Walt Whitman's new volume of poems

DRUM TAPS.

To be issued immediately in a small handsome volume, good paper & print, the following is the table of Contents:

Drum - Taps
Song of the Sirens at Day-Break 1861
The Centenarian's Story
Pioneers! O Pioneers!
The Dresser
Rise O Days from your bottomless Deeps!
Come up from the fields, Father.
Beat! beat! drums!
Vigil thrice and I keep on the herd one night:
A march in the sandy hard path & the road unknown
That not your doors to me, proud libraries,
A sight in camp in the day light Gray & grim.
Rip the breeze's helpful flame
Give me the splendid silent sun
Colly of Ships
Spirit with muttering voice
Year of meteors
Years of the unperformed
A battle, (right, sound, so)
Angry cloth I see there leaping
Flag of stars! thick-sprinkled line
So, the camps of the tents of green
As I lay with my head in your lap, comrades,
I dream, I dream, I dream

As welcome I wedded Virginia's work
At, in vision countless piercing
From Pennsylvania starting I fly
A bird Turn & Liberado
You fear that we conflict have overcome one
A soldier returns, he will soon be home
Quicksand years that while we
I knew not whether
Over sea neither from Nippon
Beginning my studies
When I heard the Carol astronomer
Abroad at a ship's helm
Nace of weapon? men
Out of the rolling ocean, the crowd
I heard you, solemn sweet pipes of the organ
Cavalry crossing a ford
Weave in weave in, my lady life.
I saw the general at bay
World take good notice
The bloomed blast
Person in our dead giving
Reconciliation
Not youth pertains to me

Also, will soon be issued a new edition of

LEAVES OF GRASS

entirely revised & much changed from the last edition of 1860-61
Mr. Reno's Statement.

'No bricks from any part of the ruins, and only about 50 were found for me on the top of the hill near Pucara.'