

WITH
WALT WHITMAN
IN CAMDEN

(March 28—July 14, 1888)

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WITH WALT WHITMAN IN CAMDEN

home with me? Apple blossoms surely will be out by then, and some summer warmth to enable you to enjoy your hammock (did I tell you I have one?) on the piazza. I want you here and to set you to rights. Can you come then (not for a night or two but to stay *indefinitely*) or will you rather come later?

Do which may best suit you; but come; and let me know as near as you can when I may look for you.

Affectionately yours

W. J. LINTON.

I want a copy of your Mystic Trumpeter for England.

Thursday, April 5, 1888.

"I feel so good again today," W. assures me, "that I no longer envy the tramp. I think that dusty cuss did me lots of good: he left me temporarily in a quarrelsome mood: I hated the room here, and my lame leg, and my dizzy head: I got hungry for the sun again, for the hills: and though Mary brought me up a good supper she didn't bring the sort of food required to satisfy a fellow with my appetite. She didn't bring the sun and the stars and offer them to me on a plate: she brought muffins, a little jelly, a cup of tea: and I could have cried from disappointment. But later, next day, yesterday, the tramp's gift got into my veins—it was a slow process, but got there: and that has made me happy. I thought he had taken everything he had brought away with him again: but I was mistaken. He shook some of his dust off on me: that dust has taken effect."

Feeling better

*"The
Tramp's Gift
got into my
Veins"*

Friday, April 6, 1888.

"Not the negro," said W. today: "not the negro. The negro was not the chief thing: the chief thing was to stick together. The South was technically right and humanly wrong." He discussed the present political situation in a

Democracy