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<td>Date</td>
<td>[1882?]–88, n.d.</td>
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St. Col. George W. Whitman, of 51st New York Vet. Veteran Volunteers. One of those young men, who, out of single-minded patriotism and nationality, volunteered in the National Army in the ranks, on the break, out of the war in 1861. He had hard, active service, all through. He was in the battles of
When I went what I wrote was
that I was
not sure what I need to
agree with his advice.

Mr. E.

Time to be
in the ginnacine, rapé, and cyst from

Lister in the classic market place - O divine tongue! I am silent unter your clenched
O bare feet! O bulging pouches! I am samler

and argyle with you!
were paid for with $5, steamship or otherwise, would come cheap.

I am not stuck up for these reasons; there is plenty of air left while I breathe and after. Because I am in my place, what is that? The perfect male and female are worked in the air. The fly and the leaf of grass are in their place. The bean and sunflower stems are in their place.
As onward speeds the stage, 

Mark his nonchalant and air as he lets 
these p'os quite at home. — Our 
Million changing

ever-changing panorama of Broadway moves 
steadily before me; he, too, it all, as in a 
kind of half dream. — Mark the salutes of your 
out of each five of the drivers, that push 
hand; a salute which he always returns in the 
same manner — the raised arm, and the other upright 
hand.
As onward speeds the stage [verso]
A fine warmish afternoon — and Broadway, in the full flow of its Gulf Stream of fashion and glittering shops, crushes handsome women, fops, celebrities,buttonholers, human talk, horse and human roar of omnibuses — omnibuses! There they go, incessantly! — the Broadway line, Fourth Avenue, Yellow Bird, Twenty Third Street, Bleecker Street, and a score of others — you see them, probably, every day and mark nothing about them as a study — upperclassmen do not seem to think so at any rate. — Do you mind knowing, as the driver of that handsome Fifth Avenue pulls up, casting a kindly glance, and inquiry as much as to say, 'Come take a ride, Walt Whitman? For none other than Walt is it who descends from the stage, climbs swiftly, leaping from the step, down upon the boxes with elastic motion and strength, his left hand grasping the railing of the top of the stage, as freely as the top of a rock by a hawk, swoopeth to its nest, for the whole of that time we ride together for this week's Plaza Sketch, here in that pet and pride of the Broadway stage drivers.'
A fine warmish afternoon ... [verso]
Silence—In the Parsons affair in New York, after the Mayor's house had been resurrected, a vast mass of ten or fifteen thousand, after hearing Dr. Sower's sermon, took a peak into their heads to adjourn, in perfect silence, the Mayor's house as a rebuke. They did so, a prodigious army, draw up and stand around the door and neighborhood, without a word or any insulting gesture, for about half an hour, and then dispersed.

Silence. The original god, who, in his supreme capacity of goodness, was adored by the Egyptians, issued no silence—without words, without movement. The greatest love is that which makes no profession. The greatest anguish is the suffering that neither weeps nor complains. The greatest contempt utter not a word.

To the gamer of one or two, his usual violation, the subtle, secret Greeks, the Monomaniac of a colossal statue put in the town public square, did the greatest interest in making the largest of them prominent. It was a race with her own or the little one, with all things in expression and rage.

Silence—Silence is more still in silence.
Silence … [verso]
the Niam-Niams, the Battas, the Yonga-Tabs, The Quichuas, (the ancient Peruvians), on the shores of our own far north-west.

John P. Soule
Photographer & Publisher
338 Washington
Boston
Sincerely,

thought of democracy
political rights
have already gone
to excess.

now need to be
confronted. need
domestic of the bar
barons, the pagan
the despotic
wills to counteract
them.
It is in that spirit, I make the following transcript from my notes of the time. All the events of '63, '64, and '65...
[Untitled manuscript and fragments]
Walt Whitman
1309 Fifth Ave
near 86th St

1879.
[Untitled manuscript and fragments]
Mr Walt Whitman (Poet)
Camden
New Jersey
Sands at Seventy
Sands on the Shores
of Seventy
for Annex to the Preceding
A modern "poem" is as if a proper & fashionable suit of clothes, well made, good cloth, fine linen, a gold watch &c. were to walk about, demanding adoration. The objection would be clothes are all well enough; but the objection would be, there is no man in them - no reality there.
[A modern poem is as if ...]
Washington, with its green trees & its white & columnar public edifices, beautiful in moonlight. Washington with its gilded halls & the pale beamed face of the President, as he doth sleep, with naked sabres on his shoulders guarded by gallant cavalry.
Washington, with its green trees
There is not only the great red-spotted clover, field, so proud a sight to afterward, the farmer—so fragrant in the barns, on the stuffed moss—but also the little modest sturdy white clover, ready and best food for the honey-bees. Then the pretty, still smaller, yellow clover (snail's foot) comes last of all. May 1888.
There is not only the great red-spotted clover
It seems to me not too much to say that as the Idea of Nature is formulated in the physical term of the Universe, so in a sense Walt Whitman's Leaves of Grass are not in themselves or their author, as a Person, a Body apart from these connections, I have sought in the present pages corporal to portray the visible Walt Whitman, toward that end but have added a few excerpts in the present supplement.
It seems to me