

SOME NEW WHITMAN LETTERS

BY EMORY HOLLOWAY

THE Mickle street memorial to Walt Whitman in Camden, N. J., was presented, a few months ago, with an interesting collection of pictures, letters, manuscripts and personalia belonging to Miss Jessie Whitman, the poet's niece. Items of interest which date back to the Civil War, and beyond, and which have never before been examined by biographers, were thus opened to inspection. Several of the letters have a particular value because of the light they throw on some of the immemorial disputes concerning the character of the Good Gray Poet.

"Leaves of Grass," as all the world knows, was not born under very auspicious skies. The first edition in 1855, set up and published by the author himself, met with practically no sale at all. A second edition the next year fared but little better, for no reputable publisher would sponsor it. Accordingly Whitman, who had thought to devote himself to the creation of a new national poetry, found himself under the necessity of returning to the drudgery of editing a small Brooklyn newspaper. This position he lost in 1859, but he was soon happy to find that a new firm of Boston publishers, Thayer & Eldridge, was willing to risk the publication of his third edition, a much more ambitious volume than its ill-starred forerunners.

Whitman finding his first publisher in Boston seems almost as paradoxical as Poe electing to issue his first volume of poems in that city; for Whitman had always shared the typical Knickerbocker condescension toward the Bostonians. He drew so much of his inspiration from the New England writers, however, as to lead

Professor Norton to describe him as a "compound of New England Transcendentalism and New York rowdy." And the following letters, written to his favorite brother Jefferson while Walt was in Boston seeing his book through the press, show that he was quite able to perceive and appreciate the good traits of the Brahmins. It is curious to see the poet taking as much interest in the oddities of format as in the content of the poems.

Boston, Sunday night
April 1st [1860]

Dear Brother, I have just finished a letter to mother, and while my hand is in, I will write you a line. I enclose in my letter to Mother, a note from Hyde—nothing at all in it, except that Han¹ is well, and comfortably situated—I have not heard a word from home since I left—write me a few words, Jeff,—if mother does not, and let me know how you all are, and whether you have took the house or given it up. I suppose of course if every thing was not going on pretty much as usual, some of you would [have] written to tell me.

I am having a tolerable fair time here in Boston—not quite enough to occupy me—only two or three hours work a day, reading proof.—Still, I am so satisfied at the certainty of having "Leaves of Grass" in a far more complete and favorable form than before, printed and really *published*, that I don't mind small things. The book will be a very handsome specimen of typography, paper, binding, &c.—and will be, it seems to me, like relieving me of a great weight—or removing a great obstacle that has been in my way for the last three years.—The young men that are publishing it treat me in a way that I could not wish to have better. They are go-ahead fellows, and don't seem to have the least doubt they are bound to make a good spec. out of my book.—It is quite curious [that] all this should spring up so suddenly, aint it.—

I am very well, and hold my own about as usual. I am stopping at a lodging house, have a very nice room, gas, water, good American folks

¹Mrs. Hannah Whitman Heyde, Walt's sister. Her unhappy married life with an artist who finally died in an insane asylum was a source of great sorrow to the poet.

keep it—I pay \$2—eat at restaurant. I get up in the morning, give myself a good wash all over, and currying,—then take a walk, often in the Common—then nothing but a cup of coffee generally for my breakfast—then to the stereotype foundry.—About 12 I take a walk, and at 2, a good dinner. Not much else, in the way of eating, except that meal—

If I have anything to communicate, dear brother, I shall write again.

WALT.²

A few days later he wrote of his book again:

Boston

Thursday morning, May 10

Dear Brother, I have nothing particular to write about, yet I know you will be glad to hear from me anyhow. The book is finished in all that makes the reading part, and is all through the press complete—it is electrotyped,—that is, by a chemical process, a solution of copper, silver, zinc, &c. is precipitated in a "bath," so as to cover the face of the plates of type all over, and make it very much harder and more enduring. Plates finished by that process wear well for hundreds of thousands of copies, and are probably a neater impression. But perhaps you know about it yourself.

Thayer & Eldridge have put through 1000 copies, for the first pop. They have very accurate ideas of the whole matter. They expect it to be a valuable investment, increasing by months and years—not going off in a rocket way, (like "Uncle Tom's Cabin")—The typographical appearance of the book has been just as I directed it, in every respect. The printers and foremen thought I was crazy, and there were all sorts of supercilious squints (about the typography I ordered, I mean,)—but since it has run through the press, they have simmered down. Yesterday the foreman of the press-room (Rand's, an old establishment where all the best work is done,) pronounced it, in plain terms, the freshest and handsomest piece of typography that had ever passed through his mill—I like it, I think, first rate—though I think I could improve much upon it now. It is quite "odd," of course.

As to Thayer & Eldridge they think every thing I do is the right thing.—We are just now in "suspenders" on account of the engraving.³ I have about decided, though, to have 1000 copies printed from it, as it is—and then let Schoff, the engraver, finish it afterwards—I do not know for certain whether it is a good portrait or not—The

²The present article was already in type when there appeared, under the imprint of the Harvard University Press, a volume of interest to Whitman students entitled "Walt Whitman's Workshop," by Mr. Clifton Joseph Furness; in it were published certain extracts from the first two Whitman letters herein reproduced in full. Neither Mr. Furness nor the present writer knew of the other's intention to print the material.

³An engraving from Charles Hine's painting of Whitman, used as a frontispiece for this edition.

probability is that the book will be bound and ready, May 19. —⁴

I make Thayer & Eldridge crack on [boast of] the elegant workmanship of the book, its material, &c. but I won't allow them to puff the poetry—though I had quite a hard struggle—as they had prepared several tremendous puff advertisements,—altogether ahead of "Ned Buntline" and the *Ledger*—I persuaded them to give me the copy to make some little corrections—which I did effectually by going straight to my lodgings, and putting the whole stuff in the fire—Oh, I forgot to tell you, they have printed a very neat little brochure, (pamphlet,) of 64 pages, called "Leaves of Grass Imprints,"⁵ containing a very readable collection of criticisms of the former issues—This is given away gratis as an advertisement and circular. Altogether, Jeff, I am very, very much satisfied and relieved that the thing, in the permanent form it now is, looks as well and reads as well, (to my own notion) as I anticipated—because a good deal after all, was an experiment—and now I am satisfied.

And how goes it with you, my dear? I watched the N. Y. papers to see if Spinola's bill passed—but it didn't, of course, or I should have heard of it in many ways. So you must be on the works⁶ still—If I get a chance I will take a look at the Boston Works before I leave. The water is almost exactly like the Brooklyn water in taste.—I got Mother's letter—tell Mother I may not write next Monday, as I am in hopes to be home, I can't tell exactly what day, but through the week. Oh the awful expense I have been under here, Jeff, living the way I have, hiring a room, and eating at restaurants—7 cents for a cup of coffee, and 19 cts for a beefsteak—and *me so fond of coffee and beefsteak*. Tell mother I think it would have been worth while for her to have moved on here, and boarded me—I have had a very fair time, though, here in Boston—

Very, very many folks I meet I like much—I have never seen finer—they are fine in almost every respect—very friendly, very generous, very good feeling, and of course intelligent people—The great *cramper* of the Bostonian is, though, to be kept on the rack by the old idea of *respectability*, how the rest do, and what they will say. There are plenty of splendid specimens of men come from the other New England states to settle here, especially from Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, &c., that if they would *let themselves be*, and only make *that* better and finer, would beat the world. For there is no denying that these Yanks are the first-class race. But, without exception, they all somehow allow themselves to be squeezed into the stereotype mould, and wear straight collars and hats, and say "my respects" like the rest. Of course I cannot walk through

⁴Whitman's birthday.

⁵Jeff must have smiled as he read this if he knew at the time that this pamphlet contained reprints of three very fair, but anonymous, reviews by Whitman himself.

⁶Jeff Whitman was an engineer employed on the Brooklyn water-works. He was later chief engineer of the water-works of St. Louis, planning and for twenty years managing the city's water system.

Washington street, (the Broadway here,) without creating an immense sensation.—

I sent a couple of papers to Han this morning. Oh how much I would like to see her once more—and I *must*, this summer—After I recruit a while home, I shall very likely take a tour, partly business and partly for edification, through all the N. E. states—then I shall see Han—I shall write to her before I leave here—and do you write also, Jeff—don't fail—Should you write to me, in response to this, you must write so I would get the letter not later than Wednesday morning next—as I feel the fit growing upon me stronger and stronger to move—And the fare is only \$3 now from here to New York, cabin passage, in the boat—Besides I could go dead head if I was to apply—Jeff, I feel as if things had taken a turn with me, at last—Give my love to Mat,⁷ and all my dear brothers, especially George.⁸

WALT.

The New England tour, probably planned as a lecture tour, apparently never was made. But the book was duly published, and things had indeed taken a turn with Whitman's fortunes, for it sold so well that at least twelve different issues are known. And when the Civil War put its publishers out of business, "Leaves of Grass" was pirated by certain New York publishers.

II

George Whitman, volunteering early in the war, was wounded at the battle of Fredericksburg, in December, 1862. Walt went down to the front to look after his brother, and after spending some time with the army returned to Washington with a boatload of wounded soldiers. This led him naturally into his well-known employment as a volunteer hospital nurse.

Meanwhile, he supported himself by corresponding for New York and Brooklyn papers, by copying in the office of Major Hapgood, an army paymaster, and later by a government clerkship. He lived as frugally as he had done in Boston, and his main interest was the care of the wounded soldiers. The following letter to

Jeff Whitman refers to small sums of money sent to him as almoner to the hospitals. The Mr. Lane mentioned was the chief engineer of the Brooklyn water-works, for whom Jeff worked. It would appear that Whitman intended the descriptions of his work he sent to the newspapers to serve as a report to the donors whose contributions he was distributing.

Major Hapgood's, cor 15th & F sts
Washington, Friday m'n'g, Jan 16 [1863]

Dearest brother, Your letter came last evening containing the \$6. Two days since I received one from Probasco, containing \$3 (not 5 as you mention.) I send a note, same mail as this, acknowledging the latter. I shall, either by letter, giving specific names, hospitals, No. of the particular beds, and dates, or more likely by a letter in print in newspaper, for I am going to print a sort of hospital journal in some paper—send you and Mr. Lane and Probasco, a pretty plain schedule of the manner of my outlays of the sums sent by them to the hospital soldiers through me—as it would interest you all, as you say.

Meantime, dear brother, do not crowd the thing in the least, do not ask anyone when it becomes unpleasant—let it be understood by our engineer friends &c. that I have mentioned the subscription affair as forwarded, to be left entirely to their sense of what they wish to do, and what they think it would be discreet for them to do. I did not wish you to send \$5, for I do not think it right—it is entirely too much—nor mother \$1—I think she has enough, present and future, to attend to—but since it has come, I shall use it.—I distributed between \$2 & \$3 yesterday.

What ought to be done by our family, I feel that I am doing, and have done myself. I have made \$27 while I have been here [about two weeks] and got the money, and I should think I have paid in little items and purchases and money gifts at least \$10 of that to the soldiers⁹—I wouldn't take a thousand dollars for the satisfaction it has been to me—but Jeff I postpone till we come together again, any attempt to make you realize this whole thing.

Of course you have received, (probably about to-day,) a long letter I have written to Mother. Nothing definite appears to-day about the status or movements of the Army of the Potomac, but my guess, at a venture, is that they either have moved down the Rappahannock toward Potomac, or are about moving. Whether it is to cross or not and whether for an attack or march, or whether as some think to Fortress Monroe is quite unknown. You must not be alarmed at hearing of an advance, or engagement—at a distance it is more appalling than it deserves to be thought—some think a portion goes west to Rosecrans—

It is so dangerous and critical for the government to make any more failures like that at

⁹A recent book on Whitman gratuitously suggests that while he dispensed the money of others he gave little of his own.

⁷Martha, Mrs. Jefferson Whitman.

⁸George Whitman was mustered into the Union Army in September, 1861, serving gallantly throughout the war, and being finally commissioned a lieutenant-colonel by brevet. During his invalidism in the 70's and 80's Walt lived in Camden with his brother.

Fredericksburg, that it seems incredible to be any repetition of that most complete piece of mismanagement perhaps ever yet known in the earth's wars. I have not heard from George—it is good that you got a long letter. Jeff, I feel that you and dearest mother are perhaps needlessly unhappy and morbid about our dear brother—to be in the army is a mixture of danger and *security* in this war which few realize—they think exclusively of the danger.

The remainder of the letter is missing. The following was written to Jeff two months later:

Washington
Wednesday, March 18, 1863

I suppose George must be about leaving you today, to return to his regiment—and I can realize how gloomy you will all be for two or three days, especially Mother. Dear mother, you must keep up your spirits, and not get down hearted. I hope you are all well—I think about you all every day—is Mary¹⁰ home,—you must write me all about every thing—I suppose the bundle of George's shirts, drawers, &c. came safe by Adams express. I sent it last Saturday, and it ought to have been delivered Monday in Brooklyn. I did not pay the freight. Last Monday 16th I wrote to Mother, and sent her some shinplasters. Saturday previous I sent a note home, enclosing the express receipt.

Jeff, I wrote a letter to the *Eagle*, and sent it yesterday—if it appears, it will probably be today or tomorrow (or next day.)¹¹ I wish you would look out for it, and buy me 20 of the papers, (the afternoon it appears,) and send them, the same as you did the other letter, direct care of Major Hapgood, the same—put the engravings, (20 of the large head)¹² in the same package—the postage will be at the rate of ¼ cent per oz. You leave one end partially unsealed. Send them as *soon* as convenient, after the letter appears, but no such dreadful hurry.

I suppose you have been in quite a state of pleasure and excitement home, with the visit of dear brother George. I was much pleased to hear by mother's letter that he was so sought for, and treated with so much attention—He deserves it all—you must tell me all the particulars of his visit.

The Hospitals still engross a large part of my time and feelings—only I don't remain so long and make such exhausting-like visits, the last week,—as I have had a bad humming feeling and deafness stupor-like at times in my head, which unfits me for continued exertion. It comes from a bad cold, gathering I think in my head. If it were not that some of the soldiers really depend on me to come, and the doctors tell me it is really neces-

¹⁰ Walt's older sister.

¹¹ The Brooklyn *Daily Eagle* published the letter on March 19 under the title "Life Among Fifty Thousand Soldiers"; it was later reprinted in "The Wound-Dresser."

¹² Probably the engraving of himself used as frontispiece in the 1860 edition. Doubtless many of these were distributed among wounded soldiers to whom he took a fancy.

sary, I should suspend my visits for two or three days, at least. Poor boys, you have no idea how they cling to one, and how strong the tie that forms between us. Things here are just the same with me, neither better nor worse—(I feel so engrossed with my soldiers, I do not devote that attention to my office-hunting, which is needed for success.)

Jeff you must give my best respects to Mr. and Mrs. Lane, they have enabled me to do a world of good, and I can never forget them. I see you had a great Union meeting in the Academy of Music—it is impossible to tell what the government designs to do the coming season, but I suppose they will push on the war. The south is failing fast in many respects—D'Almeida, the Frenchman I wrote about, told me that he was besieged every where down south to sell, (for confederate money) and everything he had, his clothes, his boots, his haversack, &c. &c. Then their niggers will gradually melt, *certain*.

So the fates fight for us, even if our generals do not. Jeff, to see what I see so much of, puts one entirely out of conceit of war—still for all that I am not sure but I go in for fighting on—the choice is hard on either part, but to *cave* in the worst—good bye dearest brother.

WALT.

The illness Whitman refers to may have been an early symptom of the physical breakdown which, forcing him to take a furlough in 1864, finally resulted in his paralysis in 1873. A main contributing cause was his contact with the hospitals. The letter assumes added interest in the light of recent charges that he spent little time in them and that this work had as one of its ulterior motives the securing of a government office. Writing to his brother, Whitman had no reason to disguise the situation; and to him he makes it clear that any work he did for remuneration in Washington was ancillary to his mission as wound-dresser and comforter to the soldiers. In an undated letter of about the same period he writes:

With my office-hunting, no special results yet. I cannot give up my Hospitals yet. I never before had my feelings so thoroughly and (so far) permanently absorbed, to the very roots, as by these huge swarms of dear, wounded, sick, dying boys—I get very much attached to some of them, and many of them have come to depend on seeing me, and having me sit by them a few minutes, as if for their lives.

It was this close contact with the human sacrifice entailed by war rather than his discouragement over the conduct of the campaigns or his Quaker training that

caused Whitman, like many other humane and thoughtful persons in his day, to entertain the modern doubt whether war is ever worth while. After Lee's retreat from Gettysburg, early in July, 1863, it was easier for the North to think in terms of victory; but as early as March, when the unpopular draft bill was being debated in Congress, Whitman expressed in very certain terms his willingness to carry on, should the country by passing this bill commit itself to a vigorous prosecution of the war. He wrote:

About what is called the Conscript Bill (an impromptu name), I hope and pray from the bottom of my heart that, if they, the Government, are indeed going on with the war, they will carry out that bill and enroll *every man* in the land—I would like to see the people embodied *en masse*—I am very sure I shall see that my name is in its place on the lists, and my body in the ranks, if they do it that way—for *that* will be something like, our nation getting itself up in shape. The Bill however was really meant as a warning to Louis Napoleon, or any other foreign meddler.

The bill was passed, the draft riots followed, and though Whitman's name, presumably, was on the lists, it was not drawn. He was thus free to do the work for which he was much better fitted; he continued his visits to the hospitals till the last one was closed, long after the end of the war.

III

When at last the sword was returned to its scabbard, Abraham Lincoln was not there to review the victorious troops whom he had commanded and inspired. In his stead stood Andrew Johnson, and not far away—perhaps in the press-stand—was Walt Whitman, the poet of the war. He wrote home a detailed account of the review. He was at the time a clerk in the Interior Department, though in another month Secretary Harlan was to gain for himself an unwelcome notoriety by dismissing Whitman for being the author of "Leaves of Grass." A later volume of poems, the "Drum-Taps" referred to in the letter to his mother, given below, had just been issued. Later copies of it contained his im-

mortal tribute to Lincoln, whose assassination had occurred a few weeks before.

Indian Bureau, basement of Patent Office.

—house 468 M st 2d door west of 12th

Washington, Thursday, May 25, '65.

Dear Mother, I received your letter of the 23d—I feel uneasy about you all the time, & hope I shall get a letter to-day, & find you have recovered.

Well, the Review is over, & it was very grand—it was too much & too impressive, to be described—but you will see a good deal about it in the papers. If you can imagine a great wide avenue like Flatbush avenue, quite flat, & stretching as far as you can see with a great white building half as big as Fort Greene [park] on a hill at the commencement of the avenue, & then through this avenue marching solid ranks of soldiers, 20 or 25 abreast, just marching steady all day long for two days without intermission, one regiment after another, real war-worn soldiers, that have been marching & fighting for years—sometimes for an hour nothing but cavalry, just solid ranks, on good horses, with sabres glistening & carbines hanging by their saddles, & their clothes showing hard service, but they mostly all good-looking hardy young men—then great masses of guns, batteries of cannon, four or six abreast, each drawn by six horses, with the gunners seated on the ammunition wagons—and these perhaps a long while in passing, nothing but batteries,—(it seemed as if all the cannon in the world were here)—then great battalions of blacks, with axes & shovels & pick axes, (real Southern darkies, black as tar)—then again hour after hour the old infantry regiments, the men all sunburnt—nearly every one with some old tatter all in shreds, (that *had been* a costly and beautiful flag)—the great drum corps of sixty or eighty drummers massed at the heads of the brigades, playing away—now and then a fine brass band,—but oftener nothing but the drums & whistling fifes,—but they sounded very lively—(perhaps a band of sixty drums & fifteen or twenty fifes playing "Lannigan's ball")—the different corps banners, the generals with their staffs &c—the Western Army, led by Gen. Sherman, (old Bill, the soldiers all call him)—well, dear mother, that is a brief sketch, give you some idea of the great panorama of the Armies that have been passing through here the last two days.

I saw the President several times, stood close by him, & took a good look at him—and like his expression much—he is very plain & substantial—it seems wonderful that just that plain middle-sized ordinary man, dressed in black, without the least badge or ornament, should be the master of all these myriads of soldiers, the best that ever trod the earth, with forty or fifty Major-Generals, around him or riding by with their broad yellow-satin belts around their waists,—and of all the artillery & cavalry,—to say nothing of all the Forts & ships, &c. &c.—

I saw Gen. Grant too several times—He is the noblest Roman of them all—none of the pictures do justice to him—about sundown I saw him again riding on a large fine horse, with his hat off in answer to the hurrahs—he rode by where I

stood, & I saw him well, as he rode by on a slow canter, with nothing but a single orderly after him—He looks like a good man—(& I believe there is much in looks)—I saw Gen. Meade, Gen. Thomas, Secretary Stanton, & lots of other celebrated government officers & generals—but the *rank & file* was the greatest sight of all.

The 51st was in line Tuesday with the 9th Corps. I saw George but did not get a chance to speak to him. He is well. George is now *Major* George W. Whitman—has been commissioned & mustered in. (Col. Wright & Col. Shephard have done it, I think.) The 51st is over to the Old Convalescent camp, between here and Alexandria, doing provost duty. If you should write direct,

Major G. W. Whitman
51st New York V. V.
on provost duty at
Augur Gen'l Hospital
near Alexandria Va.

It is thought that the 51st will not be mustered out for the present—It is thought the Government will retain the re-enlisted veteran regiments, such as the 51st—If that is so George will remain as he is for the summer, or most of it—The reason I haven't seen him is, I knew they had left provost duty in the Prince st. prison, but didn't know where they had gone till Tuesday—I saw Capt. Caldwell Tuesday, also Col. Wright Tuesday night—they said they all have pleasant quarters over there.

Dear brother Jeff, I was very sorry you wasn't able to come on to see the Review—we had perfect weather & everything just as it should be—the streets are now full of soldiers scattered around loose, as the armies are in camp near here getting ready to be mustered out.—I am quite well & visit the Hospitals the same.—Mother you didn't write whether you got the package of 5 Drum-Taps—I keep thinking about

you every few minutes all day—I wish I was home a couple of days—Jeff, you will take this acc't of the Review, same as if it were written to you.
WALT.

Whitman's description of the grand review was hastily written, and trimmed to fit the comprehension of his uneducated mother; but the next edition of his poems was to show how true was his assertion that his poetic mission was never completely grasped until he had had a sight of the American people *en masse* supporting the ideal of national union:

I saw that day the return of the heroes,
(Yet the heroes never surpass'd shall never return,
Them that day I saw not.)

I saw the interminable corps, I saw the processions of armies,
I saw them approaching, defiling by with divisions,
Streaming northward, their work done, camping awhile in clusters of mighty camps.

No holiday soldiers—youthful, yet veterans,
Worn, swart, handsome, strong, of the stock of homestead and workshop,
Harden'd of many a long campaign and sweaty march,
Inured on many a hard-fought bloody field.

'A pause—the armies wait,
A million flush'd embattled conquerors wait,
The world too waits, then soft as breaking night
and sure as dawn,
They melt, they disappear.

ANN TO GWENDOLYN

BY MURIEL MOORE

WHETHER Ann lived first at her grandmother's house in the North, or on the plantation, remains for her uncertain. The only person she would ask is dead; others who could tell her very precisely she will not question. When she thinks of the plantation she sees brown legs moving before her, slowly. Two brown hands holding a pail in each—round white pails. Her eyes were on a level with the calves of the brown legs. She never looked up; she had been told to watch out for snakes. Ann and her grandmother were on their way to the cemetery to wash tombstones.

She sat happily on her great-grandmother's grave, where it was warm and dry, the clipped grass stiff under her and tickling. While her grandmother scoured the yellowing marbles clean, she watched the zigzag of the soapsuds down their faces and poked her fingers into the letters that held dirt so charmingly. There were only a few large graves—that of Ann's great-grandfather and his wife, that of Ann's great-great-grandfather and his wife—but there were many small ones.

"Those are the dear little children who died as infants," her Granny said.

"Can I die as infants?" asked Ann. This made her grandmother sad.

Of the plantation house Ann has no recollection. But the Negro quarter stamped itself upon her. Brown, you ate with your fingers, played with a dog in the dust, scratched mosquito bites openly. White, you were taken indoors for naps, taught to balance a parasol over your head, learned not to jump into a waiting carriage. Among the cabins she found her first sense

of power. As she walked decorously beside her grandmother, she felt impulses of cruelty that made her ashamed.

Ann's great-grandfather had traveled once a year to New Orleans to buy slaves. So her grandmother related, as they drove along the dusty Louisiana roads behind the overfed horses and the overfed coachman. It was his rule not to buy an able-bodied man without his wife, even if she were sickly; their children he purchased also. He said a strong man was not strong unless he was happy.

By chance he once bought a Queen. There was wailing in the hovels; the sound of it reached him as he sat in the library, sipping wine and munching a biscuit. Another might have laughed; if kindly, he might almost have been sorry for the black potentate's fall. But Ann's great-grandfather housed her in the newest cabin, placed other slaves as her attendants, and thus made her authority less only than his. It had proved no blunder of policy.

Sunlight on brown legs, or her fear of the dragon—which came first? The dragon lived in a dusky corner behind the great front portal of her grandmother's house near New York. With horrid frankness, in his very hearing, her cousins would laugh: "It's only a brass thing from China!" He was taller than Ann; his forked tongue shot out above her eyes. To elude him, she would have preferred to reach the sand-pile by way of the friendly kitchen door. Her nurse compromised on the dining-room passage across the veranda. Ann's yells of terror, when she was forced to pass the monster's lair, too often roused slumberous, digesting aunts.