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A Poet's 68th Year.

Walt Whitman, 68th year. In completing this article, I intended to give a realistic sketch of the poet as he was born May 31, 1819, in the little old wooden house at Fair Street, Camden, near the Delaware River, and Mrs. D., continues to cook and housekeeping for him, as for some years past. He is still jolly in spirit and keeps up his mentality and poetry in prose, or prose essays. He wrote, "How I Made a Book," and sold it to the New York newspaper, and "My Book and I," appeared in the Boston Magazine. Together they lead into and explain much of his intention, writings, and peculiarity of his writings.

9 We are permitted to extract from his journal or loose memorandam. Book for the past year:

June 16th—Went down to Clementon to see Walter Bostick (third time)—he is dying—consumption.

June 26—Paid for taxes of 1884—123, 43.

July 30—July 7th—Went down to Sea Isle City on the Jersey Coast 64 miles from Camden at invitation of J. Bentley—had a good time.

Aug. 3—Sent "Burns as Poet and Person" to North American Review. Accepted and paid for ($10).
Jan. 12, '87—Cold. Ground off, 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., Phila., to cash the New Year's present $1,610.393.61 sent over to me by Pall Mall Gazette people, England; went so kindly by Hall's Hall Gazette people, England, went so kindly. Am very feeble, especially in walking power; don't go out doors to walk at all. Pretty fair appetite; sit here in the little front room, well bundled up, the weather; read and write letter, read. How considerate gentle and generous my British kinsmen are! Jan. 19: Still cold. Yesterday's papers: Con. friends are.


To see Clito. Wilson Barrett and Miss Eastlake. Young Kersley and Danuex came for me in a carriage at 1, and brought me back at 5; enjoyed the ride, the play, the acting, and everything.

Mary Davis went with me. March 8: sent Ms. preface to English edn. Specimen Days-two pages print.


April 22: to 1307 Arch St. Phila. to R. P. Smith's.

28th: to Mr. Thompson's, Gloucester, N.J., to a noble dinner of baked fish and champagne galore. J. B. Harned. Drove down and back with Nettie."

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

[3r]