A CHRISTMAS GARLAND

In Prose and Verse.

DECEMBER 25, 1874, P. 5

WALT WHITMAN

Christmas Graphic: A Special Number of the New York Daily Graphic

Transcribed and annotated by Zélia Catarina Pedro Rafael
(Doctoral candidate in English at the University of Iceland)

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A Christmas Garland[1][2]

In Prose and Verse.

BY WALT WHITMAN.[3]

(Column 1)

GENIUS—VICTOR HUGO—GEORGE SAND—EMERSON.—I call it one of the chief arts of art, and the greatest trick of literary genius (which is a higher sanity of insanity), to hold the reins firmly, and to preserve the mastery in its wildest escapades.[4] Not to deny the most ecstatic and even irregular moods, so called—rather indeed to favor them—at the same time

[1] This document consists of a comparison between the original article as published in the *Christmas Graphic* and Emory Holloway's transcript of said article as it appears in pages 53 to 58 of vol. II of *The Uncollected Poetry and Prose of Walt Whitman*, edited by Emory Holloway and published by Doubleday, Page & Company, in 1921. This volume can be accessed through the following link: https://archive.org/details/uncollectedpoetr02whituoft/page/n5/mode/2up.
Passages omitted by Holloway, as well as added or changed wording and punctuation, will appear in red throughout this transcript. Holloway's original notes will also appear in red throughout, while verification to them will appear in the same notes in black ink.

[2] From the *Christmas Graphic*, 1874, p. 5.

[3] Transcript from the original, as well as annotation, by Zélia Catarina Pedro Rafael (2022). The original article was kindly scanned by the librarians at the University of South Carolina, where the original newspaper issue is archived at the Myerson Collection of Nineteenth-Century American Literature. My most sincere and heartfelt gratitude goes to the archivists and librarians that made it possible to find and obtain this rare newspaper, as well as to those who taught me about the collection where it is housed and offered clues for further research on the topic of Whitman and race. Michael Weisenburg, Elizabeth Sudduth and Matthew Hodge (USC – Myerson Collection), Caroline Stoffel and Vincent Golden (Antiquarian Association of America), Joshua Smith and William Boland (University of South Carolina), Patrick Nowacki (Center for Research Libraries – Chicago).

[4] *Cf. post*, p. 66.
Holloway quotes from Whitman's 1847 Notebook, which is housed in the Thomas Biggs Harned Collection at the Library of Congress under the entry "Thomas Biggs Harned Collection of the Papers of Walt Whitman: Recovered Cardboard Butterfly and Notebooks, [1847]-[circa 1863-1864]; Notebooks; [1847]." The passage to which he alludes in the Manuscript section of the second tome of *UPP* is, in the original, recorded as images 21 and 22, which can be accessed here: https://www.loc.gov/resource/mss45443.00802/?sp=21&r=0.326,0.023,0.757,0.274,0 and here: https://www.loc.gov/resource/mss45443.00802/?sp=22.
Please note that, in his transcript, Holloway does not respect the original format that Whitman gave to his notebook. This will be patent in the comparison between original and transcript offered in images 3, 4 and 5 of Appendix B.
The1847 notebook cited here is among ten other notebooks which disappeared from the Library of Congress in 1941 or 1942 when they were stored for safekeeping upon the United States entering World War II. Four of these journals resurfaced in 1995 and were purchased in auction by the Library of Congress, while six notebooks remain missing. For further information, please check https://www.loc.gov/collections/harned-whitman-collection/articles-and-essays/missing-whitman-notebooks-found-in-new-york/.

never to be entirely carried away with them, and always feeling, by a fine caution, when and wherein to limit or prune them, and at such times relentlessly applying restraint and negation. Few even of the accepted great artists or writers hit the happy balance of this principle—this paradox. Victor Hugo, for instance, runs off into the craziest, and sometimes (in his novels) most ridiculous and flatulent, literary blotches and excesses, and by almost entire want of prudence allows them to stand. In his poems, his fire and his fine instincts carry the day, even against such faults; and his plays, though sensational, are best of all. But his novels, evidently well meant, in the interest of Democracy, and with a certain grandeur of plots, are frightful and tedious violations of the principle alluded to.[5]

I like Madame Dudevant much better. Her stories are like good air, good associations in real life, and healthy emotional stimuli. She is not continually putting crises in them, but when crises do come they invariably go to the heart. How simply yet profoundly they are depicted—you have to lay down the book and give your emotions room.

Coming, for further illustration, to R. W. Emerson, is not his fault, finally, too great prudence,[6] too rigid a caution? I am not certain it is so. Indeed I have generally felt that Emerson

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[5] *Cf. infra*, I, p. 135.
Holloway points to the footnote to page 135 of volume I of *Unpublished Poetry and Prose*, which refers to an entry about Francis George Shaw's English translation of George Sand's *Le Compagnon du Tour de France*, which in English is titled *The Journeyman Joiner, or, The Companion of the Tour of France*. The book, in its entirety, is accessible on the *Internet Archive*: https://archive.org/details/journeymanjoiner00sand/page/n9/mode/2up. According to the summary offered in the French version of the snipet:

> Inspired by the ideas of utopian Pierre Leroux and the book *Livre du Compagnonnage* by Agricol Perdiguier [For more information about this book and the tour genre, please check: https://blogs.bl.uk/european/2014/07/not-just-cycling-the-other-tours-de-france.html], in her book *The Journeyman Joiner, or, The Companion of the Tour of France*, George Sand depicts the 1823 restauration of the woodwork of a chapel belonging to a count by master Huguenin and his son Pierre, who has just finished his tour of France with the Compagnons. A short time after the works began, the old master is wounded prompting Pierre to leave in search of his friend Amaury the Corinthian. Despite dreaming of an egalitarian world, both are nevertheless faced with the realities of social barriers: the count's tolerance has its limits, something that will become clear to Pierre as he falls in love with the aristocrat's daughter, Yseut de Villepreux. [my translation]

Source: https://bibliothequenumerique.tv5monde.com/livre/400/Le-compagnon-du-tour-de-France.

For an image of the text indicated by Holloway, please see image 6 in Appendix C. This appendix also contains a reference to the original newspaper article and a transcript of the same, as it apears in *The Collected Works of Walt Whitman: The Journalism, Volume II: 1846-1848*.

[6] *Cf. post*, p. 63.
Holloway refers to page 63 of volume II of *Unpublished Poetry and Prose*, where he begins the transcription of the 1847 notebook that has been previously alluded to. This passage addresses the main features of the American

was altogether adjusted to himself, in every attribute, as he should be (as a pine tree is a pine tree, not a quince or a rose bush).[7] But, upon the whole, and notwithstanding the many unsurpassed beauties of his poetry first, and prose only second to it, I am disposed to think (picking out spots upon [Holloway writes against instead of the original upon] the sun) that his constitutional distrust and doubt—almost finical in their nicety—have been too much for him—have not perhaps stopped him short of first-class genius, but have veiled it—have certainly clipt [*sic*] [Holloway writes clipped instead of the original clipt] and pruned that free luxuriance of it which only satisfies the soul at last.

* * *[8]

THE OX-TAMER.[9]

In a faraway northern county, in the placid, pastoral region,
Lives my farmer friend, the theme of my recitative, a famous
Tamer of Oxen.[10]

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character, among which is prudence. For a side-by-side comparison between Holloway's transcript and Whitman's original text, please see images 7, 8 and 9 in Appendix D.

[7] *Cf. infra*, I, p. 132.
Here, Holloway indicates the reference to Ralph Waldo Emerson on page 132 of volume I of *UPP*, in a section that he titles "EXTRACTS FROM WHITMAN'S CRITICISMS OF BOOKS AND AUTHORS, CULLED FROM THE BROOKLYN DAILY EAGLE OF 1846-1848." For an image of Holloway's text please see image 10 in Appendix E, where a reference to the original newspaper article and a recent transcription also appear.

[8] This passage was omitted by Holloway, who wrote the following footnote instead:
Here were printed bit of prose and poetry which Whitman preserved: "The Ox-Tamer" ("Leaves of Grass," 1917, II, p. 172-173). "Friendship [the real article)" ("Complete Prose," p. 328) and "Rulers, Strictly out of the Masses" (ibidem, pp. 329-330).

[9] "OX-TAMER] First published in the New York *Daily Graphic*, December, 1874, in a miscellany of prose and verse called 'A Christmas Garland,' but apparently composed as early as 1860, for one of the ten poems listed by Thayer and Eldridge in an advertisement of that year for the never-published *Banner at Daybreak*. (See Allen [*The Solitary Singer: A Critical Biography of Walt Whitman*], 267). The poem appeared in *Two Rivulets* (1876) and in LG 1881."—This text is a reproduction of the note to the poem "The Ox-Tamer," as it appears on page 397 of *Leaves of Grass, Comprehensive Reader's Edition*, edited by Harold W. Blodgett and Sculley Bradley and published by NYU P in 1965.

[10] "Historically the heroic has suggested behavior beyond the capacity of ordinary men and women. The classical hero was expected to accomplish superhuman feats for a far-reaching public cause and to be held in reverence by the public. Whitman did participate in some such hero worship common in the nineteenth century. He wrote poems about Christopher Columbus, Ulysses S. Grant, George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, certain opera singers. Yet he also wrote about more humble, obscure people such as the ox-tamer. These were the sorts of men and women whose fragmentary biographies are scattered liberally throughout Leaves of Grass in a treatment far from heroic. Even the public figures were treated in a way to stress their modest human traits." (Baldwin, David B. "Heroes and Heroines." *Walt Whitman: An Encyclopedia*, edited by J.R. LeMaster and Donald D. Kummings, New York:

There they bring him the three-year-olds and the four-year-olds,
to break them;
He will take the wildest steer in the world, and break him and
tame him;
He will go, fearless, without any whip, where the young bullock
chafes up and down the yard;
The bullock's head tosses restless high in the air, with raging
eyes,
Yet, see you! How soon his rage subsides—how soon this Tamer
tames him;
See you! On the farms hereabout, a hundred oxen, young and
old—and he is the man who has tamed them;
They all know him—are all affectionate to him;
See you! some are such beautiful animals—so lofty looking!
Some are buff colored—some mottled—one has a white line run-
ning along his back—some are brindled,
Some have wide flaring horns (a good sign). See you! the
bright hides;
See, the two with stars on their foreheads—See, the round bodies
and broad backs;
See, how straight and square they stand on their legs—See, what
fine, sagacious eyes;
See, how they watch their Tamer—they wish him near them—
how they turn to look after him!
What yearning expression! How uneasy they are when he moves
away from them;
—Now I marvel what it can be he appears to them, (books, pol-
itics, poems, depart—all else departs;)—
I confess I envy only his fascination, my silent, illiterate friend,

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Garland Publishing, 1998, https://whitmanarchive.org/criticism/current/encyclopedia/entry_478.html. Accessed 21 Oct. 2022.

Whom a hundred oxen love, there in his life on farms,
In the northern county far, in the placid, pastoral region.

FRIENDSHIP (the real article). —Though Nature maintains, and must prevail, there will always be plenty of people, and good people, who cannot, or think they cannot, see anything in that last wisest, most enveloped of proverbs, "Friendship rules the World." Modern society, in its largest vein, is essentially intellectual, infidelistic [*sic*],— secretly admires and depends most on pure compulsion or science, its rule and sovereignty—is, in short, in "cultivated" quarters, deeply Napoleonic.

"Friendship," said Bonaparte, in one of his lightning-flashes of candid garrulity—"Friendship is but a name. I love no one—not even my brothers; Joseph perhaps a little. Still, if I do love him, it is from habit, because he is the eldest of us. Duroc? Ay, him, if any one [*sic*], I love in a sort—but why? He suits me; he is cool, undemonstrative, unfeeling—has no weak affections—never embraces any one [*sic*]—never weeps."

I am not sure but the same analogy is to be applied, in cases, often seen, where, with an extra development and acuteness of the intellectual faculties, there is a marked absence of the spiritual, affectional, and sometimes, though more rarely, the highest aesthetic and moral elements of cognition.

RULERS, STRICTLY OUT OF THE MASSES.—In the talk (which I welcome) about the need of men of training, thoroughly schooled and experienced men, for statesmen, I would present the following as an offset. It was written by me twenty years ago—and has been curiously verified since by the advent of Abraham Lincoln:

I say no body of men are fit to make Presidents, Judges, and Generals, unless they themselves supply the

(Column 2)

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. 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 [*sic*] of a comparatively few politicians.

A THOUGHT ON CULTURE.— I distinctly admit that, in all fields of life, character and civilization, [Holloway removes the original comma from his transcript] we owe, and doubtless ever shall owe, the broadest, highest, and deepest, not only to science, but to aesthetically educated persons. Then, I call attention to the fact that, in certain directions, and those also very important, the most glorious Personalities of America and of the World have been men who talked little, wrote less, possessed no brilliant qualities, and who [Holloway removes the original who from his transcript] could read and write only.

But, says some one [*sic*], true Culture includes all—asks that a man be developed in his full Personality, his animal physique, even his ruggedness and rudeness. This may be the written formula, but does not come out in actual operation. It is like the claims to catholicity which each of the churches makes; but cipher to the results, and they mean just about the narrow specialty which characterizes them, (probably good enough, and true enough, as far as it goes,) and no genuine catholicity at all.

([But this thought on Culture is by no means the whole question—in fact, [comma added by Holloway] is useful only as a check on the morbid and false theory of it.[11]]) [square parentheses in the original, curved parentheses in Holloway's transcript]

[11] *Cf.* "Complete Prose," p. 230.
For a view of the section of "Complete Prose" indicated by Holloway, please see image 11 in Appendix F.

TRAVEL.— The argument for travelling abroad is not all on one side. [If in the original, omitted by Holloway, who begins the sentence with There] there are pulses of irresistible ardor, with due reasons why, they may not be gainsaid.[12] But a calm man of deep vision will find, in

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[12] Holloway writes the following as a footnote:
Three years before, Whitman had written to Anne Gilchrist that he had dreams of coming to England to see her and to accept Tennyson's invitation to visit him. (See "The Letters of Anne Gilchrist and Walt Whitman," ed. Harned, Thomas B., 1918, p. 75).

The letter in question is dated from February 8th, 1872, and was written by Whitman in Washington D.C. For a copy of this letter as it appears in *The Letters of Anne Gilchrist and Walt Whitman*, please see image 12 in Appendix G. This appendix also contains the reproduction of the extant draft of this letter as it is preserved in the Thomas B. Harned Collection (images 13 and 14), as well as a reference to its transcript as it appears in *The Collected Writings of Walt Whitman: The Correspondence*, *Volume II: 1868-1875*, pp. 164-165.

Note that in Holloway's phrasing the order in which Whitman wrote about Tennyson and Mrs. Gilchrist is changed to make Mrs. Gilchrist the main object of a dreamed of visit, and Tennyson appears thus as a secondary purpose of said visit (see images 12 to 14 in Appendix G). In effect, in Thomas B. Harned's "Introduction" to his edition of *The Letters of Anne Gilchrist and Walt Whitman*, there is a reference to a rumor that Holloway spread about Whitman's romance with an unidentified lady that could not be consummated, the lady being Anne Gilchrist,

> I am indebted to Professor Holloway for the information that Whitman was, in 1864, the unfortunate lover of a certain lady whose previous marriage to another, while it did not dim their mutual devotion, did serve to keep them apart. To her Whitman wrote that heart-wrung lyric of separation, "Out of the rolling ocean, the crowd." This suggests that there was probably a double tragedy, so ironical the fate of the affections, Anne Gilchrist and Walt Whitman both passionately yearning for each other.
>
> But if there could not be between them the love which leads to marriage, there could be a noble and tender life-long friendship. (xxxii)

Holloway's desire to present Whitman as a heterosexual figure extended, moreover, to the fabrication of a narrative regarding a boy who Whitman would have fathered (one John Whitman Walker), and whose circumstances were the object of his 1960 book *Free and Lonesome Heart: The Secret of Walt Whitman*. The book in question can be borrowed from the *Internet Archive* here:
https://archive.org/details/freelonesomehear0000holl/page/n7/mode/2up?q=contents.
The photo of the child is part of the available sample, opposite to the title page of the book.

For a summary of the publication and content of the book please see Joann P. Krieg's article "Emory Holloway's Final Word on Whitman's Son," which can be found here:
https://pubs.lib.uiowa.edu/wwqr/article/26674/galley/135042/view/. According to evidence garnered by Holloway, the child would have possible originated from an affair between Nancy Whitman, widow of Walt's brother Andrew, and the poet (Krieg 78).

For more information about Nancy Whitman, please see:
https://whitmanarchive.org/criticism/current/encyclopedia/entry_227.html.

Below is the transcript of the note to the poem "Out of the Rolling Ocean the Crowd," which appears in the 1965 edition of *Leaves of Grass: Comprehensive Reader's Edition*, which indicates the person to whom it was, in effect, dedicated,

> CROWD] This poem, probably composed in the early 1860's, was originally a *Drum-Taps* poem (1865), and was transferred to "The Children of Adam" group in 1871. It seems remarkably to anticipate the WW-Anne Gilchrist episode, and was actually addressed, according to Ellen O'Connor, to Mrs. Juliette H. Beach of Albion, N. Y. who had written a favorable notice of the third edition of *LG* which had earned the wrath of her husband, who substituted a hostile review in the *Saturday Press* of June 2, 1860. This story was corroborated by Clara Barrus, John Burroughs's biographer. See UPP, I, lvii, note 15, and Allen,

this tremendous modern spectacle of America, at least as great sights as anything the foreign world, or the antique, or the relics of the antique, can afford him. Why shall I travel to Rome to see the old pillars of the Forum, only important for those who lived there ages ago? Shall I journey four thousand miles to weigh the ashes of some corpses? Shall I not vivify myself with life here, rushing, tumultuous, scornful, masterful, oceanic—greater than ever before known?

Study the past and the foreign in the best books, relics, museums, lectures, pictures. Then, if you have a season or a year to spare, travel in and study your own land.

* * *[13]

IN THE WAKE FOLLOWING.[14]

After the Sea-Ship—after the whistling winds;
After the white-gray sails, taut to their spars and ropes,
Below, a myriad, myriad waves, hastening, lifting up their necks,
Tending in ceaseless flow toward the track of the ship;
Waves of the ocean, bubbling and gurgling, blithely prying,
Waves, undulating waves—liquid, uneven, emulous waves,
Toward that whirling current, laughing and buoyant, with curves,
Where the great Vessel, sailing and tacking, displaces the sur-
face;

260-262 [the book cited here is *The Solitary Singer: A Critical Biography of Walt Whitman*]. Before 1881 the poem's two sections were numbered, the second being enclosed within parentheses. Note the characteristic use of italics for direct address. (106-107)

For further reference to "Out of the Rolling Ocean the Crowd," please see:
https://whitmanarchive.org/criticism/current/encyclopedia/entry_581.html.
The poem can be read here: https://whitmanarchive.org/published/LG/1867/poems/201.

[13] This passage was omitted by Holloway, who wrote the following footnote instead:
Here, in the original, were printed "In the Wake Following" (present title, "After the Sea-Ship," "Leaves of Grass," 1917, II, p. 24) and "A Dialogue" (present title, "Ventures on an Old Theme," "Complete Prose," pp. 317-318.)

[14] "SEA-SHIP] This poem was first published in the Christmas number of the New York *Daily Graphic*, December, 1874, under the title 'In the Wake Following.' The MS (Mills College) indicates many variants and has still another title 'Waves in the Vessel's Wake.' The poem took its present title [in the book here referenced, the title of the poem is 'After the Sea-Ship'] in the 1876 Two Rivulets, and in LG 1881 became one of the 'Sea-Drift' group."—This text is a reproduction of the note to the poem "After the Sea-Ship," as it appears on page 263 of *Leaves of Grass, Comprehensive Reader's Edition*, edited by Harold W. Blodgett and Sculley Bradley and published by NYU P in 1965.

Larger and smaller waves, in the spread of the ocean, yearnfully
flowing,
The wake of the Sea-Ship, after she passes—flashing and frolic-
some, under the sun,
A motley procession, with many a fleck of foam, and many frag-
ments,
Following the stately and rapid Ship—in the wake following.

A DIALOGUE[15]. — *One party says*— We arrange our lives—even the best and boldest men and women that exist, just as much as the most limited—with reference to what society rules and makes right. We retire to our rooms for freedom; to undress, bathe, unloose everything in freedom. These, and much else, would not be proper in society.

Other party answers—Such is the rule of society. Not always so, and considerable exceptions still exist. However, it must be called the general rule, sanctioned by immemorial usage, and will probably always remain so.

First Party—Why not, then, respect it in your poems?

Answer—One reason, and to me a profound one, is that the soul of a man, or woman, demands, enjoys compensation in the highest directions for this very restraint of himself or herself, levelled to the average or rather mean, low, however eternally practical requirements of society's intercourse. To balance this indispensable abnegation, the free minds of poets relieve

[15] This section appears, in a revised and extended form, as a part of "VENTURES ON AN OLD THEME," under "Notes Left Over" on pp. 518-521 of *The Collected Writings of Walt Whitman: Prose Works 1892, Volume II: Collect and Other Prose.* The footnote to this entry, on page 518, reads as follows:

> VENTURES, ON AN OLD THEME
> Printed in *SDC* [*Specimen Days & Collect* (1882)] from five clippings and two pages of autograph MS in ink. The first portion, under the subhead "A Dialogue," is from a clip of Whitman's article "A Christmas Garland," published in the Christmas Number, 1874 of *NYDG*. Whitman's new subtitle in *SDC*, "Ventures, on an Old Theme," was written in black ink on a strip of white paper pasted above the clipping of *TR* (*Two Rivulets* (1876)], pp. 28-30, part from a clipping of "A Christmas Garland," and part from the autograph MS. The Christmas Number, 1874, of *NYDG* is apparently lost [this was written in 1964, when the article was thought to be lost], but Emory Holloway reprinted in *UPP* (II, 53-58) the portions of prose in "A Christmas Garland" that Whitman himself did not reprint. (See Appendix VI and VI, 4 [this is a reproduction of Holloway's transcript of "A Christmas Garland," and runs from pp. 758-763]). Inadvertently, Holloway reprinted in *UPP* two paragraphs that appear in *SDC*. One of these was reprinted as lines 63-72 of this section; the other was reprinted as lines 35-44 of "Final Confessions—Literary Tests" (q.v. in *Prose 1892*, I [pp. 293-294; the lines indicated above correspond to the last paragraph of the text, which can be accessed here: https://www.bartleby.com/229/1247.html]).

themselves and strengthen and enrich mankind with free flights in all the directions not tolerated by ordinary society.

First Party—But must not outrage or give offence to it.

Answer—No, not in the deepest sense—and do not, and cannot. The vast averages of Time and the Race *en masse* settle these things. Only understand that the standards and laws proper enough for ordinary society apply neither to the action of the soul nor its poets. In fact, the latter know no laws but the laws of themselves, planted in them by God; and are themselves the last standards of the law, and its final exponents.[16]

IT REMAINS a question yet whether the America of the future can successfully compete with the mighty accumulations of the Old World, the planners and builders of Asia, Europe, or even Africa, in permanent architecture, monuments, poems, art, &c.; or with current France, England, Germany, [comma added by Holloway] and Italy, in philosophy, science, or the first-class literature of philosophy and the sciences—or in courtly manners, ornamentation, costumes, &c. In

(Column 3)

most of those fields, while our brain in the United States is intelligent and receptive enough, Europe leads, and we still follow, receive, imitate. But there is one field, and the grandest of all, that is left open for our cultus—and that is, to fashion on a free scale for the average masses, and inclusive of all, a splendid and perfect Personality, real men and women without limit—not a special, small class, eminent for grace, erudition and refinement—not merely the rare (yet inexpressibly valuable) selected specimens of heroes, as depicted in Homer, Shakespeare, &c., with warlike and kingly port—not merely fine specimens of the aristocracy and gentry, as in the British islands—but masses of free men and women, gigantic and natural and beautiful and sane

[16] Cf. Epistle of Saint Paul to the Romans, chapter 2, verses 12-15: "All who sin apart from the law will also perish apart from the law, and all who sin under the law will be judged by the law. For it is not those who hear the law who are righteous in God's sight, but it is those who obey the law who will be declared righteous. (Indeed, when Gentiles, who do not have the law, do by nature things required by the law, they are a law for themselves, even though they do not have the law. They show that the requirements of the law are written on their hearts, their consciences also bearing witness, and their thoughts sometimes accusing them and at other times even defending them) [my emphasis]" (https://www.biblegateway.com/passage/?search=Romans%202&version=NIV).
For further information, please see also Appendix A.

and perfect, in their physical, moral, mental, and emotional elements, and filling all the departments of farming and working life.

HAS IT never occurred to any one [*sic*] that the last deciding tests applicable to a book, are indeed entirely outside of literary tests and that any truly first-class production has little or nothing to do with the rules and calibres [*sic*] of ordinary critics, or the bloodless chalk of Allibone's Dictionary? I have fancied the ocean and the daylight, the mountain and the forest, putting their spirit in a judgment on our books. I have fancied some disembodied human soul giving its verdict.

OF POEMS of the third or fourth class (perhaps even some of the second), it makes little or no difference who writes them—they are good enough for what they are; nor is it necessary that they should be actual emanations from the Personality and life of the writers. The very reverse sometimes gives piquancy. But Poems of the first class (poems of the depth, as distinguished from those of the surface) are to be sternly tallied with the poets themselves, and tried by them and their lives. Who wants a glorification of courage and manly defiance from a coward or a sneak?—a ballad of benevolence or chastity from some rhyming hunks, or lascivious, glib *roue*[17] [*sic*; Holloway corrects the word to its accurate form – roué]?

GO, said the Soul,[18]
Such verses for my Body write (for we are one),
That, should I back again return unseen, or centuries hence,

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[17] Roué, from the French, "a man devoted to a life of sensual pleasure: RAKE" (from the online Merriam-Webster Dictionary, where an etymology of the word and its use is also included: https://www.merriam-webster.com/dictionary/rou%C3%A9).

[18] "Soul] First printed in the Christmas number of the New York *Daily Graphic*, Dec., 1874, then in the New York *Tribune*, Feb. 19, 1876, this poem, signed by WW, became the title-page epigraph of LG 1876, LG 1882 (Camden), CPP 1888, and finally LG 1891-2 where it was restored after having disappeared from the title-pages of LG 1881 and 1883-4. Numerous MSS (Barrett, Berg, BPL, Huntington) show elaborate revision. See CW, X, 131-4 for earlier versions, originally transcribed by W. S. Kennedy in *The Conservator*, June, 1896."—This text is a reproduction of the note to the poem "COME, said my Soul," as it appears on the epigraph (page 0) of *Leaves of Grass, Comprehensive Reader's Edition*, edited by Harold W. Blodgett and Sculley Bradley and published by NYU P in 1965.
N. B.: W. S. Kennedy's article "A Peep into Walt Whitman's Manuscripts," which is indicated in the note that is transcribed above, can be found on pp. 53-55 of vol.7, no. 4, of June, 1896, of *The Conservator*, by clicking the following link:
https://books.google.is/books?id=xpvmEoEr5eYC&pg=PA53#v=snippet&q=a%20peep%20into%20walt%20whitman's%20%20manuscripts&f=false

I shall with pleas'd smile resume all those verses,
And fully confirm them.[19]

A HINT TO PREACHERS AND AUTHORS.— Confront the dangers of the State, the aggregate, by appeals (each writer, each artist after his kind) to the sympathies of Individualism, its pride, love of grand physique, urge of spiritual development, and the need of comrades. There is something immortal, universal, in these sympathies individualized, all men, all ages;: [Holloway incorrectly uses a colon] something in the human being that will unerringly respond to them.

HAVE NORMAL Belief and Simplicity [Holloway writes: belief and simplicity]—those old, natural, sterling qualities the individual or the race starts from in childhood, and supposed to be arrived at again, doubly intrenched and confirmed, after the fullest study, travel, observation, and cultivation—Have [Holloway writes: have] they died out? or rather are they still to remain unborn or ungrown in America?

No one can observe life and society (so-called) in the United States to-day without seeing that they are penetrated and suffused with suspicion of everybody—a contempt and doubt, and the attribution of meanly selfish motives to everything and everybody—glossed over, it is true, by a general external observance to one's face of politeness and manners—but inwardly incredulous of any soundness, or primal, disinterested virtue among men and women. The same mocking quality shows itself in the journalism of The States, especially in the cities—a supercilious tone runs through all the editorials of the papers, as if the best way to show smartness. It is a taint more offensive in society and the press in America than in any other country.

AS IF we had not strained the voting and digestive calibre [*sic*] of American Democracy to the utmost for the last fifty years with the millions of ignorant foreigners, we have now infused a powerful percentage of blacks, with about as much intellect and calibre [*sic*] (in the mass) as so many baboons. But we stood the former trial—solved it—and, though this is much harder, will, I doubt not, triumphantly solve this.

[19] This now appears, in expanded form, as the motto of "Leaves of Grass," 1917. It was first used as a prefatory poem in the 1876 edition.

IN THE Statesmanship [Holloway writes: STATESMANSHIP] (or want of Statesmanship) of this Union, the present time, and along henceforth, among the principal points to be borne in mind are the free action of the rights of The States, within their own spheres (Individuality, to stifle which were death), and the rights of minorities—always in danger of being infringed upon by temporary wilful [*sic*] majorities.

We have passed—or nearly passed—the possibility of ruin from insolent State autonomy. The possibility of that insolence now seems to be shifting to the Central power.

TRANSPORTATION, THE MAILS, &C.—I am not sure but the most typical and representative things in the United States are what are involved in the vast network of Interstate Railroad Lines—our Electric Telegraphs—our Mails (post-office)—and the whole of the mighty, ceaseless, complicated (and quite perfect already, tremendous as they are) systems of transportation everywhere of passengers and intelligence. No words, no painting, can too strongly depict the fulness and grandeur of these—the smallest minutiae attended to, and in their totality incomparably magnificent.

IT IS quite amusing, in the vortex of the literature and drama of America [Holloway writes: in America], to see the supplies of imported plays, novels, &c., where the characters, compared with our earthly democracy, are all up in the clouds—kings and queens, and nobles, and ladies and gentlemen of the feudal estate—none with less than an income of ten thousand a year [Holloway writes: none with an income of less than ten thousand a year]—the dress, incidents, love-making, grammar, dialogue, and all the fixings to match.[20] There is, too, the other extreme,—the scene often laid in the West, especially in California, where ruffians, rum-drinkers, and trulls[21] only are depicted. Both are insulting to the genius of These States.

---

[20] *Cf. infra*, I, pp. 163-164.
Holloway refers to a section of the editorial of the *Brooklyn Daily Eagle* from Monday, April 26th, 1847, titled "The Anti-Democratic Bearing of Scott's Novels." Please see Holloway's transcript of the article on images 15 and 16 of Appendix H. This Appendix contains, additionally, further references indicated in the footnote to this article wherein Holloway speaks of the democratic function of the writer as well as of the often times biased views of literary critics.

[21] Trull, according to the Merriam-Webster online dictionary, means prostitute or strumpet. For a definition, etymology and history of the word, please see: https://www.merriam-webster.com/dictionary/trull.

DO WE not, indeed, amid general malaria of Fogs and Vapors, our day, unmistakably see two Pillars of Promise, with grandest, indestructible indications:—One, that the morbid facts of American politics and society everywhere are but passing incidents and flanges of our unbounded impetus of growth—weeds, annuals, [Holloway omits the comma] of the rank, rich soil,—not central, enduring, perennial things?—The Other, that all the hitherto experience of The States, their first century, has been but preparation, adolescence—and that This Union is only now and henceforth (*i. e.* since the Secession war) to enter on its true Democratic career?

Appendix A

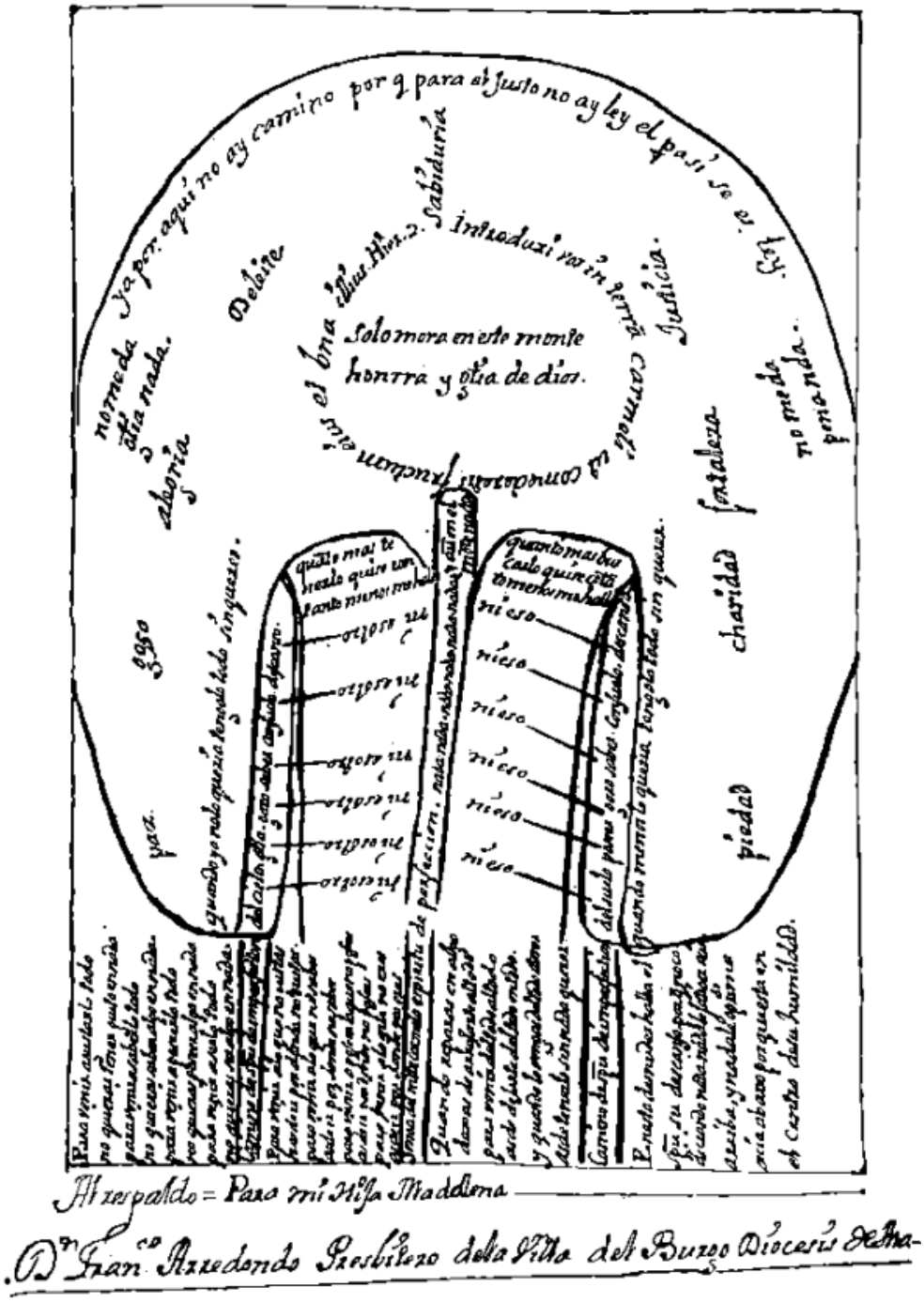


Image 1: "Sketch of Mount Carmel by St. John of the Cross," P. 110. (Source: Cross, St. John of the. *The Collected Works of Saint John of the Cross*, translated by Kieran Kavanaugh, O.C.D., and Otilio Rodriguez, O.C.D., Institute of Carmelite Studies Publications, Washington, D.C., 1991).

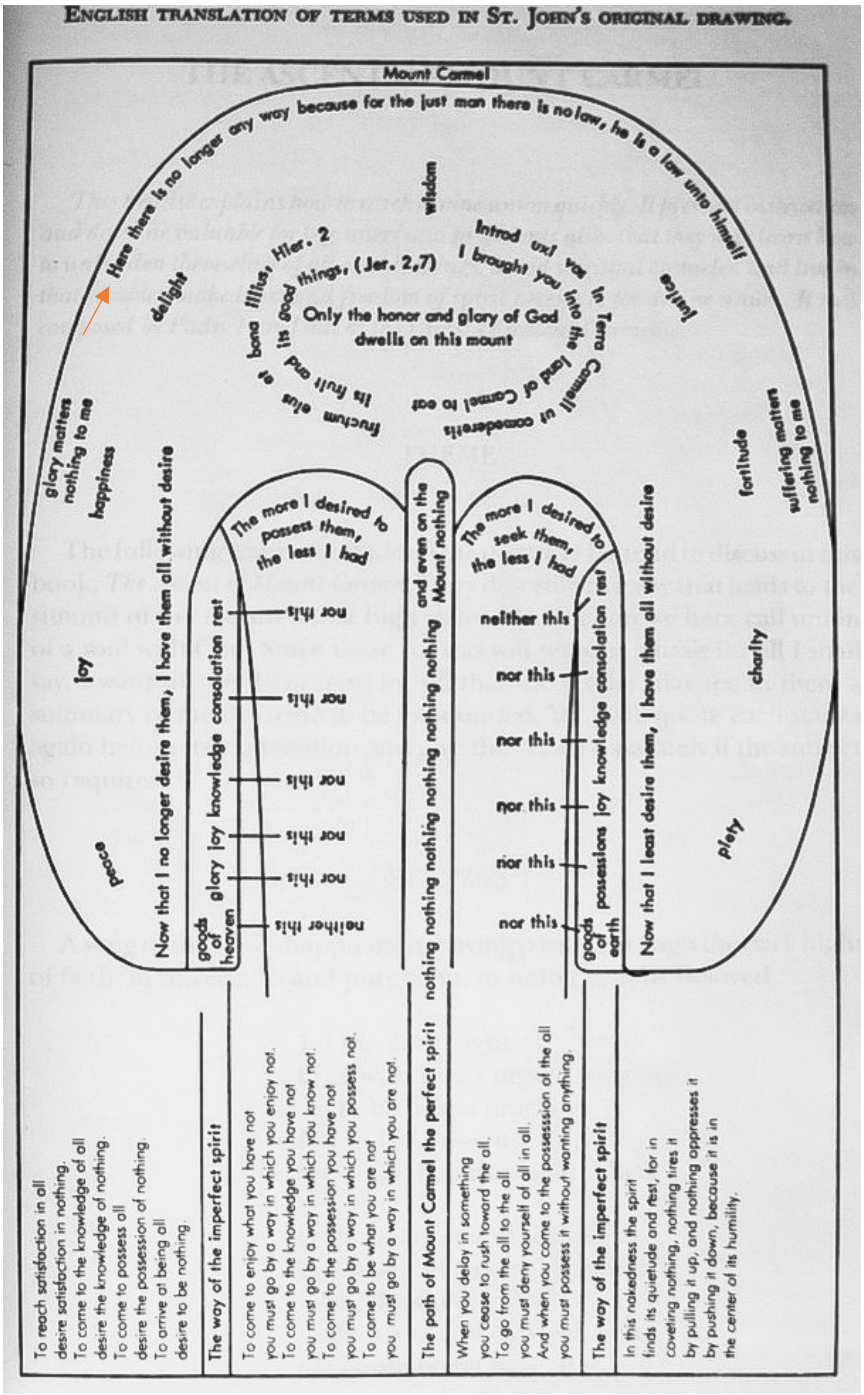


Image 2: "English Translation of the terms used in St. John's original drawing." P. 111. (Source: Cross, St. John of the. *The Collected Works of Saint John of the Cross*, translated by Kieran Kavanaugh, O.C.D., and Otilio Rodriguez, O.C.D., Institute of Carmelite Studies Publications, Washington, D.C., 1991). The sentence of interest is indicated by a red arrow.

*Please note the passage signaled by the arrow: “Here there is no longer any way because for the just man there is no law, he is a law unto himself.” This sentence is placed at the top of the mount and therefore corresponds to the highest state attained by the soul who is united to God: i.e., the internalization of God’s law as a second-nature.

*In the 7th Spanish edition of the *Complete Works* of St. John of the Cross, there is an extended explanation of the image that precedes the books of “The Ascent of Mount Carmel.” Regarding this specific section, it reads, in the original:

Ni camino ni ley

En lo más alto bordeando la línea o arco final: *Ya por aquí no hay camino porque para el justo no hay ley* (cfr. 1Tim 1, 9); *él para sí se es ley* (cfr. Rom 2, 14).

This passage reads, in English:

Neither path nor law

At this highest point close to the line or final arch: *Thence there is no further path because for the just man there is no law* (cf. 1Tim 1, 9); *he unto himself is the law* (cf. Rom 2, 14).

(Source: San Juan de la Cruz. *Obras Completas: Edición Crítica*. 7th ed., edited by José Vicente Rodríguez and Federico Ruiz Salvador, Grupo Editorial Fonte, 2019. Page 144).

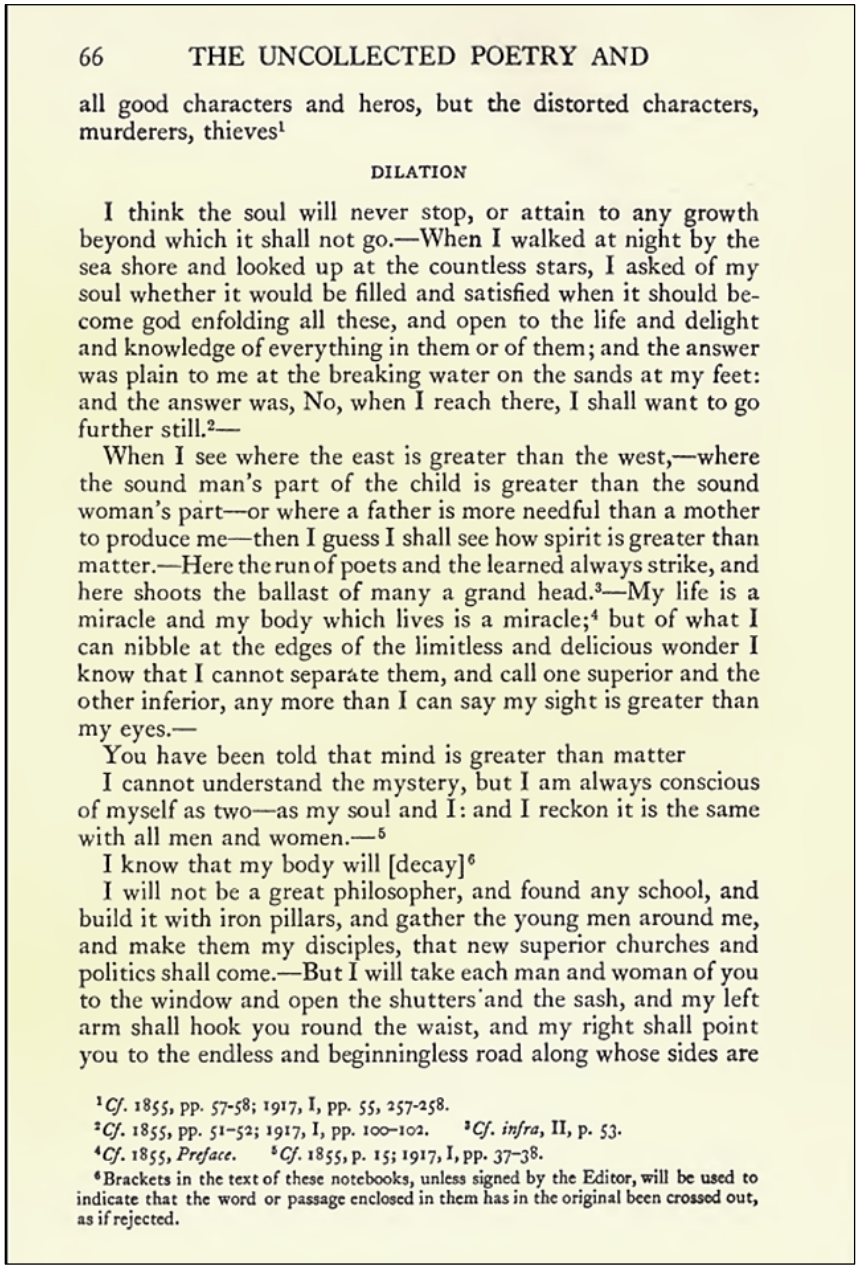
This passage then indicates the biblical sources for the author’s statements, thus placing them in the Christian tradition, under the authority of the Apostle Paul. Therefore, when Whitman states that

> Only understand that the standards and laws proper enough for ordinary society apply neither to the action of the soul nor its poets. In fact, the latter know no laws but the laws of themselves, planted in them by God; and are themselves the last standards of the law, and its final exponents.

he is drawing a parallel to the gentiles referred to in the letter of Saint Paul to the Romans who, living by the law of God, which is inscribed in their hearts, are law unto themselves. In that sense, the true poet, to whom the laws of society do not apply, is ruled by a superior compass, that which God, or the supreme being, has planted in his heart, and for that very reason, is not ruled by external boundaries but by the divine law which resides in his heart. And by law, he

does not necessarily mean a set of rules and regulations, but the scope of his poetic inspiration and expression. Applied to the symbology used by St. John of the Cross, the poet, then, is the ultimate mystic, someone who, through the unique path of their art, has united himself with the transcendental presence and sees the unlimited and universal dimension of the world that he inhabits, translating it and mediating it through the words that and images that he chooses to signify his personal yet all-encompassing vision. And these words and symbols, though seemingly outrageous to the common man, and to the dominating social mores, are, nevertheless, the poet's preferred vehicle to indicate that which is beyond words.

Appendix B



66 THE UNCOLLECTED POETRY AND

all good characters and heros, but the distorted characters, murderers, thieves[1]

DILATION

I think the soul will never stop, or attain to any growth beyond which it shall not go.—When I walked at night by the sea shore and looked up at the countless stars, I asked of my soul whether it would be filled and satisfied when it should become god enfolding all these, and open to the life and delight and knowledge of everything in them or of them; and the answer was plain to me at the breaking water on the sands at my feet: and the answer was, No, when I reach there, I shall want to go further still.[2]—

When I see where the east is greater than the west,—where the sound man's part of the child is greater than the sound woman's part—or where a father is more needful than a mother to produce me—then I guess I shall see how spirit is greater than matter.—Here the run of poets and the learned always strike, and here shoots the ballast of many a grand head.[3]—My life is a miracle and my body which lives is a miracle;[4] but of what I can nibble at the edges of the limitless and delicious wonder I know that I cannot separate them, and call one superior and the other inferior, any more than I can say my sight is greater than my eyes.—

You have been told that mind is greater than matter

I cannot understand the mystery, but I am always conscious of myself as two—as my soul and I: and I reckon it is the same with all men and women.—[5]

I know that my body will [decay][6]

I will not be a great philosopher, and found any school, and build it with iron pillars, and gather the young men around me, and make them my disciples, that new superior churches and politics shall come.—But I will take each man and woman of you to the window and open the shutters and the sash, and my left arm shall hook you round the waist, and my right shall point you to the endless and beginningless road along whose sides are

[1] *Cf.* 1855, pp. 57-58; 1917, I, pp. 55, 257-258.
[2] *Cf.* 1855, pp. 51–52; 1917, I, pp. 100–102. [3] *Cf. infra*, II, p. 53.
[4] *Cf.* 1855, *Preface.* [5] *Cf.* 1855, p. 15; 1917, I, pp. 37–38.
[6] Brackets in the text of these notebooks, unless signed by the Editor, will be used to indicate that the word or passage enclosed in them has in the original been crossed out, as if rejected.

Image 3: "Dilation," by Walt Whitman, edited by Emory Holloway on page 66 of *Unpublished Poetry and Prose*, vol. II, Doubleday, Page & Company, 1921. This page can be accessed via the *Internet Archive*, here: https://archive.org/details/uncollectedpoetr02whituoft/page/66/mode/2up

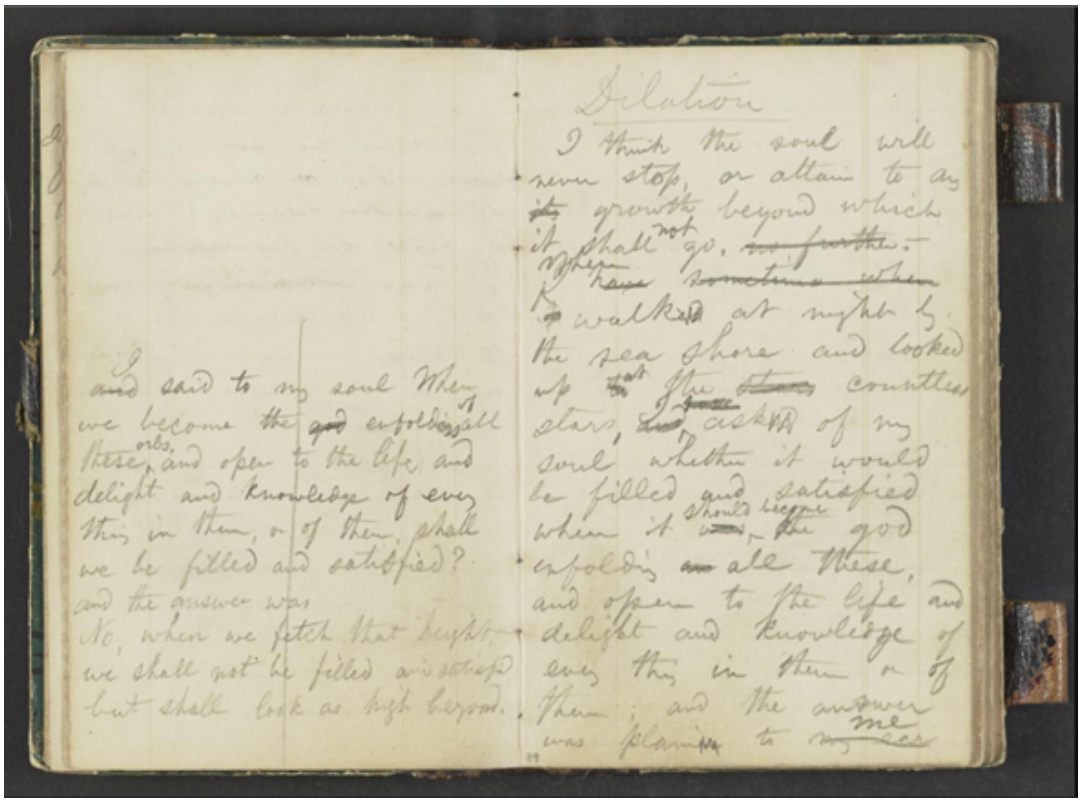


Image 4: "Image 21 of Thomas Biggs Harned Collection of the Papers of Walt Whitman: Recovered Cardboard Butterfly and Notebooks, [1847]-[circa 1863-1864]; Notebooks; [1847]." Source: https://www.loc.gov/resource/mss45443.00802/?sp=21&r=-0.629,-0.029,2.259,0.819,0. The section that Holloway transcribed at the beginning of p. 66 of *UPP*, vol. II, corresponds to the left page of the image reproduced above, and reads:

Dilation[22]

I think the soul will never stop, or attain to any [*sic*]

~~its~~ growth beyond which

it shall [not] go, ~~no further~~.—[*sic*]

[When] ~~have sometimes when~~

[I] ~~I~~ walk~~ed~~ at night by

the sea shore [*sic*] and looked

up ~~to~~[23] [at] the ~~stars~~ countless

[22] Despite being handwritten, the page on the image is formatted to look like a printed page. An example of this is the ratio between the title and the main text as well as the pagination, which seemingly hint at Whitman's application of the typeset scheme to his personal notebooks.

[23] It is impossible for me to say what exactly has been stricken through here, therefore I am merely conjecturing.

stars, ~~and~~ ~~have~~ ask~~ed~~ of my
soul whether it would
be filled and satisfied
when it ~~was~~ should ~~the~~ become god
enfolding ~~an~~ all these,
and open to the life and
delight and knowledge of
even this in them or of
them ; [*sic*] and the answer
was plain~~m~~[24] to ~~my~~ me ~~ear~~
39

[24] It is impossible for me to say what exactly has been stricken through here, therefore I am merely conjecturing.

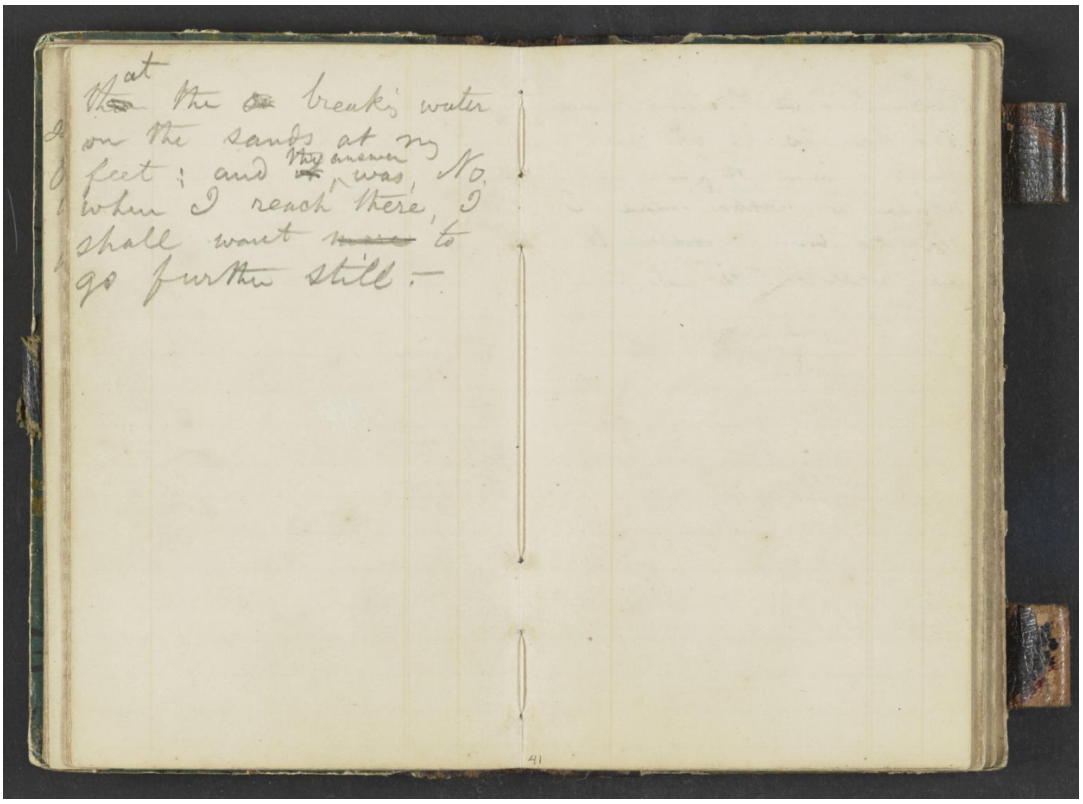


Image 5: “Image 22 of Thomas Biggs Harned Collection of the Papers of Walt Whitman: Recovered Cardboard Butterfly and Notebooks, [1847]-[circa 1863-1864]; Notebooks; [1847].” Source: https://www.loc.gov/resource/mss45443.00802/?sp=22.

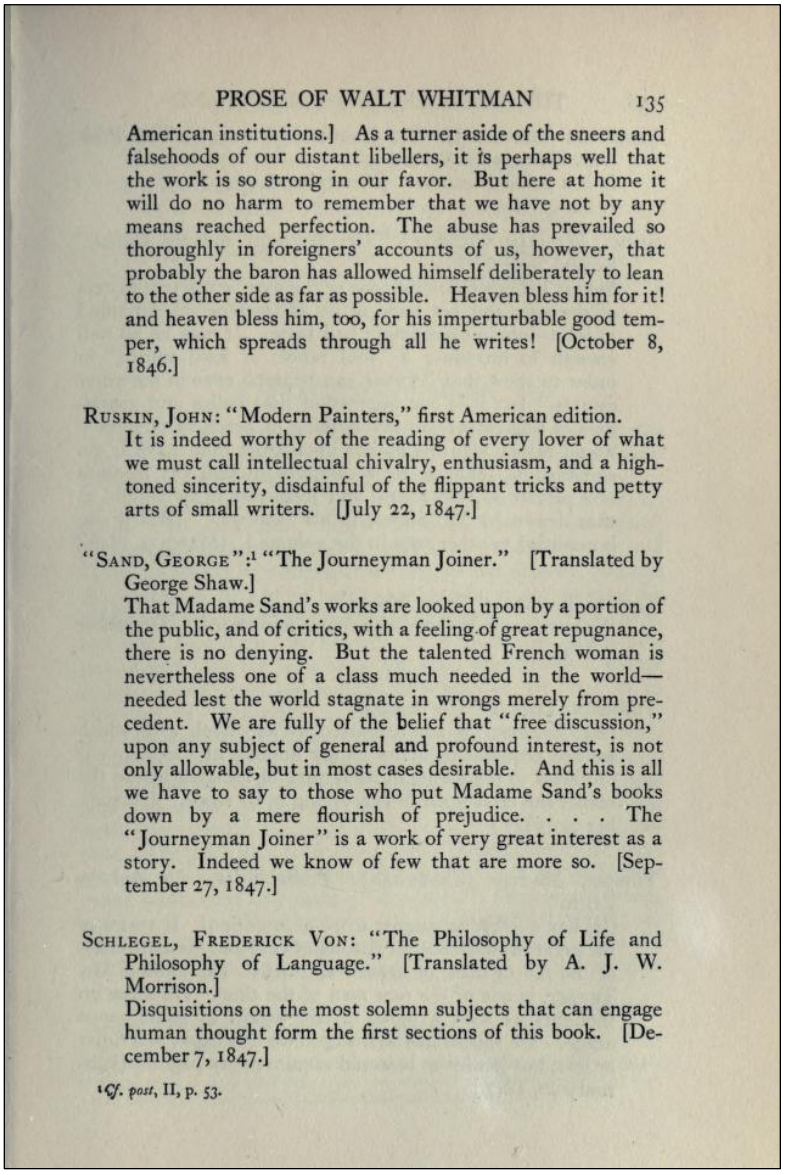
This page, which is the continuation of the section titled “Dilation,” reads:

~~When~~ at the ~~wa~~[25] breaking water
in the sands at my
feet ; [*sic*] and ~~if~~[26] the answer was, *NO*,
when I reach there, I
shall want ~~more~~ to
go further still.— [*sic*]

41[27]

[25] It is impossible for me to say what exactly has been stricken through here, therefore I am merely conjecturing.
[26] The same is applicable to this small portion of the text.
[27] Whitman only wrote down the number of the odd pages in this notebook.

Appendix C



PROSE OF WALT WHITMAN 135

American institutions.] As a turner aside of the sneers and falsehoods of our distant libellers, it is perhaps well that the work is so strong in our favor. But here at home it will do no harm to remember that we have not by any means reached perfection. The abuse has prevailed so thoroughly in foreigners' accounts of us, however, that probably the baron has allowed himself deliberately to lean to the other side as far as possible. Heaven bless him for it! and heaven bless him, too, for his imperturbable good temper, which spreads through all he writes! [October 8, 1846.]

RUSKIN, JOHN: "Modern Painters," first American edition. It is indeed worthy of the reading of every lover of what we must call intellectual chivalry, enthusiasm, and a high-toned sincerity, disdainful of the flippant tricks and petty arts of small writers. [July 22, 1847.]

"SAND, GEORGE":[1] "The Journeyman Joiner." [Translated by George Shaw.]
That Madame Sand's works are looked upon by a portion of the public, and of critics, with a feeling of great repugnance, there is no denying. But the talented French woman is nevertheless one of a class much needed in the world—needed lest the world stagnate in wrongs merely from precedent. We are fully of the belief that "free discussion," upon any subject of general and profound interest, is not only allowable, but in most cases desirable. And this is all we have to say to those who put Madame Sand's books down by a mere flourish of prejudice. . . . The "Journeyman Joiner" is a work of very great interest as a story. Indeed we know of few that are more so. [September 27, 1847.]

SCHLEGEL, FREDERICK VON: "The Philosophy of Life and Philosophy of Language." [Translated by A. J. W. Morrison.]
Disquisitions on the most solemn subjects that can engage human thought form the first sections of this book. [December 7, 1847.]

[1] *Cf. post*, II, p. 53.

Image 6: *Unpublished Prose and Poetry*, vol. I, p. 135. This entry is listed among Shorter Published Prose under "[EXTRACTS FROM WHITMAN'S CRITICISMS OF BOOKS AND AUTHORS, CULLED FROM THE BROOKLYN DAILY EAGLE OF 1846-1848]," which runs from pp. 126-137. Source: https://archive.org/details/uncollectedpoetr01whituoft/page/135/mode/1up?view=theater.

See the entry to George Sand's book and the note remitting to the *Christmas Garland* article on vol. II. Whitman wrote Sand's name on the title of this section of the *Christmas Garland*, but did not mention her or her work in the text, hence the possible reason for

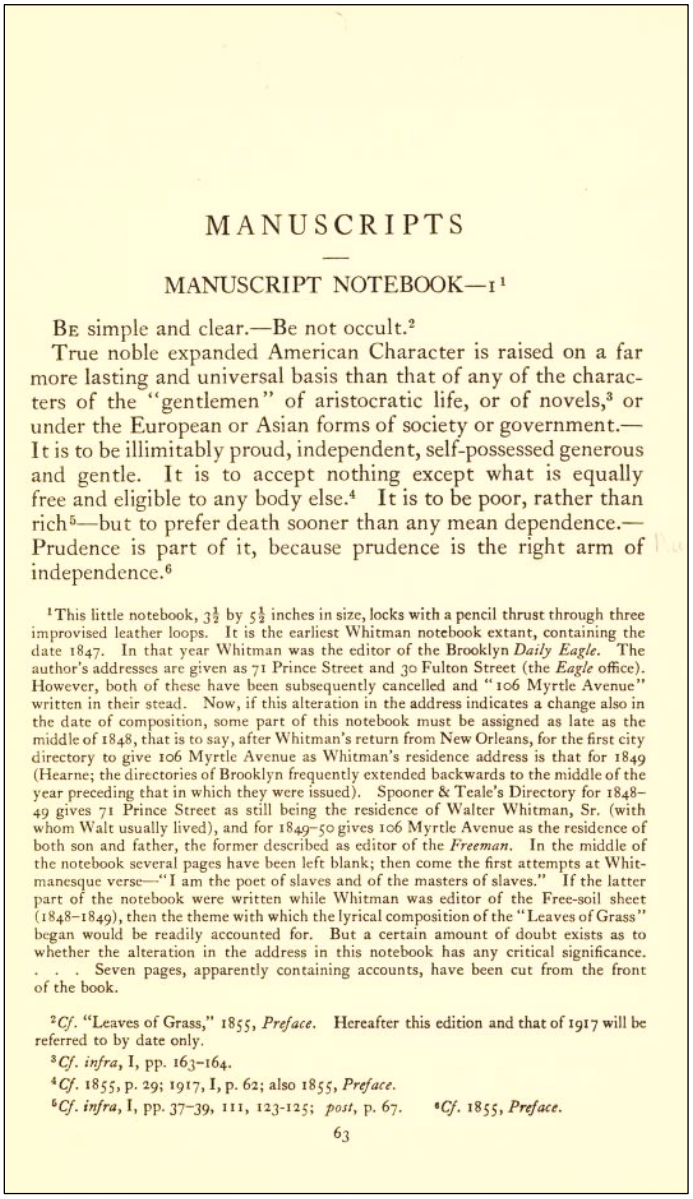
Holloway's pointing to this reference which is present elsewhere in his edition of Whitman's prose work.

For a more recent edition of this entry, please check *The Collected Works of Walt Whitman: The Journalism, Volume II: 1846-1848*, pp. 333-334. The title of the original article is "Books Lately Published," and it was printed in the *Brooklyn Daily Eagle* on Monday, September 27th, 1847. It differs from Holloway's transcription, as his edition makes it appear as though Whitman was making an alphabetical list of works that interested him, whereas the original shows a literary review of selected works without a specific order. I am unable to reproduce the original page of the newspaper here for copyright reasons. It can be accessed in the Archive of the *Brooklyn Daily Eagle* here: here: https://bklyn.newspapers.com/image/50253425/.

The section about George Sand appears on page 334 of vol. II of *The Collected Works of Walt Whitman: The Journalism, Volume II: 1846-1848*, and it reads:

> "*The Journeyman Joiner*, or the companion of the tour of France," by George Sand, translated by Francis Geo. Shaw, published by Wm H. Graham, Tribune buildings, New York. That Madame Sand's works are looked upon by a portion of the public, and of critics, with a feeling od great repugnance, there is no denying. But the talented French woman is nevertheless one of a class much needed in the world—needed lest the world stagnate in the wrongs merely from precedent. We are fully of the belief that 'free discussion,' upon any subject of general and profound interest, is not only allowable, but in most cases desirable. And this is all we have to say to those who would put Madame Sand's books down by a mere flourish of prejudice. . . . . .The "*Journeyman Joiner*" is a work of very great interest as a story. Indeed [*sic*] we know of few that are more so. It is well translated, and the typographical execution is very fair. The enterprising publishers, we believe, have also issued translations of most other of Madame Sand's works, "Consuela," and its sequel, "the Countess of Rudolstadt."

Appendix D



MANUSCRIPTS

MANUSCRIPT NOTEBOOK—I[1]

BE simple and clear.—Be not occult.[2]
True noble expanded American Character is raised on a far more lasting and universal basis than that of any of the characters of the "gentlemen" of aristocratic life, or of novels,[3] or under the European or Asian forms of society or government.—It is to be illimitably proud, independent, self-possessed generous and gentle. It is to accept nothing except what is equally free and eligible to any body else.[4] It is to be poor, rather than rich[5]—but to prefer death sooner than any mean dependence.—Prudence is part of it, because prudence is the right arm of independence.[6]

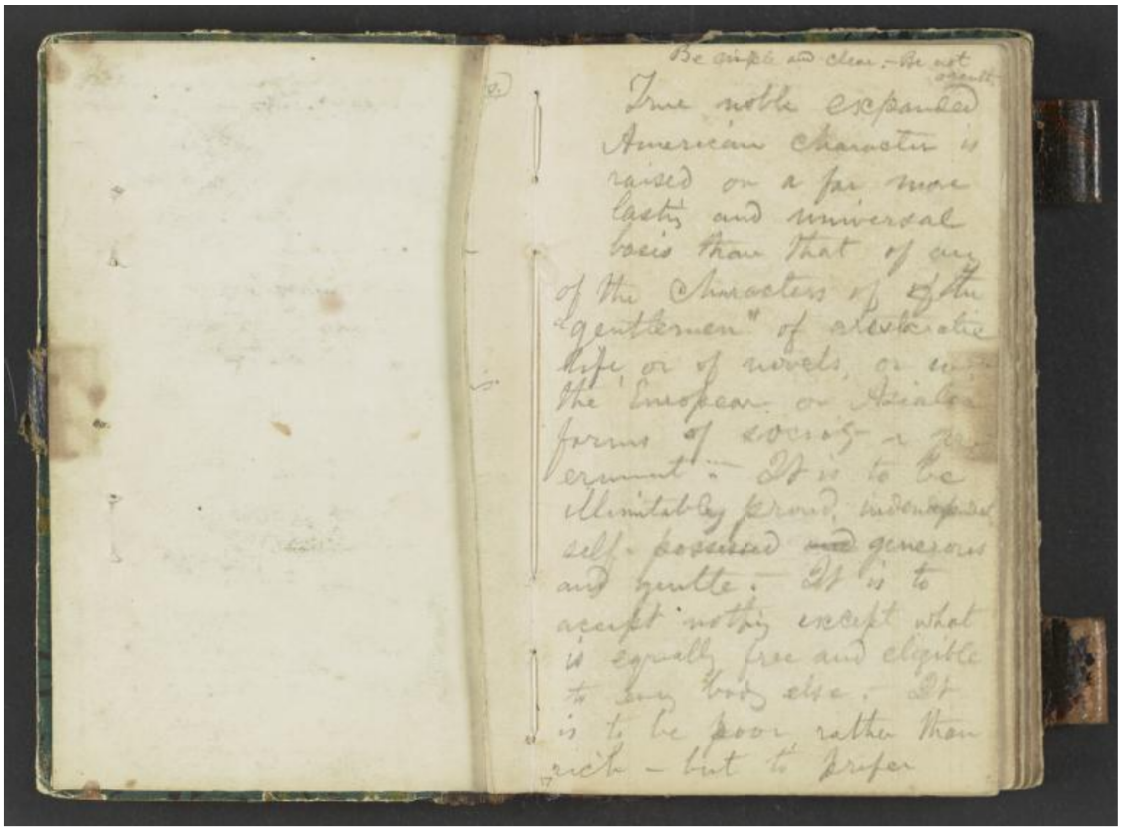
[1]This little notebook, 3¾ by 5½ inches in size, locks with a pencil thrust through three improvised leather loops. It is the earliest Whitman notebook extant, containing the date 1847. In that year Whitman was the editor of the Brooklyn *Daily Eagle*. The author's addresses are given as 71 Prince Street and 30 Fulton Street (the *Eagle* office). However, both of these have been subsequently cancelled and "106 Myrtle Avenue" written in their stead. Now, if this alteration in the address indicates a change also in the date of composition, some part of this notebook must be assigned as late as the middle of 1848, that is to say, after Whitman's return from New Orleans, for the first city directory to give 106 Myrtle Avenue as Whitman's residence address is that for 1849 (Hearne; the directories of Brooklyn frequently extended backwards to the middle of the year preceding that in which they were issued). Spooner & Teale's Directory for 1848–49 gives 71 Prince Street as still being the residence of Walter Whitman, Sr. (with whom Walt usually lived), and for 1849–50 gives 106 Myrtle Avenue as the residence of both son and father, the former described as editor of the *Freeman*. In the middle of the notebook several pages have been left blank; then come the first attempts at Whitmanesque verse—"I am the poet of slaves and of the masters of slaves." If the latter part of the notebook were written while Whitman was editor of the Free-soil sheet (1848–1849), then the theme with which the lyrical composition of the "Leaves of Grass" began would be readily accounted for. But a certain amount of doubt exists as to whether the alteration in the address in this notebook has any critical significance. . . . Seven pages, apparently containing accounts, have been cut from the front of the book.

[2]*Cf.* "Leaves of Grass," 1855, *Preface*. Hereafter this edition and that of 1917 will be referred to by date only.
[3]*Cf. infra*, I, pp. 163–164.
[4]*Cf.* 1855, p. 29; 1917, I, p. 62; also 1855, *Preface*.
[5]*Cf. infra*, I, pp. 37–39, 111, 123-125; *post*, p. 67. [6]*Cf.* 1855, *Preface*.

63

Image 7: Page 63 of volume II of *Unpublished Poetry and Prose*. Note the reference to prudence at the bottom of the text; for Whitman, it is not only one of the core features of the American character, but it is the "right arm of independence." Therefore, applied to the Christmas Garland, prudence is a great virtue that adorns and already well-adjusted Emerson and, by extension, of the truly American man and writer.

Source: https://archive.org/details/uncollectedpoetry00whitrich/page/63/mode/1up.



Be simple and clear.—Be not occult.
True noble expanded
American character is
raised on a far more
lasts and universal
basis than that of any
of the characters of the
"gentlemen" of aristocratic
life or of novels, or under
the European or Asiatic
forms of society or gov-
ernment.— It is to be
illimitably proud, indomitable
self-possessed and generous
and gentle.— It is to
accept nothing except what
is equally free and eligible
to any body else.— It
is to be poor rather than
rich — but to prefer

Image 8: "Image 10 of Thomas Biggs Harned Collection of the Papers of Walt Whitman: Recovered Cardboard Butterfly and Notebooks, [1847]-[circa 1863-1864]; Notebooks; [1847]." Source: https://www.loc.gov/resource/mss45443.00802/?sp=10&r=-0.629,-0.034,2.259,0.819,0. This, in its original, reads:

Be simple and clear.—Be not occult.

True noble expanded
American character is
raised on a far more
lasting and universal
basis that that of any
of the characters of ~~of~~ the
"gentlemen" of aristocratic
life, or of novels, or under
the European or Asiatic
forms of society or gov-

ernment.— [*sic*] It is to be
illimitably proud, independent,
self-possessed ~~and~~ generous
and gentle.— It is to
accept nothing except what
is especially free and eligible
to any body else. It
is to be poor, rather than
rich — but to prefer

17

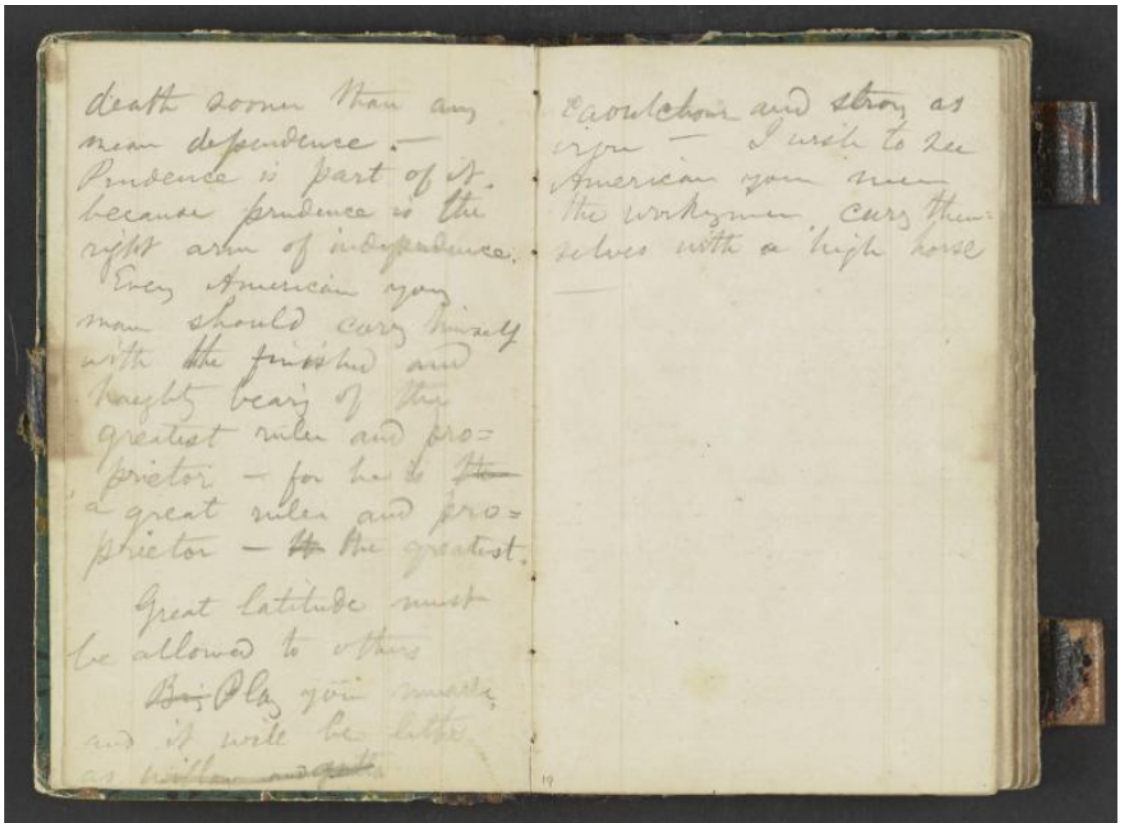
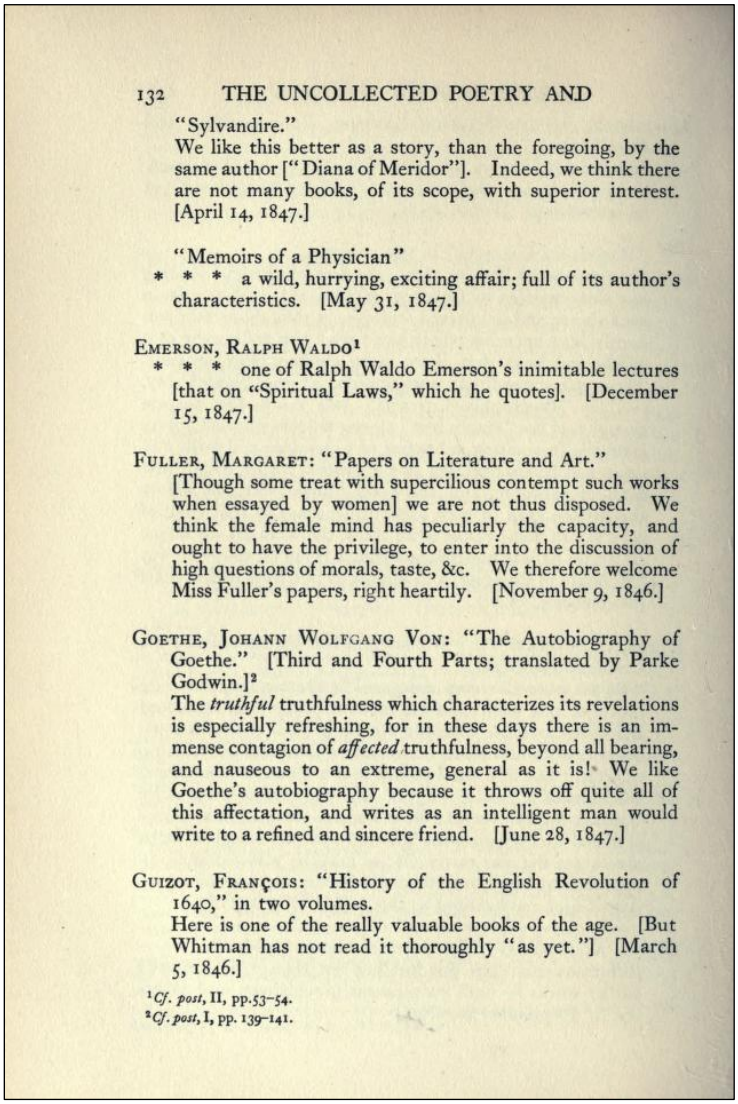


Image 9: “Image 11 of Thomas Biggs Harned Collection of the Papers of Walt Whitman: Recovered Cardboard Butterfly and Notebooks, [1847]-[circa 1863-1864]; Notebooks; [1847].” Source: https://www.loc.gov/resource/mss45443.00802/?sp=11.

The excerpt that is transcribed by Holloway reads as follows in the original:

death sooner that any
mean dependence.—
prudence is part of it,
because prudence is the
right arm of independence.

Appendix E



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"Sylvandire."
We like this better as a story, than the foregoing, by the same author ["Diana of Meridor"]. Indeed, we think there are not many books, of its scope, with superior interest. [April 14, 1847.]

"Memoirs of a Physician"
* * * a wild, hurrying, exciting affair; full of its author's characteristics. [May 31, 1847.]

EMERSON, RALPH WALDO[1]
* * * one of Ralph Waldo Emerson's inimitable lectures [that on "Spiritual Laws," which he quotes]. [December 15, 1847.]

FULLER, MARGARET: "Papers on Literature and Art."
[Though some treat with supercilious contempt such works when essayed by women] we are not thus disposed. We think the female mind has peculiarly the capacity, and ought to have the privilege, to enter into the discussion of high questions of morals, taste, &c. We therefore welcome Miss Fuller's papers, right heartily. [November 9, 1846.]

GOETHE, JOHANN WOLFGANG VON: "The Autobiography of Goethe." [Third and Fourth Parts; translated by Parke Godwin.][2]
The *truthful* truthfulness which characterizes its revelations is especially refreshing, for in these days there is an immense contagion of *affected* truthfulness, beyond all bearing, and nauseous to an extreme, general as it is! We like Goethe's autobiography because it throws off quite all of this affectation, and writes as an intelligent man would write to a refined and sincere friend. [June 28, 1847.]

GUIZOT, FRANÇOIS: "History of the English Revolution of 1640," in two volumes.
Here is one of the really valuable books of the age. [But Whitman has not read it thoroughly "as yet."] [March 5, 1846.]

[1] *Cf. post*, II, pp. 53–54.
[2] *Cf. post*, I, pp. 139–141.

Image 10: Unpublished Prose and Poetry, vol. I, p. 132. This entry is listed among Shorter Published Prose under "[EXTRACTS FROM WHITMAN'S CRITICISMS OF BOOKS AND AUTHORS, CULLED FROM THE BROOKLYN DAILY EAGLE OF 1846-1848]," which runs from pp. 126-137. See also the reference to pp. 53-54 of volume II in footnote 1, at the bottom of the page.
Source: https://archive.org/details/uncollectedpoetr01whituoft/page/132/mode/1up.

For a more recent edition of this entry, please check *The Collected Works of Walt Whitman: The Journalism, Volume II: 1846-1848*, pp. 381-382. The original article is untitled, however, editors Bergman, Noverr and Recchia refer to it as "[An Emerson Paragraph]," and it

was printed in the *Brooklyn Daily Eagle* on Wednesday, December 15th, 1847. Besides the discrepancy between Whitman's original publication and Holloway's transcript, which is already mentioned in Appendix C, this paragraph appeared as a single separate entry in the editorial notes' section. I am unable to reproduce the original page of the *Brooklyn Daily Eagle* here for copyright reasons. It can be accessed in the newspaper's online archive through the link below: https://bklyn.newspapers.com/image/50592021/?terms=emerson&match=1.

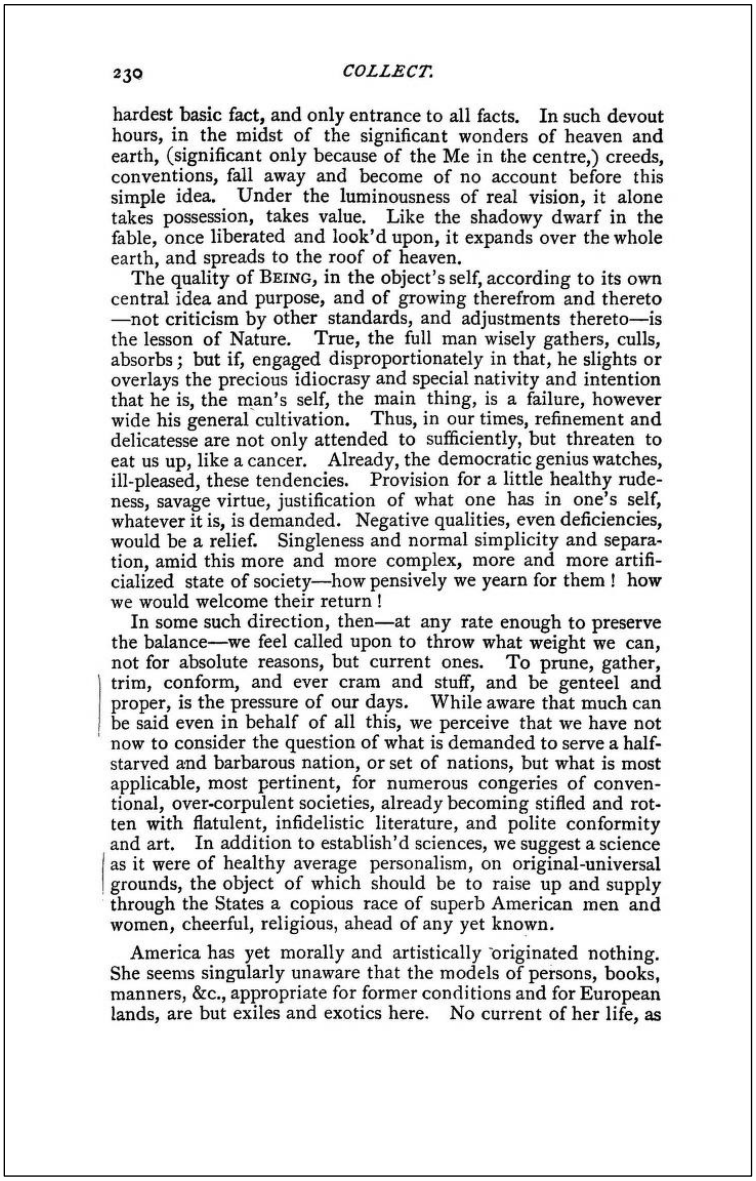
The entry on Ralph Waldo Emerson appears on pp. 381-382 of vol. II of *The Collected Works of Walt Whitman: The Journalism, Volume II: 1846-1848*, reads as follows:

[An Emerson Paragraph]

> In one of Ralph Waldo Emerson's inimitable lectures, occurs the following striking paragraph, which every heart will acknowledge to be as truthful as it is beautiful:
>
> "When the act of reflection takes place in the mind, when we look at ourselves in the light of thought, we discover that our life is embosomed in beauty. Behind us, as we go, all things assume pleasing forms, as clouds do afar off. Not only things familiar and stale, but even the tragic and terrible, are lures of memory. The river bank, the weed at the water side, the old corpse that has lain the chambers has added a solemn ornament to the house.—The soul will not know either deformity or pain.[28]"

[28] This is the first paragraph of Emerson's essay "Spiritual Law," which was published as a part of *Essays: First Series* in 1841. Here is the link to the essay in the *Internet Archive*: https://archive.org/details/emersonralessays00emerrich/page/106/mode/2up?view=theater.

Appendix F



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hardest basic fact, and only entrance to all facts. In such devout hours, in the midst of the significant wonders of heaven and earth, (significant only because of the Me in the centre,) creeds, conventions, fall away and become of no account before this simple idea. Under the luminousness of real vision, it alone takes possession, takes value. Like the shadowy dwarf in the fable, once liberated and look'd upon, it expands over the whole earth, and spreads to the roof of heaven.

The quality of BEING, in the object's self, according to its own central idea and purpose, and of growing therefrom and thereto —not criticism by other standards, and adjustments thereto—is the lesson of Nature. True, the full man wisely gathers, culls, absorbs; but if, engaged disproportionately in that, he slights or overlays the precious idiocrasy and special nativity and intention that he is, the man's self, the main thing, is a failure, however wide his general cultivation. Thus, in our times, refinement and delicatesse are not only attended to sufficiently, but threaten to eat us up, like a cancer. Already, the democratic genius watches, ill-pleased, these tendencies. Provision for a little healthy rudeness, savage virtue, justification of what one has in one's self, whatever it is, is demanded. Negative qualities, even deficiencies, would be a relief. Singleness and normal simplicity and separation, amid this more and more complex, more and more artificialized state of society—how pensively we yearn for them! how we would welcome their return!

In some such direction, then—at any rate enough to preserve the balance—we feel called upon to throw what weight we can, not for absolute reasons, but current ones. To prune, gather, trim, conform, and ever cram and stuff, and be genteel and proper, is the pressure of our days. While aware that much can be said even in behalf of all this, we perceive that we have not now to consider the question of what is demanded to serve a half-starved and barbarous nation, or set of nations, but what is most applicable, most pertinent, for numerous congeries of conventional, over-corpulent societies, already becoming stifled and rotten with flatulent, infidelistic literature, and polite conformity and art. In addition to establish'd sciences, we suggest a science as it were of healthy average personalism, on original-universal grounds, the object of which should be to raise up and supply through the States a copious race of superb American men and women, cheerful, religious, ahead of any yet known.

America has yet morally and artistically originated nothing. She seems singularly unaware that the models of persons, books, manners, &c., appropriate for former conditions and for European lands, are but exiles and exotics here. No current of her life, as

Image 11: Whitman, Walt. *Complete Prose Works*. David McKay, Publisher, Philadelphia, 1897. This page is part of "Democratic Vistas" (pp. 203-258), which appears under the section "Collect,"[29] and runs from pp. 202-317.

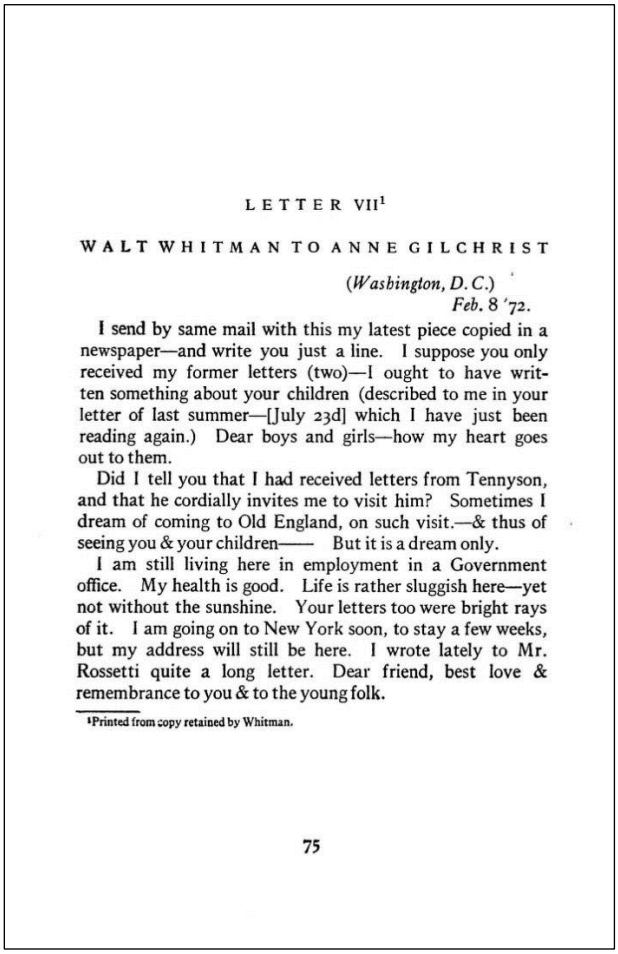
Source: https://archive.org/details/cu31924022212900/page/230/mode/1up?ref=ol&_autoReadAloud=show.

[29] For more information about "Collect," please check the following entry in *The Walt Whitman Archive*: https://whitmanarchive.org/criticism/current/encyclopedia/entry_409.html.

The passage beginning with “The quality of BEING,” and ending with “ahead of any yet known,” can be found in vol. II of *The Collected Writings of Walt Whitman: Prose Works 1892*, edited by Floyd Stovall, pp. 394-395, ll. 963-991.

When related to the annotated passage from the *Christmas Garland*, Holloway seemingly points to a more detailed description of what Whitman considers to be the qualities of developed human beings, faults included, when contrasted to the “artificialized state of society” (l. 976 of Stoval’s edition), while trying to define what he understands as true culture. Spontaneity and truth, characterized by both the positive and negative aspects inherent to human nature as well as to human artifacts, are then contrasted with the over-regulated conventional formulae that rule and at the same time stiffen personal development, social interactions, and the arts. Cf. the following passage of the *Christmas Garland*: “But, says some one [*sic*], true Culture, includes all—asks that a man be developed in his full Personality, his animal physique, even his ruggedness and rudeness.”

Appendix G



LETTER VII[1]

WALT WHITMAN TO ANNE GILCHRIST

(*Washington, D. C.*)
Feb. 8 '72.

I send by same mail with this my latest piece copied in a newspaper—and write you just a line. I suppose you only received my former letters (two)—I ought to have written something about your children (described to me in your letter of last summer—[July 23d] which I have just been reading again.) Dear boys and girls—how my heart goes out to them.

Did I tell you that I had received letters from Tennyson, and that he cordially invites me to visit him? Sometimes I dream of coming to Old England, on such visit.—& thus of seeing you & your children—— But it is a dream only.

I am still living here in employment in a Government office. My health is good. Life is rather sluggish here—yet not without the sunshine. Your letters too were bright rays of it. I am going on to New York soon, to stay a few weeks, but my address will still be here. I wrote lately to Mr. Rossetti quite a long letter. Dear friend, best love & remembrance to you & to the young folk.

[1]Printed from copy retained by Whitman.

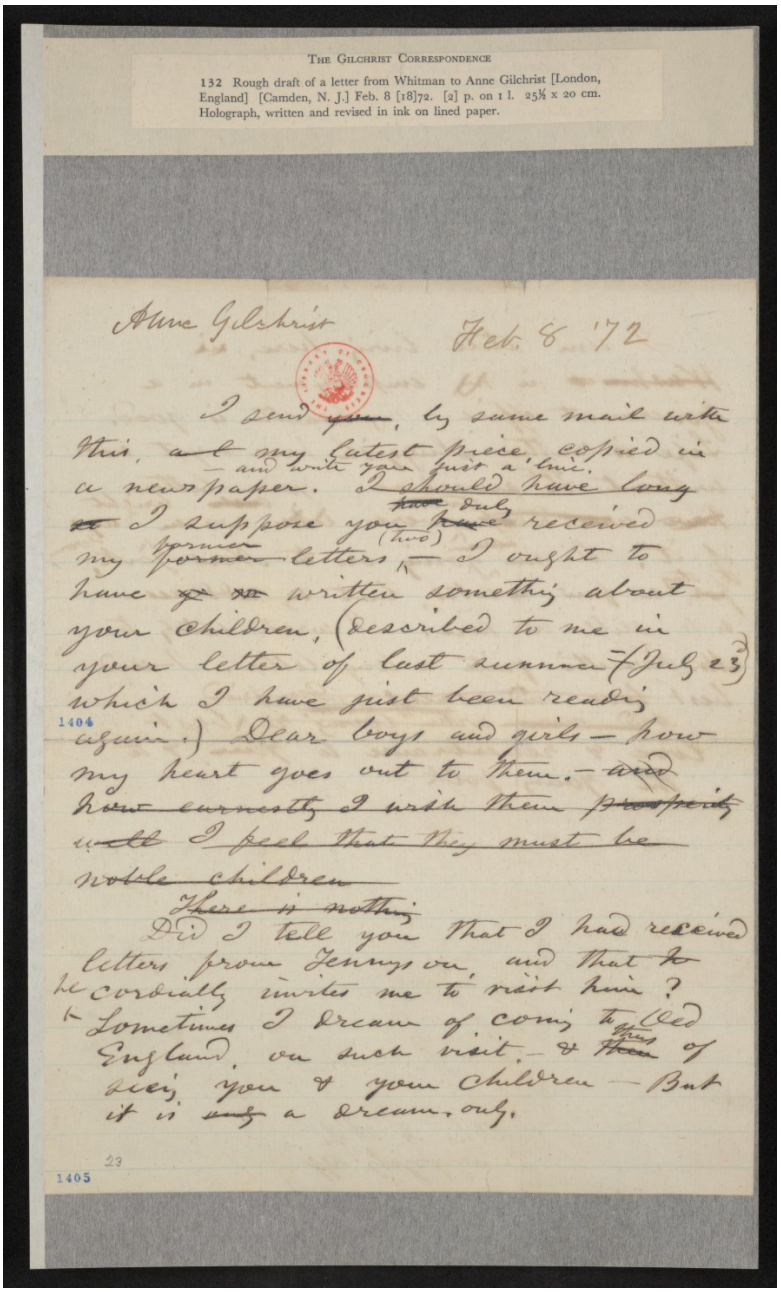
75

Image 12: Letter VII, *The Letters Anne Gilchrist and Walt Whitman*, edited by Thomas B. Harned, Doubleday, Page & Company, New York, 1918, p. 75.

Source: https://archive.org/details/cu31924013457910/page/n120/mode/1up.

Note how Whitman stresses that his visit to England "is a dream only."

This letter also appears in *The Collected Writings of Walt Whitman: The Correspondence, Volume II: 1868-1875*, pp. 164-165, where it is noted as "DRAFT LETTER," which is the form in which it has been preserved in the Thomas B. Harned Collection of the Library of Congress.



THE GILCHRIST CORRESPONDENCE

132 Rough draft of a letter from Whitman to Anne Gilchrist [London, England] [Camden, N. J.] Feb. 8 [18]72. [2] p. on 1 l. 25¼ x 20 cm. Holograph, written and revised in ink on lined paper.

Anne Gilchrist Feb. 8 '72

I send ~~you~~, by same mail with this, ~~a~~ my latest piece copied in a newspaper. ~~I~~ (and write you just a line.) I should have long ~~wr~~ I suppose you ~~have~~ only received my ~~former~~ (two) letters, — I ought to have ~~yr~~ written something about your children, (described to me in your letter of last summer (July 23) which I have just been reading again.) Dear boys and girls — how my heart goes out to them. — ~~and~~ ~~how earnestly I wish them prosperity~~ ~~well~~ I feel that they must be noble children

~~There is nothing~~

Did I tell you that I had received letters from Tennyson, and that he cordially invites me to visit him? Sometimes I dream of coming to old England, on such visit — & ~~them~~ yours of dear, you & your children — But it is ~~only~~ a dream, only.

23

1404

1405

Image 13: "Image 2 of Thomas Biggs Harned Collection of the Papers of Walt Whitman: Correspondence, 1866-1891; Letters to and from Whitman; Gilchrist, Anne Burrows, 1871, Sept. - 1885, July." Source: https://www.loc.gov/resource/mss45443.00333/?sp=2.

The transcript reads as follows:

Anne Gilchrist Feb. 8 '72[30]

I send ~~you~~, by same mail with this, ~~a l~~ my latest piece^ copied in —and with you just a line

a newspaper. ~~I should have long se~~ I suppose you~~have~~ ~~have~~ only (two) received my former ~~former~~ letters ^— I ought to have ~~g~~ ~~m~~ written something about your children, (described to me in your letter of last summer =[July 23] which I have just been reading again.) Dear boys and girls — how my heart goes out to them.— ~~and now earnestly I wish them prosperity will I feel that they must be noble children~~

~~There is nothing~~

Did I tell you that I had received letters from Tennyson, and the ~~h~~ he cordially invites me to visit him? +[31] Sometimes I dream of coming to Old England, on such visit.— + ~~then~~ thus of seeing you + your children — But it is ~~any~~ a dream, only.

23

[30] The header is written in pencil, and I lack the necessary training to understand whether it is Whitman's handwriting or not. For further details about this draft, please check other transcripts indicated here as well as *The Walt Whitman Archive*. Comparing the capital G in the pencil inscription to the one written in ink (see image 14 below), it is possible to see the clear difference between both, which leads me to think that the person who wrote the receiver's name and date of the letter was the cataloguer of the collection. ASK

[31] Whitman often uses + to signify and.

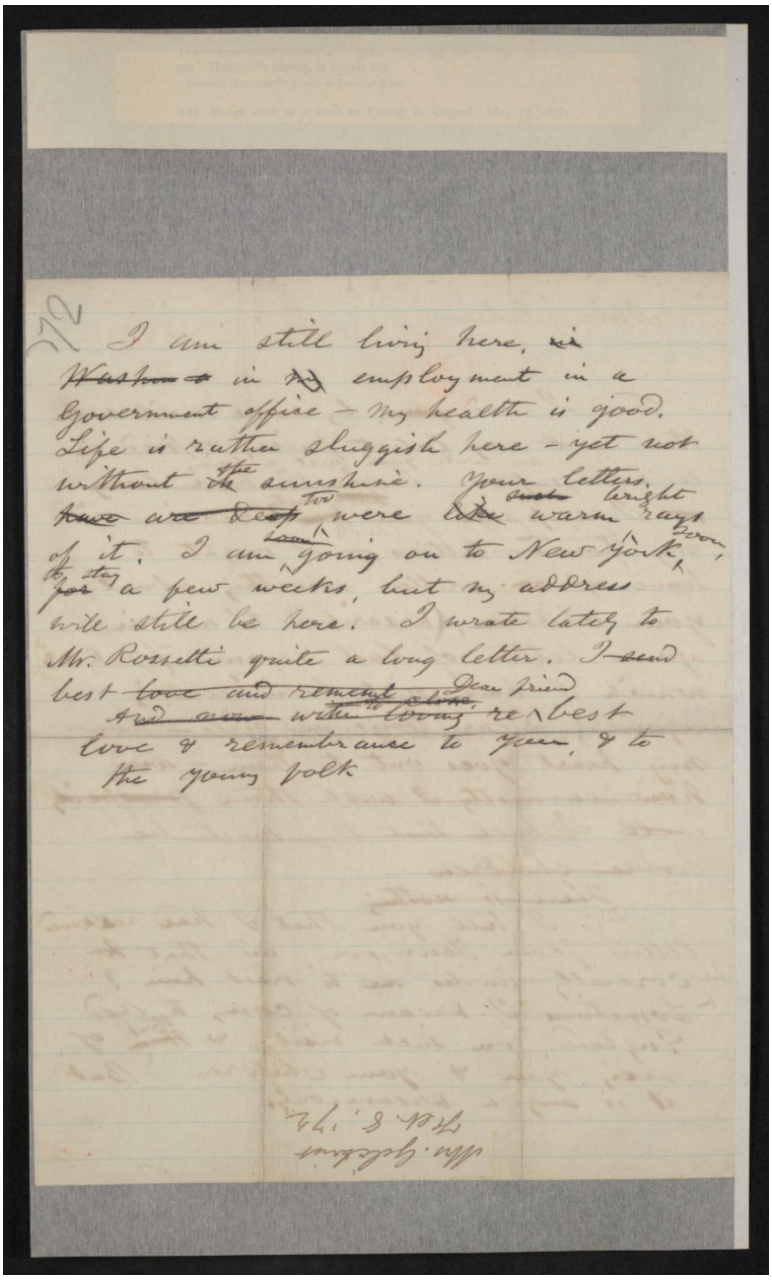


Image 14: "Image 3 of Thomas Biggs Harned Collection of the Papers of Walt Whitman: Correspondence, 1866-1891; Letters to and from Whitman; Gilchrist, Anne Burrows, 1871, Sept. - 1885, July." Source: https://www.loc.gov/resource/mss45443.00333/?sp=3.

The transcript reads as follows:

> '72 I am still living here, in
> ~~Washin i~~ in ~~my~~ employment in
> Government office – my health is good.
> Life is rather sluggish here — yet not

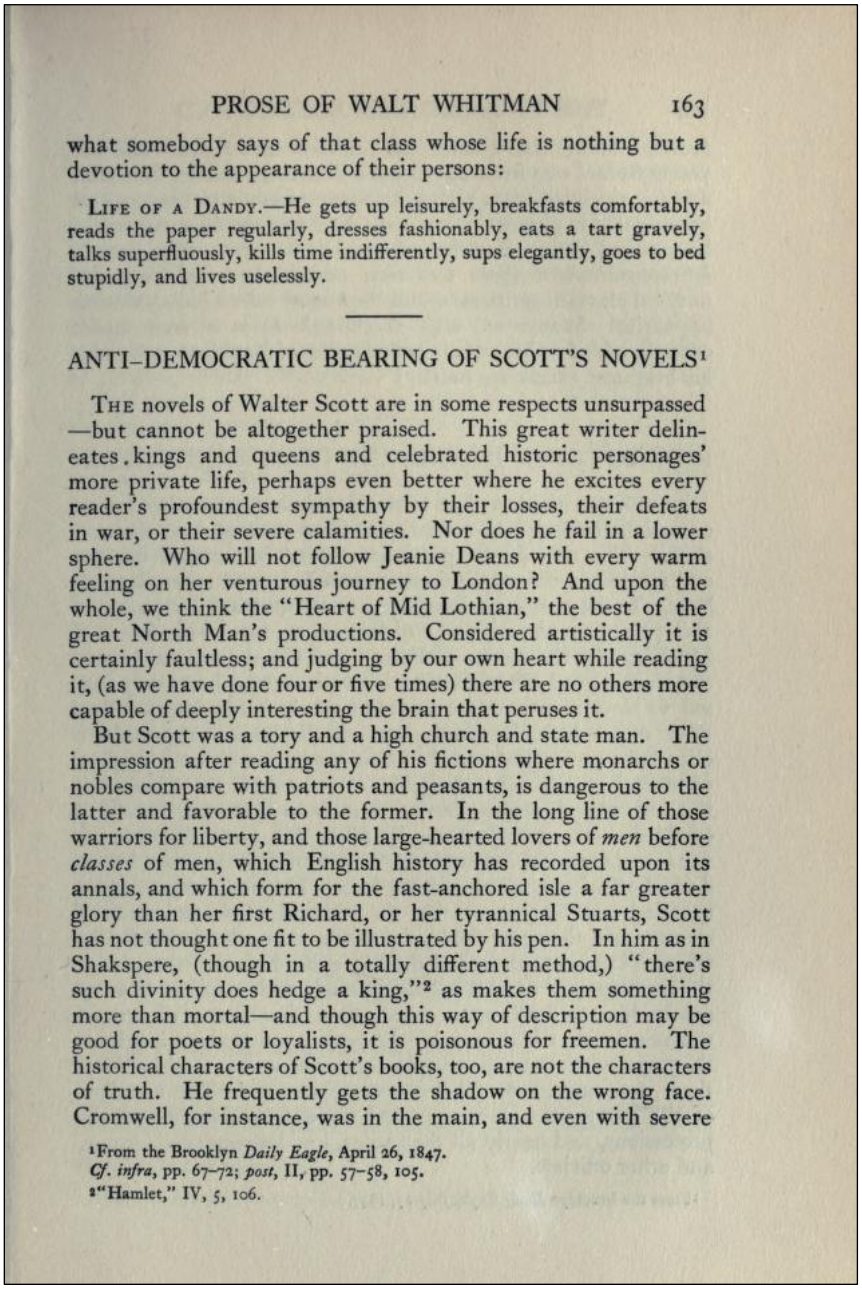
without ~~it's~~ the sunshine. Your letters
~~have are deep~~ too were ~~like~~ such warm bright
rays
of it. I am ~~soon~~ going on to New York
soon,
~~for~~ to stay a few weeks, but my address
will still be here. I wrote later to
Mr. Rossetti quite a long letter. ~~I send~~
~~best love and rememb~~ Dear friend
~~And now with to loving close re~~ best
love + remembrance to you, + to
the young folk.

Mrs. Gilchrist[32]

Feb. 8 ,72

[32] This is written in pencil, upside down, at the bottom of the page.

Appendix H



PROSE OF WALT WHITMAN 163

what somebody says of that class whose life is nothing but a devotion to the appearance of their persons:

LIFE OF A DANDY.—He gets up leisurely, breakfasts comfortably, reads the paper regularly, dresses fashionably, eats a tart gravely, talks superfluously, kills time indifferently, sups elegantly, goes to bed stupidly, and lives uselessly.

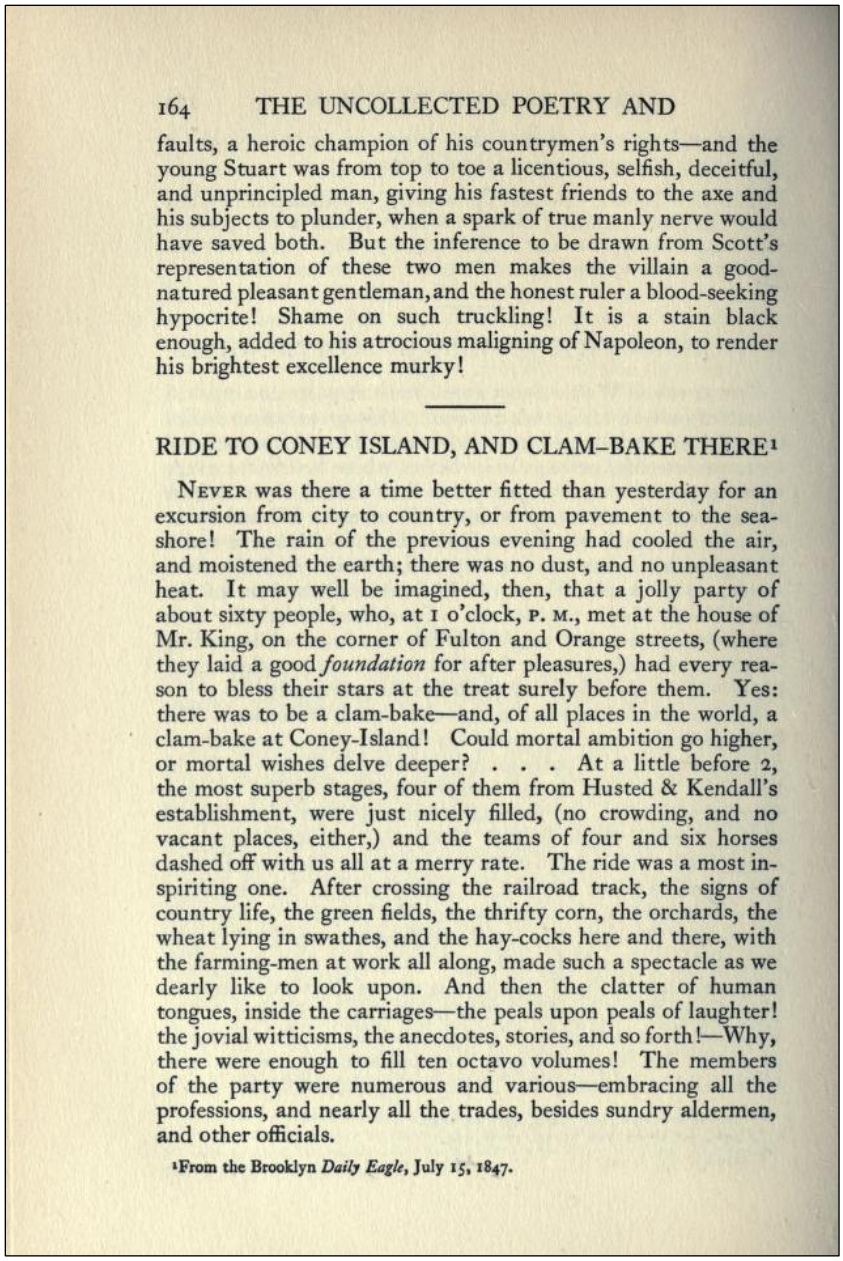
ANTI-DEMOCRATIC BEARING OF SCOTT'S NOVELS[1]

THE novels of Walter Scott are in some respects unsurpassed —but cannot be altogether praised. This great writer delineates kings and queens and celebrated historic personages' more private life, perhaps even better where he excites every reader's profoundest sympathy by their losses, their defeats in war, or their severe calamities. Nor does he fail in a lower sphere. Who will not follow Jeanie Deans with every warm feeling on her venturous journey to London? And upon the whole, we think the "Heart of Mid Lothian," the best of the great North Man's productions. Considered artistically it is certainly faultless; and judging by our own heart while reading it, (as we have done four or five times) there are no others more capable of deeply interesting the brain that peruses it.

But Scott was a tory and a high church and state man. The impression after reading any of his fictions where monarchs or nobles compare with patriots and peasants, is dangerous to the latter and favorable to the former. In the long line of those warriors for liberty, and those large-hearted lovers of *men* before *classes* of men, which English history has recorded upon its annals, and which form for the fast-anchored isle a far greater glory than her first Richard, or her tyrannical Stuarts, Scott has not thought one fit to be illustrated by his pen. In him as in Shakspere, (though in a totally different method,) "there's such divinity does hedge a king,"[2] as makes them something more than mortal—and though this way of description may be good for poets or loyalists, it is poisonous for freemen. The historical characters of Scott's books, too, are not the characters of truth. He frequently gets the shadow on the wrong face. Cromwell, for instance, was in the main, and even with severe

[1] From the Brooklyn *Daily Eagle*, April 26, 1847.
Cf. infra, pp. 67–72; *post*, II, pp. 57–58, 105.
[2] "Hamlet," IV, 5, 106.

Image 15: "Anti-Democratic Bearings of Scott's Novels," in *Unpublished Poetry and Prose*, vol. I, p. 163. Source: https://archive.org/details/uncollectedpoetr01whituoft/page/163/mode/1up. The original newspaper, which I am not allowed to reproduce for copyright reasons, can be accessed in the Archive of the *Brooklyn Daily Eagle* here: https://bklyn.newspapers.com/image/50247577/?terms=anti-democratic&match=1.



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faults, a heroic champion of his countrymen's rights—and the young Stuart was from top to toe a licentious, selfish, deceitful, and unprincipled man, giving his fastest friends to the axe and his subjects to plunder, when a spark of true manly nerve would have saved both. But the inference to be drawn from Scott's representation of these two men makes the villain a good-natured pleasant gentleman, and the honest ruler a blood-seeking hypocrite! Shame on such truckling! It is a stain black enough, added to his atrocious maligning of Napoleon, to render his brightest excellence murky!

RIDE TO CONEY ISLAND, AND CLAM-BAKE THERE[1]

NEVER was there a time better fitted than yesterday for an excursion from city to country, or from pavement to the sea-shore! The rain of the previous evening had cooled the air, and moistened the earth; there was no dust, and no unpleasant heat. It may well be imagined, then, that a jolly party of about sixty people, who, at 1 o'clock, P. M., met at the house of Mr. King, on the corner of Fulton and Orange streets, (where they laid a good *foundation* for after pleasures,) had every reason to bless their stars at the treat surely before them. Yes: there was to be a clam-bake—and, of all places in the world, a clam-bake at Coney-Island! Could mortal ambition go higher, or mortal wishes delve deeper? . . . At a little before 2, the most superb stages, four of them from Husted & Kendall's establishment, were just nicely filled, (no crowding, and no vacant places, either,) and the teams of four and six horses dashed off with us all at a merry rate. The ride was a most inspiriting one. After crossing the railroad track, the signs of country life, the green fields, the thrifty corn, the orchards, the wheat lying in swathes, and the hay-cocks here and there, with the farming-men at work all along, made such a spectacle as we dearly like to look upon. And then the clatter of human tongues, inside the carriages—the peals upon peals of laughter! the jovial witticisms, the anecdotes, stories, and so forth!—Why, there were enough to fill ten octavo volumes! The members of the party were numerous and various—embracing all the professions, and nearly all the trades, besides sundry aldermen, and other officials.

[1]From the Brooklyn *Daily Eagle*, July 15, 1847.

Image 16: "Anti-Democratic Bearings of Scott's Novels," in Unpublished Poetry and Prose, vol. I, p. 164. Source: https://archive.org/details/uncollectedpoetr01whituoft/page/164/mode/1up.

In the section of the "Christmas Garland" to which this note corresponds, Whitman addresses imported works of fiction and their ethereal characters (kings, queens, nobles, people of means), whose comfortable life and regulated manners and mores are dissociated from the reality of the everyday man, which, along with the stock characters of the rugged men of the west are perceived by him as an insult to the American genius. Hence the possible reason for Holloway's

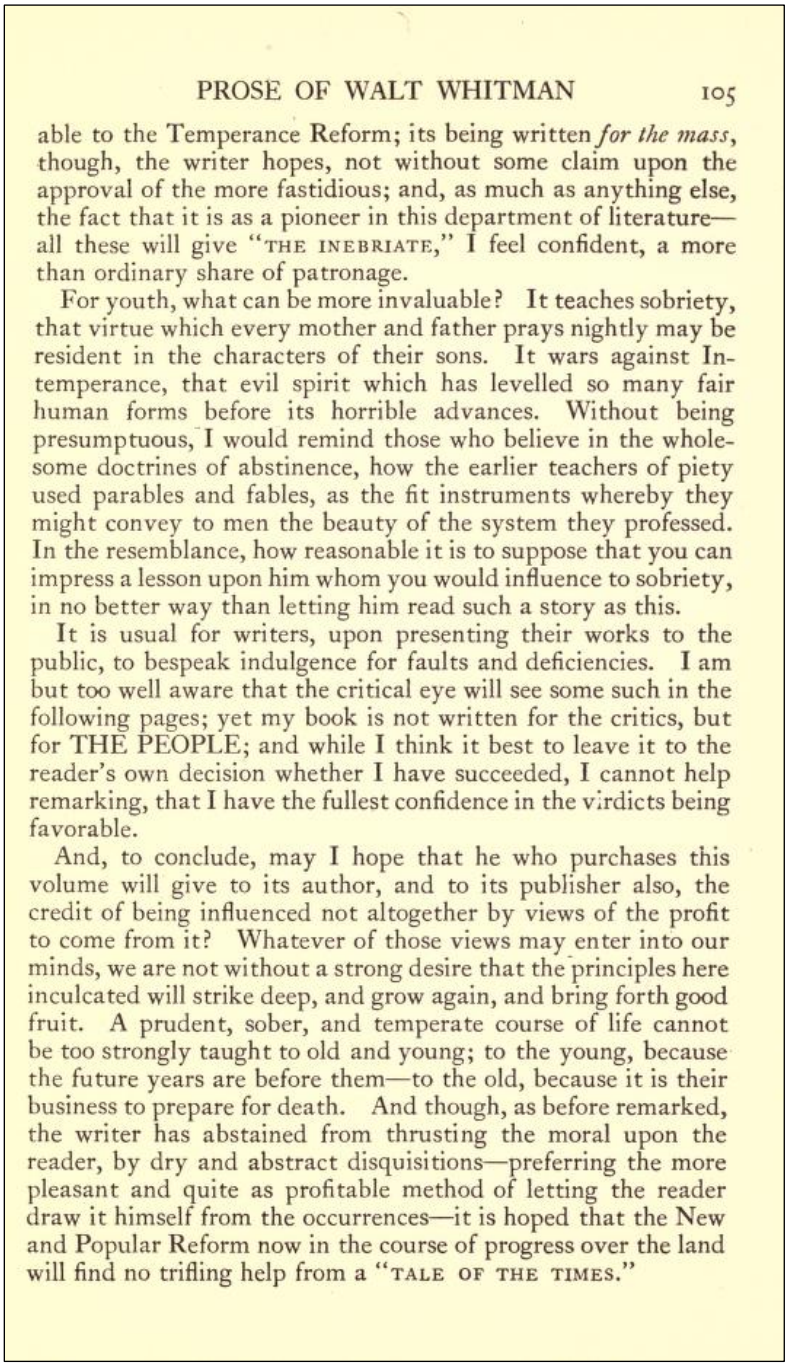
reference to this article as, in it, Whitman refers to the dissociation between fiction and reality and what he perceives as the absence of true heroes stemming from the popular factions of society, which Whitman associated with Scott's political persuasion as well as with the absence of a genuine democratic narrative from his otherwise excellent novels.

In the footnote to this article, Holloway also points to two other sections of *UPP*: pp. 67-72 of volume I, and p. 105 of vol. II; the final reference points back to the section of "A Christmas Garland" where the original footnote stemmed from. The first reference consists of an article titled "Boz and Democracy," which was published in *Brother Jonathan*, on February 26th, 1842. For the article as it appears in *UPP*, see: https://archive.org/details/uncollectedpoetr01whituoft/page/67/mode/1up. The original article, as it appeared on pp. 243-244 of the printed magazine, can be accessed here: https://archive.org/details/sim_brother-jonathan_1842-02-26_1_9/page/242/mode/2up?q=boz.
For further reference about the magazine itself, its origins, content, as well as Whitman's publications, please see https://whitmanarchive.org/published/periodical/periodical_titles/per.00160. In "Boz and Democracy," Whitman addresses a negative review of Dickens's works from the Washington *Globe*, and ultimately praises Dickens for offering a true depiction of the trials and tribulations of the impoverished working-class people of England, while striving to deliver a clear and impartial view of the characters that he creates in all their complexity.

The second reference, which points to p. 105 of volume II of *UPP* consists of the two last paragraphs of the "Introductory" section of *Franklin Evans, or the Inebriate: A Tale of the Times*, which speaks of writers having the custom of apologizing for their shortcomings when publishing their works. Whitman, on the other hand, claims that, as his target audience are not "the critics, but THE PEOPLE," he has "the fullest confidence in the virdicts [*sic*] being favorable." In that sense, Whitman's work is fully directed to the common man and woman who may benefit from the story and enjoy the positive effects of the temperance movement in their lives, rather than the critical class who examines the technical and stylistic properties of written work. It is thus that Whitman conveys the profoundly democratic scope of his work, as well as its target audience, not in an aesthetically pleasing and archetypically oriented recreation of an

idealized reality, but in a relatable and realistic reproduction of everyday events and personages, which the reader is able recognize and relate to.

Holloway places this novel in the section titled "Longer Prose Publications." Below you can find the reproduction of this page:



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able to the Temperance Reform; its being written *for the mass*, though, the writer hopes, not without some claim upon the approval of the more fastidious; and, as much as anything else, the fact that it is as a pioneer in this department of literature—all these will give "THE INEBRIATE," I feel confident, a more than ordinary share of patronage.

For youth, what can be more invaluable? It teaches sobriety, that virtue which every mother and father prays nightly may be resident in the characters of their sons. It wars against Intemperance, that evil spirit which has levelled so many fair human forms before its horrible advances. Without being presumptuous, I would remind those who believe in the wholesome doctrines of abstinence, how the earlier teachers of piety used parables and fables, as the fit instruments whereby they might convey to men the beauty of the system they professed. In the resemblance, how reasonable it is to suppose that you can impress a lesson upon him whom you would influence to sobriety, in no better way than letting him read such a story as this.

It is usual for writers, upon presenting their works to the public, to bespeak indulgence for faults and deficiencies. I am but too well aware that the critical eye will see some such in the following pages; yet my book is not written for the critics, but for THE PEOPLE; and while I think it best to leave it to the reader's own decision whether I have succeeded, I cannot help remarking, that I have the fullest confidence in the virdicts being favorable.

And, to conclude, may I hope that he who purchases this volume will give to its author, and to its publisher also, the credit of being influenced not altogether by views of the profit to come from it? Whatever of those views may enter into our minds, we are not without a strong desire that the principles here inculcated will strike deep, and grow again, and bring forth good fruit. A prudent, sober, and temperate course of life cannot be too strongly taught to old and young; to the young, because the future years are before them—to the old, because it is their business to prepare for death. And though, as before remarked, the writer has abstained from thrusting the moral upon the reader, by dry and abstract disquisitions—preferring the more pleasant and quite as profitable method of letting the reader draw it himself from the occurrences—it is hoped that the New and Popular Reform now in the course of progress over the land will find no trifling help from a "TALE OF THE TIMES."

Image 17: p. 105, *Unpublished Poetry and Prose*, vol. II. Source: https://archive.org/details/uncollectedpoetry00whitrich/page/105/mode/1up.