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Pictures.

Break this into several "pictures."

[Signature]
Pictures.

In a little house I keep many pictures hanging suspended—
It is not a fixed house,
It is round—it is but a few niches from one side of it to the other side.
But behold! it has room for hundreds and thousands—all the varieties—
Here! do you know this? This is Cicerone himself;
And here, one after another, see—
you, my own States—and there, the world itself, rolling through the air.
And there on the walls hanging, portraits of women and men, carefully kept.
This is the portrait of my dear mother - and this of my father - and these of my brothers and sisters.

This (I name every thing as it comes). This is a beautiful statue, long lost, dark buried, but never destroyed - and now found by me, and again restored to the light; full of love also and full of greater life - the Night showing where the stars are.

There is a picture of Adam in Paradise - side by side with him Eve (the Earth's bride). There five stalwart men a group of sworn friends, bearded, reputed mine, worked their way together through the world.

And that is a magical wondrous mirror - long it lay clouded but the cloud has passed away.
It is now a clean and bright mirror — it will show you all things you can conceive of. 
And that is a picture of Death — it is very beautiful — (what else is so beautiful as Death?)

And there the Night with mystic beauty, full of love also, and full of greater life — the Night showing where the stars are;

There is a picture of Adam in Paradise — side by side with him Eve, (the Earth’s bride and the Earth’s bridegroom)

There is an old Egyptian temple — and again, a Greek temple, of white marble.

There are Hebrew prophets, chanting ecstatic — and here is Homer.
Here is one singing Canticles in an unknown tongue, before the Sanskrit was.

There is represented the Day, full of effulgence — full of lust and love — full of action, life, strength, aspiration.

And there the Night with mystic beauty, full of love also and full of greater life — the Night showing where the stars are;

There is a picture of Adam in Paradise — side by side with him Eve, (the Earth's bride and the Earth's bridegroom);

There is an old Egyptian temple — and again, a Greek temple, of white marble;

There are Hebrew prophets chanting rapt, ecstatic — and here is Homer;
Here is one singing canticles in an unknown tongue, before the Sanskrit was.
And here a Hindu sage with his recitative in Sanskrit.
And here the divine Christ ex. pounds the eternal truths ex. pounds the Soul.
And here he again appears en route to Calvary, bearing the cross—
See you, the blood and sweat streaming down his face, his neck.
And here, behold, a picture of once imperial Rome, full of palaces—full of masterful warriors;
And here arguing, the questioners of the classical time—Socrates in the market place.
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O divine tongue! I too grew silent
under your eloquence,
bare feet, and bulging belly! I saunter along, following you,
and obediently listen:

And here Athens itself, If a clear
forenoon two thousand years
before Theseus State,
young men, pupils, collect in
the gardens of their master,
waiting for him.

Some crowded in groups, listen
to the harangues of the elder
ones.

Elsewhere, simple figures, undisturbed
by the buzz around them, lean
against pillars, or within re-
cesses, meditating, or studying
from manuscript.
Here and there couples or trios, by young and old, clear-faced, and of perfect physique, walk with turned arms, in divine friendship, happy.

Tall, beyond, the master appears advancing — his form shows above the crowd, a head taller than they.

His gait is erect, calm and dignified — his features are grand, colossal and regular — he is old, yet his forehead has no wrinkles. Wisdom undisturbed, self-respect, fortitude unshaken are in his expression, his personality.

Wait till he speaks — what God's voice is it then, sounding from his mouth?

He places virtue and self-denial above all the rest.

He shows to what a glorious height the young men may ascend.
He shows how independent one may be of fortune — how triumphant over fate.

And again, and again, their picture tells a story of the Olympic games.

See you, the chariot racer? See you, the boxers boxing, and the runners running?

See you, the poets there reciting their poems and tragedies?

— And here, (for I have all kinds) here is Columbus setting sail from Spain on his voyage of discovery.

This again is a series after the great French revolution.

This is the taking of the Bastile, the prison — this is the execution of the king.
As here is a picture of triumph —
a General has returned.

This is the queen on her way to
the scaffold — those are guil
cotines.

But this opposite, (abruptly changing)
is a picture from the prison
ships of Brooklyn City, my own
old city, my city, my city.

And now a recruiter passes, with
fife and drum, seeking who
will join his troop;

But this is a portrait of

And there is an old European
martyrdom — see you the crack
dry — see the agonized contortion
of the limbs, and the writhing
of the lips! See the head thrown back!
As here is a picture of triumph—a general has returned, after a victory—the city turns out to meet him.

And here is a portrait of the English King, Charles the First, (are you a judge of physiognomy?)

But there is a curious group on curious gay—going up and down Manhattan through the streets along the shores, working his way through the crowds, observant and singing?

But this is a portrait of Shakespeare, composer of feudal European songs—and this a funeral procession in the country.

A beloved daughter, carried in her coffin, there follow the parents and neighbors,
43v
And here, see you—here walks the Boston truckman, by the side of his string—team—see fierce, the three horses, pacing, stately, sagacious, one ahead of another:

—And this—whose picture is this? Who is this with rapid feet, curious, gay—going up and down Manhattan through the streets, along the shores, working his way through the crowds, observant and anxious?

But this is a portrait of Shakespeare, lesser of Meddaul Lords—and this of Italian, melancholy Dante, (here are my hands, my brothers—one for each of you:)
A line here. The shore—therePROJECT PROOFREAD I'll tell you
of life. Strangers—strangers. The

through this. Provide. Passed. He

here. No words. No need. What is the

German, don't. Don't ask. What

perhaps missed the climax. The

indicate. He knew. He knew. He

point them in a fashioned of

fissures, fissures of the future.

read, read, read, read. No more

sound. we're in...
And there are wood-cutters cutting
down trees in the woods — see
you, the axe uplifted;
And that is a picture of a
fish-market — see there the
shad, flatfish, the large halibut,
— there a pile of lobsters and
there another of oysters;
Opposite, a drudge in the
kitchen, working, tired — and
there again the laborer, in
stained clothes, now smelling,
swaty — and again black persons
and criminals,
And there the frivolous person —
and there a crazy enthusiast —
and there a young man lying
rick of a fever, and soon to
die;
This, again, is a Spanish bull fight.

The animal with bent head, fiercely advancing;
And here, see you, a picture of a dream of despair.
Phantoms and countesses, men and women, after death, wandering;
And there are flowers and fruits; see you, the grapes, decked off with vine leaves.

But see this! - see where, the young queen cow walks graciously and stately at the head of a large drove, leading the rest;
And there are building materials - brick, lime, timber, paint, glass, and iron, (now you can build what you like).
And this black portrait—this head
huge, brown, sorrowful—&
think it is Lucifer's portrait
the denied God's portrait
(But I do not deny him—though
cast out and rebellious he is
my God as much as any)
And again the heads of three other
Gods—the God Beauty, the God
Beneficence and the God Univer-
sality (they are mine, also)
a very old Druid wak'd the
woods of Albion, over sea;
And there, singular, on ocean waves
downward, buoyant, swift, over
the waters, an occupied coffin floating;
And there an Arab caravan halting
See you, the palm trees, the Camels,
and the stretch of hot sand
[Handwritten text not legible due to quality and condition of the image]
And there, rude grave: mounds in California — and there a path worn in the grass;
now clumsy, hideous, wreck, pouting, griming, sly, besotted, sensual.
And there hang painted scenes from
And there are my woods of Kanava,
in winter, with ice and snow.
And here is the Oregon hunting: but
with a hunter emerging from
the door, carrying his rifle.
But there, see you, a reminiscence — a very old friend, walk the
woods of Albion, over sea.
And there, singular, on ocean waves,
downward, buoyant, swift, over
the waters, an occupied coffin floating;
places, immense stores, of grain,
meat and lumber.
And there, rude grave: mounds in California — and there a path worn in the grass.
How clumsy, hideous, black, poring,
Sly, resorted, sensual.
And there hung painted scenes from my Kansas life — and those from the Lake Superior region.
And here are mechanics working in their shops in towns — there is the carpenter showing his jack-plane — there the blacksmith stands by his anvil, leaning on his upright hammer.

This is Chicago, my great city, with railroad depots, with trains arriving and departing — and in their places, immense stores of grain, meat, and lumber.
And here are my slave-gangs south,
at work upon the roads, the women
indifferent with the men—so you,
how clumsy, hideous, black, pouting,
priming, sly, besotted, sensual,
shameless;
And this of a scene afar in the
North the arctic—there are the corpses
of lost explorers, (no chaplets
of roses will ever cap those icy
graves—but I put upon a
chaplet here—ye English heroes.)

But here copious—see you here,
the Wonders of old, the famed Seven,
The Olympian statue this, and this,
the Artenesian tomb,
Pyramid this, Pharos this, and this,
The shrine of Diana,
These Babylon’s gardens, and this Rhodes’
high, lifted marvel.
because all the world, and all the inventions of the world, are but food for the body and soul of one.
But for all that, I might see you, a wonder beyond them,
Namely, yourself - the form and thought of a man.
A man! what is the world and all its inventions? the world, are but the
are all the works of the world - the soul of man. all the
good of the body and the soul of man in comparison with one man -
namely, with you?

And here, while ages have grown upon ages,
Pictures of youth and greybeards,
Pagans and Jews and Christians,
Some retreating to caves - some in schools and piles of libraries,
To pore with ceaseless fever over
The myth of the Infinite.

But even recoiling, Pagan and Jew
And Christian,
As from a thick haze more dumb and thick than ever rose from
The hot sea.
[Handwritten text not legible]
And here now, (for all varieties, I say, hang in this little house.)
A cautious string of the Troquois, the aborigines — see you, where they march in single file without noise, through passages in the woods.

And here of a husking: hilar in the west — see you, the large rule, corn born — see you young and old, laughing and joking, husking corn.

And there in a city, a stormy political meeting — a torch light procession — candidates avowing themselves to the people;

the Mississippi Steamboat.
And again a young man of Mannahatta,
the celebrated rough,
he’s the one I love — here he is.

And here is the Lassar I noticed
once in Asca — here he remains
dill, pouring money into the sea,
as an offering to demons for favor.

And there, in the midst of a group,
a quell I revolts slave, cowing,
see you, the hand: cuffs, the lopple,
and the blood: stained cowhide.

And there hang, side by side, certain
comrades of mine — the Broadway
stage: drivers, the lumberman
of Maine, the deck: hand of
the Mississippi steamboat.
And there is Ralph Waldo Emerson, of New England, standing up at the lecturer's desk, lecturing.
And again a young man of Mannahatta, the celebrated rough
well — let others say whom he
heard the one I love — here am I sing
for a thousand years
and there a historic piece — see you
where Thomas Jefferson sits ready
Rousseau, the Swiss, and the com-
piling the Declaration of Inde-
pendence, the American compact.
And there is my Congress in session
in the Capitol — there are my
two Houses in session.

And here behold two war-ships salute
each other — behold the smoke spread
in round clouds from the guns and
sometimes hiding the ships.
And there, on the level banks of the James river, stand the mansions of the Virginia planters.

And here an old black man, stone blind, is sitting low at the corner, begging, humming nasally all day to himself.

And this, out at sea, is a signal bell — see you how it is built on a reef, and ever dolefully keep tolling, to warn mariners.

And this picture tells what once happened in one of Napoleon's battles (the tale was conveyed to me by an old French soldier).

In the height of the roar and carnage of the battle, all of a sudden, from some unaccountable cause, the whole fury of the opposing armies subsided — there was a perfect calm.
And there, on the whaling ground in the Pacific, is a sailor, perched at the topmost head, on the

It lasted almost a minute—no gun was fired—all was petrified.
It was more solemn and awful than the following roar and slaughter:

—And here, (for still I name them as they come,) here are my timber-towers, guiding logs down a stream in the North;

And here a glimpse of my treeloss:

Hanos, where they skirt the Colorado, and sweep for a thousand miles on either side of the Rocky Mountains, to enjoy the breeding of full-sized men, or one full-sized man or woman, unconquerable and simple;
As promised, we have a detailed plan—here are some details:

- **Goals**: Reorganize and streamline our workflow.
- **Tasks**:
  - Conduct a thorough audit of current processes.
  - Identify bottlenecks and inefficiencies.
  - Develop a new workflow diagram.
  - Implement new tools and technologies.
  - Train all team members on the new processes.

We will be monitoring progress weekly to ensure we stay on track.

Please sign off on this proposal.
And there, on the whaling ground, in the Pacific, is a sailor perched at the topmost mast head, on the look out.

(You can almost hear him cry out, There's white water, or there's no black skin.)

(But here, (look you well, see, the phallic choice of America, a full-sized man or woman - a natural, well-trained man or woman.

(The phallic choice of America leaves the fineness of cities, and all the returns of commerce or agriculture, and the magnitude of geography, and achievements of literature and art, and all the shows of exterior victory, to enjoy the breeding of full-sized men, or one full-sized man or woman, unconquerable and simple;
There are two important distinctions: in the first place, the top left of the page is used for theYP | 57v

Here is a sample sentence in the context:

I need to refine my approach to this problem.
For wherever I have been, has afforded me a great picture, and whatever I have heard has given me its pictures. And every hour of the day and night has given me pictures. And every rod of land or sea yet affords me unimitable pictures.

For all truth have I in the round house hanging — such pictures have I — and they are but little.
For wherever I have been, has afforded me deep pictures, and whatever I have heard has given me its pictures, and every hour of the day and night has given me its pictures, and every rod of land or sea, yet affords me inimitable pictures.