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<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>&quot;Going Somewhere,&quot; galley proof, inscribed</th>
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"GOING SOMEWHERE."

My science-friend, my noblest woman-friend,
(Now buried in an English grave—and this a memory-leaf for her dear sake,)
Ended our talk—"The sum, concluding all we know of old or modern learning, intuitions deep,
"Of all Geologies—Histories—of all Astronomy—of Evolution, Metaphysics all,
"Is, that we all are onward, onward, speeding slowly, surely bettering,
"Life, life an endless march, an endless army, (no halt, but it is duly over,)
"The world, the race, the soul, in space and time the universes,
"All wisely bound as is befitting them—all surely going somewhere."

WALT WHITMAN.
"GIVING BOMBSHELL"

"The screen is fronting my notion somehow familiar
(Nowgeführt in an elliptic grey—and this a smokery!)
and it goes whole.

I'm only looking at the screen of I take of all or
which is the pint—To some development of you know of only or
in your actions, interest. From your head.

"Of the Caverns—Hothouse—of the Attraction—of Revolution.
I'm there if in my current moment. Sometime's almost
perceived in the light above my cumm. Where this look. The
Time los. The room. I was to much, my mind the
Amenity."

"As I'm known in a Friendly dress—of course kind
somewhere.

W.T. WILSON