

curious, anyway. I could not imagine Whittier, for instance, as ever sharing or having anything to do with 'a darling project' that concerned his own fame." But as good reasons as would have made Whittier abstain did induce Whitman to avow his concern.

Whitman had cosmic breadth and port. His "Leaves" foliage the heavens. He was so complicated with all men and all phenomena that his very voice partook of the sway of elemental integrity and candor. Nature has not shame nor vainglory, nor had he, and there was never a breath of distrust in his utterances from first to last. Absolutely candid, he was absolutely unafraid. "Leaves of Grass" has a tone peculiarly its own and strange in all the annals of literary creation. Whitman speaks in it as would heaven, making unalterable announcements, oracular of the mysteries and powers that pervade and guide all life, all death, all purpose.

His consistent and uncompromising acceptance of the individual was necessary, since any color or show of personal abasement must have shaken faith in his own revelation. Therefore could he say to us on his death-bed: "Go on with the book—let it tell its story. Its victory will not be mine, yours—any particular man's victory: it will be a victory of fact, of evolution, of religion. . . . Why, then, should we be apologetic, supplicating?—why hesitate to speak bravely out, not fearing to be set aside by the shameless modesties that in our civilization often pass for virtues?"

This cluster of written matter—abstract, descriptive, anecdotal, biographical, statistical, poetic—in effect supplements the volume produced years ago by Dr. Bucke under Whitman's counsel and credit. The aim has been to avoid having the two volumes repeat each other. Each contributes a part, and the two together