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CHATTERTON LECTURE ON POETRY

WHITMAN: THE CIVIL WAR POEMS

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I

'IT has been a melancholy task to read this book,' wrote one of the first reviewers of *Drum-Taps*; 'and it is a still more melancholy one to write about it.' Melancholy though it makes me, I find myself opposed to Henry James on this occasion.[1] James's melancholy expressed itself in a youthful exuberance of tone (he was even more eligible than me to deliver the Chatterton Lecture, being a mere twenty-two years of age): he characterized Whitman's style as 'the effort of an essentially prosaic mind to lift itself, by a prolonged muscular strain, into poetry'; he cited 'the story of the college professor who, on a venturesome youth's bringing him a theme done in blank verse, reminded him that it was not customary in writing prose to begin each line with a capital'; he mocked Whitman's eccentricities of vocabulary and idiom, 'libertad' for 'liberty', 'camerado' for 'comrade', 'trottoir' for 'sidewalk', and—especially offensive to James, a native of that city—Whitman's insistence on calling New York 'Manhattan', from a belief, as he explained elsewhere, that the name of York perpetuated the un-American and undemocratic memory of King James II.[2] But James—I mean Henry James, though he too was, in a manner of speaking, James II—had more serious objections to Whitman's enterprise. The first of these objections concerns Whitman's general approach to the subject of war, though James broadens the ground of his argument to cover the whole of Whitman's poetics:

[1] James's review was published in the *Nation*, i (16 November 1865), 625–6; reprinted in F. Murphy (ed.), *Walt Whitman* (Harmondsworth: Penguin Critical Anthologies, 1969), pp. 80–5.

[2] See the entry beginning 'Manahatta Lectures' in E. F. Grier (ed.), *The Collected Writings of Walt Whitman: Notebooks and Unpublished Prose Writings* (New York University Press, 1984), i, 407–8.

Of course the tumult of a battle is grand, the results of a battle tragic, and the untimely deaths of young men a theme for elegies. But he is not a poet who merely reiterates these plain facts *ore rotundo*. He only sings them worthily who views them from a height. Every tragic event collects about it a number of persons who delight to dwell upon its superficial points—of minds which are bullied by the *accidents* of the affair. The temper of such minds seems to us to be the reverse of the poetic temper; for the poet, although he incidentally masters, grasps, and uses the superficial traits of his theme, is really a poet only in so far as he extracts its latent meaning and holds it up to common eyes. And yet from such minds most of our war-verses have come, and Mr Whitman's utterances, much as the assertion may surprise his friends, are in this respect no exception to general fashion.

The key phrase here seems to me to be 'views them from a height'. Certainly Whitman, of all poets, is the one who most emphatically rejects such elevation, who takes his stand on the level, the average, the democratic; as a corollary, he refuses—in his rhetoric—the synthesizing activity of James's poet, who, combining the occult functions of chemist and priest, 'extracts ... latent meaning' and 'holds it up to common eyes'. The famous swarm of particulars in Whitman's writing, his undifferentiated attention to 'the superficial traits of his theme', disqualify him in James's eyes from possession of 'the poetic temper'. James could have found in the volume he was reviewing Whitman's own explicit endorsement of this idea, in the short poem called 'Beginning My Studies':

Beginning my studies, the first step pleas'd me so much,
The mere fact, consciousness—these forms—the power of motion,
The least insect or animal—the senses—eyesight;
The first step, I say, aw'd me and pleas'd me so much,
I have never gone, and never wish'd to go, any farther,
But stop and loiter all my life, to sing it in extatic songs.[3]

In his review of *Drum-Taps*, James's friend William Dean Howells seized on this poem as a damning self-indictment: 'So long, then, as Mr Whitman chooses to stop at mere consciousness, he cannot be called a true poet. We all have consciousness; but we ask of art an utterance.'[4] Where Whitman disagrees with James

[3] The text of this and other quotations from *Drum-Taps* is that of the first edition, ed. F. DeWolfe Miller (Gainesville [Florida]: Scholars' Facsimiles and Reprints, no. 78, 1959).

[4] Howells's review was published in the *Round Table*, ii (11 November 1865), 147–8; reprinted in Murphy, pp. 85–8.

and Howells is, apparently, on the value of 'The mere fact, consciousness'; 'he is not a poet who merely reiterates these plain facts', says James; 'I . . . stop and loiter all my life, to sing it in extatic songs', says Whitman. They agree, however, on the general premiss: that Whitman is not interested in what James calls 'mastery' or 'grasp' of his material. But perhaps we are too quick to take Whitman at his word here. Perhaps the ground of his agreement with James is not as stable as Whitman himself would have us believe. After all the very poem in question here, 'Beginning My Studies', is reflective, not 'extatic'; it is not a poem of 'mere consciousness' but of retrospection and self-analysis; it is, in artistic terms, admirably insincere. We can shift the grammar of James's judgement and say that Whitman, indeed, is not a poet who merely reiterates these plain facts.

James's second major objection to Whitman is on the ground of style—not the oddities he makes fun of, but what they represent:

> As a general principle, we know of no circumstance more likely to impugn a writer's earnestness than the adoption of an anomalous style. He must have something very original to say if none of the old vehicles will carry his thoughts. Of course he *may* be surprisingly original. Still, presumption is against him.

The importance of this 'general principle' to the particular case of Whitman can be illustrated by a characteristically Olympian, even Bostonian remark by Matthew Arnold, in a letter of the same period to Whitman's friend and partisan W. D. O'Connor:

> As to the general question of Mr Walt Whitman's poetical achievement, you will think that it savours of our decrepit old Europe when I add that while you think it is his highest merit that he is so unlike anyone else, to me this seems to me to be his demerit; no one can afford in literature to trade merely on his own bottom and to take no account of what the other ages and nations have acquired: a great original literature America will never get in this way, and her intellect must inevitably consent to come, in a considerable measure, into the European movement. That she may do this and yet be an independent intellectual power, not merely as you say an intellectual colony of Europe, I cannot doubt; and it is on her doing this, and not on her displaying an eccentric and violent originality that wise Americans should in my opinion set their desires.[5]

[5] Reprinted in Murphy, p. 89.

Metaphors of commerce and politics link the argument about Whitman's style to a wider argument about America's relations with Europe. Argument and metaphor were both still alive when Arnold's Anglo-American successor, T. S. Eliot, defined good style in a way which was equally antagonistic to Whitman's 'eccentric and violent originality': 'The word neither diffident nor ostentatious,/An easy commerce of the old and the new'.[6] In Arnold's more militant image the literature of the past is compared to a market from which the merchants of the United States cannot afford to cut themselves off; we are all trading partners, and the Liberal vision of Empire, in literature as in all else, is one of growing interdependence and interchange. Still the metaphor has a catch. The past comes first; the old world precedes the new; there is already a 'European movement', which American intellect 'must inevitably consent' to join. Whether you think of this 'movement' in emblematic terms, as a historical pageant or frieze of traditional forms, or in dynamic terms, as the embodiment of progress and improvement, in either case it is *the* movement; it is a centre as well as a line; to be 'eccentric' is literally to be isolated from this centre, to be marginalized. Fog in the Atlantic; America cut off. James, like Arnold, disliked Whitman's claim to be a national poet, to express by 'extatic song' the spirit or ruling idea of the new world. There is a real bitterness, quite rare in James's criticism, in his stinging peroration, delivered in the imaginary voice of the 'intelligence' which Whitman has deliberately insulted:

... To become adopted as a national poet, it is not enough to discard everything in particular and to accept everything in general, to amass crudity upon crudity, to discharge the undigested contents of your blotting-book into the lap of the public. You must respect the public which you address; for it has taste, if you have not. It delights in the grand, the heroic, and the masculine; but it delights to see these conceptions cast into worthy form. It is indifferent to brute sublimity. It will never do for you to thrust your hands into your pockets and cry out that, as the research of form is an intolerable bore, the shortest and most economical way for the public to embrace its idols—for the nation to realize its genius—is in your own person. This democratic, liberty-loving, American populace, this stern and war-tried people, is a great civilizer. It is devoted to refinement. If it has sustained a monstrous war, and practised human nature's best in so many ways for the last five years, it is not to put up with spurious poetry afterwards. To sing aright our battles and our glories it is not enough to have served

[6] *Four Quartets*, 'Little Gidding', v, 6–7.

in a hospital (however praiseworthy the task in itself), to be aggressively careless, inelegant, and ignorant, and to be constantly preoccupied with yourself. It is not enough to be rude, lugubrious, and grim. You must also be serious . . .

In one respect at least we have the advantage of James: Whitman's notebooks, meticulously edited in the New York University Press *Collected Writings*, conclusively disprove the taunt that he 'discharge[d] the undigested contents of [his] blotting-book into the lap of the public'; we know that the 'research of form' was precisely Whitman's abiding preoccupation and that his proclaimed indifference to artistry and workmanship was true only in a special and limited sense, and certainly not in the sense that James assumed. Nevertheless James goes to the heart of the matter in his quarrel with Whitman's fitness to 'become adopted as a national poet'. The Civil War was fought on the ground of American identity; the winners gained the authority to interpret America, to 'write' the national myth. Lincoln did this at Gettysburg; Whitman claimed the same authority in *Drum-Taps*. Of course Whitman had staked his claim to be the interpreter of America with the first publication of *Leaves of Grass* and its polemical preface in 1855. But James grasps, I think, the way in which the Civil War *realized* this claim, made it of urgent and challenging potency, by adding to it the immense energy of history. James saw Whitman hitching the wagon of his aesthetics to the star of the Civil War; the wagon looked to him dilapidated, the star lofty, the conjunction monstrous and impertinent. That is not how it looks to me.

II

In keeping with a lecture on Whitman, let me now give some facts and lists. Walt Whitman was a few weeks short of his forty-second birthday when the Civil War began with the Confederate capture of Fort Sumter on 12 April 1861. He did not fight in the war, but he was not remote from it; from December 1862 to June 1864 he lived in Washington, close to the shifting and bloody fronts where Lee's Army of Northern Virginia confronted the Union Army of the Potomac. During this period he undertook his extensive visiting of the military hospitals (Henry James refers rather slightingly to this in his review, though he was later generously to acknowledge it, and to retract some of his animus against Whitman generally). Whitman's reactions to the war are

faithfully recorded in *Drum-Taps*. He began with an outburst of militant patriotic feeling, expressed in the title poem and others such as 'Beat! Beat! Drums!' and 'City of Ships', some of which were published in New York journals in the months following the outbreak of the war. These poems seem strident and overheated today, their ferocity too willed, their battle-ardour uncomfortably close to the neurotic embrace of war by the speaker of Tennyson's 'Maud'. Whitman's own feelings had changed by the time *Drum-Taps* was published; nevertheless he let these poems stand in all editions, because they spoke of the uprising of the American people against rebellion, as Whitman saw and understood it—in his words, 'the grandest and most encouraging spectacle yet vouchsafed in any age, old or new, to political progress and democracy'[7]—and this was an essential part of his design. Whitman's early intemperate enthusiasm for the war was shared by many Americans on both sides; it was due in part to a long period of national peace, on which the Mexican War of 1847 had hardly impinged. Many men enlisted as thirty-day volunteers; Whitman ruefully records that 'a couple of companies of the Thirteenth Brooklyn, who rendezvou'd at the city armory, and started thence as thirty days' men, were all provided with pieces of rope, conspicuously tied to their musket-barrels, with which to bring back each man a prisoner from the audacious South, to be led in a noose, on our men's early and triumphant return!'[8] It was when Whitman saw the consequences of war close up, in his self-appointed role as auxiliary nurse, dispenser of charity, and above all friend and comforter of the sick and wounded, that his feelings took a decisive turn, a turn most succinctly given in these three lines which were added to *Drum-Taps* in 1871 as the epigraph to the whole collection, and were later incorporated in 'The Wound-Dresser':

Arous'd and angry, I'd thought to beat the alarum, and urge
 relentless war,
But soon my fingers fail'd me, my face droop'd and I resign'd myself
To sit by the wounded and soothe them, or silently watch the dead.

Whitman was himself sickened and wounded, as well as inspired and nourished, by these hectic, passionate, and grievous visits; the stroke he suffered in 1873, and from which he never fully recovered, was the culmination of a cycle of ill health which

[7] *Specimen Days*, 'National Uprising and Volunteering'.
[8] *Specimen Days*, 'Contemptuous Feeling'.

began in 1864.[9] In addition to the first-hand accounts of the war which he heard in the hospitals, he himself frequented camps and sites of battles; his brother George served throughout the war in the 51st New York Regiment.[10] The poetry he wrote about the war is therefore a poetry of observation and experience as well as one of sympathetic imagination; poems such as 'A March in the Ranks Hard-Prest, and the Road Unknown' and 'A Sight in Camp in the Day-Break Grey and Dim' originate in anecdotes and observations put down on the spot in Whitman's notebooks, which are also the quarry for the Civil War sections of *Specimen Days*.

This is not the place for even the briefest outline history of the Civil War, but a few points of emphasis are important in order to understand Whitman's response to it. In military terms the war was a shambles, in the double sense of incompetence and butchery. Over six hundred thousand men died, out of a total combatant force of around two and a half million. The major factors were disease, obsolete infantry tactics, and poor medical care. Assuming that you survived the epidemics of typhoid, dysentry, and pneumonia which swept the insanitary camps, you were liable as a Civil War infantryman to come under the command of generals who deployed their regiments in Napoleonic fashion; this had been all right in the days when a charging line in close order faced volleys of smooth bore muskets, which had an effective range of a hundred yards; it was not all right when they faced muskets with rifled barrels which were effective at half a mile. Frontal assaults were decimated; the generals kept on ordering them. If you were wounded in a battle your chances of survival were not good; the causes of infection were not understood, and sterilization of instruments and bandages unknown. Stephen Crane's cruel and funny story 'An Episode of War' records the surgeons' enthusiasm for amputation. If you escaped from the hospitals and returned to camp, a further bout of pneumonia, dysentry, and typhoid awaited you.

The scale of the casualties ensured that the Civil War was truly a national war, a war of masses of men, of the democratic

[9] See P. Zweig, *Walt Whitman: the Making of the Poet* (Harmondsworth, 1986), p. 341.

[10] See in this connection the final paragraph of the MS 'Monday Night, December 26' (*Notebooks*, ii, 745–6), in which Whitman speaks of his brother's war diary ('merely a skeleton of dates, voyages, places camped in or marched through, battles fought, &c.') as containing in embryo 'a perfect poem of the war'.

'average' to use a favourite term of Whitman's; he is close to Tolstoy (whose *War and Peace* is exactly contemporary with *Drum-Taps*) when he writes, as he does in *Democratic Vistas*, that 'the gist of this fiercest and most resolute of the world's war-like contentions resided exclusively in the unnamed, unknown rank and file'; it was a matter of special pathos and significance to him that so many of the war graves were anonymous.[11] Everywhere in the poems of *Drum-Taps* Whitman insists on the collective and impersonal character of the war: in 'Rise O Days from Your Fathomless Deeps' he compares the spontaneous upsurge of anger in the North against secession with the sublime phenomena of American Nature, and claims that the human spectacle surpasses the natural. Before the war, Whitman says,

Long I roam'd the woods of the north—long I watch'd Niagara pouring;
I travel'd the prairies over, and slept on their breast—I cross'd the Nevadas, I cross'd the plateaus;
I ascended the towering rocks along the Pacific . . .[12]

But the war displays something commensurate with these great facts of American landscape, and which converts human beings themselves into forces of Nature:

Something for us is pouring now, more than Niagara pouring;
Torrents of men, (sources and rills of the Northwest, are you indeed inexhaustible?)

In the same poem Whitman speaks of 'Manhattan, rising, advancing with menacing front—Cincinnati, Chicago, unchain'd'; cities and states, collective democratic entities, embody and articulate the meaning of the war. In the poem '1861', again, the year itself ('Arm'd year! year of the struggle!') is allegorized, in a way which would appeal to the purest exponent of Socialist Realism, as 'a strong man, erect, clothed in blue clothes, advancing, carrying a rifle on your shoulder', a Union soldier who is all Union soldiers:

Amid the men of Manhattan I saw you, as one of the workmen, the dwellers in Manhattan;
Or with large steps crossing the prairies out of Illinois and Indiana,

[11] See *Specimen Days*, 'The Million Dead, Too, Summ'd Up'.
[12] Whitman had not, in fact, been to the prairies or seen the Pacific at the time of writing.

Rapidly crossing the West with springy gait, and descending the
  Alleghanies;
Or down from the great lakes, or in Pennsylvania, or on deck along
  the Ohio river;
Or southward along the Tennessee or Cumberland rivers, or at
  Chattannooga on the mountain top,
Saw I your gait and saw I your sinewy limbs, clothed in blue,
  bearing weapons, robust year . . .

The rolling stride of the rhythm, and the magical intoning of names, are familiar from many other places in Whitman's verse; but this spanning of the continent has particular importance here because it lays such visionary emphasis on the assimilation of multiple individual experience into a single abstract whole. And yet, at the same time as he perceived and celebrated the war as an affirmation of national, collective identity, Whitman was engaged by means of the war in unprecedented personal human contact with individuals, the thousands of soldiers he encountered in the hospitals (the estimate is Whitman's own and there is no reason to doubt it). The intensity of such encounters, and the oscillation between impersonal and personal response, comes out most clearly in one of the masterpieces of the volume, 'The Dresser':

On, on I go—(open, doors of time! open, hospital doors!)
The crush'd head I dress, (poor crazed hand, tear not the bandage
  away;)
The neck of the cavalry-man, with the bullet through and through,
  I examine;
Hard the breathing rattles, quite glazed already the eye, yet life
  struggles hard;
(Come, sweet death! be persuaded, O beautiful death!
In mercy come quickly.)

From the stump of the arm, the amputated hand,
I undo the clotted lint, remove the slough, wash off the matter and
  blood;
Back on his pillow the soldier bends, with curv'd neck, and
  side-falling head;
His eyes are closed, his face is pale, he dares not look on the bloody
  stump,
And has not yet looked on it.

I dress a wound in the side, deep, deep;
But a day or two more—for see, the frame all wasted and sinking,
And the yellow-blue countenance see.

By the use of the definite article—'The crush'd head', 'the neck of the cavalry-man', 'the stump of the arm'—Whitman suggests the generic and impersonal facts, repeated again and again, as indeed is the case; simultaneously the attention to detail (the 'crazed hand' tearing at the bandage, the reluctance of the amputee to look at his wound) refers us to individual moments of experience, passionately seen and unflinchingly noted. In the hospitals, democratic America, many and one, lies before the wound-dresser, as it did before Whitman himself; the bond of union between individuals, the most precious value of his aesthetics, was enacted within a framework where the same values were inscribed in the form of political idealism and political abstraction. For the Northern cause was the cause of Union; no wonder Whitman was so violently opposed to secession, to the idea of breaking the Union; the political constitution of the United States (however strange it might seem to sober historians of that strange entity) had, for him, a living connection with the principle of 'adhesion', the love of comrades. In 'Over the Carnage Rose Prophetic a Voice', this connection is made in Whitman's grand manner, a fusion of biblical and demagogic rhythms, as he looks forward to the fruits of Union victory:

One from Massachusetts shall be a Missourian's comrade;
From Maine and from hot Carolina, and another an Oregonese,
shall be friends triune,
More precious to each other than all the riches of the earth.

. . .

It shall be customary in the houses and streets to see manly
affection;
The most dauntless and rude shall touch face to face lightly;
The dependence of Liberty shall be lovers,
The continuance of Equality shall be comrades.

The poem is written in the knowledge that the one from Massachusetts was currently engaged in cutting his Missourian comrade's throat; the war was truly for Whitman 'The Civil War' or 'The Secession War', a conflict within a single body, and not, as it was for Southerners, 'The War Between the States', implying the existence of separate and autonomous powers.[13]

[13] 'I consider the war of attempted secession . . . not as a struggle of two distinct and separate peoples, but a conflict . . . between the passions and paradoxes of one and the same identity—perhaps the only terms on which that identity could really become fused, homogenous and lasting' ('Origins of Attempted Secession' in Floyd Storall (ed.), *Collected Writings: Prose Works 1892* (New York University Press, 1964), ii, 426–7).

Besides this, the Civil War was also the first modern war, a forerunner of World War One not just in the importance of economic and material power in determining the outcome, or the crucial use of railways in troop movements and supply, but in the mass production of death. Crane, in *The Red Badge of Courage*, has done something to enable us to understand this phenomenon, both industrial and insensate, systematic and unhinged. It was an irony that America, the country of progress and modernity, among all its material advances and inventions should be so advanced and inventive in this business. One of Whitman's sketches in *Specimen Days*, 'Patent-Office Hospital', describes the transformation of 'that noblest of Washington buildings', with its 'immense apartments . . . fill'd with high and ponderous glass cases, crowded with models in miniature of every kind of utensil, machine or invention, it ever enter'd into the mind of man to conceive . . . Between these cases are lateral openings, perhaps eight feet wide and quite deep, and in these were placed the sick, besides a great long double row of them up and down through the middle of the hall. Many of them were very bad cases, wounds and amputations.' The 'ponderous glass cases' crowded with human artefacts are juxtaposed with the 'bad cases' crowded between them; human beings have become 'cases' in which suffering is patented and exhibited, another 'product' of the triumphant material abundance of America.

The year before the Civil War began, Whitman had published the third edition and expansion of *Leaves of Grass*, including the *Children of Adam* and *Calamus* sections, with their intense and defiant eroticism. There is evidence that Whitman now thought of *Leaves of Grass* as complete; at any rate *Drum-Taps*, his next volume, was not conceived as a section to be added to *Leaves of Grass* but as a separate enterprise, distinct in purpose and method. This distinctiveness can still be traced, despite the fact that *Drum-Taps* was eventually subsumed in the *Leaves of Grass* scheme. The first mentions of *Drum-Taps* come in Whitman's letters and those of his friends in the spring of 1863; he did not intend to wait until the war was over to write about it. Difficulties with finance and printing delayed publication, and delay added to the contents; the collection went to press in April 1865, but was not issued because of Lincoln's assassination; it was finally published, along with *Sequel to Drum-Taps*, in November 1865.

The subsequent textual history of the volume, as always with Whitman, is complex, but it is important to understand some of

its features. Accordingly I have provided in an appendix (pp. 280 ff.) the means of comparing the original contents and order of the separate collection, *Drum-Taps* and *Sequel to Drum-Taps*, with the contents and order of the sections called *Drum-Taps* and *Memories of President Lincoln* in the final edition of *Leaves of Grass*, the so-called 'deathbed edition' of 1892. You will notice that the second list is much shorter than the first. The original *Drum-Taps* and *Sequel* consisted of seventy-one poems; the final *Drum-Taps* and *Memories of President Lincoln* have forty-seven, five of which had not appeared in the original. Twenty-nine poems, therefore, were removed, of which four were dropped completely from the final text of *Leaves of Grass*; one, 'A Broadway Pageant', was placed on its own; the other twenty-four were redistributed in eight different sections, none of which has fewer than two or more than five of the poems. This last figure is significant because it suggests that the poems taken out of *Drum-Taps* and dispersed among so many other sections were not thought by Whitman to possess a common identity; the final *Drum-Taps* itself, by contrast, appears winnowed and homogenous, its essential identity stressed and sharpened. However, the notion that in the fat *Drum-Taps* of 1865 there was a thin *Drum-Taps* of 1892 struggling to get out is not as obvious as it seems; for if poems like 'Pioneers! O Pioneers!' and 'Chanting the Square Deific' have nothing whatever to do with the Civil War, and seem to be far more appropriate in the sections to which they were subsequently moved, the same cannot be said for 'Bathed in War's Perfume', 'Quicksand Years', 'Camps of Green', and especially 'Hymn of Dead Soldiers'. Indeed I would argue that the original collection is enriched rather than simply enlarged by its mixed contents, and that, although the final form has greater concentration, quicker pace, and a clearer sense of purpose, these qualities are achieved at the cost of imaginative scope and depth. The same is true of the re-ordering of the poems, where the final text is, I think, diminished by its greater formal coherence. Let me give just one example. In the final text Whitman grouped together a number of poems which were scattered far apart in the original collection, and which can be described as vignettes or genre pieces: 'Cavalry Crossing a Ford', 'Bivouac on a Mountain Side', 'An Army Corps on the March', and 'By the Bivouac's Fitful Flame'. He placed this group in a mediating position between the opening group of poems, which are mainly about the beginning of the war, and the following group, which consists of 'poems of experience', graphic accounts of war's horror or pathos. In the

original text, however, there is no such mediation: 'Beat! Beat! Drums!' is instantly followed by 'Come Up from the Fields Father'; the most militant, uncompromising, and one-dimensional of the battle-cry poems is juxtaposed with a poem where the emotional register is radically different, and where narrative voice and structure are at their most complex and subtle, in the description of a family receiving a letter telling them that their son has been wounded, while the reader is told that the letter is out of date and he is already dead. The contrast between the two poems is especially jolting because of the change in rhetorical mood and rhythm, from the formalized, impersonal, percussive effects of 'Beat! Beat! Drums!' to the poignant notation of feeling and consciousness in 'Come Up from the Fields Father':

Beat! beat! drums!—Blow! bugles! blow!
Make no parley—stop for no expostulation;
Mind not the timid—mind not the weeper or prayer;
Mind not the old man beseeching the young man;
Let not the child's voice be heard, nor the mother's entreaties . . .

Open the envelope quickly;
O this is not our son's writing, though his name is sign'd;
O a strange hand writes for our dear son—O stricken mother's soul!
All swims before her eyes—flashes with black—she catches the main words only:
Sentences broken—*gun-shot wound in the breast, cavalry skirmish, taken to hospital,*
At present low, but will soon be better.

In Whitman's imaginative symmetry the wound to the son is matched by the wound to the mother, she 'stricken' in her soul by the letter as he in his body by the bullet; the 'Sentences broken' of the letter are rhythmic blows or wounded gasps for breath; we are certainly in a different world from 'Mind not the timid—mind not the weeper or prayer'. Yet 'Come Up from the Fields Father' is itself followed by 'City of Ships': the switchback returns us from the devastated Ohio farm to Whitman's 'Proud and passionate city! mettlesome, mad, extravagant city!' in whose warlike noise and energy he delights and sympathizes:

In peace I chanted peace, but now the drum of war is mine;
War, red war, is my song through your streets, O city!

And 'City of Ships', too, is not left uncommented on; at the

bottom of the page on which it appears, Whitman (ever the thrifty printer) placed the two-line fragment 'Mother and Babe':

I see the sleeping babe, nestling the breast of its mother;
The sleeping mother and babe—hush'd, I study them long and long.

The word 'hush'd' refers directly to the blare of the preceding poem; the word 'breast' harks back to the breast-wound from which the son dies in 'Come Up from the Fields Father'; it was this kind of effect that Whitman lost when he transferred 'Mother and Babe' from *Drum-Taps* to its present haphazard position in *By the Roadside*.

The omission of 'Mother and Babe' brings me to one last list: a negative catalogue. Whitman claimed that *Drum-Taps* was 'the expression of the war, the rousing of the North at the commencement, the first losses and defeats, the doubt & terrible uncertainty, the perseverance, of scenes among the wounded & dying, the smoke & thunder & fierceness of battle—& yet more, all the human interests & sympathies of the struggle.'[14] That last phrase makes a characteristic gesture of inclusion and appropriation, but it is not to be taken at face value. Obviously to begin with *Drum-Taps* is written from the point of view of the Union side; Whitman's sympathy embraced the individual soldiers who fought for the South but emphatically not the cause of secession for which they fought. As to the arguments about secession—political, social, economic, moral—Whitman has nothing to say; in particular *Drum-Taps* is deafeningly silent on the subject of slavery. The word 'slavery' occurs only once, and it does so in the context of Whitman's habitual disaparagement of the art of past times and cultures: in the poem 'Turn O Libertad' he refers to 'the chants of the feudal world—the triumphs of kings, slavery, caste', as though slavery and caste, at least, were not as much features of ante-bellum America as of 'the feudal world'. Some of Whitman's later comments suggest that he, like many other Northeners, came to identify the Civil War as a crusade against slavery, but this was a retrospective view; at the time Whitman, like his hero Lincoln (indeed Lincoln was a hero to Whitman for just this reason) saw the Civil War as a struggle to preserve the Union, not to free the slaves.[15] *Drum-Taps* in its original form

[14] Cited in Miller, p. lix.

[15] See the four-line poem 'This Dust Was Once the Man' (not in the original *Drum-Taps*), which now concludes the section *Memories of President Lincoln*: 'This dust was once the man,/Gentle, plain, just and resolute, under

therefore makes no mention of emancipation, in fact no mention of black people at all (the short poem 'Ethiopia Saluting the Colors' was added later and sits uneasily in the collection). Nor do women figure strongly in Whitman's imagination of the war; the sequence I have just been discussing is unusual in that respect. In 'Come Up from the Fields Father', the feelings of the father who is prominent in the title give way powerfully in the course of the poem to those of the mother; with this exception, and that of 'Mother and Babe', the human focus of the poems—their consciousness, and the relationships they describe—is male, and the principal female figures are abstractions: New York City, Liberty, Democracy, Death. Whitman depicts a different world of action and feeling from Crane's *The Red Badge of Courage* or Ambrose Bierce's *Tales of Soldiers*, but it remains a male world none the less; Whitman is closer to Crane than he is to Mary Chesnut, whose diaries trace connections between local and domestic life and the large social and political dimensions of the war in a way quite foreign to Whitman's design. Another significant absence is that of any specific reference to the places, dates, or names of the war itself. Abraham Lincoln's initials and the date of his funeral appear in the subtitle to 'Hush'd Be the Camps To-day'; 'Pete' is given as the name of the soldier in 'Come Up from the Fields Father'; that is all. The two great elegies, 'When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloom'd' and 'O Captain! My Captain!' do not name Lincoln; battles and generals are treated anonymously. Whitman took as great an interest in the detailed progress of the war as anyone; but in *Drum-Taps* there is description without location, specificity of detail but not of reference, as in the superb short poem 'Look Down Fair Moon':

Look down, fair moon, and bathe this scene;
Pour softly down night's nimbus floods, on faces ghastly, swollen,
  purple;
On the dead, on their backs, with their arms toss'd wide,
Pour down your unstinted nimbus, sacred moon.

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whose cautious hand,/Against the foulest crime in history known in any land or age,/Was saved the Union of these States.' See also 'Abraham Lincoln' (published 1886; *Prose Works 1892*, ii, 601–4), whose final paragraph reads: 'Consider'd from contemporary points of view . . . and from the points of view of current Democracy and The Union, (the only thing like passion or infatuation in the man was the passion for the Union of These States), Abraham Lincoln seems to me the grandest figure yet, on all the crowded canvas of the Nineteenth Century.'

Unstinted, too, what the poem gives to 'this scene'; but 'this' denotes not First Bull Run, not Chancellorsville, not Gettysburg, not Antietam or the Wilderness, but a single generic battlefield. Similarly Whitman continually refers to politicians and army commanders in his letters of the period; moreover these letters, and even more his notebooks, are crammed with the names and personal details of the young men he saw in the hospitals. None of these names figures in the poems; men are denominated by their relation to each other and to the poet. In 'As Toilsome I Wander'd Virginia's Woods', the poet comes across the grave of a soldier 'buried on the retreat'; he recounts the moving and potent inscription 'On a tablet scrawl'd and nail'd on the tree by the grave', which reads 'Bold, cautious, true, and my loving comrade'; but the tablet does not reveal the soldier's name. And in contrast to his flamboyant self-announcement in 'Song of Myself' ('Walt Whitman, an American, one of the roughs, a kosmos') the poet here too is nameless. His identity shifts between that of a participant in the Civil War and an interpreter of it; at times merged in the anonymous, democratic mass of the Union, then sharply detached and distinct from it; he is soldier, wound-dresser, militant citizen, but also rememberer and mediator; his poems are war-reports, on-the-spot notations, but also visionary chronicles, narratives of retrospection or foreshadowing. The greatest poems of *Drum-Taps* are those in which this shifting of identity between the poles of the individual and collective self is at its most imaginative and most intense.

Let me give again just one example: the poem called 'A March in the Ranks Hard-Prest, and the Road Unknown'.

A march in the ranks hard-prest, and the road unknown;
A route through a heavy wood, with muffled steps in the darkness;
Our army foil'd with loss severe, and the sullen remnant retreating;
Till after midnight glimmer upon us, the lights of a dim-lighted
  building;
We come to an open space in the woods, and halt by the dim-lighted
  building;
'Tis a large old church, at the crossing-roads—'tis now an
  impromptu hospital;
—Entering but for a minute, I see a sight beyond all the pictures
  and poems ever made:
Shadows of deepest, deepest black, just lit by moving candles and
  lamps,
And by one great pitchy torch, stationary, with wild red flame, and
  clouds of smoke;

By these, crowds, groups of forms, vaguely I see, on the floor, some in the pews laid down;
At my feet more distinctly, a soldier, a mere lad, in danger of bleeding to death, (he is shot in the abdomen;)
I staunch the blood temporarily, (the youngster's face is white as a lily;)
Then before I depart I sweep my eyes o'er the scene, fain to absorb it all;
Faces, varieties, postures beyond description, most in obscurity, some of them dead;
Surgeons operating, attendants holding lights, the smell of ether, the odor of blood;
The crowd, O the crowd of the bloody forms of soldiers—the yard outside also fill'd;
Some on the bare ground, some on planks or stretchers, some in the death-spasm sweating;
An occasional scream or cry, the doctor's shouted orders or calls;
The glisten of the little steel instruments catching the glint of the torches;
These I resume as I chant—I see again the forms, I smell the odor;
Then hear outside the orders given, *Fall in, my men, Fall in*;
But first I bend to the dying lad—his eyes open—a half-smile gives he me;
Then the eyes close, calmly close, and I speed forth to the darkness,
Resuming, marching, as ever in darkness marching, on in the ranks,
The unknown road still marching.

Whitman got the idea for this poem from an anecdote told to him by Milton Roberts, a soldier from Maine, in the summer of 1863, and which he immediately set down in a manuscript.[16] 'I

[16] 'Scene in the Woods' (*Notebooks*, ii, 651–2). The entry is worth quoting in full for the light it throws on Whitman's working methods: 'After the battle of White Oaks Church, on the retreat, the march at night—the scene between 12 & 2 o'clock that night, at the church in the woods, the hospital show at night, the wounded brought in—previous, the silent stealthy march through the woods, at times stumbling over the bodies of dead men in the road, (there had been terrible fighting there that day, only closing at dark)—we retreating the artillery horses feet muffled, orders that men should tread light & only speak in whispers—//Then between midnight & 1 o'clock we halted to rest a couple of hours at an opening in the woods—in this opening was a pretty good sized old church used impromptu for a hospital for the wounded of the battles of the day thereabout—with these it was filled, all varieties horrible beyond description—the darkness dimly lit with candles, lamps, torches, moving about, but plenty of darkness & half darkness,—the crowds of wounded, bloody & pale, the surgeons operating—the yards outside also filled—they lay on the ground, some on blankets, some on stray planks,—the despairing screams & curses of some out of their sense, the murky darkness, the gleaming

[*footnote cont. on p. 276*

took notes as I went along,' he told Horace Traubel many years later, 'often as I sat—talking, maybe, as with you here now—I writing while the other fellow told his story.'[17] The poem is therefore a record of experience, drawn from the life; but it is not surprising to find, in a notebook dating from the same general period, and which contains draft lines for the poem, a jotting which indicates that Whitman was reading or thinking about Dante's *Inferno* (he also 'looked carefully' at Gustave Doré's illustrations, which he found 'very fine—yet some of them too melodramatic').[18] Even without this clue the resemblance would still be strong and significant, not just because of the scene of horror which is portrayed, but because of the narrative structure, the journey broken by a traumatic encounter and then resumed. Whitman's 'reading' of Dante, however, makes some significant changes. Instead of the lofty poet, accompanied by Virgil as guide and interpreter, the narrator here is a common soldier, marching 'in the ranks', and he must be his own Virgil; instead of the ordered, purposeful design of Dante's journey, the 'route through a heavy wood' is here a 'road unknown', and the 'large old church', the site of Dante's certainties, has become 'an impromptu hospital', a shapeless and unplanned landscape in which hellish suffering is traversed by fugitive glimpses of a secular redemption. There is accordingly no ascending movement; the narrator does not emerge into light but 'speed[s] forth to the darkness'.

The democratic design of *Drum-Taps* is at work here: you can see it in the emphasis on the narrator's common rank, in the refusal to give the name of the place or the 'loss severe' suffered by the Union army, in the anonymous 'crowds, groups of forms', none of whom are named or given special status. Whitman's vision of the Civil War as a democratic epic is fully articulated, and so too, in the encounter between the narrator and the young soldier, is the link between the Union as a whole and the union of

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of the torches, the smoke from them too, the doctors operating, the scent of chloroform, the glisten of the steel instruments as the flash of lamps fell upon them.' Grier dates this MS to June–July 1863; see n. 18.

[17] Horace Traubel, *With Walt Whitman in Camden*, 3 vols. (1906–14), ii, 137; cited in *Notebooks*, ii, 477.

[18] The note on Dante's Inferno and Doré is in *Notebooks*, ii, 491–2; Whitman dates his study of Doré September 1862. A draft of ll. 15–20 of 'A March in the Ranks' appears on p. 517; this is dated by Grier to late 1862, but cannot be earlier than 'Scene in the Woods', with which it shares some verbatim pharses, assuming that the prose account is the primary source.

individuals, between anonymous collective endeavour and the 'love of comrades'.

And yet there is something more, something in excess of the poem's formal design. The narrator is identified as a common soldier in the ranks, but he singles himself out: when the poem begins he is part of 'Our army', and 'We come to an open space', but he enters the makeshift hospital alone, and from then on it is 'I' and not 'we'. When he enters he sees 'a sight beyond all the pictures and poems ever made'; the first comparison that occurs to him is an aesthetic one. His eye is painterly: it registers composition, lighting, perspective, colour values, tone; he is rhetorically sophisticated, as in the contrast between the blood draining from the young soldier's wound and his face 'white as a lily', or the teasing play of sounds in the line 'The glisten of the little steel instruments catching the glint of the torches'. The two actions he performs in the hospital may be thought to be at odds: one is a physical act of compassion and communion, personal, wordless, touchingly human and imperfect (he is not a saviour, and can only 'staunch the blood temporarily'), and its outcome is an answering gesture, the 'half-smile' of the dying soldier; the other action is one of imaginative and creative appropriation. 'I sweep my eyes o'er the scene, fain to absorb it all': the narrator's observation does not minister to another, but to the self, and sets up a closed circuit of memory: 'these I resume as I chant—I see again the forms, I smell the odor.' Moreover that word 'resume', with its unusual sense of 're-experience, re-live', draws sudden attention to the telling of the story, to the fact that the narrative present in which it is couched is deceptive, that the episode belongs to the past and is being re-enacted in the 'chant' of the narrator. And if there are two time-frames in the poem, one in which the story 'takes place', and the other in which it has taken place and is being told, then there are also two narrators, one subjectively identified with his experience, the other authorizing and interpreting that subjectivity. This duality makes itself powerfully felt at the end of the poem, in the narrator's 'Resuming' of his march in 'darkness' and on an 'unknown road'; the action which in the first lines of the peom realistically sketched the bare physical facts of hardship and uncertainty is now loaded with suggestions of metaphysical heroism. The anonymous soldier of the opening seems at the end to be a self-image of the poet—also anonymous, also in darkness, also marching on an unknown road—and this shift of identity, powerful and disturbing, is a mark of the grasp, the mastery of

his material, which Henry James thought Whitman so signally lacked.

III

I should like to conclude by commenting on a passage from *Specimen Days* which sums up my reading of the poems of *Drum-Taps*. Indeed I believe that Whitman himself intended this passage as a key to his whole approach to the war and his writing about it. It is called 'Opening of the Secession War'.

News of the attack on fort Sumter and *the flag* at Charleston Harbor, S. C., was receiv'd in New York city late at night (13th April, 1861,) and was immediately sent out in extras of the newspapers. I had been to the opera in Fourteenth street that night, and after the performance was walking down Broadway toward twelve o'clock, on my way to Brooklyn, when I heard in the distance the loud cries of the newsboys, who came presently tearing and yelling up the street, rushing from side to side even more furiously than usual. I bought an extra and cross'd to the Metropolitan hotel (Niblo's) where the great lamps were still brightly blazing, and, with a crowd of others, who gather'd impromptu, read the news, which was evidently authentic. For the benefit of some who had no papers, one of us read the telegram aloud, while all listen'd silently and attentively. No remark was made by any of the crowd, which had increased to thirty or forty, but all stood a minute or two, I remember, before they dispers'd. I can almost see them there now, under the lamps at midnight again.

The naturalism of the description here, as in so many other sketches in *Specimen Days*, is deceptive; the 'composition' is emblematic and allusive. We know that Italian opera was a formative and profound influence on Whitman's style; when he refers as he constantly does to his poems as songs or chants and to himself as a singer the reference has a rich concreteness: it evokes the opera singer's seductive mastery of phrasing and cadence, the soarings and swoopings of tenor and soprano, and the opera's flexible and expressive handling of form. Leaving this place, figuratively the site of his own creativity, he encounters singing and spectacle of a different kind: street theatre, or street opera, the competing arias of the newsboys. Whitman had been a journalist and editor for much of his early career; the cries of the newsboys, and the cries of the newspapers themselves, were as much music to him as opera, and just as influential on another side of his style (the declamatory, the boastful, the vulgar). The

news is 'evidently authentic'; Dickens, twenty years earlier, would have stared in disbelief at this assertion that you could believe anything you read in an American popular newspaper.[19] In the hotel, a different kind of audience from that of the opera assembles to hear the recitative; unlike the audience for an artistic performance, it has 'gather'd impromptu'; but this anonymous and democratic audience is as 'silent and attentive' as though it were listening to Verdi. The iconic character of this scene is not Whitman's invention; it may be compared with Richard Caton Woodville's 1848 painting, *News of the Mexican War*, which depicts a group of citizens in the porch of the not accidentally named 'American Hotel', eagerly listening to a newspaper being read aloud; the painting was a popular success and well-known from engravings. I wish to add here, and not in the margin of my own text, that an elderly white woman can just be discerned in the shadowy right-hand margin of Woodville's composition, and that two black figures, a man and a child dressed in rags, appear in the foreground; both woman and blacks placed outside the strong compositional frame of the porch, and symbolically excluded from the business of American democracy.

Opera and newspaper both offer ways of reading the poems of *Drum-Taps*: high art and popular art, singing and reporting, emotional colour and graphic realism. But the aspect of the sketch on which I want to concentrate is that which is suggested by Whitman's artful narrative design. His personal experience is placed in an objective frame of reference (place, date, and time precisely noted) and also in a collective frame: the narrator is a part of 'New York city', one of the 'crowd ... who gather'd impromptu'; not 'I' but 'one of us' reads the telegram aloud, in keeping with the democratic tone of the scene. Then 'all stood a minute or two, I remember, before they dispers'd'. 'All', the collective, dissolves into 'I' and 'they'; the phrase 'I remember', placed in the sentence with colloquial cunning, signals the distancing of the narrator's experience from its collective source. Although 'No remark was made by any of the crowd', a remark is

[19] Dickens gave his own impression of the newsboys and their 'shrill yells in all the highways and byways of the town': '"Here's this morning's New York Sewer!" cried one. "Here's this morning's New York Stabber! Here's the New York Family Spy! Here's the New York Private Listener! Here's the New York Peeper! Here's the New York Plunderer! Here's the New York Keyhole Reporter! Here's the New York Rowdy Journal! Here's all the New York papers!"' (*Martin Chuzzlewit*, ch. 16).

being made here, in the retrospect of memory: the final sentence composes the group into pictorial stillness and silence, and completes the narrator's journey from '13th April, 1861' to 'now' and 'again', to the moment of writing: a moment which inscribes a recurrence or return of vision, finely hesitant and low-key, but delivered all the same with the seer's conclusive authority.

Appendix

1. Contents of *Drum-Taps* and *Sequel to Drum-Taps* (1865)

Titles in square brackets are those of the final text. Asterisked poems do not appear in the final arrangement of *Drum-Taps* and *Memories of President Lincoln* in the 1892 *Leaves of Grass* ('Deathbed edition'); for their re-distribution see below.

Drum-Taps

1. Drum Taps [First O Songs for a Prelude]
* 2. Shut Not Your Doors to Me Proud Libraries [Shut Not Your Doors]
3. Cavalry Crossing a Ford
4. Song of the Banner at Day-Break
5. By the Bivouac's Fitful Flame
6. 1861 [Eighteen Sixty-One]
7. From Paumanok Starting I Fly Like a Bird
* 8. Beginning My Studies
9. The Centenarian's Story
*10. Pioneers! O Pioneers!
*11. Quicksand Years That Whirl Me I Know Not Whither [Quicksand Years]
12. The Dresser [The Wound-Dresser]
*13. When I Heard the Learn'd Astronomer
14. Rise O Days from Your Fathomless Deeps
*15. A Child's Amaze
16. Beat! Beat! Drums!
17. Come Up from the Fields Father
18. City of Ships
*19. Mother and Babe
20. Vigil Strange I Kept on the Field One Night
*21. Bathed in War's Perfume
22. A March in the Ranks Hard-Prest, and the Road Unknown
23. Long, Too Long, O Land [Long, Too Long, America]
24. A Sight in Camp in the Day-Break Grey and Dim
*25. A Farm Picture
26. Give Me the Splendid Silent Sun
27. Over the Carnage Rose Prophetic a Voice
28. Did You Ask Dulcet Rhymes from Me? [To a Certain Civilian]
*29. Year of Meteors
*30. The Torch

*31. Years of the Unperform'd [Years of the Modern]
32. Year that Trembled and Reeled Beneath Me
33. The Veteran's Vision [The Artilleryman's Vision]
34. O Tan-Faced Prairie-Boy
*35. Camps of Green
36. As Toilsome I Wander'd Virginia's Woods
*37. Hymn of Dead Soldiers [Ashes of Soldiers]
*38. The Ship [The Ship Starting]
*39. A Broadway Pageant
*40. Flag of Stars, Thick-Sprinkled Bunting [Thick-Sprinkled Bunting]
*41. Old Ireland
42. Look Down Fair Moon
*43. Out of the Rolling Ocean, the Crowd
44. World, Take Good Notice
45. I Saw Old General at Bay
*46. Othèrs May Praise What They Like
*47. Solid, Ironical, Rolling Orb
48. Hush'd Be the Camps To-day
*49. Weave in, Weave in, My Hardy Life [Weave in, My Hardy Life]
50. Turn O Libertad
51. Bivouac on a Mountain Side
52. Pensive on Her Dead Gazing, I Heard the Mother of All [Pensive on Her Dead Gazing]
53. Not Youth Pertains to Me

Sequel to Drum-Taps
54. When Lilacs Last in the Door-Yard Bloom'd
55. Race of Veterans
56. O Captain! My Captain!
57. Spirit Whose Work Is Done
*58. Chanting the Square Deific
*59. I Heard You, Solemn-Sweet Pipes of the Organ
*60. Not My Enemies Ever Invade Me
*61. O Me! O Life!
*62. Ah Poverties, Wincings, and Sulky Retreats
63. As I Lay With My Head in Your Lap, Camerado
*64. This Day, O Soul
*65. In Clouds Descending, in Midnight Sleep [Old War-Dreams]
66. An Army on the March [An Army Corps on the March]
67. Dirge for Two Veterans
68. How Solemn, as One by One
69. Lo! Victress on the Peaks!
70. Reconciliation
71. To the Leaven'd Soil They Trod

2. Contents of final text of *Drum-Taps* and *Memories of President Lincoln* in 1892 *Leaves of Grass*

Asterisked poems were not in the 1865 *Drum-Taps* and *Sequel to Drum-Taps*; the date at which they were added to the *Drum-Taps* and *Memories of President Lincoln* sections of *Leaves of Grass* is given in square brackets.

Drum-Taps

1. First O Songs for a Prelude
2. Eighteen Sixty-One
3. Beat! Beat! Drums!
4. From Paumanok Starting I Fly Like a Bird
5. Song of the Banner at Daybreak
6. Rise O Days from Your Fathomless Deeps
* 7. Virginia—The West [1881]
8. City of Ships
9. The Centenarian's Story
10. Cavalry Crossing a Ford
11. Bivouac on a Mountain Side
12. An Army Corps on the March
13. By the Bivouac's Fitful Flame
14. Come Up from the Fields Father
15. Vigil Strange I Kept on the Field One Night
16. A March in the Ranks Hard-Prest, and the Road Unknown
17. A Sight in Camp in the Daybreak Gray and Dim
18. As Toilsome I Wander'd Virginia's Woods
*19. Not the Pilot [1871]
20. Years That Trembled and Reel'd Beneath me
21. The Wound-Dresser
22. Long, Too Long America
23. Give Me the Splendid Silent Sun
24. Dirge for Two Veterans
25. Over the Carnage Rose Prophetic a Voice
26. I Saw Old General at Bay
27. The Artilleryman's Vision
*28. Ethiopia Saluting the Colors [1881]
29. Not Youth Pertains to Me
30. Race of Veterans
31. World Take Good Notice
32. O Tan-Faced Prairie Boy
33. Look Down Fair Moon
34. Reconciliation
35. How Solemn as One by One
36. As I Lay with My Head in Your Lap Camerado
*37. Delicate Cluster [1881]
38. To a Certain Civilian
39. Lo, Victress on the Peaks
40. Spirit Whose Work Is Done
*41. Adieu to a Soldier [1881]
42. Turn O Libertad
43. To the Leaven'd Soil They Trod

Memories of President Lincoln

44. When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloom'd
45. O Captain! My Captain!
46. Hush'd Be the Camps To-day
*47. This Dust Was Once the Man [1881]

3. Final placing of poems from *Drum-Taps* and *Sequel to Drum-Taps* (1865) in sections of 1892 *Leaves of Grass*

Poem	Section
Shut Not Your Doors Beginning My Studies The Ship Starting	*Inscriptions*
Pioneers! O Pioneers! Year of Meteors	*Birds of Passage*
Quicksand Years Chanting the Square Deific	*Whispers of Heavenly Death*
When I Heard the Learn'd Astronomer A Child's Amaze Mother and Babe A Farm Picture O Me! O Life!	*By the Roadside*
The Torch Old Ireland Others May Praise What They Like	*Autumn Rivulets*
Years of the Modern Camps of Green Ashes of Soldiers Pensive On Her Dead Gazing	*Songs of Parting*
Thick-Sprinkled Bunting Weave in, My Hardy Life Ah Poverties, Wincings, and Sulky Retreats Old War-Dreams	*From Noon to Starry Night*
Out of the Rolling Ocean, the Crowd I Heard You, Solemn-Sweet Pipes of the Organ	*Children of Adam*

'A Broadway Pageant' was placed on its own, between the sections *Birds of Passage* and *Sea-Drift.*

The following poems were omitted from the 1892 *Leaves of Grass*:

Bathed in War's Perfume
Solid, Ironical, Rolling Orb
Not My Enemies Ever Invade Me
This Day, O Soul