

LETTERS FROM WARRY

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MOST WHITMAN SCHOLARS are familiar with the photographs of the aged poet taken on the wharf in Camden, where Walt sits in his wheel chair attended by his nurse, Warren Fritzingler (see Figure 1). The pictures were taken on July 15, 1890, by Dr. John Johnston of Bolton, England, who had arrived that same day. Johnston was preeminent in the band of Bolton admirers, second only to J. W. Wallace, who was responsible for the weekly gatherings of what came to be called the "Eagle Street College," named for the street where Wallace lived and the site of the meetings.¹ An exchange of letters between Whitman and his admirers in the Lancashire town had led to Johnston's visit, and to the photos taken on the first evening of his stay in Camden. To date, these photographs have been the only primary record of Warren Fritzingler, but in the collection of Whitman materials in the Bolton library are copies of four letters he wrote to Whitman's friends there.

In his account of the visit, Johnston tells of approaching the "unpretentious, two-storied building" at 328 Mickle Street, ringing the bell, and being welcomed by "a fine young man."² This was Frederick Warren Fritzingler, or "Warry," as he was known, a man still in his twenties, who, in the photos, bears a striking resemblance to Peter Doyle in size and stature, even in his dark moustache. His jacket open to reveal his bow tie, narrow suspenders, and watch chain, Warry looks out from behind Walt with shining eyes and an open, direct gaze. No wonder that, according to one informant, Whitman took to him "at once," and was "delighted when he was told that this bright 'sailor boy' was to be his next attendant."³

Warren Fritzingler had been a sailor, like his father at whose death Warren and his brother, Henry, had been committed to the care of their parents' good friend, Mrs. Mary Davis, later Whitman's housekeeper at the Mickle Street address. Returning from sea at an opportune moment for Mrs. Davis, who had wearied of the succession of nurses who followed each other in the years of Walt's incapacitation, Warry was prevailed upon by her and by Whitman's friends (who paid for the nursing care) to take on the job. So it was that in October, 1889, the young man joined a household made up of the ailing poet, his housekeeper, a robin, a canary, a black cat, and a dog named Watch.

According to one report, Warren Fritzingler was the only person around him at this point in his life who could meet Whitman's stub-

bornness with a good will and win the point, even getting him to pay his bills on time.⁴ From all indications, Warren won the hearts of most people, including that of Dr. Johnston's friend, J. W. Wallace, when he arrived in Philadelphia a year after Johnston and was joined in Camden by R. M. Bucke. "I recognized Warry at once," Wallace wrote, "though the actual man looked better than the portrait, and he won my heart immediately."⁵

Warry not only had winning ways about him, he was intelligent as well. He wrote well, and read in his spare time; he took a course to learn how to massage Walt's back, and he knew enough about carpentry to tend to many of the repairs that were needed in the small house, install a bell pull that allowed Whitman to summon him when he needed turning in his bed, and build a sturdy box to replace the trunk damaged in Wallace's journey from England. It was after gratefully receiving this box that Wallace had a conversation with Walt concerning the young man in which Whitman expressed his appreciation of Warry's highest quality, "that of good nature." "I think it is in the main the meaning of the word that the old Biblical translators translated by the beautiful word 'Charity,'" Whitman said. "There is a good deal of it in our average common class, more of it I think than in any other. I saw a good deal of it during the war. . . . It is in the breed, I think; in the blood. We have bad qualities too; getting worse every year. But it exists too, the good nature. Warry has it in full."⁶

Whitman had yet to learn the full extent of Warry's good nature, but it became clear in the final days of the poet's life when Warren and his foster-mother Mrs. Davis, whom he called "Ma'am," were full-time care givers, ministering to Walt's every need. Letters sent by Warry to Dr. Johnston in Bolton reveal something of this time which even Horace Traubel does not capture in his account of Whitman's last days. Two are from the year before Whitman's death, one was written only hours before the death, and the last less than a month after; all carry the unmistakable note of honesty that must have endeared the young man to Whitman. The letters are offered here in their entirety. Some identifications have been added for clarification and are bracketed.⁷

Camden, Feb. 17th, 91.

Dear Dr. Johnston,

Yours of the 1st instant here yesterday eve. And I'm quite surprised to hear that there was a report circulating around that he was in a dying condition. Mr. Whitman has been quite poorly since the middle of Nov. He went out one dreadful cold blustry day after being indoors for a fortnight, the result was a bad cold in his head, a sore throat, and something like rheumatism in his right knee. Well the cold wore itself out in a few days and I guess the rheumatism went with it. But he has bladder trouble and a great deal of pain in his belly, particularly in the early morning. He is up and around the room much the same as when you were here, the weather has not permitted of his going out, so he

has not been out for nine (9) weeks, but I am in hopes of getting him out again in his wheel chair after this month. Dr. Mitchell advised Mr. Whitman to have a catheter passed on him but he does not seem to care about having it done.⁸ His appetite is not so good as formerly. He hardly eats any breakfast but eats a fair dinner. Dr. Bucke was sick a few days (in bed I believe), and that appeared to worry Mr. Whitman but the Dr. is up & around again now, so that is one thing less for Mr. Whitman to worry about. For all Mr. Whitman is feeling bad he reads & writes almost all day, and sometimes up to ten oclock at night. Well now I will close as to get this up to the office. Ma'am & Harry & I send our love to you, & Ma'am & I wish to be remembered to Mr. Wallace and all enquiring friends.

Sincerely yours
F. Warren Fritzing

Camden, Sept. 9th/91

Dear Dr. Johnston,

Mr. Wallace & Dr. Bucke drove through Fairmount Park and around Germantown today. They had lovely weather, bright, clear, sunny morning and afternoon. Then they came here about five oclock p.m. and had a talk with Mr. Whitman. Then they left for Horace's. They left Phila. depot at 8:30 this eve. for London Canada. Will arrive in London at seven p.m. tomorrow in time for supper. The Dr. said that he thought that they would have a few hours in Niagara so Mr. Wallace will have a grand site. Mr. Wallace just gave me the photos from you tonight and indeed Dr. Johnston I do not know how to thank you for them. I cannot tell you how much I appreciate your kindness especially as the Parisian is an old ship of mine. I made several voyages from L'pool to Montreal and back in her, and it quite brought back old times to me. Mr. Wallace also gave me a charm in the shape of a compass. I did not have time to inquire where it was from, but will when he comes back. Thanking you again & again for your kind remembrance of me & Ma'am (for her present from Mrs. Johnston & yourself and Mr. Wallace.) I will say more tomorrow as I must stop now and give Mr. Whitman his massage. Good night till tomorrow.

Thursday eve. Sept. 10th. Fine cool day and Mr. Whitman doing grandly. Just mailed a postal to Dr. Bucke from him. Horace Traubel was here this eve. He went over to the depot with the Dr. & Mr. Wallace and saw them off. He said that Mr. Wallace told him that he was dazed with everything in America and in fact that he had been on the go so much since he left Bolton that he was dazed with himself to think that he could get around so nicely. We are going to try and get Mr. Whitman out tomorrow or next day, but whether it will be only a 'try' or a 'go' remains to be seen. He says yes until the time comes and then he backs out. I just took him up a mug of ice cream and he said well, here we are all ready and waiting. I showed him my pictures today that you sent me, and when he came to the saloon of the Parisian he said well, it looks so fine that I do not know if I could manage to eat dinner there or not. And when he came to the picture representing half of the Parisian he looked at it a long time and said, O how fine. O how grand. Does she look as pretty as that, and ain't she grand. He is quite enchanted with ships and could sit and look at them by the hour. He said to me once that he always wanted to put a ship under full sail at sea in verse but never could manage it, and he thought that nobody else could do it either. The Dr. and Mr. Wallace is at home by this time, 8:15 p.m. and I suppose is sitting surrounded by Mrs. Bucke and her children. I guess that even the insane people will be glad to see the Dr. back again as he is well liked by all. Ma'am wished me to say to you and Mrs. Johnston that she thanks you a thousand times for your gifts. She was as much pleased with them as a child with a new book and went & looked at them three times before breakfast this morning. Watch went in the room last night as

Mr. Wallace was going away and he patted him on the back. Watch looked at him a minute and then started to growl. Mr. Wallace told him that he knew him, but no use. He still kept on, so he gave him up as incorrigible and said that he would leave him alone until his return. I will take Mr. Wallace around to see Mr. Gross (the man that fixed the canary bird) when he comes back and shall also take him around in several other places.⁹ Capt. [illegible] has not been over yet, but we expect him soon as the British Prince is booked to leave on the sixteenth (16th). We have quite a wonder here now in maritime circles in the shape of a whale back steamer that was built on our lakes, loaded grain for L'pool. and then came here and is now loading machinery for California where she is going to remain and trade on the coast now. Dr. Johnston I must close as it is Mr. Whitman's bedtime. Harry & Ma'am both send their best respects to you & Mrs. Johnston. Harry has not seen Mr. Wallace yet but will when he comes back. Hoping to hear from you whenever convenient. I remain most Respectfully yours, Warry.

Camden, 25th March [1892]
1:45 a.m.

Dear Dr. Johnston,

Yours of the 16th came this a.m. also two for Mr. W. from yourself and one from J.W.W. and I thought as Mr. W. was resting easy I would just drop you a line. At twelve o'clock tonight Horace came down and he, Ma'am & I put W. on a water-bed.¹⁰ I put him on a lounge first then after we got the water-bed fixed I lifted him back again. He appeared very much exhausted but none the worse and is now as you can see by the above 1:45 resting easy. Has been turned twice since twelve o'clock but is very quiet. We hope that the water-bed will do away with a great deal of the turning and give him some rest. We counted how many times he was turned the last twenty four hours. It was sixty-three (63) so you can see he does not rest much. His appetite is commencing to fail, had nothing but some bread & milk this morning for breakfast and a little toast for supper. Said he did not feel like eating anything. I read your letter and J. W.'s [Wallace] to him this morning and he never said a word. He is losing all interest in things and very rarely speaks unless he cannot possibly get out of it. Sometimes he will talk a few words to Horace about his book to give a suggestion or some directions. I just turned him on his right side. He has laid just one hour. That is better than he has been doing for the last week. Everything goes on all right. Ma'am & I are working it between us now. Mr. W. likes it all right as he is used to both of us and we are use [sic] to him. The only thing is if Ma'am can only stand it. If her headaches will only stay away she will be all right. You can show this to Mr. W. and that will save me writing. Just turned him back to the left side. Laid fifteen minutes on the right side. Said to him the bell does not make much difference to you laying on the right side. He said, O I feel grand! When I turned him the water splashed around & sounded like water dashing up a ship's side. I told him so and he laughed or attempted to when the mucus in his throat prevented him.¹¹ Now I must stop. All join in sending love to you, J.W.W., and all unknown friends. Also many thanks for yours and J.W.W. sympathy & kind messages. Yours sincerely, Warren.

Whitman died at 6:43 p.m. on March 26, 1892. His last words are reported to have been "Shift, Warry."¹²

Camden, April 21st 1892

Dear Dr. Johnston,

Yours of the 9th at hand and was very glad to hear from you. It seemed like old times, only before when the Bolton mail brought me a letter it generally brought one for Mr. Whitman also. It is of no use for me to try and tell you how much Ma'am and I miss him.

Everything that we do and everywhere that I go something brings him up in our minds. When I cross the ferry I involuntarily look across to the edge of the wharf where I used to take him. You remember the place where you took our picture and the crowd of small boys playing around. And I guess that you also remember what he said about our American boys being so good humored take them as a rule. But that is all gone, and as he used to say "Over the past not God himself has power, for what has been has been and I have had my hour." O how I wish that all the college boys could have been here at the funeral. I think that he would have liked it. He looked so natural. Though of course greatly emaciated. We had a picture on the mantle, one of the Gutekunst [Frederick Gutekunst, Philadelphia photographer] pictures of himself. It was at the head of the coffin, it was one that he had given me over a year ago. And everybody looked first at him then at the picture and said how natural. I am having the picture framed now and shall hang it for the present over the mantel in place of the old painting that used to hang there. Col. Whitman, Walt's brother [George Whitman] took the picture of his Father and Mother and the picture that hung over the mantle which of course was right, but you can imagine how bare and bleak the walls looked and how our eyes go up to the wall the first thing when we enter the room. Ma'am has held up bravely and has just gone out to have several teeth filled. She told me to tell you that she had not forgotten you but sent her love to one & all and that she would drop you a line soon. Harry [Henry Fritzinger] was in today. Was well and wished to be remembered to you also. W. W. F. [Walt Whitman Fritzinger, infant son of Henry] has been well but has cold, but we hope will pull through all right. We expect Dr. Bucke on again about the 1st of May as he is going down to Washington. I have not started into anything as yet, but shall start and look around soon. How the time slips away. It is now nearly a month since Walt died. And how many, many changes have occurred during that time. I had a short note from J. W. W. this a.m. and shall answer him after I get through with this. Our winter hangs on to us like sixty. It is more like fall than spring. Was it not lucky Dr. Johnston that J. W. W. came over last year. If he had put it off for this summer he would have been sadly disappointed. I believe that Walt knew that he was going down and would not live to see another summer for one night Horace said to him, Walt we are getting ready for another birthday dinner and he said, "Don't do anything of the kind, I shall not be here on my next birthday." That was in Sept. and sure enough he was right. Did Horace send you Frank Leslie's Weekly? If not I have one which I will send to you. When you write again you will have to direct your letter to 330 instead of 328 as the number has been changed. It is an old feud and has been under discussion for a long time and the other day they changed it. I hated to see them do it as the house was known all over the world as 328. Now I must close by sending best regards to you one & all hoping to hear from you whenever conv. I am sincerely yours, Warren.

After Whitman's death Warry evidently had difficulty finding work. Elizabeth Keller claimed that when he could find nothing in Camden or Philadelphia he turned to those who had been the poet's closest friends. This would have included Horace Traubel and his brother-in-law and fellow literary executor of Whitman's will, Thomas Harned. While Keller maintains Warry received no encouragement from that quarter, Traubel wrote to J. W. Wallace in Bolton on August 16, 1893: "Harned got Warren a good job in Camden which he forfeited by misbehavior. Say nothing of this." Perhaps nothing was said of it to Keller, whose 1921 *Walt Whitman in Mickle Street* is little more than a vindication of Warren's foster mother, Mrs. Mary Davis, and has little good to say of Whitman's friends.

Davis occasioned a rift among Whitman followers when she brought a lawsuit against the poet's estate claiming that she was owed a considerable sum for unpaid nursing duties performed in the last years of Walt's life.¹³ The suit was brought against George Whitman, the principal beneficiary of the estate, who was represented in court by Thomas Harned. In July of 1893 Traubel gave Wallace his side of the story, beginning with the statement that Mrs. Davis' claim was "fraudulent" and would never be won. He explains that according to U.S. law her acceptance of her part of the legacy (Whitman had left her \$1000) bars her from making further claims. As to the merits of her bill for nursing from 1885 to 1892, he argues, "From '85 to '88 Walt had no nurse—needed none—(for he went about himself with perfect ease)—and from 1888 on, when the need was evident, we furnished and hired the man." Her housekeeping, he says, was so lacking that "Mrs. O'Connor, Mrs. Johnston, Mrs. Harned and others of the women friends of Walt were always protesting that it was our duty to get rid of Mrs. Davis & see that Walt had quarters conducive to comfort & health. But for the desperate objections that we knew Walt would make, we would never have submitted him in his sickness to her housekeeping, which was considered deleterious in the highest degree" (July 16, 1893).

There is a subplot to all of this, however, having to do with the house on Mickle Street which Harned and Traubel were eager to acquire. In Whitman's will of 1891 the property at 328 Mickle Street was left to Walt's sister-in-law, Mrs. George Whitman, with the proviso that the property be used to support his retarded brother, Edward. Mrs. Whitman died in August of 1892 (five months after Walt's death) and Edward died in November of the same year. This meant that George Whitman became the principal beneficiary of Walt's estate, and Traubel and Harned were trying to get George to turn the house over to them for preservation. In January of 1893 Traubel wrote to Wallace of his hopes that now that Eddie was dead, the Whitman estate would give the house up for preservation so that the money already raised, from Whitman admirers, for its purchase could be used for repairs and as an endowment. In August he had the key to the house in his pocket, but complained that "George cannot be made to see that the house should not be sold but preserved" (August 7, 1893). In November he fulminated against George and other members of the Whitman family who were holding out over "this paltry few hundred dollars yet were content in W's lifetime to leave him in the hands of his friends" (November 13, 1893).

Even if George had been willing to turn the house over to Traubel and Harned, there was a hindrance in the form of Mrs. Davis and her foster son, Warry. According to Elizabeth Keller, Mary Davis had convinced George Whitman's wife that she was entitled to a sum of

money to cover expenses she had incurred as Walt's housekeeper, but when Mrs. Whitman died her husband did not share this opinion (Keller, 182-183). He refused to consider Mrs. Davis' claim, and Mrs. Davis refused to leave the premises. In July of 1893 Traubel, with Harned, who was acting as George's attorney, attempted to force Mrs. Davis and Warry to vacate the premises. Obviously the two executors thought that by supporting George's position they would secure their own designs on the property.

Traubel was infuriated by the Davis claim: "It is enough to stir up his [Whitman's] poor dead bones," he cried to Wallace. His frustration increased when others of the Whitman circle of admirers did not agree with him on the matter. It was his contention that "Walt never contracted with Mrs. Davis except that he would waive rent for the house and she would waive charges for board. We always knew of this arrangement" (January 26, 1894). But others apparently felt differently. In November of 1893 J. H. Johnston, the jeweler from New York City, visited Traubel and seemed "cautious" when Traubel spoke of Davis, "as if there was in him some latent sympathy for the woman." Earlier that year Traubel was critical of biographical errors in John Addington Symonds' *Walt Whitman, A Study*, and in writing of this to Wallace he adds another complaint, that in Symonds' list of "Walt's helpers" Harned is not included but Mrs. Davis and Warry are. In an unusually harsh tone he lets Wallace know that he feels Wallace is in great part responsible for this:

For you do not seem at any time to have kept it in mind that the thousand and more things done by Harned for Walt were the offerings of a lover, who served without pay & for love's simple sake—while the services given by Warry were those which we bought with money & which never would have been given but for the pay they brought in their train. I do not say this in order to disparage Warry who has virtues & with whom my relations have always been excellent, but in order to set a naked fact out for your recognition. . . . You have in some respects made too much of Warry, and given to his work for Walt meanings and associations which are not properly a part of the picture. (May 4, 1893)¹⁴

The root of this uncharacteristic outburst against Wallace may have lain in Symonds' much earlier communication of praise for Warry, in a letter written to Traubel on August 24, 1891. Symonds thanked Traubel for the gift of a photograph which was his first intimation of Traubel's physical appearance, though they had been corresponding for some time. "It came to me," he wrote, "in a high upper room at Florence, where I was ensconced, poor old man that I am, with my Italian 'Warry.'" Exactly what Symonds meant by this implied comparison is not clear. While it is true that he was in chronically poor health due to tuberculosis, he was not in need of a nurse as Whitman was, and the "Italian" who shared his room was in fact his lover, the Venetian

gondolier, Angelo Fusato. If this was not enough to rankle Traubel, Symonds' further remarks would have: "Give Warry a good grip of the hand from me. Tell him that a fine young man must work his own life-drama through, but that he will not regret the time spent in assisting a hero so triumphant as our Walt, or even a poor fellow so inferior as one who does his best and comes to little. Love is fellow-service, and as Paul said, of these three Love lasts longest."¹⁵ When he published his study of Whitman in 1893, Symonds included the photograph taken by Dr. Johnston on the Camden wharf where Warry looks out from behind the poet's chair. He had been especially eager to have this photo and wrote to Johnston in 1890 requesting a copy. Always suspecting that Whitman was concealing something about his relationships with men, he no doubt believed he could detect something from the picture and urged Johnston to send it, "even were it imperfect I am trained to see, an artist of any kind sees more than the uninitiated can" (Letters, 531).

Traubel's anger seemed to be most aroused when he felt that someone he loved needed to be defended against some slight or misjudgment. Quick to sense an affront to Thomas Harned by Symonds, he also was convinced that Mrs. Davis's claim was nothing but an attack "made directly upon Walt. . . . As a reward she will get nothing in money & she will lose the respect of Whitman's friends" (July 21, 1893). Soon he was able to justify his support of Harned while at the same time further blackening Warry's name to Wallace: "Harned got Warry a place in the Camden Safe Deposit Company's building as watchman but he acted rather unreputably [sic] and they would not keep him. I tell you this frankly because you have always unduly coddled him. And yet I wish no other but Johnston to see what I have written here" (August 12, 1893).¹⁶ Then, turning to the matter of Mrs. Davis' legal suit, he says, "If the case ever comes to a trial, as it may, I am afraid it will have exceedingly disreputable and painful features which you will like as little as I. It is a pity Walt ever fell into such hands" (August 12, 1893).

Just what these disreputable features could have been, or even if they existed anywhere but in Traubel's mind, is not clear. Elizabeth Keller, whose animosity toward Whitman is evident throughout her book, implies that Mrs. Davis may have been led into believing that she would become the poet's wife and claims that in 1887 Whitman presented his housekeeper with a gold ring.¹⁷ She accuses Whitman of deceiving his friends as to his financial state and of abusing the good will of many. She singles out as example a Camden oysterman who made a standing offer of free oysters, and insists that Whitman abused this generosity "when he ordered supplies for his young men friends in return for services they rendered him." "Mrs. Davis and Warren did not approve of this," she claims, and were ashamed to visit the oysterman's establishment so frequently.¹⁸ While caution must be exercised

before reading too much into this remark, it is certainly true that Horace Traubel was one of the young men rendering services to Whitman, and there seems to be some jealousy involved, with Warry and his foster-mother jealous of the camaraderie that existed among Whitman's literary friends, and Traubel jealous of affection shown by Whitman, not to Mrs. Davis, but to Warry. Traubel had been a favorite of Walt's since he was a boy of about 14, and was, after all, the one with whom the poet had promised to work out the rest of his "life-work."¹⁹ Incursions into Whitman's affections on the part of the slightly younger Warry could have been enough to arouse both Traubel's ire and suspicions. Even the naming of Harry Fritzingler's baby for the poet may have been construed as an attempt (as indeed it may have been) to secure for the child an inheritance.²⁰ Traubel expected treachery from Warren, for on January 18, 1894, with the Davis trial looming, he wrote to Wallace of his fear that "Warry will tell a fabricated story . . . He would not scruple so to be used." The trial began on January 25, and Traubel, having given a deposition, was required to be in court. Mrs. Davis testified and presented witnesses, none of whom, Traubel claimed, knew Walt but all of whom now claimed to be able to repeat his words on the matter. The following day Warry took the stand and swore that three days before he died Whitman expressed to him regret for having built the tomb and for not making "proper provision for Mrs. Davis." Traubel wrote to Wallace, "Warry is a liar." On January 30 the case went to the jury and Traubel wrote, "Warry's story in the stand was execrable—pure invention." On January 31 the jury awarded Mrs. Davis \$500 and the case was finished. The cost to the Whitman estate, Traubel informed Wallace, would be about \$1,000. While he does not say so, one can imagine his distress at this since it appears to have been at least part of George Whitman's reason for not giving the Mickle Street house to the literary executors as they had hoped. On March 3 Traubel wrote to Wallace that he no longer believed George would either give them or sell them the house. "He is absolutely an ass, and I know no man meaner in the face of facts which would move any other human being I know to generosity and appreciation."

Mrs. Davis and Warry had succeeded in undermining Traubel's plans. If only she had simply "brought her bill to me and Harned," he wrote to Wallace a few days before the trial began, "we would not have paid but would have advised George to meet her and make some amicable arrangement" (January 18, 1894).²¹

Within a year of the trial Warren Fritzingler married and began work as a clerk in a tea merchant's shop. In October 1899 he became ill and died a few days later, at the age of thirty-three. Little else is known of his life, and apparently nothing survives him but the letters written to his employer's friends in England. While it is true, as Horace Traubel

insisted, that Warry was paid for his services to Walt and that they were not the services of a lover, there is an unmistakably genuine affection evident in the letters. Whitman was not always accurate in his judgments of people, and at times he allowed his emotions to blind him. But there is no reason to believe, despite Horace Traubel's misgivings, that he was mistaken when he said of Warren that he possessed a "good nature." Nor is there any reason to doubt the veracity of the note Warry added across the front page of his letter to Dr. Johnston written April 21, 1892: "I am indeed proud of my name being the last on Walt's lips." In recognition, perhaps, of Warren's services to Whitman, J. W. Wallace embellished, just slightly, his account of the poet's death, in *In Re Walt Whitman*, so that after quoting the final words, "Warry shift," he adds, "Warren carefully moved him, and momentarily opening his eyes again, he smiled faintly his appreciation."

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NOTES

1 Harold Blodgett, *Walt Whitman in England* (1934; rpt. New York: Russell & Russell, 1973), 212-215. The photos of Whitman and Fritzinger are reprinted in Ed Folsom, "This Heart's Geography's Map": The Photographs of Walt Whitman," *Walt Whitman Quarterly Review* 4 (Fall/Winter 1986-1987), 37.

2 J. Johnston and J. W. Wallace, *Visits to Walt Whitman in 1890-1891* (1917; rpt. New York: Haskell House, 1970), 31.

3 Elizabeth Leavitt Keller, *Walt Whitman in Mickle Street* (New York: Little & Ives, 1921), 122.

4 Keller, 129.

5 Johnston and Wallace, 89.

6 Johnston and Wallace, 205.

7 Copies of the letters are in the collection of letters from Horace Traubel to J. W. Wallace in the Central Library, Local Studies Division, Civic Centre, Bolton, England. The copies are in two different hands, with the first differing from the rest. Since they were addressed to Johnston, it is likely that he made the copies or had them made for Wallace. According to Wallace, there had been "frequent communication with some of [Whitman's] chief friends" even before the visits to Camden, and among these he includes Mrs. Davis and Warren Fritzinger (*Visits*, 23).

8 Dr. J. K. Mitchell, son of Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, had done a urine analysis and concluded that Whitman's kidneys were sound but that an enlarged prostate prevented the bladder from emptying. He recommended use of a catheter twice daily. Bucke advised having a doctor teach Warren how to use the catheter. (See *Richard Maurice Bucke, Medical Mystic*, ed. Artem Lozynsky [Wayne State University Press, 1977], 142.)

9 The canary belonged to Mrs. Davis. When it died Whitman, who had written "My Canary Bird" in its honor, had it stuffed. Intended as a gift to the Bolton College,

Warren was entrusted with delivering it to Bucke in July, 1891, when he was leaving for Bolton. It remains as part of the Whitman collection in the Bolton Library. (See Lozynsky, 151.)

10 The water bed was probably a water-filled mattress prescribed by doctors for patients who had bed sores or other sources of pain that made it impossible to rest in an ordinary bed. Bucke recommended it to Traubel (letter of March 14, 1892) and told him to obtain one from Dr. Daniel Longacre, who attended Whitman's final illness. (See Lozynsky, 179.) Whitman evidently objected, for on both March 18 and 22, 1892, Bucke spoke of it to Traubel urging him to make Whitman accept it and to ignore his complaints (Lozynsky, 180-181). Following Whitman's death, the bed was shipped to Bucke.

11 The two sentences recounting Whitman's reaction to Warry's quip about the water bed appear in a footnote to J. W. Wallace's "Last Days of Whitman," *In Re Walt Whitman* (Philadelphia: David McKay, 1893), 434.

12 Keller, 175.

13 It was not the first time Mrs. Davis had taken such action. In 1889 she had gone to court to collect board money from Bill Duckett, an orphan whom she had taken in. Duckett was the teenager who drove Whitman about in the carriage purchased for him in 1885.

14 Wallace responded (May 16, 1893) to this outburst by agreeing that Harned's name should have been included, and that he, Wallace, had had nothing to do with its omission. He refrained then from mentioning Warry, but on July 31 wrote that he was "pained" by the Davis law suit, and that he had received a letter from Warry which he would answer "because he and Mrs. Davis were so kind to me when I visited . . . but I am too disturbed now to write."

15 *The Letters of John Addington Symonds*, Vol. 3, 1885-1893, ed. Herbert M. Schueller and Robert L. Peters (Detroit: Wayne State University Press, 1969), 599.

16 This letter elaborates on the earlier reference to Warren's losing a job and is probably a response to Wallace's query.

17 Keller, 90.

18 Keller, 136-137.

19 Quoted in Justin Kaplan, *Walt Whitman* (New York: Simon and Schuster, 1980), 34.

20 Whitman left the child \$250 in his will. The existence of this child may be the reason why, when Horace and Anne Traubel had a boy on July 17, 1893, it was named not Walt Whitman, but Wallace, for J. W. Wallace in Bolton.

21 Traubel and Harned evidently forgave Mary Davis, for she was invited to the International Whitman Fellowship birthday dinner on May 31, 1895, and attended (Letter of Traubel to J. W. Wallace, June 2, 1895).