Dr. T. is back home all safe—we stopped a day at Niagara & had a fine sail on the St. Lawrence. We went up early in an easy comfort, the ice car & went on like a streak through New York & Pennsylvania—got into Philadelphia at night. We were an hour late—but the city looked bright & all alive. O it is fresh as a bark—I am well, my summer in Canada has done me great good—it is not only the fine country & climate there, but I found such good friends, good quarters, good grub & every thing that could make a man happy. The last five days I have been down on a junk to the north shore. I sat hours enjoying it, for it suits me. I was born & brought up near the sea, & I could listen forever to the seacoast music of the surf. I got your paper & handbill, good for you, boy—believe me I was pleased to know you were.

Whitman was always cheerful, always the optimist, always the affirmer of life, and the believer in it. He regarded mere animal existence as a huge asset, and conscious living as a continuous joy. He had as little of Mark Twain’s pessimism as of his humor; the only point where these representative Americans came in contact was their faith in the universal principle of democracy.
Whitman, Walt, 1819-1892.

In Aldis copy of his SPECIMEN DAYS AND COLLECT, Philadelphia,1882-3.

In the Aldis copy of his POEMS. London,1886.

1 page of Manuscript, 1881?
In the Aldis copy of IN RE WALT WHITMAN. Philadelphia,1893.

In the Aldis copy of his COMPLETE POEMS AND PROSE. Philadelphia. 1889.