1872, he was again disappointed, for Hotten decided to publish a pirated edition instead, evidently for pecuniary reasons — and so Whitman's English preface was again laid on the shelf.¹⁷⁷

The final date as it stands in Whitman's last revision of the "Introduction" — "he is now in his sixty-second year" — gives the year of

publication of the eighth American edition of *Leaves of Grass* at Boston. No regular English edition appeared in 1881, except that an "Author's Copyright Edition," made up of sheets bound up by David Bogue in London, with his imprint on the title-page, was sold there at the same time that the American edition was issued.¹⁷⁸ It has been definitely established that this issue was made up from sheets printed from the American plates.¹⁷⁹ Whitman's authorized American publishers negotiated this arrangement with Bogue, and Whitman received compensation for the English sale.¹⁸⁰

This is the only direct bibliographical evidence we have, to support the supposition that Whitman may have had another English edition in mind for which his "Introduction" might at last be turned to account. But there is evidence among Whitman's letters which has a direct bearing upon the probability that another publisher besides Bogue negotiated with Whitman in 1881 in regard to bringing out an English edition. The English publishers, Truebners, had been agents for the sale of Whitman's American editions of poems from 1871¹⁸¹ up to and including 1881, when they were still selling the 1876 "Centennial Edition."¹⁸² Whitman seems to have entertained cordial relations with them, and when Whitman's Boston publisher, James R. Osgood, went to England in June, 1881, he broached the subject of an English edition to Truebners,¹⁸³ and wrote to Whitman about opening negotiations in regard to publishing rights in England. Whitman corresponded with Truebners on the subject.¹⁸⁴ One of Whitman's executors has stated that Truebners were favorably inclined toward the proposition at first, but finally decided to drop the matter.¹⁸⁵ Osgood then turned over the selling rights of the American edition in England to Bogue, and he states in his correspondence with Whitman that Bogue was selling copies printed in America.¹⁸⁶ There are also letters of Whitman's which refer to the fact that Truebners were afraid to publish *Leaves of Grass* entire, as they had arranged to do. They did, however, issue a reprint of Whitman's Preface to the 1855 edition, bringing it out in 1881, as Whitman said, "to let me down easy."¹⁸⁷

The substitution of a reprint of the former Preface as a palliative to Whitman strengthens the appearance of probability that part of the scheme that Whitman expected to carry out in his arrangements with Truebners may have been the inclusion of the "London Introduction" in the proposed edition. When this third hoped-for plan miscarried, Whitman seems to have dropped the idea that the manuscript would ever be published in the form in which he had prepared it. After it was thrown into the discard, it is natural to ask what use Whitman finally made of the material, for we have seen that it was contrary to his custom to leave completed copy unutilized.

In a Camden newspaper in 1884 appeared a long sketch, "Walt Whitman Abroad," which follows the "London Introduction" almost literally in its arrangement and content of material.¹⁸⁸ The sections of the "Introduction" which have been utilized are considerably altered and expanded, according to Whitman's usual method of rewriting, but the "spinal idea" of the "London Introduction" undoubtedly furnished the backbone of this newspaper article. It is ostensibly a review of a German pamphlet about Whitman, but it is evidently written chiefly by Whitman himself. Its authorship is established not only by its close parallelism with the "Introduction," but even more indubitably by certain unmistakable turns of phraseology which are a surer indication of authorship than any signature.¹⁸⁹ Moreover, the newspaper formally acknowledges the "translation of the article from the German" by one of Whitman's intimate friends, through whom Whitman had probably furnished a digest of the "London Introduction" material. It appears, then, that the final disposition of the manuscript which had been waiting for more than fifteen years to secure a distinguished audience "over Sea," having been thrice rejected by British publishers, was to serve as "copy" for the columns of an obscure American newspaper — a sorry fate for the first preface which Whitman wrote for readers of *Leaves of Grass* outside of America.

INTRODUCTION TO THE LONDON EDITION.¹⁹⁰

America — that new world in so many respects besides its geography — has perhaps afforded nothing even in the astonishing products of the fields of its politics, its mechanical invention, material growth, & the like, more original, more autochthonic, than its late contribution in the field of literature, the Poem, or poetic writings, named *LEAVES OF GRASS*, which in the following pages we present to the British public.

At first sight, the form of these verses, not only without rhyme, but wholly regardless of the customary verbal melody & regularity so much labored after by modern poets, will strike the reader with incredulous amazement. Then the perusal of the book will open to his view other still profounder innovations. The absolute & unqualified acceptance of Nature; the unprecedentedly candid treatment of the human body, & the exulting celebration of it in its entirety & in all its parts, without the exclusion of any;¹⁹¹ the absence, ostensibly at least, of any thing like plot, or definite point or purpose in the poems; their boundless outcroppage of arrogant animal muscle & brawn, closely tracked everywhere by an equal outcroppage of the most refined transcendentalism, & loftiest spirituality; — these, expressed through phraseology of never-surpassed earnestness and determination, make indeed a book whose presence & pages, & the action between them & their reader, resemble the struggles of the gymnastic arena,¹⁹² more than the usual orderly entertainment given by authors.

Taken as a unity, *LEAVES OF GRASS*, true to its American origin, is a song of “the great pride of man in himself.” It assumes to

Introduction to the London Edition.

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bring the materials & outline the architecture of a more complete, more advanced, idiocratic, masterful, Western personality — the combination and model of a new MAN. It does not dwell on the past, & celebrates in no way the superb old feudal world, or its gorgeous reminiscences; it is built forward in the demesne(s)¹⁹³ of the future, and it would seem as if somehow, a great coming and regnant Democracy — the dream of poets from the time of Plato, & before him, & since, too — had advanced sufficiently,¹⁹⁴ & here given genesis to every line.¹⁹⁵ — It possesses, more than any other known book, the magnetism of living flesh & blood,¹⁹⁶ sitting near the reader, & looking & talking. It is marvellously cosmopolitan. Always manly friendship, the ties of nations & cities, & their common sympathies & common brotherhood — never their jealousies, vaunts special glories or any thought or thing calculated to keep them apart — are encouraged & persistently upheld. The book may be further described as a genuine confession & conference of one single representative humanity, a free, yet ardently intensified *tete-a-tete*. The crowded parlor or a promiscuous audience is not its sphere. It is the most emotional & yearning of poems, & really unfolds itself only in the presence of YOU, the reader, with no third person near.¹⁹⁷

Like the world itself, it is not without passages that will puzzle, cause hesitation, & even shock the conventional, well-meaning student & beholder. But its fervent & powerful efflux evidently flows from a devout soul, & its writer as evidently writes from deep plan & science, & with an elaborated ethic intention, born of & designed to justify, the Democratic theory of his country & carry it out far beyond the merely political beginning already made.

If indeed the various parts of *LEAVES OF GRASS* demanded a single word to sum up & characterize them, it would seem to be the word Democracy that was wanted. But it would mean a Democracy not confined to politics; that would describe a portion only. It would need the application of the word extended to all departments of civilization & humanity, & include especially the moral, esthetic, & philosophic departments.

In giving the preceding introduction we have not had so much in view to advocate or praise the book,¹⁹⁸ as to prepare the reader, by a few general hints, for its novel form, & more novel & most free, sturdy, & all-tolerating spirit.

And as there has perhaps never been a book so resolvable into the personality that composed it, & so knitted with & faithfully reflecting that personality, we will add to the hasty synopsis of *LEAVES OF GRASS*, just given, a brief memorandum of the author, *WALT WHITMAN*. He was born on his father's farm, not far from the sea, in New York state, May 31, 1819. His descent is from Dutch and English ancestry, dating back, both in father's & mother's lines, to the first colonization¹⁹⁹ of that part of the country, and is thus of the fullest & purest stock which America affords, bred²⁰⁰ of her own soil. He grew up, healthy²⁰¹ & strong, alternating his life equally between the country-farm & New York city. He has since lived in the south, explored the west, & sailed the Mississippi, the Gulf of Mexico, & the great Canadian lakes. He has been a farmer, builder of houses, & printer & editor of newspapers. He first issued *LEAVES OF GRASS* in 1855. — The book has since been printed, with successive enlargements and re-

adjustments,²⁰² three (five) (six) times.²⁰³ As given in this volume, it was put forth²⁰⁴ by the author within the last year, & includes the poems & songs of DRUM-TAPS, written during, and at the close of the civil war of 1861-'5.²⁰⁵

For Walt Whitman was in the midst of the war throughout. A volunteer care-taker of the wounded & sick, he joined the army early in the contest, & steadily remained²⁰⁶ at active work, in camp, on the battle-field, or in some or other of the huge military hospitals, ministering to southerner as well as northerner, till Richmond fell, & Lee capitulated.²⁰⁷

He is now in his 49th (53d) (62d) year,²⁰⁸ and is portrayed by one who knows him intimately, as tall in stature, with shapely limbs, slow of movement, florid & clear face, bearded & gray, blue eyes, an expression of great equanimity, of decided presence & singular personal magnetism, very little of a talker,²⁰⁹ generally undemonstrative, yet capable of the strongest emotions,²¹⁰ resolution, & even hauteur.

By report of an English gentleman & traveler, a believing reader of Walt Whitman, who sought & found him out in America, we have our latest direct account of the poet. He was, in August, 1867 (September 1871) residing at Washington City, the capital of the United States, & held a small, but pleasant honorable post in the Attorney General's office there. Our informant had several interviews with him, & besides confirming the main parts of the foregoing account, adds one item, with which we may conclude our record. It is on a point that gives the final test to human character.²¹¹ He considers Walt Whitman the most thoroughly *religious* being that in the course of much travel, & long &

varied contact with the world he has ever encountered. The interior & foundation quality of the man is Hebraic, Biblical, mystic. This exhibited & fused through a full & passionate physiology, a complete animal body, and joined with the most thorough-going realization & cordial acceptance of his country, & belief in its mission,²¹² and with a mind fully awake to the sacred practical obligations of each person as citizen, neighbor & friend — deferentially absorbing²¹³ modern science, yet with the distinct acknowledgment that science, grand as it is, stands baffled²¹⁴ before the impenetrable miracle of the least law of the universe, & even the least leaf or insect, — all this, we say, or something like this, gives the best clue both to the personal character & life, & to the poetic utterance, of this new, powerful, & we think we must say, most typical American.

VI
TO THE FOREIGN READER.

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VI

TO THE FOREIGN READER.



VEN though Whitman's "London Introduction" did not reach publication, he was not thereby deterred from composing other prefaces intended for foreign readers of *Leaves of Grass*, though only one of these manuscripts was ever used in the way intended. Of these prefaces to an audience of the Old World, only the one addressed particularly to the German people was included in a published foreign translation during Whitman's lifetime.²¹⁵ He also wrote a preface for a Russian translation, which was never carried out.²¹⁶ But probably the most interesting of all the foreign prefaces is one which survives only in a proof-sheet in the Manuscript Division of the Library of Congress, which is marked with corrections in Whitman's hand. It is headed "Personal. To the Foreign Reader, at outset," and was evidently one of a small number prepared by Whitman, intended to be laid in the copies of his "Centennial Edition" of his works which he sent to England. In 1876, his literary friends in the British Isles inaugurated a publicity campaign concerning his financial condition, in order to stimulate interest in his work, and to enable him to gain some self-respecting support from the sale of the two-volume edition of his poetical works, which he himself published and sold. There was a large number of copies sold by private subscription in England, as a result of this appeal. Whitman himself stated that most of the "Centennial Edition" found a home on the other side of the Atlantic, and he never ceased to express his gratitude for the timely assistance which this concerted movement of friends in Ireland and England brought to him.²¹⁷

The typographical appearance of the preface which exists in proof among the Library of Congress manuscripts is in itself sufficient to establish close connection with the make-up of the "Centennial Edition" of Whitman's works, for it is set up in the same distinctive style of type

which was used in that edition.²¹⁸ The spacing on the page, and particularly the capitals, which are unique, show that it must have been printed at the same place as the 1876 volumes, probably a short time after the new sheets for the regular edition had been run off the press, for the preface is dated April, 1876.

The strongest reason for believing that this sheet was planned to be a personal memento, to be included as a special mark of regard in the copies which Whitman himself wrapped and posted to friends in the British Isles,²¹⁹ is the nature of the message contained on it. He announces that it is his intention "to proffer here . . . to share with the English, the Irish, the Scottish and the Welsh, — to highest and to lowest, of These Islands . . . the New World's greeting-word." The date also tallies exactly with the high tide of the flood of British sympathy. The appeal of Robert Buchanan, published in the London *Daily News*, March 13, 1876, was seconded by a letter from William Michael Rossetti, published the following day.²²⁰ A great controversy arose as to who was responsible for Whitman's neglect in America, and although the London *Daily News* closed its columns to the matter, and withdrew its offer of receiving subscriptions, the cry was taken up by newspapers all over the United Kingdom, and the British enthusiasm for an American bard unappreciated in his own country elicited a flood of sympathetic letters and subscriptions for Walt Whitman's books, which continued for some time.²²¹

The belief that Whitman planned some special acknowledgment of this demonstration of good will is not based purely on conjecture, for Whitman wrote to Robert Buchanan on May 16, 1876, "I can and will give, to each generous donor, my book, portrait, autograph, myself as it were." ²²² What could be more natural, in accordance with Whitman's desire to give to his benefactors "myself, as it were," than that he should have had printed for him in Camden, as a further "Personal" testimony, separate copies of this message intended as an appreciative "thank you" and warm greeting to those who had come to his aid in "These Islands"?

From the very beginning of his career, it had been Whitman's custom to print personal notices for insertion in his books after they were bound up. This is shown most conclusively by the existence of a copy of the famous letter of greeting which Emerson sent to Whitman in 1855, printed in circular form, which was discovered laid in a volume of the first edition of *Leaves of Grass*.²²³ In addition to the natural proclivity, which Whitman always manifested, to keep changing his books and adding afterthoughts while they were actually in press, there is abundant evidence that the "Centennial Edition" was subject to more than the usual run of modifications after it left the printers' hands. Intercalation slips with new poems to be inserted in bound copies were printed in at least three different installments, on separate sheets of paper, which were either cut up and pasted into the volumes at the appropriate waste spaces, or were in some cases sent as a solid block to friends who had already purchased copies, in order that they might arrange them in the volume to make it complete.²²⁴ Then, too, the volumes of this edition were constantly passing through the author's own hands for insertion of portraits and autograph, intercalations, and final wrapping, for Whitman himself expressed the books to the subscribers.²²⁵ It is very probable that, while having the intercalation sheets run through the press, the thought struck Whitman that he could just as easily have some sort of special intercalation sheet prepared with a permanent voicing of his sentiment toward readers who cared for him and his book enough to have it sent across the ocean. It would then have been no task, but a pleasure of the sort that meant most to the "Poet of Comrades," to insert this preface for foreign readers in copies which he wrapped to mail abroad.

We may be certain at any rate that Whitman had small expectation that this "Personal" greeting would survive as an independent document, for he freely incorporated a paragraph from it in the body of the essay on "The Poetry of the Future," five years later.²²⁶ He doubtless gleaned the bit that he employed there from the identical proof-sheet which is still preserved, as it was left, among his miscellaneous papers at

his death. In this reappropriation of material which had served its purpose elsewhere, we find but one more instance of our artisan melting the bronzes of the Pantheon to cast the altar of St. Peter's. But in this case, as so often, it cannot but seem to the observer that the altar sacrifices something of the complete glory of its original source. It would have been unfortunate indeed if there had been preserved only a fragment of this whole-hearted genial handclasp of Walt Whitman, Americano, as he salutes not merely his own land, but the world. It would be distinctly a loss to forego the straightforward and ringing declaration that he makes here about his own poems: "My pieces were put forth and sounded especially for my own country, and addressed to democratic needs . . . with only Poet's right, as general simple friend of Man — the right of the Singer, admitted, all ranks, all times." A more comprehensive *apologia pro vita sua* would hardly be found in the wide range of Whitman's prose.

In this document we observe for the first time specific mention of his interest in Russia. This theme forms a fascinating unwritten chapter in the dawning of Whitman's inclusive international consciousness. The subject of Russia, its character and activities, seems to have claimed considerable attention from him. Perhaps the initial bent toward Russia was furnished by his interest in a particular Russian personality — for many of Whitman's expansions did come through contact with personalities in which he bathed his own ego for a time, until he had somehow comprehended the essence peculiar to them, and appropriated it himself, like static electricity imparted by contact with amber.

A possible initiator of the Russian current in Whitman's thoughts was an old count whom he mentioned frequently in his conversations at the Gilchrist home. Herbert Gilchrist records: ²²⁷

"He told me about Count - - - - - an old Russian nobleman who took quite a turn to him in Manhattan. 'He let me into a good deal about Russians. He was a wild old fellow. He had been a great duellist. Had a scar.'"

Undoubtedly the "wild" element in Russian characters and Russian history was pleasing to the residuum of the "barbaric" which still remained a vital element in Whitman, although it had little scope for exercise in the Camden of 1876. Like many another would-be voyager kept behind doors and windows, whose soul nevertheless fares lustily forth in reading or in musing, Whitman appears to have spent a great deal of time investigating Russia. He made extensive notations of his readings in the field of Russian history, economics, and literature.²²⁸ He matured a sound diagnosis of the Russian state. To quote once more from Gilchrist's conversation notes:²²⁹

"Whitman thinks it would be a good thing for Russia to mix more with other nations (to possess Constantinople). 'The Russians I look upon as overgrown boys and girls. It is just like a great giant growing, trying to develop.'"

Whitman eventually thought he saw the opportunity to send his book, "launched hence . . . to every Russ," as he had dreamed he might some day do, when he wrote his preface to foreign readers in 1876. In 1881, Dr. I. Fitzgerald Lee, an Irishman then living in Dresden, corresponded with Whitman in regard to a translation of *Leaves of Grass* into Russian. Whitman went so far as to prepare a preface for the Russian volume,²³⁰ but the translation was never completed. Dr. Lee was appointed to a government post which occupied most of his time, soon after he took up the project of the Russian translation; and when Whitman last had news from him, he had penetrated into dangerous regions of Serbia and Russia, and had not been heard from for many months.²³¹

But Dr. Lee was the friend of another Irishman, T. W. H. Rolleston, who was for many years occupied with the task of rendering the poems of Whitman, in selection, into another foreign tongue, German. Whitman's correspondence with him on the details of the work extends over a period of several years.²³² Whitman wrote to Rolleston, in regard to the Russian and German translations, "I think so much of the interna-

tionality element (sentiment) which I have intended as one of the leading fibres of my book." ²²³

The German translation did attain publication, in 1889, furnished with a special prefatory note by Whitman. ²²⁴ "Arrogant as it may seem," he said, "I had more than my own native land in view when I was composing *Leaves of Grass*. I wished to take the first step forward calling into existence a cycle of international poems." ²²⁵ This statement furnishes a significant measurement of the growth of Whitman's views and his enlarged perception of what he might yet accomplish in the world. In his revisions of the 1860 volume of the *Leaves* appears this recorded purpose, which was the measure of the man and his vision then: ²²⁶

Take out and finish for future volume:

America isolated I sing, against all the remainder of the earth,
I say that works, poems (whether made here or imported)
That breathe the spirit of other lands,
Are so much poison to These States.

And in another part of the same book he recorded as his charge: ²²⁷

*Chant me a poem, it said, that breathes my native air alone,
Chant me a song of the throes of Democracy.*

Whitman had indeed come a long way from those exclusively "patriotic" sentiments, when he wrote his "Personal" greeting to foreign shores in 1876, his Russian preface in 1881, and the letter of fellowship which appeared as prelude to the German translation first issued in 1889. Whitman has now placed himself in the highway of the nations with the uplifted hand in greeting of comradeship, a poetic emissary of good will. "Nor envoy, nor ambassador, nor with any official right, nor commission'd by the President — with only Poet's right, as simple friend of Man — to proffer here the sister's salutation of America from over Sea — the New World's greeting-word to all, and younger brother's love."

PERSONAL.

U. S. AMERICA

Camden, N. Jersey, April, 1876

To the Foreign Reader, at outset:

Though there is many another influence and chord in the intentions of the following Recitatives, the one that for the purpose of this reprint doubtless o'erdominates the rest is to suggest and help a deeper, stronger, (not now political, or business, or intellectual, but) heroic, artistic, and especially emotional, intertwining and affiliation of the Old and New Worlds.

Indeed, the peculiar glory of These United States I have come to see, or expect to see, not in their geographical or even republican greatness, nor wealth or products, nor military or naval power, nor special, eminent Names in any department, (to shine with, or outshine, foreign special names, in similar departments,) — but more and more in a vaster, saner, more splendid COMRADESHIP, typifying the People everywhere, uniting closer and closer not only The American States, but all Nations, and all Humanity. (That, O Poets! is not *that* a theme, a Union, worth chanting, striving for? Why not fix our verses henceforth to the gauge of the round globe? the whole race?) ²²⁸

Perhaps the most illustrious culmination of the Modern and of Republicanism may prove to be a signal cluster of joyous, more exalted Bards of Adhesiveness, identically one in soul, but contributed by every nation, each after its distinctive kind. Let me dare here and now to start it. Let the diplomats, as ever, still deeply plan, seeking advantages, proposing treaties between governments, and to bind them, on paper: what I seek is different,

simpler. I would inaugurate from America, for this purpose, new formulas, international poems. I have thought that the invisible root out of which the Poetry deepest in, and dearest to, humanity grows, is Friendship. I have thought that both in Patriotism and Song, (even amid their grandest shows, past,) we have adhered too long to petty limits, and that the time has come to enfold the world.

While my pieces,²³⁹ then, were put forth and sounded especially for my own country, and addressed to democratic needs, I cannot evade the conviction that the substances and subtle ties behind them, and which they celebrate, (is it that the American character has enormous Pride and Self-assertion? aye,²⁴⁰ but underneath, living Good-will and Sympathy, on which the others rest, are far more enormous,) belong equally to all countries. And the ambition to waken with them, and in their key, the latest echoes of every land, I here avow.

To begin, therefore, though nor envoy, nor ambassador, nor with any official right, nor commission'd by the President — with only Poet's right, as general simple friend of Man — the right of the Singer, admitted, all ranks, all times — I will not repress the impulse I feel, (what is it, after all, only one man facing another man, and giving him his hand?) to proffer here, for fittest outset ²⁴¹ to this Book, to share with the English, the Irish, the Scottish and the Welsh, — to highest and to lowest, of These Islands — (and why not, launch'd hence, to the mainland, to the Germanic peoples — to France, Spain, Italy, Holland — to Austro-Hungary — to every Scandinavian, every Russ?) the sister's salutation of America from over Sea — the New World's Greeting-word to all, and younger brother's love.

W. W.

APPENDIX.

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TO THE READER

at the Entrance of Leaves of Grass.

Small is my theme, yet the
greatest - namely One's-self,
a simple, separate person. That
for the use of the New World, I
sing.

One's-self - through crowds of epic
heroes and events, the usual stock
of songs - through many a tale
of passion, pensive, picturesque,
etc., comes pressing straight
toward me, and will not be
denied, my theme.

You, male ~~or~~ or female,
power's into whom all that you
read or hear as past or what
existent is, in heroes or events
with landscape, heavens, and
every beast and bird, becomes

mine - and it underlies these
leaves.

APPENDIX.

To The Reader

At the Entrance of Leaves of Grass ²⁴²

Small is my theme, the theme of the following chant, yet the greatest — namely *One's Self*, a simple, separate person. That, for the use of the New World, I sing.²⁴³

One's Self — through crowds of epic heroes and events, the usual stock of songs — through many a tale of passion, pensive, picturesque &c., comes pressing straight toward me, and will not be denied, my theme.²⁴⁴

You, male or female, pour'd into whom all that you read or hear as past, or that *existent is*, or that you see in landscape, heavens, and every beast and bird, becomes so only then, with play and interplay.²⁴⁵

For what to you or me is this round universe, with all its pageants except as touching you and me? ²⁴⁶ What is this universe? Who knows? May-be created by us, by winking of our eyes — preparing us, by giving us identity — through the apparent known, to the really great unknown.²⁴⁷

As I behold the Universe the things of Nature the least as well as largest item ever inexplicable, I think the things of Nature, as in the main suggestive and gymnastic — not great because of objects or events themselves but great in reference to a human personality and for identity and needful exercise.²⁴⁸ Such is the hint that comes (in whispers to me — and out of it I chant the following poems.) ²⁴⁹

Man's physiology from top to toe I sing. Not physiognomy alone, nor brain alone, is worthy for the muse birth'd in the West.²⁵⁰ I say the *perfect form*, received with absolute faith, is worthier yet. Let others give the parts that please them: — I the ensemble seek to give, and actual fibres

One song at any rate America demands, that breathes her native air alone ²⁵¹ — an utterance to invigorate Democracy — (Democracy, the destined conqueror, yet treacherous lip-smiles always luring, and death and infidelity at every step.) ²⁵² Of such a song, I launch the novice's attempt — and bravas to the bards who, coming after me, achieve the work complete.²⁵³

O friend, whoe'er you are, at last arriving hither, accept from me, as one in waiting for you at this entrance, welcome and hospitality. This is no book but I myself, in loving flesh and blood.²⁵⁴ I feel at every leaf, the pressure of your hand, which I return; and thus throughout upon the journey, linked together will we go.²⁵⁵

^{is used in all features, includes and arguments}
 is Democracy. The meaning
 of Democracy is to put in
 practice ^{the} idea of the
 sovereignty, license, and
 sacredness of the individual.
 This idea ^{isolates person} gives identity, and
^{and perfect freedom} ~~isolation~~ ^{each separate} to every man and
 woman - ^{in the world} while the idea of
 Love, with ^{superior} irresistible power,
 fuses and combines all. The
 twain are in the following
 Song. A third idea, also,
 is, or shall be put, there -
 namely, Religion - the idea
 which ^{swallows up} ~~swallows up~~ and purifies
 all other ideas and things, and
 gives endless meaning and destiny
 to a man, and in him condenses all
^{things.}

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story

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Introduction ²⁵⁶

The meaning of Democracy is to press on, through all failures, ridicules and arguments to put in practice the idea of the sovereignty, license, sacredness of the individual.²⁵⁷ This idea isolates for identity's and perfect freedom's sake each separate man and woman in the world—while the idea of Love, fuses and combines the whole.²⁵⁸ The twain are in the following song. A third idea, also, is, or shall be put, there—namely, Religion—the idea which purifies all other ideas and things and gives endless meaning and destiny to a man, and in him condenses the drift of all things ²⁵⁹

----- Prevalent poems cast back only physiognomy.²⁶⁰ In the following chant, the apparition of the whole form, as of one unclothed before a mirror, is cast back. I was aware that the unclothed face is divine, but now I am aware that the unclothed body is diviner still.²⁶¹ These Leaves therefore image that divine physiology—not apologising for it, but taking it to myself and openly exulting in it.²⁶²

.... Of what I am—of my private musings, yearnings and confessions—of the vari-phased material aesthetic and spiritual animal I am—Of this curious territory, with torrid passions—with deserts and icy sierras and productive fields—I seek to draw the outline, the map.²⁶³ The joined Body with the Soul I seek. For once anyhow needs that tantalizing nonpariel study to go in a poem, not as it might be, or as it is fancied in literature to be—but as it actually is, good and bad, as Nature turns it out.²⁶⁴ For once the mould need to be set as of a live flush, eating and drinking man—and from that, without wincing, I mould the book.²⁶⁵

I commenced *Leaves of Grass* in my thirty-sixth year, by publishing their first issue. Twice have I issued them since, with successive increase—the present being the Fourth Issue, with the latest increase. I am today (May 31, 1861) just forty-two years old; for I write this Introduction on my birth-day—after having looked over the poem, as far as accomplished.²⁶⁶ So far, so well; but the most and best of it, I perceive, remains to be written—the work of my life ahead, which I will

yet do. . . . All as is appropriate to me. Of the teeming and applauded crowds of poets in literature, performing the service appropriate to them, they to their use, (which is great) — I alone to mine.²⁶⁷ . . . I do not school any man or woman in virtues, nor prove anything to the intellect, nor celebrate amours or romances, nor make mere epics of deeds done²⁶⁸

In short, the book will not serve as books serve. But as the rude air, the salt sea, the burning fire, and the rocky ground — sharp, full of danger, full of contradictions and offence. . . .²⁶⁹

Those silent old suggestions! Do you, perusing them, and never understanding them, yet dwell upon them with profit and joy? Then try these chants.²⁷⁰

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The best of
the two
Introductory

Introductory^{ion}

To the Reader

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Introductory Notice to the
Reader

Introduction ²⁷¹

To the Reader

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two Introductions*

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Introductory Notice to the Reader

Introductory

America (I have said to myself) demands one Song, at any rate, that is bold, modern, and unconfined as she is herself.²⁷²

Its spirit like hers, must have reference to the future, more than the present or the past ²⁷³ — Like her it must extricate itself from the past, and be sung with eye ²⁷⁴ fixed on the interminable future,²⁷⁵ Like her, it must bring to the front and hold up at every hazard the inalienable rights, and the divine pride of man in himself.²⁷⁶

Long have the geniuses of other nations listened to poems in which man bends himself down, and abdicates himself.²⁷⁷ But the genius of America cannot listen to such poems.²⁷⁸ Erect and haughty must the chant be, and then the genius of America will listen with pleased ears.²⁷⁹

The meaning of America is Democracy. The meaning of Democracy is to put in practice the idea of the sovereignty, license, sacredness of the individual. This idea gives identity and isolation to every man and woman — but the idea of Love fuses and combines all with irresistible power. The twain are in the following Song.²⁸⁰ A third idea, also, is or shall be put there, — namely, Religion, — the idea which swallows up and purifies all other ideas and things — and gives endless meaning and destiny to a man and condenses in him all things.²⁸¹

Other prevalent poems reflect back only physiognomy.²⁸² In the following chant, the apparition of the whole form unclothed before a mirror is reflected back.²⁸³

Is the unclothed face divine? Yes. It is, and the unclothed body is more divine still.²⁸⁴ This chant therefore images that Divine physiology — not apologising for it, but exulting openly in it.²⁸⁵

Of what I am — of all my private musings and hopes and dreads, this vari-phased animal, aesthetic and spiritual being I am — of this curious territory, with torrid and arctic passions, with deserts and rocky sierras as well as productive fields — I seek to make a map; — or rather give by indirect suggestions for the real depths elude us.²⁸⁶

Not to books and conventions have I sought to conform my song.²⁸⁷ What facts of organism and impulses I find in myself I will have scrupulously put in my song.²⁸⁸ Not this time after books and conventions, Let a mould be made as from a live flush eating and drinking man and in that mould without wincing, I cast the book.²⁸⁹

Small is the theme of the following
chant, yet the greatest - namely,
One's self, a simple, separate
person. That, for the use of
the New World, I sing.

As Nature is not great ^{at} ~~with~~
with reference to itself, but
great with reference to a
human personality - As all
the objects of the universe, and
all events and heroes, are in
the main suggestive and gym-
nastic, and only thus to you
or me of any service - ^{of}
of that formula do I sing.

Man's physiology, from top to toe,
I sing. Not physiognomy alone,
nor brain alone, is worthy for
the muse, walking the western
ground ~~of~~ ^{of} sleeping in yourself.

INSCRIPTION ²⁹⁰

at the entrance of Leaves of Grass

Small is the theme of the following chant, yet the greatest — namely, *One's-self*, a simple separate person. That, for the use of the New World, I sing.

As Nature is not great with reference to itself, but great with reference to a human personality — As all the objects of the universe, and all events and heroes, are in the main suggestive and gymnastic, and only thus to you or me of any service — out of that formule do I sing.²⁹¹

Man's physiology, from top to toe, I sing. Not physiognomy alone, nor brain alone, is worthy for the muse, that makes her home upon the western prairies.²⁹² I say the perfect form, received with absolute faith, is only fully worthy.

One song America demands that breathes her native air — an utterance to invigorate Democracy — (Democracy, the destined conqueror, yet treacherous lip-smiles always luring, and death and infidelity at every step).²⁹³ Of such a song I launch the novice's attempt — and bravas to the bard who, coming after me, achieves the work triumphant.

For you, O friend whoe'er you are, journeying, at last arriving thither, accept from me, as one in waiting for you at this entrance, welcome and hospitality.²⁹⁴ I feel at every leaf the pressure of your hand, which I return. And thus throughout upon the journey, linked together we go.²⁹⁵

Such — and from where it lurks, indeed within yourself, for every apparition in this world is but to rout the real object up from sleeping in yourself, that something, to remind you, may appear, before your very feet or under them — that fuses past and present and to-come in One, and never doubts them more.²⁹⁶

A little lowly thing, yet shining brighter than the sun, perfuming strange the hour that bathes you, the spot you stand on, and every drop of blood that courses through your veins. Belief implicit, comprehending all, — may prove our journey's gift.²⁹⁷

Sweet faith, beyond all lore and riches in the world, may somewhere by the path I lead you, among these leaves, an odorous glistening blossom, appear, O friend, and become yours.²⁹⁸

Thus wise it comes, our New World Chords in diapason gathering, chanting the flush and strength of things and them engarmed in myself. I the following leaves offer then to you, dear friend, for vista, for curious road with me to travel.²⁹⁹

Advance therein — nor be too soon discouraged. Much will not there appear that other poets, guiding you pleasant, sing and sweetly pass the time away.³⁰⁰

But the strong wind shall touch you from the North, and the salt sea. Such virtue as there is in fire and the rocky ground, genuine, sharp, full of danger, full of contradictions and offense.³⁰¹ We will interrogate silent objects. We too as every one must in his turn summon the antique echoes.³⁰²

Arouse, O friend: for of SUGGESTIVENESS I bring you recitative, out of the miracles around you naught made by me for you, but plainly hinted, to be made by you yourself by robust exercise (for every apparition in this world is but to rout the real object up from sleeping in yourself). The pages of the lesson having filled, to train myself — to you I now resign them, with all their blots, to image back the process for your use.³⁰³

Indeed this is no book, but more a man, within whose breast the common heart is throbbing so much. No printed leaves, but human lips, O friend, for your sake freely speaking.³⁰⁴

The Epos of a Life; — the road you tread today, — the workman's shop, or farmer's field, the city's hum, or woods or trackless wild — o'er river lake or sea — (with shows I knew of crimson war) — along the single thread, so interspersed Him of the Lands (perhaps yourself) identical, I sing.³⁰⁵

For. cont. of
Poems

- Delicious!
Night, sleep, Death and the stars

A starry midnight

This is thy hour O Soul!

✕
Away from books - away from art -
The Day is ~~ended~~ ~~closed~~ - the lesson done
Now ~~hush~~ ~~for~~ ~~the~~ ~~silence~~ ~~waiting~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~night~~
Now ~~for~~ ~~the~~ ~~shadows~~ ~~how~~ ~~for~~
~~that~~ ~~now~~ ~~the~~ ~~gates~~ ~~powdered~~
and the themes thou lovest ~~best~~
Amid the scene, well pleased word.

~~Less Delicious!~~
Night, sleep, Death and the stars

✕
They see light in the world

[*MS. note:*] for end of poems ²⁰⁸

A Starry Midnight

**This is thy hour O soul!
Thy free flight into the wordless!
Away from books — away from Art —
The Day is closed — the lesson done,
For thee freely forth emerging silently gazing
Pondering the themes thou lovest best —
Night, sleep, death & the stars.**

NOTES.

LIST OF BIBLIOGRAPHICAL ABBREVIATIONS
USED IN NOTES.*

Barrus	<i>The Heart of Burroughs's Journals.</i> Edited by Dr. Clara Barrus, Boston and New York, 1928.
Barton	William E. Barton. <i>Abraham Lincoln and Walt Whitman,</i> Indianapolis, 1928.
Binns	Henry Bryan Binns. <i>A Life of Walt Whitman,</i> London, 1905.
Bucke	Richard Maurice Bucke. <i>Walt Whitman,</i> Philadelphia, 1888.
Burroughs	John Burroughs. <i>Notes on Walt Whitman as Poet and Person</i> (revised edition with supplementary Notes), New York, 1871.
Camden	Horace L. Traubel. <i>With Walt Whitman in Camden,</i> Vols. I, II, New York, 1915; Vol. III, New York, 1914.
Carpenter	Edward Carpenter. <i>Days with Walt Whitman,</i> London, 1906.
<i>Comp. Writings</i>	<i>Complete Writings of Walt Whitman.</i> Vols. I-X, New York, 1902.
Donaldson	Thomas Donaldson. <i>Walt Whitman, The Man,</i> New York, 1896.
Emerson's <i>Journals</i>	<i>The Journals of Ralph Waldo Emerson.</i> Edited by Edward Emerson, Vols. I-X, Boston and New York, 1909.
<i>Fight of a Book</i>	William Sloane Kennedy. <i>The Fight of a Book for the World,</i> West Yarmouth, Mass., 1926.
<i>Gathering of Forces</i>	<i>The Gathering of the Forces, by Walt Whitman.</i> Edited by Cleveland Rodgers and John Black, Vols. I, II, New York, 1920.
Holloway	Emory Holloway. <i>Walt Whitman, An Interpretation in Narrative,</i> New York, 1926.
<i>Incl. Ed.</i>	<i>Leaves of Grass by Walt Whitman. Inclusive Edition.</i> Edited by Emory Holloway, New York, 1924.

* This is not a complete bibliography of all works referred to in the Notes, but a table of abbreviations for reference.

- In Re* *In Re Walt Whitman*. Edited by his Literary Executors, Philadelphia, 1893.
- Kennedy** William Sloane Kennedy. *Reminiscences of Walt Whitman*, London, 1896.
- N. & F.* *Notes and Fragments Left By Walt Whitman*. Edited by Richard Maurice Bucke, privately printed, 1899.
- Perry** Bliss Perry. *Walt Whitman, His Life and Work* (second edition, revised), Boston and New York, n.d.
- Prose* *Complete Prose Works by Walt Whitman*. Boston, 1907.
- Selections* *Poems by Walt Whitman*. Selected and edited by William Michael Rossetti, London, 1868.
- Thomson** James Thomson. *Walt Whitman, The Man and the Poet*, London, 1910.
- Uncollected P. & P.* *Uncollected Poetry and Prose of Walt Whitman*. Collected and edited by Emory Holloway, Vols. I, II, Garden City, N. Y., and Toronto, 1921.

NOTES ON THE FORMAT OF THIS BOOK.

The size, binding, and so forth, of this volume have been selected with a view to carrying out as nearly as possible some of Walt Whitman's favorite ideas in respect to book-making. He was, all his life, intimately connected with the production end of literary work. He himself worked at the type-setting case; he gave constant attention to the planning and execution of publication details of all the editions of his poetry and prose. In fact, he was wont to say that he had never had his books issued regularly through a publisher until the edition of 1881-1882. (For Whitman's own statement, see *West Jersey Press* letter given under Note 220. The edition of 1860 was issued by the publishing firm of Thayer & Eldridge, but that house failed and went out of business almost immediately.) It seems fitting, therefore, that this account of his "Workshop" should appear in such a form as would have been consistent with his own conception of what was acceptable in the making of books.

Whenever it was possible, Whitman preferred to have his books issued in quarto form, or at least with as broad a page and wide a margin as possible. Not only was this symbolical of that amplitude which characterized his feeling and attitude toward every detail of living (he preferred to write with pens and pencils which were, literally, enormous, and he always wore a broad-brimmed hat), but it gave an opportunity for the eye to grasp the undulatory wave of his poetic lines in their entirety. The sheets of this present book have been prepared, as nearly as practicable, in the same size as those of the first edition of *Leaves of Grass* (1855) and the *Complete Poems and Prose of Walt Whitman, 1855-1888, Authenticated and Personal, (Handled by Walt Whitman)*. These two editions bear special significance: the 1855 is the first, and the 1888 the final, definitive edition in which Whitman was able to superintend the details of publication personally. It was only the constant tireless devotion and voluntary assistance of Horace Traubel which made it possible for Whitman to carry out the unusual make-up of the 1888 volume, for he was practically confined to his room at that time. These two books make an interesting contrast in many respects, but in the matter of size they both adhere to the large page, so that we may be sure that the author's taste in this regard remained consistent from first to last.

With respect to the color of binding, a wide divergence is shown in the various books issued by Whitman during his lifetime. The obvious appropriateness of a green cover for *Leaves of Grass*, which seems to have influenced all publishers of his work since his death, undoubtedly led to the choice of the highly decorative cover for the first edition of Whitman's poems. After that,

he used it but sparingly in the eight other editions, with almost infinite variations of issue, which he brought out during his life. (It occurs chiefly in the rare *Author's Edition*, of 1882). The more sober Quaker tone of gray seems to have gained favor with him during the latter part of his life, probably "for reasons," to use one of his favorite explanations. What some of these reasons may have been, it is interesting to conjecture. He perhaps felt some sentimental attachment to the color associated with the vivid memories of the Quaker figures which made so great an impression upon him in his childhood, particularly the grandmother Amy. His own clothing was practically always of that color, and it doubtless seemed fitting to him to provide a dress of the same hue for his works. For, after all, was he not "The Good Gray Poet?" At any rate, the copies of the 1888 edition which he had prepared with special care were bound in gray buckram. The "Bible Edition" of the following year, prepared for his seventieth birthday, appears almost sombre in its black morocco "pocketbook" binding, but, as if to supplement this "complete, final utterance" with a more kindly note of benediction, a few copies of the 1891-1892 edition, which was in the press during his last illness, were bound up in gray wrappers at Whitman's request, as his parting life gift to personal comrades. This, the ultimate performance to issue from Walt Whitman's workshop, is known as the "Deathbed Edition." It is described by Alfred Goldsmith: "Whitman was very ill at the time, and, wanting to see the edition, Horace Traubel had a few copies hurriedly bound in wrappers for him, and Whitman had them sent to intimate friends. This issue is extremely rare and did not exceed fifty copies." The first copies which Traubel had bound were done in reddish brown wrappers, but this "brown stone front" cover was changed, at Whitman's request, to gray. The story of this change is thus told by Mrs. Anne Montgomerie Traubel: "There were three copies of the brown stone front . . . I used to be audacious. I remember the evening Horace came home with these volumes. He showed me two and asked me what I thought of them. 'They look like Philadelphia brown stone front houses.' He was displeased with that outspoken young lady and repeated the phrase to Whitman. 'Look respectable, eh?' he asked mildly. Later I saw them in the rough gray paper which I like very much" (letter to Mr. Oscar Lion).

The typography of this book has also been planned with a view to its relation to the period in which the greater part of the material which Whitman wrote, included in this volume, was prepared. The decorative capitals, and so forth, are from a font of type which was made in the eighteen-fifties by the Boston Type Foundry and has, by chance, been preserved intact. The matrices were finally discovered, after painstaking search, in the storage bins of the American Type Founders Co., in New Jersey. The periods after titles and running heads, and other peculiarities of punctuation, are according to the usage of the 1855 edition of *Leaves of Grass*.

NOTES ON THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

The frontispiece is reproduced from a photograph of Whitman by Sarony, from the collection of Mr. M. I. D. Einstein. There is no indication as to its date, but a picture of similar appearance exists, dated 1879 (see Henry S. Saunders's *Portraits of Walt Whitman*, No. 63). This is perhaps taken at an even later time. It was probably not later than 1883. (A portrait showing him wearing the same suit, but with a hat, autographed and dated by him, 1883, is reproduced in *The Critic*, XX [1892], 199.)

The daguerreotype which is reproduced on the plate facing page 8 is from the original, which was presented by Whitman's niece, Miss Jessie L. Whitman, to the Walt Whitman Foundation, in 1928. Its date is also uncertain. Miss Whitman writes concerning it: "It must have been taken when Uncle Walt was quite a young man, for it is the only one of him I ever saw without a full beard. One of my pictures dated 1855 has the beard and moustache. I sent 35 pictures to Camden, all different, but in every one he had a beard." A portrait of somewhat similar appearance is reproduced from a newspaper clipping in the possession of the Long Island Historical Society, in the second volume of the *Uncollected Poetry and Prose of Walt Whitman* (New York, Doubleday, Page & Co., 1921) by Emory Holloway, and is there dated 1840. The *Walt Whitman Fellowship Paper*, No. 14 (April, 1895), gives reminiscences of Charles A. Roe, a pupil of Whitman's when he taught school in Flushing, Long Island, about 1839, in which Roe states that Whitman was beardless at that time.

The cuts reproducing manuscripts are made in the exact size of the original, with the exception of those facing pages 24, 30, 38, and 174, which are slightly reduced.

The scraps shown in the illustration facing page 30 are written on letters, or on the backs of envelopes, cut open and spread out, as was Whitman's wont, perhaps from motives of economy or convenience. (See Note 36.)

The photograph of the printing and script on the cover of the copy of the first edition of the *Leaves* which belonged to Whitman, opposite page 118, is in the exact size of the original. The edges of the book, which contain no marking of any kind except blots and time stains, are not shown in this cut. (The 1855 edition in paper covers is exactly eight by eleven inches in size.)

NOTES ON THE MOTTOES.

(See page vii.)

The form of Whitman's motto given here, "MAKE THE WORKS," is that used in a MS. of one of his characteristic self-admonitions: "Make *the Works* — Do not go into criticisms or arguments at all. Make full-blooded, rich, flush, natural *works*. Insert natural things, indestructibles, idioms, characteristics, rivers, states, persons, &c. Be full of *strong sensual germs*" (*Notes and Fragments*, 57). William Michael Rossetti, in his 1868 issue of *Selections* from Whitman's poems, says in his Prefatory Notice (p. 18), quoting from Moncure D. Conway's article in the *Fortnightly Review* of October 15, 1866: "Whitman wrote on a sheet of paper, in large letters, these words 'Make the Work,' and fixed it above his table, where he could always see it whilst writing." The form given in Dr. R. M. Bucke's *Notes and Fragments* has been chosen for the inscription to head this volume, as coming from the more reliable source. (For evidence concerning the unreliability of Rossetti's source of information, see Note 167; also Kennedy, 51-74.)

The second quotation is drawn from "Chants Democratic, Number 3," in the 1860 ed. of *Leaves of Grass*, 151, 152, 156, 157.

The full MS. passage from which the third quotation is taken is given in Note 161.

NOTES ON THE TEXT.

N. B. Throughout these Notes, Arabic numerals at end of references without further specification refer to page number in work cited. Extra pagination is signified by Roman numerals in small type; volume numbers, by Roman numerals in capitals. For bibliographical abbreviations used for works frequently cited, see list on pp. 179, 180.

1. *Familiar Letters of Henry David Thoreau*, ed. by F. B. Sanborn, Boston, 1894, 346. Cf. Barrus, 41.

2. "No one will get at my verses who insists upon viewing them as a literary performance, or attempt at such performance, or as aiming mainly toward art or aestheticism" ("A Backward Glance O'er Travel'd Roads," 1888, *Incl. Ed.*, 535).

"Critically, a significant, if not the most significant, fact about *Leaves of Grass* is, that the genesis and fashioning of them have evidently not had in view literary purposes merely or even mainly, and the poet has not, either in mass or detail, tried his work as it progressed by the *sine qua non* of current literary or esthetic standards. The Book is a product, not of literature merely, but of the largest universal law and play of things, and of Kosmical beauty, of which literature, however important, is but a fraction. This is the clue to, the explanation of, the puzzle of the widely vexatious literary and esthetic questions involved in *Leaves of Grass*" (*Camden*, I, 383).

"Ever since what might be called thought, or the budding of thought fairly began in my youthful mind, I had a desire to attempt some worthy record of that entire faith and acceptance ('to justify the ways of God to man' is Milton's well-known and ambitious phrase) which is the foundation of moral America. I felt it all as positively then in my young days as I do now in my old ones. . . . While I cannot understand it or argue it out, I fully believe . . . that invisible spiritual results, just as real and definite as the visible, eventuate all concrete life and all materialism, through Time" ("Additional Note" to *Specimen Days in America*, London, 1887, 311-312).

"Religious Canticles. These perhaps ought to be the *brain* the *living spirit* (elusive, indescribable, indefinite) of all the 'Leaves of Grass.'

"Hymns of ecstasy and religious fervor" (*N. & F.*, 170).

For the source of quotation concerning "the religious purpose," see Note 7; also Note 36, the notebook for "Passage to India," contains the significant entry: "A religious sentiment is in all these heroic ideas and underneath them"; cf. also p. 135 of text.

3. The idea that he was animated by a "call" of the spirit, or a "concern," as it was termed by the Quakers, crops out frequently in Whitman's writings: "Following the impulse of the spirit, (for I am at least half of Quaker stock)"

(*Prose*, 507); "My greatest call (Quaker)" (*N. & F.*, 148); the same phrase occurs in a page of autobiographical data contributed by Whitman to *Lippincott's Magazine*, XLVII (1891), 381. These data were also printed by Whitman on separate broadside sheets for passing out to friends and inquirers. Dr. Clara Barrus has a copy of this broadside, with the title, "From an Old Remembrance Copy" (see Note 223). Cf. also "the Spirit commanding," in MS. under Note 31.

4. From the essay on *Leaves of Grass*, printed anonymously in *The Critic*, I (1881), 303. Whitman's authorship is proved by the diction, and by a letter from T. W. Rolleston (in Library of Congress) — "Received the proof of your 'Critic' essay on *L. of G.*," etc. (See *Prose*, 287, 515; also *Poems of Walt Whitman*, ed. by E. Rhys, London, 1886, xxxi; and Note 37.)

Binns is one of the few writers on Whitman to note his strongly evangelical trend. "The seer who has glimpses of ultimate things will yet recognize Whitman as an evangelical" (Binns, 77). Compare Burroughs's impressions of Whitman as a reformer (see Note 69).

5. This is a variant reading, differing from any printed version, found among the revisions which Whitman made in his own copy of the 1860 edition of *Leaves*, when he was revising it for publication during his service as a clerk in the Department of the Interior, in Washington. This copy is the same that he kept in his desk in the Department office, which was purloined by Secretary of the Interior Harlan, who made its "immoral" nature the pretext for discharging Whitman from his government clerkship (see Barton, 121). It is now in the possession of Mrs. A. M. Traubel. This emendation was made by Whitman on p. 13 of that volume.

It is interesting to compare this statement of implicit faith in divine inspiration with a remark recorded by John Burroughs in his notebooks of about the same period, when he was constantly making notes of conversations with Whitman. Referring to Whitman, he writes: "THE MAN always comes with every god in heaven and earth backing him!" (For the source of this and all other quotations of unpublished MSS. by Burroughs, see Note 57.)

6. Sanborn's own testimony in regard to Whitman's part in the trial is given in a letter by him to the *Springfield Republican*, April 19, 1876. See Furness, "Walt Whitman Looks at Boston," *New England Quarterly*, July, 1928, 353; also Binns, 136, and Holloway, 164.

7. *Gathering of Forces*, I, xxxix, attributes one of the most important statements ever made by Whitman regarding his religious purpose to an earlier period: "In the preface to the first edition of *Leaves of Grass* (1855), Whitman said, 'When I commenced, years ago, elaborating the plan of my poems, and continued turning over that plan, and shifting it in my mind through many years (from the age of twenty-eight to thirty-five), experimenting much, and writing and abandoning much, one deep purpose underlay the others, and

has underlain it and its execution ever since — and that has been the religious purpose.” This statement does not appear in the 1855 Preface, however, as cited above; it was part of the Preface published with the separate volume of “As a Strong Bird on Pinions Free,” in 1872 (*Prose*, 268). It was therefore of later date than the original drafting of either the American or English prefaces. In the same volume (“As a Strong Bird on Pinions Free”), issued by the poet himself in Washington, appears at the end of the book an “Advertisement” concerning Whitman’s work, written by Whitman himself, anonymously. In it (p. 3) we find the interesting parallel statement: “The basis on which the work stands will probably finally be discovered and agreed to be the Religious basis — the reference of every possible event to a divine purpose, and unfolding.” See also the quotations from other works of Whitman given in Note 2.

8. In notes made by Herbert Gilchrist of “Conversations with Mr. Whitman during the Latter Part of 1876 and the Commencement of 1877,” appears this entry: “Intellect is a fiend. It is a curse that all our American boys and girls are taught so much. I think that a boy or girl should be taught very little. The majority of them know far too much. I would have boys or girls know very little. There is one of the Staffords’ boys (I take an interest in him). He is sent to a school in Camden. They want him to be taught shorthand, then languages. Why it’s like putting jewels on a person before they have got shoes on. The boy is sharp enough of wit. I suggested that he should study literature & so on, but no! etc.” (The Gilchrist MS. is the property of Mrs. Frank J. Sprague, by whose permission the above quotation, and others from the Gilchrist notes, are now reproduced in their original form for the first time.)

9. This direction to himself is given by Whitman in a MS. notebook owned by Mr. Milton I. D. Einstein. The complete contents of that MS. will be found under Note 14.

Even after his poems were written, Whitman disclaimed any ability to explain or interpret them, for he did not consider them as productions of his conscious intellect. “Indeed if there is any thing worth while to offer in my messages, it is effused at random, obedient to the passing mood and moment. Has not the chaos of my pages its purpose enclosing it? its clue or formulation? No — no more than Nature has. Or if it has, Reader dear, it is not in the usual way, and you, Reader dear, may need to search long for it. Upon the whole it puzzles and evades me more than anybody” (quoted from an original MS. in the Pierpont Morgan Library, N. Y.).

10. This rule for successful public speaking, as formulated by Whitman, is quoted from his MS. book of “Oratory” notes, in the Library of Congress. See p. 37 of text for complete passage; also Note 16. Cf. Emerson’s *Journals*, VII, 205; IX, 203.

11. "In 1887 Whitman imparted to a young friend (Harrison S. Morris) some idea of his method of collecting material for a poem. The following is a transcript of Mr. Morris's notes: — 'He said an idea would strike him which, after mature thought, he would consider fit to be the "special theme" of a "piece." This he would revolve in his mind in all its phases, and finally adopt, setting it down crudely on a bit of paper, — the back of an envelope or any scrap, — which he would place in an envelope. Then he would lie in wait for any other material which might bear upon or lean toward that idea, and, as it came into his mind, he would put it on paper and place it in the same envelope. After he had quite exhausted the supply of suggestions, or had a sufficient number to interpret the idea withal, he would interweave them in a "piece," as he called it. I asked him about the arrangement, or succession of the slips, and he said, "They always fall properly into place" ' " (Kennedy, 24). There is also an excellent article on Whitman's method of composition, based upon a further elaboration of Morris's material, supplemented by the writer's own observations, in Barnet Phillips, "Walt Whitman's Way," in *Harper's Weekly*, XXXVI (1892), 318.

"Mr. Whitman worked in a desultory manner. For days he would not write. . . . 'You know, in writing poetry, the machine won't always work . . . usually I have to wait until it does.' . . . I do not believe, and this is strengthened by the fact that he so intimated it, in relation to a minor poem, that, when Mr. Whitman started a theme in verse, or prose, he had the remotest idea when he would make port, or how he would land. He said to me, 'I just let her come, until the fountain is dry'" (Donaldson, 74, 75, 125).

But Whitman did occasionally attempt to discipline the free flight of fancy, "the untamed, rough-jolting Pegasus he has been accustomed to ride without check or snaffle," as Whittier characterized his method of composition (Donaldson, 175). The following memorandum, for instance, taken from a MS. notebook in the Library of Congress, shows that he did have a conscious well-defined theory of composition, at least as regards the technique of short-story writing. But his very insistence upon clean-cut, intellectual, speedy formulation shows that he was aware here, as was the case in the notes he wrote for his own practice in oratory, that the poetic deliberative style was his instinctive method of working.

"*Directions for Story Writing. Haste along.* (Don't stop so long to think) — *write quick. Strongly lined and colored.* Only one or two grand culmination-points (perhaps only one is best,) in one story. Dash off chapters at random and then fit them in afterward. *A strong beginning to arouse curiosity* — and also a *well-written ending. One or two marked characters plenty of incident* — *Dialogues.*"

See also other notes on Whitman's writing habits, under Note 34.

12. See E. Underhill, *Mysticism*, N. Y., 1911, 58, 189, 372, 375, 387; also Rufus Jones, *Studies in Mystical Religion*, London, 1923, 75, 312. Jones, *New Studies in Mystical Religion*, N. Y., 1927, 104 and 147, gives the gist of meditation and indication of Whitman as mystic. Binns perceived the strong mystical element in Whitman, but regarded it as of exclusively sensuous nature, "clearly not the mysticism which is completed in . . . meditation and ecstasy" (Binns, 166; but cf. G. R. Carpenter, *Walt Whitman*, 1909, 32). There is, however, available evidence that he made a conscious goal of "meditation, the devout ecstasy, the soaring flight" (*Prose*, 226. See G. R. Carpenter, *Walt Whitman*, N. Y., 1909, 50-56; also William James, *Varieties of Religious Experience*, N. Y., 1902, 87, 396). "Outline of lecture. I imagining myself in that condition mentioned. You must do the work — you must think. To you. First of all prepare for study by the following self-teaching exercises. Abstract yourself from this book; realize where you are at present located, the point you stand that is now to you the centre of all. Look up overhead, think of space stretching out, think of all the unnumbered orbs wheeling safely there, invisible to us by day, some visible by night; think of the sun around which the earth revolves; the moon revolving round the earth, and accompanying it; think of the different planets belonging to our system. Spend some minutes faithfully in this exercise. Then again realize yourself upon the earth, at the particular point you now occupy. Which way stretches the north, and what country, seas, etc.? Which way the south? Which way the east? Which way the west? Seize these firmly with your mind, pass freely over immense distances. Turn your face a moment thither. Fix definitely the direction and the idea of the distances of separate sections of your own country, also of England, the Mediterranean sea, Cape Horn, the North Pole, and such like distinct places" (*N. & F.*, 79).

The similarity of this practice to the methods of meditation recommended in modern mystical and occult treatises is striking. (See, for example, the chapters dealing with exercises in the preliminary steps of meditation, as outlined in Alice Bailey, *Letters on Occult Meditation*, N. Y., 1922; Rudolf Steiner, *Investigations in Occultism*, N. Y., 1920, and *Knowledge of the Higher Worlds and its Attainment*, N. Y., 1923.) Whitman's knowledge of studies in occult religion is noteworthy, for at that time very little was known on the subject in America, and but few books were available. (See Note 22, and references to Hindu scriptures in the notebook for "Passage to India," Note 36.) Emerson recognized this element in Whitman, referring to the *Leaves* as "a remarkable mixture of the *Bhagavat Ghita* and the New York *Herald*" (F. B. Sanborn, "Reminiscent of W. W.," *Conservator*, VIII, 37). It seems probable that Whitman may have received more hints in this direction from Emerson, who was among the first to read and value the Hindu religious writings in this country (Emerson's *Journals*, II, 329). Thoreau may well have made his contribu-

tion toward the same goal, for he is known to have discussed reading with Whitman, and, being himself saturated with Vedic thought, he puts himself on record at least once as a purveyor of Oriental religious literature to a young person requesting his advice in reading (*Familiar Letters of Henry David Thoreau*, Boston, 1894, 351 ff.). M. D. Conway has made a study of Thoreau's knowledge of Oriental religious literature, and avers that he wrote to Whitman on the subject ("Walt Whitman," *Fortnightly Review*, VI [1866], 546). Whitman had studied the theory of "temperaments," according to Galen, which figures largely in the teachings of the Rosicrucians (compare his extensive notes on the subject, *N. & F.*, 82, with the exposition of the same material in Rudolf Steiner, *Lectures to Teachers*, N. Y., 1923, 81 ff.). He was a close student of Giordano Bruno and wrote a preface for Brinton and Davidson's *Giordano Bruno* (Philadelphia, 1890). He also recorded his belief in reincarnation (*N. & F.*, 124-125).

13. *Prose*, 292. This idea of Whitman's is expanded and given perhaps its fullest voicing in "Democratic Vistas" (see *Prose* 243, footnote, where he explains the "completions of material births and beginnings" in the light of the "prophecy of those births, namely spiritual results"). At moments of the highest exaltation he seems almost to approximate the Hindu conception of *Maya* in his attitude toward "the seen." He believes that there is a "conviction brooding within the recesses of every envision'd soul" that the "intellect, demonstrations, solid perpetuities, facts" and so forth, of the visible world are but "illusions! apparitions! figments all!" "Migrate in soul to what we can already conceive of superior and spiritual points of view, and palpable as it seems under present relations, it all and several might, nay certainly would, fall apart and vanish." Yet, with the solid practicality which usually characterizes his final judgments, he cautions that "we must not condemn the show, neither absolutely deny it, for the indispensability of its meanings" (*Prose*, 243). But in the sublime process of poetic creation, it is ever the "rapt and prophetic vision — intimating the Future" which must function (*N. & F.*, 178). Cf. George Fox: "The visible covereth the invisible sight" (*Emerson's Journals*, II, 496); also p. 49 of text.

14. This entry is from a notebook filled with material showing the complete genesis of a poem, when studied in connection with a second notebook devoted to the same theme, and a final rough drafting of the poem entire. These three MSS., taken together, show so strikingly the mysterious and devious ways by which ideas reached final fruition in Whitman's workshop, and also exemplify the uncanny mixture of subconscious with self-conscious elements in his creative processes, in such a graphic way, that selections from each MS. are here reproduced for examination.

The title for the projected poem was to be *Penitenzia*. This is written in red ink on the covers of both notebooks. Then the unworked raw material follows. "For part in L of G. Collect the good portraits. Kurtz's head with

eyelids drooping. Tarris's head. Make poems to match. Veil (?) Mask with the lids thine eyes, O soul! *** Retire within thyself. Mask with the lids thine eyes, O soul. Droop — droop thine eyes O soul. Be not abased. I sing the unaccomplished — I sing the vast dark unknown. . . . Then chant (celebrate) the unknown, the future hidden spiritual world the real reality."

A second notebook, probably merely a collateral or alternative place for jotting fragments, which he may have reserved for the more detailed formulation of the material for this poem, contains general directions for the composition of the piece, and its first tentative draft. "Sentiment of the piece: Abstraction, Meditation, Penitence. ? qu. — three (or more) stanzas of interrogatory character. For portrait with hat. Behind (Under) that mask of shade? heavy shade. Veil with the lids. Eyes, droop thy lids. O penitence. Repentance. (It.) Penitenzia? The drooping of the eyelids generally accompanies humility — indicates penitence — see the Roman Catholic devotees — & specimen pictures of the saints, &c. On the portrait. Photo by Mr. Tarris. As apostrophising the depths. Look out from the shadows. Thou who — (? qu) Lookest out from the shadows on — (leader: events of the day in America, Europe (Spain & Cuba) — advent of Grant, abolition of Slavery, Pacific Railroad) *moral* events & characterization as well as physical & political. Thou who, in the shadows retiring Lookest from thence out on the world, Lookest out on the land — (on my portrait Tarris's) *Thou forth from the shadows peering*. From shadows deep & dark I peer Forth on the world, my race my comrades dear, Curious — Peering. Tell how from birth from these shadows peering. Thou who peering from shadows deep. Do you too form a poem of this book Telling what"

Then appears the poem itself, on a single sheet of MS., emerging, like its subject, from behind the welter of appearances, with infinite painstaking revisions, the emendations standing sometimes three and four deep. Hardly a single word of the original writing remains unaltered!

Mask with their lids thine eyes, O Soul
 Pass to the unaccomplished, over the vast unknown
 Droop, droop thine eyes O Soul
 Exalt thyself to musing — speed thy flight — thy slough dropt from thee
 The objective world behind thee leave
 The standards of the light and sense shut off
 To darkness now retiring
 Aloof inward to thy abysses (?)
 How curious then appears the world,
 Thy comrades, life and this thy visage, passive each
 The objective world behind thee left.

(The above MSS. are in the collection of Mr. Milton I. D. Einstein.)

15. The passages quoted in the text, voicing Whitman's mature belief in this fundamental tenet of the Quaker faith, are to be found in his "Memoranda" (*Prose*, 507), "Notes on Elias Hicks" (*Prose*, 467), "George Fox and Shakespere" (*Prose*, 477), and the newspaper article of which an account is given in Note 188. This doctrine of the "Inner Light" is referred to and commented upon frequently by Whitman (see *Prose*, 161, 468). "With these comes forward far more prominently in 'Two Rivulets' than in the preceding volume, the moral law, the 'inner light' of the Quakers, the pure conscience, rising over all the rest, like pinnacles to some elaborated building" (*N. & F.*, 66). Cf. also "the Spirit commanding" (see MS. under Note 31).

" . . . Thou O God my life hast lighted,
With ray of light, steady, ineffable, vouchsafed of thee,
Light rare untellable, lighting the very light,
Beyond all signs, descriptions, languages."
("Prayer of Columbus," *Incl. Ed.*, 358)

Whitman's personal acquaintances have recorded the permeation of his thinking by Quaker influences. William Sloane Kennedy gives a summary of "Quaker Traits of Walt Whitman" (*In Re*, 213). Horace Traubel relates a conversation with Whitman in which he said that at one time he had considered becoming a member of the Society of Friends (*Camden*, II, 19). Harrison S. Morris has given what seems the most adequate treatment of this phase of Whitman in a study which is unfortunately available only in Italian, in a very limited edition, from which a few selections are here presented in free translation, since the original MS. has not been published in English. "Perhaps the word *mystic* would express better his intuitive faith in an inward guide. . . . Nevertheless his good sense and a certain prudence which he would have called *'cuteness* and which was ever present with the powerful faith of the Quakers, kept him far from the fanaticism of certain mystics, such as Molinos or Peter the Hermit. The influence of the family, in which the Quaker principles had penetrated, was able to induce in the boy a certain independence of idea . . . and this may be attributed in a certain measure to the example and to the instruction of Elias Hicks. . . . His faith in himself, his faith in his feeling of an inward spiritual guide, are reflected in the life and in the works of Walt Whitman. . . . He liberated himself from all theology and placed his reliance in his faith in the goodness and truth of the Universe, and fashioned his conduct by the guidance of the Inner Light" (H. S. Morris, *Walt Whitman, Poeta della Democrazia*, Firenze [1927], 28-29). Other studies of Whitman's Quakerism are to be found in Binns, 16, 17, 180, 298 ff., 301 ff.; and in "Walt Whitman and the Inner Light of the Quakers," *Conservator*, XVII, 24. See also John Burroughs, *Whitman; A Study*, Boston, 1896, 24.

16. From a fragment of MS. (Donaldson, 73). See also the MS. note on "Oratory," under Note 50: "Counterparting in the first person, present time,

the divine ecstasy of the ancient Pythia, oracles, priests, possessed persons, demoniacs, &c." In "Democracy" (*Galaxy*, IV, 933) Whitman declares his intention to pursue "the promulgation and the path, obedient, lowly reverent to the voice, the gesture of the god, or holy ghost, which others see not, hear not." See also R. M. Bucke, *Cosmic Consciousness*, Phila., 1901, 186 ff.

17. See Note 295.

18. See Note 249, and p. 167.

19. See p. 135 in text.

20. *Prose*, 160. See illustration, p. 30, for variations of this title. Whitman worked over his titles, as he did his compositions. Over thirty MS. slips with various versions of this title are in The Library of Congress.

21. See p. 51 in text. This phrase appears, together with the phrase "the mettlesome action of blood horses" which accompanies it, in a general medley of loose thoughts, in a small, white paper notebook without cover, in the Library of Congress. In this notebook it appears to be part of the material collected under the title *good moments*, but it was employed in the 1855 Preface to *Leaves of Grass*, near "the mettlesome action of the blood horse" (*Incl. Ed.*, 496).

22. See p. 53 in text. Cf. this fragmentary note for a lecture on Religion. "Materialism — (put this section forward . . . reality and demonstration with the opening) . . . that this earth is under a constant process of amelioration — as it always has been — that it, in some manner not perhaps demonstrable in astronomy, expands outward and outward in a larger and larger orbit — that our immortality is *located* here upon earth — that we *are immortal* — that the process of the refinement and perfection of the earth are in steps, the least part of which involves trillions of years — that in due time the earth beautiful as it is now will be as proportionately different from what it is now, as it is now proportionately different from what it was in its earlier gaseous or marine period, uncounted cycles before man and woman grew. That we also shall be here, proportionately different from now and beautiful. That the Egyptian idea of the return of the soul after a certain period of time involved a beautiful . . . nature . . . mystery" (*N. & F.*, 124). "My religion? I should refuse to be called a materialist entirely. I think I combine that with the spiritualistic inseparably in my books and theory. I believe in Darwinianism and evolution from A to izzard. To satisfy me there must be a combination of modern science with a loftier and deeper theology than anything that has ever been furnished in the past. My belief is that things in our time — politics, religious investigation, sociology — the movements of all are going on as well as possibly could be. There is a certain sort of activity going on, which if left to continue, all the results that reformers desire will be achieved. Everything is progressing as it should. The result will be a hardening and healthifying of the muscles — a freedom of all these things." (From

interview with Walt Whitman, *New York Sun*, June 28, 1885.) Whitman had studied all religions widely, and formed his own views from a careful investigation of all known systems of religious thought or philosophy (see notes on reading in these subjects, *N. & F.*, "Sunday Evening Lectures," 192 ff., 152 ff., *et al.*). This is shown in such poems as "Salut au Monde," "Chanting the Square Deific," "Eidólons," and so forth.

23. This short poem, originally entitled "This Journey," never reached publication in the form here presented, but was incorporated as a stanza in the longer "L. of G.'s Purport," which first made its appearance in the 1891 edition, with some alterations (*Incl. Ed.*, 456; present version reproduced by arrangement with Doubleday, Doran, and Co., holders of copyright on published reading). It therefore was probably composed near the end of the poet's life, and represents his mature method of workmanship. A very good idea of what this method was may be derived from a careful study of the three versions in MS. reproduced in the illustration, p. 24, which is made from the original MSS in the Library of Congress.

The melancholy tone which pervades this poem, similar to that of the "Prayer of Columbus," perhaps requires some explanation. Although it is true that he was "old, poor, and paralyzed," Whitman was not at any time in a state of utter destitution, and particularly during the last decade of his life he was well cared for, having funds of his own, as well as gifts and ministrations of friends in plenty. At about the same time that we may reasonably suppose him to have been composing the poem, "My Task," John Burroughs wrote to that effect, to Dr. J. Johnston, Bolton, England: "November 2, 1890. West Park, N. Y. . . . I spent two or three days in Camden the latter part of September. Whitman was in pretty good condition, the best for three years, I think. We dined together at the house of a friend Sunday night and he was bright and hearty. Ingersoll has been lecturing on him recently in Philadelphia. Quite a success I hear, tho' I did not approve of the step. Tell Whitman's friends in England that he does not need any more pecuniary aid: he has money enough I learned while in Camden. This lecture of Ingersoll brought him over \$850, which he was not in want of. . . . John Burroughs" (quoted from copy in the possession of Dr. Clara Barrus). There was a period in Whitman's life, immediately following his first stroke of paralysis in 1873, when he was in low circumstances, physically and financially (see Note 220). Yet even at that time, he wrote to William Michael Rossetti that he had never been in actual want. "Though poor now, even to penury, *I have not so far been deprived of any physical thing I need or wish whatever, and I feel confident I shall not in the future.*" (The entire letter, dated March 17, 1876, is given in Donaldson, 29-31.) His brother George, in good circumstances, stood always ready to help him. There seems good reason to believe that the information given by Miss A. H. Dole, a niece of his sister-in-law in Camden, who knew the

whole situation thoroughly, is reliable. She states that George "had built a commodious house on the outskirts of Burlington, N. J. . . . larger than was wished for himself and his wife that they might accommodate 'Uncle Walt'" (Perry, 314). The explanation of Whitman's periodical fits of depression may of course rest partially upon the morbidity which might naturally arise from a condition of partial paralysis lasting nearly twenty years. But possibly there is a profounder psychological motivation of this, inherent in Whitman's training and early character. Contrary to the impression which is prevalent in some quarters, he was by no means a shiftless ne'er-do-well. He had been profitably engaged in the house-building business in Brooklyn, with a fair prospect of accumulating a fortune, when the "bee began buzzing in his head" which caused him to forsake business and adopt a literary career permanently. (His own statement regarding this will be found under Note 220; see also Perry, 56.) It is frequently stated and believed that he came from very humble origins, and was used to the environment of privation. A recent biographer has observed that he was insensitive to conditions of poverty, amounting almost to squalor (Barton, 55, 70, 132-133). It seems probably nearer the truth that Whitman was, as a matter of fact, sensitive to the lack of physical affluence and really had a suppressed ambition to be a competent man of the world in spite of his seeming "indifference to money matters." (See Burroughs, *Whitman: A Study*, Boston, 1896, 27.) He had been brought up in an atmosphere of thrift, but his family had reserve bank funds which Whitman wished to augment (*The Wound Dresser*, Boston, 1898, 71). Mrs. Nelly Hart Woodworth called upon Walt's favorite sister, Mrs. Hannah Heyde, in Burlington, Vermont, several times the year before her death, and wrote this account to John Burroughs, concerning the financial history of the family: ". . . Her brother, Col. George Whitman, had always seen to her. He died last winter, leaving her the interest on \$25,000 yearly. . . . She said, 'My great grandfather was a man of wealth, contrary to all that has been written of our humble origin. He owned Long Island from neck to neck. Do you know what that means, dear?' 'From water to water, is that it?' 'Yes, darling, from creek to creek. But the wealth has drifted away from our branch of the family latterly. But my mother left me several thousands and Walt had the same'" (quoted from a letter of Mrs. Woodworth to John Burroughs, owned by Dr. Clara Barrus).

24. See Perry, 49, 50, 53-55, 85, 86; Binns, 129-132; Holloway, 153-155. Binns makes incidental reference to the fact that Whitman's poetical style may have grown out of a "study of the movements of speech," but Miss Louise Pound is doubtless a pioneer researcher into the primary origins of Whitman's "final lilt." She has pointed out its relation to oratory, suggestively but by no means exhaustively (see "Walt Whitman and Italian Music," *American Mercury*, VI, 63). Her fundamental hypotheses were anticipated, but not developed, by G. R. Carpenter, who surmised that "Whitman's verse-

method grew of his own impassioned speech," and "of his memories of the arias and recitatives of the Italian opera" (G. R. Carpenter, *Walt Whitman*, 1909, 42, 45).

25. *Prose*, 9; also "A Backward Glance O'er Travel'd Roads," (*Incl. Ed.*, 530).

26. This is in the Library of Congress. The remainder of the inscription on the cover reads: "I have dwelt on this play a good deal — seems to me sometimes the most *characteristic* (polished, deepest laid in) of Shakespeare's productions, had it near me at times 1860 to 1889. *Walt Whitman*." He mentions the same play as a "model" (*Prose*, 222). See Note 49 for other references; also *Camden*, III, 265, and "Shakspeare's Historical Plays," *The Critic*, V (1884), 145.

27. *In Re*, 19. In 1858, he was seriously considering trying to make his livelihood by public lecturing (see MS. quoted under Note 31). He wrote to his mother, June 9, 1863: "I think something of commencing a series of lectures and reading, etc., through different cities of the North, to supply myself with funds for my hospital and soldiers' visits, as I do not like to be beholden to the medium of others." And again on June 22, 1863: "I have quite made up my mind about the lecturing, etc. project — I have no doubt it will succeed well enough the way I shall put it in operation." (*The Wound Dresser*, Boston 1898, 84, 86.)

28. *In Re*, 35.

29. Perry, 49. The lecture was delivered before the Brooklyn Art Union, March 31, 1851, and printed in the *Brooklyn Daily Advertiser*, April 3, 1851. Selections from this lecture, showing the genesis of his new poetic style through public speaking, are given in G. R. Carpenter, *Walt Whitman*, 1909, 42-43.

30. "Once in a while he appears at the political mass meetings as a speaker. He is on the Democratic side, at the time going for Van Buren for President, and, in due course, for Polk. He speaks in New York, and down on Long Island, where he is made much of. It is probable, however, that all is done with a view to exercise as largely as anything else" (Burroughs, 81). "Between the ages of twenty and thirty, he was variously occupied as writer and editor on the press of New York and Brooklyn, sometimes going into the country and delivering political addresses" (Burroughs, "Walt Whitman and his 'Drum Taps,'" *Galaxy*, II [1866], 606). See also Note 57 for Burroughs's sources.

"Whitman's original thought was to publish his ideas in the form of lectures. I believe he had formed this intention some years before such a book as *Leaves of Grass* was planned or even thought of. Nor did he drop the notion of lecturing as an integral part of his scheme of self-presentation after he began to write the *Leaves*, but held to it certainly until after the war. It is even

likely that the apparent impossibility of ever publishing his verse even after this was printed in '55 and '56 . . . caused him to turn his thoughts more than ever to the lecture platform. . . . Whitman planned, and at least partly wrote, lectures before he began to write the *Leaves*, and . . . he continued to plan and to work at lectures, at least at intervals, almost all the rest of his life." (Preface by R. M. Bucke, *N. & F.*, p. v.)

"It is quite evident that very early in life he gave much attention to the study of public speaking and had formulated a purpose to present his message in that way, before he adopted the plan of reaching the people through the medium of a printed book . . . It was his habit of making notes on any subject and placing the scraps of paper in the package devoted to that subject. . . . Among his papers I found many notes and suggestions on the subject of Elocution and Oratory." (T. B. Harned, "Walt Whitman and Oratory," *Complete Writings*, VIII, 244.)

31. See p. 33 in text.

A MS. was found among Whitman's papers at his death, which outlines the details of this plan. It was published by his executors in 1902.

"Among other schemes elaborately surveyed but never consummated was the idea of going up and down the country delivering and selling a series of lectures . . . A document indicating the seriousness of this intention to lecture was discovered at his death. It is written on both sides of a small piece of stiff paper intended as the front cover of a book which was to contain 'Walt Whitman's Lectures.' He had inscribed on this sheet: '15 cents. Walt Whitman's Lectures.' Then he announces: 'I desire to go by degrees through all These States, especially West and South and through Canada; Lecturing (my own way) henceforth my employment, my means of earning my living, subject to the work elsewhere alluded to. That takes precedence. Of this, or through the list, present and to come (see last page of cover), any will be recited before any society or association of friends, or at the defrayment of some special person.

AMERICA! A PROGRAM, &c.

Some plan I seek to have the vocal delivery of my lectures free; but at present a low price of admission, one dime, or my fee for reciting here \$10.00. (When any distance expenses in addition).

Each lecture will be printed with its recitation; needing to be carefully perused afterwards. I personally sell the printed copies.

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK; 1858

Trade supplied by De Witt, 162 Nassau Street, New York.

Notice — Random Intentions — Two Branches

"Henceforth two co-expressions. They expand, amicable from common sources, but each with individual stamps by itself. First POEMS, *Leaves of*

Grass, as of INTUITIONS, the Soul, the Body (male or female), descending below laws, social routine, creeds, literature, to celebrate the inherent, the red blood, one man in himself, or one woman in herself. Songs of Thoughts and wants hitherto suppressed by writers. Or it may as well be avowed to give the personality of Walt Whitman, out and out, evil and good, whatever he is or thinks, that sharply set down in a book, the Spirit commanding it; if certain outsiders stop puzzled, or dispute, or laugh, very well. Second, Lectures, or Reasoning, Reminiscences, Comparison, Politics, the Intellectual, the Esthetic, the desire for knowledge, the sense of richness, refinement and beauty in the mind, as an act, a sensation — from an American point of view.

“Of the above so far both would increase the bearings upon themselves, not at any time finished any more than any live operation of nature is but unfolding, urging onward and outward. By degrees to fashion for These States (it may as well be avowed) two athletic volumes, the first to speak of the permanent soul (which speaks for all, material too, but can be understood only by the like of itself — the same being the reason that what is wisdom — music to one is gibberish to another). But the second, temporary, shall be the speech of the attempt at Statements, Argumentation, Art. Both to illustrate America — illustrate the whole, not merely sections, members, throbbing from the heart, the West around the great Lakes, or along the flowing Ohio, or Missouri or Mississippi.

“Curious, much advertising his own appearance and views (it cannot be helped) offensive to many, too free, too savage and natural, candidly owning that he has neither virtue or knowledge — such, *en passant*, of Walt Whitman, going his own way to his own work — because that, with the rest, is needed — because on less terms how can he get what he is resolved to have to himself, and to America?” (*Complete Writings*, I, p. liv.)

32. Binns, 129. In the memorandum for a lecture on Literature, p. 65 in text, the blank space after the words “adv. or,” left by Whitman, has been filled by supplying the word “lecture” in brackets, on the ground of the certain knowledge provided by his other lecture notes that it was his intention to lecture on *Leaves of Grass*.

33. Binns, 130. This matter of self-advertisement has frequently been held against Whitman. But it is only fair to judge the matter from the standpoint of his time and purpose. It was not purely self-aggrandizement on his part. It seemed to him a question of choosing between modesty and a mission. He shows clearly in his notes for lectures on Literature that he perceived that “the poet must himself make the taste by which only he will be appreciated, or even received.” Emerson has stated his similar belief. (*Emerson's Journals*, III, 272, 335, 550, V, 100, 104, 114, 179, 207, X, 102; cf. *Leaves of Grass*, 1860 ed., 108; also Note 69 for Burroughs's version of the same idea.) Whitman was not held back by any moral scruples as to the honesty

of vaunting himself, but appealed to the examples of Dante and Leigh Hunt, who had resorted to the same practice (*Complete Writings*, IX, 119).

The charge of "outrageous self-puffery" upon these grounds is based upon a wrong conception of the motive which actuated Whitman in making anonymous declarations concerning his work. One does not hear much said in regard to his suppression of "puffery" on the part of others concerning himself. The following passage from a letter written at Boston, May 10, 1860, to his brother Jeff, shows his aversion to fulsome praise. "I make Thayer and Eldridge crack on the elegant workmanship of the book, its material, &c. but I won't allow them to puff the poetry — though I had quite a hard struggle — as they had prepared several tremendous puff advertisements — altogether quite ahead of Ned Buntline and the 'Ledger' — I persuaded them to give me the copy to make some little corrections — which I did effectually by going straight to my lodgings, and putting the whole stuff in the fire." (See Note 309.) There is also an instance of similar self-deprecation in the letter from Whitman to Dr. Bucke concerning the flattering picture of Whitman given in Dr. Bucke's *Life* (Holloway, 302).

34. "He sometimes wrote on scraps of paper, on the inside of envelopes addressed to him, on the backs or on unwritten portions of letters, and on paper received around packages; in fact, on anything that would carry ink. His manuscript was like Joseph's coat, of many colors. Sometimes he used half a dozen kinds of paper on which to complete one poem — a verse or two on each, and then he would pin them together. His poems he worked over and over again" (Donaldson, 73).

Mr. Harrison S. Morris relates that when he paid his first visit to Whitman, the poet was sitting on the steps of his house in Camden, turning around and around in his fingers a loop of string on which were fastened various scraps of paper, like keys on a key ring. Mr. Morris was curious to know what this strange arrangement might be, and in answer to his question, Whitman told him that it was a "piece" in course of composition. Upon examining it, Mr. Morris found that each scrap of paper had an idea for a poem written upon it. (See also Note 11.)

"I have seen a manuscript, a part of "November Boughs," a single page of which was composed of at least a dozen kinds of paper, written in black pencil, blue pencil, black ink, and red ink . . . and each piece of a different shape, size, and color. . . As a thought or sentence had come into the mind of the writer he had made a note of it and pasted the whole together." (W. H. Garrison, "Walt Whitman," *Lippincott's*, XLIX [1892], 625.)

"The notes printed in this volume came to me in scrapbooks and in bundles. They are all on loose sheets and small pieces of paper of endless sizes, shapes, shades and qualities (some even written on the back of scraps of wall-paper!). Sometimes they are pasted in a scrapbook but more often

stuck in loose, or tied in bundles." (*N. & F.*, R. M. Bucke's Preface, p. v. Cf. Bucke, 54.)

Emerson had the same habit of interchanging material between lectures and poems — but one of the many characteristic points of similarity between Whitman and his "Master." "Mr. George H. Browne, in his Emerson primer, has shown how many passages in Emerson's poetry can be paralleled by corresponding passages in the prose. Sometimes the poet simply lifts a line from his prose into his verse. For example, the closing words of the address on 'Man the Reformer' are 'to sow the sun and moon for seeds.' In 'The Poet' occurs the line, 'He sowed the sun and moon for seeds.'" (W. S. Kennedy, "Clews to Emerson's Mystic Verse," *The American Author*, June 1903, 197. See Emerson's *Journals*, V, 80, for his first notation of this idea.)


35. See Note 5.

36. The illustration, p. 30, will indicate some of the graphic methods of emphasizing, underscoring, etc. of which Whitman MSS are full of examples. The fragment, *After reading a Ballad from Walter Scott*, is written on the inside of an envelope cut open and spread out, a favorite method with him. The "Random Moments" note is made on the back of the following letter: "Batavia, Oct. 7th, 1878. Walt Whitman, Dear Sir, Will you please send me your autograph by so doing you will confer me a great favor. Yours Truly, Geo. W. Bull." Some of Whitman's best work was done on the paper provided by the letters of "autograph bores," as he called them.

The attitude which Whitman almost always assumes toward himself in writing preliminary notes or instructions for future compositions shows a curious tendency to conceive his writing or creative self as an identity separate from his ordinary self-conscious personality. This seems to bear out his belief that his work was accomplished by submitting his every-day consciousness to the guidance of the "mighty tempestuous demon" [*dæmon*] or "Oversoul" (see Notes 10, 15, 16). This division of consciousness, which amounts almost to a dual personality in which the "Soul" and the "I" are separate (as indicated in Whitman's phrases, "Mask with their lids thine eyes, O Soul," "Come, said my Soul," "my Soul and I," etc.) has been analyzed by W. S. Kennedy in "A Peep into Walt Whitman's Manuscripts" (*Conservator*, VII (1896), 53 ff.). It seems almost certain that Whitman used the term "Soul" in this connection to indicate his Genius-self as distinct from his personal self.

Typical examples of his third-personal style of writing instructions to himself will be found in his "Directions for Story Writing" (see Note 11), and in the notebooks for a poem on the Soul (see Note 14). There are other instances in what is, in many ways, the most illuminating MS. illustrating Whitman's method of composition that I have investigated — the notebook for the composition of "Passage to India" (now in the collection of Mr. Oscar Lion). The major portion of its contents is here reproduced. See also H. S. Morris's

description of the first MS. of this poem, with its "spinal idea," as he called it, on the edge of a newspaper," in *Harper's Weekly*, XXXVI (1892), 318.

"Passage to India. Completion Pacific R. R. 1869.? quite a long piece — The spinal Idea: That the divine efforts of heroes, & their ideas, faithfully lived up to will finally prevail, and be accomplished however long deferred. Every great problem is *The passage to India* (put this in literally). Columbus, type of faith? perseverance. O for the free, clear O the way! the free, clear passage! At outset draw a simple picture of the setting out of the Columbus expedition of discovery — ? the voyage — In course of the piece, a geographical & other description of the country through which the continental Road passes — the states. (their names,) the fauna, mountains, rivers, &c. — Bring in the discovery of the route by Cape of Good Hope — who was it? Vasca de Gama? And I saw the lesson. ?A main idea is to be that a brave heroic thought or religious idea faithfully pursued, justifies itself in time, not perhaps in its own way, but often in grander ways. ?then at end — What else remains? [Here follows a page of incoherent and almost illegible phrases] what other passage to India? A religious sentiment is in all these heroic ideas & underneath them. What Thou too O my Soul, (what is thy) takest thou passage to India? To The mystic wisdom — the lore of all old philosophy To All the linked transcendental streams, their sources, To vast and mighty poems the Ramayana, the Mahabarata, The Vedas with all their hymns & sacred odes. And you O my Soul? Have not you & I long sought the passage to India Sought the Source, sought some fond and ?strait Some Suez or some Darien Panama ?(What are the straits) O Love! passage to India — Pride of man! passage to India. Other after the rest: Passage to India, O, my Soul. Make a fine, full gorgeous picture of the starting point (?) or landing?) of Columbus — Also about Vasca de Gama — also of the Pacific R. R. route — its features — geography &c &c I see Columbus sailing out of port at ?I see — (then ?the voyage in brief). ?open the piece with a lofty declamatory passage declaiming the phrase "passage to India." set forth? Columbus from Palos Aug. 3, 1492 he landed and with his great footstep imprest a New World (12th October 1492 he landed in America at daybreak) Not to Castile & Leon but to all the old world, Columbus gave a Newer World see p. 158 vol. vii *Enc. Amer* In old age poverty dejection, humiliated & in prison He was of deepest piety  *portraiture of Columbus.*" (Cf. prefatory note to "Prayer of Columbus" in *Two Rivulets*, reprinted in *Incl. Ed.*, 682.)

37. The following two entries from a MS. notebook in the Library of Congress throw considerable light on Whitman's musical preferences, as well as his *penchant* for the notation of curious and exact detail.

"American Opera — put three banjos (or more?) in the orchestra — and let them accompany (at times exclusively), the songs of the baritone or tenor — Let a considerable part of the performance be instrumental — by the or-

chestra only — Let a few words go a great ways — the plot not complicated but simple — Always one leading idea — as Friendship, Courage, Gratitude, Love, — always a distinct meaning — The story and libretto as now are generally of no account. — In the American Opera the story and libretto must be the *body* of the performance.”

“American Opera. When a song is sung the accompaniment to be by only one instrument or two instruments the rest silent — the vocal performer to make far more of his song, or solo part, by by-play, attitudes, expression, movements, &c. than is at all made by the Italian opera singers — The American opera to be far more simple, and give far more scope to the persons enacting the characters.”

Whitman's interest in the Italian opera, and knowledge of it, have been so well summed up by Louise Pound that further references seem unnecessary (“Walt Whitman and Italian Music,” *American Mercury*, VI, 63). Holloway quotes from a recently discovered Whitman notation about “something in the way of American music” (*American Mercury*, I [1924], 186; cf. also *Uncollected P. & P.*, 105). In the earliest drafts for *Leaves of Grass*, Whitman notes his desire for a “real American music” (*N. & F.*, 28); in the 1855 Preface (*Prose*, 261) he seeks “an appropriate native grand opera”; and in “Democratic Vistas,” he predicts that in the future America, “music, the combiner . . . a god, yet completely human, advances, holds highest place; supplying in certain wants and quarters what nothing else could supply” (*Prose*, 201). It is singular, in view of his consistent and deep-seated interest in oratory, that he does not make more specific mention of his ideas concerning it in his published works. Practically the only detailed reference is in his “Father Taylor (and Oratory)” (*Prose*, 387), but he says, in “Elias Hicks,” “Doubtless there is an unnameable something behind oratory, a fund within or atmosphere without, deeper than art, deeper even than proof” (*Prose*, 470). The quotation, “To inflate the chest,” etc., on p. 31 of text, appeared first in 1860 ed. of *Leaves*, 268.

38. Whitman diary of 1863, in the Library of Congress. Ten days later, in a letter to Abby Price, of Oct. 11, 1863 (now in the Pierpont Morgan Library) he writes, “Then I read to the boys — the whole ward that can walk gathers round me and listens — Did you see my last letter in *N. Y. Times* Oct. 4, 1863.”

39. From MS. owned by Mrs. Frank Sprague; see Note 8.

40. One of the fullest contemporary accounts, which is quoted by Bucke (*Bucke*, 53-54), who had most of his clippings and biographical material supplied by Whitman (*Holloway*, 302), is published under the caption “A letter from Camden,” and bears some internal evidence of Whitman's having had a hand in its writing (see Note 54). Also, see Bucke, 224-225.

W. S. Kennedy gives what appears to be an adequate and unbiased ap-

praisal of Whitman as a public speaker (Kennedy, 25-26). Horace Traubel says, "His voice has been strong and resonant. Full of music — a rich tenor — it charms ear and heart. It has high tones not so sweet. In ordinary talk it may give out the defects, with the virtues, of monotone. But for depiction of event or repetition of poetic lines or prophetic utterance he gives it curious and exquisite modulations. Its range is simple, like the simplicity of the language itself. . . His manner was indefinitely easy. He often gesticulated appropriately. . . There were passages in the recital of which he threw his great body back in his chair, spoke with great vehemence, raising head and tone and eye in perfect accord" ("Walt Whitman at Date," *New England Magazine*, IV [1891], 280, 286). Bucke, dodging details, records simply that "His way of rendering poetry was peculiar but effective" (Bucke, 53; but compare T. A. Gere's account in Note 49). John Burroughs wrote to T. B. Harned, concerning Whitman's reading of his own poems, "I can hear Whitman's voice uttering them as I used to hear them. . . Sad but resolute, full of human pathos and of martial ardor at the same time" (from copy in the possession of Dr. Barrus). In fairness, to present the complementary side of the picture (perhaps requisite for true portraiture), it must be recorded that not every one shared enthusiasm for Whitman's oratory. Harrison S. Morris writes to me: "You may quote me as saying that Walt had no oratorical gifts at all. When he spoke from the stage, he could scarcely be heard. He used the same tones which were customary in conversation. He had no gestures, and when I saw him on the platform he was usually seated because of his paralysis. His voice was not strong, rather high-pitched, and it would not carry very far. It was weak in contrast to the big physical proportions of the man." But it should be borne in mind that Mr. Morris knew Whitman only during the latter part of his life, when Whitman was no longer in prime physical condition, and that Whitman and Morris rarely agreed on matters involving aesthetic judgment or taste (*Camden*, III, 15, 26, 189, 431). Morris was nevertheless one of Whitman's staunchest young adherents; it was in fact Horace Traubel and he who planned and arranged the Ingersoll lecture for Whitman's benefit (see Burroughs's letter, quoted in note 23). Miss Bertha Johnston remembers Whitman's voice in 1877, when reciting poetry, as "melodious, dramatic" (see Note 49).

41. Holloway, 297. Though Holloway reports a Lincoln lecture, the thirteenth, by Whitman, in April, 1891 (Holloway, 313), Barton's recent exhaustive study of Whitman's lectures on Lincoln closes with this summary: "The ninth delivery of the lecture, if our count is complete, was in Philadelphia, on April 15, 1890. . . . This was Whitman's last lecture, and the Boston *Transcript's* correspondent said it was the thirteenth time he had delivered it" (Barton, 214). Barton has gone into detail in presenting the record of his investigation, and reaches the conclusion that previous biographers have

overestimated the number of times Whitman had given the lecture. Whitman wrote in his "Additional Note. Written 1887 for the English Edition," "Commemorated Abraham Lincoln's death on the successive anniversaries of its occurrence by delivering my lecture on it ten or twelve times" (*Specimen Days*, London, 1887, 310), and again, in an article originally published in the *Boston Transcript*, April 19, 1890, which appeared anonymously, he wrote, "We believe the delivery on Tuesday was Whitman's thirteenth of it." (This article, later included in Whitman's *Complete Prose*, 508, is proved to have been by Whitman himself. See *Fight of a Book*, 270.) Barton ignores Whitman's own testimony as untrustworthy and says that he cannot verify Binns's statement that the lecture had been given thirteen times (Binns, 332). Barton specifies, "I have not been able to discover so large a total. . . Prof. Bliss Perry and Prof. Emory Holloway agree that this number is too large" (Barton, 194). Professor Holloway, however, fixes the number at thirteen, and includes a lecture in 1891, as noted above. He does not, unfortunately, cite any authority for his statement that Whitman delivered the lecture in 1891, which does not tally with other biographies (cf. Perry, 255; Donaldson, 103). If we are not to accept Whitman's own statement, then, the whole matter seems impossible of conclusive settlement, like many other moot questions concerning Whitman.

42. *Prose*, 506. The following year he was busying his mind still with this project, but without saying much about it even to his intimate friends. Notes found among his papers are marked "For Ottawa lecture," which Bucke says "must have been written in 1880, [when Bucke and Whitman traveled together from London, Canada, to Chicoutimi] but I did not know until I found this fragment in 1899 that Whitman ever had at that or any time any thought of lecturing at Ottawa" (*N. & F.*, 65). If, as Holloway suggests (Holloway, 155) he was really not able to cut a successful figure in platform work, his natural sensitivity on the subject might account for the fact that he did not publish more about oratory in his writings (see Note 37) or discuss it with friends. It is largely because of his reticence on the subject that it was not realized, until the documentary evidence was discovered long after his death, how deep and lasting a place the whole subject of oratory had occupied in his thought throughout his life.

43. Mr. Harned wrote this note on the cover of the "Reading Book," before depositing it in the Library of Congress: "Walt Whitman used this book in his public readings. He had it with him for many years, and on several occasions read from it, usually after his Lincoln Lecture — T. B. Harned." The contents of this volume are of considerable import, as indicating the nature of poems which appealed to Whitman, at least for purposes of public reading. Some of them seem surprisingly conventional, some even trite. The contents are as follows.

"The Diver," by Schiller. Printed on galley sheet, with caption: (*As recited by W. W. at the performance in aid of the poor of Camden, night of Jan. 27, 1876*). For explanation of Whitman's habit of having all his MSS. set up in type, both for purposes of composition, and for public reading, see Note 223.

"Last Words," a comic poem, newspaper clipping, beginning: "*I'm goin' to die,*" says the *Widder Green*, and ending: *Won't no more be pestered by — Widder Green.*

"John Anderson, my Jo."

"Thou Who Hast Slept All Night Upon the Storm (The Man-of-War Bird)," by Walt Whitman.

"The Battle of Naseby," "The Bridge of Sighs," and "Ode on the Passions" by Collins, all printed on galley sheets with additions and revisions in Whitman's handwriting. He seems to have edited rather heavily most of the poems which he read in public. There is an outline of the Collins "Ode," written in pencil, pinned to the printed poem, evidently prepared by Whitman for memorizing aid.

"The Singer in the Prison," by Walt Whitman. Final revision, for recitation, differs in some particulars from any printed version. It is set up in the same form in which the poem appears in the McKay edition of *Leaves of Grass* (1900) 420-422, which departs in several respects from the final reading (*Incl. Ed.*, 316-318). The following additional variations appear in this copy. Printed sub-title: *Anecdote of Parepa Rosa*. Line added, in pencil, just before *THE HYMN*. *A Soul, confined by bars and bands, etc: — The lady sang to the convicts.* Emendations are made in the line which follows *The singer ceas'd*, to read: *One glance swept from her eyes, enclosing all those upturn'd faces.*

"The Whale Chase," by Walt Whitman (selections from "A Song of Joys," set up in type, with some minor changes written in).

"The Raven," by Poe (sheets torn from *National Fifth Reader*).

"The Sailor's Wife," by W. J. Mickle.

"O Captain! My Captain!" by Walt Whitman

"The Mystic Trumpeter," by Walt Whitman. Considerably edited for reading purposes. Following excisions indicated: all of strophe 3 out; first line of strophe 4 out; all of strophe 7 out.

"The Midnight Visitor" (translation from the French, "La Ballade du Désespéré"), by Henri Murger; (see comments on p. 207).

"Proud Music of the Storm," by Walt Whitman.

"The Midnight Visitor (from Anacreon)." The name of the translator is not given. It appears to be the translation of Thomas Moore (*Odes of Anacreon*, Philadelphia, 1804, 153, Ode xxxiii). It is changed in many places from the printed reading by Whitman's emendations. The most interesting changes are the revision of "*O gentle sir,*" *the young one said,* "*In pity take me to thy bed,*" which Whitman alters to "*O sir,*" *with tearful voice and thin* *The young*

one said, "O take me in;" and the successive shifting from *the baby's tale of woe* to *the young one's*, and finally to *the little one's*. Several cases of past tenses in the poem are changed to present by Whitman, presumably to heighten the graphic effect for reading.

Untitled poem by Lord Houghton, beginning:

It was a holy usage to record
 Upon each refectory's side or end
 The last mysterious supper of our Lord
 That meanest appetite might upward tend.

(N. B. Lord Houghton had visited Whitman; see *In Re*, 36.)

The last item in the "Reading Book" is a memorandum for a contemplated poem, left in fragmentary form, as follows:

June 19 '76 — White Horse, N. J.

Piece to celebrate the Dead of the war — ? Piece for recitation Decoration Day — *Triumphal strains* (not mournful or sentimental)

The truce (?)

The theory that soldiers from different factions met and had an evening's supper, drink & friendly interview — before they part, they sing the following song, taking each other by the hand —

Comrades All (Hand-in-hand for once)

Every one all the rest combining
 All the rest for that one entwining
 Hand in hand! O it's hand in hand
 Now and here
 Soon we part our path each roaming
 Each his way
 Hour of friendship we'll remember
 All
 Through all else
 Hours of friendship we'll (?) treasure
 remember

This MS. is important as an incipient poem, of a comparatively late date. There are various revisions and tentative elaborations which are not represented in the above transcription. This is one of the few surviving specimens of a complete skeleton of a poem (the "spinal idea" of which Whitman was so fond of speaking) with a definite date, dropped at the point where the details were just beginning to emerge and "fall properly into place" (see Note 11). It shows pretty conclusively that whatever inspired flow Whitman may have attained in his finished poems, was but faintly evident, if at all, in their beginnings. Contrary to the common impression, he knew no first fine careless rapture. He dug deep and toiled long to bring to the surface his trove of proven

treasure. Yet so deceiving is the appearance of artlessness in his tacitly artful final offering, that he was heralded by one of the supposedly penetrating English critics as almost an embodiment of the eighteenth-century conception of primitive man endowed unconsciously with the God-given faculty of pristine eloquence! "His language is strong, vehement, instantaneously chosen; always forcible, and sometimes even rhythmical, like the prose of Plato. Thoughts crowd so thick upon him, that he has no time to seek their artistic equivalent; he utters his thought in any way, and his expressions gain accidental beauty." (From Robert Buchanan's article on Whitman, originally published in the *Broadway Magazine*, reprinted in the *Washington Sunday Morning Chronicle*, Nov. 10, 1867.) Many modern critics have mistakenly echoed this idea that the muse of Whitman was a refractory creature, impatient of discipline and dilatory almost to the point of slothfulness. But as a matter of fact, Whitman's presiding genius conducted herself much more like a thrifty New England housewife, than like the "drunken apple-woman" or "Hottentot wench under the influence of cantharides and adulterated rum" which Swinburne pictured as his familiar spirit (*Fortnightly Review*, XLII [1887], 175).

There has been much discussion in regard to the poem, "The Midnight Visitor," translated from the French of H. Murger, which is found in Whitman's "Reading Book." It has often been conjectured that Whitman himself made the translation from the French, but there is slight evidence that he did more than tighten up a loosely translated version in English, editing it for his own use, as he did with many of the poems in his reading repertory (see examples cited on p. 205). Horace Traubel summed up the controversy, presenting the evidence on both sides, in *Poet-Lore*, VI, 484-491, and this subject has been brought up to date in *Fight of a Book*, 78-81. Miss Bertha Johnston, daughter of J. H. Johnston in whose home Whitman spent considerable time, writes: "Whitman first visited us in March, 1877, for a month, when I was a girl of fourteen, not yet awakened as to our visitor's exceptional place in the line of the prophetic bards. But I have a vivid memory-picture of him, seated at the end of a large sofa, reciting in melodious, dramatic voice, the sombre verses of the 'Midnight Visitor.' It assuredly made a great impression on a child, to carry over these fifty years. My Father, I know, always spoke of the poem as being translated from the French, but never thought of Whitman as the translator."

It seems doubtful whether Whitman knew enough French to make such a translation. We have the testimony of one of his acquaintances that he read widely, "not alone in English, but also largely in French, which he learned during his residence in Washington, and to a limited extent he had read Spanish" (W. H. Garrison, "Walt Whitman," *Lippincott's Mag.* XLIX, 624). But H. S. Morris writes: "He knew no French. He used to read a translation

of Henri Murger (pronounced by him always with a great emphasis on the 'i' and the 'er') in a whimsical way. . . . He once told me that some of the boys at one of the Camden newspaper offices had made a free translation of the original, and he had licked it into form. He knew no language but his own" (*Harper's Weekly*, XXXVI, 319). Whitman's knowledge of French is proved to be negligible, at least as regards punctuation and spelling, by the following bits of evidence. In the same MS. notebook in the Library of Congress which contains the entries used in the 1855 Preface (described under Note 21), appears this memorandum in which Whitman is evidently trying to fix the pronunciation of a common French word, by phonetic aid: "Insouciance, an soo se áwnz." This would hardly have been the sort of entry to be made by a person possessing even a rudimentary knowledge of French. This, of course, was written long before the Washington days, when Garrison avers that he learned French. But again, in a letter to W. S. Kennedy, Aug. 8, 1890, Whitman writes: "Have things pretty favorable here in my shanty, with ventilation (night & day) frequent bathing light meals, & *laissez faire*" (italics are Whitman's own).

44. This calculation is based upon the examination of a much needed concordance of Whitman's poems, which it is to be hoped may be completed and published: *Partial Tabulation of Principal Subjects of Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass,"* (submitted for degree of Master of Arts at University of Maryland, under title: *Tabulated Analysis of the Philosophy of Walt Whitman, 1927*), by Virginia W. Brewer. A complete concordance by word, rather than subject, has been ready for publication for years, but both of its authors have died before the realization of its need was sufficient for it to find a publisher. I refer to the gigantic pioneer undertaking of the late W. H. Trimble and his wife: "*A Concordance of Leaves of Grass: compiled by W. H. Trimble, Annie E. Trimble, and Isaac Hull Platt. Still in manuscript. 61,200 entries of 13,447 words, of which 6,978 are used once only*" (*Catalogue of a Collection of Walt Whitman Literature, compiled by W. H. Trimble, "Concord," St. Leonards, Otago, N. Z., [1912] 9*).

45. Whitman seemed to prefer the term "Lessons" for his lectures, and usually refers to them so. This shows clearly the essentially didactic character of the impulse which originally prompted him to consider public work. "Lessons. — Clear, alive, luminous, — full of facts, full of physiology — acknowledging the democracy, the people — must have an alert character, even in the reading of them. The enclosing theory of 'Lessons' to permeate All The States, answering for all, (no foreign imported models,) — *full of hints, laws and informations*, to make a superb American Intellect and Character in any or all The States. Also the Strength, Command and Luxuriance of Oratory" (*N. & F.*, 58). Some of this instruction he designed to be of rather esoteric appeal. "Passage in every 'Lecture': To those few who understand — get at

the heart of the theme" (*N. & F.*, 170). In order to preserve as nearly as possible the appearance of the original memoranda, which are largely amorphous, paragraph indentations have not been observed in reproducing the text of notes. The divisions of thought, as indicated by spacing in this text, correspond to the arrangement in the MSS. Whitman's punctuation has also been preserved literally, throughout these notes for lectures.

46. The price fixed here, ten cents, seems to mark this MS. as of earlier date than the one in which he proposes to charge fifteen cents, dated 1858 (see Note 31).

47. Although Whitman used notes in his public lectures and readings, most reports state that he was in the habit of departing from his copy for extemporaneous remarks. "Now and then he left his manuscript to add a sentence or to look across the room, as if into some infinite significance of phrase or thought" (H. Traubel, "Walt Whitman at Date," *New England Magazine*, IV [1891], 286. See also Bucke, 225).

48. This is written in a notebook, marked "Oratory," which is in the Library of Congress. As will be seen in the illustration (p. 34) it is made up of all sizes of paper scraps pasted together inside the cloth covers of an old book. Most of the entries are made on heavy blue paper, a uniformity which is unusual with Whitman. The various notes seem to be written with a surer touch, and fewer revisions, than is the case with the lecture memoranda jotted on loose scraps of paper. This probably indicates that he copied the notes into this book from rough drafts made elsewhere, placing them here only when he was satisfied of their permanent value. This is another evidence of the very great importance which he placed upon his views concerning oratory.

This entry, it will be noted, is dated on his birthday. It was customary with him to mark his birthday with special sessions of silent, if not always sweet thought, and set down the results in some permanent form. Numerous examples of this may be found in the present text (see pages 34, 135, 169; see Notes 151 and 153 for birthday memoranda besides those given in text). He was particularly given to writing prefaces on that day. Besides those here published for the first time, we find a passage in the Preface of 1872 (*Prose*, 272), and again in the one of 1876 (*Prose*, 274).

49. Whitman speaks of declaiming these same Shakespeare passages to the New York omnibus drivers (*Prose*, 13). In 1862 he wrote an account of a sailing trip to Montauk for the *Brooklyn Standard*, with this reference to the same practice: "We scampered along the shore, jumping from rock to rock, we declaimed all the violent appeals and defiances we could remember, commencing with, 'Celestial states, immortal powers, give ear,' away on to the ending which announced that Richard had almost lost his wind by dint of calling Richmond to arms" (reprinted in *New York Times Magazine*, Sept. 17, 1916). T. A. Gere, a ferry hand, recalling Whitman's practice of declaiming

Shakespeare upon the Brooklyn ferry boat, "when passengers were few and those few likely to be asleep on the seats," says "In my judgement few could excel his reading of stirring poems and brilliant Shakesperian passages. These things he vented evidently for his own practice or amusement. I have heard him proceed to a length of some soliloquy. . . . and when he had stopped suddenly and said with intense dissatisfaction, 'No! no! no! that's the way the bad actors would do it,' he would start off again and recite the part most impressively" (New York *World*, June 4, 1882). See also Note 26.

Cf. the second note headed *Style* (p. 36), with the following: "Lectures Ego-style. First-person-style. Style of composition an animated ego-style — 'I do not think' 'I perceive' — or something involving self-esteem, decision, authority — as opposed to the current *third-person style, essayism, didactic*, removed from animation, stating general truths in a didactic, well-smoothed" (*N. & F.*, 179). He went even so far as to plan separate "styles" to fit audiences in different parts of the country. "[Style for Northern and Eastern audiences] — simple, intellectual, strong with not much or any ornament, full of subtle senses and meanings aesthetic, depending upon the hearer himself to pick the meat out of the nutshells. Style for the West, more declamatory and direct, with natural abandon and passion, the very intensity of rudeness, power, and natural meanings, and the style for the South, rich, full of tracery, poetical allusion, figures, musical strains, flowing, but all of the very purest quality" (*Complete Writings*, VIII, 251). A "Western Edition" of *Leaves* was evidently contemplated also. "N. B. — In Western edition don't make it *too west* — namely, it is enough if there be nothing in the book that is distasteful to the West. . . if there be two or three pieces . . . *especially* welcome to western men and women" (*N. & F.*, 148). He draws up a list of the poems suitable to the Western Edition: "Poem of Texas," "Poem of the Rifle," etc. (*N. & F.*, 170).

50. The word "Oratory" Whitman used to label almost all his notes on this subject, as well as his "Oratory" note book, using the word with the special significance of the new style of public speaking which he felt it to be his work to inaugurate, as distinct from the "elocution" of the day. T. B. Harned collected many of the notes which Whitman had left among his papers on this subject, and worked up a paper on "Walt Whitman and Oratory" making use of the material, to read before the Walt Whitman Fellowship. (Later published in the *Complete Writings*, VIII, 244 ff.) Some of the material included in the present text was drawn upon by him, but he adapted it and made a consistent composition out of the whole by frequent modifications. The notes given in the present text are transcribed directly from the original drafts in the Library of Congress, without editing of any kind. Other significant items, which have been given in Harned's essay in almost the literal original form in which they appear in Whitman's "Oratory" notebook, are: the directions for

practice of elementary sounds (*Complete Writings*, VIII, 252); the definition of true eloquence (258); the desirability of a slow deliberate delivery (247); the use of an elliptical style with hidden meanings (248); the effectiveness of an occasional abrupt change from direct appeal to an air of abstraction, with "vocalism limpid, inspired, no account made of the material place" (253). The latter specification is again an out-croppage of his familiar idea that the orator or poet is in reality a seer, a medium for the transmission of a spiritual reality beyond the immediate material environment to his audience, or readers. "The whole oration may be brief, yet illimitable by the manner, personality, style of me. Not hurried gabble, as the usual American speeches, lectures, etc. are, but with much breadth, much precision, much indescribable meaning counterparting in the first person, present time, the divine ecstasy of the ancient Pythia, oracles, priests, possessed persons, demoniacs, &c." . . . "After a style of abandon and familiarity among those talked with in rooms, streets, the circle of friends &c., when stepped upon the platform, what a change! Suddenly the countenance illumined the breast expanded the nostrils and mouth electric and quivering the attitude imperious and erect — a God stands before you — the sound of the voice also joins in the wondrous transformation — it becomes determined, copious, resistless" (from "Oratory" notebook, Library of Congress).

51. Compare his theory of poetic inspiration: see Introduction, p. 20 and p. 22.

52. This phrase, "the agonistic arena," became a favorite with Whitman. Its origin is clearly traceable to this passage in the "Oratory" notebook (Library of Congress MSS.) because on the sheet on which this is written is pasted a clipping from an English newspaper, in regard to public speaking, in which it is compared to the "agonistic arena" in which gymnastic contests are held. This MS note, then, appears to be Whitman's first elaboration of that idea which evidently struck him forcibly when he read the newspaper article. It may be seen cropping out again all through later works (see Note 192 for other examples).

53. Whitman showed great interest in the question of hygiene and physical culture. There is a large scrapbook of newspaper clippings devoted to this subject, labelled "Physique," among the Whitman MSS. in the Library of Congress. A number of the articles have to do with swimming. T. B. Harned collected notes on "Physical Education" from among the Whitman MSS which came to him as literary executor, and presented them in a paper on that subject before the Whitman Fellowship (see *Conservator*, X, [1899], 53 ff.). This paper deals largely with Whitman's ideas as to the causes and cure for intemperance. His diaries and notebooks also make frequent references to matters of health and hygiene (see Binns, 181).

54. The "diversity of minds in such a multitude" was one of the difficulties with which Whitman had to reckon in outlining his scheme of becoming a "wander speaker" with a message broad enough to engage the lowliest, yet having its special "ellipses" intended for "those few who understand." He wished to make his appeal catholic enough to include all. He makes note of the "things recognized by my Lectures," including, "The Texan Ranger. The Boston Truckman. The lumberer of Maine, the oysterman of Virginia, the corn gatherer of Tennessee," etc. Then, to make sure that none may be omitted, he admonishes himself, in parentheses, "(Look in Census — or rather List, MS.)" (*N. & F.*, 148.)

His zeal to arouse the interest of his hearers to the highest possible pitch of attention is shown by this entry in the "Oratory" notebook: "Every hearer must strain just as hard to go along with you as you do in your oratory. To hurry and plow up the soil of your hearer, constantly dropping seed therein to spring up and bear grain or fruit many hours afterwards, perhaps weeks and years afterwards."

The notes regarding "interior gesture" and the "electrical spirit" in speaking are closely paralleled in this contemporary newspaper account of one of Whitman's public readings. "His voice is firm, magnetic. . . . He uses few gestures, but those very significant . . . the bent of his reading, in fact the whole idea of it, is evidently to first form an enormous mental fund, as it were, within the regions of the chest, and heart, and lungs — a sort of interior battery — out of which, charged to the full with such emotional impetus only . . . he launches what he has to say, free of noise or strain, yet with a power that makes one almost tremble." ("Walt Whitman as a Reader of His Own Poems," Correspondence of the *Republican*, Camden, N. J., Wednesday, July 21, originally published in the *Springfield Republican*, July 23, 1875; reprinted, Bucke, 53-54.) The original newspaper clipping was found carefully preserved in Whitman's newspaper scrapbook (Library of Congress). Its similarity of theme to the "Oratory" notes, as well as the fact that it was given by him to Dr. Bucke for inclusion in his book, points to the conclusion that, if Whitman did not actually write it, he contributed the leading thoughts to the "Camden correspondent" who did.

55. The influence of Elias Hicks, the Quaker preacher, who was an intimate friend of the family, was enormous upon Whitman, for he knew Hicks and heard him preach, when he was very young and impressionable (*Prose* 465-466). The eloquence of the old man was doubtless one of the first impulses which aroused his desire to become an orator (*Prose* 466, 470). In 1888, when he was putting his works into final collected form in the *Complete Poems and Prose of Walt Whitman, 1855-1888*, he forced himself to bring together, as his chief concern, when he was physically incapacitated for creative work, the "Notes (*such as they are*) founded on Elias Hicks," with which he closed that volume.



These "Notes" were compiled from the material which he had been collecting all his life for lectures on Hicks, and he feared lest he should leave them unpublished at the end, for he said, "Hicks is entitled to my best." (*Camden*, II, 4, 11.) He not only paid the Quaker the honor of making him the subject of the concluding essay in what he expected to be his final literary work, but he also included a portrait of Hicks in that volume (the only other pictures were of himself) with a special inscription (*Prose*, 456). This portrait he always kept hanging in his room (H. Morris, *Walt Whitman*, Firenze, 1927, 29). "In one corner, under the canary-bird's cage, stood Morse's bust of Elias Hicks, in plaster, with a newspaper over his pate . . . giving good Elias something the look of an old man who was afraid of taking cold in his bald head" (Kennedy, 31). He used sayings of Hicks as proverbial expressions up to the end of his life. In a letter to W. S. Kennedy, August 8, 1890, he says, in regard to his failing health, "It is not for a long time anyhow — then Elias Hick's saying to my father, 'Walter, it is not so much *where* thee lives but how thee lives'" (from MS. letter in the possession of Mrs. Frank J. Sprague). Among his papers in the Library of Congress are various sheets torn out of early-nineteenth-century controversial literature concerning the "Hicksite" separation in the Society of Friends. These pages are much worn and blotted, indicating that Whitman had made use of them in his study of Hicks. There is no instance on record of his having delivered any lecture on Elias Hicks, although Mr. Morris recounted to me personally an interesting story in regard to a proposed Hicks lecture, which he said Whitman was fond of repeating. An orthodox Friend, who owned a public hall in Philadelphia, was approached for the purpose of hiring the hall for Whitman to give a lecture on Elias Hicks, but he refused to allow Whitman the use of the hall, on the ground that Hicks was unorthodox. "As if Elias Hicks could hurt the *hall!*" Whitman was wont to say, with an amused chuckle. (A slightly different version of the story is given in Donaldson, 62.) See also C. Noyes, *An Approach to Walt Whitman*, Boston, 1910, 156.

56. Cf. this fragmentary note, evidently intended to develop the same thought. "Religion means degrees of realization, if any, of the fact which, the more clearness attained it too steadily becomes clearer, the fact of our consciousness undemonstrable as any consciousness is except of itself, that enclosing this positive . . ." (from MS. owned by Dr. Clara Barrus). The complex revisions in some parts of this MS., together with the palpable *lacunae* in other spots, shows pretty conclusively that Whitman employed the same method in making even small prose jottings that he did in working out poems, sketching in ideas in the large roughly, and then building in the body structure cell by cell. (Compare the method of poetical composition illustrated in Note 48, poem on "The truce.")

The fragmentary condition in which many of the lecture notes were left by Whitman is illustrated in one other instance in the text of this volume (see

p. 52) where an almost incoherent mass of details is reproduced in order to show the synopses in which Whitman formulated his thoughts upon a given subject, sometimes compressing the sweep of an entire series of lectures into the (to him) highly significant key-words of a single page of MS. Other fragments on Religion lectures are reproduced by Bucke, to the extent of several pages (*N. & F.*, 41, 143 ff.), among which the following scrap stands out as particularly Whitmanesque. “. processions of races, swiftly marching and countermarching over the fields of the Earth [cf. “The Eighteenth Presidency,” p. 113 of this book] — the sublime creeds of different eras, some left glimmering yet, others quite faded out — the religions, the new ones arising out of the old ones, each filling its time and land yet helplessly withdrawing in due time, giving place to the more needed one that must succeed it. For all religions, all divine, are but temporary journeys subordinate to the eternal soul of the woman, the man supreme the decider of all. What are they to the ineffable, eternal traveler through them all man, before whom all religions, the divinest idols, the gods, these of ours with the rest, sink into the corners?” (*N. & F.*, 144.)

57. The space is left blank for the addition of the name of some particular species of worm later, as is shown by Whitman’s notation in the margin: “see Mr. A.” We learn who Mr. A. was from another similar reference. “Whole Poem. Poem of Insects. Get from Mr. Arkhurst the names of all insects — interweave a train of thought suitable — also trains of words” (*N. & F.*, 173).

The similarity of thought in some of the passages in Burroughs’s Journals, written during the days of his first acquaintance with Whitman in Washington in the autumn of 1863 and later years is noteworthy. “Walt says he can see how the theology of the day would fall before the standard of him who had got even the insects. No false or unnatural statement, or form of expression, can escape detection at the hands of him who knows how to value and use any natural experience. All men would be good critics, if they knew how to use their knowledge, and no shams or falsehoods could live.” (Quoted from the original MSS of John Burroughs’s notebooks, by permission of Dr. Clara Barrus, the literary executor of Mr. Burroughs. See also Barrus, 41–42, for another report of the same conversation with Whitman, at greater length.)

Whitman’s characteristic utterance, “By curious indirections only can there be any statement of the spiritual world,” finds its fellow in this report from Burroughs, in 1866: “True literature comes by curious indirections. . . . The knowledge of the sailor, the soldier, the trapper, the Indian, the farmer, the mechanic, — at least the pitch and spirit of these — is invaluable, yea, the very thing he [Whitman] wants.” The fact that this particular phrase had struck Burroughs with involuntary fascination, in conversations with Whitman, is further shown by its recurrence in an entirely different part of Burroughs’s journals.

These apparently almost verbatim reports by Burroughs in his private diaries, of phrases which fell from Whitman's lips during their long association and constant intimate conversations in Washington, should settle for all time the discussion as to the part which Whitman played in the preparation of Burroughs's *Notes on Walt Whitman as Poet and Person* (New York, 1867; second edition, with Supplementary Notes supplied by Whitman, 1871). This was Burroughs's first published book, and the first complete book ever devoted to Whitman. It has been generally bruited about that Whitman connived with Burroughs, actually writing a large part of the book himself, in order to satisfy the desire for "outrageous self-puffery" of which he has been accused. This is based chiefly upon Burroughs's statement that Whitman had furnished the material for probably half of the book, and had written certain specific passages, mentioned by Burroughs (Frederick P. Hier, "The End of a Literary Mystery," *American Mercury*, I, 471). From this have taken rise some extreme and unwarranted statements concerning the unscrupulous literary ethics of Burroughs and Whitman (M. Waldman, *Americana, The Literature of American History*, N. Y., 1925, 244.; Ernest Boyd, *Literary Blasphemies*, New York and London, 1927, 200, 204, 205; *et al.*).

The probable solution of the question of what constitutes Whitman's share in Burroughs's *Notes* has been pointed out by Dr. Clara Barrus (Barrus, *Life and Letters of John Burroughs*, Boston, 1925, I, 126-129; also Barrus, "Whitman and Burroughs as Comrades," *Yale Review*, XV [1925], 59-81). She thus sums up the evidence in a letter to me (May 16, 1928): "John Burroughs' early notebooks and his correspondence to Myron Benton show him working over and over the material — I can trace some phrases here and there to Walt Whitman in the *Notes*, and of course the biographical data, and the Supplementary Notes, and the quotations, and this abundantly accounts for John Burroughs' honest statement, from memory, and without the book to consult (into which he had not looked for years) that he thought half the book Walt's. He used to say, 'Yes, that phrase was doubtless Walt's,' when I would instance certain characteristic expressions." The complete documentary material which went into the preparation of the *Notes* will be made available in a forthcoming volume which Dr. Barrus is preparing for the press, including all the Burroughs notebook entries having to do with Whitman, as well as other early writings of Burroughs concerning him, together with a complete reprint of the *Notes on Walt Whitman as Poet and Person*. An examination of these data has convinced me that, aside from the acknowledged contributions of Whitman mentioned in Dr. Barrus's letter, and the specific citations by Burroughs himself (*Life and Letters*, II, 129), the passages in the *Notes* which are distinctly reminiscent of Whitman may have been largely the result of subconscious repetition on the part of Burroughs of phrases and ideas which he had literally absorbed from his discussions with the poet on the selfsame topics.

The notebooks of Burroughs abound in exactly the same sort of Whitman-like touches, showing that this process of transmutation of Whitman's thought and expression was constantly going on in the younger writer's mind at that time. To recur again to Dr. Barrus's letter, "John Burroughs never sailed under false colors. The kind of help he accepted was that which any young writer would have accepted." Dr. Barrus has further MS. records in Mr. Burroughs's copy of *Notes on Walt Whitman*, based upon remarks by Mr. Burroughs bearing on this subject. "He always said that W. W. helped him prune his early articles, gave him, in fact, the same friendly help that any trained writer is likely to give to a younger one with whom he is on friendly terms."

The psychological phenomenon of such almost involuntary interchange of thought between writers is a common one. It has been well delineated by Whitman's intimate friend, Sloane Kennedy, in his study of the similar case of Whitman's undoubted "borrowings" from his older and much admired literary "Master" and friend, Ralph Waldo Emerson. "Two philosophers talking about life and its conduct must use somewhat the same language and cover the same ground, especially when they are contemporaries and living amid similar thought and the same class of people, and, if they admire, read or hear each other, they will unconsciously use each other's modes of thought and expression to a certain degree, in spite of all their efforts to be wholly original" (W. S. Kennedy, *An Autolyceus Pack*, West Yarmouth, Mass., 1927, 45). It is perfectly evident that such a relation did exist between Burroughs and Whitman. It stands revealed in the following personal testimony of Burroughs, more clearly than in any of his published writings on Whitman as a literary figure. Writing to Richard W. Gilder, Nov. 2, 1906, Burroughs says, "One thing I plume myself upon in this world, and that is that I saw the greatness of the poet from the first — that no disguise of the common, the man, the rough, the tramp, could conceal from me the divinity that was back of all and challenged me to the contest. Familiar intercourse with him as a man did not blur this impression. That head, that presence, those words of love and of wisdom, convinced like nature herself. I pitied those who saw him and yet saw him not. At times I used to be impatient with you, because you were more or less under the public delusion that he was a common vulgar person, and only now and then a poet. Your conventional training and associations stood in your way. You will not see his like again. The gods never come back." (From MS. copy in the possession of Dr. Barrus.)

A further significant indication of how profound must have been Whitman's influence in shaping the flow of the younger man's thought in his earlier writing, so that the very *rhythm* of language, as well as germ of idea, seems almost to spring out of the brain that conceived *Leaves of Grass*, is to be found in a passage of rhythmical prose from Burroughs's notebooks which has been arranged in the form of poetry (Barrus, 54-55):

O, West Wind! wind of high-sailing clouds,
 Wind of blue sky and fair weather;
 Dry, intermittent wind, clear-off wind, wind of the
 mountains and the spheres.

South Wind! moist, wooing, fragrant wind,
 Streaming, musical wind from the gulf, loaded with vapors,
 Wind of the low-hurrying clouds, rolling over the mountains,
 Resting on their tops, drenching the land with rain!

Southwest Wind! with your long processions, your caravans
 of clouds filing across the sky,
 Great fleets and armadas — black-hulked, white-sailed,
 water in their bellies, and lightnings
 in their shrouds;
 Swooping up the dust, silvering the leaves, making
 the flags leap, and the sails careen!

Certainly it would be ridiculous to presume that Whitman was "editing" the frequent passages which are in his manner, throughout the Burroughs notebooks of those years. It seems reasonable that much of the Whitman matter which appears in Burroughs's published *Notes* filtered in by exactly this same process of mental osmosis. (See also Note 68.) The pregnant influence of Whitman's written words persisted throughout Burroughs's life. He has left on record in a letter to T. B. Harned the fact that he had listened to Walt's own reading of his poems with the greatest hypnotic fascination, and that this had made an impression on him which had never faded (see Note 40). He was fond of reading *Leaves of Grass* aloud, and often did so, but when Dr. Barrus asked him to read Whitman aloud in the evening, as he did other things, he would always put her off. Finally he explained that he could not trust himself to read Whitman's poems at night, because he always became so excited he could not sleep. If this potent bond survived twenty or more years after the death of Whitman, how great must have been the almost telepathic affinity which existed between them when they had daily association together!

Undoubtedly a close examination of Burroughs's other published works would reveal later wellings to the surface of these old sub-conscious influences. One instance which occurs off-hand, while of course not conclusive, seems to indicate that one of Whitman's favorite by-words may have been washed up by the tide of time in Burroughs's memory many years after their long walks and talks on the Capitol Hill in Washington. The characteristic admonition of Whitman, "Be bold! be bold! be bold! Be not too bold! — with all this life and on the proper emergency, vehemence, care is needed not to run into any melodramatic, Methodist Preacher, half-inebriated, political spouter, splurging, modes of oratory" (from "Oratory" notebook in Library of Congress), is echoed in Burroughs: "As our friends plunged down into that fear-

ful abyss, we shouted to them the old classic caution, 'Be bold, be bold, *be not too bold!*'" (Burroughs, *The Southern Catskills*, Boston, n. d., 173.)

58. This entry was evidently made for a speech to raise funds for a Protestant hospital, or dispensary, as it is followed by memoranda of "the Disp in 145 Court St." which was opened "on the 17th March 56." He notes various cases which had been cared for there: "one of a boy, whose leg was cut off at the heel, case of small-pox 7 times," etc.

59. Whitman's criticism was directed chiefly against the churches' external mechanism, not against their function. He makes this clear in selections from an unpublished MS. in the Oscar Lion collection, edited by Holloway ("A Whitman MS.," *American Mercury*, III, 475). In early newspaper editorials in the *Brooklyn Eagle*, he attacks the elaborate building and service of Grace Church in New York, as defeating the true ends of religion (*Gathering of Forces*, II, 91 ff. and 93 ff.). Yet he was not irresponsive to the mystic charm of the Catholic service, as is shown in a description of his visit to the cathedral in New Orleans a year or two after he attacked Grace Church. "The whole scene was beautiful and solemn, and calculated to impress the heart with the purity of virtue, and endow the soul with full reliance in the power of Him who rules above" (Holloway, 56; attributed to Whitman, but source not cited). In 1872 he formulates more definitely his objection to churches. "Religion is too important to the power and perpetuity of the New World to be consign'd any longer to the churches, old or new, Catholic or Protestant — Saint this, or Saint that. It must be consign'd henceforth to democracy *en masse*, and to literature" (*Prose*, 271). In 1876, he grows more insistent still. "Religion, though casually arrested, and, after a fashion, preserv'd in the churches and creeds, does not depend at all upon them, but is a part of the identified soul, which, when greatest, knows not bibles in the old way, but in new ways — the identified soul, which can really confront Religion when it extricates itself entirely from the churches, and not before" (*Prose*, 226). This bold assertion, however, by no means brands him as irreligious, any more than any of the other Transcendentalists who sought to reach the pure spirit behind forms. I am indebted to W. S. Kennedy for pointing out that, as early as 1859, Emerson had boldly declared against all churches. "The mind of our culture has already left Unitarianism behind. Nobody goes to church or longer holds the Christian traditions. We rest on the moral nature, and the whole world shortly must" (Emerson's *Journals*, IX, 203). In 1888 Whitman defends himself against the charge of infidelity: "I claim everything for religion . . . yet I have been called irreligious, an infidel . . . as if I could have written a word of the *Leaves* without its religious root-ground. I am not traditionally religious . . . but even traditionally I am not anti: I take all the old forms and faiths and remake them in conformity with the modern spirit, not rejecting a single item of the earlier programs. . . . People have thought that

I was powerful 'set agin' the church. . . . I am done with the letter of the church — with its hands and knees: but that part of the church which is not jailed in church buildings is all mine too, as well as anybody's — all of it, all of it!" (*Camden*, I, 10–11.) In the latter part of his life, Whitman was fairly tolerant in his attitude toward churches, even to the extent of refusing to censure "the devotion, self-sacrifice, good intentions" of "one of the glories of the modern age church — its missionaries" (see Note 228). He summed up his attitude toward catholicism, priestcraft, and "cathedral religion" charitably. (H. Traubel, "With Walt Whitman in Camden," *Century*, XLIX [1905], 89 ff.)

The same ideas can be traced in the Whitman material of the Burroughs notebooks (see Note 57). "Religion is dead. (We say it distinctly, and after weighing well our words), and only its dead carcass remains, and it no longer plays an important part in life or history. Dead, we say, essentially, as much as anything is ever dead; but the spirit of it, that for which it existed, that which it established — viz. the *sanctity of Man*, exists and is the main fact of the present time; the fact that shapes, and controls and governs all others."

"In a large sense, and in a general way, church members place no value on professions of religion; it is not lugged in at all; and it has dwindled down to that exclusiveness and remoteness, that it keeps even aloof from politics.

"I notice that when I go to a man to hire his horse, even if he is an elder, he does not ask me what my creed is; whether I go to church, or to the woods on Sunday: or whether I believe in this God, or that Devil; but asks me what my business is; how I earn a living; if I pay as I go; etc. Or, if I ask him to trust me, or lend me money, or endorse a note, or for the hand of his daughter in marriage, he takes no account of those things which, according to his creed and his minister, make the difference between a saint and a devil, but is solicitous only about the most common and practical points. So much wiser and better is he than his confession of faith would have me believe.

"In all phases of society, persons of large trust, as presidents and cashiers of banks, keepers of moneys, and disbursers of the same, are chosen with reference to their business qualifications and their standing as men, and not with reference to their standing in the church or what is called their Christian virtues.

"It is strange, but the great results of the War seem to have been brought about under the leadership of good devils, and most of the soldiers who aided in giving the death-blow to this demon so hateful to the Lord, were good devils likewise, — the very best stripe; and I think the Lord himself must have a sneaking love for them.

"Do you not see, my dears, that when a sentiment, or a principle, has taken form as a church, it has crystallized, and no longer has vitality; that the spirit of the Lord will not be bottled up in this way, and that the Protestant

church is dead as soon as it ceases to protest? That which is only a necessary condition of growth, and immaturity, she visits with all the terrors of hell-fire, while the real, sapping, devouring vices and customs are not only not condemned, but are a part of her virtues."

60. "In Lectures on Democracy. A course of three (or five) comprehending all my subjects under the title. Come down strong on the literary, artistic, theologic and philanthropic coteries of These States — that they do not at all recognize the one grand over-arching fact, these swift-riding, resistless, all conquering, en masse" (*N. & F.*, 177).

"It were unworthy a live man to pray or complain no matter what should happen. Will he descend among those rhymsters and sexless priests, whose virtues are lathered and shaved three times a week, to whine about sin and hell — to pronounce his race a sham or swindle — to squall out at" (*N. & F.*, 119). For his attitude toward priests in 1847, see N. Foerster, *American Criticism*, Boston, 1928, 190.

61. Whitman showed great reverence for Christ. Above all, Christ is the perfect Comrade. Whitman addresses him as "dear brother," "my comrade," "compassionater, perceiver, rapport of men" ("To Him That Was Crucified," *Incl. Ed.*, 322). To Whitman, Christ is "large . . . he alone brings the perfumed bread, ever vivifying to me, ever fresh and plenty, ever welcome and to spare" (*Uncollected P. & P.*, 83; cf. Houghton's poem on Christ in Whitman's "Reading Book," Note 43). Other references to Christ and the Christian religion, always respecting it as the highest ideal revealed to men, are frequent. (See prospectus of "Sunday Evening Lectures," a series to be devoted entirely to religion, *N. & F.*, 132-140; also *Ibid.*, 78, 85; *Gathering of Forces*, I, pp. xl, xli, 113, 116; II, 91, 92, 212; *Prose*, 212.)

62. Some of this was worked into the 1860 ed. under the title "Debris" (*Incl. Ed.*, 482). Cf. p. 93 of this volume.

63. This, with slight change, becomes one of the opening strophes of the first *Leaves* (1855). It also appears in the future tense among Whitman's notes (*N. & F.*, 25).

64. The "mirror" symbol recurs frequently in Whitman. (Cf. pp. 51, 60, 171, in this volume, with *Incl. Ed.*, 188). His instinctive mystic trend, rather than direct derivation from other writers, probably accounts for the close resemblance which his references bear to other mystical works. "There Exist in that Eternal World the Permanent Realities of Every Thing which we see reflected in this Vegetable Glass of Nature" (*The Writings of William Blake*, London, 1925, III, 147). "Ego sum illa, quae ad exemplarem mundanae machinae similitudinem, hominis exemplavi naturam; ut in eo velut in speculo, ipsius mundi scripta natura appareat." (Words spoken by the goddess Natura, in Alanus de Insulis, *Liber de Planctu Naturae*; see Migne's text, *Patrologia Latina*, CCX, *Alani de Insulis Opera Omnia*, Paris, 1855, column 443.)

65. Cf. p. 132. This idea was to reach final expression in "When I Heard the Learn'd Astronomer" (*Incl. Ed.*, 290). The Whitman material in Burroughs's notebooks shows this to have been a favorite theme of conversation with them. "I cannot tell what the simple apparition of the earth and sky mean to me; yet it is enough; it satisfies me more than all the metaphysics of the books; infinitely more than all poems, or works of art. . . . Oh, the language of the day and night, of the round earth, and the sky, how it goes into the soul! how good it is! I understand now what Whitman means when he says, 'I swear I will never go inside a house again. . . . You, there, dwelling and analyzing the strata, desist, come with me to this hill-top and tell me what mean these flowing lines, this round horizon, the undulating mountain ranges. Oh, I think I should know all if I knew but this!'" "Only when we look at the stars without recalling the figures and calculations of the astronomer, but when these things may all be inferred from our wonder and admiration and appreciation, has science passed from a formula to become sight and volition." "Do we realize how near akin we are to the stars that shine — that vital and beneficent influences are playing upon us from the remotest parts of the heavens; that invisible arms are reaching to us from every sun and constellation; that the earth is a mere nervous ganglion in the great system, and bound by the closest ties to all? Not separated by all this measureless space, but still as an apple hanging to the branch, fed and nourished by the everlasting currents. Victor Hugo, in the ecstasy of thus contemplating, avers that not a hawthorne blooms but is felt at the stars, not a pebble drops, but its pulsations reach the sun. . . . Perpetual play and promotion. The meanest act is celestial. . . . I used to laugh at the farmer's whim of planting his seed, or castrating his pigs according to the phase of the moon, or the signs of the Zodiac, but I am ready now to go farther than the farmer and accept the wildest theory of the astrologer." (Quoted from MS. notebooks of John Burroughs, owned by Dr. Barrus.)

The striking similarity in Burroughs's extensive references to astronomy, to the basic thought of Whitman's poem, "When I Heard the Learn'd Astronomer" (which was first printed in 1865), leads one to wonder whether the leading thought, so characteristic of Burroughs, may not have been suggested originally by him to Whitman, rather than vice versa. Other authenticated instances of his having contributed to Whitman's poetic material lend probability to this conjecture (see Barrus, *Life and Letters of John Burroughs*, Boston, 1925, I, 100, 200-201). There must, of course, have been both give and take in the intellectual community of these two literary-minded friends.

66. The various notes on love and comradeship which are found among Whitman's scattered memoranda are included here under the head "Democracy," because "topping democracy . . . not that half only, individualism which isolates . . . there is another half, which is adhesiveness or love, that fuses,

ties, and aggregates" (*Prose*, 213). Cf. also p. 169 of this volume; also 1860 ed. of *Leaves*, 13. "Adhesiveness" was Whitman's word for "this terrible, irrepressible yearning, this universal democratic comradeship. . . . The special meaning . . . mainly resides in its political significance. In my opinion, it is by a fervent, accepted development of comradeship, the beautiful and sane affection of man for man, latent in all the young fellows . . . that the United States of the future (I cannot too often repeat) are to be most effectually welded together" (*Prose*, 278). He even regards "the adhesive love, at least rivaling the amative love" as necessary to develop a "counterbalance and offset of our materialistic and vulgar American democracy, and for the spiritualization thereof" (see *Prose*, 240, for elaboration of this thought). The original heading of the note marked "Lect." (p. 63 of this volume) included the further specification, "To Women," indicating his intention to give lectures on that subject; see also p. 33 in text. Other notes for lectures on Democracy appear in *N. & F.*, 177. Some of the notes on love and "adhesiveness" (p. 62 of text) were later worked into "I Sing the Body Electric."

67. These notes were originally intended "for the Strike and Tramp questions," according to marginal notation. A lecture on this subject was "proposed (never deliver'd)" (*Prose*, 324). See similar memoranda in *N. & F.*, 69. Cf. Burroughs's Whitman notations: "The ambition now is to get wealth and die a Christian — become rats, if necessary to achieve these ends. No doubt Nature has her plan hid in this; but one must gird up his faith. Wealth and material prosperity are a good beginning — a good basis for superb persons. Ah! that is the end, after all — to beget noble men and women, magnificent personalities, superb bodily endowments, spiritual endowments, mental endowments." The second paragraph on p. 57 of the text is also tallied in the Burroughs entries. "It is a law of Nature, seen and illustrated by a thousand analogies, that the light, trashy, foreign, less vital and important elements come to the surface first, and make the greatest show. The surface life in America today — that which is at the top — is not, in itself considered, calculated to inspire hope. This great show of religion, this surface polish and culture, this novel reading, this aping of foreign customs, this aristocracy of wealth, etc. . . . It is this that is at its tongue's end and which blabs. But the real America, slowly forming itself beneath all this, and breaking out in various ways, is yet dumb, and almost unconscious. It would not know itself, if painted; would not recognize itself, if put in literature" (from Burroughs's MS. notebook of 1866, in the possession of Dr. Clara Barrus).

68. The phrase, "the mother of many children," amounts almost to an obsession with Whitman. (See pp. 52, 60, of this book; *Prose*, 222; *In Re*, 14; *N. & F.*, 59.) Burroughs also uses the phrase in describing Whitman: "There is something indescribable in his look, in his eye, as in that of the mother of many children" (Barrus, 41).

69. The original Indian form "Mannahatta" Whitman always preferred. He refers to this in the "poemet" "Mannahatta" (*Incl. Ed.*, 420). In an unpublished letter to W. S. Kennedy, Oct. 10, 1889, he says, "The sense of *Mannahatta* means the place around which the hurried (or feverish) waters are continually coming or whence they are going." (Cf. *Prose*, 506.) The proposal to give public lectures with intent to effect a change in the name of New York City is undoubtedly another manifestation of Whitman's Quaker training. It was a fundamental tenet of their faith to abjure "lip service," even by using words whose literal significance and derivation implied homage to unworthy objects. This was the reason for the Quaker fashion of avoiding the tacit worship of heathen deities implied in the ordinary calendar terms, "January," "Wednesday," etc., for which they substituted the Friendly picturesque terminology of numeral equivalents, "First Month," "Fourth Day" (i. e. of the week), etc., which Whitman eventually adopted consistently in all his writings. When Whitman was entering into the spirit of public uplift to the extent of proposing to change the name of America's metropolis to a more democratic form, he was undoubtedly regarding himself as the apotheosis of reformers (see "My final aim," p. 62 of text). Burroughs records his impressions of Whitman as a reformer, in his notebooks. "When scanned closely, he appears in the character of a reformer. He, too, has a theory and a mission, and proposes a remedy for real or imaginary ills. . . . He projects himself into the future, as it were, and assumes the existence of an entire different state of things from the present, and so writes for an audience which is mostly imaginary, and which he is to create, if it exists at all." (Cf. Note 33; also pp. 62, 66 of text.)

70. This prognostication of America's future literature is from a MS. in the collection of Dr. Barrus. The thought is closely paralleled in the Burroughs Whitman notebooks. "It looks not only to a new crop of ideas, but to a new growth of men and women — the true Americans whom the author celebrates: Asia has had her literature, and standards of ethics and religion, Europe, hers; and here is an attempt to fashion or suggest one for the New World" [i. e. *Leaves of Grass*]. Cf. Barrus, 59; the following unpublished part of the complete entry in Burroughs' notebook for that day, Feb. 5, 1874, recalls one of Whitman's significant phrases, which had evidently settled in Burroughs' mind. "The strippings of the mind, unlike certain other strippings, are by no means the richest and best. Not till your genius fairly flows are you doing anything good or adequate."

The material in these Burroughs notes everywhere shows evidence of direct precipitation of the thoughts which must have been in a constant state of suspension in Burroughs' mind, derived from his conversations with Whitman. "The mission of the poet has dwindled into that of a flower-gatherer, a milliner, a confectioner. . . . It does not mean strength, health, robustness, a

free life in the open air, plowing the fields, following the sea, striding westward, peopling new territories, crushing rebellions, etc. It is aristocratic to its very core. It means loafing on lounges, dallying with women, reading novels, high living, champagne, feather-beds, close rooms, tight boots, cities, exclusion from the sun and the air, *delicatess*. It means *ennui*, parlors, libraries, foreign importations, galleries of art, theatres, flower gardens, modern improvements and inventions. . . . Do not make the lounge more soft, sugar more sweet, and wine more intoxicating, but rather fill the lounge with thorns, the sugar with rock salt, and the wine with water from the brook. I would live so simple and free that the commonest, nearest objects, — the earth, air, sky, men, women, animals, the homely pursuits and trades would be a perpetual delight to me, and the smith at his forge, and the farm-girl boiling her iron teakettle and baking her short-cake would please me more than the romance in the books." They evidently discussed frequently the effects of mechanical civilization upon literature. Cf. p. 65 of text, "the great organizations of machinery . . . make men now (and current literature) deficient," etc., with Burroughs's notes in 1866: "Literature is an utterance of the mechanical spirit of the age — trade, machinery, commerce, steam, etc. have at last begotten their analogies in the soul — the accuracy, exactness, limit, so many feet long, so many wide, so many pounds avoirdupois — method, system, arrangement, the plumb-rule and the square — these things are reproduced in the mind of to-day. So that our literature does not represent the power of Nature, but the derivative power of mechanics." See also *N. & F.*, 104, for description of the poet like that on p. 66 of text; *Ibid.*, 160, "For a lecture on 'The Poet'" (featuring Chaucer!); *Ibid.*, 146, notes for lecture on Literature, with the characteristic admonition, "Bring in a sockdologer on the Dickens-fawners." The 1855 Preface (*Incl. Ed.*, 490) also develops this conception in great detail.

71. *Conservator*, VIII (1897), 37.

72. W. D. O'Connor, *Three Tales*, Boston, 1892, pp. iii-iv. A good account of the misunderstanding between O'Connor and Whitman is given in Barrus, *Life and Letters of John Burroughs*, Boston, 1925, I, 132. Edward Carpenter reports conversations with Whitman in 1877 on the subject of abolition, in which Whitman says, "many people came to me at one time about slavery, and 'wondered' that I was so quiet about it," etc. (Carpenter, 26). He is also reported to have said, "I was in early life very bigotted in my anti-slavery . . . have always had a latent toleration for the people who choose the reactionary course" (*Gathering of Forces*, I, p. xlvi). "Whitman was an abolitionist. . . . He wrote, long before the war, as strong antislavery words as have ever been penned. Nor did he afterwards change his opinion. Still he was so moderate that he would never join himself to the extreme abolitionists, and he never adopted their methods or their doctrines" (Bucke, in *W. W. Fellowship Papers*, 1895, No. 9, p. 26).

73. Perry, 50. O'Connor, in his "Good Gray Poet," gives testimony to Whitman's intense interest in public and national affairs (Bucke, 104). While he was editor of the *Brooklyn Eagle*, Whitman wrote many vigorous editorials against the policy of slavery in the new territories, and against the renewal of the slave trade, which are reprinted in *Gathering of Forces*. The *Brooklyn Eagle*, "Walt Whitman Section," May 31, 1919, also reprints an old editorial on "Slavers and the Slave Trade." He here attacks the slave traffic, rather than slavery as an institution, however.

74. For Whitman's employment of words such as "Libertad," "Presidential," etc., see Louise Pound, "Walt Whitman's Neologisms," *American Mercury*, IV, 200. The idea that danger was a blessing in the life of a nation because it tested the virtue of its citizens appears again on p. 81 of text, and in the "Eighteenth Presidency" (pp. 58, 98 of text). Cf. also the same idea in relation to the individual and religion (p. 45 of text).

75. Whitman even went so far as to say, "I call myself a Southerner" (interview in *Philadelphia Press*, Nov. 6, 1881). In the Notes to *Memoranda During the War* (Camden, 1875-1876), 63 ff., he goes into detail as to why he censured the North more than the South for slavery. "I say Secession, below the surface, originated and was brought to maturity in the Free States"; "I predict that the South is yet to outstrip the North," etc. See also his view of "the South victorious after all" (*Prose*, 298). There is no doubt, of course, that Whitman despised the institution of slavery thoroughly. Some of his earliest poetry records this: *e. g.*, "Blood Money" and "Wounded in the House of Friends" (*Prose*, 372 ff.). The latter had originally one more stanza, embodying Free-soil doctrines, which is dropped from the printed version (*Fight of a Book*, 10). This poem severed him from the Democratic party (Rossetti's *Selections*, 17). His personal convictions have been well summed up (*Gathering of Forces*, I, pp. xxvi-xxix; Thomson, 63 ff.; Holloway 83-84; *Fight of a Book*, 77-78). His almost complete reticence on the subject in later life has been attributed to affection for the South, and dislike of Abolitionists (Donaldson, 76). It seems logical to suggest that his chief reason for refraining from partisanship in the matter was that the fundamental principle which determined his views on all private or public matters of conduct was the *liberty of individual thought and action*, as opposed to government control. In this respect he remained a disciple of Jefferson, even when the national issue of slavery forced him into the ranks of a more strongly centralized political faction. He published his Jeffersonian platform under the title "The Principles We Fight For," in the *Brooklyn Eagle*, August 29, 1846: "The People — the only source of legitimate power. The absolute and lasting severance of Church from State. The freedom, sovereignty and independence of the respective States. The Union — a confederacy, a compact, neither a consolidation, nor a centralization. The Constitution of the Union — a special grant of power,

limited and definite. The civil paramount to the military power. The Representative to obey instructions of his constituents. Election free, and suffrage universal. No hereditary office, nor order, nor title. No taxation beyond the public wants. No national debt, if possible. No costly splendor of administration. No proscription of opinion, nor of public discussion. No unnecessary interference with individual conduct, property, or speech. No favored classes, and no monopolies. No public monies expended except by warrants or a specific appropriation. No mysteries in government inaccessible to the public eye. Public compensation for public services, moderate salaries, and strict accountability."

He was fundamentally opposed to federal control or prohibition of any sort, except when inevitable. This was shown fully in an article by Whitman, "Sunday Restrictions. Memorial in behalf of a freer Municipal Government and against Sunday Restriction" (*Brooklyn Star*, Oct. 20, 1854). Part of this has been reprinted (Perry, 57-61). The following paragraph, omitted from that reprint, gives the gist of his views on all governmental matters, and shows plainly why he would have wished to avoid any permanent identification with such a movement as abolition, while at the same time he wished to stop the extension of slavery into new territory, and to allow the individual states to abolish slavery within their own boundaries when they saw fit. "The true American doctrine is not that the legislative assemblage of the city or state or nation is possessed of total wisdom and guardianship over the people, and can try it on just when and how they like. The office of Alderman or Mayor or Legislator is strictly the office of an agent. This agent is faithfully and industriously to perform a few plainly written and specified duties. He is not so continually to go meddling with the Master's affairs or morals. Such is the American doctrine and the doctrine of common sense."

76. Cf. one of the early passages prepared for *Leaves* (Holloway, 116). The more tolerant tone of that utterance would seem to indicate that this note *for oration* must date from a considerably earlier period.

77. This seems almost a prophecy of what Whitman later actually saw and recorded in his diary (in Library of Congress). "May 3, 1863. Saw the procession of rebel prisoners (about 100) march down Pennsylvania Avenue, under guard to the Capitol prison — We talk brave and get excited and indignant over the 'rebels' and drink perdition to them — but I realized how all anger sinks into nothing in sight of these young men, and standing close by them and seeing them pass. They were wretchedly dressed, very dirty and worthless in rig, but generally bright, goodlooking fellows — I felt they were my brothers, just about the same as the rest — I felt my heart full of compassion and brotherhood, and the irrepressible tears started in my eyes — these too are my brothers — it was in the look of them and in my heart." His change of attitude toward what he called "that hot and rebellious rise, the

South," is later summed up in "Origins of Attempted Secession" (*Prose*, 251). See also "The American War," *Examiner* (London), March 18, 1876, 317-318.

78. A variant reading of this passage appears in another MS. fragment: "The question of slavery I shall discuss with our confederate states at my leisure and as my tastes suit me. — But this is a direct question of my own rights, immunities and dignities — which I decide at once and without parley. — What, you say, is a nigger and a slave? "

79. Variant reading: "When the officers of Darius came with attempts far less degrading than this the free democracies of Athens and Sparta answered them with the terrible answer of death, though all their officers asked for was a little water and a handful of Grecian earth. — As for you, degenerate agents of — — — — this time go in peace — What brings you here among my haughty and jealous democracies of the North?" Whitman's detailed reworking of this material shows how much he esteemed it.

80. The same MS. contains tentative beginnings of a corresponding piece, "Woman at Auction." These fragments later furnished the bases for strophes 7 and 8 of "I Sing the Body Electric." There survives an outline for "Poem of the black person" (*N. & F.*, 170). For Whitman's feeling about association with negroes, see his Boston diary (given under Note 309), where he says, "As for me, I am too much a citizen of the world to have the least compunction about it. The blacks here are . . . quite as good to have in contact with you as the average of 'our own colour.'" Cf. *Incl. Ed.*, 63, with the note "a slave, a pariah, an emptier of privies," on p. 83 of this volume.

81. A similar passage occurs in *N. & F.*, 179.

82. From a MS. in the American Academy of Arts and Letters. Later incorporated in "Apostroph"; first published in 1860 edition but dropped thereafter, perhaps because Whitman did not care to retain souvenirs of the unhappy period which it commemorates. Yet even in the published form it lost its distinct and poignant reference to the impending conflict over slavery. (See *Incl. Ed.*, 473.)

83. This is a highly composite MS. in the Library of Congress. Only those portions which are worked to a fair degree of finality are reproduced here. This MS. is very important as indicating perhaps the first attempt of Whitman to experiment with the "Ship of State" metaphorical setting which was eventually to form the background for "O Captain! My Captain!"

84. A preliminary germ of this pamphlet: "The th Presidency. *Voice of Walt Whitman to the mechanics and farmers of These States, and to each American young man, north, south, east and west*" (*N. & F.*, 176). Then follows the introductory paragraph, in which he speaks of "more than five millions" of workingmen. This seems to indicate that the plan was originally conceived a good while before the campaign of 1856, since in the completed version the number has increased to "some six millions." The pamphlet was probably the

fruit of a long slow growth, like many another of Whitman's creations. Writing of the "Vigilance Committee" (probably 1856) he refers to the two presidential candidates as "these two old traitors," but later thinks better of it, and scratches out the word "traitors" (*N. & F.*, 172). It would have taken considerable courage to publish so virulent a polemic against vested authority as the "Eighteenth Presidency." Perhaps Whitman also reconsidered that move, and never offered it to the "editors of the independent Press" or "any rich person" to publish.

85. See note 30. In *Appleton's Journal*, April 1, 1876, appears the statement: "When the . . . political campaign stirred up the community in 1848, Whitman was drawn into it, and spouted Democracy from the stump, as it is very common for young men to do in the country" (Thomson, 44). "At one time, (I think in his twenty-third year or thereabouts), he became quite a speaker at the Democratic mass-meetings" (Bucke, 22). There are several partial summaries of Whitman's political fortunes, but it is doubtful whether the details of the obscure early years can ever be supplied. (See the excellent studies in Binns, 134 ff.; Perry, 48; Holloway, 31-36, 77-80, 180-184; also Whitman's own testimony in *Camden*, III, 91.)

86. *Prose*, 188; *Gathering of Forces*, I, pp. xxx ff.; Holloway, 36.

87. *Voices from the Press*, ed. by J. J. Brenton, New York, 1850, p. xix. The contribution by Whitman to this volume was called "Tomb Blossoms." In subject and style, it marks him unmistakably as a typical young romantic of the "graveyard school" tradition. A specimen passage: "The grave — the grave. What foolish man calls it a dreadful place? It is a kind friend, whose arms shall compass round about, and while we lay our heads upon his bosom, temptation nor corroding passion shall have power to disturb us. . . . There have of late frequently come to me times when I do not dread the grave — when I could lie down, and pass my immortal part through the valley and shadow, as composedly as I quaff water after a tiresome walk."

88. *Prose*, 251. Cf. also "The American War," *Examiner* (London), March 18, 1876, 319. The preceding year (1875) Whitman had used practically the same two paragraphs from the "Eighteenth Presidency" in his Notes to the rare volume, *Memoranda During the War*, Camden, 1875-1876, p. 64. This also contains the fullest exposition of his sympathies with the South, as against the North, that he ever published. (See Notes 97, 98, 99.)

89. Holloway, 34.

90. Written in Whitman's copy of the 1860 edition, owned by Mrs. A. M. Traubel.

91. *N. & F.*, 57.

92. See Note 72. Also Donaldson, 76.

93. See Binns, 309-312; Carpenter, 38; *Prose*, 388; *N. & F.*, 142; *Camden*, I, 26 (illustration), III, 422. Cf. theory of men in laboring clothes in gov-

ernment offices, in 1860 edition, 22; also "Walt Whitman, Anti-Socialist," *New Review*, III (1915), 85.

94. Holloway, 35.

95. From original MS. in the American Academy of Arts and Letters: "*Songs of Insurrection*. Not only are These States the born offspring of Revolt against mere overweening authority — but seeing ahead for Them in the future a long, long reign of Peace with all the growths corruptions and tyrannies & formalisms of Obedience, (accumulating, vast folds, strata, from the rankness of continued prosperity and the more and more insidious grip of capital) I feel to raise a note of caution (perhaps unneeded alarm) that the ideas of the following cluster will always be needed, that it may be worth while to keep well up, & vital, such ideas and verses as the following" (cf. p. 77 in text).

96. From Whitman's Washington letter to New York *Daily Times*, Oct. 29, 1864.

97. Part of this paragraph appears in "Origins of Attempted Secession" (*Prose*, 252), which first appeared in its present form in *Specimen Days* (1881).

98. This sentence was also appropriated, in part (*Prose*, 252). The words "bawlers," "body-snatchers," "blowers," "bed-houses," "the venereal hospital" were, however, omitted, and other phrases modified, showing that Whitman's taste or discretion had developed since 1856.

99. This paragraph was used in the same way (see Notes 97, 98).

100. See "Anti-Slavery Notes," p. 79 of text, where he also upholds the Constitution on the same issue.

101. Whitman's almost prophetic quality of utterance in this passage, and elsewhere, in referring to the "Redeemer President" has already been noted (see p. 90). It should be observed also that Whitman always had the highest personal regard, as well as respect, for Lincoln. A recent study of Lincoln and Whitman maintains that Whitman was not an admirer of Lincoln, at least personally, until Oct. 31, 1864, when he saw him at close quarters with a friend, and "felt his heart going out to Lincoln from that moment as it had never done before." (Barton, 80, 107; Barton states the date of this occurrence as 1864, but it is recorded under date of Oct. 1, 1863, in Whitman's diary, Library of Congress.) However, there is a letter preserved in the Pierpont Morgan Library, dated Oct. 15 (of the same year, or the year preceding), which says, "I believe fully in Lincoln — few know the rocks and quicksands he has to steer through." Whitman had looked forward to a man cast in the exact mould of Lincoln to redeem the Union, and always admired him.

102. Letter from Anne Montgomerie Traubel to Mr. Oscar Lion, May 12, 1928. The conjecture that the original color of the paper-covered copy of the 1855 *Leaves* which belonged to Whitman may have been green, is based upon the existence of another bound in that color, in the collection of Mr. John E.

Lodge. However, Whitman wrote from Washington, March 31, 1863, asking his mother to send him his "copy of *Leaves of Grass* covered in blue paper," which may have been the identical copy in which he pasted the preface manuscripts. (*The Wound Dresser*, Boston, 1898, 61.) Dr. Bucke conjectures, in a footnote, that Whitman refers to his copy of the 1860 edition, but gives no proof.

103. *Lippincott's*, XLVII, 379.

104. MS. reproduced in facsimile as frontispiece to Bazalgette, *Walt Whitman*, Paris, 1908. The phrase "parrot-like repetitions" employed here had probably settled in Whitman's memory from one of the first letters which W. M. Rossetti wrote to him, which would naturally have sunk deep into his consciousness (*Camden*, III, 305). Whitman was very fond of the phrase, and used it often in later years (e. g., *Complete Poems and Prose of Walt Whitman*, 1855-1888, "Note at End"). The fact that Whitman encloses the phrase in quotation marks strengthens the supposition that he appropriated it consciously from Rossetti. He wrote to M. D. Conway in 1868 that he did not consider his 1855 Preface worth reprinting (*Camden*, III, 299).

105. From the anonymous "Advertisement" at the back of *As a Strong Bird on Pinions Free and Other Poems*, Washington, 1872 (reprinted in Bucke, 225).

106. See Whitman's uses of this phrase cited under Note 220.

107. "My health pretty fair the last four months, & would be so still, except for an increasing prostration of the whole muscular system, connected somehow with a head derangement — almost a *falling* sickness, as at times I cannot keep on legs. Mental arrangements go on untouched — am busy at a preface, prose of course, to completed L of G — to an edition same plates as the 1881-2 one." From a letter to T. W. H. Rolleston, Aug. 20, 1884. This is available in Whitman's first draft in the Library of Congress MSS. It was his habit to write and revise, and finally make a copy of the original, for all letters of any importance. The first drafts he usually kept himself, as a matter of record.

108. *Prose*, 208. Cf. also "Democracy," in *Galaxy*, IV (1867), 919; this earlier use of the paragraph (quoted on p. 125 in text), in almost identical form (but preserving the original phrase, "sovereignty and sacredness of the individual"), would satisfactorily account for its appearance subsequently in the same context in "Democratic Vistas," first published in Washington, 1871, under the title, *Democratic Vistas. Memoranda*. The foreword to these "Memoranda" (quoted on p. 126 of text) was added to the 1881 edition of *Specimen Days* (p. 202).

109. See *As a Strong Bird on Pinions*, etc. (Note 105), "Advertisement," 3, 4. The concluding paragraph (quoted under Note 136), particularly, follows the conclusion of the 1864 "Introduction" (p. 130 of this book) exactly in thought.

110. N. B. It will be noticed that the punctuation of the MSS. in this section, and in the Appendix, is in many cases, apparently, defective or eccentric. It has been the consistent policy, in editing this MS. material, to supply no marks of punctuation which are not present in the original, and to adhere to the sometimes unusual marking left in the manuscript. This may appear confusing in the case of a number of points (periods) used in succession, which might be taken to indicate an omission. Such is not the case, however, for the material is reproduced in full. These peculiar usages were characteristic of Whitman's punctuation in his first productions, and many examples of the same stringing out of points will be found in the Preface to the 1855 edition. (See Note 112.)

All quotations from Whitman MSS. found fastened in his 1855 *Leaves* are printed in italics in the Notes dealing with the text of "Introductions Intended for American Editions," in order to avoid confusing the variant readings, etc., taken from those MSS., with quotations from sources outside the MSS. themselves.

After *view* (in the opening sentence, p. 127 of text) the phrase *and made a poem from the same* is deleted.

The second sentence is paralleled in *N. & F.*, 59. The same phrase, "In America, at any rate," etc., will be found in the prose accompaniment, printed at the bottom of the pages of poetry, in *Two Rivulets*, Camden, 1876, 28.

111. The first sentence of this paragraph resembles *N. & F.*, 59.

112. An alternative reading: *It must pierce through the shifting envelope of costumes, and strike born qualities and organs, which always have meaning deeper than any theories of morals or metaphysics, or the distinctions of good and bad.*

Note the peculiar use of periods in text. (There were fifteen in the original MS., filling out a line.) Christopher Morley has said, with just perception, "His prosody was not random . . . examine in the 1855 Preface the musical diminuendo he employs to close his paragraphs" (Christopher Morley, *Two Prefaces by Walt Whitman*, 1926, p. xiv). The same is true of his punctuation, in most cases. Though it may not appear at once, there is a reason for most of these eccentricities, for his punctuation was not "random" any more than his prosody. It is quite possible that Morley has hit upon the true explanation of the strings of periods, inadvertently: they make a good diminuendo in punctuation, suggesting to the eye the "dying fall" of a full cadence.

113. This is tallied by the Whitman material in Burroughs's notebooks: "This fact is Democracy — the value and sacredness of the private individual"; and again, "But the great fact, — Democracy, the sacredness of the individual — which is fast leavening the whole world, has not yet found a tongue. These things must reach the intellect, not as formula, but as spirit and motive power." Cf. also *Prose*, 208.

114. See similar passage in "Democratic Vistas," *Prose*, 213.

115. Original reading: *The twain are in the following Song.*

116. It was Whitman's original intention to write a second book of poems, as fully of the spirit as the first *Leaves* were of the body (*Prose*, 273-274, footnote). He sometimes felt qualms lest he had failed to indicate the scope of his vision, even in "Passage to India" and the "cluster" of poems accompanying it (*Prose*, 276). See also *Camden*, II, 359, and the anonymous blurb written by Whitman for *Leaves*, under Note 163.

117. Alternative reading (on opposite page of MS., which Whitman almost invariably kept blank in all his MS. notebooks, for working out variations of phrase, tentative starts, interpolations, etc.): *Also let a general photograph be made of modern times, inclusive of commerce, inventions and manly trades — and of the crowded tableaux of cities, and of continents, in the tone of the large toleration, now prevalent, that accepts all the races and locations of the globe.*

118. Cf. "Ever the most precious in the common" (*Prose*, 230) with the next sentence in text.

119. At this point (before the periods) the phrase *in the tone of the large toleration that accepts them all* is cancelled.

120. First draft reads: *We are taught that the unclothed face is divine.*

121. In the next sentence, *divine* is cancelled before *physiology*.

122. The phrase *I know the rectitude*, etc., was added as an afterthought and written on a blank sheet farther back, indicated at this point by Whitman's direction: *?* 2 pages back.*

123. The word *specimen*, as used here, shows the germ of the title "Specimen Days," which emerged later.

124. First reading of this line: *The joined Body with the Soul I seek.*

125. Before *maturity and passions*, the interlinear addition *body and soul* is finally cancelled.

126. *modesty* is a substitution for the original reading *sentiment; conventional* is cancelled before *decorum*.

127. Here occurs one of the Whitman phrases which found its way into Burroughs's *Notes on Walt Whitman*: "The inspiration of the facts *per se* of the human body, and of rude abysmal man, are upon him" (Burroughs, 39). This is easily accounted for, however, since it occurs within the chapter on "Standards of the Natural Universal" in that part of the book, which Burroughs himself said that Whitman wrote (*Life and Letters of John Burroughs*, I, 129). See Note 57 for full data concerning the discussion as to the authorship of the *Notes*.

In the Library of Congress is a MS. of an anonymous *apologia* for *Leaves of Grass*, which was written by Whitman himself, on this very text, that *we were all lost without redemption, except we retain the sexual fibre of things*, etc., and making an appeal of almost religious fervor for the acceptance of the sexuality element in his work. Nothing so deeply inlaid with his thought on the subject

was ever published by him under his own name, and this assumes a special significance as perhaps the fullest expression which Whitman ever set down in words, of his own side of the question which occupied him and Emerson in their "argument-statement" on Boston Common in 1881 (*Prose*, 184).

"As to the feeling of a man for a woman and a woman for a man, and all the vigor and beauty and muscular yearning — it is well to know that neither the possession of these feelings nor the easy talking and writing about them, and having them powerfully infused in poems, is any discredit . . . but rather a credit. — No woman can bear clean and vigorous children without them. Most of what is called delicacy is filthy, or sick and unworthy of a woman of live, rosy body and a clean affectionate spirit. — At any rate all these things are necessary to the breeding of robust wholesome offspring [There is a break in the MS. here, where Whitman evidently expected to insert a statement of the two usual standards of literature: puritanical, or libidinous.] — in erotic poetry and stories, dwelling on the lusty and copulative, the animal rank, to tally excite please or offset those merely sensual appetites and voluptuousnesses which are the most universal trait, of all ages, all lands. Now comes in the presentation which I hope my reader will dwell upon with some thought. He has read Walt Whitman to little purpose who has not discovered that *Leaves of Grass* is constructed (that part which has a bearing here, and he rightly called it a 'main part') out of the midst of a third and altogether different theory and point of view, namely, that the sexual passion in itself, while normal and unperverted, is inherently legitimate creditable and even a proper theme for scientist and poet. Not only every wife and mother ought to bless this book for showing briefly but resolutely and sufficiently, from the broadest human and from the poetic and scientific considerations that motherhood, fatherhood, sexuality, and all that belongs to them, can be openly asserted, joyously, proudly, plainly, 'without shame or the need of shame' — but I should say (and with the deepest reverence and deliberation) with reference to the whole organism, treatment and intention of *Leaves of Grass*, its author — unless he resolutely confronts this part and makes himself clear upon it as the enclosing bases of everything (as the sanity of everything is to be the atmosphere of the poems) — begs the question in its most momentous aspect, and the work or superstructure that follows, pretensive as it may assume to be, will all rest above a poor and flimsy foundation or no foundation at all. In short this part is the essential key to the whole *Leaves of Grass* and must inevitably be so. The author has seen and settled that, with unerring instinct, from the beginning. That (and not a vain consistency or a weak pride as a late Springfield *Republican* intimates) is the reason that he has stood out for these particular verses with such uncompromising tenacity for over twenty years and maintains them today. That is what he felt in his inmost soul, when he only answered Emerson's arguments with silence, under the old elms of Boston Common.

He knew well enough then, and knows well enough this hour that were they abandoned, his whole scheme, his forces are substantially abandoned, — that such retraction would be calling in his pickets, hauling down his flag and surrendering the whole field. But on this resolute and fulfilled attempt to 'celebrate' and fully justify at its very gates the organic law, the *sine qua non* of history, evolution, and religion (see Swedenborg) and the basis of the whole divine scheme — humanity, the Creative Power itself might deign a smile of approval."

128. The remainder of this paragraph, which is cancelled, reads: *And I, whatever others do, sing these things loud and clear and without a particle of compromise, as a part of the song of Democracy.*

129. *I would yet do* is preceded by *if permission*, which is then deleted, and *if all prove*, etc., substituted. Both these phrases are interlinear, and there is some doubt whether the phrase was intended to stand before or after *I would yet do*.

130. First draft: *I alone to mine.*

131. Whitman seems to have had a peculiar aversion to piano music. The following cancelled lines appear in an original MS. of "To a Locomotive," which is in the Boston Public Library:

(No parlor sweetness thine — nor trembling tearful
harp nor liquid glib piano;
Mine thy far-flying echoes, startling, rousing all.

Also cf. the final version, *Incl. Ed.*, 393. A MS. notebook in the Library of Congress contains this entry, with nothing to indicate what its purpose was: "The fingers of the pianist playing lightly and rapidly over the keys." It may have been because piano music sounded "glib" and "light" to him, that he made it a symbol of the effete and foppish taste in literary expression. "America needs her own poems in her own body and spirit and different from all hitherto — freer — more muscular, comprehending more and unspeakably grander. . . . Not the current products of imaginative persons, with tropes, likenesses, piano music and smooth rhymes," etc. (*N. & F.*, 67, 74). "The accepted notion of a poet would appear to be a sort of male odalisque, singing or piano-playing a kind of spiced ideas" (*Prose*, 288).

132. *A conference of you & me amid Nature*, etc., was the first reading of the next sentence.

133. Cf. "London Introduction," 151.

134. (*Thence I started and there I return for trial and for final judgment. There all poets, all poems, finally return for theirs.*) is cancelled.

135. *Silent and old, there they are, and out of them*, etc., was the original reading.

196. "They are elusive and puzzling, like their model, Nature, and form, in fact, a *person*, more than a book. They read clearest tête-à-tête, and in the open air, or by the sea, or in the mountains . . . They are to be inhaled, like perfumes, and felt, like the magnetism of a presence. . . . There is, mainly, that in them akin to concrete objects, the earth, the animals, storms, the actual sunrise or sunset, and not to the usual fine writing or imagery of poems" (from "Advertisement" to *As a Strong Bird on Pinions Free and Other Poems*, Washington, 1872). Cf. also the same idea as expressed in "Literary Tests": "I have fancied the ocean and the daylight, the mountain and the forest, putting their spirit in judgment on our books" (*Prose*, 192), and in "Nature and Democracy" (*Ibid.*, 192); "A Backward Glance O'er Travel'd Roads" also commemorates the same attitude in Whitman's youth (*Incl. Ed.*, 530); *Prose*, 136, recounts the renewal of this in his visit to the West.

Burroughs's Whitman records again yield parallel passages. "The atmosphere and influence he [Whitman] speaks from have been, in the literature of later times, and are today, entire strangers. Writers and readers have indeed ceased to recognize them. We mean the possessing, and being in full sympathy with, the spirit of rude Nature, and the objects and shows of Nature, and the utterance therefrom, without any intermediate tempering or modification." "The author of *Leaves of Grass* certainly comes to his task fully charged with this spirit, and, curiously enough, though the poem is largely made up of artificial life, so-called, of cities and men, etc., it is not treated in the spirit of these things, but in the spirit before mentioned" (from Burroughs's notebook, 1866).

197. This paragraph is difficult to decipher and arrange in its coherent form, because of the large number of revisions, and the fact that half of it is written on the opposite blank "trial sheet," to be fitted in by arrows, asterisks, carets, etc. In order to give a graphic idea of how painstaking Whitman was in his method of work, and how difficult that method is sometimes to follow in its convolutions, the "trial sheet" for this particular passage is here reproduced as it stands, with the words in their exact relative position as they appear in the original manuscript. Cancelled words or phrases are enclosed in italics.

* It is this that has moved me, and written (what)
 What the means
 (prophesies), where it ?
 (establishes as its greatest fruit)
 (The) centres itself
 New World, ^ centering (around) in
 the prairies

This "trial sheet" also has an entire preliminary sketch of the paragraph beginning *Dear friends I put not in the following*, etc. (See Note 139.)

138. The problems of epistemology seem to have fascinated Whitman quite as much as any of the other Transcendentalists. They all shared this subject of contemplation, with surprisingly varying results. About 1854 Whitman had recorded: "The kernel of every object that can be seen, felt or thought of, has its relations to the soul, and is significant of something there" (Holloway, "A Whitman Manuscript," *American Mercury*, III, 475). Alcott approached the proposition by exactly reversing the theorem, as does Whitman himself in the "American Introductions." These were of course all written later than 1854, so that it is quite possible he may have been influenced by Alcott himself, with whom he had ardent conversations. Speaking of Thoreau, Alcott wrote: "His senses seemed double, giving him access to secrets not easily read by others . . . dealing with objects as if they were shooting forth from his mind . . . thus completing the world all round to his senses, a creation of his at the moment" (from a newspaper article by Bronson Alcott, preserved in a clipping with no date or source indicated). Emerson appears to approximate the *tertium quid*: "The act of seeing and the thing seen, the seer and the spectacle, the subject and the object, are one" (*The Prose Works of Emerson*, Boston, 1883, I, 358). Whitman seems at one time to have held a somewhat similar point of view, also. See the passage beginning "We hear of miracles," quoted by Holloway from notebook antecedent to *Leaves of Grass*, in Library of Congress, in *Uncollected P. & P.*, II, 80-81. In one of the 1855 *Leaves* he says, "The first object he look'd upon . . . that object he became, and that object became part of him." (*Leaves of Grass*, 1855 ed., p. 90.)

Whitman's theory of cognition during the latter part of his life seems to have been considerably influenced by his reading of German philosophy, particularly Joseph Gostwick's *German Culture and Christianity* (London, 1882). Richard Riethmueller's *Walt Whitman and the Germans*, Philadelphia, 1906 (published as reprint from *German-American Annals*, IV) traces the sources of his knowledge of German philosophy. In 1884 Whitman characterized himself as "the greatest *poetical* representative of German Philosophy" (in newspaper article described on p. 149 of text). He did not follow Kant strictly (Riethmueller, *op. cit.*, 35-36, 40-43), but eventually adopted the attitude of the older mystics toward perception, embracing the view voiced by Nicholas of Cusa, and Valentine Weigel, that "all knowledge flows out from man into the object," but that "the object has a reality in itself, which awakens the knowledge in the spirit" (R. Steiner, *Mystics of the Renaissance*, New York and London, 1911, 151-160, 225-231). See C. Sempers, "Whitman and his Philosophy," *Harvard Monthly*, January, 1888, 159 ff.; also "Philosophy of Walt Whitman," *Reader*, V (1905), 490.

139. Variant reading (probably first draft): *Dear friend! I put not in these Leaves, melodious narratives or pictures for you to con at leisure for bright creations all outside yourself. Not so — but of Suggestiveness to you alone this is*

the song — naught made & finished for you, but all invited to be made by you and from you. Indeed I have not done the work, etc. (The remainder shows little variation from the reading given in text.)

140. Cf. the thoughts Whitman recorded on "Suggestiveness" in his old age ("A Backward Glance," *Incl. Ed.*, 531); also this report from an interview, in the *Springfield Republican*, July 23, 1875: "*My book compels, absolutely necessitates every reader to transpose him or herself into that central position, and become the living fountain, actor, experiencer himself or herself, of every page, every aspiration, every line.*"

141. Alternative readings (on "trial sheet"): *America and all its mighty masses of men and a new grand race of women will appear.* Also: *America and all its mighty masses of men in their workshops, and the men of steamships and engines, and the turbulent friendly, free cities, and the great masses everywhere, and a new and grand race of women will appear.*

142. The following paragraph is cancelled at the top of this page of MS., preceding *Man's physiology, etc.*: *America I have said to myself demands one song, at any rate, that is radical (bold), modern, and all-surrounding as she is herself. Its aim, like hers, should mirror the future, more than the present or the past. Like her it should follow the native genius of its own land exclusively (— not that of other lands), and should nourish with joy the pride of man in himself. It must be the poem (song) of the utterance of Democracy, child of a new race, and father of a newer and greater one still. Of such an utterance and poem, (I have had that dream,) let me initiate the attempt — and brava to him or her who comes after me, and succeeds.* [Phrases in parentheses are cancellations.]

143. After this, appears the cancelled sentence: *I will adhere, beyond all delicatesses and art.*

144. Cf. "refinement and delicatesses" ("Democratic Vistas," *Prose*, 223).

145. After *our New World*, the phrase *and in the spirit of my own race* is cancelled.

146. In the middle of this paragraph the following is cancelled: *Chant These States and Manhattan, my well-beloved city — and forget not the flowing Missouri, the Mississippi, (the Great Lakes) the ranges of mountains — and put in my pages the prairies and southern savannahs, pure-air'd California and all, and the shores of the western sea.*

147. *rejoicing* is marked: ?

148. The "trial sheet" contains the following drafts, worked into finished form, some preceded by an asterisk, but with no indication where they are intended to fit into the MS.

* *Leaving all outside heroes and events, the prevalent themes for poems*

* *We think events and heroes (records) (romances) great outside as themes for poems — but there is something else greater than they.*

* *That something vast and great I see in you as man or woman, to me no fraction of the universe, but curiously absorbing all, as if made for you, and to yourself you, more than all outside yourself however vast and great — that is the main and spine of these*

For main and spine of all this chant leaving those outside heroes and events, the stock of previous poems up through such epic movements.

149. The phrase *From these, as from mirrors* is cancelled here. (See Note 64.)

150. *O friend* was the first reading, for which *man and woman* (in pencil) was substituted, but later erased.

151. This MS. appears to be less coherent in the arrangement of its material than any of the others, and probably was a catch-all for odds and ends, and therefore not given a title. Text on p. 135 begins with p. 4 of MS. The second and third pages contain these completed entries, besides miscellaneous scraps.

I do not purpose to school any person in virtues nor prove anything to the intellect, nor sing amours or romances, nor the epics of land or sea. They to their work (which is great) I to mine.

I commenced Leaves of Grass in my thirty-sixth year by publishing their first issue. Four times have I issued them since, each time with successive increase; this being the fifth issue. I am today (May 31, 1870) just fifty one years old: for I write.

152. *Twice have I since then issued with increased matter* is revised as given in text.

153. The top of the page has this cancelled version of the same: *I am today (May 31, 1861) just forty-two years of age — for I thought I would write the present paragraph on my birthday.*

154. *I consider it as* (beginning of a new uncompleted sentence) is crossed out at this point.

155. In the middle of this sentence the following is deleted: *and if this Notice prove, from me to you, our final interview (though as to that, who shall dare undertake to tell)*

156. The final paragraph of this section (see text, p. 137) is written on the bottom of the page, on which appears the paragraph ending *of the Soul*, with a line drawn through it.

157. At the top of this paragraph is written: *Some good points.*

158. The following marginal note seems to refer to these literary figures: *They are the negative suggestions & here is the positive.*

159. Cf. this passage from Burroughs: "It certainly has not the finish of a tale, romance, or any plot, which begins, goes on, and closes," etc. (Burroughs, 45).

160. After *Suggestiveness* originally stood the words *with new centripetal reference*, as here indicated. Deletion doubtful, although they appear faintly crossed out, as if cancellation were later erased.

161. The MS. book closes with two pages of miscellaneous memoranda: *to celebrate the modern, the workingman*

*** One song at any rate America demands that breathes her native air alone, the chant of Democracy — the Individual's chant. Let me (I have had that dream) initiate the song, — and bravas to the one who coming after me achieves the work in triumph*

Therefore it comes, our New World chords in diapason gathering. I sound and spread them forth dear friend for vistas, for curious road to travel.

To the Reader

As one a traveler his journeying resuming

Hunts (wishes) for a little gift [Cancellations in parentheses.]

Stays (turns him) making a little gift

Delays till he find (make) a memory

The pages of the lesson having writ to train myself — to you I bring them here and now resign with all their blots, to image back the process for your use

Clapt by life's shortness with no time

to *elaborate*

complete

finish

Hurried I bring

162. This information was noted by T. B. Harned in a complete list made of the books and MSS. taken over by the literary executors at Whitman's death. The MS. at present in the Pierpont Morgan Library is undoubtedly the same copy listed by Mr. Harned. Dr. Barrus, from whom it was acquired by the Morgan Library, secured all her Whitman material from John Burroughs or Harned. This MS. was probably taken out of the envelope with Whitman's inscription, and given to Dr. Barrus by Harned; later, he deposited a large part of his Whitman material in the Library of Congress, and there the envelope now rests. This accounts for the two items being separated.

163. Holloway asserts that Whitman wrote parts of Bucke's *Walt Whitman*, although he does not state what proof he has for it (Holloway, 302). It is certain, at least, that Whitman contributed much of the documentary material. For example, Bucke states that a certain letter he prints is "one of hundreds that of course never dreamed of seeing print, recovered by me by a lucky accident" (Bucke, 38). The "lucky accident" was that Whitman provided

Bucke with the first drafts, such as he was in the habit of making and keeping (see Note 107). This is proved in the case of the letter of October 11-15, 1868, which Bucke quotes. The actual letter which was sent to Mrs. Price is now in the Pierpont Morgan Library, and a comparison of this with the version printed by Bucke shows clearly that what Bucke had was the copy which Whitman had kept, for it is less elaborated and more like a first draft than the one Mrs. Price actually received from him.

164. The letter is the property of Mrs. Frank J. Sprague. The passage referred to is as follows: "Can't you bring in this somewhere in the book? — 'But the poet was not entirely favorable or willing. "I do not know," he says in a late letter to me, "that I can furnish any good reason, but I feel to keep these utterances exclusively to myself. But I cannot let your book go to press without at least saying — and wishing it put on record — that among the perfect women I have known (and it has been my unspeakable good fortune to have had the very best, for mother, sisters and friends) I have known none more perfect, in every relation, than my dear friend, Anne Gilchrist."'"

It is perhaps desirable to say that some evidence has turned up since the eventual publication of those letters, which Whitman mentioned as wishing to keep "exclusively to himself," that throws a new light on his attitude. Mrs. Gilchrist's daughter, Mrs. Grace Friend, wrote an excellent statement of the case, protesting against the publishing of the correspondence under the title of "Love Letters" (published in *London Nation*, Oct. 5, 1918). The best detailed account of the relations of Anne Gilchrist and Walt Whitman is by Edith Wyatt (*North American Review*, CCX [1919], 388). Holloway says that Whitman shrank from "wounding her with the plain fact that she could not expect to find in him what her imagination had put there" (Holloway, 291). It appears, however, that Whitman did warn her, in almost the words Mr. Holloway has supposed him not to have had the courage to utter. He wrote to her before she came to America, "Let me warn you about myself and yourself also. You must not construct such an unauthorized and imaginary figure and call it W. W. and so devotedly invest your loving nature in it. The actual W. W. is a very plain personage and entirely unworthy such devotion." (From copy of a letter made by T. B. Harned from the original, which came into his hands after his publication of *The Letters of Anne Gilchrist and Walt Whitman*; quoted from a transcription made by Mr. Harned for John Burroughs.)

165. See Furness, "Walt Whitman Looks at Boston," *New England Quarterly*, I (1928), 363.

166. *Camden*, I, 344.

167. *Camden*, I, 381, 382, 383. See also *Camden*, III, 397. Conway himself was not above appropriating other people's work and signing his own name. This would seem to prove that he might be willing to cooperate in the scheme of passing a Whitman MS. to Rossetti with O'Connor's name attached.

Conway had an article in the *Fortnightly Review* (VI [1866], 546), concerning Whitman. It proved to be very important, for it was used as the basis for a good part of Rossetti's Introduction to his *Selections* from Whitman (1869) which was the chief source of information about Whitman in England for many years. Here is the story of that article from an unpublished letter (original in the possession of W. S. Kennedy):

"London, Ont. Oct. 7, 1896. . . .

My understanding about that *Fortnightly* article is something like this, and I had it from O'Connor years ago, when I first knew him, and think I cannot be far wrong. O'Connor told me that he wrote an article on Walt Whitman at that time and not seeing his way to get it in print in America he sent it to Conway, hoping that Conway might get it in some English journal. Conway placed the article in the *Fortnightly* as his own, and he really made it his own by the numerous and great changes that he made in it. I gathered from O'Connor that such points as you and I would recognize as truth and would like are by O'Connor, whereas the foolish parts, those that are not true to life, are stuck in by Conway, who was not nearly as cognizant of the subject as O'Connor was.

R. M. BUCKE."

168. *Camden*, I, 384.

169. *Ibid.*, III, 267.

170. *Ibid.*, III, 296.

171. *Ibid.*, III, 299-300. For proof that the MS. did reach England, see *Camden*, III, 299-300.

172. *Ibid.*, II, 418.

173. MS. letter, from W. M. Rossetti to Herbert Gilchrist, May 9, 1886, owned by Mrs. Frank J. Sprague.

174. Quoted from MS. note in Buxton Forman's copy, in the collection of Mr. Oscar Lion.

175. *Camden*, I, 231, II, 447, III, 300, 302.

176. *Ibid.*, I, 408. After Hotten's death in 1872, his successors, Chatto and Windus, continued to publish this pirated edition. Their advertisement of *Leaves of Grass*, "the complete work, precisely as issued by the author in Washington [1871-72]," was discovered by Mr. Alfred Goldsmith in the back of Curwin, *A History of Booksellers*, London, 1873 (p. 44 of "Advertisements").

177. The only other connection which Whitman seems to have had with an English publication at this time was in the *American Poems* issued by Rossetti in 1872. The date is fixed by a letter of Sept. 1, 1872, from Rossetti to Burroughs, stating that the book was ready to come out, and was dedicate to Whitman. (Letter in the possession of Dr. Barrus.) For Rossetti's correspondence with Whitman regarding it, see *Camden*, III, 144.

178. *Fight of a Book*, 47; Wells-Goldsmith, *Bibliography of Walt Whitman*, Boston, 1922, 23.

179. Letter from Ticknor, of Osgood & Co., to Whitman, Dec. 10, 1881 (in Library of Congress), says Bogue accepts the contract and orders 250 copies. See also *Camden*, II, 420.

180. Bucke, 148. Shay, *Bibliography of Walt Whitman*, New York, 1920, 26.

181. Truebners are advertised as London agents for Whitman on the cover of *Passage to India* and *Democratic Vistas*, issued in separate volumes, Washington, 1871.

182. *Camden*, I, 370, 399.

183. Letters from Osgood to Whitman (in Library of Congress) dated May 31, and June —, 1881.

184. Letter from Whitman to Truebner & Co., Oct. 5, 1881 (Library of Congress).

185. Harned, "Whitman and his Boston Publishers," *Conservator*, VI, 164.

186. See Note 179. Ticknor was Osgood's agent.

187. This matter passed through the hands of Mr. Alfred Goldsmith, before it was sold, and he described the contents to me, as indicated in the text. He writes: "I am sorry that I did not make a copy of the letter *re* Truebner edition. It said that Truebner was expected to publish the book, did not do it — and that Bogue would have an edition — that Truebner would do the 1855 Preface."

188. For similarity of matter, for instance, compare the following with p. 152 of text: "As politician, Walt Whitman is in fact the first appearance in poetic literature of a real Democratic mind, because nobody has before seen and represented in writing, what infinite significance in all departments is embodied in this word 'Democracy.' By him the battle between Republic and Monarchy is regarded from an almost religious standpoint." Also cf. the following with the account of Whitman's hospital work on p. 153 of text. "The poet went to Virginia and Washington and engaged as volunteer nurse on the field and among the large military hospitals. In these vocations he continued three years attending the wounded of both sides North and South." The arrangement of details in the newspaper article follows the "London Introduction" from beginning to end. Unfortunately this clipping, which is preserved in a scrapbook now in the collection of Mrs. Frank J. Sprague, has no source indicated. Part of the name of the paper, "*Camden*—" is present, and the latter half of the date: "—ry 13, 1884." The article is published under a section called "The Post Office."

189. Whitman's hand in the article is certainly evident in the use of the characteristic Whitman adjective "Hollandish," in referring to his ancestry. Whitman wrote to Kennedy, Aug. 29, 1890, "I sh'd suggest the *Critic* for your Hollandish piece." He also uses the form "Hollandic" in the broadside

sheet, "From an old Remembrance Copy" (see Note 3), and in an article in the *New York Tribune*, Aug. 4, 1881: "The Van Velsors were pure Hollandic."

190. It will be observed that the illustration of the MS. shows a comment written below the title: *Leaves of Grass 1881*. This is not in Whitman's hand, but the word *Copy* in the left-hand corner is.

191. Cf. Note 159.

192. See Note 52. Also cf. *Prose*, 216, 249, and Notes 248, 272.

193. In the MS. the *s* is added as a separate letter, and written very small, as if Whitman were not sure whether it should be there.

194. *advanced sufficiently*, as well as *already*, written in above the line, are all crossed through.

195. Originally *page & line*.

196. Cf. p. 168 of text.

197. Cf. p. 131 of text.

198. *or even commend it* is in the original line, but cancelled.

199. *colonizing* revised to read *colonization*.

200. *grown* is changed to *bred*.

201. *large* is changed to *healthy*.

202. spelled *readjustments*.

203. The successive revisions are indicated in parentheses in the text.

204. *finished* is changed to *put forth*. Cf. same phrase on p. 164 of text.

205. This is followed by a cancelled sentence: *Also "Passage to India" — and indeed all his poems down to the present time.*

206. *the phrase as an amateur but* is here struck out.

207. The following deleted: *but he lingers even yet, as we hear, visiting the collections of maimed and broken-down men, the sad legacy bequeathed by those vast armies, long campaigns, and sanguinary battles.*

208. Successive alterations indicated in parentheses in text.

209. *always compassionate* is deleted.

210. before of *the strongest emotions* the phrase *when on due emergencies* has been deleted.

211. First reading: *has the main bearing on human character.*

212. After *belief in its mission*, the tentative continuation, *with a similar belief of the* is discarded in favor of the present reading. It is revisions like this which make the authorship of Whitman indubitable, even if the language were not sufficient.

213. *accepting* changed to *absorbing*.

214. Original reading: *stands at last utterly baffled.*

215. See history of Whitman translations, *Fight of a Book*, 44-55.

216. *Prose*, §11.

217. Harned wrote in his own copy of Donaldson's *Whitman* (In Library of

Congress): "He was more grateful for this help than for anything he ever received. He never ceased talking about it. He says that his Eng. friends came to his rescue at the darkest period of his life and pulled him out of the slough of despair." Horace Traubel reports Whitman's own words on the subject in *Leaves of Grass*, London (Everyman's Ed.), p. xii. See also *Prose*, 433. Whitman might have been even more appreciative if he had known the active steps which were being taken by prominent English literary friends for his relief, of their own initiative, several months before he himself indirectly inaugurated the whole movement on his own behalf by the article in the *West Jersey Press*, January 26, 1876 (see Note 220). On October 19, 1875, Anne Gilchrist wrote to John Burroughs: "It is of Mr. Whitman that I write and would fain hear from you. For his friends and admirers in England are full of solicitude [because of] his protracted illness and consequent retirement from his government office which was probably his main source of income. And they think — Mr. William Rossetti, Professor Dowden and many others, I believe, besides myself, that it is an opportune moment to join together and try to give some tangible embodiment however inadequate, some visible token at least of their deep gratitude and affectionate admiration; if Mr. Whitman will honour them by permitting it. Perhaps friends in America have already some plan in view in which we might be permitted to co-operate, or perhaps they would join us or advise us as to the best way of realizing our wishes. [Mr. William] Rossetti thinks that [if we might] buy an edition [or print a new] edition according to the [one already] issued, of *Leaves of Grass*, and present copies to all the public libraries it would combine very wide diffusion of Mr. Whitman's works with our special aim and also (which he seems to relish considerably) give a 'slap in the face' to detractors. But he says the weak point of his scheme is that in not a few, perhaps in the greater number of cases the managers of the libraries might be just such people and so have power to frustrate the plan. Perhaps however they would not do so if the forthcoming 'Two Rivulets' were chosen for diffusion? For my own part, I should be well content with this latter . . . Anne Gilchrist" (quoted from MS. letter in Elizabeth Porter Gould Whitman Collection, Boston Public Library).

218. It is evident that Whitman had several special slips printed for him at this time, in this same peculiar style of type. In addition to the intercalation slips (see Note 224) there was a "Personal-Note" on a sheet printed separately, of which I have a copy. The type appears exactly the same as that of the "To the Foreign Reader" proof-sheet, and it is prefaced with Whitman's suggestion, "I know you will like to have — also, to bind in, for your eye and thought," etc. It is also dated April, 1876.

219. A set of the "Centennial Edition" is preserved in the Library of Congress, still wrapped in manila paper just as it was found among Whitman's effects, ready to be addressed and expressed.

220. The campaign for Whitman's relief was precipitated by an article in the *West Jersey Press*, January 26, 1876. Since it contains unmistakable evidence of Whitman's hand, but has not been reprinted, it is here given entire.

WALT WHITMAN'S ACTUAL AMERICAN POSITION

"The Springfield *Republican* prints another long account of Walt Whitman, and an estimate of his reputation in England and America. The criticism is friendly, and probably correct in its foreign statement, but makes an entire mistake about the position of 'Leaves of Grass' and its author in this country. Indeed we had better furnish some facts of the matter within our positive knowledge.

"The real truth is that with the exception of a very few readers (women equally with men), Whitman's poems in their public reception have fallen still-born in this country. They have been met, and are met today, with the determined denial, disgust and scorn of orthodox American authors, publishers and editors, and, in a pecuniary and worldly sense, have certainly wrecked the life of their author.

"From 1845 to 1855 Whitman, then in Brooklyn and New York Cities, bade fair to be a good business man, and to make his mark and fortune in the usual way — owned several houses, was worth some money and 'doing well.' But, about the latter date, he suddenly abandoned all, and commenced writing poems — got possessed by the notion that he must make pieces or lyrics, 'fit for the New World,' and that bee has buzzed in his head ever since, and buzzes there yet.

"Accordingly, the outlines of 'Leaves of Grass' were sent out twenty years ago, printed partly by his own hands; for the first two or three years arousing only a *howl* of criticism and the charge of obscenity. Since then numerous additions and new issues have been quietly, resolutely fashioned and put forth by his ownself, as if the author were sublimely indifferent to publishers, to the reading public, and to the usual profits.

"That he went down to the field, soon after the war of 1861 broke out, and spent the ensuing four years as a hard-working unpaid army nurse and practical missionary — that in the overstrained excitement and labors of those years were planted the seeds of the disease that now cripples him — that he got work in 1865 at Washington as a clerk in the Interior Department, but was turned out forthwith by Secretary Harlan declaredly for his being the author of the 'Leaves' — that he received an appointment again, but after some years was again discharged — being taken ill — that he left Washington, and has now lived for a while in a sort of half-sick, half-well condition, here in Camden — and that he remains singularly hearty in spirit and good natured, though, as he himself grimly expressed it lately, 'pretty well at the end of his rope' — are parts of his history that we will merely mention.

“And now, since that beginning, over twenty years have passed away, and Whitman has grown gray in the battle. Little or no impression, (at least ostensibly,) seems to have been made. Still he stands alone. No established publishing house will yet print his books. Most of the stores will not even sell them. In fact, his works have never been really published at all. Worse still; for the past three years having left them in the charge of book agents in New York City, who, taking advantage of the author’s illness and helplessness, have, three of them, one after another, successively thievishly embezzled every dollar of the proceeds!

“Repeated attempts to secure a small income by writing for the magazines during his illness have been utter failures. The *Atlantic* will not touch him. His offerings to *Scribner* are returned with insulting notes; the *Galaxy* the same. *Harper’s* did print a couple of his pieces two years ago, but imperative orders from head quarters have stopped anything further.

“All the established American poets studiously ignore Whitman. The *omnium gatherums* of poetry, by Emerson, Bryant, Whittier, and by lesser authorities, professing to include everybody of any note, carefully leave him out. Again of perhaps the finest general criticism abroad, the articles friendly to him — for instance from the *Westminster Review*, the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and the *Gentleman’s Magazine*, have been unnoticed; while the scolding and cheap abuse of Peter Bayne is copied and circulated at once in the Boston *Living Age*.

“We have now said enough to suggest the bleakness of the actual situation, so far. But the poet himself is more resolute and persevering than ever. ‘Old, poor, and paralyzed,’ he has, for a twelvemonth past been occupying himself by preparing, largely with his own handiwork, here in Camden, a small edition of his complete works in two volumes, which he himself now sells, partly ‘to keep the wolf from the door’ in old age — and partly to give before he dies, as absolute expression as may be to his ideas. ‘Leaves of Grass’ is mainly the same volume previously issued, but has some small new pieces, and gives two characteristic portraits. Of ‘Two Rivulets,’ he has printed the newer parts here in Camden.

“Walt Whitman’s artist feeling for deep shadows, streaked with just enough light to relieve them, might find no greater study than his own life.”

It is significant that Whitman gave a public reading “in aid of the poor of Camden, night of Jan. 27, 1876,” the very next day following the appearance of this article in the Camden *West Jersey Press!* (See entry in Whitman’s “Reading Book,” quoted under Note 43.) The irony of this coincidence seems more than accidental. It may be that the fact that he was to appear in public for the benefit of the poor was what aroused him to action to bring attention to his own condition. Or was the public reading, coming as it did in

the immediate wake of the newspaper article, the result, rather than the motivating cause, of a deep-laid plan in the brain of this most "cute" intelligence which combined poetical imagination with practical acumen to a degree not usually realized? The answer to this question remains one of the unsolved riddles of Whitman's enigmatic personality. His next step, however, we can trace, for he sent the *West Jersey Press* article to William Michael Rossetti, with this comment: "My theory is that the plain truth of the situation here is best stated; it is even worse than described in the article" (quoted from letter by Rossetti published in London *Daily News*, March 14, 1876). The article which Whitman sent to Rossetti was then passed on, probably by Rossetti himself, to the London *Athenæum*, which reprinted it in part, and accompanied it with an appeal for British support for Whitman (*Athenæum*, March 11, 1876). This article was in turn the provocation of the letter from Robert Buchanan in the *Daily News*, cited in the text (p. 158) which brought the whole matter to a head.

As to the authorship of the original article in the *West Jersey Press*, which had such far-reaching results, there seems little doubt possible that it was written by Whitman himself, in view of the intimate nature of the subject-matter, and frequent stylistic peculiarities. The following expressions, for instance, are characteristic of Whitman: "women equally with men"; the use of the colloquial phrases, "doing well" and "at the end of his rope," etc., in quotes, a turn often affected by Whitman, especially in his newspaper utterances; the Latin phrase, *omnium gatherums* (Whitman was fond of using phrases such as *sine qua non* and *sui generis* in his discussions of *Leaves of Grass*, and a Latin dictionary was one of the books he kept at hand and constantly used, as recorded by an acquaintance in *Lippincott's*, XLIX, 624); the unusual adverbial derivation "declaredly"; the idea he often repeated of "numerous additions . . . quietly, resolutely fashioned and put forth" (cf. use of the same words on p. 164 of text); the identical phraseology of the sentences describing his first decision to write, "suddenly abandoned all, and commenced writing poems," etc., with the account of the same given by him in the *Philadelphia Press* (see below); above all, the use of the metaphor of the bee, which was frequently employed by him elsewhere, in exactly the same context; *e. g.*: "In 1855 he settled in Brooklyn and N. Y. City as a business man, owned several houses and was worth some money. But suddenly he abandoned all, and commenced writing poems, possessed by the idea that he must make epics or lyrics, 'fit for the New World' and that bee still buzzes in his head" (from *Philadelphia Press*, March 3, 1880, stenographic report of interview with Walt Whitman). "I was working at carpentering, and making money when this 'L. of G.' bee came to me" (from an interview reported in the *Daily Free Press* somewhere in Canada during Whitman's Canadian trip in 1880; the place and date are not recorded in the clipping preserved in Whitman's scrapbook in the

Library of Congress). In Brooklyn *City News*, October 10, 1860, Whitman had previously employed the characteristic phrase, with the same use of italics, "the general *howl* with which these poems have been received," etc. Again, in the Camden *Post*, March 29, 1877, he writes of himself, using the same extensive parallel constructions as in the *West Jersey Press* article: "That he is poor (which he really is), that the American publishers won't publish him, that the magazines reject his MSS., that the bards of fame here ignore him, and that all the big poetic collection-books leave him out in the cold, are facts," etc. In 1868 he had written to M. D. Conway: "In my own country, so far, from the organs, the press, and from authoritative sources, I have received but one long tirade of shallow impudence, mockery, and scurrilous jeers" (quoted from MS. letter in the Elizabeth Porter Gould Whitman Collection, in Boston Public Library).

After the English enthusiasm was aroused, and subscriptions were being taken up for Whitman's relief, Rossetti printed a circular for general distribution, in which was included a letter from Whitman to Rossetti, covering practically the same ground as the *West Jersey Press* article, but in a more reserved tone (Donaldson, 34). The proof-sheets for it, with corrections in Whitman's own hand, are in the Library of Congress.

221. The English solicitude for Whitman's welfare never flagged after that date, as is evident in the letter that John Burroughs wrote to Dr. J. Johnston (see Note 23). Mrs. Frank J. Sprague has letters from Rossetti to Herbert Gilchrist in 1885-1886 concerning funds being raised for Whitman in England at that time. May 6, 1885, Rossetti writes: "All the foregoing leads up to what I most want to show you — the enclosed farther letter from Mr. Aldrich about Whitman. It is very interesting, and really a valuable record of facts for some future time, but is certainly painful." On May 9, 1886, he reports, "The last sum was received by me on 16 April, and I think we may conclude that no more will be coming in."

222. *Camden*, I, 369.

223. This was found by Mr. J. E. Lodge in the copy of the first edition of *Leaves* which he bought from Mr. Peter K. Foley. It was Whitman's custom to have slips of MS., of his own poetry and poems that he wished to use for public readings, set up at a print shop in Camden constantly (see description of these slips in Whitman's "Reading Book," under Note 43; also Donaldson, 74). "Each bit when it had left his hands in manuscript was sent to a quaint old printing establishment in the town, where it was set up in type. It was then returned to the author, who made such corrections as seemed to him desirable, and after this a revised and re-corrected copy was struck off and sent out as the matter to be used *punctatim et literatim*. At times he was critical even to the verge of whimsicality in the matter of punctuation, and it was a source of annoyance to find the title of his latest book, 'Good Bye My Fancy,' so

printed that a comma or any other mark separated the four words into two groups" (*Lippincott's*, XLIX [1892], 624). Particularly during the early part of 1876 Whitman seems to have had recourse to this "quaint old printing establishment" for printing material that was included in the text of the "Centennial Edition." We are told that in January Whitman was preparing the new material for that edition "largely with his own handiwork, here in Camden," and that "he has printed the newer parts here in Camden" (see *West Jersey Press* article, under Note 220). He evidently took occasion to run other things through the press at the same time, moreover. Besides the "Personal: To the Foreign Reader" notice, and the intercalation slips described in the text, the special insertion sheet "From an Old Remembrance Copy," for distribution to friends, was printed at this time (see Note 3). I have a similar broadside sheet, run off from the plates of the first page of *Memoranda During the War* (printed in Camden 1875-1876, "Author's Publication") which begins with the words "Remembrance Copy," with spaces left blank for the insertion of the recipient's name, and Whitman's autograph. At the end of the "Personal-Note" which takes up both sides of the sheet, Whitman records, "Camden, New Jersey — where I now (April, 1876) write these lines. W. W." This is precisely the date inscribed on the "Personal" note "To the Foreign Reader" (see p. 163 in text), so that they were probably set up at the same time.

224. Mr. Alfred Goldsmith says that several uncut sheets of these intercalations printed in a block have passed through his hands. There is one in the collection of Mrs. Frank J. Sprague. The various forms of these intercalations are discussed fully in Wells-Goldsmith, *Bibliography of Walt Whitman*, Boston, 1922, 20, and in *Fight of a Book*, 246.

225. Cf. Note 219. Whitman wrote to Rossetti, March 17, 1876, "My new edition . . . I just job and sell, myself, and shall continue to dispose of the books myself" (Donaldson, 31). "It may interest some to know that the volumes of this 1876 edition, (a very limited one, less than 150 sets in all,) have each the author's physical touch and magnetism. Every book has been autographed by him, contains his signature, and the photographs and pictures put in by his own hands. The newer parts were printed at this office" (from article by Whitman, "Walt Whitman's Works, 1876 Edition," in the *Camden New Republic*, March 11, 1876). This definitely establishes the "quaint old printing establishment" where Whitman had job printing done, as the press of the *Camden New Republic*. As to the author's statement that the portraits are "put in by his own hands," the testimony of a personal note which he sent to the printing office in regard to this seems to indicate that he delegated some of the work involved in imparting the "physical touch and magnetism" to other hands. "Sept. 23 [1876] I send over two copies of Two Rivulets — Can't you have the pictures *properly* pasted on the frontispiece prepared for

them (see front of the vols) — & send them over again by this boy & I will put my autograph on them" (from original MS. in my possession).

226. *North American Review*, CXXXII (1881), 205.

227. This MS. is owned by Mrs. Frank J. Sprague. For further conversations of Whitman concerning the Russian nobleman, Count Adam G. de Gurowski, see Note 309. Gurowski's diary has been published (Washington, 1866). The following note is in the back of John Burroughs's own copy of his book, *Notes on Walt Whitman*: "Count Gurowski — a Russian refugee that J. B. knew in Wash'n in the period between 1863-73" (noted by Dr. Barrus). See also *Fight of a Book*, 19. Gurowski's Russian temperament is described in a letter from O'Connor to Whitman in *Camden*, III, 339, where appears also a picture of him.

228. These notes, now in the Library of Congress, are very extensive, and made in a much more systematic order than is usual in Whitman's reading notes. They are written in a bold hand, in ink, on large sheets of paper, also contrary to his usual practice. They appear almost like notes prepared to read before an audience. They include a detailed geographic survey of Russia, statistics and notations concerning the various races there, observations on trade, education, society, and his own conclusions as to how to better conditions. The following is underscored and marked with a pointing hand, as in lecture notes for special points which Whitman wished to emphasize. "The serfs have been freed, & now trade — ~~the~~ *trade, intercommunication with the world is all that is needed.* One of the glories of the modern age church is its missionaries — I would not speak a word against the devotion, self-sacrifice, good intentions — but what are all the missions ever built, (?) sent forth — in comparison with the benefits that would ensue to nearly a hundred millions of people by the putting of the great Russian empire in rapport with the rest of the world, through ports, trade, travel, science, literature." He also has collected newspaper clippings regarding Russia, among them a notice of "*Nadeschda*, a Russian story, written by Runeberg, the great poet of Finland, and translated by Miss Marie A. Brown." That Whitman followed up this interest to the point of taking steps to secure a copy of this book seems probable, from the following entry in a notebook: "Nadescha, poem from the Swedish of Runeberg \$1.50 Boston (I think Houghton)." Other references to Russian serfs, Finland, etc., are to be found in *N. & F.*, 155, 201.

229. From MS. notebook of Herbert Gilchrist, in the collection of Mrs. Frank J. Sprague. Cf. Whitman's remarks in 1877 to Edward Carpenter (Carpenter, 5).

230. The Whitman-Rolleston-Lee correspondence concerning the Russian translation is carefully filed by Whitman among his papers now in the Library of Congress. The following selections explain how Whitman's Russian preface came to be written.

T. W. H. Rolleston to Whitman, November 28, 1881:

I think a *Russian* translation is also probable (& certainly at least as desirable as the German). A friend & countryman of mine named Lee, living here [Dresden] is an ardent Russian scholar and intimate with many men of that nation, living here & in Servia, &c. They are worthy exiles, which means, speaking generally, men of unusual ability and thoughtfulness. I have made Lee acquainted with the L. of Grass which he appreciates & he has just written for your new edn. and I think (though I have not broached the subject yet) that he would be likely to undertake a Russian translation, & that he could get the best possible help for it. I shall get him to send his book to some of his Russian friends, & work on this as much as I can. The book would doubtless be prohibited [by the] government but that would not hinder its spread much, rather the contrary.

I. F. Lee to Whitman, November 28, 1881:

Through the kindness of . . . a countryman of mine, I have an opportunity of writing to you, whose sentiments I agree with and whose works I admire. Mr. Rolleston and a Mr. Wilkins, two students of Trinity College, Dublin, were the first to draw my attention to your poetical works, of which I wish to say a few words. I am an ardent student of the Russian Language, and greatly interested in the huge country and its strange people and history. Your book is the book for them. Will you allow me to translate the *Leaves of Grass* into Russian? It will do good, of that I am perfectly sure. I know the Russian character, and say again that the *Leaves of Grass* is the book for them.

Whitman's reply to Lee, containing the preface for the Russian translation in its original form, is made available through a copy supplied by Mr. Oscar Lion from the MS. letter itself, which was in the possession of Mr. Leo S. Olschki, of Florence, at the time the transcript was made.

431 Stevens Street
Camden New Jersey
U. S. America — Dec. 20, 1881

DEAR SIR:

Your letter asking definite endorsement to a translation of my *Leaves of Grass* into Russian is just received, and I hasten to answer it. Most warmly and willingly I consent to the translation, and waft a prayerful *God speed* to the enterprise.

You Russians and we Americans; — our countries so distant, so unlike at first glance — such a difference in social and political conditions and our respective methods of moral and practical development the last hundred years; — and yet in certain features, and vastest ones, so resembling each other. The variety of stock-elements and tongues to be resolutely fused in a common Identity and Union at all hazards — the idea perennial through the ages that they both have their historic and divine mission — the fervent element of manly friendship throughout the whole people, surpassed by no other races — the grand expanse of territorial limits and boundaries — the unformed and nebulous state of many things, not yet permanently settled, but agreed on all hands to be the preparations of an infinitely greater future — the fact that both peoples have their independent and leading positions to hold, keep, and if necessary fight for, against the rest of the world — the deathless aspirations at the inmost centre of each great

community, so vehement, so mysterious, so abyssmic — are certainly features you Russians and we Americans possess in common.

And as my dearest dream is for an internationality of poems and poets binding the lands of the earth closer than all treaties or diplomacy, — as the purpose beneath the rest in my book is such hearty comradeship for individuals to begin with, and for all the Nations of the earth as a result — how happy indeed I shall be to get the hearing and emotional contact of the great Russian peoples!

To whom, now and here, (addressing you for Russia, and empowering you, should you see fit to put the present letter in your book as a preface to it,) I waft affectionate salutation from these shores in America's name.

WALT WHITMAN.

You see I have addressed you as Russian — let it stand so — go on with your translation — I send you a book by this mail — advise me from time to time — address me here — W. W.

Sent to Dr. I. Fitzgerald Lee, M.A.

Whitman's letter to Rolleston in regard to the Russian preface is given under Note 233.

231. Rolleston to Whitman, January 7, 1882: "I write in haste to say that Lee has suddenly left Dresden, having received an unexpected appointment in England." October 29, 1882: "Did I tell you . . . that Lee has got an appointment in England that will take up all his time except in vacations, for the present at any rate? I haven't heard from him now for months, though I wrote twice. I know he meant to go into Servia and Russia early this year and hope he hasn't got into any trouble there — he and a friend had a rather narrow escape for their lives in those parts year before last. He is a great enthusiast for Pan Slavism, but brigands wouldn't respect that."

232. Besides the correspondence with Rolleston quoted under Notes 230, 231, and 233, other letters preserved by Whitman (Library of Congress) record details and progress of the German translation. One of Whitman's cherished ideas was that the English text should be printed parallel with any translation into a foreign language, on the pages opposite the translation. Rolleston objected on the ground that it would give the book a "formidably scientific appearance," to which Whitman replied, December 22, as given in the full text of that letter, Note 233.

233. Whitman to Rolleston, December 22, 1881:

Yours of Nov. 28 rec'd. My satisfaction with your proposed German trans. increases the more you unfold it, and I think of it. What you say against the two texts is sound, & I am content (retracting my former suggestion) that it should be in the usual form, in German only. Want it by all means to be *complete*. In the whole matter I quite freely trust to your intuitions and cuteness as to meanings, my dear friend — you have so long been a reader and lover of the book, — & I fully empower you to go on and go your own way. I like of course what you say of getting the fullest & care-fullest technical, grammatical, and idiomatic German assistance and collaboration as you go along.

I have received a good letter
from Mr Lee about the Russian
translation, & have written him
in answer.

I trust well for me, & shall
remain here for the winter.

I suppose you need a note from
me weeks since acknowledging the En.
Cheridion. My letter to Mr Lee was
also as a preface to the Russian trans-
lation, I should that be fulfilled

I will prepare & send you something of
the same sort for the German Vorrede
- I think so much of the international
element (sentiment) which I have intended
as ^{one of the chief} ~~much of the~~ ^{features} of my book

I have received a good letter from Mr. Lee about the Russian translation, & have written him in answer.

I keep well for me, & shall remain here for the winter.

I suppose you recd a note from me weeks since acknowledging the *Encheiridion*. My letter to Mr. Lee was also as a preface to the Russian translation, should that be fulfilled. I will prepare & send you something of the same sort for the German Volume — I think so much of the internationality element (sentiment) which I have intended as one of the leading fibres of my book.

W. W.

234. Walt Whitman. *Grasblume. Gedichte. In Auswahl* übersetzt von Karl Knortz und L. B. Rolleston. Zürich, 1889. A foreword is supplied by Knortz; the Introduction, dwelling on Whitman's unique position as the poet of Democracy, closes with a personal letter from Whitman to Rolleston, with the comment that it "testifies to the interest that he takes in this introduction of his work into Germany."

235. Whitman's original letter is not available. The following translation is quoted from W. S. Kennedy (*Fight of a Book*, 249), since his long association and correspondence with Whitman enable him to reconstruct what Whitman's original English reading probably was, with greater certainty than any other translation could approximate. "I approve of your attempt to translate certain of my poems into the German tongue. Indeed, arrogant as the statement may seem, I had more than my own native land in view when I was composing *Leaves of Grass*. I wished to take the first step toward calling into existence a cycle of international poems. The chief reason for being of the United States of America is to bring about the common good will of all mankind, the solidarity of the world. What is still lacking in this respect can perhaps be accomplished by the art of poetry, through songs radiating from all the lands of the globe. I had also in mind, as one of my objects, to send a hearty greeting to these lands in America's name. And glad, very glad, should I be to gain entrance and audience among the Germanic peoples."

236. Whitman's MS. revision written in his own copy of *Leaves of Grass* (1860 ed., 108) now owned by Mrs. A. M. Traubel.

237. *Ibid.*

238. Cf. *Prose*, 290.

239. Proof-sheet reads: *While the following pieces, etc.* Changed by Whitman's proof-reading to reading given in text. Cf. the thought of this passage with Whitman's remark to Edward Carpenter, in 1877, "Up to this time I have had America chiefly in view, but this appreciation of me in England makes me think that I might perhaps do the same for the old world also" (Carpenter, 14). See also N. Foerster, *American Criticism*, Boston, 1928, 226.

240. *ah*, original reading, changed to *aye* in proof-reading.

241. *outset* is underscored and marked by Whitman with a question mark, as though he were searching for a better word.

242. N. B. The variant MSS. of American prefaces are arranged in the Appendix in the order of their chronological development, in so far as that could be determined by the internal evidence of the MSS. See Note 110 in regard to the punctuation of these MSS., the use of italics in Notes, etc.

The MS. entitled *To the Reader At the Entrance of Leaves of Grass* furnished the material for "Small the Theme of My Chant," in the 1867 edition of *Leaves* (*Incl. Ed.*, 434); also for "One's-Self I Sing" (*Incl. Ed.*, 1).

243. A MS. notebook in Library of Congress, marked 1862, has the single line: *Small is my theme — yet has it the sweep of the universe.*

244. This paragraph is marked through with a single pencil stroke.

245. Original reading: *All that you read or hear as past, or what existent is, in heroes or events, with landscape, heavens, and every beast and bird, becomes so only then, etc.* Cf. Note 138.

246. First draft: *with all its pageants of success and failure, except as feeding you and me?*

247. First reading: *may-be preparing us, by giving us identity — then sailing us with winds, o'er the great seas, the apparent known, thither into the harbors, the really great unknown.*

248. *As I behold with curious eyes the things of Nature and of life the least as well as greatest item inexplicable, I think the things of Nature, and Life itself, as in the main suggestive and gymnastic — not at all great in reference to an unknown future.*

249. *I will not disobey the hint in my songs. This is the hint that comes to me night and day, at every step — and it underlies these Leaves.*

250. *birth'd in the West* is an interlinear addition. *from top to toe* originally stood in place of *received with absolute faith.*

251. *One wholly native song at any rate America demands that breathes her native air — an utterance, etc.*

252. In Whitman's copy of the 1860 ed., 108, is this MS. version: "Democracy, the destined conqueror—yet treacherous lip-smiles everywhere, and death and infidelity at every step." This is probably the first place in which Whitman wrote down this idea, for he has a pencil note in the margin of the 1860 copy, opposite it: "tr. somewhere else." But he eventually used it in a poem (*Incl. Ed.*, 286).

253. Cf. this, from an anonymous review of *Leaves*, written in 1856 by Whitman himself: "Walt Whitman announces the coming after him of great successions of poets, and that he but lifts his finger to give the signal" (*In Re*, 21).

254. Cf. the thought in "So Long!"—"This is no book, who touches this touches a man," etc. (*Incl. Ed.*, 418).

255. In Whitman's copy of the 1860 ed., 242, after the line: "It is a man, flushed and full-blooded—it is I—So long!" he has added the interpolation:

"(At every leaf I have felt the pressure of your hand and return it)," later substituting for the last three words "more than you know."

256. This book is in a fragmentary condition, the only notebook of the seven which seems to have been molested after it was put into book form. The pages are numbered, and pp. 1 and 2, 9 and 10 are missing; p. 11 is left entirely blank, showing that the writing contained in this book was less satisfactory than in others, and that this book was probably abandoned later, or some sheets were requisitioned from it in the formation of the later notebooks. The first page begins abruptly in the middle of a sentence: *is Democracy*. Then follows the text, as printed in the Appendix. (See illustration, p. 168.)

257. See Note 113. The simplicity of the original drafting of this passage, and the large number of revisions (standing four deep on the line in some places: see illustration of MSS.) bear out the theory that this was Whitman's first handling of this material. The first casting was very simple and straightforward: *The meaning of Democracy is to put in practice the idea of the sovereignty*, etc. Cf. this with the elaborate form of its final metamorphosis in "Democratic Vistas" (see p. 125 in text).

258. At this point the MS. is so much worked over that it is impossible to give an idea of the relative importance of the different readings by a transcript. The photograph of the MS., which accompanies the text, will serve better than a commentary to demonstrate what is meant by "Whitman's method of composition."

259. *swallows up* and *exalts* were tried in turn before *purifies*, but both were eventually abandoned. *the drift of* is an interlineation.

260. *reflect* originally stood for *cast*.

261. Originally this read: *Is the unclothed face divine? It is; and the unclothed body is diviner still.*

262. *but taking it to myself* is an interlinear addition, which was followed by *specifically*, rejected for *openly*, and that in turn finally transposed to its present position.

263. *and icy* deleted after *torrid*. *rocky, iron, harsh* were each tried in turn before *sierras*, only to be finally supplanted by *icy*, carried over from the preceding phrase.

264. Originally read: *For once let that amazing, tantalizing immortal wonder put itself in a poem, not as it is fancied to be in ostensible literature*, etc.

265. *and in that mould, without wincing, I cast the book* was the first version. Even prepositions were a great issue at times in Whitman's revising. In the MS. we can trace four successive choices: *in, from, by*, and the final choice, *from*, written out anew in pencil by the side of the deleted *from* which was written and crossed in ink. It is a story of infinite patience and pondering that these MSS. unfold, in "every cross and twirl of the pen," revealing the "curious way we write what we think, yet very faintly."

280. *This simple Idea is as the male, to which the idea of Love is the female*
These ideas are in the following Song.

281. *after put there, the phrases towering high and ascends above all were tried, but rejected.*

282. *Other poems show the physiognomy.*

283. *The whole form which stands half undraped before a mirror is reflected back from the mirror. This chant therefore shows the whole physiognomy also.*

284. *Is the face divine? Yes; and then the body is more divine still.*

285. *This chant therefore images the whole physiology also — not apologising for it, but with exuberance and pride.*

286. *After this a whole page is deleted: What a shame it would be to America if she, whatever others do, from the embryo and heart of her literature did not speak the words of perfect faith in the body and Soul of man — whatever others speak. (Remainder incoherent.)*

287. *after becomes to. will I now conform is changed to present reading.*

288. *poem and book are finally supplanted, by the familiar song.*

289. *This line, as it stands, shows Whitman's quandary:*

	(shall be)	(let)	
	(will)		
I	(have)		cast the book
	(has been)		

290. This seems, in some respects, the most highly and sedulously revised of all the MSS., and hence is placed last. The recasting of passages which originally appeared in purely prose form has now been carried to the point where the fluent matter breaks over the indefinable boundaries between prose rhythms and poetic rhythm. It is no longer unpatterned pulsation in which the flow of thought is the sole sovereign element in directing the course of sounds; the matrix of form crystallizes, and we are conscious that a convention has shaped itself through increment, dearly won but strongly wrought. The version given on p. 131 of the text is still a poetic preface; here we have a prefatory poem, grown up from the same tap-root.

291. This whole paragraph is marked with bracket, question mark, *out*. Its lack of appreciably patterned rhythm doubtless offended Whitman's ear, in his final survey.

292. Originally: *the muse, walking the western prairies.*

293. See Note 252.

294. After this, the following is cancelled: *This is no book, but I myself.*

295. After this follows an uncanceled, alluringly incomplete by-path, on the next "trial sheet": *Meantime, plans failing — my full supply of well-form'd whispers lacking — I leave to you, who'er you are, to form & breathe them for yourself in*

296. Cf. Note 138.

297. With the paragraph which follows this one, the "Inscription" given in the earlier (?) text, p. 134, concluded. From the elaborated arrangement of the material here, it would seem as if Whitman were almost reaching toward an elaborate musical form with coda, involving certain elements of recapitulation, after the statement and development of his principal theme.

298. After *O friend*, the interlinear addition *burst from the inward folds* is cancelled, as is also the interpolation of *in living* before *become yours*.

299. It is curious to note here two semblances of a future characteristic title of Whitman's work: "Democratic Vistas," and "A Backward Glance O'er Travel'd Roads." The force of Whitman's great power with words is due more to his ability to make them render new implications than it is to the extent or freshness of his vocabulary. The recurrent use of some usual word with some special significance peculiar to him fails to pall upon the sense merely because of its force, in spite of its frequency. (This, be it said, does not apply to some of his favorite expressions, such as *delicatesse*, which assumes an air of affectation with his frequent reiteration.)

300. This thought, so often repeated in these Introductions, each time in a different form, is perhaps the basic or fundamental theme to which his mind reverted as an ultimate foundation for the projection of an adequate preface structure for his poems.

301. *Fire and the rocky ground are to appear* was subsequently abbreviated, as it stands in text.

302. *We are to interrogate those silent antique objects. We too are to arouse the antique echoes.*

303. Cf. the reading of the same passage given under Note 161.

304. This is followed by a cancelled passage: *From me to you alone, a conference to ensue, to yield interior yearnings, discords, and all my private egotisms and moods, reserving nothing. Conference wherein along this Western World, abandon we ourselves to Nature's primal sanity again, our two exclusive souls, and meantime leave behind an hour or two society's conventions. While untried, yet the greatest, the theme of my recitative.*

305. This concluding passage is written with unusual boldness and surety, no faltering or revisions, as if suddenly a new thought had presented itself, full-blown, for a concluding cadence. The only manipulation of the MS. is the addition of the parenthetical (*perhaps yourself*) as an interlinear after-thought.

306. Eventually published in 1881 under the title "A Clear Midnight" (*Incl. Ed.*, 404), this original MS. draft differs in some respects from its final form, particularly in the arrangement of lines. (This version is published by arrangement with Doubleday, Doran & Co., holders of copyright on the authorized reading.) The photographic reproduction of the MS. makes it possible to see the poem as it took shape in Whitman's mind. The thought of

the soul emerging into a peaceful, fully conscious freedom was Whitman's conception of death. The notation on this MS. shows that he intended it, at the time of its composition, to be his final poem in *Leaves of Grass*. It is therefore reproduced here as a fitting end-piece for his "Workshop."

307. Arrangement of material in MS. doubtful.

308. Material adapted or incorporated later as part of Whitman's published works.

309. The following extracts from Whitman MSS. are reprinted from "Walt Whitman Looks at Boston," originally published in the *New England Quarterly*, I (1928), 353-370.

"The opening passages are selected from a diary kept by Walt Whitman during his visit to Boston in 1860, from about the middle of March until some time in July, when he was supervising the third edition of *Leaves of Grass* while it was passing through the press for the Boston publishing house of Thayer and Eldridge. The diary is now in the collection of Whitman manuscripts in the Library of Congress."

Franklin (died seventy years ago).

I suppose Franklin is about the fairest, and best representative man of Massachusetts — remembering also Webster, Emerson, and maybe one or two others.

The Old Elm. — This tree has been standing here for an unknown period. It is believed to have existed before the settlement of Boston, being fully grown in 1792, exhibited marks of old age in 1792 and was nearly destroyed by a storm in 1832 — protected by an iron enclosure in 1854. J. V. C. Smith, Mayor.

You see not near as many black persons in Boston as you would expect. They are not near as plenty as in New York and Philadelphia. Their status here, however, is at once seen to be different. I have seen one working at the case in a printing office (Boston Stereotype Foundry, Spring Lane) and no distinction made between him and the white compositors. Another I noticed, (and I never saw a blacker or woolier African) an employee in the State House, apparently a clerk or under-official of some kind — at the eating houses, a black, when he wants his dinner, comes in and takes a vacant seat wherever he finds one — and nobody minds it. I notice that the mechanics and the young men do not mind this either. As for me, I am too much a citizen of the world to have the least compunction about it. The blacks here are certainly of superior order — quite as good to have in contact with you as the average of "our own colour." There is a black lawyer, named Anderson, (a resident of Chelsea) practicing here in Boston, quite smart, and just as big as the best of them. And in Worcester, they are now put on the jury list, two of the names put on being black men, one of them a fugitive slave who has purchased his freedom.

In Washington Street, you will not seldom see a spike team of a horse on the lead and two oxen at the wheels, hauling a big strong box of a wagon.

Washington Street has all kinds of pavements, cobble, iron, and a kind they call "kidney stone." The last would make a very good kind of pavement for a street only moderately travelled, but it wears off too quick elsewhere. Some of the "kidney stone" put down last year.

Washington St. Warren and Company dry goods, Chickering pianos, seamless goods of felt from the factory at Matteawan, and boots, shoes, slippers, coats, vests, garters, gloves, caps.

Yankee manufacturers — Lowell and elsewhere.

Some of the stores on the same large scale as the best modern wholesale houses in New York, with all the adjuncts of steam power, great rooms under the sidewalk.

Summer and Franklin Streets indicate the best architecture and for stores, etc.

Congress Street. Clothing dry goods variety, all kinds, lobsters, the man, the stands.

Milk Street — all varieties — great many clothiers.

Broad Street — Tilden block and others — granite. *Noblest of all State Street Block*, east of the Custom house, rough granite. The above probably once of the finest pieces of com. architecture in the world.

Beacon Hill, the court quarter. Walk with Mr. Redforth — the castle — the little courts.

In Commercial Street, the rush, about 4 o'clock P. M., — the carts, drays, trucks, express wagons, crowding, — goods, boards, vehicles of all sorts.

The crowd at Charleston Bridge when (at 6) the drawbridge is raised (at sunset). The sights, Bunker Hill Monument — the river, the declining sun, the crowd rushing quick when the the bridge is put right, the gilt-capped cupola of the State House, the old Hancock house with its fan-spreading window trimmings — the old Marlboro House and the Adams House, — Mechanics Hall, fine new brown free stone.

The main cattle-yards and slaughter houses are at Brighton and Cambridge — the beef on the hoof coming thither from all parts of the Northern States, and from Canada — prices by the quarter range from 5 to 12 cents a pound.

C. L. Heyde, Burlington. A real Yankee farm scene, July hay, cutting, the hay cocks, the loading, one horse grazing, a part of the field not yet mowed, etc.

April 12, 1860. Thursday, the grass begins to look green on the common, the buds on the elms are russet, the young fellows are playing football. Football! A noble and manly game — there they are in their shirt sleeves, running, crowding, tumbling together, quite an inspiring sight.

“Walt Whitman’s letters written from Boston in 1860 show a frank, bluff approval of the spirit of the place and its reception of him, not altogether un-mixed with naive traces of megalomania.

“This MS. letter is in the Whitman collection of the Pierpont Morgan Library.”

Boston, Thursday night
March 29, [1860.]

ABBY M. PRICE
S. W. Corner Greenwich & Horatio Streets
New York City

As I know you would like to hear from me, my dear friend, I will not yet go to bed — but sit down to write to you, that I have been here in Boston, today is a fortnight, and that my book is well under way. About a hundred and twenty pages are set up — it will probably make from six to seven hundred pages, — and of a larger size than the last edition. It is to be very finely printed, good paper, and new, rather large-sized

type. Thayer & Eldridge, the publishers, are a couple of young Yankees, so far very good specimens, to me, of this Eastern race of yours. They have treated me first rate — have not asked me at all what I was going to put into the book — just took me into the stereotype foundry, and given orders to follow my directions. It will be out in a month — a great relief to me to have the thing off my mind.

I am more pleased with Boston than I anticipated. It is full of life, and criss-cross streets. I am very glad I come, if only to rub out of me the deficient notions I had of New England character. I am getting to like it every way — even the Yankee twang.

Emerson called upon me immediately, treated me with the greatest courtesy — kept possession of me all day — gave me a bully dinner, &c.

I go on the Common — walk considerable on Washington Street — and occupy about three hours a day at work in the printing office. All I have to do is to read proofs. — I create an immense sensation in Washington Street. Everybody here is so like everybody else — and I am Walt Whitman! — Yankee curiosity and cuteness, for once, is thoroughly stumped, confounded, petrified, made desperate.

“Letters from Walt Whitman to his brother, Thomas Jefferson Whitman, of St. Louis, presented by Miss Jessie Whitman to the Walt Whitman Foundation Museum, Camden, N. J., give graphic pictures of Boston as seen through Whitman’s eyes.”

Boston, Sunday night.
April 1st 1860
 care of Thayer & Eldridge
 116 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

DEAR BROTHER,

.....
 I am having a tolerable fair time here in Boston — not quite enough to occupy me — only two or three hours work a day, reading proof. — Still, I am so satisfied at the certainty of having “Leaves of Grass” in a far more complete and favorable form than before, printed and really *published*, that I don’t mind small things.

.....
 The young men that are publishing it treat me in a way I could not wish to have better. They are go-ahead fellows, and don’t seem to have the least doubt they are bound to make a good spec. out of my book. It is quite curious, all this should spring up so suddenly, ain’t it? — I am very well, and hold my own about as usual. I am stopping at a lodging house, have a very nice room, gas, water, good American folks keep it — I pay \$2 — eat at restaurant. I get up in the morning, give myself a good wash all over, and currying — then take a walk, often in the Common — then nothing but a cup of coffee generally for my breakfast — then to the stereotype foundry — about 12 I take a walk, and at 2, a good dinner. Not much else in the way of eating, except that meal.

.....
 WALT.

Boston
 Thursday morning
May 10 1860

DEAR BROTHER, Thayer and Eldridge have put through 1000 copies, for the first pop. They have very accurate ideas of the whole matter. They expect it to be a valuable investment, increasing by months and years, not going off in a rocket way, (like “Uncle Tom’s Cabin”). The typographical appearance of the book has been just as I directed

it, in every respect. The printers and foremen thought I was crazy, and there were all sorts of supercilious squints (about the typography I ordered, I mean) but since it has run through the press, they have simmered down. Yesterday the foreman of the press-room (Rand's, an old establishment where all the best work is done) pronounced it, in plain terms, the freshest and handsomest piece of typography that had ever passed through his mill — I like it, I think, first rate — though I think I could improve much upon it now. It is quite "odd" of course. As to Thayer and Eldridge they think every thing I do is the right thing.

.....
 I make Thayer and Eldridge crack on the elegant workmanship of the book, its material, &c. but I won't allow them to puff the poetry — though I had quite a hard struggle — as they had prepared several tremendous puff advertisements, — altogether quite ahead of Ned Buntline and the "Ledger" — I persuaded them to give me the copy to make some little corrections — which I did effectually by going straight to my lodgings, and putting the whole stuff in the fire — So you must be on the Works still — if I get a chance I will take a look at the Boston Works before I leave. The water is almost exactly like the Brooklyn water in taste. —

.....
 Oh the awful expense I have been under here, Jeff, living the way I have, hiring a room, and eating at restaurants — 7 cents for a cup of coffee, and 19 cents for a beef-steak — *and me so fond of coffee and beefsteak*. Tell Mother I think it would have been worth while for her to have moved on here, and boarded me — I have had a very fair time, though, here in Boston — very, very many folks I meet I like much — I have never seen finer — they are fine in almost every respect — very friendly, very generous, very good feeling, and of course intelligent people — The great *cramper* of the Bostonian is, though, to be kept on the rack by the old idea of *respectability*, how the rest do, and what they will say. There are plenty of splendid specimens of men come from the other New England states to settle here, especially from Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, &c., that, if they would *let themselves be*, and only make *that* better and finer, would beat the world. For there is no denying that these Yanks are the first-class race. But, without exception, they all somehow allow themselves to be squeezed into the stereotype mould, and wear straight collars, and say, "my respects" — like the rest Of course *I* cannot walk through Washington street, (the Broadway here,) without creating an immense sensation.

.....
 I shall very likely take a tour, partly business and partly for edification, through all the N. E. states.

WALT.

"The following extracts are made from "Conversations with Mr. Whitman during the Latter Part of 1876 and the Commencement of 1877." This MS. is now in the possession of Mrs. Frank J. Sprague.

Mrs. Gilchrist: "Do you like Boston?"

Whitman: "Not very much."

Mrs. G.: "You don't like the people, do you, Mr. Whitman?"

W.: "People are pretty much the same everywhere, aren't they?"

[Herbert Gilchrist comments:]

"I shan't forget that sweetly human smile accompanying that remark."

[Apropos of Bostonians, Mr. Whitman continued:]

W: "There is not enough abandon about the people. If I were to go in Old Feudal Society I would conform to no custom."

[At another time, Herbert Gilchrist records:]

Talking of the Bostonians, Mr. Whitman said:

W.: "They are supercilious to everybody. Emerson is the only sweet one among them and he has been spoilt by them. Yes, it is a stifling atmosphere for him. Yes, that is just what I should say. There are certain recognized parlour laws of propriety which are remembered and allowed. But to carry their notions of suitor drawing-room proprieties into poetry . . . it's too absurd! They are a most supercilious set. Look down on everybody. It is bad enough with Vic Hugo and Parisians."

Herbert Gilchrist: "Ah, there is Patriotism?"

Whitman: "Well, yes, and *they* have done something, but Bostonians have not, like Paris, got beautiful works of accomplished art, yet they consider themselves the salt of the earth."

Whitman: "Count Garosky was at a soirée in Boston. A lady was introduced to him for some special purpose, and in the course of conversation it came out that Count G. had studied under Hegel. 'Oh what were the colour of Hegel's eyes?' exclaimed the lady. C. G. could not speak English very well, but animated, vivacious, polite, bowing, anxious to understand, when the question was repeated, 'What were the colour of his eyes?' his bear nature was too much for him. 'Damn his eyes, what do I care for the colour of his eyes?'"

Herbert G.: "I suppose he was a good deal lionized in Boston?"

W.: "Oh yes — but he never would fit. I used to like being with him."

"In 1881, from some time in August until November 3, Whitman was in Boston preparing the seventh edition of *Leaves of Grass*, to be published by James R. Osgood & Co. (This is the issue which was subsequently withdrawn, in 1882, upon threat of suppression by Boston authorities.) He made random memoranda during this visit, as was his habit, on loose scraps of paper carried in his pockets for scribbling during his walks and rides about the city. Many of these slips are among the Whitman MSS. in the Library of Congress.

"The sights and sounds of Boston are as welcome and engrossing to Whitman as they were twenty-odd years before, and the business-like bustle of the commercial district is one of the outstanding subjects for notation in 1881, as it had been in 1860."

With its rich and varied shows of (everything you can mention of the best) goods and buyers and shoppers and countless human currents of Tremont, Washington, Court, West, Winter and School Streets and Temple Place, and then the solid commission and wholesale regions of Summer, Milk, Franklin and Bedford Streets and Post Office Square; retail, busy: Winter, Temple Place, School; jobbers: Milk, Franklin, Bedford.

"Instead of teams of oxen on Washington Street, the indefatigable observer is now attracted by the horse-cars. Riding in them had been one of Whitman's favorite diversions in previous years, during his sojourn in Washington. Boston's characteristic penchant for numerous signs with an Old World flavor of

picturesque phraseology struck Whitman — as it has many a newcomer to Boston. At least, one may infer from the explicit notation he made of the signs on Boston horse-cars, that the directions to travellers in New England were more complete or more colorful than in Washington or elsewhere, or he would not have taken the trouble to record them.”

The horse-cars form one of the great institutions and puzzles of Boston. I ride in them every day — of course get in the open ones — go out to Harvard Square often.

Aug. 22 '81

I often ride out fine afternoons in the Harvard Square open cars through Cambridge Street across the long stretch of back bay, and go on to the end. The whole route (four miles) is a lively and varied contribution — the sniffs of salt and sedge from the bay, the half-rural dwellings, the plentiful shrubbery and fine elms, the fine old mansions of Cambridge and the College buildings.

There on the red cars, in, out, and around — turning angles and curves — no long monotonous straight lines like Washington and Philadelphia.

“Walk your horses on curves and switches.”

“No talking with the driver.”

The ride out on the Cambridge cars upon the broad and stately North Avenue, with its old elms and pleasant mansions, embowered in shrubs and vines.

“Do not get off this car while in motion.”

“Face to the front when you get off this car.”

“Other features of Boston observed by Whitman in 1881 emphasize the fact that it was the time of transition toward the ‘Years of the Modern’ — Back Bay waxes while the elms on the Common wane.”

The old elms on the Common, especially edging Beacon Street, are in full vigor though sedate and a little thin.

The swell streets of Boston residences are Beacon Street and Commonwealth and Columbus Avenues. All the wealth and progress of growing Boston spread out toward the Back Bay. A great Park is in process of formation here — will contain acres.

Brookline is hard to match in its rural beauty, maturity, its great second growth of trees, its picturesque winding roads, everywhere well-kept, hard and smooth.

With all its old people — and they are pretty numerous — Boston looks very young. Take a walk Saturday evening in some of the most frequented streets, and you will see the brightest, handsomest young men and women in the world, by hundreds and thousands. They are out for a promenade, for a change at the end of the week's work. But indeed I notice the same custom in most of our American cities.

“It is the Chinaman, rather than the negro, who now engages Whitman's attention.”

In Boston there is quite an irruption of Chinese, mostly running laundries. You see their signs, Chi Wang or Lui Foo, Ah Quee, or the like, every few blocks — Tong-tong and Kee-kee.

I saw the Chinese professor at Cambridge, dressed in his native costume, walking about the streets.

“The bulk of these diary notes has to do with the preparation of his volume of poems for the press. Again he shows his admiration for the workmanship of his publishers. Yet even here his notes are shot through with interesting glimpses of personalities — ever Walt Whitman’s primary concern.”

Boston, Aug. 23 '81

In the printing office (Rand and Avery, 117 Franklin Street) most of the day. I have nearly altogether to myself a nice little room with table and big chair; and the constant kindness of Mr. Clark who has charge of the book-printing department, and whom I find invaluable in his experience, suggestions good nature and patience.

Aug. 24, '81. The first batch of page-proofs of the new volume, to-day. We are compacting the space, no white lines or padding or dashes or leads — all solid matter — all run in. I like the type, long-primer.

I have the good luck here in the printing-office to fall in the hands of Henry H. Clark for putting my “copy” through all the steps and stages that result at last in the finished, and bound, book, ready for all purchasers, at so much a copy. Mr. C. is quite a veteran at making books — not the mental or spiritual but the concrete, the typography of them I mean — which is much more important and difficult than generally supposed.

For many years Mr. C. was principal proof-reader, and afterward in charge of the book-department for such establishments as Riverside Press, Cambridge, and of late years here at Rand and Avery’s. Was proof-reader in the Government printing office at Washington.

Mr. Clark has had to do with all the distinguished authors of New England, and has been in quite intimate personal relations with many of them; sometimes, for instance, in his printing office room, Emerson, Longfellow, Mrs. Stowe, and Lowell, being present. If the first named had heard the half-hour’s string of respectful and printerial and affectionate eulogism of Emerson as a man among men, I think he would have felt more refreshed than at all the mere literary admiration of the day.

All this is not only to show my obligation to Henry Clark, but in some sort to all proof-readers everywhere, as a sort of tribute to a class of men, seldom mentioned, but to whom all the hundreds of writers, and all the millions of readers, are unspeakably indebted. More than one literary reputation, if not made is certainly saved by no less a person than a good proof-reader. The public that sees these neat and consecutive, fair-printed books on the centre-tables, little knows the mass of chaos, bad spelling and grammar, frightful (corrected) excesses or balks, and frequent masses of illegibility and tautology of which they have been extricated.