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<th>&quot;A Poet’s 68th Year,&quot; holograph manuscript, corrected</th>
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A Poet’s 68th year.

Walt Whitman, 68th year, completed. This article is intended to give a realistic, authentic account of his life as he was born May 31, 1819. He still lives in Mickle Street, Camden, in the little old wooden house, not far from the Delaware River, and Mrs. D. continues to cook and honestly serve for him, as for some years past. He is still jolly in spirit and keeps up his mentality, giving out an occasional poem and being frequently seen at a public body. He wrote, "How I made a Book eventful one. He wrote How I made a Book eventful one. He wrote How I made a Book eventful one. He wrote How I made a Book eventful one. He wrote How I made a Book eventful one. He wrote How I made a Book eventful one. He wrote How I made a Book eventful one. He wrote How I made a Book eventful one. He wrote How I made a Book eventful one. He wrote How I made a Book eventful one. He wrote How I made a Book eventful one. He wrote How I made a Book eventful one. He wrote How I made a Book eventful one. He wrote How I made a Book eventful one. He wrote How I made a Book eventful one."
Jan. 12 '87 — Cold — ground all covered with snow.
Good sleighing all about here. Went out a couple of
hours midday yesterday, with horse and wagon, went
to Brown Bros. Bankers, Chestnut St., Philadelphia, to cash
the New Year's present $316.60 (393.61) sent over to me
by kind request of the people in England; went to bank to deposit money and check. Am very feeble
especially in walking power; don't go out doors to walk
at all; pretty fair appetite; sit here in the little room,
well bundled up the weather; read and write letters
daily. How considerate gentle and generous my British
countrymen and friends are! 9 Jan. 19: Still cold. Yesterdays papers: Con

Feb. 22: Went over
to the Contemporary Club, Philadelphia; read the "Magpie
trumpeter" and (against my will) "A Word out of the Sea,"
Horace Trumbel Dr. Brinton and the cab driver. Mark
Elder, I was paid $20. 9 Feb: Sick to-day. Brain like a
cold. O'er illness and journey to southern
California: a gloomy affair. 9 Feb. 25: Am I not
having a happy hour, or as near an approximation
to it (the suspension of it) as is allowed? See p. 92. She
to it. Is it not mainly a really good condition

"Saturday afternoon: went over to
...
Philad. to see "Clito". Wilson Barrett and Mrs. Eastlake. Young Kersley and Daunsey came for me in a carriage at 1, and bore me back at 5. I enjoyed the ride, the play, the acting and everything. Mary Davis went with me. March 8. sent Ms. propose to English edn. Specimen Day; - two page print. "April 13th went on to New York City, R. P. Smith my conveyer and host - to Westminster Hotel, Irving Place. Evng. Stedman, Johnston, Gilder and John Burroughs. Next afternoon, April 14th, read my Death of Abraham Lincoln piece at Madison Square Theatre. Good audience. Next day, 15th, sat to G. C. Cox, Photographer and Tora Wheeler, portrait painter. Good time. Felt myself lucky; rather overwhelmed with freedom and pulling and talk. R. P. S. very kind, faithful and liberal. Mr. Duquette with me. A grand ovation to me Thursday evng. friends, two to three hundred of them called Westminster Hotel. Parlor filled with them. Returned to Camden. April 16th. very well satisfied. My lecture netted me over $400. Andrew Carnegie paid $350 for his seat."

"April 22: to 1387 Arch st. Phila. to R. P. Smith, 28th; to Mr. Thompson, Gloucester, N. J., to a noble dinner of baked fish and good Champagne galore. T. B. Harwood drove down and back with Nellie."

"Here is a bit from an Italian poem alto an old warrior: "Age does not chill his valour, no; his helmet sits on locks of snow.""
