

press the things he had to say. His vigorous and colorful style reflects the abounding vitality and love of life that was his outstanding characteristic.

Whitman himself declared that his poetry would not be appreciated until one hundred years after his death; but his prophecy was not borne out; for, although his fame has risen slowly, he was already being acclaimed in 1873 when, at the age of 53, he came to his brother's Camden home to see his dying mother.

After his mother's death, when his brother moved to Burlington, N.J., Whitman chose to remain in Camden. He had spent days and nights wandering the streets and had come to love the little city and its simple hard-working people. At first he lived in lodgings; and then, with the help of George W. Childs, a wealthy Philadelphia admirer, he bought the little two - story frame house at 330 Mickle Street which had belonged to a working man. The belongings of the poet are there, his books, his work chair, some furniture that was in his childhood home in West Hills, Long Island, portraits of his father and mother, a bust of himself by B. F. Morse, a copy of his will, and a copy of the Japanese translation of his "Leaves of Grass."

From 1884 to 1892 he worked contentedly at the parlor window of the little house until his long last illness kept him to his bedroom. On spring and summer days the people passing his window would stop to hail him, especially the children, and he would drop his pen to greet his friends. Perhaps that is one reason why he was often hard up for money. His poems and articles were selling in newspapers and magazines; but Walt was more absorbed in observing life and people and in developing his art than in the practical problems of living. Admirers of his poems in England sent him \$400 through the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Friends arranged a lecture for him in Philadelphia and he got a goodly sum for it.