

THE SUNSET OF BON ECHO



FLORA MACDONALD · EDITOR

WHITMAN

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Bon Echo, Ontario, Canada

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No. 6

"The Institution of the dear love of comrades"

—WALT WHITMAN.

The Whitman Club of Bon Echo

Founded by FLORA MACDONALD

Neither master nor servant am I. —WALT WHITMAN.

Walt Whitman

By Flora MacDonald

Ingersoll said at the grave of Walt Whitman:—"Thousands and millions will walk down into the 'dark valley of the shadow' holding Walt Whitman by the hand." This was literally true as Horace Crossed the Bar holding Walt by the hand. The Mystic, the Prophet, Poet, Seer, Philosopher, Individualist, Democrat was in the hour of need the Supreme Friend.

Walt Whitman placed friendship on a higher pedestal and a firmer foundation than it had ever been. He held open the door of Immortality and gave us a glimpse of everlasting friendship. He extended his friendship to all and what he realized in Horace and Horace realized in him—"All will come up to and pass beyond." Walt Whitman has been the great positive spiritualizing force, absolutely refuting the conclusions of materialistic science by including all their findings and infusing them with the divine fire of an immortal soul.

He does not separate matter and spirit. He glorifies each by each. He does not make them equal, he makes them identical—He so fills all space with the Glory of God that there is no room left for anything else and we all become permeated with this Glory. He transforms, transmutes, translates, and transfigures, and protests against anything less than Immortality.

It is not that each day, more and more Walt Whitman is coming into "His Own" but that through him each day more and more we are all coming into "Our Own." Life is one everlasting miracle and Whitman is its great apostle.



A Welcome to Horace Traubel

By J. W. Bengough

Dear comrade Horace, Bon Echo welcomes you;
The old frame Inn, of honest, democratic pine-boards,
Knowing nothing of the floor-polish, shining mahogany counters,
modern improvements of the fashionable hotel.
But eloquent of the soul of things; of the good old days of home-
spun,
Emphasizing the facts, and yet with the unmatched poetry of
rustic construction of tree-trunk pillars and birch-bark
wainscoting—
The old pine-board Inn welcomes you, and throws the arms of
friendship and hospitality around you;
And this green, breezy peninsula in which she stands amid her
grove of maples and pines and oaks,
(More to the heart of her than any classic grove of Greece could
ever be)
Bids you welcome;
You, whose name is known and honored;

And chief of all, the great beetling massy front of the cliff that
rears itself majestic across the water, and all day and night
broods like a loving, gray giant, like the presence of old
Walt himself as a comrade and companion of all sojourners,
Men and women and little children,
Sporting themselves in the summer sunshine
With shoutings and laughter, or gay stories and gossip.
All the season through; the great cliff welcomes you.
Here, above everything else, we seek to recall, understand,
appreciate, reverence, promote Walt Whitman.
Bon Echo's one word is Democracy.
She would aspire to be the Bon Echo of the message of the good
gray poet of Camden,
And whom could she welcome so heartily
As the friend and disciple who has, by devotion and labor un-
measured,
Given Walt Whitman to mankind for all the coming generations,
Painting him in his habit as he lived.
Here, at the top of the wild, free, back-woods country
You arrive at the chosen, predestined shrine of the Poet.
Here you stand and gaze at the vast, granite, immovable front
of the bastion,
As though once more you had your eyes fixed upon Walt himself.
Can't you imagine it is he, sitting there dreaming and thinking,
As indifferent to the jibes and shallow carpings of his age as is
this rock to the futile patter of summer raindrops?
And can't you see the vindication of your own prescient youth-
ful judgment of Walt,
When, at the close of the day, the sunset of Bon Echo gilds and
bathes the head of the precipice with a glory of light?
There is the fulfillment of your prophecy, Horace Traubel,
That at last the world would come to know its Prophet,
And Democracy throughout the Nations would crown his name
and memory with praise.
As here you stand enraptured, gazing,
A shadow passes across the face of the stupendous pile.
Do not think it is merely a shadow cast by a cloud that has for
a moment obscured the sun,
That is but the outer fact.
To our hearts it seems a human expression as on the face of
Walt himself.
The shade of his grief and sympathy
To see you in less than perfect health and robust strength.
But we seem, too, to hear a whispered message that is not merely
the rustle of the leaves,
Be of good cheer, dear Horace;
Here in this open, ample north, the air will be a balm to you,
And hearts who love and honor you for your work,
Will, by their gentle ministrations, blessed by the Father of all
grace and beauty,
Make you whole again.

Horace Traubel

By Flora MacDonald.

Had I written this article about Horace when I returned from Camden after leaving him in a crypt in Harleigh Cemetery Vault I might have written in a very different strain and I might even have had the temerity to say what several have said that Horace went ahead and burned down the church in New York rather than be taken into it. But I have "cooled down" since then and time has given a less emotionally colored perspective of the last days on earth of Horace Traubel.

I first met Horace in April or May of 1916 at the home of Mr. & Mrs. Irvin Simpson, Toronto through the courtesy of Henry Saunders;—Whitman's most devoted bibliographer. That story I have told in the second number of "The Sunset."

The next time I met him was at the home of Mr. & Mrs. A. E. S. Smythe. It was long after midnight when the party broke up—A party vividly painted on my memory as though it happened yesterday. The charm of the young Irish hostess, the erudition of the host, the adoring attitude of many towards the guest of honor—and he with a quiet chuckle telling stories in answer to questions about many of the Great Literati of the world with whom he had come in contact.

I was especially amused at Horace's swearing. It was the swearing of an innocent little truant school boy—a funny attempt to keep himself down to the "crowd," that was almost a fetish to him.

That's a damned nice cake, or that's a damned pretty picture. No sense or meaning to his swearing. Why Horace I've heard Mark Twain swear and you cannot after that bluff folks with you amateurish damns. Horace walked home with me a distance of half-a-mile but we were three hours getting there for Horace stopped under every real good electric light and read me a clipping or a poem, stopping anon to complement either with an apropos story.

Policemen wandered past us and one even halted but I guess Horace's white hair saved the situation for he only remarked "it's a nice night" instead of "move on."

The next day Horace came to see me, "Now Flora I want you to tell me just how it happened—How you got Walt, how you lined him up with Bon Echo and how you are you anyway." I told the "Walt" story which I have told Mr. Smythe and which I will write some day for "The Sunset."

It was indeed with some diffidence that I claimed such close companionship with Whitman to his acknowledged closest friend, and I would not have been surprised to have seen a skeptical smile or a slight resentment but when I finished Horace said "Flora I love you, you're all right"—(O—No I did not misunderstand. I know all about these universal lovers, having worked

for many years with Dr. James L. Hughes and Dr. A. D. Watson). He then wanted me to meet his wife and many of his friends—It was a memorable three hours. “Flora go right ahead, you will be up against snags. Your best friends will desert you or be indifferent to your work, but go right ahead and I’ll help you. Why the whole thing is magnificent. Canada’s Gibraltar a monument to Walt. Don’t let anything switch you.” I gave Horace a rose-point handkerchief made by a Blood Nun in Belgium for his wife and the letter I received from Anne Montgomerie, thanking me is among the best I have ever received. I have several precious letters from Horace and souvenirs of Walt and I met him again in 1917 at the Whitman dinner in New York. He had sadly changed even then. In August 1918 I went to see him at the home of Frank and Mildred Bain in Hamilton. I felt then that the end was in sight and as though he divined my thought he said “Flora I’ll be at Bon Echo and do anything you want me to next year except make a speech.” In August of 1919 Horace was at Bon Echo and did everything I wanted him to do, including the making of a remarkable speech and here this story begins.

The delightful friendship that existed between Frank and Mildred Bain and Horace Traubel is one of those happenings in life worth while to have contacted — not at all the devotion of a young couple for an older man, not at all. It was comradeship of the chumiest kind. It was jokes and stories and the great joy of just being together. They were all “at home” with each other and Horace’s life work was their life work.

Mildred Bain and her two children Betty and Paul had come to Bon Echo early in the season.

Mildred had accepted the secretarial job of the Whitman Club of Bon Echo and many well-known and distinguished people were expected to attend the Whitman Centennial Convention, among whom the most important was Horace Traubel, Whitman’s biographer, Whitman’s eyes, ears, hands and feet for so many years. Whitman’s friend and chum—the man of all men to make any Centennial Celebration of Whitman a success. Frank Bain was in Cuba. Horace Traubel and Anne were at Karsner’s in New York. Hot sweltering July it was and almost every day letters came to Mildred from Horace who often enclosed notes to me. Sometimes only a few words such as “All in—too weak to write” or “Anne collapsed to-day, the heat here is terrible.”

It did look as though Horace would never be at Bon Echo. About four o’clock on August 4th an auto drove into Bon Echo. Welcome Home was over the door with a Union Jack on one side and Old Glory on the other.

In the auto were Frank Bain, Dave Cummings, Anne Montgomerie and Horace Traubel.

Just the skeleton of Horace—but such a head, I shall never forget the exquisitely modeled death-like face, the shaggy bundles of snow-white hair and the wondrous blue eyes, now seemingly

double their size by contrast with the thinness of his face. The younger men tenderly—O, so tenderly assisted him out of the auto. Just before he had said to me "Flora I told you I'd be here." It was the week of the Whitman Centennial Convention and impossible as it may seem Horace Traubel came down to most all of the meetings. He keenly enjoyed the dancing and music and I have never seen anyone laugh more heartily than he did at the cartoons and witticisms of J. W. Bengough and how he did chuckle over the dry humour of Mr. Billsmith.

So extraordinary was the improvement in his condition that before ten days had passed he was down to the big dining room three times a day. All day he was out on the north veranda, some days lying on a couch, some days he sat up and wrote letters for hours at a time. He read Helen Keller's book *Out of the Dark* and marked many passages. On the flyleaf is "To Horace Traubel, my beloved comrade, who has made the light to shine in dark places.—Helen Keller."

Horace was as eager for mail time as any young girl who was looking for love letters and every day love letters came to Horace Traubel—from all corners of the earth they came—great fat, bulging letters, letters from artists with little whimsical pictures on the envelopes, Letters from J. W. Wallace which he kissed and cried over and some of them he gave to me, especially if Bon Echo was mentioned flatteringly. Christmas looking packages and baskets of fruit and wonderful Montreal melons came from Nathan Mendelssohn. How pleased he was with Bon Echo and everyone who visited him. He repeated to so many of us "The biggest lie could not tell half the truth about Bon Echo." Write that down Flora and tell them all that's what I said, and again "Flora its all so wonderful and the folks here are the salt of the earth. I wouldn't have missed Bengough and Billsmith and the Colonel and Merrill and the rest, and Arthur Hewitt's music—it has soul." Many had come and gone, we noticed that Horace took Dave Cumming's going very hard and frequently burst out crying at the mention of his name.

I got much afraid that Horace would get too weak to move and that cold days might come when it would be impossible to keep his summer room comfortable. I had almost given up the notion of having Horace go over to the Big Rock, but he always said I'll be strong enough to-morrow. How he did anticipate dedicating the Whitman Monument. I had to repeat so often to him the lines that were to go on it. "My foothold is tenoned and mortised in granite. I laugh at what you call dissolution, and I know the amplitude of time." "Flora that was an inspiration. Walt must have a prophetic vision when he wrote those lines. Of all of Whitman you have picked just the right words." "Horace it does make me have faith in all the rest, since you will dedicate the rock to Old Walt."

"Yes but I dedicate it on one condition that it shall be dedicated to the Democratic Ideals of Walt Whitman by Horace Traubel

and Flora MacDonald." On August 25th, 1919, wind, weather, Horace's strength and the men to do the job all worked together. Frank Bain tried many chairs and at last got just the right one. We put Grandfather's shawl around his shoulders and Merrill's steamer rug over his knees, when he skook himself free of the wrappings and said "I'm damned if I'm going to be bundled up as though I were sick." Geo. W. Morris and Col. Cosgrave carried the chair with Horace in it to the platform above the steps leading to the dock.

There they rested and to the surprise of all, Horace insisted on walking down the steps, so the chair was carried down empty. Then the chair was placed in the boat and Horace gently helped into it.

I sat in the stern directly behind Horace, Frank Bain in the bow. Anne Montgomerie and Bessie Morris and little Paul Bain in front of Horace, and stalwart George Morris at the oars. Reginald Penton and Mildred Bain with Margaret Morris and Betty Bain came in a rowboat, while Colonel and Mrs. Cosgrave came in a canoe as did Mrs. and Flora MacDonald Lapham. Col. Cosgrave took many snapshots of Horace all along the mile and a half of the Big Rock (The Rock is two miles long.) We were rowed slowly through the Narrows into the North Lake, till we came to the smooth face of the Rock, below the great Egyptian head silhouetted against the sky. Horace was amazed at its majesty and greatness.

The boat was held beside the Rock while Horace and I placed our hands together on the place where the inscription is to be, while both performed the simple ceremony of saying "Old Walt."

Horace no sooner uttered the words than both he and Anne broke down and sobbed while the rest of us were very still. It was an impressive and historic moment never to be forgotten by the small group.

Horace afterwards told me that something in his spiritual consciousness opened and he was flooded with a great light as of new bright worlds appearing to his vision.

We went the whole length of the Rock, Frank Bain pointing out the Indian Paintings. We stopped at the spring and Col. Cosgrave made a birch bark cup out of which Horace drank.

On our return Horace was taken to the proposed site of a Whitman Library and turned the sod where the corner stone, carved by Geo. Morris is to be. He gave to each a handful of earth. He wrote Walt's name where the sod had been turned and put there what small coins he had in his pocket.

Returning to the Inn he ate his lunch in the main dining room without appearing fatigued. He was much elated all the rest of the day. Coming down for his dinner and again to a meeting in the evening. An organization meeting to discuss just how best the Rock property might be made into a Whitman Foundation Memorial with a perpetual committee.

I had said I thought if the Government would consent to keep it as a perpetual Monument, it might be best to ask the Federal Government to take it. "You cannot trust governments," said Horace and enlivened by the discussion he started and made a most remarkable speech, imploring me "to go on as I was, till the right idea would form itself but "No Governments and no Railways." For a couple of days Horace was not so well and Anne had collapsed completely.

Frank Bain had stayed with Horace for two nights and each day Horace insisted on sitting out where he could see "Old Walt." "God did himself proud when he made Bon Echo, Flora" "The Rock is more wonderful than I had dreamed and it is now to me a living thing."

Frank Bain talked of going on the 29th. All day on August 28th Horace was very low spirited, Anne's illness and the going of the Bains was too much for him. Mildred was with him a good deal and we decided not to leave him a minute. He had been brought in from the veranda but absolutely refused to go to his room, so we put him in the tower window, where he could look out at the great greyish red Gibraltar in the fading light.

I had gone downstairs and Frank must have left him for a few minutes. I heard the rap of his cane and hurrying up to him I found him absolutely radiant "Look, Look, Flora; quick, quick, he is going." "What, where Horace, I do not see anyone." "Why just over the Rock Walt appeared, head and shoulders and hat on, in a golden glory—brilliant and splendid. He reassured me—beckoned to me, and spoke to me. I heard his voice but did not understand all he said, only "Come on." Frank Bain soon came and he repeated the story to him. All the rest of the evening Horace was uplifted and happy. So often Horace would say "Do not despise me for my weakness," but now he was quite confident even jocular as I handed him a drink. "The Lord may be able to make better water but I don't believe he ever did."

The Bains left and the sinking was then rapid. He did not want Anne to leave him for an instant, and seemed timid and afraid.

Anne moved about, a veritable Angel of Mercy, always cheerful and smiling "No regrets Horace" "All's well Sweetness" "Darling Oldness," and many other endearing expressions, as she re-arranged his pillows or smoothed his hair.

On Wednesday, September 3rd, Horace wanted Walt's watch, his purse and his letters. He wanted the watch pinned on his nightshirt. Anne laughed and protested and finally he was satisfied as she put it in a small pocket in his nightshirt. In the morning he gave them all back. These were his toys. The letters that day were from A. E. S. Smythe, J. W. Wallace, Chas. and Geo. Needham, and the Bains. There was \$15, his purse and Walt's watch. One day he was showing it to me and

I asked him to whom he was going to leave it. "I was going to leave it to Paul Bain, but now I've a grandson of my own."

On the night of September 3rd, Horace was very low. I stayed for a few hours with him, once his eyes rolled, I thought he was dying, but he just wanted me to turn him. As I did he listened and seemed to hear something. Then he said, "I hear Walt's voice, he is talking to me." I said, "What does he say." He said, "Walt says come on, come on." After a time he said "Flora I see them all about me, Bob and Bucke and Walt and the rest." Then he laughed and told me the story about Ingersoll writing to Walt "May the Lord love you but not too soon."

To Anne he said jokingly even though too weak to hold the glass, "Home, sweet Home."

I telegraphed for Nathan Mendelssohn, hoping against hope that Horace could be moved. He arrived September 4th. On September 5th I stayed with Horace while Anne had dinner and went for a walk with Nathan. He had great difficulty breathing. He said, "Flora I wish to God I was dead." I said, "Yes Horace you want to give up your body but that won't make you dead." He laughed. "No I won't be dead even when I'm dead." Then a hard breath and he said, "Flora what does it all mean?" "I do not know." He said, "But Flora what is to become of me." I said, "Why Horace you are all right here with your friends and Anne." "Yes, yes, but why is it so hard to die." I spoke of Walt's waiting for him and he said "yes, yes."

September 6th, Nathan left Horace sinking, Anne constantly by his side. "You're triumphant Horace, you've affected the ages, no regrets, Horace no regrets." Anne asked for Col. Cosgrave to come in and he took the seat by his side.

At 11.30 Anne came into my room just next to their's and asked me to go out on the north verandah. The moon was partly clouded and Old Walt was in the shadow, but the sky was bright back of it. The water was black and still, reflecting the darker rock. Near the end a point of water rippled and Anne said, "Do you not see a white boat?" I saw something white and I looked intently to make sure, two distinct lights appeared in either end of the phantom boat. Anne said, "Yes he's aboard, even his lips no longer respond to the moistened cloth I hold to them." We came south along the east verandah and looking up into the sky a huge eagle was circling round and round. I referred to Ingersoll calling Whitman an eagle soaring above the theological chic-a-dees and sparrows. Anne did not seem sure of its being an eagle, but it screamed its eagle scream and flew away into the bright moonlight. Col. Cosgrave had been with Horace in the afternoon and had seen Walt on the opposite side of the bed and felt his presence. Then Walt passed through the bed and touched the Colonel's hand, which was in his pocket. The contact was like an electric shock. Horace was also aware of Walt's visible presence and said so. There was no gloom about the house. No

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Geo. W. Morris, Horace Traubel and Col. Cosgrave, Betty Bain and Mrs. Traubel going to the boat to dedicate Old Walt.

one seemed depressed. A feeling of triumph, of pride and of exultation permeated the atmosphere.

Dr. Tyndle of Flinton arrived about 8 o'clock. He thought the end was near.

The last words Horace said was when a few were about his bedside. A hush had silenced all as he appeared to be sinking rapidly. To the surprise of all he said, "Laugh for God's sake, laugh," and the Colonel holding his hand did as Horace asked.

September 7th at 1.30 a.m. I called Col. Cosgrave, who sat with Horace till five o'clock, when Merrill took the seat beside the bed.

No apparent change at 7.30 p.m. Dr. Mathers of Tweed made an examination late in the evening. Temperature about 105, paralysis complete, haemorrhage of the brain. Dr. Mathers stayed all night. Merrill watched till 2 a.m. when Col. Cosgrave again sat beside him. Anne had fallen asleep on her bed in the same room. The Colonel saw the last breath was being drawn when before he could call Anne she was at his side.

Exactly at 5 o'clock light saving time or 4 o'clock sun time September 8th, 1919, Horace Traubel joined Walt Whitman. The Colonel came to my door but I too knew. I went in and Anne smilingly said, "Good-bye Horace, come back soon."

Some critics put Traubel ahead of Whitman, many put him miles behind, but they will ever be companions and symbolize for all time the highest type of friendship, whose intents, visions and vistas were hopes and affirmations of "The Institution of the dear love of Comrades."

Walt at Bon Echo

By Horace Traubel.

Well, Walt, here I am again, wanting to say something to you:
In a strange place, at the considerable north, talking again:

A few weeks ago I was in New York, and addressed you there in
the old homelike way:

There was a big meeting there assembled in your name and spirit,
in lip and heart:

And when they heard what I had to say they hurrahed and yelled
in such a way that I seemed to be talking for them as well
as for you and for me:

And so the affair seemed all right, and to emphasize the infinite
measure of your message:

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And so, somehow, I felt that you in the unseen was satisfied with me in the visible:
And that we had together realized the fullness and the opulence of your fraternal perspectives.
Now, Walt, here I am on another spot, talking to you again:
Here are a bunch of us, gathered from the four corners of the earth to celebrate the facts for which you stand:
Mostly people who never met before, who'll mostly never meet again, but who'll mostly cherish beyond all others the memory of these friendly hours:
Conversing in your language, which they've made their own: of the things we've spoken of in the old days:
No sham: no humbug: just plain brotherhood without fuss or feathers:
It's really wonderful, Walt, how all the impossible things have come to pass:
Yes, how the insanities and idiocies for which they thought at one time they should hate you have come to pass.
How they who once thought they had to make fun of you have denied or denounced their past:
I saw it all as a boy with you, Walt: I grew up in the midst of it to manhood, Walt:
We were never sure it would turn out so, Walt, but we always hoped: and here I, your youngster friend, have lived to see the sun come up:
Walt, I stand here at Bon Echo, in the top country, today, as proud as Lucifer:
Seeing, as I do, what has come of that which you passed through and labored for and how my own will has played its minor part in the issue.
I say, Walt, dear Walt:
Ain't it funny, considering the light way they used to dismiss you, how they have to eat their words?
They were always so sure you'd come to nothing—that their universities and editorial chairs comprised all heaven and earth:
How they passed you by without a word or with contemptuous words or foul epithets:
We've come upon a milder period, Walt: this year they're saying kind things of you in choruses:
And those of us who where with you when you were outlawed are almost fashionable, so great is the demand for us:
I was going to say I don't know what to make of it at all, but that wouldn't be quite true:
For I do know what to make of it: it's a story we're all familiar with: it's as old as anything new:
So here, today, with these friends, I stand with my hat off, acknowledging the ancient lesson:
Dear Walt, it takes me closer to you than ever: I understand better than ever the meaning of my birth in the world spirit.

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One thing more, Walt: the folks here rather lament that they never saw you: that you are sort of hearsay only to them: And they envy Anne and me that we knew you: the only ones of them all:
And yet there are some of them who just as surely have lived and grown in your memory:
What need had they to have touched your hands, kissed your lips, looked into your eyes, for reassurance?
They had other ways of getting to it all: and did get to it: and stayed in loyal service:
I tell them so: they've realized the full splendor of a daybreak they were not lucky enough to greet:
They've gone to life and love with the same affirmations: they've missed none of the fire:
Out of their tireless struggles have issued the same succession of dreams:
The interfraternity of the earth has won new and larger meanings from their encircling affections:
All as surely as any: the tender hospitalities of their unbreakable love admitting no exceptions.
Oh, my blessed greater brother!

Walt, I could go on all day in this style: I'm so convinced by these people here and by you: but I won't:
I just feel like as if I was having another chat with you as you sit in the big chair and with me on the bed opposite:
Oh! those blessed old times, Walt! they're sacred to me than the scriptures of races:
They're the scriptures of our two personal souls made one in a single supreme vision:
That's all for this moment, Walt: but it's the whole world of appearance and illumination, for all that.



To Anne Montgomerie Traubel. We who were assembled at Bon Echo in Sept. 1919, whither Horace Traubel, a noble worker in the Brotherhood of Man had come to perform what became the last act of devotion for his friend Walt Whitman, wish to express to his Comrade through life our sincere admiration for her noble spirit, her strength and devotion, and to express to her our deepest sympathy.—Signed Arthur H. Clark, Cleveland.

Leon Bazalgetto, in an appreciation of Horace Traubel, sent to Mildred Bain, calls him "The Guardian of the Sacred Fire."

As they bury the body of you whom I love,
As the usual things are being said by those
who mourn
I find that no death words will come to my lips
I find that only life words will come and should
come
And so I laugh and am exalted at the
Joyful thought of what has happened.—
Horace Traubel.

Days at Bon Echo

By J. W. Bengough.

The swarthy chap who led the way to the Ford, carrying my suit-case, when I left the train at Kaladar, was not a good advertisement of the social promise of Bon Echo. He was true to his Indian blood—mighty economical of words and hopelessly bankrupt in laughter. There were no other passengers, as it happened, so I had to talk to John or remain dumb. For the most part it was the latter, while we travelled northward over a road that was crooked both horizontally and perpendicularly; that is, it proceeded over hill and dale in a course that few serpents could imitate. John had told me in one of his brief phrases that it was a bad road, but on the whole I did not find it so. There are many worse in Ontario. A couple of hours of moderate motoring brought us to the landing place at the edge of a pretty lake, beside an Indian farmer's back door. This farmer was, I

believe, John's father, and if he had not been of the aboriginal blood he might well have boasted to me that I had had the honor of being driven by a war-hero, a lad who had distinguished himself as a sharp-shooter in France and Flanders. But I only learned this afterwards from people who were not Indians.

From the hands of the taciturn John I was passed to those of another young man who was not silent but cynical. He was a finely formed chap wearing khaki breeches and an air of the educated back-woodsman, but his outlook on life was not cheerful. He took me aboard his little gasoline launch, for the remaining three miles of the journey to the Inn, and as we churned along through the roughish water he talked rather pessimistically about things in general, while he kept his hand on the little steering wheel. However he landed me safely at the Bon Echo wharf. And now I was to see the place I had heard of so often, and which I had only mentally pictured, because nobody had ever given me the slightest description. I had imagined a summer hotel of quite up-to-date pattern; a roomy sort of cottage with broad verandahs around it, something of the bungalow order, with slippery floors of hardwood, the sort I heartily detest, oak finished throughout, with electric lighting, running water, and all the modern fixings. I had seen myself going up to the polished counter and putting my name in a new-looking register as an addition to a small company of guests—for I supposed not many people knew even as much as I about this remote resort.

Well, I was charmed at the very first glimpse to see the whole pictured anticipation vanish away. As I walked up the little hill from the landing place, passing between the two restful old arbors that overlooked the water, I found myself following a beaten path through a delightful grove of beech and maple trees. Every tree standing straight and lofty as though conscious of its own beauty. Enough of these beauties had been sacrificed, however, to make space for a tennis court and a croquet ground; and a quaiting crease had been provided also—a playground that had a charming look of amateurdom. But here was the Inn itself, for the path was only short, and my pleasure was great to see a big, roomy, straggling, old frame building, instead of the artificial hotel of my dream. The spacious verandahs were there, on three stories, but they had a home-like look of weather-beaten wear and tear that no polish could match. And there was no disillusion on the inside. A large room with a wide, hospitable fire-place and a homey atmosphere; that of the days of the old settlers, created by the pillars and joists of rough birch logs and the wall-papering of birch-bark, with wainscoting of rough slabs of the same; and a friendly floor of plain oak, instead of the waxed dancing surface I had apprehended. So it was throughout the whole house—the rustic, camping-out idea, with freedom and comfort as the prime considerations.

I put my name in the register, but not as one of a small, select party. Yes, it was select, for the quality was of the very

best, but by no means small. I was in luck to secure a room in the spacious place, and I found that the guests overflowed and filled the dozen or so of cute little log cottages that were one of the charms of the place. The busy lady at the head of the management, indeed, declared that her greatest problem had been to find accommodation for the throng of applicants, and she had sensibly decided to stop when the limit of possibility had been reached.

Evidently quite a few people had learned about Bon Echo, and those who had been there before had returned very naturally, and brought their friends with them. That they had all braved the twenty miles or so of crooked road at the end of a more or less lengthy railway journey is all the commentary needed on the exceptional beauty of the spot, and the excellence of the company that gathers there to enjoy a summer holiday.

This was Walt Whitman year, and a special program had been planned to mark the centenary of the birth of the Poet of Democracy—the main item being the dedication of the Big Rock as a memorial of him. The Big Rock in question is the feature of the whole district, a bastion of solid stone reaching up for three or four hundred feet and extending along the eastern shore of the lake for about two miles, and apparently within stone-throw of the Inn. No memorial could be more majestic. The great precipice is a perpetual feast for the eye, as it seems to brood in its grandeur over the blue lake at its feet and the vista of wood clad hills in the dim distance, especially when the whole scene is glorified by the sunset of Bon Echo.

Into the circle of summer sojourners—elderly men who peacefully pitched quoits or went afishing, their women folk, who chatted and did needle-work on the piazzas, lads and lasses who expounded the science of tennis, or went in merry parties to the bathing beach, and troops of roystering girls and boys and little tots who made day joyous with their shouts of glee—into this circle came the delegates to the meeting of the Whitman Club, but they wore no badges or other insignia and were just merged in the general crowd. The distinguished arrival was Horace Traubel, of Camden, the friend and biographer of Whitman, and in the opinion of many, the wearer of the Good Gray Poet's mantle. He arrived, but alas, as an invalid. To the group who stood to welcome him at the front door it was a pathetic thing to see his frail form, with its great plume of white hair surmounting a face that was almost equally white, supported in its helplessness from the auto, and slowly conducted to the room prepared for him. He had made the long journey from New York in the trying August weather and in spite of the burden of a severe illness. It was a feat of will-power, and it had been performed, including the rough road trip from Kaladar. He was still alive, and that was wonderful. Now he could rest up, and the air of these high latitudes would begin its ministry. When presently, under the care of his ever-faithful wife, he would get out to sit on the ver-

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

THE SUNSET OF BON ECHO

struggles to escape the tangle of a vast world-wrong. Your veteran name has for many years been registered in my list of the saved and the canonized. All are called to serve and few serve. You have justified the divine Summons.

With love always,

HORACE TRAUBEL

The beauty of this place is past all words and every extravagance. No press agent could magnify it. No lie could tell the truth about it.—Horace Traubel in a letter to David Karsner.

Some day someone may have the genius to weave what happened here at Bon Echo into a poem worthy of Horace Traubel and worthy of the mission on which he came.

You are one of the "fellows" who ought to live forever to help sweeten a bitter world.—Helen Keller in a letter to Horace Traubel.

HORACE TRAUBEL

Written for his birthday December 19th, 1919, by
Anne Montgomerie Traubel

He is not something in the light.

He is the light.

Light that is life.

Light that is love.

Love that he has made as common as bread.

And touched to immortality.

One thing I am coming to learn in this world, and that is to let people haggle along with their lives as I haggle along with mine.—David Grayson.

It is easy to say: "Find yourself, know yourself, express yourself." It is extremely difficult to do any of these things.—John Cowper Powys.

The only wisdom of life consists in leaving all doors of the universe open. CURSED BE THEY WHO CLOSE ANY DOORS.—John Cowper Powys.

Extract from letter—J. W. Wallace to Mrs. Denison.

If there is anything in my letter to please and interest Horace's friends I shall be pleased to have it do so. His last weeks and days at Bon Echo are a sacred memory to me and I am not likely to forget your devotion and loving kindness to him. You have my gratitude, love and best wishes always.

Wallace's letter to Traubel is here printed:—

13 August, 19—
Anderton, near Chorley,
Lancashire, England.

My Dear Horace,

Your letter of July 30th and August 1st came to hand this morning and were warmly welcomed by us both.

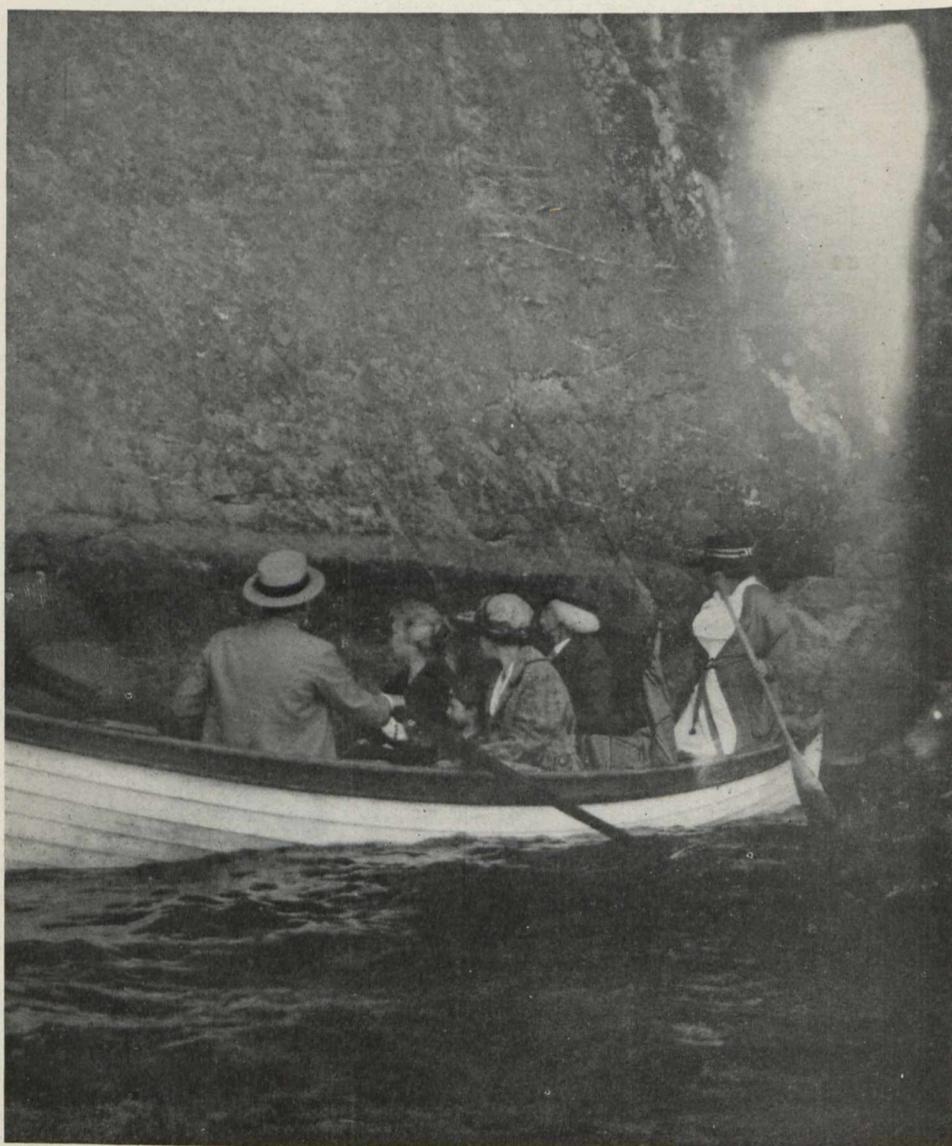
So now you and Anne are at Bon Echo. I am sure the change from New York will be beneficial to you and that you will enjoy the loveliness of the district and the human fellowship and kindness there, and you will be happy to be with Frank and Mildred again.

I like the poem you enclosed very much—(Walt at Bon Echo) It has the natural simplicity of a genuine talk with Walt and below its spontaneous simple movement—the transparent depths which reveal the soul. As a little illustration of the way in which Walt's influence is working in all lands I will quote a passage from another letter I received this morning—The writer is a Scotch lady, Miss Watt, whom I met in Gloucestershire and became friendly with. She had not read 'Leaves of Grass' only knew it by name, but after our return home, I sent her a copy of "Vistas" as a token of our appreciation of her kindness to us—she says:—"My young, Indian friend arrived in Pitchcombe a fortnight ago and imagine my delight and amusement when he came down to the cottage the day after with a copy of "Leaves of Grass" in his hand—a "treasured book"—from which he wished to read me extracts. In return I lent him your book which thrilled him with delight and he looks forward to meeting you some day. He has promised to present me with a copy of 'Leaves of Grass' in readiness for my leisure time."

So they come from the east and from the west to find themselves in Walt's kingdom and to realize something of the rich treasures hidden within the common human nature which we all share.

And I hope that I may yet have sufficient strength of body and mind to help others to understand and realize your share in the great work now going on below the simple human affairs, to

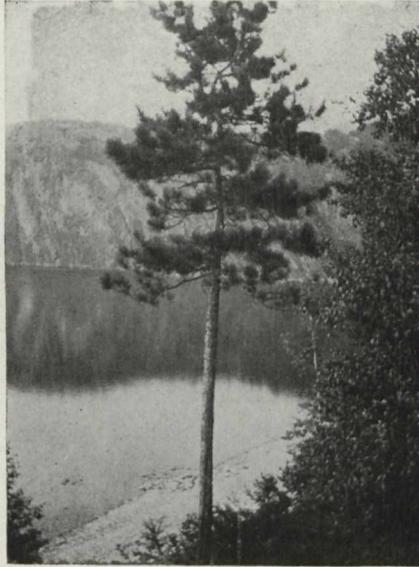
THE SUNSET OF BON ECHO



Horace Traubel and Flora MacDonald dedicating Canada's Gibraltar to the Democratic Ideals of Walt Whitman and naming it Old Walt. Mr. and Mrs. Morris and Mrs Traubel also in the boat.



Horace Traubel turning the Sod where the Corner Stone will be for The Whitman Library. Mrs. Bain, Mr. Penton, Mrs. Morris and Anne Montgomerie Traubel.



"Standing almost in the centre of the view, which was a fascination to all, is a slender pine tree, the lovely proportions of which arrest the attention, even while admiring the great granite pile a quarter of a mile behind it."—See article on page 24.

the end of building up a new society whose democracy shall be real and come to its own.

†..... I am very glad that the orders for Karsner's book are coming in satisfactorily and look forward eagerly to seeing it later*..... Johnston intended to come this afternoon but has sent me a telegram that he may be prevented.

Minnie joins in love to you and Anne and in heartfelt and constant good wishes.

Lovingly ever,
WALLACE.

O MY DEAD COMRADE

For Walt. Whitman by Horace Traubel.

O my dead comrade—my great dead!
I sat by your bedside—It was the close of day.
I heard the drip of the rain on the roof of the house:
The light shadowed—departing, departing—
You also—departing, departing.
You and the light, companions in life, now two companions in death,
Retiring to the shadow, carrying elsewhere the benediction of your sunbeams,
I sat by your bedside, I held your hand:
Once you opened your eyes; O look of recognition, O look of bestowal!
From you to me then passed the Commission of the future;
From you to me that minute, from your veins to mine,
Out of the flood of passage, as you slipped away with the tide,
From your hand that touched mine, from your soul that touched mine, O so near.
Filling the heavens with stars—
Entered, shone upon me and out of me, the power of spring, the seed of the rose and the wheat,
As of father to son, as of brother to brother,
As of God to God!
O, my great dead!
You had not gone, you had stayed—in my heart—in my veins,
Reaching through me, though others through me, through all at last, our brothers,
A hand to the future.

It is better to be a well hog than a sick philosopher.—Horace Traubel.

*"Visits to Walt Whitman" by Dr. J. Johnston and J. D. Wallace, should be owned by all Whitman-Traubel lovers.

With Horace Traubel at Bon Echo

BY HENRY S. SAUNDERS.

One cannot dip even causally into Whitman literature without meeting the name Horace Traubel. In 1910 when I began to study systematically what had been written about Whitman I soon found that Traubel wrote most intimately and authoritatively about him. There were not even at that date many left who knew Whitman personally; O'Conner passed long ago, in 1889, and Dr. Bucke in 1902. Traubel, Harned, Burroughs and J. H. Johnston were still with us, but Traubel was a more intimate companion in Whitman's later years than any of the others so it was natural that I should be extremely anxious to meet him.

The opportunity came in 1911 at the Fellowship meeting in New York. Horace was there with his good friends Frank and Mildred Bain, Dr. Wiksell and others, and I well remember my interest in meeting him, there was so much I wanted to ask and hear about from this man who had known Whitman for eighteen years and had written so much about him since his death. He was thoroughly posted on all the Whitman literature and activities, news of which I drank in eagerly. One thing I learned immediately was that Trimble of New Zealand had completed a concordance to *Leaves of Grass* several years before, this relieved me of that labor, for I had been working for six months on the same thing and was making good progress.

Horace, (it seemed natural to call him Horace at once,) was ready at any appropriate turn of the conversation to bring in some anecdote or reminiscence of Whitman, and if all of these I have heard from him had been taken down in shorthand they would make a volume of unsurpassed interest for us. I have been with Horace many times since, for a day or a few days at a time and his supply of Whitman stories seemed to be inexhaustible.

The reports of Horace's health during the early part of 1919 were usually not encouraging, though occasionally some note of improvement would reach us. I knew that Mrs. Denison had invited him to Bon Echo, but the problem of getting him there from New York, necessarily a much longer trip than the actual distance, seemed almost unsurmountable in his weakened condition.

So when we started for Bon Echo on August 5th it was not with the expectation of seeing Horace there. He had stood the journey fairly well however and was resting quietly on the hotel verandah drinking in the pure air and the magnificent view of the rock "Old Walt." Standing almost in the centre of the view, which was a fascination to all, is a slender pine tree, the lovely proportions of which arrest the attention even while admiring the great granite pile a quarter of a mile behind it rising several hundred feet perpendicularly out of the water.

Day after day Horace rested there and at times seemed to

make progress toward recovery but after about four weeks he suffered a relapse, and a week later passed out.

I was only with him about two days. He spoke with difficulty, it seemed like partial paralysis of the tongue, but he was in good spirits and ready at any time to join in the conversation, not only that, but to tell stories too, reminiscences of Whitman, Eugene Debs, Robert Ingersoll or other of his close friends came out just as when he was in complete health. He enjoyed his meals too and was inclined to argue good-naturedly with his nurses about the limitations of his diet. Whenever I had been with him previously he had relished eating good large servings of various dishes, now he was limited to the foods his medical advisers prescribed. But all the care of his wife and friends could not restore his body again to normal conditions.

For the evening of August 6th Mrs. Denison had arranged a set program, one of the series between August 3rd and 11th, the special "Convention" dates. The program was long and we were rather late in starting, but Horace was present and stayed to the conclusion, following the proceedings attentively. At the close he did not immediately retire, so many friends wanted a few words with him. All this was a considerable strain on his physical resources but he seemed not to be overtired. I went to his room when he was retiring, saying good-night and good-bye, for I had to leave early the next morning. It was my last interview with the man who had done so much for the Good Gray Poet, ministering to and caring for him during the last years of his life.

But Horace Traubel does not depend, for his literary reputation, on his association with Whitman. He developed his own style of writing, and his own ideas, but the association doubtless had a great influence on his character and writings. It must have strengthened both.

**I am a God of Gods, born out of the heavens
to the ends of the spirit.—Horace Traubel.**

INSCRIPTIONS BY HORACE TRAUBEL

I had copies of Horace Traubel's fine books, and one day I said "Horace, if you feel like it, I wish you would write a word and your name in them"—He seemed pleased and asked me to leave them on his table on the verandah. In Chant's Communal he wrote Ben Echo, Aug. 15th, 1919.

Someone has said of someone in history, "We love him for the enemies he has made—I say of this book "I love it for the friends it has made." Notably such friends as Flora MacDonald, and I feel honored here in this spot of physical beauty and majesty,

and in the Inn's atmosphere of almost unparalleled spiritual hospitality to have her ask me to put my name in this her copy of Chant's Communal, which I do gladly. Addressing my personal recognition of her fine good will demonstrated to Anne and me on this visit in numberless acts of kindness—Horace Traubel.

In *Optimos* he wrote:—Ben Echo, Aug. 16th, 1914. The etymological dogmatists and pedagogues objected to the title of this book as having no traceable parentage. But Leon Bazalgett wrote to me from France concerning it. "It's a beautiful word where did you get it." I wanted a word to express my idea of the cheerful Cosmos. Not finding such a word in the circles of rhetorical authority, I invented it.

Dr. Daniel Bronton, of the University of Pennsylvania, himself the master of many tongues, usual and unusual, said. "It's true I cannot trace its ancestry. Your justification in the adventure will be finally in the fact that you make good." Now nearly ten years later, in the face of all subsequent question and criticism, I think I can say without uncertainty, that I've made good. Horace Traubel.

2nd Vol.:—With Walt Whitman in Camden. Ben Echo, Aug. 15th, 19—. Here physically disabled, with Anne, as the guests of Flora MacDonald, who is dedicating this place to the name and spirit of Walt Whitman, and doing it with the vital inclusiveness of body and soul to which Walt concentrated all his life, as I who worked so many years at his side, so well know. Horace Traubel.

3rd Vol.:—With Walt Whitman in Camden—Bon Echo Aug. 15th 19—. When I look back at these volumes and comprehend them in retrospect, I become doubly aware of Walt, of our common ideals, of the immense work involved in my scheme, and in my always increased pride in being admitted to a share in so great a task with so great a man.—Horace Traubel.

(How proud then should I feel in being admitted to a share in so great a task with two such great men.)

—Flora MacDonald

**O Woman how I love you but my God how
I have to wait for you.—Anne Montgomerie.**

**My heart goes freely everywhere and brings
me back beautiful reports of men.—Horace
Traubel.**

**Egoism does not necessarily imply the
invidious stigma of selfishness.—John Cowper
Powys.**

**"SPLENDOR OF ENDED DAY, FLOATING AND
FILLING ME".**

By Mildred Bain, in Cuba

The setting of the sun! I shall never again behold it without thoughts of the Great Sunset at Bon Echo. Ever since I have known him, the Sun has symbolized Horace for me. More than anyone else, he was full of light, radiant with energy, prodigal with warmth and cheer. He seemed a primal force, ruled by a law which in spite of his apparent independence, gave him no rest or respite. He was useful to those who responded to him like the light is useful to the seed. He helped people to grow, to bear fruit. Even when clouded by depression, or by temperamental short-coming, or at the last, by mortal illness, his friends knew that it was only a temporary obscuration. He could be counted on to emerge. Sometimes I liken him to the seed in the ground. Sometimes to a demolishing cyclone. But most often, and oh, so much here, to the sun. To the sun, as it comes up in the tropics, constant and scintillating, as it goes down behind the blue gulf like some majestic messenger of the cosmos.

Horace arrived at Bon Echo August fourth, nearly spent. He endured the journey from New York with heroic fortitude. Surrounded by loving care, he succeeded in reaching the haven of his desire. I see him now, as I stood by the roadside, where the children and I were waiting. I feel again the shock of surprise and grief. It was Horace. But so different. So like a shadow. So terribly exhausted. I see his greeting of old friends and new. His delight with the beauty of sky, earth and water. His patient endeavor to draw stimulant from the health all about him. He would lie on the verandah enjoying the curious formations of the old rock. One day he spied a cathedral outlined in its granite sides. He never tired of watching the expanse of the western sky, where the colors he loved were flung with a lavish and masterful hand. His interest in people, in events, in life, was evident to the last, tho' as he said to me, "Life on these terms is very undesirable."

One picture of him is etched upon my brain. With incredible resolution, he allowed himself to be carried down to the boat which was to take him, Anne, Flora, The Morris', Frank and Paul, over to "Old Walt." A gentle breeze was blowing. The sun was shining, and the shadows of the rock were like patches of black velvet on the waters. He sat there in a comfortable arm chair, balanced firmly in the boat, his white hair floating in the wind. We moved quietly along under the towering wall. He drank water from the spring, from a birch-bark cup. He put out his hand, touching the rock as if it were Walt himself. It seemed to make him very happy. It was indeed the voyage of an historic craft.

As long as he was able to hold a pencil, Horace continued his love imposed task of letters to his friends. People were his

passion. Comradeship was his religion. He told me that he had a collect fully thought out for the next conservator. It was about Pete Doyle. "There are some things I want to say about Pete that I've not yet said." We had several evenings in celebration of Walt's Centenary. Painfully and slowly he came down stairs, even taking part in one or two of them. He was rejoiced at the sight of his dear friends, Helen and Henry Saunders, during that week. He died as he had lived. At his post. Uncomplainingly. Accepting life and death in absolute faith. He has left us his own reassurance in these exquisite verses written in memory of a child friend.

Like to the leaf that falls,
Like to the rose that fades
Thou art and yet art not.
We whom this thought enthalls,
We whom this mystery shades,
Are bared before our lot.
Like to the light gone out,
Like to the sun gone down,
Thou art, and yet we feel
That something more than doubt
And more than nature's frown,
The great good must reveal.
'Tis not with thankless heart,
Nor yet with covert hand
We read from deeps to thee,
We take our grief apart
And with it bravely stand
Beside the voiceless sea.
Oh! blessed memory mine,
I fill the world with thee
And with thy blessing sleep,
But for thy love divine
To warm the day for me,
Why should I wake or weep.

All that friendship promises must be in default till the friend appears.—Horace Traubel.

Sacrifice everything before we sacrifice the prerogative of our inmost identity.—John Cowper Powps.

Oh to grapple with slavery, to shake off obstructions and set myself free.—Horace Traubel.

Letter from Horace Traubel, North Verandah, Bon Echo.
Delivered by Mildred Bain to Mrs. Denison
at the Kitchen sink, August 12th, 1919

Dear Mother of Merrill, dear priestess of Walt, dear comrade of the rest of us:—

I take it for granted that you realize, though we haven't given vocal expression to it, that Anne and I appreciate to the full the considerate and generous hospitality you have shown us since we came, in a thousand ways mental and physical.

Bon Echo seems to have wonders of the seen and the invisible to make a visit with it and you sacredly memorable.

In these days of physical disability, when everybody's doing kindnesses for me and I'm doing nothing for anybody, I acknowledge with pain my consciousness of being a burden and charge to you and Anne and the others. I shrink with humility into the shadow of this confession. In spite of appearances, I still have some hope that I may live to repay in some part the great debt I am so aware I owe you all.

All things here suggest beauty and seem couched in the broadest human spirit.

I can respond to this mentally even if I am unable to do so in deeds of good fellowship. My heart calls me to do that which I am unable to do. In the midst of so much that is mystic and mighty and humanly inclusive I stand helpless and pitiful.

I trust dear Flora that though I haven't had the courage to even try to put this into sentences of daily speech I am still overflowing in the unspoken response of affection and gratitude.

I only want your intuition to understand my unspoken love. The best thought of the soul is never uttered, the best sentiments of the heart are never put into words.

Mendelssohn wrote songs without words as he called them. Let my sensations of this moment be taken by you as fraternal feelings without words.

Let it stand as that final substance of truth which shame the efforts of the best words to compass.

Always with joy,

HORACE TRAUBEL.

For that's about all life comes to anyway.
Comes to the love we can put into it.—Horace
Traubel.

I don't bother because a curtain is dropped,
I'm always one side of the Curtain.—Horace
Traubel.

THE NIGHT THE NORTH LAKE FROZE OVER

Alone in the Cement Cottage, December 13th, 1919.

By Flora MacDonald

At 1.30 p.m. Mary and I had gone out to the Perry Road, where I posted over three hundred greetings to folks I knew and for reasons whom I wanted to remember me.

The cold was then beginning to close in. It was after three when we got back and I prepared a good meal for myself, Mac and Jim (my dog and cat).

I then brought in the wood for the night, huge lumps of maple I could just lift; smaller sticks of birch and poplar and lots of resinous smelling pine for kindling. The three mile walk in the clear crisp air had put such life and vim in me that the wood carrying was too easy and I split up many a huge lump, intended for the fireplace, and made stove wood of it, and I sawed several cedar poles, all just for the joy of being strong enough to do it.

I carried water, I made cookies, ten dozen, just because I had received a recipe from Maggie and I wanted to see how they would turn out. They are fine and I'll have the fun of giving most of them away. It was 10 p.m. before I thought of eats again and I wondered what I'd have. I finally decided on a sandwich. I remembered the wonderful Copenhagen sandwiches and I began by boiling an egg hard. Then I took a small onion, then a bit of cold ham, a little mustard, pepper and salt and chopped it all very fine. I buttered two slices of thin bread, placed the gorgeous stuffing between them and sprinkled the whole with a little paprica. I never tasted anything so good in all my life. There is just one room downstairs in the cottage 20 x 22, but I boiled the egg in the kitchen, ate in the dining room and drank a demi-tasse of coffee by the old rose-wood table in front of the fire place.

I picked up one bit of reading after another, finally re-reading the May "Conservator". Then I read out loud much of Whitman's "Song of Myself," "So Long" and "To My Soul." Eleven—twelve—one o'clock. Every half hour or so I'd go out, the cold was tightening. At 10.30 the moon rose in the north-east directly over "Old Walt," the lake was calm and the shadow of the Great Rock, with snow clinging to all its rough palces, was perfect in its reflections. At one o'clock it was 20 below zero and the lake was almost frozen over. I stood at its edge and watched it for a long time, creeping, creeping inch by inch till at 1.30 it had reached this western shore. The lower lake was frozen over a week ago, but I always loved the north lake best because "Old Walt" reflected here its grandeur and solidity, its majesty and mystery—its millions of years of becoming, and how it did rebel against the Frost king and his strength to bind it fast. It snapped and crackled.

It is two o'clock—great logs are on the fire and the stove is

red hot. The dog (a wonderful Boston) and cat are cosy in down cushions.

I read again Nietzsche's idea of a superman. On such a night as this a superman should get ideas that would make him a veritable god. I'll go to bed and sleep with my window open, the moon and the stars fairly snapping with brilliancy shining in, the whiteness of the snow making very high lights, the blackness of the pines making very deep shadows.

This day and this night has squared the account of many meaningless days.

"I say the body is not more than the soul
And the soul is not more than the body
And nothing, not God
Is greater to one than oneself is."

—WALT WHITMAN.

**The Whitman Centennial number of "The
Sunset" of Bon Echo is as good as the best and
better than most.—Horace Traubel.**

HORACE TRAUBEL

By John Haynes Holmes.

To those who had the joy of knowing and loving Horace Traubel, his passing is like the blotting out of a star in the darkened firmament. Not only did he shine; but he shone with his own particular light in his own particular place. Now that he is gone, there is no one to succeed him. His spot in the galaxy is henceforth empty and dark. For Traubel, like his beloved teacher, Walt Whitman, was always and everywhere himself.

Traubel was the perfect democrat; in him was at once the simplicity and the glory of the common life. He counted himself the peer of all, the superior of none. In the presence of king he would have felt neither constraint nor awe, but only amusement at the sham heroics of royalty. The truly great in art and letters he sought out with the guilelessness of a child; and because he bowed to no one of them, was received by them all as a comrade. With the poor and lowly, he was equally at his ease. His was the divine gift of understanding and the magic sympathy of love. He was a hater of shams and cruelties. He saw straight to the heart of the social abominations of modern life, and chastised with merciless rigor the lust which fostered them and the hypocrisy which condoned them. He compromised no principle of justice for any end, no matter how good. He communed with the great spirits of all ages. He sought and knew the best of contemporary music, drama and literature. He thought on whatsoever things are true, honest, just, lovely, and of good report, and found therein the secret of peace.

**"Old Walt"
Bon Echo
Ont.**



CANADA'S GIBRALTAR

**My foothold is tenon'd and mortis'd in granite,
I laugh at what you call dissolution,
And I know the amplitude of time.**

—WALT WHITMAN.

A CARD OF THANKS

By Flora MacDonald.

The summer of 1919 was the only year Bon Echo was open to the general public that I managed it myself. Owing to the unusual number who came, many without previous reservations, difficulties rapidly multiplied and I was unable to procure efficient help to look after the different departments. That I was able to keep open at all was due to the kindly generosity of guests who came to Bon Echo in the spirit of comradeship and joy, and when things went wrong as they did, helped instead of knocked. I have had dreams and visions of what Bon Echo will be. The great dream has already materialized—Bon Echo has been dedicated to the Democratic ideals of Walt Whitman by Horace Traubel and has become historically, psychically, and spiritually a substantial part of the great Whitman cause that has been lifting mankind for the past half century.

Whether Bon Echo develops into a larger holiday resort or becomes a private club does not in the least affect the work I have been elected to do in connection with the Whitman memorial at Bon Echo.

A few to whom I must give special thanks are:

Mildred Bain, who acted as secretary to the Whitman Centennial Convention, and who sang and played with unselfish cheerfulness the whole summer through to the delight of all. To Arthur Hewitt, who filled in any vacancies from the piano to the woodpile and did so much to comfort Horace those last trying days.

To J. W. Bengough, that prince of entertainers. To F. M. Billsmith, the "man o' parts," to Col. and Mrs. Cosgrave and Dave Cummings, who so added to the joy and morale of the place. To Miss Perrins, Miss Barnhardt and Mrs. Winyard who so finely gave their services as professional nurses to Horace and Anne. And to Miss Black, Miss Hilliard and Mr. Conn, those splendid Whitmanites, who helped out during the Convention.

I must also mention Geo. Morris, Frank Bain, Henry and Helen Sanders, Nathan Mendelssohn, Dr. Mendel, Barnard Weiring, Dr. Guernberg, Dr. Koffler, Dr. Tyndle and Dr. Mathers who added joy and comfort to the last days of Horace Traubel.

Roger Lewis called Walt by a great name when he labeled him "The Introducer." Could any name mean more? Walt had brought the Blue Bird to Roger Lewis as he had to me and that was all the introduction we needed, and Leonard Abbott too. Oh the joy of meeting these friends of Walt's. Their appreciation of my work away up here at Bon Echo makes rough roads smooth and carries me on to the next "lift."—Flora MacD.

HORACE TRAUBEL'S FUNERAL

By Flora MacDonald.

Soon after Horace Traubel bid good-bye to his "Tenement of Clay" Col. Cosgrave and Merrill Denison performed the duties of an undertaker.

The little emaciated body was lovingly dressed in a dark grey suit of clothes.

That wonderful face and head, which had been getting finer and more spiritual, was now personified dignity and beauty. The white hair just tumbled as of old made a halo-like frame about the classic face.

I had told Anne that Horace could be buried at Bon Echo in the shadow of "Old Walt" but she said she would take him to New York and then to Camden.

I knew that we had no time to lose for the weather was hot and we must needs catch the night train to Montreal. I hurried away to Flinton, a distance of 22 miles, the nearest place where there was any chance of getting a coffin.

On arriving there the store keeper was absent and a young daughter in charge absolutely refused to even let me see a coffin.

Each hour, each minute's delay, might mean that we might miss the train. I brought all the pressure to bear on the girl I could and finally bought the coffin. A shining brown varnished box with terrible brass trimmings. The rough box was so much more to my liking. A team and democrat was coming to take it to Bon Echo. I started back in the auto I had come in and had gone several miles before I met the team, which were walking slower than snails. I tried to hurry them along but it was eight o'clock at night before the coffin arrived at Bon Echo. Mary had made a beautiful wreath of autumn colored oak leaves for the coffin. I had put a sprig of lilac leaves in his hand.

Professor Hutcheon of Meadville University had charge of the funeral services. He read from "When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloomed," and "To Think of Time" from Whitman and told of Horace Traubel's great life's work as biographer of Whitman, as poet, philosopher, editor, rebel and lover.

Colonel Cosgrave read Traubel's remarkable poem "I track upstream, my spirits call" and I read "To My Dead Comrade", Horace's tribute to Walt.

I had engaged a trained nurse and intended her to accompany Anne as far as Montreal or New York but Anne said to me, "Why surely you will come. Horace would like to have you at his New York party, and he was your lover too." I am glad she wanted me to go.

The pall bearers were:—

Professor Hutcheon, Meadville University; Mr. Arthur Clark, Cleveland, O.; Col. Cosgrave (returned soldier after four years in the war), Toronto; Lieut. Merrill Denison, U. S. Army, Bon Echo; Mr. J. E. Lapham, Washington, D. C.; Mr. W. H. Merrill, Toronto; Mr. Arthur Hewitt, Toronto.

It was after 9 o'clock—pitch dark and pouring rain—when Merrill and the driver started from Bon Echo to Kaladar station, with Horace, 22 miles over rough roads and bold mountains.

Professor Hutcheon took Anne and me in his launch to the foot of the lake where an auto waited to take us to the station.

It not only rained, it simply came down in sheets and the wind got fierce and cold. By going in the launch we cut off three miles of the worst part of the road over which Horace was being taken.

The auto was not the nice new car we had had for summer transportation, but an old ramshackle Ford with everything loose that could rattle and groan about it.

Anne was so utterly exhausted for want of sleep that she would fall asleep on my shoulder, till a bit of extra rough road would almost send us out of our seats and oh how it poured and how the wind whistled and moaned. We got to Kaladar station shortly after eleven.

Then the anxious wait and wondering would they get the body there in time. The train was due to leave at 2.05 and it was ten to two when they arrived and had just time to get the coffin on the train when it moved off.

The sleeper was all made up and our berths were ready for us. We arrived in Montreal about 7 a.m. and were met by Nathan Mendelssohn and other members of his family, by Mr. Patterson and Mr. Eddington and others. I had telegraphed to Nathan to have an undertaker at Montreal but he had not received it and the coffin was checked right through to New York. After having breakfast in the Windsor station, we took the D. and H. to New York. It was an all day's trip. Anne had slept very well and was now so wide awake and in a new mood to me. She seemed excitedly reminiscent and talked about Horace from first they met.

At first I listened sleepily, but soon I sat up and took notice. As soon as she could finish one choice corner page, I would ask a question which induced her to begin another page or chapter. Did you ever hear Anne Montgomerie talk—well I never listened to anything more brilliant, and now she talked because she just had to. The marvellous experiences that had been brought into her life through Horace Traubel. There were happy days—sad days—anxious days of struggle, days of disappointment, days of absolute want, days of achievement and joy, but always days of faith and love.

Her funny little laugh just before she began a good story about Horace, the whimsical little side lights on his personality, his absolute indifference to privation so long as he kept on his "Track upstream." I have never read anything more "highly literary" or more gripping to one's imagination.

I only hope Anne Montgomerie may one day write a book and call it "Twenty-seven Years with Horace Traubel;" just let her tell the truth and how she felt about it and we would have one

of the most absorbing biographies and auto-biographies ever written.

In the meantime Horace's poor little shaken old body was in the baggage car in that dreadful varnished coffin with brass trimming: plain pine boards would have been so dignified and honest.

It was night when we arrived in New York—quite a group were there to meet us, and Barnard Weinig took the check and burial certificate from me.

Gertrude, Horace Traubel's only living child, was there and only a mother and daughter could know what that meeting meant.

It was two days later when the New York funeral service was arranged to take place. In the meantime Horace's body had been taken to an undertakers, removed from the coffin, embalmed and placed in a handsome dull oak casket, zinc lined, with elegantly carved scroll corners.

It had been decided (albeit much protesting) that the service should be held in John Haynes Holmes' Community Church, a church that has departed from all semblance of orthodoxy except in architecture and collections.

I went to the Church an hour early to be of any service—already many floral tributes had arrived and the Caretaker and I had arranged them on the Altar in the main body of the Church. A message then came from Anne telling me that the service must take place in the Forum or back room of the building. I pleaded that the Church was filling up, but she was very decided, so we took the flowers, heaps of them, into the Forum and told the people of the change.

Many I know seeing the front doors of the Church close went away. I went to the door of the Forum, received more flowers, went to the platform, was placing them when a woman came in and said the Church was on fire. I stepped to the door leading to the Church proper, opened it and went in. The great organ loft was all on fire. I stood for several minutes watching the great golden pipes crackle and fall. It soon got too hot for comfort, so I went back to the front door of the Forum.

The hearse had arrived and was being opened when the fire reels arrived.

There was much confusion and I heard one remark, "He burned the Church down before he'd be taken into it," and another cynically said in an aside, "The Church burned down before it would have him in it."

Anne Montgomerie stood with Frank Bain and when I went to her she said with a half hysterical little laugh, "Horace Traubel never did do anything like anybody else." The flowers were hurriedly put into the hearse and arrangements were quickly made to take him to the Peoples House Auditorium in the Rand School. Many who had come to pay their last respects to Horace Traubel never knew what happened till they read the

papers, for it was impossible to get the word to all as soon the police had the streets barred. Some one said the hearse was going down Fifth Avenue when it was headed off by a speeding taxi and told to go over to 8th Avenue and through the poor parts of New York. The Hall was well filled when I got there. The elegant casket was covered with flowers, mostly brilliant red ones. Dr. Wiksell of Boston conducted the service and many of his friends spoke, including David Karsner, Frederick P. Heir, Roger Lewis, and Edwin Markham, whose tribute in letter form to Horace touched the hearts of all.

Thomas B. Harned who ended his remarks as Ingersoll did at the grave of Whitman, "Now he belongs to the Ages." Anne asked me to bring a touch of joy into the service as things seemed too tense and serious.

I was not prepared, but told the story of Horace's psychic experiences and of the absolute certainty in his and our mind that Walt was waiting for him with a hearty welcome on the other side of the Veil which had been lifted many times during the last few days of his life.

Next day a group of us went to Camden by train. Horace's body was taken by auto-hearse. We put flowers on his coffin but let the "Bread line trail its cloudy way into his sunny heart." We had a wait at Harleigh Cemetery. The service there was held in the Vault when several again paid tribute to his greatness and his worth.

Dramatic and soul stabbing were the few words uttered by Dave Cummings the young Russian whom we learned to love at Bon Echo, as he nearly collapsed with intense emotion over the casket. David Karsner's face belied his cheerful words—he loved his friend with no mean love. And a Japanese and a Socialist showed Horace's universal appeal.

Anne gave us each a red rose and we left Horace Traubel's body in its casket to be placed in Crypt No. 9, there to await a final resting place to be decided on later.

We then went to visit Walt Whitman's tomb, a handsome massive, dignified, grey granite front running into the hillside; a winding path with beautiful rubber plants led to it from the main roadway. The heavy granite door stood ajar, (I threw in the red rose from Horace). Above was a huge triangle of granite on which was simply the name "Walt Whitman."

Conventional, respectable, decently laid away and as carefully sealed up as Egyptian mummies.

Walt and Horace, a tomb and a crypt to remember. God, how I hated it all; Walt who had sung of white roses springing from the breasts of lovers, and Horace who had written "Everything goes back to its place." Were sealed up tombs and zinc-lined caskets fit resting places for the ruins of the Temples of the living God as expressed by the lives of Walt Whitman and Horace Traubel? They were no Edgar Allen Poe whose genius was the genius of the charnel house and the tomb and whose

philosophy was "The Conqueror Worm." A vault and a tomb is a fitting resting place for the "Lost Ulalume."

Oh to feel that the bodies of Walt and Horace were quickly resolved back into ashes or dust and that when these two Comrade Souls would be remembered and their shrine approached it would be in the pages of "Leaves of Grass" and "Optimos."

"Whitman has more nearly justified the ways of God to man, than any poet who has lived."—Edgar Lee Masters.

Mr. C. V. Taplin was one of the speakers at the Whitman Convention at Bon Echo who deserves the gratitude of all—He is the pioneer worker in "Footwear Reform." The damage done by high heels, pointed toes and bad fitting shoes can hardly be estimated.

America has produced no greater writer than Walt Whitman and he is one of the greatest teachers that ever lived.—Arnold Bennett.

The "Natural Tread" shoes are the only ones yet made in Canada that do not cripple the feet, and, this is not an advertisement, it is simply an appreciation and a kindness to all who want comfortable feet to tell them they can be had at 310 Yonge St., Toronto.

HORACE TRAUBEL.

By Albert E. S. Smythe.

President of The Whitman Fellowship of Canada.

There is little profit in making comparisons between one's friends and teachers, and those who have imbibed the spirit of Walt Whitman are little inclined to make degrees and distinctions among those who have led them and fed them. "In honour preferring one another," is the sufficient rule. When I meet a man that I do not prefer before myself, I take heed to my ways, knowing that egotism, self-conceit and other like corruptions are epidemic. One can only tell why one likes certain people, and not always as much as that. To like a person is a straightforward compliment in itself and requires neither explanation nor excuse.

I liked Horace Traubel. He was a friendly soul. He didn't ask whether you agreed with him or not. If you liked his company that was enough and you were welcome. He knew very

well that if you had done any original thinking you would not agree with him in detail, but he knew also that you couldn't do any original thinking unless you agreed with him fundamentally. "There is one Eternal Thinker thinking now eternal thoughts." We forget this, and it is of the essence of the matter that the Eternal could not be satisfied with less than the infinite variety of the Eternal Consciousness. We in our petty conceit are satisfied with our little strand or strain of that Consciousness in ourselves, and occupy ourselves with it as a child with its own toy. There are many trees in the forest and many strands in the Infinite Memory.

They who know this are possessed of a singular peace. One found that peace in Horace Traubel. His was a restful soul for all its pugnacity and turbulent argumentativeness. These were the breaking of the waves on the beach. As I sat one evening with him on the shores of Toronto Island, I sensed this deep peace and rest. He, too, could say as the Master said: "No array of terms can say how much I am at peace about God and about death."

I doubt that his work in the Conservator will live. The thought will survive, but in other forms, and in the inspiration it conveyed to his contemporaries. But the staccato note has an artificial ring, and few acquire the taste. An excellent little volume of selections might be prepared, however, from those monthly columns, and in the front of it I would place that beautiful and wonderful tribute to his father which he wrote in his last year. His parents were dear and precious to him. They accounted for the mixture of his character, and it is great gain to a man to know that he is neither Jew nor Gentile, neither bond nor free, but one with the Divine Human.

Had there been no Walt Whitman there had been no Horace Traubel. That must not be forgotten. Horace's surviving work will be the monumental volumes of "Whitman at Camden," the full series of which we hope to see Anne Traubel complete.

Generations which may seek to deify Walt must have Horace to show him striking the rock and blasting the fig tree.

In times of frightfulness and harrowing degeneracy Horace Traubel preserved his sanity and balance. This was enough to prove that he had the rest of the matter within him. Whatever be the present day judgment concerning him the future will not fail to place him with the Great Companions.

Any of Horace Traubel's works or any information regarding his work can be had by addressing
Anne Montgomeri Traubel, 200 Elm St., Camden, N.J.



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has been lavish in its picturesque grandeur at Bon Echo. Away up on the very crest of Ontario's Highlands — a massive Gibraltar of old Laurentian granite rears up its rugged face from beautiful Lake Massanoga.

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The health giving climate, the bathing beaches of white sand, a spring of water absolutely pure as by Government analysis—are all points to be considered when choosing a summer's resting place.

More and more do the dwellers in cities realize that to keep well it is necessary to get back to nature for a few weeks or months each year. There is something altogether inspiring, invigorating and joyful in the outdoor life afforded to the guests at Bon Echo Inn. While all modern conveniences, splendid service and excellent table leave nothing to be desired of comfort inside—the outside is one ever-changing panorama of beauty and delight.

To climb the mountain, pick huckleberries, fish, tramp through interesting woods or open fields is to forget pain, symptoms and worries.

The big out-of-doors is balm for both body and soul.

In the evening folks from different parts of the country fraternize and swap yarns around the big stone fireplaces—which just blaze away because of the hospitality they exude.

Some play cards, some dance and many sing.

Tennis tournaments—swimming—boating are all part of the day's fun, and a glorious freedom pervades everything.

Romance and tradition are in the very air for on this spot was the stronghold and fortress of Indian tribes and old paintings commemorating an Indian battle are still to be seen on the face of the mighty cliff. Artists and writers have found both pictures and stories in this land of primeval forest, of glorious sunsets.

Come to Bon Echo and see it all for yourself.



GEMS FROM WALT WHITMAN

I think heroic deeds were all conceived in
the open air.—Walt Whitman.

I am the mate and companion of people,
all just as immortal and fathomless as myself.—
Walt Whitman.

And as to you Death, and you bitter bug of
Mortality, it is idle to try to alarm me.—Walt
Whitman.

And as to you life, I reckon you are the leav-
ings of many deaths. No doubt I have died
myself ten thousand times before.—Whitman.

Do you see, O my brothers and sisters? It is
not chaos or death—it is form, union, plan—it
is eternal life—it is HAPPINESS.—Whitman.

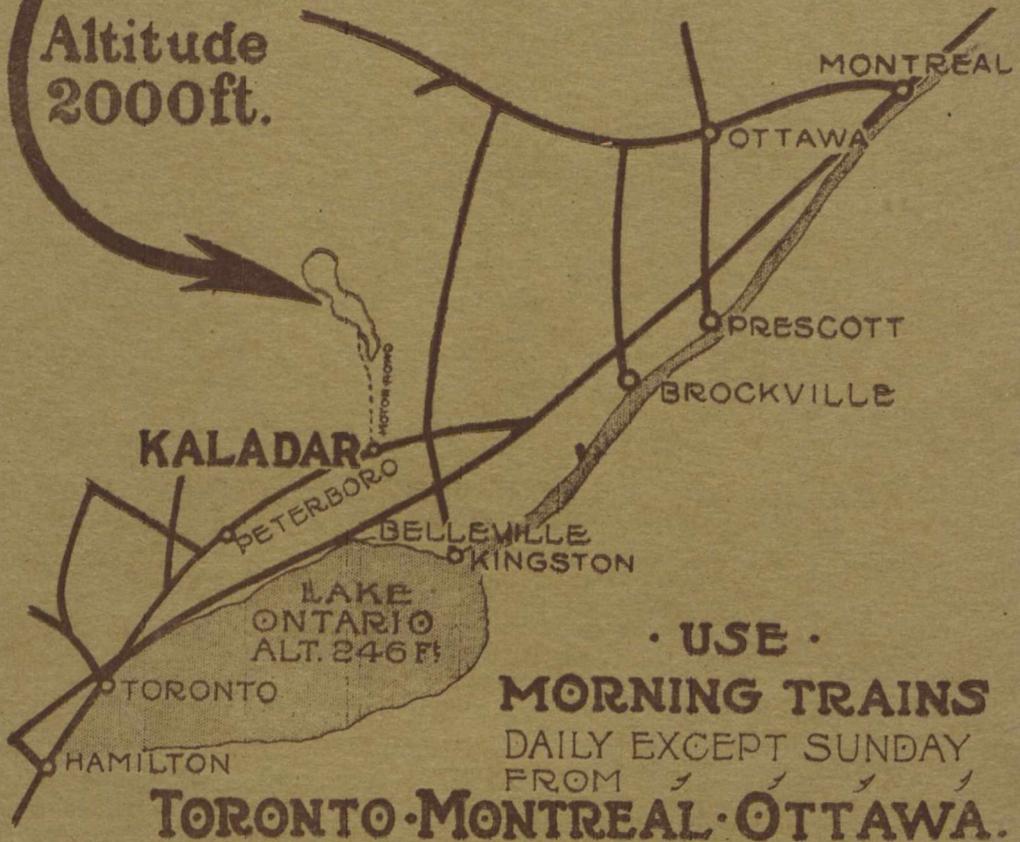
What we are WE ARE —
Nativity is answer enough to objections.—
Whitman.

For I know that what I bestow upon any
man or woman is no less than the entrance to all
the gifts of the universe.—Walt Whitman.

I hear you have been asking for something
to represent the new race, our self-poised
Democracy. Therefore I send you my poems
that you behold in them what you wanted.—
Whitman

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