

andah in the sunlight, and to regale his poet's eye and heart with the scenery of the north, and to have his very soul absorbed in the view of the great rock across the water, which Mrs. Denison had fondly named Old Walt, it was confidently believed he would as by a miracle be restored to health. And so it was that within a few days he was able to be thus established out of doors, and there he held converse with the congenial spirits, speaking his thoughts on a multitude of themes, and writing his lead-pencilled letters on big sheets of paper, steadily moving toward recovery, as it seemed. The picture will remain long in our memories of this strangely gifted man, with the fine and sensitive face, and the white moustache, the wonderful brooding eyes, and the crowning mass of snowy hair, sitting back in his easy chair and talking—albeit sometimes with an effort, quick of wit and ever ready to laugh at a good thing, and never uttering the smallest word of complaint. The Whitman program had to reduce itself to some few functions of lectures and songs on some special evenings, and Horace was happily able to go down stairs, with very little assistance, to be present. We grew more and more confident that at the end of a restful season at Bon Echo, he would return to his home in Camden quite restored, and able to resume and finish the great Whitman biography he had begun, extending the three volumes he had already published into the six or eight needed to finish the work, and meanwhile to carry on the editing of his beloved "Conservator." Such was my belief and expectation when my own days at Bon Echo ended, and I bade Traubel and a multitude of friends good-bye. But it was not to be. A fortnight or so later my eye, in roving over the morning paper, caught the startling headline—Horace Traubel dies at Bon Echo.

He could not have passed away in a spot more befitting a poet, and his death there will tend to associate the name of Walt Whitman more lastingly than ever with those of Bon Echo.

And now, amongst my cherished mementos, will be the letter he wrote and sent me on one of those beautiful summer days. It was in his own sweeping hand, written in lead pencil on both sides of a sheet of tan-colored paper twelve inches square—a symbol of his broadness of spirit. I copy it here not at all because I think I am entitled to the praise he gives, but for the sake of the revelation it makes of the kindness and generosity which were the very essence of his nature.

Bon Echo, Aug. 11th, '19

Dear Bengough,

I've only been here for a few days but I already realize that Bon Echo has done things for my body. But it has already done more wonderful things for my soul. Among its gifts of the spirit has been the opportunity it has afforded me of knowing you in the intimacy of personal contact. It has added a precious item to my experience—one which I shall always treasure as a matchless possession. I rejoice in your generous good-will. I've always been aware of the great service you've done the crowd in its