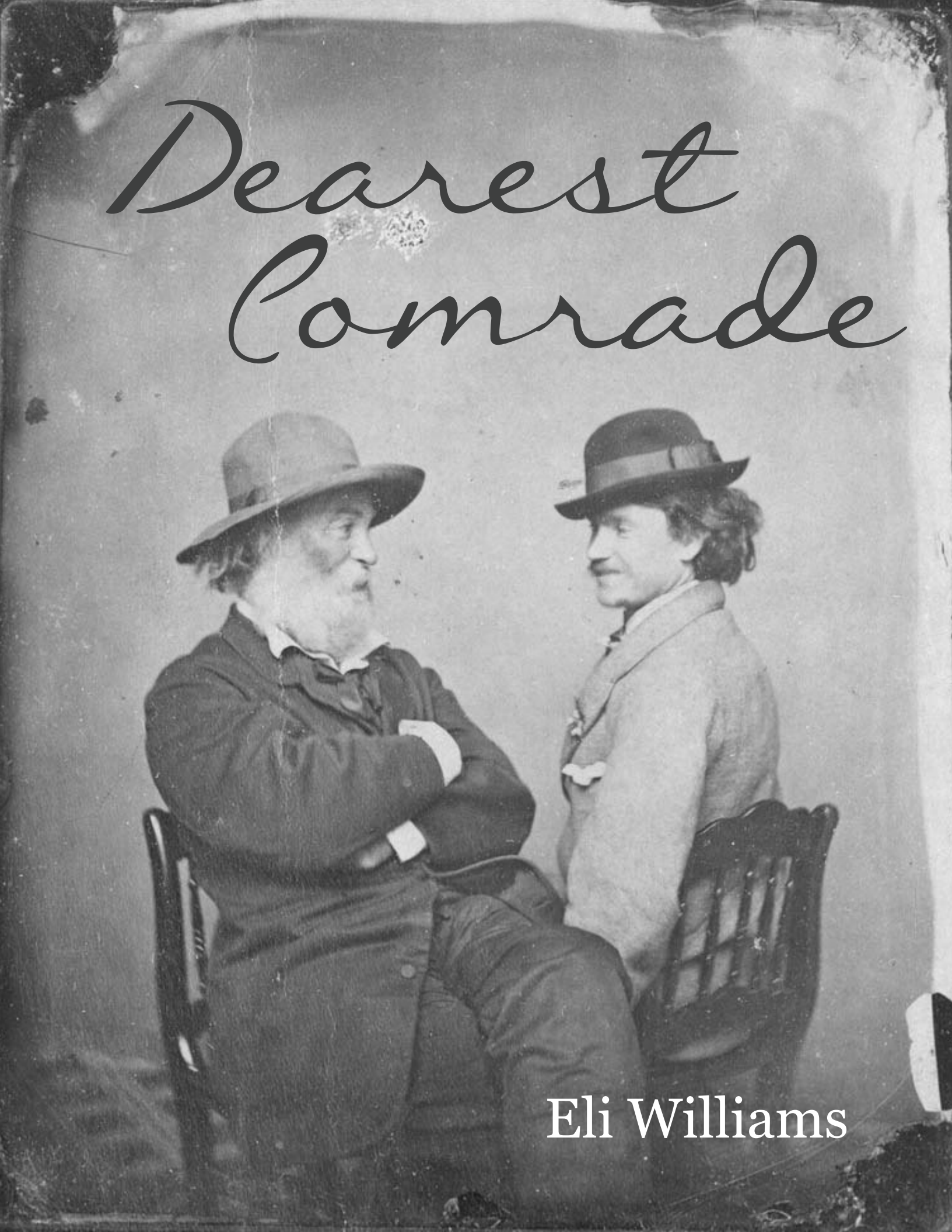
Dearest Comrade



Eli Williams

Dearest Comrade

poetry inspired by
Walt Whitman and Peter Doyle

written by

Eli Williams

ENGL 449, Winter 2014
Dr. Waitinas

“To get the ensemble of Leaves of Grass you have got to include such things as these—the walks, Pete's friendship: yes, such things: they are absolutely necessary to the completion of the story.”

Walt Whitman to Horace Traubel
Sunday, October 21, 1888 (Murray)

Author's Note

The relationship shared by Walt Whitman and his young "comrade," Peter Doyle, is complex and shrouded in mystery. What little we know about the couple's long-lived friendship comes primarily from their now-published correspondence (including a number of letters, as well as an extensive interview that Dr. Richard Maurice Bucke conducted with Doyle himself) and from the journals of Whitman's disciple, Horace Traubel. However, like Bucke says in his book, *Calamus: a series of letters written during the years 1868-1880 by Walt Whitman to a young friend (Peter Doyle)*, the published correspondence is a "broken series of letters (perhaps three lost for each one preserved, but all known to exist included)." We do not, unfortunately, have access to the entire history and correspondence of Walt Whitman and Peter Doyle. But through the use of informed and creative conjecture, we can (at least) create an homage to these two men.

Dearest Comrade is a chapbook of poetry that explores the mysterious relationship between Peter the Great (as Doyle often referred to himself in his letters), and the Good Gray Poet– a relationship that is integral to a full understanding of Walt Whitman's poetry– and, of course, his life (Murray). The primary means for this exploration is a speculative and creative use of persona. In the true spirit of Whitman, this little book takes on poetic persona in order to craft its argument– and to unearth the tragic beauty of this marvelous and long-lasting friendship.

The poems that follow make frequent and thoughtful use of biographical information, direct quotation from Doyle and Whitman's correspondence, and language

and images– sometimes directly borrowed– from Whitman's own poetry. (It is important to note that the editions most referenced in this chapbook are the 1867 *Leaves of Grass*– which was the first edition published after Whitman met Doyle– and the 1891-92 "Deathbed" edition– which lends itself well to contemplations of mortality and the eternal poetic spirit). The desired product is a fuller, and, admittedly speculative, narrative of their intense, adhesive love. Doyle is, after all, one of the "three great Calamus" relationships that Whitman shared in his lifetime (Murray). To do so, the narrative makes use of three distinct poetic voices– the two men themselves, Peter Doyle and Walt Whitman, and a third: my own.

Poems that begin with epigraphs are spoken in the voice of that man (for example, a poem that begins with a quote from Doyle is spoken, then, by Peter Doyle). These works attempt to give poetic resonance to important moments in the Doyle-Whitman timeline: their first meeting and attraction aboard Doyle's horsecar, their falling out, Whitman's death, etc. The rest of the poems, the ones without epigraphs, are written from my own perspective– from the point of view of a curious "poet to come," speaking directly to Whitman.

The insertion of my own poetic voice, I argue, is precisely what Whitman would have wanted. He himself, as his poetry suggests, calls for poetic response from poets like myself. In "Poets to Come" (1891-92), he says:

> "Not to-day is to justify me and answer what I am for,
> But you, a new brood, native, athletic, continental, greater than
> before known,
> Arouse! for you must justify me."

This is my aim: to respond to Walt's calls, to answer him– not just Whitman the poet, but also Whitman the man. I have written these poems as a kind of dialogue with Walt. He speaks through *Leaves*, through his poems, through me. And now I am speaking back.

Following each poem is a brief analysis of my specific poetic choices. They attempt to answer important analytical questions: What Whitman poems are referenced, and why? Where is the language quoting Doyle or Whitman or both? How does each poem explicate the Doyle-Whitman relationship? How did his relationship with Doyle affect Whitman's poetry? These analyses aid the ultimate purpose of this chapbook: through a close analysis of the Doyle-Whitman correspondence, it becomes clear that Peter Doyle had a profound effect on Whitman the man– but also on Whitman the poet.

Peter Doyle's presence in Whitman's life shaped much of the language of *Leaves of Grass* (in editions as early as 1867) by supplying Walt with the kind of intense Calamus relationship that so permeates his poetry (and which the poet had lacked following his falling out with Fred Vaughan). The tumult of their relationship– particularly in the summer of 1870– implored Whitman to explore and revisit darker themes of self-doubt (Folsom). And, finally, the symbolic "death" and wilting of the Doyle-Whitman relationship played an important role in Whitman's musings on death and transience in his later editions (Murray). Whitman, I argue, was irrevocably influenced by his *dearest* comrade– Peter Doyle.

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Like Raindrops

"You ask where I first met him? It is a curious story… We were familiar at once– I put my hand on his knee– we understood."

—Peter Doyle

That stormy night, Walt,
you seemed to me
like an old sea-captain–
the white of your beard
breaking as waves,
and maelstrom eyes singing
the blue-gray tumult
of our mother, the sea.

Why was I drawn to you–
and you to me– that lonely night?
Something in me made me do it–
something in your rugged brow,
or the blanket thrown softly over
your shoulders, exclaimed to me–
You must be he I was seeking!
It must be you, lonely traveler!

I, the conductor, and you
there in the car– that moment,
we two melded like raindrops–
at first apart, reflecting
the dark mottled clouds,
and then rolling, embracing,
rendered inseparable–
we two boys together clinging.

Analysis of "Like Raindrops"

The epigraph for this poem is a direct quote of Doyle's, explaining to Richard Maurice Bucke the couple's fateful meeting. Doyle continues:

> "I was a conductor. The night was very stormy,—he had been over to see Burroughs before he came down to take the car—the storm was awful. Walt had his blanket—it was thrown round his shoulders—he seemed like an old sea-captain. He was the only passenger, it was a lonely night, so I thought I would go in and talk with him. Something in me made me do it and something in him drew me that way" (Bucke).

Many of the poem's images incorporate Doyle's own personal reflections– either direct quotes or images influenced by his words– on his first meeting with Whitman (highlighted above).

Whitman Language and Images

"our mother, the sea"

- This image in the poem is extrapolated from poems like "A Word Out of the Sea" (1867). The image of the mother-sea represents a rebirth of sorts (here, the rebirth of Whitman's adhesive love, which was temporarily suspended after the severance of his relationship with Vaughan).

It is also important to note that the mother, in the poem, is "ours." This suggests brotherhood, foreshadowing the close, adhesive relationship that Whitman and Doyle would develop.

"You must be he I was seeking!"

- This line comes directly from the Calamus poem "To A Stranger!" (1867)

"we two boys together clinging"

- This line comes from the Calamus poem by the same name. The inclusion of Calamus language foreshadows the development of an adhesive relationship– one that Folsom and Price call "the most intense and romantic friendship the poet would have" in his life.

Photograph[1]

The photo above is a portrait of Whitman likely taken between 1864 and 1866. The image captures Walt as he would have appeared to Doyle in the horsecar– including the "rugged brow," the "white of [his] beard," and the "maelstrom eyes."

Drum-Tap Heart

In the bullet wounds, bleeding
and festering in hospital beds–
in the amputated limbs: arms
and legs and lives cut short
to bloody stumps– in the pale
faces and the glazed eyes–
in the chaos of wartime–
in your America, ripped in two
by bayonets and bullet-wounds–

you stitched the pieces together,
dressed the sundering
with a comrade's touch–
with your adhesive love.

And he must have been *every* soldier to you.

Pete's lips were the thousands,
the multitudes resting now forever–
his arms were those loving arms,
and his kiss those many, dwelling
on your bearded lips.
You passed sweet hours, walking
with him down the Potomac,
over perfect military roads–

immortal and mystic hours
listening to his limerick songs
and the music of rustling leaves–
your heart, all the while, beating,
beating, beating in your chest
to the pace of a tapping drum.

Analysis of "Drum-Tap Heart"

As Martin G. Murray argues in *Pete the Great: A Biography of Peter Doyle*, "The 'Calamus' emotions are expressed throughout the Drum Taps poems. If Doyle did not directly inspire these poems, he at least reinforced the feelings underlying them, as Whitman was preparing the war poems for publication."

In accordance with Murray's assessment, this poem, "Drum-Tap Heart," argues that Peter Doyle's presence in Whitman's life contributed to the strikingly "adhesive" descriptions in Whitman's Civil War poetry. Whitman was affected by his friendship by Doyle, and it shows here, in the first edition of *Leaves of Grass* to be published after the two men became friends.

Interestingly, Doyle himself fought in the war as a Confederate soldier, railing against the Union, which Whitman so much supported. As Murray says, Peter Doyle was "raised in America's South; his first independent adult act was to fight against the Union." Perhaps, then, the democratic nature of Whitman's Drum-Taps poems is (at least in part) inspired by his close relation to a Confederate soldier: Doyle.

Whitman Language and Images

"The Dresser" (1867)

- Many of the references to amputation and gruesome injury are derived from this poem; images like "amputated limbs" and "bloody stumps," "bleeding" and "festering."
- The poem also described how Whitman "dressed the sundering with a comrade's touch," a reference both to Whitman's own background as a wound-dresser.
- Finally, the images of the "loving arms" and the kisses "dwelling" on "bearded lips" are also drawn from "The Dresser."

"Vigil Strange I Kept on the Field One Night" (1867)

- The language of "passing sweet hours" that are "immortal and mystic" comes from this poem, which again juxtaposes love with war imagery.

"As Toilsome I Wander'd Virginia's Woods" (1867)

- From this poem, I borrowed the line "the music of rusting leaves," which evokes both the Drum-Tap poems and the walks that Whitman often took with Doyle along the Potomac (walks that were arguably the core of their relationship).

Miscellaneous

- In *Specimen Days*, Whitman himself called the roads on which he and Doyle walked "perfect military roads" (Murray).
- Doyle was born in Limerick, Ireland, but he also used to recite limericks to Whitman– his "limerick songs" (Murray).
- The repetition of "beating" at the end of the poem evokes the poem "Beat! Beat! Drums!" (1867)
- The title and last line are derived from the Civil War cluster, titled Drum-Taps.

Life a Torment

"GIVE UP ABSOLUTELY & for good, from the present hour, this FEVERISH, FLUCTUATING, useless UNDIGNIFIED PURSUIT of 16.4"

—Walt Whitman

Remember Vaughan, now married. Remember the sting,
the calamus root snapped from the stem–
this diseased, feverish disproportionate adhesiveness.

He, refusing me. Is he puzzled? As if I were not
puzzled at myself! I cannot content myself
without his face, his touch, our walks.

Do I take solace in his power over me? No, no,
I am ashamed (burning red, assuming darkness of spirit),
but it is useless– remember Vaughan. I am what I am.

And I know what he is, I know what he wants.
I have seen his dreaming face, felt his hand upon my knee.
Settle down? Does he wish to find a wife?

Remember Vaughan, the Brooklyn home we had once.
What of *our* home together, the home he and I
were to build? Was I childish to think it so?

I will pursue him no more– fancying what does not really exist
in another– utterly deluded and cheated by myself–
remember where I am most weak, & most lacking.

Analysis of "Life a Torment"

This poem is inspired by (and the title and epigraph quoted from) a tumultuous diary recording, written by Walt Whitman in the summer of 1870 (Folsom). In the manuscript of this diary entry, Murray says, "Whitman poured out his frustration with the Doyle relationship." "Life a Torment" evokes this frustration by referencing two of the Calamus poems that Whitman chose to redact from *Leaves of Grass* after the 1860 edition. The two poems (Calamus poem 9, "Hours continuing long" and 16, "Who is now reading this?") expose darker themes of self-doubt that do not reappear prevalently in later editions.

That these darker poems were redacted from Leaves of Grass following the development of Whitman's relationship with Peter Doyle is no accident. The Calamus poems are very much inspired by Walt's relationship with Fred Vaughan (Murray). These darker poems, then, probably express the feelings of self-doubt and frustration that followed Whitman's severance from Vaughan– feelings that were eradicated (or, perhaps repressed) after he met his second "darling," Peter Doyle.

But, as the diary (and, by association, this poem) suggests, Whitman's feelings of shame and frustration were for whatever reason reprised in the Doyle relationship. This is significant, because it suggests that Whitman valued Doyle's friendship just as much, if not more, than his previous relationship with Vaughan.

Whitman Language and Images

Redacted Calamus poems:

9 "Hours continuing long" (1860)

"Sullen and suffering hours! (I am ashamed—but it is useless—I am what I am;)"

16 Who is now reading this? (1860)

"As if I were not puzzled at myself!"

Whitman's Diary Manuscript (Murray)

- *"fancying what does not really exist in another, but is all the time in myself alone—utterly deluded & cheated by myself, & my own weakness—REMEMBER WHERE I AM MOST WEAK, & most lacking."*
- *"Depress the adhesive nature/ It is in excess—making life a torment/ Ah this diseased, feverish disproportionate adhesiveness/ Remember Fred Vaughan"*

Darling Boy

"[Peter] has not been here for some years. He is a bird of passage--always on the wing. He has not been to see me as often as I like. I would not know how to reach him now."
—Walt Whitman

This gentle call is for you, my love, for you–
gentle in my age, only the hoarsest of whispers,
calling to you ceaselessly. Where have you gone?
Where have your wings taken off in flight?
Do you rest now by the Potomac, where once
we used to walk, singing our comrade songs together?
Were we not to live together in some quiet place?
Where, then, is the soothing curve of your lips, the white
moon of your face? Is it covered by the ravening clouds?
Is it there, shining bright amidst the Pleiades?
O rising stars! Perhaps the one I want so much will rise,
will rise with some of you. Or else, I know not where
you have gone, where you are hiding. Nor do I know
if ever you will return, my comrade, my darling boy.

Analysis of "Darling Boy"

The epigraph for this poem comes from a conversation that Horace Traubel recorded with Whitman from the summer of 1891. By that time, Whitman had moved permanently to Camden, New Jersey, and saw little of Doyle throughout the remaining years of his life (Murray).

The image of the bird in the epigraph quote, used to describe Doyle, inevitably evokes the avian images of Whitman's own poetry. "Darling Boy" evokes Whitman's feelings of abandonment and lost love by equating him with the sorrowful "he-bird" of "Out of the Cradle Endlessly Rocking" (1891-92).

In order to render the emotional gravitas of the "death" of the Doyle-Whitman relationship, the poem also uses language from later Whitman poems that meditate on themes of death and loss.

Whitman Language and Images

"Out of the Cradle Endlessly Rocking" (1891-92)

"This gentle call is for you my love, for you."

- This lamenting call is, in "Out of the Cradle," intended for the dead she-bird. In "Darling Boy," the call is for Doyle– whose relationship with Whitman has "died."

"O rising stars! Perhaps the one I want so much will rise, will rise with some of you."

"On the Beach at Night" (1891-92)

"The ravening clouds shall not long be victorious"

- This image of ravening clouds simultaneously harkens bird imagery (evoking Poe's Raven as a symbol of death), and suggests obscurity and darkness– signifying the bleak future of the Doyle-Whitman relationship.

"the Pleiades shall emerge"

- The juxtaposition of the eternal stars and old age in the poem suggests a foreboding sense of man's transience as the Good Gray poet approaches death.

Photograph[2]

This photograph, taken on July 5, 1868 by Moses P. Rice, displays what Murray describes as Doyle's "handsome, moon-shaped face, with the wispy mustache drooping over full lips." This photograph, and Murray's description, inspired the poem's descriptions of Doyle's physical appearance.

The Silver Watch

May 15, 1873.

You wrote a will that day–
the estate to your mother,
(your beautiful mother),
and poor Edward;
money to your brothers,
and to your sisters,
those of them left.

And then to Pete,
you promised
eighty-nine dollars,
which you owed,
and the silver watch–
the Appleton-Tracy
with the hunting case,
given to him with your love.

January 1, 1892.

You said, “my will
is not yet right:
it does too much
in some directions.”
Revision: money
to many friends,
the gold watch to Traubel,
and the silver one
to your darling boy–
one *Harry Stafford*.
Then to Mr. Doyle,
nothing.

Analysis of "The Silver Watch"

This poem captures an interesting symbol in the history of the Doyle-Whitman relationship: Whitman's silver watch. Whitman wrote his first will after having "received the sad news that his brother Jeff's wife, Mattie, had died" in February of 1873. In this will, as Murray describes, Walt "left most of his estate to his mother, in trust for the care of his feeble-minded brother, Edward. Token sums were also given to his surviving sisters, and brothers." Doyle was the "only non-family member listed" (Murray).

Whitman Language and Images

While "The Silver Watch" does not contain any direct references to Whitman's poetry, it still references important events in his biography, and his language– utilizing quotes from his two wills (the first written in 1873 and the second in 1892).

Walt's First Will: May 15, 1873

"I wish Eighty-Nine Dollars paid to Peter Doyle–that sum being due to him from me. I also will to him my silver watch. Appleton-Tracy movement, hunting-case. I wish it given to him with my love." (Murray).

- That Walt chose to specify the particulars of the watch– the Appleton-Tracy movement and the hunting case– alert readers to the value of the silver watch (both monetary value and its value to him as a prized possession). Perhaps the most significant notion here, though, is that Walt wished his watch to Doyle "with [his] love."

Walt's Final Will: January 1, 1892

Walt told Horace Traubel: "Horace, my will is not yet right: it does too much in some directions, too little or nothing in some others" (Murray).

- Among other changes to the will, Whitman spread his belongings among many friends and disciples (like Horace Traubel and Harry Stafford). This contradicts his 1873 will, wherein belongings were given only to family members and Peter Doyle.

Symbolism

In an almost cinematically dramatic turn of events, Whitman wrote Doyle out of his will in 1892– symbolizing the distance that had formed in their relationship. The watch (and the poem) represent the two states of the Doyle-Whitman relationship– the almost idyllic, brotherly camaraderie of the early 1870s, and the disdainful separation of the poet's dying days.

Dearest Comrade

"We loved each other deeply. But there were things preventing that, too. I saw them. I should have gone to see him, at least, in spite of everything. I know it now. I did not know it then, but it is all right."

—Peter Doyle

In the old days I had always open doors to Walt–
going, coming, staying, as I chose.

But in those last years, I did not come. I *could* not come–
I, the necessary wanderer, the train-hand, bound
as if by iron stakes to my home, to my mother,
to the tracks which plummeted away from him, my love.

And he, removed from me– in his Camden home, so far,
so far from our Potomac, from me– his lips forming my name
in question, in desperate whispers upon his sick-bed,
crowded with nurses, with dear Traubel,
with that boy Harry Stafford–
my Walt, thinking me dead, or worse.

But he understood me– and I understood him.

And sometimes I dream of him still,
and I am in the old times: our times–
those long jovial walks out of Washington City,
riding in my horsecar.

Then he is with me again.

I do not ever for a minute lose the old man,
he is always near by– his touch, his words, always
my dearest, *dearest* comrade.

Analysis of "Dearest Comrade"

"Dearest Comrade" marks the end of the Doyle-Whitman relationship. It's an elegy that follows Whitman's death, lamenting "those last years" of lost friendship, reminiscing "the old times," and then expressing (in Doyle's own words) the loving sentiments that Whitman "is always near by." This poem, like "The Silver Watch," does not make use of direct quotes from Whitman's poetry. Rather, it relies on biographical information– mostly Peter Doyle's interview with Bucke– to render his feelings.

The poem's epigraph is, itself, drawn from Doyle's interview with Bucke. The excerpt used in the epigraph is preceded by *this* revelation by Doyle– the language of which inspired much of the poem's language:

> "I know he wondered why I saw so little of him the three or four years before he died, but when I explained it to him he understood...It was only this: In the old days I had always open doors to Walt—going, coming, staying, as I chose. Now, I had to run the gauntlet of Mrs. Davis and a nurse and what not. Somehow, I could not do it. It seemed as if things were not as they should have been. Then I had a mad impulse to go over and nurse him. I was his proper nurse—he understood me—I understood him." (Bucke).

Later in the Bucke interview, Doyle also reflected thus on the death of his comrade:

> "I have Walt's raglan here [goes to closet—puts it on]. I now and then put it on, lay down, think I am in the old times. Then he is with me again. It's the only thing I kept amongst many old things. When I get it on and stretch out on the old sofa I am very well contented. It is like Aladdin's lamp. I do not ever for a minute lose the old man. He is always near by" (Bucke).

It is clear, from these reflections, that Doyle still very much loved Whitman after his death– he carried "the old man" with him. He seems to embrace the Whitmanian idea that the poet would live on, so to speak, even after death.

Whitman Language and Images

"He is a train-hand: like all the transportation men, necessary wanderers" (Murray).

- According to Murray, Whitman said this about Doyle in a conversation he had with Horace Traubel in the fall of 1891. Murray also details, in his biography, Doyle's new occupation. Following his departure from his conductor job in 1872, "Doyle started on the [Pennsylvania Railroad] as a brakeman, according to the occupational listing for Doyle in the 1873 Washington city directory" (Murray).
- This job as a train-hand carries a significant symbolism in the context of the Doyle-Whitman relationship. Doyle's conductor job represented a shared journey– the meeting and travels of Doyle and Whitman together. In a poetic sense, his departure from the post, then, also marks the end of that shared journey. The train-hand job, on the other hand, tied Doyle to a lifestyle that further separated him from Whitman, to the "tracks which plummeted away from him."

A Home Eternal

Tonight, Walt Whitman, I hold you in my hands,
full of life– throbbing with life and pride and love.

I look down to you in my lap, and I see you
looking back to me, watching me, your Camerado.

Do I hold then, too, your dear Peter Doyle?
Does he stay here now– in your Body?

Walt, I can see him in the pages, in the poems–
here he is! You never were apart, it seems.

For he was always here, in the soldiers' march,
in the kisses planted on dying lips,

in the mother's embrace, in all your songs–
in the song of yourself, and the songs of men

and bodies, and here, too, in the birdsong,
in the songs of the river, that sweet Potomac.

I feel him here as I feel you here, holding my hand
with yours. Do not be afraid. Your pursuit

was not undignified, it was misunderstood.
No longer, Walt. For finally, as you always

dreamed, you live here in my hands– in this
eternal home, and he lives here, too, with you.

Both of you, together– his hand placed on your
knee, just as that fateful day on the horsecar,

when your souls dripped together, melding
like transparent raindrops.

Analysis of "A Home Eternal"

"A Home Eternal" is the concluding poem of this chapbook. It attempts to summarize, in a way, the poems throughout *Dearest Comrade,* referencing the language and themes of the book. The poem is my final homage to Whitman (and to his relationship with Peter Doyle). Whitman certainly, in his poetry, calls to "poets to come," practically begging for response. *My* response is this: "I am here, Walt. I carry you with me. And I carry Peter Doyle with me, as well. He influenced your poetry, his love shaped you. I recognize that: you don't have to hide it. For now, in death, in your poetry, holding you in my hands, the two of you can live together as you always wished. You can be together forever, in your home eternal."

Whitman Language and Images

Especially in the 1891-92 edition of Leaves, Whitman seems to wrestle with his own mortality. He seeks a sense of comfort in the seeming *immortality* of his poetic soul through his poetry. Many of the poems intentionally referenced in "A Home Eternal" help explicate these themes. (And due to the sometimes repetitive nature of Whitman's themes and repeated images, there are certainly other poems being hinted or subconsciously referenced, as well.)

"So Long!" (1891-92)

"Camerado, this is no book, Who touches this touches a man,
(Is it night? are we here together alone?) It is I you hold and who holds you,
I spring from the pages into your arms—decease calls me forth."

- Here, as elsewhere in *Leaves*, Whitman speaks directly to the reader– he tells us that we hold not a book, but a man. When we read *Leaves*, we carry Whitman, who lives in the pages of the book.

"Thou Reader" (1891-92)

"Thou reader throbbest life and pride and love the same as I,
Therefore for thee the following chants."

- This is Whitman's dedication to the reader– paralleled in my own dedication to him and to Doyle.

"Full of Life Now" (1891-92)

- The title of this poem perfectly describes Whitman's immortal poetic soul.

Whitman Diary Manuscript (Murray)

"this FEVERISH, FLUCTUATING, useless UNDIGNIFIED PURSUIT"

- Whitman's pursuit of Doyle, I argue, was not undignified. Their love, it is clear, was deep– and, most importantly– mutual.

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Murray, Martin G. "Pete the Great: A Biography of Peter Doyle." *The Walt Whitman Archive*. Ed. Ed Folsom and Kenneth M. Price. N.p., n.d. Web. 15 Mar. 2014.

Images

Front Cover:

Rice, M.P. *Walt Whitman & his rebel soldier friend Pete Doyle*. c1869. Photograph. Ohio Wesleyan University, Bayley Collection. *The Walt Whitman Archive*. Web. 15 March 2014.

Frontispiece Portrait:

Rice, M.P. Another photograph with Peter Doyle. c1869. Photograph. William R. Perkins Library, Due University, Trent Collection. *The Walt Whitman Archive*. Web. 15 March 2014.

Photographs:

1: Brady, Mathew. *Walt Whitman*. c1865. Photograph. Washington D.C. *The Walt Whitman Archive*. Web. 15 March. 2014.

2: Rice, M.P. *Peter Doyle*. Photograph. John Rylands Library, University of Manchester [England], Sixsmith Collection. *The Walt Whitman Archive*. Web. 15 March 2014.