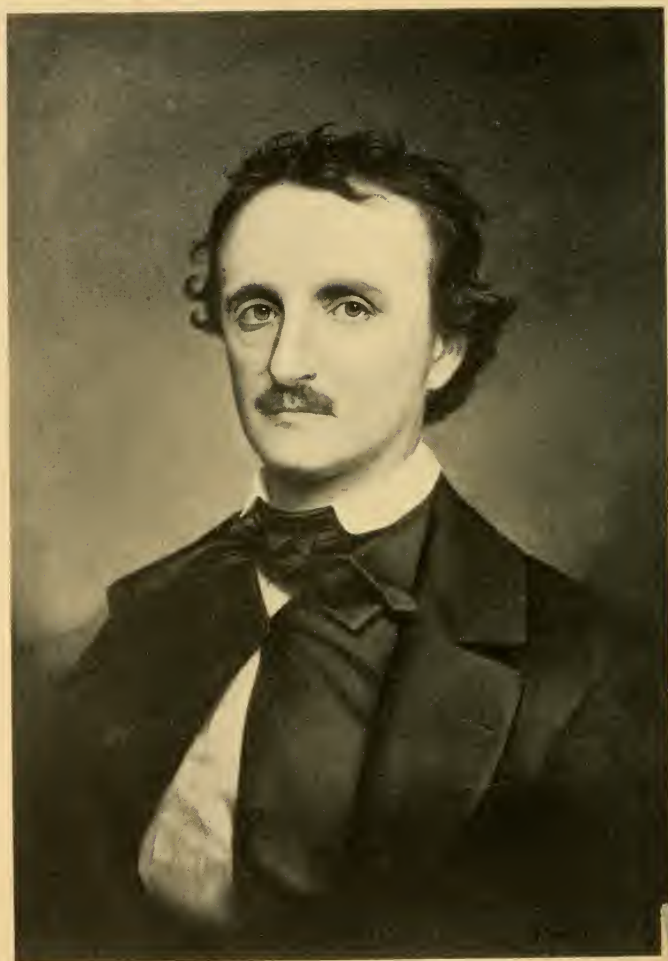


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EDGAR ALLAN POE

EDITED WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES

BY

CHARLES MARSHALL GRAVES, B.A.

EDITORIAL STAFF, TIMES-DISPATCH, RICHMOND, VA.



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TO

Captain John Otway Otey,

WHOSE INTEREST IN THE EDUCATION OF YOUNG MEN

AND WOMEN I HAVE NEVER SEEN EXCELLED

P R E F A C E .

THE life of Edgar Allan Poe, of all American men of letters, is by far the most interesting to study. He was the child of the direst poverty and of the greatest genius. Between his lowly birth and his tragic death Poe felt a degree of joy given to few men to feel and drank the cup of bitterness to the dregs. Since his death in Baltimore, Sunday morning, October 7, 1849, his fame has increased in all lands. This can be said of few American writers. Tennyson declared of Poe in 1885: "He is the literary glory of America. More than thirty-five years have elapsed since his death, and his fame is constantly increasing. That is the true test of genius."

Like Homer all places claim him: Boston, for his birth; Richmond, Philadelphia and New York for his residence at various times in these cities; and Baltimore for his death. The truth is, he belongs to the nation and to humanity at large and his works are the heritage of the civilized people of all coming times.

Few men have had such power in the use of words as Poe, and his writings are of the greatest value for critical study among students and lovers of the chief classics in the language.

In my selection for this volume, I have chosen the best of the author's poems, and five representative tales. These, I think, will give the student, as well as the general reader, a comprehensive grasp of Poe's most enduring work. In

the arrangement of the poems and of the tales, the order of composition rather than that of publication, wherever the two differed, has been followed as far as possible.

The illustrations are selected from a variety of photographs and daguerreotypes which I have collected through several years of effort. A number of them have never before been reproduced.

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INTRODUCTION.

I. BIOGRAPHICAL.

EARLY in the seventies a strange woman, with a look of poverty and wretchedness in her shallow eyes, appeared upon the streets of Richmond, Virginia, trying to sell little photographs. They were likenesses of her brother, she said. People stared at her and passed on. Once or twice an elderly man or woman stopped to speak to her and she would almost cry with joy at sight of a familiar face. Before she let them go she spoke of her want and loneliness and they readily bought the pictures she offered. The brother was Edgar Allan Poe; the woman, Rosalie MacKenzie Poe, his only sister.

Poe was born in Boston. The accepted date of his birth is January 19, 1809, the natal year also of Tennyson, Poe's favorite poet, of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, to whom he dedicated "The Raven," of Charles Darwin, of Chopin and of Mendelssohn, makers of a melody scarcely different from the poet's, of Abraham Lincoln, and of the great William E. Gladstone.

When Poe matriculated at the University of Virginia, he gave the date of his birth as January 19, 1809. Writing to Mrs. Byrd, a daughter of Mrs. MacKenzie, with whom he and his sister had grown up, he remarked that had she set her marriage date one week later, it would have fallen on his birthday. She was to be wedded October 5. Mrs. Byrd adds in her note on the subject to Mrs. Susan Archer Weiss, who came to know Poe intimately during his last visit to Richmond in 1849, and to whom the world is

indebted for the best pen picture of him at that time, that Edgar was born in 1808 and Rosalie in 1810.

The spring of 1811 found the family in Norfolk, Virginia. It consisted of David Poe, his wife the dainty little actress, two children, and an elderly woman thought to have been Mrs. Poe's mother. William Henry, the eldest child, had been left in Baltimore with his grandparents.

David Poe died in Norfolk late that spring. Mrs. Weiss of Richmond informed the writer that in 1811 her mother was living in Norfolk and was a daily visitor at the house of her aunt, Mrs. Butt, on Bermuda street. David Poe, his wife, two small children, and a nurse, the latter an old woman called Mrs. Tubbs or Mrs. Tibbs, whose imperfect English greatly amused the mother of Mrs. Weiss, lived in the attic of an adjoining house. Mr. Poe was ill and the old nurse kept the two children out of doors most of the time. David Poe died of consumption and was buried in one of the cemeteries of Norfolk.

In the summer of that year Mrs. Poe came to Richmond to take her place in Green's Company, which opened its engagement at the Richmond Theater in September. The theater in which she played stood on the north side of Broad street between Twelfth and College streets. It was burned on the night of December 26, 1811.*

* On that night there was a benefit performance for Mr. Placide, one of the most popular actors of Green's Company, of which Mrs. Poe had been a member. As it was in the Christmas holidays, the theater was crowded. In the flames seventy-two perished, and there was scarcely a family of prominence in the city that did not lose a member or a close connection. Three years after the burning of the play house, the Monumental church was erected on the site. The ashes of those who perished in the theater are preserved in a marble urn in the vestibule of the church and their names are inscribed upon it. Mrs. Poe appeared for the last time on her benefit night early in the October preceding the fire.

Mrs. Weiss relates that the widowed actress, broken in health and utterly ruined in fortune, had engaged a basement room for herself and her children under the store of a milliner named Phillips. Mrs. Weiss does not remember Phillips's Christian name and, since there were no directories for Richmond as early as 1811, it is impossible to determine the exact location of Phillips's store. It was, however, on the south side of Main street in the "Bird-in-Hand" District, and therefore near where Shockoe Creek flows now under the street, then through it. In her damp cellar the delicate actress contracted pneumonia and on Sunday, December 8, 1811, died. She was probably buried at the expense of the city. Her grave, says Mrs. Weiss, is in the burying-ground of old St. John's Church,* by the eastern wall, but one looks for it in vain.

About ten days before her death, an appeal in her behalf was made to the good people of Richmond through the Richmond *Enquirer*.† This paper, then the best in Virginia, announced that Mrs. Poe was dangerously ill and in great want, and concluded by saying that this would perhaps be her last plea for assistance. The little paragraph was quaintly written and addressed to "The Humane Heart."

Mrs. Poe's children were not long homeless. Mrs. Jane MacKenzie took Rosalie; Mr. and Mrs. John Allan took Edgar. Dr. John F. Carter, who obtained the information from his mother and other elderly ladies who were intimate with the Allan family, says that Mr. and Mrs. Allan had at first no idea of adopting the boy, but only intended to take care of him until relatives in Baltimore could be reached.

* This church is known to all the world for the immortal words spoken there by Patrick Henry—"Give me liberty, or give me death."

† See *Richmond Enquirer*, November 29, 1811.

The biographers are mistaken in the assertion that Mr. Allan was then a wealthy man. He and Mr. Charles Ellis were at the time doing a general merchandise business at the corner of Fourteenth street and Tobacco alley, on a site opposite that of the Exchange Hotel on Fourteenth street where many years after Poe made his two appearances before Richmond audiences. Mr. and Mrs. Allan lived over the store. This was the modest temporary home which they gave the boy.

According to Dr. Carter, Mr. Allan engaged in a correspondence with the Baltimore connections of the orphan. Their responses were not at all satisfactory, and in the meantime Edgar, no longer a baby skeleton, had grown to be such an attractive child that Mrs. Allan begged her husband to keep him. They had no children, though they had been married several years, and Mr. Allan consented. If Dr. Carter is correct, Mr. Allan never adopted the boy in a legal way.

Mrs. MacKenzie was at the time conducting a school for girls in a frame house at the northwest corner of Fifth and Main streets, just opposite the house which Mr. Allan bought in the summer of 1825 and which was Poe's home for some months before he went to the University of Virginia. She had a number of children of her own, and it was due to the promptings of her motherly heart that she took the baby, Rosalie, into her home. So Poe and his sister were destined to grow up very near each other and to see each other daily, as the families were intimate.

Mr. William Galt, Mr. Allan's uncle, had a store on Franklin street, between Fourteenth and Fifteenth, and did an immense tobacco business. His success probably turned the thoughts of "Ellis and Allan" toward an exclusive trade in tobacco, and with a view to opening a market for the famed Virginia leaf, Mr. Allan went to England in 1814, taking with him Mrs. Allan, her sister Miss

Valentine, and Edgar. During their stay in England the boy was left at school at Stoke Newington. The building in which Poe was a pupil has but recently been torn down. While Mr. Allan was away the Fourteenth street store was given up. The first directory of Richmond, that of John Maddox, published in 1819, places the store of "Ellis and Allan" on the east side of Fifteenth street, south of Main, second door from the corner. It is interesting to note that the first building, which is now in the dust, stood just across the alley from the present location of the printing house of John W. Ferguson, who was a "devil" in the office of the *Southern Literary Messenger*, when Poe was its editor; and that the second stands to-day adjoining the *Messenger* building, where Poe wrote some of his spiciest criticisms and the early instalments of "Arthur Gordon Pym."

Biographers of Poe say that when Mr. Allan came back his house was leased and he went to Mr. Ellis's residence. The fact is that Mr. Allan had no residence upon his return in the summer of 1820. Mr. Ellis had a comfortable residence on the south side of Franklin street, between First and Second. Mr. and Mrs. Allan and Edgar remained with the Ellises nearly a year until Mr. Allan rented a small frame dwelling on North Fifth street, near the corner of Clay. This cottage—for it was scarcely more—was standing within the last ten years, and was torn down to make room for a more pretentious brick residence. A livery stable stands on a part of the yard in which Poe played.

It was while in this house that the poet attended the classical school of Joseph H. Clarke. This fiery Irishman from Trinity College, Dublin, gave up teaching in the fall of 1823. Poe was selected by the boys to deliver the farewell ode and did so with grace and satisfaction to all. Master William Burke succeeded Master Clarke. Dr.

Creed Thomas, who was Poe's deskmate at Burke's, and who lived until February 23, 1899, in an interview a short time before his death, said that the school was at the southeast corner of Broad and Eleventh streets where the Powhatan Hotel now stands.

During this period of his school days Poe accomplished the swim from Richmond to Warwick Park, six miles down the James. This famous swim was made later by Mr. Charles M. Wallace, the Richmond antiquarian. One of Poe's old playmates told this gentleman that he himself started in with Poe but the imperious youth was so furious that another should attempt to rival him that he yielded to Poe and got into the boat accompanying them.

Poe, Dr. Creed Thomas, Beverly Anderson and William P. Ritchie, all schoolmates and destined to be men of note, were at that time members of the Thespian Society and gave their amateur theatrical performances in the old wooden house which stood at the northeast corner of Sixth and Marshall streets where there is now a police station.

It was from Burke's School that Poe went home one afternoon with Robert Stanard, one of his few intimate friends, to meet the lad's mother, the gentle Jane Craig Stanard, whom the boy loved at first sight and who became the "Helen" of one of the most exquisite poems ever written. He thought the name of Jane ugly and addressed his lines "To Helen" instead. When Mrs. Stanard died his young heart was almost broken and night after night he would go to her grave and weep upon it. Mrs. Stanard was the wife of Robert Stanard, a lawyer of unusual ability and for a number of years United States attorney for the district of Virginia.

Dr. Carter tells the story of "Don Pompioso," one of Poe's early poems, now lost. A young Richmonder who regarded himself too high in social life to associate with the son of an actress and a pauper, greatly humiliated Poe and

deeply wounded his sensitive nature by letting the facts of his birth be known. Soon a poem appeared on the streets ridiculing unmercifully this young man. The girls at Mrs. MacKenzie's school, then 506 East Franklin street, found a copy of the poem and were laughing over it and wondering who its author was. One evening about dusk Poe dropped in at the school where his sister lived and where he came and went at pleasure, a privilege denied to other young men of the city. A number of young people were in the parlor and one of the girls asked him to read the poem aloud. This he did by the fading light with a readiness one could not have possibly shown without really repeating it from memory. "You wrote it!" they all cried and he did not deny it. When the young man who had drawn the fire appeared on the street he was peppered with allusions from the poem, with jests and gibes, and at length was driven from the city. The last MacKenzie house is standing yet and is in good condition considering its age. Dr. Carter who knew the MacKenzies intimately, identified it positively.

In March, 1825, Poe left Burke's school and began private coaching for the University of Virginia. It was about this time that he met Miss Sarah Elmira Royster, his first sweetheart, afterward Mrs. Shelton.

This year was also eventful for Mr. Allan. His uncle, Mr. Galt, died in March and Mr. Allan came in for one-third of his estate, valued at approximately one million dollars. Mr. Robert Lee Traylor, of Richmond, has a certified copy of Mr. Galt's will. It shows that Mr. Allan received more than three hundred thousand dollars in money and property, a great fortune in that day. This was really the first time in his life that Mr. Allan had more than a comfortable living. Less than two months after Mr. Galt's death, Mr. Allan bought the house on the southeast corner of Main and Fifth streets, long known locally as the "Allan House."

Poe lived in the new home from late in the summer of 1825 until the middle of February, 1826, when he entered the University of Virginia. His happiest days in the Allan household were gone. He came back to Richmond under a cloud in December of the same year and, not liking the counting-room work which Mr. Allan gave him to do, ran away.

The Allan house was torn down fifteen years ago. For a long time the lot remained vacant. Until a year ago the Young Men's Christian Association had an athletic field there, but now it has been built up with residences fronting on Fifth street and with stores fronting on Main.

Poe went almost directly to Boston and published the first edition of his poems "Tamerlane and Other Poems. By a Bostonian." His next move was to enlist in the army under the name of Edgar A. Perry. He was first stationed at Charleston, South Carolina, and later at Fortress Monroe, Virginia. He rose by merit to the post of Sergeant-Major, and finally secured his release to go to the United States Military Academy.

Tradition says that Mrs. Allan made an appeal to Mr. Allan on her death-bed to do all he could for Edgar. The young man returned to Richmond shortly after Mrs. Allan's death which occurred February 28, 1829. He was seeking appointment to the West Point Academy and had been advised to enlist Mr. Allan's influence. With the tender plea of his dying wife still ringing in his ears Mr. Allan gave this influence in a letter in which, however, he took pains to disown Edgar.

Poe entered the Academy July 1, 1830 and was there scarcely a month before finding that military training was beyond endurance distasteful to him. He plunged into every form of mischief calculated to lower his standing in the school. By failure to meet even the most ordinary duties of Academy life did he bring about his

Home of Mrs Weiss



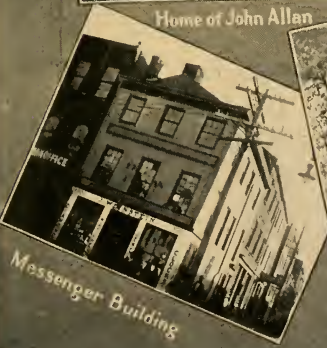
Swan Tavern



Home of John Allan



Duncan Lodge
Home of the Mackenzies



Messenger Building

trial by court-martial and dismissal from the Academy, the sentence becoming effective March 6, 1831.

Shortly after leaving West Point Poe issued his third volume of poems. Under the impression that this collection would contain many of his best poetic "digs" at the professors of the Academy, the cadets subscribed liberally to the edition. The volume, dedicated to the "U. S. Corps of Cadets" was, however, a source of great disgust to the young men whom it sought to honor, for it contained only such immortal contributions as "To Helen," "The Sleeper," "The Valley of Unrest," "Lenore," and other poems that are now almost equally as well known.

Two years later Poe came again into the lime light when he won a hundred-dollar prize awarded by the *Saturday Visiter*, of Baltimore, for the best prose contribution. "The Ms. found in a battle," one of the "Tales of the Folio Club," was selected as the best and one of the judges, John P. Kennedy, became the young author's friend and benefactor and remained so to the end.

Just before Mr. Allan died, in the latter part of March 1834, Poe made a brief visit to Richmond. The story is that he rushed to Mr. Allan's room and found him sitting in a chair. Upon seeing the wayward young man, Mr. Allan, it is said, seized his walking stick, and waving it menacingly, bade him leave the room forever.

Mrs. Weiss and Dr. Carter assert with equal positiveness that Poe left the Allans on account of unpleasant words with the second Mrs. Allan. Mrs. Weiss says that this lady took Poe's room away from him and gave him one in the back of the house, not nearly so attractive. This made him furious, as it is easy to imagine, and a wordy war followed. This was the reason, say she and Dr. Carter, that Mr. Allan sent Poe away. The second Mrs. Allan denied this, saying that Poe was never in the house but twice after her marriage, and that she never saw him but once in her life.

In the summer of the next year Poe came to Richmond to help Mr. Thomas W. White, edit the *Southern Literary Messenger*. The *Messenger* was printed on the first floor of the building, yet standing, at the southeast corner of Main and Fifteenth streets. Mr. White and the poet had their offices on the second floor, overlooking the street.

In the spring of 1836 Mrs. Clemm, Poe's aunt, and her daughter, Virginia, came to Richmond and obtained board with Mrs. James Yarrington, whose house was at the corner of Twelfth and Bank streets. The flames of 1865 swept it away. It is virtually certain that here Edgar and Virginia were married. The date, May 16, 1836,* is well-known. The Rev. Amasa Converse, editor of the *Southern Religious Telegraph*, a Presbyterian weekly, performed the ceremony. Thomas W. Cleland went on the marriage

*The following is a facsimile of the marriage bond issued on that day by Charles Howard, Deputy clerk of the Court of Hastings.

KNOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS, That we *Edgar A.*

Poe and Thomas W. Cleland _____
and acting as governor

are held and firmly bound unto *Wyntham Robertson, Lieutenant* Governor of the Commonwealth of Virginia, in the just and full sum of ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY DOLLARS, to the payment whereof, well and truly to be made to the said ^{acting} Governor, or his successors, for the use of the said Commonwealth, we bind ourselves and each of us, our and each of our heirs, executors and administrators, jointly and severally, firmly by these presents. Sealed with our seals, and dated this *16th* day of *May* — 1836.

THE CONDITION OF THE ABOVE OBLIGATION IS SUCH, That whereas a marriage is shortly intended to be had and solemnized between the above bound *Edgar A. Poe* _____ and *Virginia E. Clemm* _____ of the City of Richmond. Now if there is no lawful cause to obstruct said marriage, then the above obligation to be void, else to remain in full force and virtue.

Signed, sealed and delivered }
 in the presence of }

Chas. Howard

Edgar A. Poe

SEAL.

Thos. W. Cleland
E. C.

SEAL.

bond, swearing that Virginia was twenty-one, when she was but fourteen.

“There never was a more perfect gentleman than Mr. Poe when he was sober,” says Mr. Ferguson, “but he was a very devil when drunk. He would just as soon lie down in the gutter as anywhere else.”

It was on account of “lying down in the gutter” too often that Mr. White announced in the first number of the *Messenger* of 1837 that “Mr. Poe’s attention has been called in another direction.”

Poe went from Richmond to New York. At No. 113½ Carmine street the family consisting of the poet, Virginia and Mrs. Clemm lived quite happily for eight months. Mrs. Clemm took in boarders to help in making ends meet which almost all the poet’s life seemed to have no affinity for each other. Poe continued to write vigorously, completing “Arthur Gordon Pym.”

The period 1838 to 1844 was spent in Philadelphia and was possibly the most active and productive of the poet’s life. He became associate editor of the *Gentleman’s Magazine*, afterwards absorbed by *Graham’s*. Poe accepted a position with *Graham’s* and did excellent work, which was rewarded with Mr. Graham’s commendation and increasing regard. During this period he wrote the “Tales of Grotesque and Arabesque,” and a great number of important contributions to his own and other magazines.

In the spring of 1844 Poe again took up his residence in New York, first with the *Evening Mirror*, and then as the proprietor of the short-lived *Broadway Journal*. The next year was notable, the great year, in fact, in his life, for it marks the publication of his masterpiece, “The Raven,” elevating him to a high and ever secure position in the world of letters. Twelve months later the now famous cottage at Fordham was taken. Here the exquisitely beautiful “Annabel Lee” was written, and here

January 30, 1847, death robbed him of his beloved Virginia. Devoted friends of this sad period of his life were Frances Sargent Osgood, Marie Louise Shew and Sarah Helen Whitman. To the latter he gave all the intense passionate affection of a lonely heart. In 1848 she was betrothed to Poe, but the engagement was broken and a few months later he was in Richmond making love with equal ardor to his first sweetheart, Mrs. Shelton. It was indeed fitting that he should see his dear old Richmond again before the end. August, 1849, marked his last visit to the city where he had spent his boyhood days.

One of his new friends was John R. Thompson, the poet, who two years before had purchased the *Messenger*. Another new friend was little Miss Susan Archer Talley, who, though but seventeen years old, had written some admirable poems. She had heard much of the distinguished poet from her mother, the MacKenzies, and Rosalie, and had read almost everything he had written. Miss Talley is now the Mrs. Weiss, who has already been mentioned in this sketch.

Poe took lodgings at Swan Tavern, on the north side of Broad street, between Eighth and Ninth streets. This famous old building was erected about 1795 and was the leading tavern in Richmond for a quarter of a century. But when Poe came there in 1849 the prestige of the place was gone. It was hardly more than a cheap boarding house. The poet did not go there first, but to the United States Hotel, at the southwest corner of Nineteenth and Main Streets, in the "Bird-in-Hand" neighborhood. The latter building is now used as a Methodist Mission house.

Poe changed to the Swan to be nearer his friends, the MacKenzies, who were living at Duncan Lodge, a mile out on the Broad Street Road. The Swan building was torn down in the spring of 1904 and the Bijou Theater erected on the site. In its exterior it had changed but little since

Poe's eyes saw it—just a little older and a little more battered.

Naturally Poe went at once to see the MacKenzies, for they had ever been faithful to him, and his sister was there. Here he met many of his old friends and was introduced to others who knew him by reputation and soon became warmly attached to him. One of the latter was Dr. John F. Carter. Dr. Carter is still living in Richmond. He says that one night when no one was there but the family and two or three intimate friends the poet recited "The Raven." His reading was so excellent that his friends persuaded him to give a public reading at the Exchange Hotel. Dr. Carter and ten other persons attended, and this was Poe's first audience in his old home. There is no accounting for the small attendance. Poe certainly did not understand it. Dr. Carter says he never saw any one more cast down. He went through the reading in a mechanical way and at once went out.

Poe was asked some time later to deliver his lecture on "The Poetic Principle." He was assured of a goodly attendance and the lecture was announced. Financially it was a success. The proprietor of the Exchange tendered the parlors free of charge, and so the poet's pocket was replenished and he was as deeply grateful as he had been disheartened before.

One of the eleven persons who attended the reading of "The Raven" was Mrs. Elmira Shelton, already referred to as Poe's first sweetheart, Sarah Elmira Royster. When he came to Richmond in 1849 he sought her out, then a widow with youthful comeliness retained and an abundance of this world's goods. She was living on Grace street between Twenty-Fourth and Twenty-Fifth streets directly opposite St. John's Church. Mrs. Shelton used to say that Poe had often told her that she was the "Lost Lenore" of "The Raven" and her home at that time has frequently been referred to as the "home of the Lost Lenore."

The place where Poe felt most at home was Duncan Lodge, the home of the MacKenzies. The old place looks to-day very much as it did during that summer and autumn fifty-four years ago. The only alteration in the house since Poe knew it is the addition of a story. It is now used as an industrial home for men.

On the south side of Broad street the girlhood home of Mrs. Weiss yet stands. The poet was a frequent visitor there. The house is unchanged in appearance, though Mrs. Weiss tells me that the surroundings are greatly altered. All the beautiful trees are gone. It was at this house that Poe spent the evening of his last night but one in Richmond. Sitting with the Talley family until bedtime that Sunday evening of the last day in September, he came down Broad street to Duncan Lodge and spent the night. The poet met some gay friends in Sadler's "Old Market Hotel" the next night, and they talked, laughed, and drank together until early Tuesday morning, when the boat left for Baltimore. It carried Poe away from Richmond forever.

Wednesday evening he was found insensible on the streets of Baltimore and was taken to a hospital. He died there Sunday morning, October 7, without regaining consciousness.

The mystery of this most fascinating figure in the world of letters continues to the last, baffling at some point all those who, seeking truth, have turned their attention upon it.



Birthplace of
Jane Craig Stanard
Poe's "Helen"

Fordham
Cottage
Last home
of the poet



Home of
Mrs. Shelton

Tomb of
Mrs Stanard



II. CRITICAL.

BY far the most unique figure in the American world of letters is Edgar Allan Poe. It would hardly be accurate to set him above all other Americans in literature; better, indeed, to give him a place apart from all others.

If one will imagine one's self in a great hall where are gathered the marble statues of the leading men who have helped to give America a literature of her own, and will give to Poe a pedestal not only as high as the rest but in a section of the great gallery all alone, the true position of this poet and marvellously versatile story teller will be illustrated.

Were it a hall where are gathered the statues of the men who have made the true and lasting literature of our language, the striking figure of Poe would not only be among America's chief representatives there but, unfortunately, because of the literary sterility of our hustling commercial life, he would have but few of his countrymen about him. Whatever the eminence our own fondness and national pride may give to the scholarly New England group, to the lovable Irving, and to contemporaneous authors, the European world knows little of American literature beyond that produced by Poe. Tennyson reflected very largely his country's sentiment as well as his own when he told an American that other writers of this country were as nothing in comparison with Poe. Such an estimate is doubtless neither kind nor correct, but it illustrates how American literary figures appear from a distance.

The student of Poe's life will find it truly difficult, if he is really trying, to arrive at a just estimate of the man and the author. He will not find the task uninteresting, for the career of Poe is indeed the most striking and fascinating in the American literary group. But he must needs exercise the most painstaking effort to get at the true value of everything that is said or written about his subject. For the very reason that Poe's character is so mystifying and complex many volumes of criticism, friendly and adverse, have been written about him. So much indeed has been said about the man's home life as well as literary production that the conscientious student is apt to be deeply perplexed if not bewildered at the very offset. He finds pretty soon, if persistent, that Poe really lives to-day in three widely different spheres—that given him by those who see little good in him, either in his private life or in his work; that given him by those who have in haste rushed to the other extreme, canonizing his virtues and hiding his glaring faults; and finally, that which is his very own, "the true Poe."

Poe wrote as a boy when sending out his first recollection of poems, "Poetry has been with me a passion, not a purpose." He then gave an estimate of his powers probably more accurate than even he fully realized. Through his whole life poetry remained a "passion" and to-day his fame as a poet rests on a few brief lyrics which, if all were bound together, would not make a volume nearly so large as Tennyson's "Princess." But so musical, so beautiful and powerful in imagery, and so thought-suggestive are these that they will live as ornamental figures of the language to the end. Poe's poetic ideas and conceptions were not large. His genius found a few diamonds, found some of them very early in life, and his later years were devoted to polishing these gems until they shone with marvellous brilliancy. Then he finally gave them to the world, a

finished whole, shortly before his death. He said in the apparent prime of life "I have produced my best poetry." It was enough.

Poe did not say this of his "Tales"; rather he declared that it was not true of them. His skill in story-telling seems to have been inexhaustible. While his poems are probably better known than the "Tales," in the latter are even more strikingly evident his rare imagination and splendid intellectual force. The stories which filled the periodical press of that day and those with which the current magazines teem are as "little worth" when compared in literary style and original power with such "tales" as "The Fall of The House of Usher," or "The Black Cat." Their poetic beauty or thrilling strangeness are forgotten when seen in the light of "Eleonora" or "Morella." This difference is also noted, Poe wrote for all succeeding generations.

CHRONOLOGICAL OUTLINE OF POE'S LIFE.

1809. January 19th, Thursday. Born in Boston while his parents, David Poe, Jr., and Elizabeth Arnold Poe, members of a traveling theatrical company, were filling an engagement there.

1811. Death of father in Norfolk, followed on December 8th by the death of his mother in Richmond where she had come as a member of Green's company. Young Edgar is given a home by Mr. John Allan, a tobacco merchant of Richmond.

1815. Taken to England by Mr. Allan where the lad remains at school in Stoke-Newington for five years.

1820. The Allans and Edgar return to Richmond and Edgar is entered at Burke's Academy. While at this school he meets Mrs. Jane Craig Stanard, wife of Honorable Robert Stanard, who by an affectionate interest and understanding of the sensitive youth completely captures his young heart. (He was almost beside himself over her death in 1824.) During this period also he accomplishes the famous swim from Richmond to Warwick, seven miles down the James River.

1823. Probably composes his first poem, "To Helen." The exquisite verses refer to Mrs. Stanard. He thought Jane an ugly name and addressed the lines to "Helen" instead.

1824. Has love affair with Sarah Elmira Royster, his first sweetheart. The young lady's father intercepts the love notes and estranges the young people.

1825. Death of William Galt, Mr. Allan's uncle. Edgar's foster father becomes heir to a fortune of about three hundred thousand dollars.

1826. Enters University February 14th. Leaves University at end of session, December 15th of same year. Mr. Allan puts him to work in his counting-room. Not liking this Edgar runs away.

1827. Publication of "Tamerlane and Other Poems. By a Bostonian." Young Poe enlists in the United States army under the name of Edgar A. Perry.

1829. Publication of "Al Aaraaf and Minor Poems." Death of Mrs. Allan.

1830. Edgar enters West Point Military Academy where he remains less than one session.

1833. Wins the prize of one hundred dollars offered by the *Saturday Visiter* of Baltimore, for the best prose article, gaining at the same time the friendship of John P. Kennedy, one of the judges.

1834. Death of Mr. Allan. Poe was not even mentioned in the will though there is reason to believe the young man had through all entertained the hope that he would yet be his foster father's heir.

1835. Returns to Richmond to become editor of the *Southern Literary Messenger*.

1836. Weds the lovely Virginia Clemm.

1837. Leaves the *Messenger* and Richmond. Goes to New York and leads a model and industrious life at No. 113 $\frac{1}{2}$ Carmine street.

1838-1844. This period, probably the most productive in the poet's life, was spent in Philadelphia. At various times he was editor of the *Gentleman's Magazine* and *Graham's Magazine* and was a frequent contributor to many others.

1845. Again in New York. Publication of "The Raven." Poe is now the central figure in the literary life of the metropolis.

1846. Life at Fordham, just outside of New York city,

1847. Death of Virginia Poe after lingering illness. The poet is plunged into deepest sorrow, intensified by abject and pitiable poverty.

1848. Wildly in love with Mrs. Sarah Helen Whitman,

1849. Estrangement from Mrs. Whitman. Returns to Richmond, visits scenes and friends of his childhood and renews with great earnestness and apparent success his love affair with Mrs. A. B. Shelton, a comely and well-to-do widow, who, as Sarah Elmira Royster, he had passionately loved as a youth. Death in Baltimore, October 8th, following a short period of dissipation.

SUMMARY.

- 1809-1815. Boston ; Norfolk ; Richmond.
1815-1820. At Stoke-Newington School, England.
1820-1826. Boyhood in Richmond, Educational period.
1826-1830. Becomes Wanderer and Soldier.
1830-1835. Notable literary beginnings.
1835-1837. Editor *Southern Literary Messenger* ; marries.
1837-1844. Remarkable literary activity in Philadelphia.
1844-1849. "The Raven" ; New York Period.
1849. Richmond again. Death in Baltimore.

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1829. Al Aaraaf, Tamerlane and Minor Poems, by Edgar A. Poe, Hatch & Dunning, Baltimore.
1831. Poems, by Edgar A. Poe, Elam Bliss, New York.
1833. Ms. Found in a Bottle, (tale); *Baltimore Visiter*.
1835. Berenice, (tale); Morella, (tale); Some Passages in the Life of a Lion, (tale); The Unparalleled Adventure of One Hans Phaal, (tale); To Mary, (poem); The Assiguation, (tale); The Coliseum, (poem); Bon Bon, (tale); Shadow: A Parable, (tale); To F-s O-d, (poem); Loss of Breath: A Tale Neither in Nor Out of "Blackwood," (tale); King Pest: A Tale containing an Allegory, (tale).
1836. The Duc de L'Omelette, (tale); To Helen, (poem); The City of Sin, (The Doomed City) (poem); Israfel, (poem).
1837. The Bridal Ballad, (poem); The Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym, (tale); To Zante, (poem).
1838. Ligeia, (tale); A Predicament, (The Scythe of Time) (tale).
1839. The Haunted Palace, (poem); The Devil in the Belfry, (tale); The Conchologist's First Book, Haswell, Barrington, and Haswell, Philadelphia. To Ianthe In Heaven, (poem); Spirits of the Dead, (poem); The Man That was Used Up, (tale); Fairy Land, (poem); Fall of the House of Usher, (tale); William Wilson, (tale).
1840. Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque, by Edgar A. Poe, 2 vols., Lea & Blanchard, Philadelphia; Silence, (poem).
1841. The Murders in the Rue Morgue, (tale); A Descent into the Maelstrom, (tale); The Island of the Fay, (tale); The Colloquy of Monas and Una, (tale); To Helen, (poem).

1842. To One Departed, (poem) ; The Oval Portrait, (tale) ; Eleonora, (title) ; The Mystery of Marie Rogêt, a Sequel to the Murders in the Rue Morgue, (tale).

1843. The Conqueror Worm, (poem) ; Lenore, (poem) ; Romance, (poem) ; The Sleeper, (poem) ; The Black Cat, (tale).

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1849. Mellonta Tauta, (tale) ; To My Mother, (poem) ; A Valentine, (poem) ; For Annie, (poem) ; Annabel Lee, (poem) ; The Bells, (poem).

1850. The Poetic Principle, (essay) ; A Dream Within a Dream, (poem) ; Eldorado, (poem) ; The Works of the Late Edgar Allan Poe, with Memoir by Rufus Wilmot Griswold.



Mrs Susan
Talley Weiss



Mrs A.B. Shelton
"Lenore" of
"The Raven" •



John Allan
Foster Father
of Poe

William Clemm
Father of
Virginia Clemm Jr.

Virginia Clemm
Wife of Poe



POEMS.

TO HELEN.

HELEN, thy beauty is to me
Like those Nicéan barks of yore,
That gently, o'er a perfumed sea,
The weary wayworn wanderer bore
To his own native shore.

On desperate seas long wont to roam,
Thy hyacinth hair, thy classic face,
Thy Naiad airs have brought me home
To the glory that was Greece,
And the grandeur that was Rome.

Lo! in yon brilliant window niche,
How statue-like I see thee stand,
The agate lamp within thy hand!
Ah, Psyche, from the regions which
Are Holy Land!

TO — — —

I SAW thee on thy bridal day,
 When a burning blush came o'er thee.
 Though happiness around thee lay,
 The world all love before thee:

And in thine eye a kindling light
 (Whatever it might be)
 Was all on Earth my aching sight
 Of Loveliness could see.

That blush, perhaps, was maiden shame—
 As such it well may pass—
 Though its glow hath raised a fiercer flame
 In the breast of him, alas!

Who saw thee on that bridal day,
 When that deep blush *would* come o'er thee
 Though happiness around thee lay,
 The world all love before thee.

“THE HAPPIEST DAY, THE HAPPIEST HOUR.”

THE happiest day—the happiest hour
 My seared and blighted heart hath known,
 The highest hope of pride and power,
 I feel hath flown.

Of power! said I? yes! such I ween;
 But they have vanished long, alas!
 The visions of my youth have been—
 But let them pass.

And, pride, what have I now with thee?
 Another brow may even inherit
 The venom thou hast pour'd on me—
 Be still, my spirit!

The happiest day—the happiest hour
 Mine eyes shall see—have ever seen,
 The brightest glance of pride and power,
 I feel—have been:

But were that hope of pride and power
 Now offer'd, with the pain
 Even *then* I felt—that brightest hour
 I would not live again:

For on its wing was dark alloy,
 And as it flutter'd—fell
 An essence—powerful to destroy
 A soul that knew it well.

A DREAM.

IN visions of the dark night
 I have dreamed of joy departed—
 But a waking dream of life and light
 Hath left me broken-hearted.

Ah! what is not a dream by day
 To him whose eyes are cast
 On things around him with a ray
 Turned back upon the past?

That holy dream—that holy dream,
 While all the world were chiding,
 Hath cheered me as a lovely beam
 A lonely spirit guiding.

What though that light, thro' storm and night,
 So trembled from afar—
 What could there be more purely bright
 In Truth's day-star?



A DREAM WITHIN A DREAM.

I.

TAKE this kiss upon the brow!
 And, in parting from you now,
 Thus much let me avow—
 You are not wrong, who deem
 That my days have been a dream;
 Yet if hope has flown away
 In a night, or in a day,
 In a vision, or in none,
 Is it therefore the less *gone*?
 All that we see or seem
 Is but a dream within a dream.

II.

I stand amid the roar
 Of a surf-tormented shore,
 And I hold within my hand
 Grains of the golden sand—
 How few! yet how they creep
 Through my fingers to the deep,
 While I weep—while I weep!
 O God! can I not grasp
 Them with a tighter clasp?
 O God! can I not save
One from the pitiless wave?
 Is *all* that we see or seem
 But a dream within a dream?

 THE LAKE: TO ———.

I.

IN spring of youth it was my lot
 To haunt of the wide world a spot
 The which I could not love the less—
 So lovely was the loneliness
 Of a wild lake, with black rock bound,
 And the tall pines that towered around.

II.

But when the Night had thrown her pall
 Upon that spot, as upon all,
 And the mystic wind went by
 Murmuring in melody—

Then—ah then I would awake
To the terror of the lone lake.

III.

Yet that terror was not fright,
But a tremulous delight—
A feeling not the jewelled mine
Could teach or bribe me to define—
Nor Love—although the Love were thine.

IV.

Death was in that poisonous wave,
And in its gulf a fitting grave
For him who thence could solace bring
To his lone imagining—
Whose solitary soul could make
An Eden of that dim lake.

 TO THE RIVER —

I.

FAIR river! in thy bright, clear flow
Of crystal, wandering water,
Thou art an emblem of the glow
Of beauty—the unhidden heart—
The playful mazziness of art
In old Alberto's daughter;

II.

But when within thy wave she looks—
Which glistens then, and trembles—

Why, then, the prettiest of brooks
 Her worshipper resembles;
 For in his heart, as in thy stream,
 Her image deeply lies—
 His heart which trembles at the beam
 Of her soul-searching eyes.

 ISRAFEL.

In Heaven a spirit doth dwell
 “Whose heart-strings are a lute;”
 None sing so wildly well
 As the angel Israfel,
 And the giddy stars (so legends tell)
 Ceasing their hymns, attend the spell
 Of his voice, all mute.

Tottering above
 In her highest noon,
 The enamoured Moon
 Blushes with love,
 While, to listen, the red levin
 (With the rapid Pleiads, even,
 Which were seven,)
 Pauses in Heaven.

And they say (the starry choir
 And the other listening things)
 That Israfeli's fire
 Is owing to that lyre
 By which he sits and sings—
 The trembling living wire
 Of those unusual strings.

But the skies that angel trod,
 Where deep thoughts are a duty—
 Where Love's a grown-up god—
 Where the Houri glances are
 Imbued with all the beauty
 Which we worship in a star.

Therefore, thou art not wrong,
 Israfeli, who despisest
 An unimpassioned song;
 To thee the laurels belong,
 Best bard, because the wisest!
 Merrily live, and long!

The ecstasies above
 With thy burning measures suit—
 Thy grief, thy joy, thy hate, thy love,
 With the fervor of thy lute—
 Well may the stars be mute!

Yes, Heaven is thine; but this
 Is a world of sweets and sour;
 Our flowers are merely—flowers,
 'And the shadow of thy perfect bliss
 Is the sunshine of ours.

If I could dwell
 Where Israfel
 Hath dwelt, and he where I,
 He might not sing so wildly well
 A mortal melody,
 While a bolder note than this might swell
 From my lyre within the sky.

THE SLEEPER.

At midnight, in the month of June,
I stand beneath the mystic moon.
An opiate vapor, dewy, dim,
Exhales from out her golden rim,
And, softly dripping, drop by drop,
Upon the quiet mountain-top,
Steals drowsily and musically
Into the universal valley.
The rosemary nods upon the grave;
The lily lolls upon the wave;
Wrapping the fog about its breast,
The ruin moulders into rest;
Looking like Lethe, see! the lake
A conscious slumber seems to take,
And would not, for the world, awake.
All Beauty sleeps!—and lo! where lies
Irene, with her Destinies!

Oh, lady bright; can it be right—
This window open to the night?
The wanton airs, from the tree-top,
Laughingly through the lattice drop—
The bodiless airs, a wizard rout,
Flit through thy chamber in and out,
And wave the curtain canopy
So fitfully—so fearfully—
Above the closed and fringed lid
'Neath which thy slumb'ring soul lies hid,
That, o'er the floor and down the wall,
Like ghosts the shadows rise and fall!

Oh, lady dear, hast thou no fear?
Why and what art thou dreaming here?
Sure thou art come o'er far-off seas,
A wonder to these garden trees!
Strange is thy pallor! strange thy dress!
Strange, above all, thy length of tress,
And this all-solemn silentness!

The lady sleeps! Oh, may her sleep,
Which is enduring, so be deep!
Heaven have her in its sacred keep!
This chamber changed for one more holy,
This bed for one more melancholy,
I pray to God that she may lie
Forever with unopened eye,
While the pale sheeted ghosts go by!

My love, she sleeps! Oh, may her sleep,
As it is lasting, so be deep!
Soft may the worms about her creep!
Far in the forest, dim and old,
For her may some tall vault unfold—
Some vault that oft hath flung its black
And wingéd panels fluttering back,
Triumphant, o'er the crested palls,
Of her grand family funerals—
Some sepulchre, remote, alone,
Against whose portal she hath thrown,
In childhood, many an idle stone—
Some tomb from out whose sounding door
She ne'er shall force an echo more,
Thrilling to think, poor child of sin!
It was the dead who groaned within.

THE CITY IN THE SEA.

Lo! Death has reared himself a throne
In a strange city lying alone
Far down within the dim West,
Where the good and the bad and the worst and
the best
Have gone to their eternal rest.
There shrines and palaces and towers
(Time-eaten towers that tremble not!)
Resemble nothing that is ours.
Around, by lifting winds forgot,
Resignedly beneath the sky
The melancholy waters lie.

No rays from the holy Heaven come down
On the long night-time of that town;
But light from out the lurid sea
Streams up the turrets silently—
Gleams up the pinnacles far and free—
Up domes—up spires—up kingly halls—
Up fanes—up Babylon-like walls—
Up shadowy long-forgotten bowers
Of sculptured ivy and stone flowers—
Up many and many a marvellous shrine
Whose wreathed friezes intertwine
The viol, the violet, and the vine.
Resignedly beneath the sky
The melancholy waters lie,
So blend the turrets and shadows there
That all seem pendulous in air,
While from a proud tower in the town
Death looks gigantically down.

There open fanes and gaping graves
 Yawn level with the luminous waves;
 But not the riches there that lie
 In each idol's diamond eye—
 Not the gayly-jeweled dead
 Tempt the waters from their bed;
 For no ripples curl, alas!
 Along that wilderness of glass—
 No swellings tell that winds may be
 Upon some far-off happier sea—
 No heavings hint that winds have been
 On seas less hideously serene.

But lo, a stir is in the air!
 The wave—there is a movement there!
 As if the towers had thrust aside,
 In slightly sinking, the dull tide—
 As if their tops had feebly given
 A void within the filmy Heaven.
 The waves have now a redder glow—
 The hours are breathing faint and low—
 And when, amid no earthly moans,
 Down, down that town shall settle hence,
 Hell, rising from a thousand thrones,
 Shall do it reverence.

 LENORE.

Ah, broken is the golden bowl! the spirit flown for ever!
 Let the bell toll!—a saintly soul floats on the Stygian
 river;
 And, Guy de Vere, hast *thou* no tear?—weep now or never
 more!
 See! on yon drear and rigid bier low lies thy love, Lenore!

Come! let the burial rite be read—the funeral song be sung!—

An anthem for the queenliest dead that ever died so young—

A dirge for her, the doubly dead in that she died so young.

“Wretches! ye loved her for her wealth and hated her for her pride,

And when she fell in feeble health, ye blessed her—that she died!

How *shall* the ritual, then, be read?—the requiem how be sung

By you—by yours, the evil eye,—by yours, the slanderous tongue

That did to death the innocence that died, and died so young?”

Peccavimus; but rave not thus! and let a Sabbath song Go up to God so solemnly, the dead may feel no wrong!

The sweet Lenore hath “gone before,” with Hope, that flew beside,

Leaving thee wild for the dear child that should have been thy bride—

For her, the fair and debonnaire, that now so lowly lies, The life upon her yellow hair but not within her eyes,—

The life still there, upon her hair—the death upon her eyes.

“Avaunt! to-night my heart is light. No dirge will I upraise,

But waft the angel on her flight with a pæan of old days!

Let no bell toll!—lest her sweet soul, amid its hallowed mirth,

Should catch the note, as it doth float up from the damnéd Earth.

To friends above, from fiends below, the indignant ghost
 is riven—
 From Hell unto a high estate far up within the Heaven—
 From grief and groan to a golden throne beside the King
 of Heaven.”

THE VALLEY OF UNREST.

ONCE it smiled a silent dell
 Where the people did not dwell;
 They had gone unto the wars,
 Trusting to the mild-eyed stars,
 Nightly, from their azure towers,
 To keep watch above the flowers,
 In the midst of which all day
 The red sun-light lazily lay.
 Now each visitor shall confess
 The sad valley's restlessness.
 Nothing there is motionless—
 Nothing save the airs that brood
 Over the magic solitude.
 Ah, by no wind are stirred those trees
 That palpitate like the chill seas
 Around the misty Hebrides!
 Ah, by no wind those clouds are driven
 That rustle through the unquiet Heaven
 Uneasily, from morn till even,
 Over the violets there that lie
 In myriad types of the human eye—
 Over the lilies there that wave
 And weep above a nameless grave!
 They wave:—from out their fragrant tops
 Eternal dews come down in drops.
 They weep:—from off their delicate stems
 Perennial tears descend in gems.

THE COLISEUM.

TYPE of the antique Rome! Rich reliquary
 Of lofty contemplation left to Time
 By buried centuries of pomp and power!
 At length—at length—after so many days
 Of weary pilgrimage and burning thirst,
 (Thirst for the springs of lore that in thee lie,)
 I kneel, an altered and an humble man,
 Amid thy shadows, and so drink within
 My very soul thy grandeur, gloom, and glory!

Vastness! and Age! and Memories of Eld!
 Silence! and Desolation! and dim Night!
 I feel ye now—I feel ye in your strength—
 O spells more sure than e'er Judæan king
 Taught in the gardens of Gethsemane!
 O charm more potent than the rapt Chaldee
 Ever drew down from out the quiet stars!

Here, where a hero fell, a column falls!
 Here, where the mimic eagle glared in gold,
 A midnight vigil holds the swarthy bat!
 Here, where the dames of Rome their gilded hair
 Waved to the wind, now wave the reed and thistle!
 Here, where on golden throne the monarch lolled,
 Glides, spectre-like, unto his marble home,
 Lit by the wan light of the horned moon,
 The swift and silent lizard of the stones!

But stay! these walls—these ivy-clad arcades—
 These mouldering plinths—these sad and blackened
 shafts—

These vague entablatures—this crumbling frieze—
 These shattered cornices—this wreck—this ruin—
 These stones—alas! these gray stones—are they all—
 All of the famed, and the colossal left
 By the corrosive Hours to Fate and me?

“Not all”—the Echoes answer me—“not all!
 “Prophetic sounds and loud, arise forever
 “From us, and from all Ruin, unto the wise,
 “As melody from Memnon to the Sun.
 “We rule the hearts of mightiest men—we rule
 “With a despotic sway all giant minds,
 “We are not impotent—we pallid stones.
 “Not all our power is gone—not all our fame—
 “Not all the magic of our high renown—
 “Not all the wonder that encircles us—
 “Not all the mysteries that in us lie—
 “Not all the memories that hang upon
 “And cling around about us as a garment,
 “Clothing us in a robe of more than glory.”



HYMN.

'AT morn—at noon—at twilight dim—
 Maria! thou hast heard my hymn!
 In joy and wo—in good and ill—
 Mother of God, be with me still!
 When the Hours flew brightly by,
 And not a cloud obscured the sky,
 My soul, lest it should truant be,
 Thy grace did guide to thine and thee;

Now, when storms of Fate o'ercast
 Darkly my Present and my Past,
 Let my Future radiant shine
 With sweet hopes of thee and thine!

BRIDAL BALLAD.

TO — —

THE ring is on my hand,
 And the wreath is on my brow;
 Satins and jewels grand
 Are all at my command,
 And I am happy now.

And my lord he loves me well;
 But, when first he breathed his vow,
 I felt my bosom swell—
 For the words rang as a knell,
 And the voice seemed *his* who fell
 In the battle down the dell,
 And who is happy now.

But he spoke to reassure me,
 And he kissed my pallid brow,
 While a reverie came o'er me,
 And to the churchyard bore me,
 And I sighed to him before me,
 Thinking him dead D'Elormie,
 "Oh, I am happy now!"

And thus the words were spoken,
 And this the plighted vow,

And, though my faith be broken,
 And, though my heart be broken,
 Behold the golden token
 That *proves* me happy now.

Would God I could awaken!
 For I dream I know not how,
 And my soul is sorely shaken
 Lest an evil step be taken,—
 Lest the dead who is forsaken
 May not be happy now.

TO ZANTE.

FAIR isle, that from the fairest of all flowers,
 Thy gentlest of all gentle names dost take!
 How many memories of what radiant hours
 At sight of thee and thine at once awake!
 How many scenes of what departed bliss!
 How many thoughts of what entombèd hopes!
 How many visions of a maiden that is
 No more—no more upon thy verdant slopes!
 No more! alas, that magical sad sound
 Transforming all! Thy charms shall please no more—
 Thy memory no more! Accurséd ground
 Henceforth I hold thy flower-enamelled shore,
 O hyacinthine isle! O purple Zante!
 “Isola d’oro! Fior di Levante!”

THE HAUNTED PALACE.

I.

IN the greenest of our valleys
By good angels tenanted,
Once a fair and stately palace—
Radiant palace—reared its head.
In the monarch Thought's dominion—
It stood there!
Never Seraph spread a pinion
Over fabric half so fair!

II.

Banners—yellow, glorious, golden,
On its roof did float and flow,
(This—all this—was in the olden
Time long ago,)
And every gentle air that dallied,
In that sweet day,
Along the ramparts plumed and pallid,
A wingèd odor went away.

III.

Wanderers in that happy valley,
Through two luminous windows, saw
Spirits moving musically,
To a lute's well-tunèd law,
Round about a throne where, sitting,
(Porphyrogene!)
In state his glory well befitting,
The ruler of the realm was seen.

IV.

And all with pearl and ruby glowing
Was the fair palace-door,
Through which came flowing, flowing, flowing
And sparkling evermore,
A troop of Echoes, whose sweet duty
Was but to sing,
In voices of surpassing beauty
The wit and wisdom of their king.

V

But evil things, in robes of sorrow,
Assailed the monarch's high estate,
(Ah, let us mourn!—for never morrow
Shall dawn upon him desolate!)
And round about his home the glory
That blushed and bloomed,
Is but a dim-remembered story
Of the old time entombed.

VI.

And travellers, now, within that valley,
Through the red-litten windows see
Vast forms that move fantastically
To a discordant melody;
While, like a ghastly rapid river,
Through the pale door
A hideous throng rush out for ever
And laugh—but smile no more.

TO ONE IN PARADISE.

THOU wast all that to me, love,
 For which my soul did pine,—
 A green isle in the sea, love,
 A fountain and a shrine,
 All wreathed with fairy fruits and flowers,
 And all the flowers were mine.

Ah, dream too bright to last!
 Ah, starry Hope! that didst arise
 But to be overcast!
 A voice from out the Future cries,
 “On! on!”—but o’er the Past
 (Dim gulf!) my spirit hovering lies
 Mute, motionless, aghast!

For, alas! alas! with me
 The light of Life is o’er!
 “No more—no more—no more—”
 (Such language holds the solemn sea
 To the sands upon the shore)
 Shall bloom the thunder-blasted tree,
 Or the stricken eagle soar!

And all my days are trances,
 And all my nightly dreams
 Are where thy grey eye glances,
 And where thy footstep gleams—
 In what ethereal dances,
 By what eternal streams.

TO F——

BELOVED! amid the earnest woes
 That crowd around my earthly path—
 (Drear path, alas! where grows
 Not even one lonely rose)——
 My soul at least a solace hath
 In dreams of thee, and therein knows
 An Eden of bland repose.

And thus thy memory is to me
 Like some enchanted far-off-isle
 In some tumultuous sea—
 Some ocean throbbing far and free
 With storms—but where meanwhile
 Serenest skies continually
 Just o'er that one bright island smile.

 THE CONQUEROR WORM.

I.

Lo! 'tis a gala night
 Within the lonesome latter years!
 An angel throng, bewinged, bedight
 In veils, and drowned in tears,
 Sit in a theatre, to see
 A play of hopes and fears,
 While the orchestra breathes fitfully
 The music of the spheres.

II.

Mimes, in the form of God on high,
Mutter and mumble low,
And hither and thither fly.—
Mere puppets they, who come and go
At bidding of vast formless things
That shift the scenery to and fro,
Flapping from out their Condor wings
Invisible wo!

III.

That motley drama—oh, be sure
It shall not be forgot!
With its phantom chased for evermore,
By a crowd that seize it not,
Through a circle that ever returneth in
To the self-same spot,
And much of Madness, and more of Sin,
And Horror the soul of the plot.

IV.

But see, amid the mimic rout
A crawling shape intrude!
A blood-red thing that writhes from out
The scenic solitude!
It writhes!—it writhes!—with mortal pangs
The mimes become its food,
And the angels sob at vermin fangs
In human gore imbued.

V.

Out—out are the lights—out all!
And, over each quivering form,

The curtain, a funeral pall,
 Comes down with the rush of a storm,
 While the angels, all pallid and wan,
 Uprising, unveiling, affirm
 That the play is the tragedy, "Man,"
 And its hero the Conqueror Worm.

DREAM LAND.

I.

By a route obscure and lonely,
 Haunted by ill angels only,
 Where an Eidolon, named NIGHT,
 On a black throne reigns upright,
 I have reached these lands but newly
 From an ultimate dim Thule—
 From a wild weird clime that lieth, sublime,
 Out of Space—out of Time.

II.

Bottomless vales and boundless floods,
 And chasms, and caves and Titan woods,
 With forms that no man can discover
 For the tears that drip all over;
 Mountains toppling evermore
 Into seas without a shore;
 Seas that restlessly aspire,
 Surging unto skies of fire;
 Lakes that endlessly outspread
 Their lone waters—lone and dead,—
 Their still waters—still and chilly
 With the snows of the lolling lily.

III.

By the lakes that thus outspread
 Their lone waters, lone and dead,—
 Their sad waters, sad and chilly,—
 With the snows of the lolling lily,—
 By the mountains—near the river
 Murmuring lowly, murmuring ever,—
 By the grey woods,—by the swamp
 Where the toad and newt encamp,—
 By the dismal tarns and pools
 Where dwell the ghouls,—
 By each spot the most unholy—
 In each nook most melancholy,—
 There the traveller meets, aghast,
 Sheeted Memories of the Past—
 Shrouded forms that start and sigh
 As they pass the wanderer by—
 White-robed forms of friends long given,
 In agony, to the Earth—and Heaven.

IV.

For the heart whose woes are legion
 'T is a peaceful, soothing region—
 For the spirit that walks in shadow
 'T is—oh, 't is an Eldorado!
 But the traveller, travelling through it,
 May not—dare not openly view it;
 Never its mysteries are exposed,
 To the weak human eye unclosed;
 So wills its king, who hath forbid
 The uplifting of the fringed lid;
 And thus the sad soul that here passes
 Beholds it but through darkened glasses.

By a route obscure and lonely,
 Haunted by ill angels only,
 Where an Eidolon, namèd NIGHT
 On a black throne reigns upright,
 I have wandered home but newly
 From the ultimate dim Thule.

EULALIE—A SONG.

I.

I DWELT alone
 In a world of moan,
 And my soul was a stagnant tide,
 Till the fair and gentle Eulalie became my blushing
 bride—
 Till the yellow-haired young Eulalie became my smiling
 bride.

II.

Ah, less—less bright
 The stars of the night
 Than the eyes of the radiant girl!
 And never a flake
 That the vapour can make
 With the moon-tints of purple and pearl,
 Can vie with the modest Eulalie's most unregarded curl—
 Can compare with the bright-eyed Eulalie's most humble
 and careless curl.

Now Doubt—now Pain
 Come never again,
 For her soul gives me sigh for sigh,

And all day long
 Shines, bright and strong,
 Astarté within the sky,

While ever to her dear Eulialie upturns her matron eye—
 While ever to her young Eulalie upturns her violet eye.

THE RAVEN.

ONCE upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and
 weary,

Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten
 lore—

While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a
 tapping,

As of some one gently rapping—rapping at my chamber
 door.

“’Tis some visitor,” I muttered, “tapping at my chamber
 door—

Only this and nothing more.”

Ah, distinctly I remember, it was in the bleak December,
 And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the
 floor.

Eagerly I wished the morrow;—vainly I had sought to
 borrow

From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost
 Lenore—

For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name
 Lenore—

Nameless here forevermore

And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple curtain

Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before;

So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating

“ ’Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door—

Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door;—

 This it is and nothing more.”

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,

“ Sir,” said I, “ or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;

But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,

And so faintly you came tapping—tapping at my chamber door—

That I scarce was sure I heard you ”—here I opened wide the door:—

 Darkness there and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there wondering, fearing,

Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before;

But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,

And the only word there spoken was the whispered word,
 “ Lenore ! ”

This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word,
 “ Lenore ! ”

 Merely this and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me
burning,

Soon I heard again a tapping, somewhat louder than be-
fore.

“Surely,” said I, “surely that is something at my window
lattice;

Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this mystery ex-
plore—

Let my heart be still a moment, and this mystery ex-
plore;—

’Tis the wind and nothing more.”

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and
flutter,

In there stepped a stately Raven of the saintly days of
yore;

Not the least obeisance made he; not an instant stopped or
stayed he;

But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber
door—

Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above my chamber
door—

Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it
wore,

“Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou,” I said,
“art sure no craven,

Ghastly grim and ancient Raven wandering from the
Nightly shore—

Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night’s Plutonian
shore!”

Quoth the Raven, “Nevermore.”

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so
plainly,

Though its answer little meaning—little relevancy bore;
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber
door—

Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber
door,

With such name as “Nevermore.”

But the Raven, sitting lonely on that placid bust, spoke
only

That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did out-
pour.

Nothing further then he uttered—not a feather then he
fluttered—

Till I scarcely more than muttered, “Other friends have
flown before—

On the morrow *he* will leave me, as my hopes have flown
before.”

Then the bird said, “Nevermore.”

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,
“Doubtless,” said I, “what it utters is its only stock and
store;

Caught from some unhappy master whom unmerciful
Disaster

Followed fast and followed faster till his songs one burden
bore—

Till the dirges of his Hope the melancholy burden bore
Of ‘Never—nevermore.’”

But the Raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird and
bust and door;

Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of
yore—

What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous
bird of yore

Meant in croaking “Nevermore.”

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom’s
core;

This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease re-
clining

On the cushion’s velvet lining that the lamplight gloated
o’er,

But whose velvet violet lining with the lamplight gloat-
ing o’er,

She shall press, ah, nevermore!

Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from an
unseen censer

Swung by Seraphim whose foot-falls tinkled on the tufted
floor.

“Wretch,” I cried, “thy God hath lent thee—by these
angels he hath sent thee

Respite—respite and nepenthe from thy memories of
Lenore!

Quaff, oh quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget this lost
Lenore?”

Quoth the Raven, “Nevermore.”

“Prophet!” said I, “thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird
or devil!—

Whether Tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee
here ashore,

Desolate yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted—

On this home by Horror haunted—tell me truly, I implore—

Is there—*is* there balm in Gilead?—tell me—tell me, I implore!”

Quoth the Raven, “Nevermore.”

“Prophet!” said I, “thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!

By that Heaven that bends above us—by that God we both adore—

Tell this soul with sorrow laden if, within the distant Aidenn,

It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name Lenore—”

Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore?”

Quoth the Raven, “Nevermore.”

“Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!” I shrieked, upstarting—

“Get thee back into the tempest and the Night’s Plutonian shore!

Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!

Leave my loneliness unbroken!—quit the bust above my door!

Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!”

Quoth the Raven, “Nevermore.”

And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, *still* is sitting

On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber door;

And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is
 dreaming,
 And the lamp-light o'er him streaming throws his shadow
 on the floor;
 And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on
 the floor
 Shall be lifted—nevermore!

 ULALUME.

THE skies they were ashen and sober;
 The leaves they were crispèd and sere—
 The leaves they were withering and sere;
 It was night in the lonesome October
 Of my most immemorial year;
 It was hard by the dim lake of Auber,
 In the misty mid region of Weir—
 It was down by the dank tarn of Auber,
 In the ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir.

Here once, through an alley Titanic,
 Of cypress, I roamed with my Soul—
 Of cypress, with Psyche, my Soul.
 These were days when my heart was volcanic
 As the scoriac rivers that roll—
 As the lavas that restlessly roll
 Their sulphurous currents down Yaanek
 In the ultimate climes of the pole—
 That groan as they roll down Mount Yaanek
 In the realms of the boreal pole.

Our talk had been serious and sober,
 But our thoughts they were palsied and sere—

Our memories were treacherous and sere—
 For we knew not the month was October,
 And we marked not the night of the year—
 (Ah, night of all nights in the year!)
 We noted not the dim lake of Auber—
 (Though once we had journeyed down here)—
 Remembered not the dank tarn of Auber,
 Nor the ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir.

And now, as the night was senescent
 And star-dials pointed to morn—
 As the sun-dials hinted to morn—
 At the end of our path a liquescent
 And nebulous lustre was born,
 Out of which a miraculous crescent
 Arose with a duplicate horn—
 Astarté's bediamonded crescent
 Distinct with its duplicate horn.

And I said—"She is warmer than Dian:
 She rolls through an ether of sighs—
 She revels in a region of sighs—
 She has seen that the tears are not dry on
 These cheeks, where the worm never dies,
 And has come past the stars of the Lion
 To point us the path to the skies—
 To the Lethean peace of the skies—
 Come up, in despite of the Lion,
 To shine on us with her bright eyes—
 Come up through the lair of the Lion,
 With love in her luminous eyes."

But Psyche, uplifting her finger,
 Said—"Sadly this star I mistrust—

Her pallor I strangely mistrust:—
 Oh, hasten!—oh, let us not linger!
 Oh, fly!—let us fly!—for we must.”
 In terror she spoke, letting sink her
 Wings till they trailed in the dust—
 In agony sobbed, letting sink her
 Plumes till they trailed in the dust—
 Till they sorrowfully trailed in the dust.

I replied—“ This is nothing but dreaming:
 Let us on by this tremulous light!
 Let us bathe in this crystalline light!
 Its Sibyllic splendour is beaming
 With hope and in beauty to-night:—
 See!—it flickers up the sky through the night!
 Ah, we safely may trust to its gleaming,
 And be sure it will lead us aright—
 We safely may trust to a gleaming,
 That cannot but guide us aright,
 Since it flickers up to Heaven through the
 Night.”

Thus I pacified Psyche and kissed her,
 And tempted her out of her gloom—
 And conquered her scruples and gloom;
 And we passed to the end of a vista,
 But were stopped by the door of a tomb—
 By the door of a legended tomb;
 And I said—“ What is written, sweet sister,
 On the door of this legended tomb? ”
 She replied—“ Ulalume—Ulalume—
 ’Tis the vault of thy lost Ulalume! ”

Then my heart it grew ashen and sober
 As the leaves that were crispèd and sere—

As the leaves that were withering and sere;
 And I cried—"It was surely October
 On this very night of last year
 That I journeyed—I journeyed down here—
 That I brought a dread burden down here!
 On this night of all nights in the year,
 Ah, what demon has tempted me here?
 Well I know, now, this dim lake of Auber—
 This misty mid region of Weir—
 Well I know, now, this dank tarn of Auber—
 This ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir."

 TO HELEN.

I SAW thee once—once only—years ago:
 I must not say *how* many—but *not* many.
 It was a July midnight; and from out
 A full-orbed moon, that, like thine own soul, soaring,
 Sought a precipitate pathway up through heaven,
 There fell a silvery-silken veil of light,
 With quietude, and sultriness and slumber,
 Upon the upturn'd faces of a thousand
 Roses that grew in an enchanted garden,
 Where no wind dared to stir, unless on tiptoe—
 Fell on the upturn'd faces of these roses
 That gave out, in return for the love-light,
 Their odorous souls in an ecstatic death—
 Fell on the upturn'd faces of these roses
 That smiled and died in this parterre, enchanted
 By thee, and by the poetry of thy presence.

Clad all in white, upon a violet bank
 I saw thee half-reclining; while the moon

Fell on the upturned faces of the roses,
And on thine own, upturn'd—alas, in sorrow!

Was it not Fate, that, on this July midnight—
Was it not Fate (whose name is also Sorrow),
That bade me pause before that garden-gate,
To breathe the incense of those slumbering roses?
No footstep stirred: the hated world all slept,
Save only thee and me—(O Heaven!—O God!
How my heart beats in coupling those two words!)—
Save only thee and me. I paused—I looked—
And in an instant all things disappeared.
(Ah, bear in mind this garden was enchanted!)
The pearly lustre of the moon went out:
The mossy banks and the meandering paths,
The happy flowers and the repining trees,
Were seen no more: the very roses' odours
Died in the arms of the adoring airs.
All—all expired save thee—save less than thou:
Save only the divine light in thine eyes—
Save but the soul in thine uplifted eyes.
I saw but them—they were the world to me.
I saw but them—saw only them for hours—
Saw only them until the moon went down.
What wild heart-histories seemed to lie enwritten
Upon those crystalline, celestial spheres!
How dark a woe! yet how sublime a hope!
How silently serene a sea of pride!
How daring an ambition! yet how deep—
How fathomless a capacity for love!

But now, at length, dear Dian sank from sight,
Into a western couch of thunder-cloud;
And thou, a ghost, amid the entombing trees
Didst glide away. *Only thine eyes remained.*

They *would not* go—they never yet have gone.
 Lighting my lonely pathway home that night,
They have not left me (as my hopes have) since.
 They follow me—they lead me through the years.
 They are my ministers—yet I their slave.
 Their office is to illuminate and enkindle—
 My duty, *to be saved* by their bright light,
 And purified in their electric fire,
 And sanctified in their elysian fire.
 They fill my soul with Beauty (which is Hope),
 And are far up in Heaven—the stars I kneel to
 In the sad, silent watches of my night;
 While even in the meridian glare of day
 I see them still—two sweetly scintillant
 Venuses, unextinguished by the sun!

 FOR ANNIE.

THANK Heaven! the crisis—
 The danger is past,
 And the lingering illness
 Is over at last—
 And the fever called “Living”
 Is conquered at last.

Sadly, I know
 I am shorn of my strength,
 And no muscle I move
 As I lie at full length—
 But no matter!—I feel
 I am better at length.

And I rest so composedly
 Now, in my bed,
 That any beholder
 Might fancy me dead—
 Might start at beholding me,
 Thinking me dead.

The moaning and groaning,
 The sighing and sobbing,
 Are quieted now,
 With that horrible throbbing
 At heart:—Ah that horrible,
 Horrible throbbing!

The sickness—the nausea—
 The pitiless pain—
 Have ceased with the fever
 That maddened my brain—
 With the fever called “Living”
 That burned in my brain.

And oh! of all tortures
 That torture the worst
 Has abated—the terrible
 Torture of thirst
 For the naphthaline river
 Of passion accurst:—
 I have drunk of a water
 That quenches all thirst:—

Of a water that flows,
 With a lullaby sound,
 From a spring but a very few
 Feet under ground—
 From a cavern not very far
 Down under ground.

And ah! let it never
 Be foolishly said
That my room it is gloomy
 And narrow my bed;
For man never slept
 In a different bed—
And, to *sleep*, you must slumber
 In just such a bed.

My tantalized spirit
 Here blandly reposes,
Forgetting, or never
 Regretting, its roses—
Its old agitations
 Of myrtles and roses:

For now, while so quietly
 Lying, it fancies
A holier odor
 About it, of pansies—
A rosemary odor,
 Commingled with pansies—
With rue and the beautiful
 Puritan pansies.

And so it lies happily,
 Bathing in many
A dream of the truth
 And the beauty of Annie—
Drowned in a bath
 Of the tresses of Annie.

She tenderly kissed me,
 She fondly caressed,

'And then I fell gently
 To sleep on her breast—
Deeply to sleep
 From the heaven of her breast.

When the light was extinguished,
 She covered me warm,
And she prayed to the angels
 To keep me from harm—
To the queen of the angels
 To shield me from harm.

And I lie so composedly,
 Now, in my bed,
(Knowing her love)
 That you fancy me dead—
And I rest so contentedly,
 Now, in my bed,
(With her love at my breast)
 That you fancy me dead—
That you shudder to look at me,
 Thinking me dead.

But my heart it is brighter
 Than all of the many
Stars of the sky,
 For it sparkles with Annie—
It glows with the light
 Of the love of my Annie—
With the thought of the light
 Of the eyes of my Annie.

TO MY MOTHER.

BECAUSE I feel that, in the Heavens above,
 The angels, whispering to one another,
 Can find, among their burning terms of love,
 None so devotional as that of "Mother,"
 Therefore by that dear name I long have called
 you—

You who are more than mother unto me,
 And fill my heart of hearts, where Death installed
 you,

In setting my Virginia's spirit free.
 My mother—my own mother, who died early,
 Was but the mother of myself; but you
 Are mother to the one I loved so dearly,
 And thus are dearer than the mother I knew
 By that infinity with which my wife
 Was dearer to my soul than its soul-life.

 THE BELLS.

I.

HEAR the sledges with the bells—
 Silver bells!
 What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
 How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
 In the icy air of night!
 While the stars, that oversprinkle

All the heavens, seem to twinkle
 With a crystalline delight ;
 Keeping time, time, time,
 In a sort of Runic Rhyme,
 To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
 From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells,—
 From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

II.

Hear the mellow wedding bells,
 Golden bells !
 What a world of happiness their harmony foretells !
 Through the balmy air of night
 How they ring out their delight !
 From the molten golden-notes,
 And all in time,
 What a liquid ditty floats
 To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats
 On the moon !

Oh, from out the sounding cells,
 What a gush of euphony voluminously wells !
 How it swells !
 How it dwells
 On the future ! how it tells
 Of the rapture that impels
 To the swinging and the ringing
 Of the bells, bells, bells,
 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells—
 To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells !

III.

Hear the loud alarum bells—
Brazen bells!
What a tale of terror now their turbulency tells!
In the startled ear of night
How they scream out their affright!
Too much horrified to speak,
They can only shriek, shriek,
Out of tune,
In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire
Leaping higher, higher, higher,
With a desperate desire,
And a resolute endeavour
Now—now to sit or never,
By the side of the pale-faced moon.
Oh, the bells, bells, bells!
What a tale their terror tells
Of Despair!
How they clang, and clash, and roar!
What a horror they outpour
On the bosom of the palpitating air!
Yet the ear it fully knows,
By the twanging,
And the clanging,
How the danger ebbs and flows;
Yet the ear distinctly tells,
In the jangling,
And the wrangling,
How the danger sinks and swells,
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the
bells—

Of the bells—
 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells—
 In the clamour and the clanging of the bells!

IV.

Hear the tolling of the bells—
 Iron bells!
 What a world of solemn thought their monody compels!
 In the silence of the night,
 How we shiver with affright
 At the melancholy menace of their tone!
 For every sound that floats
 From the rust within their throats
 Is a groan.
 And the people—ah, the people—
 They that dwell up in the steeple,
 All alone,
 And who, tolling, tolling, tolling,
 In that muffled monotone,
 Feel a glory in so rolling
 On the human heart a stone—
 They are neither man nor woman—
 They are neither brute nor human—
 They are Ghouls:
 And their king it is who tolls;
 And he rolls, rolls, rolls,
 Rolls
 A Pæan from the bells!
 And his merry bosom swells
 With the pæan of the bells!
 And he dances, and he yells;
 Keeping time, time, time,
 In a sort of Runic rhyme,

To the pæan of the bells—
 Of the bells:
 Keeping time, time, time,
 In a sort of Runic rhyme,
 To the throbbing of the bells—
 Of the bells, bells, bells—
 To the sobbing of the bells;
 Keeping time, time, time,
 As he kneels, kneels, kneels,
 In a happy Runic rhyme,
 To the rolling of the bells—
 Of the bells, bells, bells—
 To the tolling of the bells,
 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells—
 To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

 ANNABEL LEE.

I.

IT was many and many a year ago,
 In a kingdom by the sea
 That a maiden there lived whom you may know
 By the name of Annabel Lee;
 And this maiden she lived with no other thought
 Than to love and be loved by me.

II.

I was a child and *she* was a child,
 In this kingdom by the sea,

But we loved with a love that was more than love—
I and my Annabel Lee—
With a love that the wingèd seraphs of heaven
Coveted her and me.

III.

And this was the reason that, long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful Annabel Lee ;
So that her highborn kinsmen came
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulchre
In this kingdom by the sea.

IV.

The angels, not half so happy in heaven,
Went envying her and me—
Yes!—that was the reason (as all men know,
In this kingdom by the sea)
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

V.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we—
Of many far wiser than we—
And neither the angels in heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee :

VI.

For the moon never beams without bringing me dreams
 Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
 And the stars never rise but I feel the bright eyes
 Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
 And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side
 Of my darling, my darling, my life and my bride,
 In her sepulchre there by the sea—
 In her tomb by the sounding sea.

 ELDORADO.

Gaily bedight,
 A gallant knight,
 In sunshine and in shadow,
 Had journeyed long,
 Singing a song,
 In search of Eldorado.

But he grew old—
 This knight so bold—
 And o'er his heart a shadow
 Fell, as he found
 No spot of ground
 That looked like Eldorado.

And, as his strength
 Failed him at length,
 He met a pilgrim shadow—
 "Shadow," said he,
 "Where can it be—
 This land of Eldorado?"

“ Over the Mountains
Of the Moon,
Down the Valley of the Shadow,
Ride, boldly ride,”
The shade replied,
“ If you seek for Eldorado ! ”

MORELLA.

Αυτο ηαθ' ρυτο μεθ' αυτου, αουο ειδες αιει αυ.

Itself, by itself solely, ONE everlastingly, and single.

—PLATO—*Sympos.*

WITH a feeling of deep yet most singular affection I regarded my friend Morella. Thrown by accident into her society many years ago, my soul, from our first meeting, burned with fires it had never before known; but the fires were not of Eros, and bitter and tormenting to my spirit was the gradual conviction that I could in no manner define their unusual meaning, or regulate their vague intensity. Yet we met; and fate bound us together at the altar; and I never spoke of passion, nor thought of love. She however, shunned society, and, attaching herself to me alone, rendered me happy. It is a happiness to wonder; it is a happiness to dream.

Morella's erudition was profound. As I hope to live, her talents were of no common order—her powers of mind were gigantic. I felt this and, in many matters, became her pupil. I soon, however, found that, perhaps on account of her Presburg education, she placed before me a number of those mystical writings which are usually considered the mere dross of the early German literature. These, for what reason I could not imagine, were her favorite and constant study—and that, in process of time they became my own, should be attributed to the simple but effectual influence of habit and example.

In all this, if I err not, my reason had little to do. My convictions, or I forget myself, were in no manner acted upon by the ideal, nor was any tincture of the mysticism which I read, to be discovered, unless I am greatly mistaken, either in my deeds or in my thoughts. Persuaded of this, I abandoned myself implicitly to the guidance of my wife, and entered with an unflinching heart into the intricacies of her studies. And then—then, when, poring over forbidden pages, I felt a forbidden spirit enkindling within me—would Morella place her cold hand upon my own, and rake up from the ashes of a dead philosophy some low, singular words, whose strange meaning burned themselves in upon my memory. And then, hour after hour, would I linger by her side, and dwell upon the music of her voice—until, at length, its melody was tainted with terror,—and there fell a shadow upon my soul—and I grew pale, and shuddered inwardly at those too unearthly tones. And thus, joy suddenly faded into horror, and the most beautiful became the most hideous, as Hinnon became the Gehenna.

It is unnecessary to state the exact character of those disquisitions which, growing out of the volumes I have mentioned, formed, for so long a time, almost the sole conversation of Morella and myself. By the learned in what might be termed theological morality they will be readily conceived, and by the unlearned they would, at all events, be little understood. The wild Pantheism of Fichte; the modified *Παλιγγενεσία* of Pythagoreans; and, above all, the doctrines of *Identity* as urged by Schelling were generally the points of discussion presenting the most of beauty to the imaginative Morella. That identity which is termed personal, Mr. Locke, I think, truly defines to consist in the saneness of a rational being. And since by person we understand an intelligent essence having reason, and since there is a consciousness which always accompanies think-

ing, it is this which makes us all to be that which we call *ourselves*—thereby distinguishing us from other beings that think, and giving us our personal identity. But the *principium individuationis*—the notion of that identity *which at death is or is not lost forever*—was to me, at all times, a consideration of intense interest; not more from the perplexing and exciting nature of its consequences, than from the marked and agitated manner in which Morella mentioned them.

But, indeed, the time had now arrived when the mystery of my wife's manner oppressed me as a spell. I could no longer bear the touch of her wan fingers, nor the low tone of her musical language, nor the lustre of her melancholy eyes. And she knew all this, but did not upbraid; she seemed conscious of my weakness or my folly and, smiling, called it Fate. She seemed, also, conscious of a cause, to me unknown, for the gradual alienation of my regard; but she gave me no hint or token of its nature. Yet was she woman, and pined away daily. In time, the crimson spot settled steadily upon the cheek, and the blue veins upon the pale forehead became prominent; and, one instant, my nature melted into pity but, in the next, I met the glance of her meaning eyes, and then my soul sickened and became giddy with the giddiness of one who gazes downward into some dreary and unfathomable abyss.

Shall I then say that I longed with an earnest and consuming desire for the moment of Morella's decease? I did; but the fragile spirit clung to its tenement of clay for many days—for many weeks and irksome months—until my tortured nerves obtained the mastery over my mind, and I grew furious through delay, and with the heart of a fiend, cursed the days, and the hours, and the bitter moments, which seemed to lengthen and lengthen as her gentle life declined—like shadows in the dying of the day.

But one autumnal evening, when the winds lay still in

heaven, Morella called me to her bedside. There was a dim mist over all the earth, and a warm glow upon the waters, and, amid the rich October leaves of the forest, a rainbow from the firmament had surely fallen.

“It is a day of days,” she said, as I approached; “a day of all days either to live or die. It is a fair day for the sons of earth and life—ah, more fair for the daughters of heaven and death!”

I kissed her forehead, and she continued:

“I am dying, yet shall I live.”

“Morella!”

“The days have never been when thou couldst love me—but her whom in life thou didst abhor, in death thou shalt adore.”

“Morella!”

“I repeat that I am dying. But within me is a pledge of that affection—ah, how little! which thou didst feel for me, Morella. And when my spirit departs, shall the child live—thy child and mine, Morella’s. But thy days shall be days of sorrow—that sorrow which is the most lasting of impressions, as the cypress is the most enduring of trees. For the hours of thy happiness are over; and joy is not gathered twice in a life, as the roses of Pæstum twice in a year. Thou shalt no longer, then, play the Teian with time but, being ignorant of the myrtle and the vine, thou shalt bear about with thee thy shroud on the earth, as do the Moslemin at Mecca.”

“Morella!” I cried, “Morella! how knowest thou this?”—but she turned away her face upon the pillow, and, a slight tremor coming over her limbs, she thus died, and I heard her voice no more.

Yet, as she had foretold, her child—to which in dying she had given birth, which breathed not until the mother breathed no more—her child, a daughter, lived. And she grew strangely in stature and intellect, and was the per-

fect resemblance of her who had departed, and I loved her with a love more fervent than I had believed it possible to feel for any denizen of earth.

But, ere long, the heaven of this pure affection became darkened, and gloom, and horror, and grief swept over it in clouds. I said the child grew strangely in stature and intelligence. Strange, indeed, was her rapid increase in bodily size—but terrible, oh! terrible were the tumultuous thoughts which crowded upon me while watching the development of her mental being! Could it be otherwise, when I daily discovered in the conceptions of the child the adult powers and faculties of the woman?—when the lessons of experience fell from the lips of infancy? and when the wisdom or the passions of maturity I found hourly gleaming from its full and speculative eye? When, I say, all this became evident to my appalled senses—when I could no longer hide it from my soul, nor throw it off from those perceptions which trembled to receive it—is it to be wondered at that suspicions, of a nature fearful and exciting, crept in upon my spirit, or that my thoughts fell back aghast upon the wild tales and thrilling theories of the entombed Morella? I snatched from the scrutiny of the world a being whom destiny compelled me to adore, and in the rigorous seclusion of my home watched, with an agonizing anxiety over all which concerned the beloved.

And, as years rolled away, and I gazed, day after day, upon her holy, and mild, and eloquent face, and pored over her maturing form, day after day did I discover new points of resemblance in the child to her mother, the melancholy and the dead. And, hourly, grew darker these shadows of similitude, and more full, and more definite, and more perplexing, and more hideously terrible in their aspect. For that her smile was like her mother's I could bear; but then I shuddered at its too perfect *identity*. That her eyes were like Morella's I could endure; but then they too often

looked down into the depths of my soul with Morella's own intense and bewildering meaning. And in the contour of the high forehead, and in the ringlets of the silken hair, and in the wan fingers which buried themselves therein, and in the sad musical tones of her speech, and above all—oh! above all—in the phrases and expressions of the dead on the lips of the loved and the living, I found food for consuming thought and horror—for a worm that *would* not die.

Thus passed away two lustra of her life and, as yet, my daughter remained nameless upon the earth. "My child," and "my love" were the designations usually prompted by a father's affection, and the rigid seclusion of her days precluded all other intercourse. Morella's name died with her at her death. Of the mother I had never spoken to the daughter;—it was impossible to speak. Indeed, during the brief period of her existence, the latter had received no impressions from the outer world, save such as might have been afforded by the narrow limits of her privacy. But at length the ceremony of baptism presented to my mind, in its unnerved and agitated condition, a present deliverance from the terrors of my destiny. And at the baptismal fount I hesitated for a name. And many titles of the wise and beautiful, of old and modern times, of my own and foreign lands came thronging to my lips, with many, many fair titles of the gentle, and the happy, and the good. What prompted me, then, to disturb the memory of the buried dead? What demon urged me to breathe that sound, which, in its very recollection, was wont to make ebb the purple blood in torrents from the temples to the heart? What fiend spoke from the recesses of my soul, when, amid those dim aisles, and in the silence of the night, I whispered within the ears of the holy man the syllables—Morella? What more than fiend convulsed the features of my child, and overspread them with hues of

death, as starting at that scarcely audible sound, she turned her glassy eyes from the earth to heaven and, falling prostrate on the black slabs of our ancestral vault, responded—"I am here!"

Distinct, coldly, calmly distinct, fell those few simple sounds within my ear, and thence like molten lead, rolled hissing into my brain. Years—years may pass away, but the memory of that epoch—never! Nor was I indeed ignorant of the flowers and the vine—but the hemlock and the cypress overshadowed me night and day. And I kept no reckoning of time or place, and the stars of my fate faded from heaven, and therefore the earth grew dark, and its figures passed by me, like flitting shadows, and among them all I beheld only—Morella. The winds of the firmament breathed but one sound within my ears, and the ripples upon the sea murmured evermore—Morella. But she died; and with my own hands I bore her to the tomb; and I laughed with a long and bitter laugh as I found no traces of the first, in the charnel where I laid the second, Morella.

THE FALL OF THE HOUSE OF USHER.

Son cœur est un luth suspendu;
Sitot qu' on le touche il résonne.

—*De Beranger.*

DURING the whole of a dull, dark, and soundless day in the autumn of the year, when the clouds hung oppressively low in the heavens, I had been passing alone, on horseback, through a singularly dreary tract of country, and at length found myself, as the shades of the evening drew on, within view of the melancholy House of Usher. I know not how it was—but, with the first glimpse of the building, a sense of insufferable gloom pervaded my spirit. I say insufferable; for the feeling was unrelieved by any of that half-pleasurable, because poetic, sentiment with which the mind usually receives even the sternest natural images of the desolate or terrible. I looked upon the scene before me—upon the mere house, and the simple landscape features of the domain—upon the bleak walls—upon the vacant eye-like windows—upon a few rank sedges—and upon a few white trunks of decayed trees—with an utter depression of soul which I can compare to no earthly sensation more properly than to the after-dream of the reveller upon opium—the bitter lapse into every-day life—the hideous dropping off of the veil. There was an iciness, a sinking, a sickening of the heart—an unredeemed dreariness of thought which no goading of the imagination could torture into aught of the sublime. What was

it—I paused to think—what was it that so unnerved me in the contemplation of the House of Usher? It was a mystery all insoluble; nor could I grapple with the shadowy fancies that crowded upon me as I pondered. I was forced to fall back upon the unsatisfactory conclusion, that while, beyond doubt, there *are* combinations of very simple natural objects which have the power of thus affecting us, still the analysis of this power lies among considerations beyond our depth. It was possible, I reflected, that a mere different arrangement of the particulars of the scene, of the details of the picture, would be sufficient to modify, or perhaps to annihilate its capacity for sorrowful impression; and, acting upon this idea, I reined my horse to the precipitous brink of a black and lurid tarn that lay in unruffled lustre by the dwelling, and gazed down—but with a shudder even more thrilling than before—upon the remodelled and inverted images of the gray sedge, and the ghastly tree-stems, and the vacant and eye-like windows.

Nevertheless, in this mansion of gloom I now proposed to myself a sojourn of some weeks. Its proprietor, Roderick Usher, had been one of my boon companions in boyhood; but many years had elapsed since our last meeting. A letter, however, had lately reached me in a distant part of the country—a letter from him—which, in its wildly importunate nature, had admitted of no other than a personal reply. The Ms. gave evidence of nervous agitation. The writer spoke of acute bodily illness—of a mental disorder which oppressed him—and of an earnest desire to see me, as his best and indeed his only personal friend, with a view of attempting, by the cheerfulness of my society, some alleviation of his malady. It was the manner in which all this, and much more, was said—it was the apparent *heart* that went with his request—which allowed me no room for hesitation; and I accordingly obeyed forthwith what I still considered a very singular summons.

Although, as boys, we had been even intimate associates, yet I really knew little of my friend. His reserve had been always excessive and habitual. I was aware, however, that his very ancient family had been noted, time out of mind, for a peculiar sensibility of temperament, displaying itself, through long ages, in many works of exalted art, and manifested, of late, in repeated deeds of munificent yet unobtrusive charity, as well as in a passionate devotion to the intricacies, perhaps even more than to the orthodox and easily recognizable beauties, of musical science. I had learned, too, the very remarkable fact, that the stem of the Usher race, all time-honored as it was, had put forth, at no period, any enduring branch; in other words, that the entire family lay in the direct line of descent, and had always, with very trifling and very temporary variations, so lain. It was this deficiency, I considered, while running over in thought the perfect keeping of the character of the premises with the accredited character of the people, and while speculating upon the possible influence which the one, in the long lapse of centuries, might have exercised upon the other—it was this deficiency, perhaps of collateral issue, and the consequent undeviating transmission, from sire to son, of the patrimony with the name, which had, at length, so identified the two as to merge the original title of the estate in the quaint and equivocal appellation of the “House of Usher”—an appellation which seemed to include, in the minds of the peasantry who used it, both the family and the family mansion.

I have said that the sole effect of my somewhat childish experiment—that of looking down within the tarn—had been to deepen the first singular impression. There can be no doubt that the consciousness of the rapid increase of my superstition—for why should I not so term it? served mainly to accelerate the increase itself. Such, I have long known, is the paradoxical law of all sentiments

having terror as a basis. And it might have been for this reason only that, when I again uplifted my eyes to the house itself, from its image in the pool, there grew in my mind a strange fancy—a fancy so ridiculous, indeed, that I but mention it to show the vivid force of the sensations which oppressed me. I had so worked upon my imagination as really to believe that about the whole mansion and domain there hung an atmosphere peculiar to themselves and their immediate vicinity—an atmosphere which had no affinity with the air of heaven, but which had reeked up from the decayed trees, and the gray wall, and the silent tarn—a pestilent and mystic vapor, dull, sluggish, faintly discernible, and leaden-hued.

Shaking off from my spirit what *must* have been a dream, I scanned more narrowly the real aspect of the building. Its principal feature seemed to be that of an excessive antiquity. The discoloration of ages had been great. Minute fungi overspread the whole exterior, hanging in a fine tangled web-work from the eaves. Yet all this was apart from any extraordinary dilapidation. No portion of the masonry had fallen; and there appeared to be a wild inconsistency between its still perfect adaptation of parts, and the crumbling condition of the individual stones. In this there was much that reminded me of the specious totality of old wood-work which has rotted for long years in some neglected vault, with no disturbance from the breath of the external air. Beyond this indication of extensive decay, however, the fabric gave little token of instability. Perhaps the eye of a scrutinizing observer might have discovered a barely perceptible fissure, which, extending from the roof of the building in front, made its way down the wall in a zigzag direction, until it became lost in the sullen waters of the tarn.

Noticing these things, I rode over a short causeway to the house. A servant in waiting took my horse, and I en-

tered the Gothic archway of the hall. A valet, of stealthy step, thence conducted me, in silence, through many dark and intricate passages in my progress to the *studio* of his master. Much that I encountered on the way contributed, I know not how, to heighten the vague sentiments of which I have already spoken. While the objects around me—while the carvings of the ceilings, the sombre tapestries of the walls, the ebon blackness of the floors, and the phantasmagoric armorial trophies which rattled as I strode were but matters to which, or to such as which, I had been accustomed from my infancy—while I hesitated not to acknowledge how familiar was all this—I still wondered to find how unfamiliar were the fancies which ordinary images were stirring up. On one of the staircases, I met the physician of the family. His countenance, I thought, wore a mingled expression of low cunning and perplexity. He accosted me with trepidation and passed on. The valet now threw open a door and ushered me into the presence of his master.

The room in which I found myself was very large and lofty. The windows were long, narrow, and pointed, and at so vast a distance from the black oaken floor as to be altogether inaccessible from within. Feeble gleams of encrimsoned light made their way through the trellised panes, and served to render sufficiently distinct the more prominent objects around; the eye, however, struggled in vain to reach the remoter angles of the chamber, or the recesses of the vaulted and fretted ceiling. Dark draperies hung upon the walls. The general furniture was profuse, comfortless, antique, and tattered. Many books and musical instruments lay scattered about, but failed to give any vitality to the scene. I felt that I breathed an atmosphere of sorrow. An air of stern, deep, and irredeemable gloom hung over and pervaded all.

Upon my entrance, Usher arose from a sofa on which he

had been lying at full length, and greeted me with a vivacious warmth which had much in it, I at first thought, of an overdone cordiality—of the constrained effort of the *ennuyé* man of the world. A glance, however, at his countenance convinced me of his perfect sincerity. We sat down; and for some moments, while he spoke not, I gazed upon him with a feeling half of pity, half of awe. Surely, man had never before so terribly altered, in so brief a period, as had Roderick Usher! It was with difficulty that I could bring myself to admit the identity of the wan being before me with the companion of my early boyhood. Yet the character of his face had been at all times remarkable. A cadaverousness of complexion; an eye large, liquid, and luminous beyond comparison; lips somewhat thin and very pallid, but of a surpassingly beautiful curve; a nose of a delicate Hebrew model, but with a breadth of nostril unusual in similar formations; a finely moulded chin, speaking, in its want of prominence, of a want of moral energy; hair of a more than web-like softness and tenuity;—these features, with an inordinate expansion above the regions of the temple, made up altogether a countenance not easily to be forgotten. And now in the mere exaggeration of the prevailing character of these features, and of the expression they were wont to convey, lay so much of change that I doubted to whom I spoke. The now ghastly pallor of the skin, and the now miraculous lustre of the eye, above all things startled and even awed me. The silken hair, too, had been suffered to grow all unheeded, and as, in its wild gossamer texture, it floated rather than fell about the face, I could not, even with effort, connect its Arabesque expression with any idea of simple humanity.

In the manner of my friend I was at once struck with an incoherence—an inconsistency; and I soon found this to arise from a series of feeble and futile struggles to over-

come an habitual trepidancy—an excessive nervous agitation. For something of this nature I had indeed been prepared, no less by his letter, than by reminiscences of certain boyish traits, and by conclusions deduced from his peculiar physical conformation and temperament. His action was alternately vivacious and sullen. His voice varied rapidly from a tremulous indecision (when the animal spirits seemed utterly in abeyance) to that species of energetic concision—that abrupt, weighty, un-hurried, and hollow-sounding enunciation—that leaden, self-balanced, and perfectly modulated guttural utterance, which may be observed in the lost drunkard, or the irreclaimable eater of opium, during the periods of his most intense excitement.

It was thus that he spoke of the object of my visit, of his earnest desire to see me, and of the solace he expected me to afford him. He entered, at some length, into what he conceived to be the nature of his malady. It was, he said, a constitutional and a family evil and one for which he despaired to find a remedy—a mere nervous affection, he immediately added, which would undoubtedly soon pass off. It displayed itself in a host of unnatural sensations. Some of these, as he detailed them, interested and bewildered me; although, perhaps, the terms and the general manner of their narration had their weight. He suffered much from a morbid acuteness of the senses; the most insipid food was alone endurable; he could wear only garments of certain mixture; the odors of all flowers were oppressive; his eyes were tortured by even a faint light; and there were but peculiar sounds, and these from stringed instruments, which did not inspire him with horror.

To an anomalous species of terror I found him a bounden slave. “I shall perish,” said he, “I *must* perish in this deplorable folly. Thus, thus, and not otherwise, shall I be lost. I dread the events of the future, not in them-

selves, but in their results. I shudder at the thought of any, even the most trivial incident, which may operate upon this intolerable agitation of soul. I have, indeed, no abhorrence of danger, except in its absolute effect—in terror. In this unnerved, in this pitiable condition I feel that the period will sooner or later arrive when I must abandon life and reason together, in some struggle with the grim phantasm, FEAR.”

I learned, moreover, at intervals, and through broken and equivocal hints, another singular feature of his mental condition. He was enchained by certain superstitious impressions in regard to the dwelling which he tenanted, and whence, for many years, he had never ventured forth—in regard to an influence whose supposititious force was conveyed in terms too shadowy here to be re-stated—an influence which some peculiarities in the mere form and substance of his family mansion had, by dint of long suffering, he said, obtained over his spirit—an effect which the *physique* of the gray walls and turrets, and of the dim tarn into which they all looked down had, at length, brought about upon the *morale* of his existence.

He admitted, however, although with hesitation, that much of the peculiar gloom which thus afflicted him could be traced to a more natural and far more palpable origin—to the severe and long-continued illness—indeed to the evidently approaching dissolution—of a tenderly beloved sister, his sole companion for long years, his last and only relative on earth. “Her decease,” he said, with a bitterness which I can never forget, “would leave him (him, the hopeless and the frail) the last of the ancient race of the Ushers.” While he spoke, the lady Madeline (for so was she called) passed through a remote portion of the apartment and, without having noticed my presence, disappeared. I regarded her with an utter astonishment not unmingled with dread; and yet I found it impossible to ac-

count for such feelings. A sensation of stupor oppressed me as my eyes followed her retreating steps. When a door, at length, closed upon her, my glance sought instinctively and eagerly the countenance of the brother; but he had buried his face in his hands, and I could only perceive that a far more than ordinary wanness had overspread the emaciated fingers through which trickled many passionate tears.

The disease of the lady Madeline had long baffled the skill of her physician. A settled apathy, a gradual wasting away of the person, and frequent although transient affections of a partially cataleptical character were the unusual diagnosis. Hitherto she had steadily borne up against the pressure of her malady, and had not betaken herself finally to bed; but on the closing in of the evening of my arrival at the house she succumbed (as her brother told me at night with inexpressible agitation) to the prostrating power of the destroyer; and I learned that the glimpse I had obtained of her person would thus probably be the last I should obtain—that the lady, at least while living, would be seen by me no more.

For several days ensuing, her name was unmentioned by either Usher or myself; and during this period I was busied in earnest endeavors to alleviate the melancholy of my friend. We painted and read together, or I listened, as if in a dream, to the wild improvisations of his speaking guitar. And thus, as a closer and still closer intimacy admitted me more unreservedly into the recesses of his spirit, the more bitterly did I perceive the futility of all attempt at cheering a mind from which darkness, as if an inherent positive quality, poured forth upon all objects of the moral and physical universe in one unceasing radiation of gloom.

I shall ever bear about me a memory of the many solemn hours I thus spent alone with the master of the House of

Usher. Yet I should fail in any attempt to convey an idea of the exact character of the studies, or of the occupations, in which he involved me, or led me the way. An excited and highly distempered ideality threw a sulphurous lustre over all. His long improvised dirges will ring forever in my ears. Among other things, I hold painfully in mind a certain singular perversion and amplification of the wild air of the last waltz of Von Weber. From the paintings over which his elaborate fancy brooded, and which grew, touch by touch, into vagueness at which I shuddered the more thrillingly, because I shuddered knowing not why—from these paintings (vivid as their images now are before me) I would in vain endeavor to educe more than a small portion which should lie within the compass of merely written words. By the utter simplicity, by the nakedness of his designs, he arrested and overawed attention. If ever mortal painted an idea, that mortal was Roderick Usher. For me at least, in the circumstances then surrounding me, there arose out of the pure abstractions which the hypochondriac contrived to throw upon his canvas, an intensity of intolerable awe, no shadow of which felt I ever yet in the contemplation of the certainly glowing yet too concrete reveries of Fuseli.

One of the phantasmagoric conceptions of my friend, partaking not so rigidly of the spirit of abstraction, may be shadowed forth, although feebly, in words. A small picture presented the interior of an immensely long and rectangular vault or tunnel, with low walls, smooth, white and without interruption or device. Certain accessory points of the design served well to convey the idea that this excavation lay at an exceeding depth below the surface of the earth. No outlet was observed in any portion of its vast extent, and no torch or other artificial source of light was discernible; yet a flood of intense rays rolled through

out, and bathed the whole in a ghastly and inappropriate splendor.

I have just spoken of that morbid condition of the auditory nerve which rendered all music intolerable to the sufferer, with the exception of certain effects of stringed instruments. It was, perhaps, the narrow limits to which he thus confined himself upon the guitar which gave birth, in great measure, to the fantastic character of his performances. But the fervid *facility* of his *impromptus* could not be so accounted for. They must have been, and were, in the notes, as well as in the words of his wild fantasias (for he not unfrequently accompanied himself with rhymed verbal improvisations), the result of that intense mental collectedness and concentration to which I have previously alluded as observable only in particular moments of the highest artificial excitement. The words of one of these rhapsodies I have easily remembered. I was, perhaps, the more forcibly impressed with it as he gave it, because, in the under or mystic current of its meaning, I fancied that I perceived, and for the first time, a full consciousness on the part of Usher of the tottering of his lofty reason upon her throne. The verses, which were entitled "The Haunted Palace," ran very nearly, if not accurately, thus:—

I

In the greenest of our valleys,
 By good angels tenanted,
 Once a fair and stately palace—
 Radiant palace—reared its head.
 In the monarch Thought's dominion—
 It stood there!
 Never seraph spread a pinion
 Over fabric half so fair.

II.

Banners yellow, glorious, golden,
On its roof did float and flow
(This—all this—was in the olden
Time long ago);
And every gentle air that dallied,
In that sweet day,
Along the ramparts plumed and pallid,
A winged odor went away.

III.

Wanderers in that happy valley
Through two luminous windows saw
Spirits moving musically
To a lute's well-tuned law;
Round about a throne, where sitting
(Porphyrogene!)
In state his glory well befitting,
The ruler of the realm was seen.

IV.

And all with pearl and ruby glowing
Was the fair palace door,
Through which came flowing, flowing, flowing
And sparkling evermore,
A troop of Echoes whose sweet duty
Was but to sing,
In voices of surpassing beauty,
The wit and wisdom of their king.

V.

But evil things, in robes of sorrow,
Assailed the monarch's high estate;
(Ah, let us mourn, for never morrow
Shall dawn upon him, desolate!)

And, round about his home, the glory
That blushed and bloomed
Is but a dim-remembered story
Of the old time entombed.

VI.

And travellers now within that valley,
Through the red-litten windows see
Vast forms that move fantastically
To a discordant melody;
While, like a rapid ghastly river,
Through the pale door,
A hideous throng rush out forever,
And laugh—but smile no more.

I well remember that suggestions arising from this ballad led us into a train of thought wherein there became manifest an opinion of Usher's which I mention not so much on account of its novelty (for other men * have thought thus), as on account of the pertinacity with which he maintained it. This opinion, in its general form, was that of the sentience of all vegetable things. But, in his disordered fancy, the idea had assumed a more daring character and trespassed, under certain conditions, upon the kingdom of inorganization. I lack words to express the full extent, or the earnest *abandon* of his persuasion. The belief, however, was connected (as I have previously hinted) with the gray stones of the home of his forefathers. The conditions of the sentience had been here, he imagined, fulfilled in the method of collocation of these stones—in the order of their arrangement, as well as in that of the many *fungi* which overspread them, and of the decayed trees which stood around—above all, in the

*Watson, Dr. Percival, Spallanzani, and especially the Bishop of Landaff.—see "Chemical Essays," vol. v.

long undisturbed endurance of this arrangement, and in its reduplication in the still waters of the tarn. Its evidence—the evidence of the sentience—was to be seen, he said (and I here started as he spoke), in the gradual yet certain condensation of an atmosphere of their own about the waters and the walls. The result was discoverable, he added, in that silent yet importunate and terrible influence which for centuries had moulded the destinies of his family, and which made *him* what I now saw him—what he was. Such opinions need no comment, and I will make none.

Our books—the books which, for years, had formed no small portion of the mental existence of the invalid—were, as might be supposed, in strict keeping with this character of phantasm. We pored together over such works as the “Ververt et Chartreuse” of Gresset; the “Belphegor” of Macchiavelli; the “Heaven and Hell” of Swedenborg; the “Subterranean Voyage of Nicholas Klimm” by Holberg; the “Chiromancy” of Robert Fludd, of Jean D’ Indagine, and of de la Chambre; the “Journey into the Blue Distance of Tieck”; and the “City of the Sun of Campanella.” One favorite volume was a small octavo edition of the “Directorium Inquisitorium,” by the Dominican Eymeric de Gironne; and there were passages in Pomponius Mela, about the old African Satyrs and *Ægipans*, over which Usher would sit dreaming for hours. His chief delight, however, was found in the perusal of an exceedingly rare and curious book in quarto Gothic—the manual of a forgotten church—the *Vigiliæ Mortuorum secundum Chorum Ecclesiæ Maguntinæ*.

I could not help thinking of the wild ritual of this work, and of its probable influence upon the hypochondriac, when, one evening, having informed me abruptly that the lady Madeline was no more, he stated his intention of pre-

erving her corpse for a fortnight (previously to its final interment), in one of the numerous vaults within the main walls of the building. The worldly reason, however, assigned for this singular proceeding, was one which I did not feel at liberty to dispute. The brother had been led to his resolution (so he told me) by consideration of the unusual character of the malady of the deceased, of certain obtrusive and eager inquiries on the part of her medical men, and of the remote and exposed situation of the burial-ground of the family. I will not deny that when I called to mind the sinister countenance of the person whom I met upon the staircase, on the day of my arrival at the house, I had no desire to oppose what I regarded as at best but a harmless, and by no means an unnatural, precaution.

At the request of Usher, I personally aided him in the arrangements for the temporary entombment. The body having been encoffined, we two alone bore it to its rest. The vault in which we placed it (and which had been so long unopened that our torches, half smothered in its oppressive atmosphere, gave us little opportunity for investigation) was small, damp, and entirely without means of admission for light; lying, at great depth, immediately beneath that portion of the building in which was my own sleeping apartment. It had been used, apparently, in remote feudal times, for the worst purposes of a donjon-keep and, in later days, as a place of deposit for powder, or some other highly combustible substance, as a portion of its floor, and the whole interior of a long archway through which we reached it, were carefully sheathed with copper. The door, of massive iron, had been, also, similarly protected. Its immense weight caused an unusually sharp, grating sound, as it moved upon its hinges.

Having deposited our mournful burden upon tressels within this region of horror, we partially turned aside the yet unscrewed lid of the coffin, and looked upon the face

of the tenant. A striking similitude between the brother and sister now first arrested my attention; and Usher, divining, perhaps, my thoughts, murmured out some few words from which I learned that the deceased and himself had been twins, and that sympathies of a scarcely intelligible nature had always existed between them. Our glances, however, rested not long upon the dead—for we could not regard her unawed. The disease which had thus entombed the lady in the maturity of youth, had left, as usual in all maladies of a strictly cataleptical character, the mockery of a faint blush upon the bosom and the face, and that suspiciously lingering smile upon the lip which is so terrible in death. We replaced and screwed down the lid, and, having secured the door of iron, made our way, with toil, into the scarcely less gloomy apartments of the upper portion of the house.

And now, some days of bitter grief having elapsed, an observable change came over the features of the mental disorder of my friend. His ordinary manner had vanished. His ordinary occupations were neglected or forgotten. He roamed from chamber to chamber with hurried, unequal, and objectless step. The pallor of his countenance had assumed, if possible, a more ghastly hue—but the luminousness of his eye had utterly gone out. The once occasional huskiness of his tone was heard no more; and a tremulous quaver, as if of extreme terror, habitually characterized his utterance. There were times, indeed, when I thought his unceasingly agitated mind was laboring with some oppressive secret, to divulge which he struggled for the necessary courage. At times, again, I was obliged to resolve all into the mere inexplicable vagaries of madness, for I beheld him gazing upon vacancy for long hours, in an attitude of the profoundest attention, as if listening to some imaginary sound. It was no wonder that his condition terrified—that it infected me. I felt creeping upon

me, by slow yet certain degrees, the wild influences of his own fantastic yet impressive superstitions.

It was, especially, upon retiring to bed late in the night of the seventh or eighth day after the placing of the lady Madeline within the donjon, that I experienced the full power of such feelings. Sleep came not near my couch—while the hours waned and waned away. I struggled to reason off the nervousness which had dominion over me. I endeavored to believe that much, if not all of what I felt, was due to the bewildering influence of the gloomy furniture of the room—of the dark and tattered draperies, which, tortured into motion by the breath of a rising tempest, swayed fitfully to and fro upon the walls, and rustled uneasily about the decorations of the bed. But my efforts were fruitless. An irrepressible tremor gradually pervaded my frame; and, at length, there sat upon my very heart an incubus of utterly causeless alarm. Shaking this off with a gasp and a struggle, I uplifted myself upon the pillows and, peering earnestly within the intense darkness of the chamber, hearkened—I know not why, except that an instinctive spirit prompted me—to certain low and indefinite sounds which came, through the pauses of the storm, at long intervals, I knew not whence. Overpowered by an intense sentiment of horror, unaccountable yet unendurable, I threw on my clothes with haste (for I felt that I should sleep no more during the night), and endeavored to arouse myself from the pitiable condition into which I had fallen by pacing rapidly to and fro through the apartment.

I had taken but few turns in this manner, when a light step on an adjoining staircase arrested my attention. I presently recognized it as that of Usher. In an instant afterward he rapped, with a gentle touch, at my door, and entered, bearing a lamp. His countenance was, as usual, cadaverously wan—but, moreover, there was a species of

mad hilarity in his eyes—an evidently restrained *hysteria* in his whole demeanor. His air appalled me—but any thing was preferable to the solitude which I had so long endured, and I even welcomed his presence as a relief.

“And you have not seen it?” he said abruptly, after having stared about him for some moments in silence—“you have not then seen it?—but, stay! you shall.” Thus speaking, and having carefully shaded his lamp, he hurried to one of the casements, and threw it freely open to the storm.

The impetuous fury of the entering gust nearly lifted us from our feet. It was, indeed, a tempestuous yet sternly beautiful night, and one wildly singular in its terror and its beauty. A whirlwind had apparently collected its force in our vicinity; for there were frequent and violent alterations in the direction of the wind; and the exceeding density of the clouds (which hung so low as to press upon the turrets of the house) did not prevent our perceiving the life-like velocity with which they flew careering from all points against each other, without passing away into the distance. I say that even their exceeding density did not prevent our perceiving this—yet we had no glimpse of the moon or stars, nor was there any flashing forth of the lightning. But the under surfaces of the huge masses of agitated vapor, as well as all terrestrial objects immediately around us, were glowing in the unnatural light of a faintly luminous and distinctly visible gaseous exhalation which hung about and enshrouded the mansion.

“You must not—you shall not behold this!” said I, shuddering, to Usher, as I led him, with a gentle violence, from the window to a seat. “These appearances, which bewilder you, are merely electrical phenomena not uncommon—or it may be that they have their ghastly origin in the rank miasma of the tarn. Let us close this casement;—the air is chilling and dangerous to your frame. Here

is one of your favorite romances. I will read, and you shall listen:—and so we will pass away this terrible night together.”

The antique volume which I had taken up was the “Mad Trist” of Sir Launcelot Canning; but I had called it a favorite of Usher’s more in sad jest than in earnest; for, in truth, there is little in its uncouth and unimaginative prolixity which could have had interest for the lofty and spiritual ideality of my friend. It was, however, the only book immediately at hand; and I indulged a vague hope that the excitement which now agitated the hypochondriac, might find relief (for the history of mental disorder is full of similar anomalies) even in the extremeness of the folly which I should read. Could I have judged, indeed, by the wild overstrained air of vivacity with which he hearkened, or apparently hearkened, to the words of the tale, I might well have congratulated myself upon the success of my design.

I had arrived at that well-known portion of the story where Ethelred, the hero of the Trist, having sought in vain for peaceable admission into the dwelling of the hermit, proceeds to make good an entrance by force. Here, it will be remembered, the words of the narrative ran thus:

“And Ethelred, who was by nature of a doughty heart, and who was now mighty withal, on account of the powerfulness of the wine which he had drunken, waited no longer to hold parley with the hermit, who, in sooth, was of an obstinate and maliceful turn, but feeling the rain upon his shoulders, and fearing the rising of the tempest, uplifted his mace outright and, with blows, made quickly room in the plankings of the door for his gauntleted hand; and now pulling therewith sturdily, he so cracked, and ripped, and tore all asunder, that the noise of the dry and hollow-sounding wood alarumed and reverberated throughout the forest.”

At the termination of this sentence I started and, for a moment, paused; for it appeared to me (although I at once concluded that my excited fancy had deceived me)—it appeared to me that, from some very remote portion of the mansion, there came, indistinctly to my ears, what might have been, in its exact similarity of character, the echo (but a stifled and dull one certainly) of the very cracking and ripping sound which Sir Launcelot had so particularly described. It was, beyond doubt, the coincidence alone which had arrested my attention; for, amid the rattling of the sashes of the casements, and the ordinary commingled noises of the still increasing storm, the sound, in itself, had nothing, surely, which should have interested or disturbed me. I continued the story:

“But the good champion Ethelred, now entering within the door, was sore enraged and amazed to perceive no signal of the malicious hermit; but, in the stead thereof, a dragon of a scaly and prodigious demeanor, and of a fiery tongue, which sate in guard before a palace of gold, with a floor of silver; and upon the wall there hung a shield of shining brass with this legend enwritten—

Who entereth herein, a conqueror hath bin;

Who slayeth the dragon, the shield he shall win.

And Ethelred uplifted his mace, and struck upon the head of the dragon, which fell before him, and gave up his pesty breath, with a shriek so horrid and harsh, and withal so piercing, that Ethelred had fain to close his ears with his hands against the dreadful noise of it, the like whereof was never before heard.”

Here again I paused abruptly, and now with a feeling of wild amazement—for there could be no doubt whatever that, in this instance, I did actually hear (although from what direction it proceeded I found it impossible to say)

a low and apparently distant, but harsh, protracted, and most unusual screaming or grating sound—the exact counterpart of what my fancy had already conjured up for the dragon's unnatural shriek as described by the romancer.

Oppressed, as I certainly was, upon the occurrence of the second and most extraordinary coincidence, by a thousand conflicting sensations, in which wonder and extreme terror were predominant, I still retained sufficient presence of mind to avoid exciting, by an observation, the sensitive nervousness of my companion. I was by no means certain that he had noticed the sounds in question; although, assuredly, a strange alteration had, during the last few minutes, taken place in his demeanor. From a position fronting my own, he had gradually brought round his chair, so as to sit with his face to the door of the chamber; and thus I could but partially perceive his features, although I saw that his lips trembled as if he were murmuring inaudibly. His head had dropped upon his breast—yet I knew that he was not asleep, from the wide and rigid opening of the eye as I caught a glance of it in profile. The motion of his body, too, was at variance with this idea—for he rocked from side to side with a gentle yet constant and uniform sway. Having rapidly taken notice of all this, I resumed the narrative of Sir Launcelot, which thus proceeded:

“And now, the champion, having escaped from the terrible fury of the dragon, bethinking himself of the brazen shield, and of the breaking up of the enchantment which was upon it, removed the carcass from out of the way before him, and approached valorously over the silver pavement of the castle to where the shield was upon the wall; which in sooth tarried not for his full coming, but fell down at his feet upon the silver floor, with a mighty great and terrible ringing sound.”

No sooner had these syllables passed my lips, than—as

if a shield of brass had indeed, at the moment, fallen heavily upon a floor of silver—I became aware of a distinct, hollow, metallic, and clangorous, yet apparently muffled, reverberation. Completely unnerved, I leaped to my feet; but the measured rocking movement of Usher was undisturbed. I rushed to the chair in which he sat. His eyes were bent fixedly before him, and throughout his whole countenance there reigned a stony rigidity. But, as I placed my hand upon his shoulder, there came a strong shudder over his whole person; a sickly smile quivered about his lips; and I saw that he spoke in a low, hurried, and gibbering murmur, as if unconscious of my presence. Bending closely over him I at length drank in the hideous import of his words.

“Not hear it?—yes, I hear it, and *have* heard it. Long—long—long—many minutes, many hours, many days, have I heard it—yet I dared not—oh, pity me, miserable wretch that I am!—I dared not—I *dared* not speak! *We have put her living in the tomb!* Said I not that my senses were acute? I *now* tell you that I heard her first feeble movements in the hollow coffin. I heard them—many, many days ago—yet I dared not—I *dared not speak!* And now—to-night—Ethelred—ha! ha!—the breaking of the hermit’s door, and the death-cry of the dragon, and the clangor of the shield—say, rather, the rending of her coffin, and the grating of the iron hinges of her prison, and her struggles within the coppered archway of the vault! Oh! whither shall I fly? Will she not be here anon? Is she not hurrying to upbraid me for my haste? Have I not heard her footstep on the stair? Do I not distinguish that heavy and horrible beating of her heart? Madman!”—here he sprang furiously to his feet, and shrieked out his syllables, as if in the effort he were giving up his soul—“*Madman! I tell you that she now stands without the door!*”

As if in the superhuman energy of his utterance there had been found the potency of a spell, the huge antique panels to which the speaker pointed threw slowly back, upon the instant, their ponderous and ebony jaws. It was the work of the rushing gust—but then without those doors there *did* stand the lofty and enshrouded figure of the lady Madeline Usher. There was blood upon her white robes, and the evidence of some bitter struggle upon every portion of her emaciated frame. For a moment she remained trembling and reeling to and fro upon the threshold—then, with a low moaning cry, fell heavily inward upon the person of her brother, and in her violent and now final death-agonies, bore him to the floor a corpse, and a victim to the terrors he had anticipated.

From that chamber, and from that mansion, I fled aghast. The storm was still abroad in all its wrath as I found myself crossing the old causeway. Suddenly there shot along the path a wild light, and I turned to see whence a gleam so unusual could have issued, for the vast house and its shadows were alone behind me. The radiance was that of the full, setting, and blood-red moon, which now shone vividly through that once barely discernible fissure, of which I have before spoken as extending from the roof of the building, in a zigzag direction, to the base. While I gazed, this fissure rapidly widened—there came a fierce breath of the whirlwind—the entire orb of the satellite burst at once upon my sight—my brain reeled as I saw the mighty walls rushing asunder—there was a long tumultuous shouting sound like the voice of a thousand waters—and the deep and dank tarn at my feet closed sullenly and silently over the fragments of the "*House of Usher.*"

THE MASQUE OF THE RED DEATH.

THE "Red Death" had long devastated the country. No pestilence had ever been so fatal, or so hideous. Blood was its Avatar and its seal—the redness and the horror of blood. There were sharp pains, and sudden dizziness, and then profuse bleeding at the pores, with dissolution. The scarlet stains upon the body and especially upon the face of the victim were the pest ban which shut him out from the aid and from the sympathy of his fellow-men. And the whole seizure, progress, and termination of the disease were the incidents of half an hour.

But the Prince Prospero was happy and dauntless and sagacious. When his dominions were half depopulated, he summoned to his presence a thousand hale and light-hearted friends from among the knights and dames of his court, and with these retired to the deep seclusion of one of his castellated abbeys. This was an extensive and magnificent structure, the creation of the prince's own eccentric yet august taste. A strong and lofty wall girdled it in. This wall had gates of iron. The courtiers, having entered, brought furnaces and massy hammers and welded the bolts. They resolved to leave means neither of ingress nor egress to the sudden impulses of despair or of frenzy from within. The abbey was amply provisioned. With such precautions the courtiers might bid defiance to contagion. The external world could take care of itself. In the meantime it was folly to grieve, or to think. The

prince had provided all the appliances of pleasure. There were buffoons, there were improvisatori, there were ballet-dancers, there were musicians, there was Beauty, there was wine. All these and security were within. Without was the "Red Death."

It was toward the close of the fifth or sixth month of his seclusion, and while the pestilence raged most furiously abroad, that the Prince Prospero entertained his thousand friends at a masked ball of the most unusual magnificence.

It was a voluptuous scene, that masquerade. But first let me tell of the rooms in which it was held. There were seven—an imperial suite. In many palaces, however, such suites form a long and straight vista, while the folding doors slide back nearly to the walls on either hand, so that the view of the whole extent is scarcely impeded. Here the case was very different; as might have been expected from the duke's love of the *bizarre*. The apartments were so irregularly disposed that the vision embraced but little more than one at a time. There was a sharp turn at every twenty or thirty yards, and at each turn a novel effect. To the right and left, in the middle of each wall, a tall and narrow Gothic window looked out upon a closed corridor which pursued the windings of the suite. These windows were of stained glass whose color varied in accordance with the prevailing hue of the decorations of the chamber into which it opened. That at the eastern extremity was hung, for example, in blue—and vividly blue were its windows. The second chamber was purple in its ornaments and tapestries, and here the panes were purple. The third was green throughout, and so were the casements. The fourth was furnished and lighted with orange—the fifth with white—the sixth with violet. The seventh apartment was closely shrouded in black velvet tapestries that hung all over the ceiling and down the walls, falling in heavy

folds upon a carpet of the same material and hue. But in this chamber only, the color of the windows failed to correspond with the decorations. The panes here were scarlet—a deep blood color. Now in no one of the seven apartments was there any lamp or candelabrum, amid the profusion of golden ornaments that lay scattered to and fro or depended from the roof. There was no light of any kind emanating from lamp or candle within the suite of chambers. But in the corridors that followed the suite, there stood, opposite to each window, a heavy tripod, bearing a brazier of fire, that projected its rays through the tinted glass and so glaringly illumined the room. And thus were produced a multitude of gaudy and fantastic appearances. But in the western or black chamber the effect of the firelight that streamed upon the dark hangings through the blood-tinted panes was ghastly in the extreme, and produced so wild a look upon the countenances of those who entered, that there were few of the company bold enough to set foot within its precincts at all.

It was in this apartment, also, that there stood against the western wall, a gigantic clock of ebony. Its pendulum swung to and fro with a dull, heavy, monotonous clang; and when the minute-hand made the circuit of the face, and the hour was to be stricken, there came from the brazen lungs of the clock a sound which was clear and loud and deep and exceedingly musical, but of so peculiar a note and emphasis that, at each lapse of an hour, the musicians of the orchestra were constrained to pause, momentarily, in their performance, to hearken to the sound; and thus the waltzers perforce ceased their evolutions; and there was a brief disconcert of the whole gay company; and, while the chimes of the clock yet rang, it was observed that the giddiest grew pale, and the more aged and sedate passed their hands over their brows as if in confused reverie or meditation. But when the echoes had fully

ceased, a light laughter at once pervaded the assembly; the musicians looked at each other and smiled as if at their own nervousness and folly, and made whispering vows, each to the other, that the next chiming of the clock should produce in them no similar emotion; and then, after the lapse of sixty minutes (which embrace three thousand and six hundred seconds of the Time that flies), there came yet another chiming of the clock, and then were the same disconcert and tremulousness and meditation as before.

But, in spite of these things, it was a gay and magnificent revel. The tastes of the duke were peculiar. He had a fine eye for colors and effects. He disregarded the *decora* of mere fashion. His plans were bold and fiery, and his conceptions glowed with barbaric lustre. There are some who would have thought him mad. His followers felt that he was not. It was necessary to hear and see and touch him to be *sure* he was not.

He had directed, in great part, the movable embellishments of the seven chambers, upon occasion of this great *fête*; and it was his own guiding taste, which had given character to the masqueraders. Be sure they were grotesque. There were much glare and glitter and piquancy and phantasm—much of what has been since seen in “Hernani.” There were arabesque figures with unsuited limbs and appointments. There were delirious fancies such as the madman fashions. There were much of the beautiful, much of the wanton, much of the *bizarre*, something of the terrible, and not a little of that which might have excited disgust. To and fro in the seven chambers there stalked, in fact, a multitude of dreams. And these—the dreams—writhed in and about, taking hue from the rooms, and causing the wild music of the orchestra to seem as the echo of their steps. And, anon, there strikes the ebony clock which stands in the hall of the velvet. And then, for a moment, all is still, and all

is silent save the voice of the clock. The dreams are stiff-frozen as they stand. But the echoes of the chime die away—they have endured but an instant—and a light, half-subdued laughter floats after them as they depart. And now again the music swells, and the dreams live, and writhe to and fro more merrily than ever, taking hue from the many-tinted windows through which stream the rays from the tripods. But to the chamber which lies most westwardly of the seven there are now none of the maskers who venture; for the night is waning away; and there flows a ruddier light through the blood-colored panes; and the blackness of the sable drapery appals; and to him whose foot falls upon the sable carpet, there comes from the near clock of ebony a muffled peal more solemnly emphatic than any which reaches *their* ears who indulge in the more remote gaieties of the other apartments.

But these other apartments were densely crowded, and in them beat feverishly the heart of life. And the revel went whirlingly on, until at length there commenced the sounding of midnight upon the clock. And then the music ceased, as I have told; and the evolutions of the waltzers were quieted; and there was an uneasy cessation of all things as before. But now there were twelve strokes to be sounded by the bell of the clock; and thus it happened, perhaps that more of thought crept, with more of time, into the meditations of the thoughtful among those who revelled. And thus too, it happened, perhaps, that before the last echoes of the last chime had utterly sunk into silence, there were many individuals in the crowd who had found leisure to become aware of the presence of a masked figure which had arrested the attention of no single individual before. And the rumor of this new presence having spread itself whisperingly around, there arose at length from the whole company a buzz, or murmur, expressive of

disapprobation and surprise—then, finally, of terror, of horror, and of disgust.

In an assembly of phantasms such as I have painted, it may well be supposed that no ordinary appearance could have excited such sensation. In truth the masquerade license of the night was nearly unlimited; but the figure in question had out-Heroded Herod, and gone beyond the bounds of even the prince's indefinite decorum. There are chords in the hearts of the most reckless which cannot be touched without emotion. Even with the utterly lost, to whom life and death are equally jests, there are matters of which no jest can be made. The whole company, indeed, seemed now deeply to feel that in the costume and bearing of the stranger neither wit nor propriety existed. The figure was tall and gaunt, and shrouded from head to foot in the habiliments of the grave. The mask which concealed the visage was made so nearly to resemble the countenance of a stiffened corpse that the closest scrutiny must have had difficulty in detecting the cheat. And yet all this might have been endured, if not approved, by the mad revellers around. But the mummer had gone so far as to assume the type of the Red Death. His vesture was dabbled in *blood*—and his broad brow, with all the features of the face, was besprinkled with the scarlet horror.

When the eyes of Prince Prospero fell upon this spectral image (which, with a slow and solemn movement, as if more fully to sustain its *rôle*, stalked to and fro among the waltzers) he was seen to be convulsed, in the first moment with a strong shudder either of terror or distaste; but, in the next, his brow reddened with rage.

“Who dares”—he demanded hoarsely of the courtiers who stood near him—“who dares insult us with this blasphemous mockery? Seize him and unmask him—that we may know whom we have to hang, at sunrise, from the battlements!”

It was in the eastern or blue chamber in which stood the Prince Prospero as he uttered these words. They rang throughout the seven rooms loudly and clearly, for the prince was a bold and robust man, and the music had become hushed at the waving of his hand.

It was in the blue room where stood the prince, with a group of pale courtiers by his side. At first, as he spoke, there was a slight rushing movement of this group in the direction of the intruder, who, at the moment was also near at hand, and now, with deliberate and stately step, made closer approach to the speaker. But from a certain nameless awe with which the mad assumptions of the mummer had inspired the whole party, there were found none who put forth hand to seize him; so that, unimpeded, he passed within a yard of the prince's person; and, while the vast assembly, as if with one impulse, shrank from the centres of the rooms to the walls, he made his way uninterruptedly, but with the same solemn and measured step which had distinguished him from the first, through the blue chamber to the purple—through the purple to the green through the green to the orange—through this again to the white—and even thence to the violet, ere a decided movement had been made to arrest him. It was then, however, that the Prince Prospero, maddening with rage and the shame of his own momentary cowardice, rushed hurriedly through the six chambers, while none followed him on account of a deadly terror that had seized upon all. He bore aloft a drawn dagger, and had approached, in rapid impetuosity, to within three or four feet of the retreating figure, when the latter, having attained the extremity of the velvet apartment, turned suddenly and confronted his pursuer. There was a sharp cry—and the dagger dropped gleaming upon the sable carpet, upon which, instantly afterward, fell prostrate in death the Prince Prospero. Then, summoning the wild courage of

despair, a throng of the revellers at once threw themselves into the black apartment, and seizing the mummer, whose tall figure stood erect and motionless within the shadow of the ebony clock, gasped in unutterable horror at finding the grave cerements and corpse-like mask, which they handled with so violent a rudeness, untenanted by any tangible form.

And now was acknowledged the presence of the Red Death. He had come like a thief in the night. And one by one dropped the revellers in the blood-bedewed halls of their revel, and died each in the despairing posture of his fall. And the life of the ebony clock went out with that of the last of the gay. And the flames of the tripods expired. And Darkness and Decay and the Red Death held illimitable dominion over all.

ELEONORA.

Sub conservatione formæ specificæ salva anima.

—*Raymond Lully.*

I AM come of a race noted for vigor of fancy and ardor of passion. Men have called me mad; but the question is not yet settled, whether madness is or is not the loftiest intelligence—whether much that is glorious—whether all that is profound—does not spring from disease of thought—from *moods* of mind exalted at the expense of general intellect. They who dream by day are cognizant of many things which escape those who dream only by night. In their gray visions they obtain glimpses of eternity, and thrill, in waking, to find that they have been upon the verge of the great secret. In snatches, they learn something of the wisdom which is of good, and more of the mere knowledge which is of evil. They penetrate, however rudderless or compassless into the vast ocean of the “light ineffable,” and again, like the adventures of the Nubian geographer, “*agressi sunt mare tenebrarum, quid in eo esset exploraturi.*”

We will say, then, that I am mad. I grant, at least, that there are two distinct conditions of my mental existence—the condition of a lucid reason, not to be disputed, and belonging to the memory of events forming the first epoch of my life—and a condition of shadow and doubt, apper-

taining to the present, and to the recollection of what constitutes the second great era of my being. Therefore, what I shall tell of the earlier period, believe; and to what I may relate of the later time, give only such credit as may seem due; or doubt it altogether; or, if doubt it ye cannot, then play unto its riddle the *Ædipus*.

She whom I loved in youth, and of whom I now pen calmly and distinctly these remembrances, was the sole daughter of the only sister of my mother long departed. Eleonora was the name of my cousin. We had always dwelled together, beneath a tropical sun, in the Valley of the Many-Colored Grass. No unguided footstep ever came upon that vale; for it lay far away up among a range of giant hills that hung beetling around about it, shutting out the sunlight from its sweetest recesses. No path was trodden in its vicinity; and, to reach our happy home, there was need of putting back, with force, the foliage of many thousands of forest trees, and of crushing to death the glories of many millions of fragrant flowers. Thus it was that we lived all alone, knowing nothing of the world without the valley,—I, and my cousin, and her mother.

From the dim regions beyond the mountains at the upper end of our encircled domain, there crept out a narrow and deep river, brighter than all save the eyes of Eleonora; and, winding stealthily about in mazy courses, it passed away, at length, through a shadowy gorge, among hills still dimmer than those whence it had issued. We called it the “River of Silence;” for there seemed to be a hushing influence in its flow. No murmur arose from its bed, and so gently it wandered along, that the pearly pebbles upon which we loved to gaze, far down within its bosom, stirred not at all, but lay in a motionless content, each in its own old station, shining on gloriously forever.

The margin of the river, and of the many dazzling rivulets that glided through devious ways into its channel, as

well as the spaces that extended from the margins away down into the depths of the streams until they reached the bed of pebbles at the bottom,—these spots, not less than the whole surface of the valley, from the river to the mountains that girdled it in, were carpeted all by a soft green grass, thick, short, perfectly even, and vanilla-perfumed, but so besprinkled throughtout with the yellow buttercup, the white daisy, the purple violet, and the ruby-red asphodel, that its exceeding beauty spoke to our hearts in loud tones, of the love and of the glory of God.

And, here and there, in groves about this grass, like wildernesses of dreams, sprang up fantastic trees, whose tall slender stems stood not upright, but slanted gracefully toward the light that peered at noon-day into the centre of the valley. Their bark was speckled with the vivid alternate splendor of ebony and silver, and was smoother than all save the cheeks of Eleonora; so that, but for the brilliant green of the huge leaves that spread from their summits in long, tremulous lines, dallying with the Zephyrs, one might have fancied them giant serpents of Syria doing homage to their Sovereign the Sun.

Hand in hand about this valley, for fifteen years, roamed I with Eleonora before Love entered within our hearts. It was one evening at the close of the third lustrum of her life, and of the fourth of my own, that we sat, locked in each other's embrace, beneath the serpent-like trees, and looked down within the waters of the River of Silence at our images therein. We spoke no words during the rest of that sweet day; and our words even upon the morrow were tremulous and few. We had drawn the god Eros from that wave, and now we felt that he had enkindled within us the fiery souls of our forefathers. The passions which had for centuries distinguished our race, came thronging with the fancies for which they had been equally noted, and together breathed a delirious bliss over the Valley of

the Many-Colored Grass. A change fell upon all things. Strange, brilliant flowers, star-shaped, burst out upon the trees where no flowers had been known before. The tints of the green carpet deepened; and when, one by one, the white daisies shrank away, there sprang up in place of them, ten by ten of the ruby-red asphodel. And life arose in our paths; for the tall flamingo, hitherto unseen, with all gay glowing birds, flaunted his scarlet plumage before us. The golden and silver fish haunted the river, out of the bosom of which issued, little by little, a murmur that swelled, at length, into a lulling melody more divine than that of the harp of Æolus—sweeter than all save the voice of Eleonora. And now, too, a voluminous cloud, which we had long watched in the regions of Hesper, floated out thence, all gorgeous in crimson and gold, and settling in peace above us, sank, day by day, lower and lower, until its edges rested upon the tops of the mountains, turning all their dimness into magnificence, and shutting us up, as if forever, within a magic prison-house of grandeur and of glory.

The lovelines of Eleonora was that of the Seraphim; but she was a maiden artless and innocent as the brief life she had led among the flowers. No guile disguised the fervor of love which animated her heart, and she examined with me its inmost recesses as we walked together in the Valley of the Many-Colored Grass, and discoursed of the mighty changes which had lately taken place therein.

At length, having spoken one day, in tears, of the last sad change which must befall Humanity, she thenceforward dwelt only upon this one sorrowful theme, interweaving it into all our converse, as, in the songs of the bard of Schiraz, the same images are found occurring, again and again, in every impressive variation of phrase.

She had seen that the finger of Death was upon her bosom—that, like the ephemeron, she had been made per-

fect in loveliness only to die; but the terrors of the grave to her lay solely in a consideration which she revealed to me, one evening at twilight, by the banks of the River of Silence. She grieved to think that, having entombed her in the Valley of the Many-Colored Grass, I would quit forever its happy recesses, transferring the love which now was so passionately her own to some maiden of the outer and every-day world. And, then and there, I threw myself hurriedly at the feet of Eleonora, and offered up a vow, to herself and to Heaven, that I would never bind myself in marriage to any daughter of Earth—that I would in no manner prove recreant to her dear memory, or to the memory of the devout affection with which she had blessed me. And I called the Mighty Ruler of the Universe to witness the pious solemnity of my vow. And the curse which I invoked of *Him* and of her, a saint in Helusion should I prove traitorous to that promise, involved a penalty the exceeding great horror of which will not permit me to make record of it here. And the bright eyes of Eleonora grew brighter at my words; and she sighed as if a deadly burthen had been taken from her breast; and she trembled and very bitterly wept; but she made acceptance of the vow, (for what was she but a child?) and it made easy to her the bed of her death. And she said to me, not many days afterward, tranquilly dying, that, because of what I had done for the comfort of her spirit she would watch over me in that spirit when departed, and, if so it were permitted her, return to me visibly in the watches of the night; but, if this thing were, indeed, beyond the power of the souls in Paradise, that she would, at least, give me frequent indications of her presence; sighing upon me in the evening winds, or filling the air which I breathed with perfume from the censers of the angels. And, with these words upon her lips, she yielded up her innocent life, putting an end to the first epoch of my own.

Thus far I have faithfully said. But as I pass the barrier in Time's path, formed by the death of my beloved, and proceed with the second era of my existence, I feel that a shadow gathers over my brain, and I mistrust the perfect sanity of the record. But let me on.—Years dragged themselves along heavily, and still I dwelled within the Valley of the Many-Colored Grass; but a second change had come upon all things. The star-shaped flowers shrank into the stems of the trees, and appeared no more. The tints of the green carpet faded; and, one by one, the ruby-red asphodels withered away; and there sprang up, in place of them, ten by ten, dark, eye-like violets, that writhed uneasily and were ever encumbered with dew. And Life departed from our paths; for the tall flamingo flaunted no longer his scarlet plumage before us, but flew sadly from the vale into the hills, with all the gay glowing birds that had arrived in his company. And the golden and silver fish swam down through the gorge at the lower end of our domain and bedecked the sweet river never again. And the lulling melody that had been softer than the wind-harp of Æolus, and more divine than all save the voice of Eleonora, it died little by little away, in murmurs growing lower and lower, until the stream returned, at length, utterly, into the solemnity of its original silence. And then, lastly, the voluminous cloud uprose and, abandoning the tops of the mountains to the dimness of old, fell back into the regions of Hesper, and took away all its manifold golden and gorgeous glories from the Valley of the Many-Colored Grass.

Yet the promises of Eleonora were not forgotten; for I heard the sounds of the swinging of the censers of the angels; and streams of a holy perfume floated ever and ever about the valley; and at lone hours, when my heart beat heavily, the winds that bathed my brow came unto me laden with soft sighs; and indistinct murmurs filled often

the night air; and once—oh, but once only! I was awakened from a slumber, like the slumber of death, by the pressing of spiritual lips upon my own.

But the void within my heart refused, even thus, to be filled. I longed for the love which had before filled it to overflowing. At length the valley *pained* me through its memories of Eleonora, and I left it forever for the vanities and the turbulent triumphs of the world.

* * * * *

I found myself within a strange city, where all things might have served to blot from recollection the sweet dreams I had dreamed so long in the Valley of the Many-Colored Grass. The pomps and pageantries of a stately court, and the mad clangor of arms, and the radiant loveliness of women, bewildered and intoxicated my brain. but as yet my soul had proved true to its vows, and the indications of the presence of Eleonora were still given me in the silent hours of the night. Suddenly these manifestations ceased, and the world grew dark before mine eyes, and I stood aghast at the burning thoughts which possessed, at the terrible temptations which beset me; for there came from some far, far distant and unknown land, into the gay court of the king I served, a maiden to whose beauty my whole recreant heart yielded at once—at whose footstool I bowed down without a struggle, in the most ardent, in the most abject worship of love. What, indeed, was my passion for the young girl of the valley in comparison with the fervor, and the delirium, and the spirit-lifting ecstasy of adoration with which I poured out my whole soul in tears at the feet of the ethereal Ermengarde? Oh, bright was the seraph Ermengarde! and in that knowledge I had room for none other. Oh, divine was the angel Ermengarde! and as I looked down into the depths of her memorial eyes, I thought only of them—and of *her*.

I wedded,—nor dreaded the curse I had invoked; and its bitterness was not visited upon me. And once—but once again in the silence of the night—there came through my lattice the soft sighs which had forsaken me; and they modelled themselves into familiar and sweet voice, saying:

“Sleep in peace! for the Spirit of Love reigneth and ruleth and, in taking to thy passionate heart her who is Ermengarde, thou art absolved, for reasons which shall be made known to thee in Heaven, of thy vows unto Eleonora.”

THE GOLD-BUG.

What ho! what ho! this fellow is dancing mad!
He hath been bitten by the Tarantula.

—*All in the Wrong.*

MANY years ago, I contracted an intimacy with a Mr. William Legrand. He was of an ancient Huguenot family, and had once been wealthy; but a series of misfortunes had reduced him to want. To avoid the mortification consequent upon his disasters, he left New Orleans, the city of his forefathers, and took up his residence at Sullivan's Island, near Charleston, South Carolina.

This island is a very singular one. It consists of little else than the sea sand, and is about three miles long. Its breadth at no point exceeds a quarter of a mile. It is separated from the mainland by a scarcely perceptible creek, oozing its way through a wilderness of reeds and slime, a favorite resort of the marsh-hen. The vegetation, as might be supposed, is scant, or at least dwarfish. No trees of any magnitude are to be seen. Near the western extremity, where Fort Moultrie stands, and where are some miserable frame buildings, tenanted, during summer, by the fugitives from Charleston dust and fever, may be found, indeed, the bristly palmetto; but the whole island, with the exception of this western point, and a line of hard, white beach on the sea-coast, is covered with a dense undergrowth of the sweet myrtle so much prized by the horticulturists of England. The shrub here often attains

the height of fifteen or twenty feet, and forms an almost impenetrable coppice, burthening the air with its fragrance.

In the inmost recesses of this coppice, not far from the eastern or more remote end of the island, Legrand had built himself a small hut, which he occupied when I first, by mere accident, made his acquaintance. This soon ripened into friendship—for there was much in the recluse to excite interest and esteem. I found him well educated, with unusual powers of mind, but infected with misanthropy, and subject to perverse moods of alternate enthusiasm and melancholy. He had with him many books, but rarely employed them. His chief amusements were gunning and fishing, or sauntering along the beach and through the myrtles, in quest of shells or entomological specimens—his collection of the latter might have been envied by a Swammerdam. In these excursions he was usually accompanied by an old negro, called Jupiter, who had been manumitted before the reverses of the family, but who could be induced neither by threats nor by promises, to abandon what he considered his right of attendance upon the footsteps of his young “Massa Will.” It is not improbable that the relatives of Legrand, conceiving him to be somewhat unsettled in intellect, had contrived to instil this obstinacy into Jupiter, with a view to the supervision and guardianship of the wanderer.

The winters in the latitude of Sullivan’s Island are seldom very severe, and in the fall of the year it is a rare event indeed when a fire is considered necessary. About the middle of October, 18—, there occurred, however, a day of remarkable chilliness. Just before sunset I scrambled my way through the evergreens to the hut of my friend, whom I had not visited for several weeks—my residence being, at that time, in Charleston, a distance of nine miles from the island, while the facilities of passage and

e-passage were very far behind those of the present day. Upon reaching the hut I rapped, as was my custom, and getting no reply, sought for the key where I knew it was secreted, unlocked the door, and went in. A fine fire was blazing upon the hearth. It was a novelty, and by no means an ungrateful one. I threw off an overcoat, took an arm-chair by the crackling logs, and awaited patiently the arrival of my hosts.

Soon after dark they arrived, and gave me a most cordial welcome. Jupiter, grinning from ear to ear, bustled about to prepare some marsh-hens for supper. Legrand was in one of his fits—how else shall I term them?—of enthusiasm. He had found an unknown bivalve, forming a new genus, and, more than this, he had hunted down and secured, with Jupiter's assistance, a *scarabæus* which he believed to be totally new, but in respect to which he wished to have my opinion on the morrow.

“And why not to-night?” I asked, rubbing my hands over the blaze, and wishing the whole tribe of *scarabæi* at the devil.

“Ah, if I had only known you were here!” said Legrand, “but it's so long since I saw you; and how could I foresee that you would pay me a visit this very night of all others? As I was coming home I met Lieutenant G——, from the fort, and, very foolishly, I lent him the bug; so it will be impossible for you to see it until the morning. Stay here to-night, and I will send Jup down for it at sunrise. It is the loveliest thing in creation!”

“What?—sunrise?”

“Nonsense! no!—the bug. It is of a brilliant gold color—about the size of a large hickory-nut—with two jet black spots near one extremity of the back, and another, somewhat longer, at the other. The *antennæ* are—”

“Dey ain't *no* tin in him, Massa Will, I keep a tellin' on you,” here interrupted Jupiter; “de bug is a goole-bug,

solid, ebery bit of him, inside and all, sep him wing—neber feel half so hebby a bug in my life.”

“Well, suppose it is, Jup,” replied Legrand, somewhat more earnestly, it seemed to me, than the case demanded; “is that any reason for your letting the birds burn? The color”—here he turned to me—“is really almost enough to warrant Jupiter’s idea. You never saw a more brilliant metallic lustre than the scales emit—but of this you cannot judge till to-morrow. In the meantime I can give you some idea of the shape.” Saying this, he seated himself at a small table, on which were a pen and ink, but no paper. He looked for some in a drawer, but found none.

“Never mind,” he said at length, “this will answer;” and he drew from his waistcoat pocket a scrap of what I took to be very dirty foolscap, and made upon it a rough drawing with the pen. While he did this, I retained my seat by the fire, for I was still chilly. When the design was complete, he handed it to me without rising. As I received it, a loud growl was heard, succeeded by a scratching at the door. Jupiter opened it, and a large Newfoundland, belonging to Legrand, rushed in, leaped upon my shoulders, and loaded me with caresses; for I had shown him much attention during previous visits. When his gambols were over, I looked at the paper, and, to speak the truth, found myself not a little puzzled at what my friend had depicted.

“Well!” I said, after contemplating it for some minutes, “this *is* a strange *scarabæus*, I must confess; new to me; never saw anything like it before—unless it was a skull, or a death’s-head, which it more nearly resembles than anything else that has come under *my* observation.”

“A death’s-head!” echoed Legrand. “Oh—yes—well, it has something of that appearance upon paper, no doubt. The two upper black spots look like eyes, eh? and the

longer one at the bottom like a mouth—and then the shape of the whole is oval.”

“Perhaps so,” said I; “but, Legrand, I fear you are no artist. I must wait until I see the beetle itself, if I am to form any idea of its personal appearance.”

“Well, I don’t know,” said he, a little nettled, “I draw tolerably—*should* do it at least—have had good masters, and flatter myself that I am not quite a blockhead.”

“But, my dear fellow, you are joking then,” said I, “this is a very passable *skull*—indeed, I may say that it is a very *excellent* skull, according to the vulgar notions about such specimens of physiology—and your *scarabæus* must be the queerest *scarabæus* in the world if it resembles it. Why, we may get up a very thrilling bit of superstition upon this hint. I presume you will call the bug *scarabæus caput hominis*, or something of that kind—there are many similar titles in the Natural Histories. But where are the *antennæ* you spoke of?”

“The *antennæ*!” said Legrand, who seemed to be getting unaccountably warm upon the subject; “I am sure you must see the *antennæ*. I made them as distinct as they are in the original insect, and I presume that is sufficient.”

“Well, well,” I said, “perhaps you have—still I don’t see them;” and I handed him the paper without additional remark, not wishing to ruffle his temper; but I was much surprised at the turn affairs had taken; his ill humor puzzled me—and, as for the drawing of the beetle, there were positively no *antennæ* visible, and the whole *did* bear a very close resemblance to the ordinary cuts of a death’s-head.

He received the paper very peevishly, and was about to crumple it, apparently to throw it in the fire, when a casual glance at the design seemed suddenly to rivet his attention. In an instant his face grew violently red—in another

excessively pale. For some minutes he continued to scrutinize the drawing minutely where he sat. At length he arose, took a candle from the table, and proceeded to seat himself upon a sea-chest in the farthest corner of the room. Here again he made an anxious examination of the paper, turning it in all directions. He said nothing, however, and his conduct greatly astonished me; yet I thought it prudent not to exacerbate the growing moodiness of his temper by any comment. Presently he took from his coat-pocket a wallet, placed the paper carefully in it, and deposited both in a writing-desk, which he locked. He now grew more composed in his demeanor; but his original air of enthusiasm had quite disappeared. Yet he seemed not so much sulky as abstracted. As the evening wore away he became more and more absorbed in reverie, from which no sallies of mine could arouse him. It had been my intention to pass the night at the hut, as I had frequently done before, but seeing my host in this mood, I deemed it proper to take leave. He did not press me to remain, but as I departed, he shook my hand with even more than his usual cordiality.

It was about a month after this (and during the interval I had seen nothing of Legrand) when I received a visit, at Charleston, from his man, Jupiter. I had never seen the good old negro look so dispirited, and I feared that some serious disaster had befallen my friend.

“Well, Jup,” said I, “what is the matter now?—how is your master?”

“Why, to speak de troof, massa, him not so berry well as mought be.”

“Not well! I am truly sorry to hear it. What does he complain of?”

“Dar! dat’s it!—him neber ’plain of notin’—but him berry sick for all dat.”

“*Very* sick, Jupiter!—why didn’t you say so at once? Is he confined to bed?”

“No, dat he aint!—he aint ’fin’d nowhar—dat’s just whar de shoe pinch—my mind is got to be berry hebby ’bout poor Massa Will.”

“Jupiter, I should like to understand what it is you are talking about. You say your master is sick. Hasn’t he told you what ails him?”

“Why, massa, ’taint worf while for to git mad about de matter—Massa Will say noffin at all aint de matter wid him—but den what make him go about looking dis here way, wid he head down and he soldiers up, and as white as a goose? And den he keep a syphon all de time——”

“Keeps a what, Jupiter?”

“Keeps a syphon wid de figgurs on de slate—de queerest figgurs I ebber did see. Ise gittin’ to be skeered, I tell you. Hab for to keep mighty tight eye ’pon him ’noovers. Todder day he gib me slip ’fore de sun up and was gone de whole ob de blessed day. I had a big stick ready cut for to gib him deuced good beating when he did come—but Ise sich a fool dat I hadn’t de heart arter all—he looked so berry poorly.”

“Eh?—what’?—ah yes!—upon the whole I think you had better not be too severe with the poor fellow—don’t flog him, Jupiter—he can’t very well stand it—but can you form no idea of what has occasioned this illness, or rather this change of conduct? Has anything unpleasant happened since I saw you?”

“No, massa, dey aint bin noffin onpleasant *since* den—’twas ’fore den I’m feared—’twas de berry day you was dare.”

“How? what do you mean?”

“Why, massa, I mean de bug—dare now.”

“The what?”

“De bug—I’m berry sartin dat Massa Will bin bit somewhere ’bout de head by dat goole-bug.”

“And what cause have you, Jupiter, for such a supposition?”

“Claws enuff, massa, and mouff, too. I nebber did see sich a deuced bug—he kick and he bite ebery ting what cum near him. Massa Will cotch him fuss, but had for to let him go ’gin mighty quick, I tell you—den was de time he must ha’ got de bite. I didn’t like de look ob de bug mouff, myself, nohow, so I wouldn’t take hold ob him wid my finger, but I cotch him wid a piece ob paper dat I found. I rap him up in de paper and stuff a piece of it in he mouff—dat was de way.”

“And you think, then, that your master was really bitten by the beetle, and that the bite made him sick?”

“I don’t think noffin about it—I nose it. What make him dream ’bout de goole so much, if ’taint cause he bit by the goole-bug? Ise heered ’bout dem goole-bugs ’fore dis.”

“But how do you know he dreams about gold?”

“How I know? why, ’cause he talk about it in his sleep—dat’s how I nose.”

“Well, Jup, perhaps you are right; but to what fortunate circumstance am I to attribute the honor of a visit from you to-day?”

“What de matter, massa?”

“Did you bring any message from Mr. Legrand?”

“No, massa, I bring dis here pissel;” and here Jupiter handed me a note which ran thus:

“MY DEAR ——

“Why have I not seen you for so long a time? I hope you have not been so foolish as to take offence at any little *brusquerie* of mine; but no, that is improbable.

“Since I saw you I have had great cause for anxiety. I

have something to tell you, yet scarcely know how to tell it, or whether I should tell it at all.

“I have not been quite well for some days past, and poor old Jup annoys me, almost beyond endurance, by his well-meant attentions. Would you believe it?—he had prepared a huge stick, the other day, with which to chastise me for giving him the slip, and spending the day, *solus*, among the hills on the main land. I verily believe that my ill looks alone saved me a flogging.

“I have made no addition to my cabinet since we met.

“If you can, in any way, make it convenient, come over with Jupiter. *Do* come. I wish to see you *to-night*, upon business of importance. I assure you that it is of the *highest* importance.

“Ever yours,

“WILLIAM LEGRAND.”

There was something in the tone of this note which gave me great uneasiness. Its whole style differed materially from that of Legrand. What could he be dreaming of? What new crotchet possessed his excitable brain? What “business of the highest importance” could *he* possibly have to transact? Jupiter’s account of him boded no good. I dreaded lest the continued pressure of misfortune had, at length, fairly unsettled the reason of my friend. Without a moment’s hesitation, therefore, I prepared to accompany the negro.

Upon reaching the wharf, I noticed a scythe and three spades, all apparently new, lying in the bottom of the boat in which we were to embark.

“What is the meaning of all this, Jup?” I inquired.

“Him syfe, massa, and spade.”

“Very true; but what are they doing here?”

“Him de syfe and de spade what Massa Will sis ’pon

my buying for him in de town, and de debbil's own lot of money I had to gib for 'em."

"But what, in the name of all that is mysterious, is your 'Massa Will' going to do with scythes and spades?"

"Dat's more dan *I* know, and debbil take me if I don't b'lieve 'tis more dan he know too. But it's all cum ob de bug."

Finding that no satisfaction was to be obtained of Jupiter, whose whole intellect seemed to be absorbed by "de bug," I now stepped into the boat, and made sail. With a fair and strong breeze we soon ran into the little cove to the northward of Fort Moultrie, and a walk of some two miles brought us to the hut. It was about three in the afternoon when we arrived. Legrand had been awaiting us in eager expectation. He grasped my hand with a nervous *empressement* which alarmed me and strengthened the suspicions already entertained. His countenance was pale even to ghastliness, and his deep-set eyes glared with unnatural lustre. After some inquiries respecting his health, I asked him, not knowing what better to say, if he had yet obtained the *scarabæus* from Lieutenant G——

"Oh, yes," he replied, coloring violently, "I got it from him the next morning. Nothing should tempt me to part with that *scarabæus*. Do you know that Jupiter is quite right about it?"

"In what way?" I asked, with a sad foreboding at heart.

"In supposing it to be a bug of *real gold*." He said this with an air of profound seriousness, and I felt inexpressibly shocked.

"This bug is to make my fortune," he continued, with a triumphant smile; "to reinstate me in my family possessions. Is it any wonder, then, that I prize it? Since Fortune has thought fit to bestow it upon me, I have only

to use it properly, and I shall arrive at the gold of which it is the index. Jupiter, bring me that *scarabæus!*”

“What! de bug, massa? I’d rudder not go fer trubble dat bug; you mus’ git him for your own self.” Here-upon Legrand arose, with a grave and stately air, and brought me the beetle from a glass case in which it was enclosed. It was a beautiful *scarabæus* and, at that time, unknown to naturalists—of course a great prize in a scientific point of view. There were two round black spots near one extremity of the back, and a long one near the other. The scales were exceedingly hard and glossy, with all the appearance of burnished gold. The weight of the insect was very remarkable, and, taking all things into consideration, I could hardly blame Jupiter for his opinion respecting it; but what to make of Legrand’s concordance with that opinion, I could not, for the life of me, tell.

“I sent for you,” said he, in a grandiloquent tone, when I had completed my examination of the beetle, “I sent for you that I might have your counsel and assistance in furthering the views of Fate and of the bug—”

“My dear Legrand,” I cried, interrupting him, “you are certainly unwell, and had better use some little precautions. You shall go to bed, and I will remain with you a few days, until you get over this. You are feverish and—”

“Feel my pulse,” said he.

I felt it, and, to say the truth, found not the slightest indication of fever.

“But you may be ill and yet have no fever. Allow me this once to prescribe for you. In the first place go to bed. In the next—”

“You are mistaken,” he interposed, “I am as well as I can expect to be under the excitement which I suffer. If you really wish me well, you will relieve this excitement.”

“And how is this to be done?”

“Very easily. Jupiter and myself are going upon an expedition into the hills, upon the main land, and in this expedition, we shall need the aid of some person in whom we can confide. You are the only one we can trust. Whether we succeed or fail, the excitement which you now perceive in me will be equally allayed.”

“I am anxious to oblige you in any way,” I replied; “but do you mean to say that this infernal beetle has any connected with your expedition into the hills?”

“It has.”

“Then, Legrand, I can become a party to no such absurd proceeding.”

“I am sorry—very sorry—for we shall have to try it by ourselves.”

“Try it by yourselves! The man is surely mad!—but stay!—how long do you propose to be absent?”

“Probably all night. We shall start immediately, and be back, at all events, by sunrise.”

“And will you promise me, upon your honor, that when this freak of yours is over, and the bug business (good God!) settled to your satisfaction, you will then return home and follow my advice implicitly, as that of your physician.”

“Yes; I promise; and now let us be off, for we have no time to lose.”

With a heavy heart I accompanied my friend. We started about four o'clock—Legrand, Jupiter, the dog, and myself. Jupiter had with him the scythe and spades—the whole of which he insisted upon carrying—more through fear, it seemed to me, of trusting either of the implements within reach of his master, than from any excess of industry or complaisance. His demeanor was dogged in the extreme, and “dat deuced bug” were the sole words which escaped his lips during the journey. For my own part, I had charge of a couple of dark lanterns, while

grand contented himself with the *scarabæus*, which he carried attached to the end of a bit of whip-cord; twirling it to and fro, with the air of a conjuror, as he went. When I observed this last, plain evidence of my friend's aberration of mind, I could scarcely refrain from tears. I thought it best, however, to humor his fancy, at least for the present, or until I could adopt some more energetic measures with a chance of success. In the meantime I endeavored, but all in vain, to sound him in regard to the object of the expedition. Having succeeded in inducing me to accompany him, he seemed unwilling to hold conversation upon any topic of minor importance, and to all my questions vouchsafed no other reply than "we shall see!"

We crossed the creek at the head of the island by means of a skiff, and, ascending the high grounds on the shore of the main land, proceeded in a northwesterly direction, through a tract of country excessively wild and desolate, where no trace of a human footstep was to be seen. LeGrand led the way with decision; pausing only for an instant, here and there, to consult what appeared to be certain landmarks of his own contrivance upon a former occasion.

In this manner we journeyed for about two hours, and the sun was just setting when we entered a region infinitely more dreary than any yet seen. It was a species of tableland, near the summit of an almost inaccessible hill, densely wooded from base to pinnacle, and interspersed with huge crags that appeared to lie loosely upon the soil, and in many cases were prevented from precipitating themselves into the valleys below, merely by the support of the trees against which they reclined. Deep ravines, in various directions, gave an air of still sterner solemnity to the scene.

The natural platform to which we had clambered was

thickly overgrown with brambles, through which we soon discovered that it would have been impossible to force our way but for the scythe; and Jupiter, by direction of his master, proceeded to clear for us a path to the foot of an enormously tall tulip-tree, which stood, with some eight or ten oaks, upon the level, and far surpassed them all and all other trees which I had then ever seen, in the beauty of its foliage and form, in the wide spread of its branches, and in the general majesty of its appearance. When we reached this tree, Legrand turned to Jupiter and asked him if he thought he could climb it. The old man seemed a little staggered by the question, and for some moments made no reply. At length he approached the huge trunk, walked slowly around it, and examined it with minute attention. When he had completed his scrutiny, he merely said:

“Yes, massa, Jup climb any tree he ebber see in his life.”

“Then up with you as soon as possible, for it will soon be too dark to see what we are about.”

“How far mus’ go up, massa?” inquired Jupiter.

“Get up the main trunk first, and then I will tell you which way to go—and here—stop! take this beetle with you.”

“De bug, Massa Will!—de goole-bug!” cried the negro, drawing back in dismay—“what for mus tote de bug wa up de tree?—d—n if I do!”

“If you are afraid, Jup, a great big negro like you, take hold of a harmless little dead beetle, why you can carry it up by this string—but, if you do not take it up with you in some way, I shall be under the necessity of breaking your head with this shovel.”

“What de matter now, massa?” said Jup, evidently shamed into compliance; “always want for to raise fuss wid old nigger. Was only funnin anyhow. *Me feered* c

g! what I keer for de bug?" Here he took cautiously hold of the extreme end of the string, and, maintaining the insect as far from his person as circumstances would permit, prepared to ascend the tree.

In youth, the tulip-tree, or *Liriodendron Tulipiferum*, the most magnificent of American foresters, has a trunk peculiarly smooth, and often rises to a great height without lateral branches; but, in its riper age, the bark becomes gnarled and uneven, while many short limbs make their appearance on the stem. Thus the difficulty of ascension, in the present case, lay more in semblance than in reality. Embracing the huge cylinder, as closely as possible, with his arms and knees, seizing with his hands some projections, and resting his naked toes upon others, Jupiter, after one or two narrow escapes from falling, at length wriggled himself into the first great fork, and seemed to consider the whole business as virtually accomplished. The *risk* of the achievement was, in fact, now over, although the climber was some sixty or seventy feet from the ground.

"Which way mus' go now, Massa Will?" he asked.

"Keep up the largest branches—the one on this side," said Legrand. The negro obeyed him promptly, and apparently with but little trouble; ascending higher and higher, until no glimpse of his squat figure could be obtained through the dense foliage which enveloped it. Presently his voice was heard in a sort of halloo.

"How much fudder is got for go?"

"How high up are you?" asked Legrand.

"Eber so fur," replied the negro; "can see de sky fru de top ob de tree."

"Never mind the sky, but attend to what I say. Look down the trunk and count the limbs below you on this side. How many limbs have you passed?"

“One, two, tree, four, fibe—I done pass fibe big limb massa, ’pon dis side.”

“Then go one limb higher.”

In a few minutes the voice was heard again, announcing that the seventh limb was attained.

“Now, Jup,” cried Legrand, evidently much excited “I want you to work your way out upon that limb as far as you can. If you see anything strange let me know.”

By this time what little doubt I might have entertained of my poor friend’s insanity was put finally at rest. I had no alternative but to conclude him stricken with lunacy and I became seriously anxious about getting him home. While I was pondering upon what was best to be done Jupiter’s voice was again heard.

“Mos feered for to ventur pon dis limb berry far—’ti dead limb putty much all de way.”

“Did you say it was a *dead* limb, Jupiter?” cried Legrand in a quavering voice.

“Yes, massa, him dead as de door-nail—done up fo sartin—done departed dis here life.”

“What in the name of heaven shall I do?” asked Legrand, seemingly in the greatest distress.

“Do!” said I, glad of an opportunity to interpose word, “why come home and go to bed. Come now!—that’s a fine fellow. It’s getting late and, besides, you remember your promise.”

“Jupiter,” cried he, without heeding me in the least “do you hear me?”

“Yes, Massa Will, hear you ebber so plain.”

“Try the wood well, then, with your knife, and see if you think it *very* rotten.”

“Him rotten, massa, sure nuff,” replied the negro in a few moments, “but not so berry rotten as mought be. Mought venture out leetle way pon de limb by myself, dat true.”

“By yourself!—what do you mean?”

“Why, I mean de bug. ’Tis *berry* hebby bug. Spose I drop him down fuss, and den de limb won’t break wid just de weight of one nigger.”

“You infernal scoundrel!” cried Legrand, apparently much relieved, “what do you mean by telling me such nonsense as that? As sure as you drop that beetle I’ll break your neck. Look here, Jupiter, do you hear me?”

“Yes, massa, needn’t hollo at poor nigger dat style.”

“Well! now listen!—if you will venture out on the limb as far as you think safe, and not let go the beetle, I’ll make you a present of a silver dollar as soon as you get down.”

“I’m gwine, Massa Will—deed I is,” replied the negro very promptly—“mos out to the eend now.”

“*Out to the end!*” here fairly screamed Legrand; “do you say you are out to the end of that limb?”

“Soon be to de eeend, massa—o-o-o-o-oh! Lor-gol-a-marcy! what *is* dis here pon de tree?”

“Well!” cried Legrand, highly delighted, “what *is* it?”

“Why ’taint noffin but a skull—somebody bin lef him head up de tree, and de crows done gobble ebery bit ob de meat off.”

“A skull, you say!—very well,—how is it fastened to the limb?—what holds it on?”

“Sure *nuff*, massa; mus look. Why dis berry curious sarcumstance, pon my word—dare’s a great big nail in de skull, what fastens ob it on to de tree.”

“Well now, Jupiter, do exactly as I tell you—do you hear?”

“Yes, massa.”

“Pay attention, then—find the left eye of the skull.”

“Hum! hoo! dat’s good! why dey ain’t no eye left at all.”

“Curse your stupidity! do you know your right hand from your left?”

“Yes, I knows dat—knows all about dat—’tis my left hand what I chops de wood wid.”

“To be sure! you are left-handed; and your left eye is on the same side as your left hand. Now, I suppose, you can find the left eye of the skull, or the place where the left eye has been. Have you found it?”

Here was a long pause. At length the negro asked.

“Is de left eye of de skull pon de same side as de left hand of de skull too?—cause de skull aint got not a bit ob a hand at all—nebber mind! I got de left eye now—here de left eye! what mus do wid it?”

“Let the beetle drop through it, as far as the string will reach—but be careful and not let go your hold of the string.”

“All dat done, Massa Will; mighty easy ting for to put de bug fru de hole—look out for him dare below!”

During this colloquy no portion of Jupiter’s person could be seen; but the beetle, which he had suffered to descend, was now visible at the end of the string, and glistened, like a globe of burnished gold, in the last rays of the setting sun, some of which still faintly illumined the eminence upon which we stood. The *scarabæus* hung quite clear of any branches, and, if allowed to fall, would have fallen at our feet. Legrand immediately took the scythe, and cleared with it a circular space, three or four yards in diameter, just beneath the insect, and, having accomplished this, ordered Jupiter to let go the string and come down from the tree.

Driving a peg, with great nicety, into the ground, at the precise spot where the beetle fell, my friend now produced from his pocket a tape-measure. Fastening one end of this at that point of the trunk of the tree which was nearest the peg, he unrolled it till it reached the peg and thence

Further unrolled it, in the direction already established by the two points of the tree and the peg, for the distance of fifty feet—Jupiter clearing away the brambles with the scythe. At the spot thus attained a second peg was driven, and about this, as a centre, a rude circle, about four feet in diameter, described. Taking now a spade himself, and giving one to Jupiter and one to me, Legrand begged us to set about digging as quickly as possible.

To speak the truth, I had no especial relish for such amusement at any time and, at that particular moment, would willingly have declined it; for the night was coming on, and I felt much fatigued with the exercise already taken; but I saw no mode of escape, and was fearful of disturbing my poor friend's equanimity by a refusal. Could I have depended, indeed, upon Jupiter's aid, I would have had no hesitation in attempting to get the lunatic home by force; but I was too well assured of the old negro's disposition, to hope that he would assist me, under any circumstances, in a personal contest with his master. I made no doubt that the latter had been infected with some of the innumerable Southern superstitions about money buried, and that his phantasy had received confirmation by the finding of the *scarabæus*, or perhaps, by Jupiter's obstinacy in maintaining it to be "a bug of real gold." A mind disposed to lunacy would readily be led away by such suggestions—especially if chiming in with favorite preconceived ideas—and then I called to mind the poor fellow's speech about the beetle's being "the index of his fortune." Upon the whole, I was sadly vexed and puzzled but, at length, I concluded to make a virtue of necessity—to dig with a good will, and thus the sooner to convince the visionary, by ocular demonstration, of the fallacy of the opinion he entertained.

The lanterns having been lit, we all fell to work with a zeal worthy a more rational cause; and, as the glare fell

upon our persons and implements, I could not help thinking how picturesque a group we composed, and how strange and suspicious our labors must have appeared to any interloper who, by chance, might have stumbled upon our whereabouts.

We dug very steadily for two hours. Little was said; and our chief embarrassment lay in the yelpings of the dog, who took exceeding interest in our proceedings. He, at length, became so obstreperous that we grew fearful of his giving the alarm to some stragglers in the vicinity,—or, rather, this was the apprehension of Legrand;—for myself, I should have rejoiced at any interruption which might have enabled me to get the wanderer home. The noise was, at length, very effectually silenced by Jupiter who, getting out of the hole with a dogged air of deliberation, tied the brute's mouth up with one of his suspenders, and then returned, with a grave chuckle, to his task.

When the time mentioned had expired, we had reached a depth of five feet, and yet no signs of any treasure became manifest. A general pause ensued, and I began to hope that the farce was at an end. Legrand, however, although evidently much disconcerted, wiped his brow thoughtfully and recommenced. We had excavated the entire circle of four feet diameter, and now we slightly enlarged the limit, and went to the farther depth of two feet. Still nothing appeared. The gold-seeker, whom I sincerely pitied, at length clambered from the pit, with the bitterest disappointment imprinted upon every feature, and proceeded, slowly and reluctantly, to put on his coat, which he had thrown off at the beginning of his labor. In the meantime I made no remark. Jupiter, at a signal from his master, began to gather up his tools. This done, and the dog having been unmuzzled, we turned in profound silence toward home.

We had taken, perhaps, a dozen steps in this direction,

when, with a loud oath, Legrand strode up to Jupiter, and seized him by the collar. The astonished negro opened his eyes and mouth to the fullest extent, let fall the spades, and fell upon his knees.

“You scoundrel!” said Legrand, hissing out the syllables from between his clenched teeth—“you infernal black villain!—speak, I tell you!—answer me this instant, without prevarication!—which—which is your left eye?”

“Oh, my golly, Massa Will! aint dis here my lef eye for sartin?” roared the terrified Jupiter, placing his hand upon his *right* organ of vision, and holding it there with a desperate pertinacity, as if in immediate dread of his master’s attempt at a gouge.

“I thought so!—I knew it! hurrah!” vociferated Legrand, letting the negro go and executing a series of curvets and caracols, much to the astonishment of his valet, who, arising from his knees, looked, mutely, from his master to myself, and then from myself to his master.

“Come! we must go back,” said the latter, “the game’s not up yet;” and he again led the way to the tulip-tree.

“Jupiter,” said he, when we reached its foot, “come here! was the skull nailed to the limb with the face outward, or with the face to the limb?”

“De face was out, massa, so dat de crows could get at de eyes good, without any trouble.”

“Well, then, was it this eye or that through which you dropped the beetle?” here Legrand touched each of Jupiter’s eyes.

“’Twas dis eye, massa—de lef eye—jis as you tell me,” and here it was his right eye that the negro indicated.

“That will do—we must try it again.”

Here my friend, about whose madness I now saw, or fancied that I saw, certain indications of method, removed the peg which marked the spot where the beetle fell, to

a spot about three inches to the westward of its former position. Taking, now, the tape measure from the nearest point of the trunk to the peg, as before, and continuing the extension in a straight line to the distance of fifty feet, a spot was indicated, removed by several yards from the point at which we had been digging.

Around the new position a circle, somewhat larger than in the former instance, was now described, and we again set to work with the spade. I was dreadfully weary but, scarcely understanding what had occasioned the change in my thoughts, I felt no longer any great aversion from the labor imposed. I had become most unaccountably interested—nay, even excited. Perhaps there was something, amid all the extravagant demeanor of Legrand—some air of forethought, or of deliberation, which impressed me. I dug eagerly, and now and then caught myself actually looking, with something that very much resembled expectation, for the fancied treasure, the vision of which had demented my unfortunate companion. At a period when such vagaries of thought most fully possessed me, and when we had been at work perhaps an hour and a half, we were again interrupted by the violent howlings of the dog. His uneasiness, in the first instance, had been, evidently, but the result of playfulness or caprice, but he now assumed a bitter and serious tone. Upon Jupiter's again attempting to muzzle him, he made furious resistance, and, leaping into the hole, tore up the mould frantically with his claws. In a few seconds he had uncovered a mass of human bones, forming two complete skeletons, intermingled with several buttons of metal, and what appeared to be the dust of decayed woollen. One or two strokes of a spade upturned the blade of a large Spanish knife, and, as we dug farther, three or four loose pieces of gold and silver coin came to light.

At sight of these the joy of Jupiter could scarcely be

restrained, but the countenance of his master wore an air of extreme disappointment. He urged us, however, to continue our exertions, and the words were hardly uttered when I stumbled and fell forward, having caught the toe of my boot in a large ring of iron that lay half buried in the loose earth.

We now worked in earnest, and never did I pass ten minutes of more intense excitement. During this interval we had fairly unearthed an oblong chest of wood which, from its perfect preservation and wonderful hardness, had plainly been subjected to some mineralizing process—perhaps that of the bi-chloride of mercury. This box was three feet and a half long, three feet broad, and two and a half feet deep. It was firmly secured by bands of wrought iron, riveted, and forming a kind of open trellis-work over the whole. On each side of the chest, near the top, were three rings of iron—six in all—by means of which a firm hold could be obtained by six persons. Our utmost united endeavors served only to disturb the coffer very slightly in its bed. We at once saw the impossibility of removing so great a weight. Luckily, the sole fastenings of the lid consisted of two sliding bolts. These we drew back—trembling and panting with anxiety. In an instant, a treasure of incalculable value lay gleaming before us. As the rays of the lanterns fell within the pit, there flashed upward a glow and a glare, from a confused heap of gold and of jewels, that absolutely dazzled our eyes.

I shall not pretend to describe the feelings with which I gazed. Amazement was, of course, predominant. Legrand appeared exhausted with excitement, and spoke very few words. Jupiter's countenance wore, for some minutes, as deadly a pallor as it is possible, in the nature of things, for any negro's visage to assume. He seemed stupefied—thunderstricken. Presently he fell upon his knees in the

pit, and burying his naked arms up to the elbows in gold, let them there remain, as if enjoying the luxury of a bath. At length, with a deep sigh, he exclaimed, as if in a soliloquy:

“And dis all cum ob de goole-bug! de putty goole-bug! de poor little goole-bug, what I boosed in that sabage kind ob style! Aint you shamed ob yourself, nigger?—answer me dat!”

It became necessary, at last, that I should arouse both master and valet to the expediency of removing the treasure. It was growing late, and it behooved us to make exertion, that we might get every thing housed before daylight. It was difficult to say what should be done, and much time was spent in deliberation—so confused were the ideas of all. We, finally, lightened the box by removing two thirds of its contents, when we were enabled, with some trouble, to raise it from the hole. The articles taken out were desposited among the brambles, and the dog left to guard them, with strict orders from Jupiter, neither upon any pretence to stir from the spot, nor to open his mouth until our return. We then hurriedly made for home with the chest; reaching the hut in safety, but after excessive toil, at one o'clock in the morning. Worn out as we were, it was not in human nature to do more immediately. We rested until two, and had supper; starting for the hills immediately afterward, armed with three stout sacks which, by good luck, were upon the premises. A little before four we arrived at the pit, divided the remainder of the booty, as equally as might be, among us, and leaving the holes unfilled, again set out for the hut, at which, for the second time, we deposited our golden burthens, just as the first faint streaks of the dawn gleamed from over the tree-tops in the East.

We were now thoroughly broken down; but the intense excitement of the time denied us repose. After an un-

quiet slumber of some three or four hours' duration, we arose, as if by preconcert, to make examination of our treasure.

The chest had been full to the brim, and we spent the whole day, and the greater part of the next night, in a scrutiny of its contents. There had been nothing like order or arrangement. Everything had been heaped in promiscuously. Having assorted all with care, we found ourselves possessed of even vaster wealth than we had at first supposed. In coin there was rather more than four hundred and fifty thousand dollars—estimating the value of the pieces, as accurately as we could, by the tables of the period. There was not a particle of silver. All was gold of antique date and of great variety—French, Spanish, and German money, with a few English guineas, and some counters, of which we had never seen specimens before. There were several very large and heavy coins, so worn that we could make nothing of their inscriptions. There was no American money. The value of the jewels we found more difficulty in estimating. There were diamonds—some of them exceedingly large and fine—a hundred and ten in all, and not one of them small; eighteen rubies of remarkable brilliancy;—three hundred and ten emeralds, all very beautiful; and twenty-one sapphires, with an opal. These stones had all been broken from their settings and thrown loose in the chest. The settings themselves, which we picked out from among the other gold, appeared to have been beaten up with hammers, as if to prevent identification. Besides all this, there was a vast quantity of solid gold ornaments; nearly two hundred massive finger and ear-rings; rich chains—thirty of these, if I remember; eighty-three very large and heavy crucifixes; five gold censers of great value; a prodigious golden punch-bowl, ornamented with richly chased vine-leaves and Bacchanalian figures; with two

sword-handles exquisitely embossed, and many other smaller articles which I cannot recollect. The weight of these valuables exceeded three hundred and fifty pounds avoirdupois; and in this estimate I have not included one hundred and ninety-seven superb gold watches; three of the number being worth each five hundred dollars, if one. Many of them were very old, and as timekeepers valueless; the works having suffered, more or less, from corrosion—but all were richly jewelled and in cases of great worth. We estimated the entire contents of the chest, that night, at a million and a half of dollars; and upon the subsequent disposal of the trinkets and jewels (a few being retained for our own use), it was found that we had greatly undervalued the treasure.

When, at length, we had concluded our examination, and the intense excitement of the time had, in some measure, subsided, Legrand, who saw that I was dying with impatience for a solution of this most extraordinary riddle, entered into a full detail of all the circumstances connected with it.

“You remember,” said he, “the night when I handed you the rough sketch I had made of the *scarabæus*. You recollect also, that I became quite vexed at you for insisting that my drawing resembled a death’s-head. When you first made this assertion I thought you were jesting; but afterward I called to mind the peculiar spots on the back of the insect, and admitted to myself that your remark had some little foundation in fact. Still, the sneer at my graphic powers irritated me—for I am considered a good artist—and, therefore, when you handed me the scrap of parchment, I was about to crumple it up and throw it angrily into the fire.”

“The scrap of paper, you mean,” said I.

“No; it had much of the appearance of paper, and at first I supposed it to be such, but when I came to draw

upon it, I discovered it at once to be a piece of very thin parchment. It was quite dirty, you remember. Well, as I was in the very act of crumpling it up, my glance fell upon the sketch at which you had been looking, and you may imagine my astonishment when I perceived, in fact, the figure of a death's-head just where, it seemed to me, I had made the drawing of the beetle. For a moment I was too much amazed to think with accuracy. I knew that my design was very different in detail from this—although there was a certain similarity in general outline. Presently I took a candle, and seating myself at the other end of the room, proceeded to scrutinize the parchment more closely. Upon turning it over, I saw my own sketch upon the reverse, just as I had made it. My first idea, now, was mere surprise at the really remarkable similarity of outline—at the singular coincidence involved in the fact that, unknown to me, there should have been a skull upon the other side of the parchment, immediately beneath my figure of the *scarabæus*, and that this skull, not only in outline, but in size, should so closely resemble my drawing. I say the singularity of this coincidence absolutely stupefied me for a time. This is the usual effect of such coincidences. The mind struggles to establish a connection—a sequence of cause and effect—and, being unable to do so, suffers a species of temporary paralysis. But, when I recovered from this stupor, there dawned upon me gradually a conviction which startled me even far more than the coincidence. I began distinctly, positively, to remember that there had been *no* drawing upon the parchment, when I made my sketch of the *scarabæus*. I became perfectly certain of this; for I recollected turning up first one side and then the other, in search of the cleanest spot. Had the skull been then there, of course I could not have failed to notice it. Here was indeed a mystery which I felt it impossible to explain; but, even at that early mo-

ment, there seemed to glimmer, faintly, within the most remote and secret chambers of my intellect, a glow-worm-like conception of that truth which last night's adventure brought to so magnificent a demonstration. I arose at once, and putting the parchment securely away, dismissed all further reflection until I should be alone.

“When you had gone, and when Jupiter was fast asleep, I betook myself to a more methodical investigation of the affair. In the first place I considered the manner in which the parchment had come into my possession. The spot where we discovered the *scarabæus* was on the coast of the main-land, about a mile eastward of the island, and but a short distance above high-water mark. Upon my taking hold of it, it gave me a sharp bite, which caused me to let it drop. Jupiter, with his accustomed caution, before seizing the insect, which had flown toward him, looked about him for a leaf, or something of that nature, by which to take hold of it. It was at this moment that his eyes, and mine also, fell upon the scrap of parchment, which I then supposed to be paper. It was lying half buried in the sand, a corner sticking up. Near the spot where we found it, I observed the remnants of the hull of what appeared to have been a ship's long-boat. The wreck seemed to have been there for a very great while; for the resemblance to boat timbers could scarcely be traced.

“Well, Jupiter picked up the parchment, wrapped the beetle in it, and gave it to me. Soon afterward we turned to go home, and on the way met Lieutenant G——. I showed him the insect, and he begged me to let him take it to the fort. Upon my consenting, he thrust it forthwith into his waistcoat pocket, without the parchment in which it had been wrapped, and which I had continued to hold in my hand during his inspection. Perhaps he dreaded my changing my mind, and thought it best to make sure of the prize at once—you know how enthusiastic

is on all subjects connected with Natural History. At the same time, without being conscious of it, I must have deposited the parchment in my own pocket.

“You remember that when I went to the table, for the purpose of making a sketch of the beetle, I found no paper where it was usually kept. I looked in the drawer, and found none there. I searched my pockets, hoping to find an old letter, when my hand fell upon the parchment. I thus detail the precise mode in which it came into my possession; for the circumstances impressed me with peculiar force.

“No doubt you will think me fanciful—but I had already established a kind of *connection*. I had put together two links of a great chain. There was a boat lying upon a sea-coast, and not far from the boat was a parchment—not a paper—with a skull depicted upon it. You will, of course, ask ‘where is the connection?’ I reply that the skull, or death’s-head, is the well-known emblem of the pirate. The flag of the death’s-head is hoisted in all engagements.

“I have said that the scrap was parchment, and not paper. Parchment is durable—almost imperishable. Matters of little moment are rarely consigned to parchment; since, for the mere ordinary purposes of drawing or writing, it is not nearly so well adapted as paper. This reflection suggested some meaning—some relevancy—in the death’s-head. I did not fail to observe, also, the *form* of the parchment. Although one of its corners had been, by some accident, destroyed, it could be seen that the original form was oblong. It was just a slip, indeed, as might have been chosen for a memorandum—for a record of something to be long remembered and carefully preserved.”

“But,” I interposed, “you say that the skull was *not* upon the parchment when you made the drawing of the

beetle. How then do you trace any connection between the boat and the skull—since this latter, according to your own admission, must have been designed (God only knows how or by whom) at some period subsequent to your sketching the *scarabæus*?”

“Ah, hereupon turns the whole mystery; although the secret, at this point, I had comparatively little difficulty in solving. My steps were sure, and could afford but a single result. I reasoned, for example, thus: When I drew the *scarabæus*, there was no skull apparent upon the parchment. When I had completed the drawing I gave it to you, and observed you narrowly until you returned it. You, therefore, did not design the skull, and no one else was present to do it. Then it was not done by human agency. And nevertheless it was done.

“At this stage of my recollections I endeavored to remember, and *did* remember, with entire distinctness, every incident which occurred about the period in question. The weather was chilly (oh, rare and happy accident!), and a fire was blazing upon the hearth. I was heated with exercise and sat near the table. You, however, had drawn your chair close to the chimney. Just as I placed the parchment in your hand, and as you were in the act of inspecting it, Wolf, the Newfoundland, entered, and leaped upon your shoulders. With your left hand you caressed him and kept him off, while your right, holding the parchment, was permitted to fall listlessly between your knees, and in close proximity to the fire. At one moment I thought the blaze had caught it, and was about to caution you, but before I could speak, you had withdrawn it, and were engaged in its examination. When I considered all these particulars, I doubted not for a moment that *heat* had been the agent in bringing to light, upon the parchment, the skull which I saw designed upon it. You are well aware that chemical preparations exist, and have existed time out of mind, b

means of which it is possible to write upon either paper or vellum, so that the characters shall become visible only when subjected to the action of fire. Zaffre, digested in *aqua regia*, and diluted with four times its weight of water, is sometimes employed; a green tint results. The regulus of cobalt, dissolved in spirit of nitre, gives a red. These colors disappear at longer or shorter intervals after the material written upon cools, but again become apparent upon the re-application of heat.

“I now scrutinized the death’s-head with care. Its outer edges—the edges of the drawing nearest the edge of the vellum—were far more *distinct* than the others. It was clear that the action of the caloric had been imperfect and unequal. I immediately kindled a fire, and subjected every portion of the parchment to a glowing heat. At first, the only effect was the strengthening of the faint lines in the skull; but, upon persevering in the experiment, there became visible, at the corner of the slip, diagonally opposite to the spot in which the death’s-head was delineated, the figure of what I at first supposed to be a goat. A closer scrutiny, however, satisfied me that it was intended for a kid.”

“Ha! ha!” said I, “to be sure I have no right to laugh at you—a million and a half of money is too serious a matter for mirth—but you are not about to establish a third link in your chain—you will not find any especial connection between your pirates and a goat—pirates, you now, have nothing to do with goats; they appertain to the farming interest.”

“But I have just said that the figure was *not* that of a goat.”

“Well, a kid then—pretty much the same thing.”

“Pretty much, but not altogether,” said Legrand. “You may have heard of one *Captain Kidd*. I at once looked upon the figure of the animal as a kind of punning

or hieroglyphical signature. I say signature; because its position upon the vellum suggested this idea. The death's-head at the corner diagonally opposite had, in the same manner, the air of a stamp, or seal. But I was sorely put out by the absence of all else—of the body to my imagined instrument—of the text for my context.”

“I presume you expected to find a letter between the stamp and the signature.”

“Something of that kind. The fact is, I felt irresistibly impressed with a presentiment of some vast good fortune impending. I can scarcely say why. Perhaps after all, it was rather a desire than an actual belief;—but do you know that Jupiter's silly words, about the bug being of solid gold, had a remarkable effect upon my fancy? And then the series of accidents and coincidences—these were so *very* extraordinary. Do you observe how mere an accident it was that these events should have occurred upon the *sole* day of all the year in which it had been, or may be sufficiently cool for fire, and that without the fire, or without the intervention of the dog, at the precise moment in which he appeared, I should never have become aware of the death's-head, and so never the possessor of the treasure.”

“But proceed—I am all impatience.”

“Well; you have heard, of course, the many stories current—the thousand vague rumors afloat about money buried, somewhere upon the Atlantic coast, by Kidd and his associates. These rumors must have had some foundation in fact. And that the rumors have existed so long and so continuous, could have resulted, it appeared to me only from the circumstance of the buried treasures still *remaining* entombed. Had Kidd concealed his plunder for a time, and afterward reclaimed it, the rumors would scarcely have reached us in their present unvarying form. You will observe that the stories told are all about money.”

seekers, not about money-finders. Had the pirate recovered his money, there the affair would have dropped. It seemed to me that some accident—say the loss of a memorandum indicating its locality—had deprived him of the means of recovering it, and that this accident had become known to his followers, who otherwise might never have heard that the treasure had been concealed at all, and who, busying themselves in vain, because unguided, attempts to regain it, had given first birth, and then universal currency to the reports which are now so common. Have you ever heard of any important treasure being unearthed along the coast?”

“Never.”

“But that Kidd’s accumulations were immense, is well known. I took it for granted, therefore, that the earth till held them; and you will scarcely be surprised when I tell you that I felt a hope, nearly amounting to certainty, that the parchment so strangely found involved a lost record of the place of deposit.”

“But how did you proceed?”

“I held the vellum again to the fire, after increasing the heat, but nothing appeared. I now thought it possible that the coating of dirt might have something to do with the failure: so I carefully rinsed the parchment by pouring warm water over it, and, having done this, I placed it in a tin pan, with the skull downward, and put the pan upon a furnace of lighted charcoal. In a few minutes, the pan having become thoroughly heated, I removed the slip and, to my inexpressible joy, found it spotted, in several places, with what appeared to be figures arranged in lines. Again I placed it in the pan, and suffered it to remain another minute. Upon taking it off, the whole was just as you see it now.”

Here Legrand, having re-heated the parchment, submitted it to my inspection. The following characters were

rudely traced, in a red tint, between the death's-head and the goat:

“53†††305)6*;4826)4†)4†.;806*;48†8†(60)85;1†(;.†*8†83(88)5*†;40
(;88*96*?;8)*†(;485);5*†2:*†(;4956*2(5 * — 4)8††8*;4069285);)6††
)4††;1(†9;48081;8:8†1;48†85;4)485†528806*81(†9;48;(88;4(†?34;48.
4†;161;;188;†?;”

“But,” said I, returning him the slip, “I am as much in the dark as ever. Were all the jewels of Golconda awaiting me upon my solution of this enigma, I am quite sure that I should be unable to earn them.”

“And yet,” said Legrand, “the solution is by no means so difficult as you might be led to imagine from the first hasty inspection of the characters. These characters, as any one might readily guess, form a cipher—that is to say, they convey a meaning; but then from what is known of Kidd, I could not suppose him capable of constructing any of the more abstruse cryptographs. I made up my mind at once, that this was of a simple species—such, however, as would appear, to the crude intellect of the sailor, absolutely insoluble without the key.”

“And you really solved it?”

“Readily; I have solved others of an abstruseness ten thousand times greater. Circumstances, and a certain bias of mind, have led me to take interest in such riddles, and it may well be doubted whether human ingenuity can construct an enigma of the kind which human ingenuity may not, by proper application, resolve. In fact, having once established connected and legible characters, I scarcely gave a thought to the mere difficulty of developing their import.

“In the present case—indeed in all cases of secret writing—the first question regards the *language* of the cipher for the principles of solution, so far, especially, as the most simple ciphers are concerned, depend upon, and are varied by, the genius of the particular idiom. In general, the

is no alternative but experiment (directed by probabilities) of every tongue known to him who attempts the solution, until the true one be attained. But, with the cipher now before us all difficulty was removed by the signature. The pun upon the word 'Kidd' is appreciable in no other language than the English. But for this consideration I should have begun my attempts with the Spanish and French, as the tongues in which a secret of this kind would most naturally have been written by a pirate of the Spanish main. As it was, I assumed the cryptograph to be English.

"You observe there are no divisions between the words. Had there been divisions the task would have been comparatively easy. In such case I should have commenced with a collation and analysis of the shorter words, and had a word of a single letter occurred, as is most likely, (*a* or *e*, for example,) I should have considered the solution as assured. But, there being no division, my first step was to ascertain the predominant letters, as well as the least frequent. Counting all, I constructed a table thus:

Of the character 8 there are 33.

;	"	26.
4	"	19.
‡)	"	16.
*	"	13.
5	"	12.
6	"	11.
† 1	"	8.
0	"	6.
9 2	"	5.
: 3	"	4.
?	"	3.
¶	"	2.
—.	"	1.

"Now, in English, the letter which most frequently occurs is *e*. Afterward, the succession runs thus:

a o i d h n r s t u y c f g l m w b k p q x z. *E* predominates so remarkably, that an individual sentence of any length is rarely seen, in which it is not the prevailing character.

“Here, then, we have, in the very beginning, the groundwork for something more than a mere guess. The general use which may be made of the table is obvious—but, in this particular cipher, we shall only very partially require its aid. As our predominant character is 8, we will commence by assuming it as the *e* of the natural alphabet. To verify the supposition, let us observe if the 8 be seen often in couples—for *e* is doubled with great frequency in English—in such words, for example, as ‘meet,’ ‘fleet,’ ‘speed,’ ‘seen,’ ‘been,’ ‘agree,’ etc. In the present instance we see it doubled no less than five times, although the cryptograph is brief.

“Let us assume 8, then, as *e*. Now, of all *words* in the language, ‘the’ is most usual; let us see, therefore, whether there are not repetitions of any three characters in the same order of collocation, the last of them being 8. If we discover repetitions of such letters, so arranged, they will most probably represent the word ‘the.’ Upon inspection, we find no less than seven such arrangements, the characters being ;48. We may, therefore, assume that ;4 represents *t*, 4 represents *h*, and 8 represents *e*—the last being now well confirmed. Thus a great step has been taken.

“But, having established a single word, we are enabled to establish a vastly important point; that is to say, several commencements and terminations of other words. Let us refer, for example, to the last instance but one, in which the combination ;48 occurs—not far from the end of the cipher. We know that the ; immediately ensuing the commencement of a word, and of the six characters succeeding this ‘the,’ we are cognizant of no less than five. Let us set these characters down, thus, by the letters *v*

know them to represent, leaving a space for the unknown—

t eeth.

“Here we are enabled, at once, to discard the ‘*th*,’ as forming no portion of the word commencing with the first *t*; since, by experiment of the entire alphabet for a letter adapted to the vacancy, we perceive that no word can be formed of which this *th* can be a part. We are thus narrowed into

t ee,

and, going through the alphabet, if necessary, as before, we arrive at the word ‘tree,’ as the sole possible reading. We thus gain another letter, *r*, represented by (, with the words ‘the tree’ in juxtaposition.

“Looking beyond these words, for a short distance, we again see the combination ;48, and employ it by way of *termination* to what immediately precedes. We have thus this arrangement:

the tree ;4(†?34 the,

or, substituting the natural letters, where known, it reads thus:

the tree thr†?3h the.

“Now, if, in place of the unknown characters, we leave blank spaces, or substitute dots, we read thus:

the tree thr...h the,

when the word ‘*through*’ makes itself evident at once. But this discovery gives us three new letters, *o*, *u*, and *g*, represented by †, ?, and 3.

“ Looking now, narrowly, through the cipher for combinations of known characters, we find, not very far from the beginning, this arrangement,

83(88, or egree,

which plainly, is the conclusion of the word ‘ degree,’ and gives us another letter, *d*, represented by †.

“ Four letters beyond the word ‘ degree,’ we perceive the combination

;46(;88.

“ Translating the known characters, and representing the unknown by dots, as before, we read thus:

th.rtee,

an arrangement immediately suggestive of the word ‘ thirteen,’ and again furnishing us with two characters: *i* and *n*, represented by 6 and *.

“ Referring, now, to the beginning of the cryptograph we find the combination,

53†††.

“ Translating as before, we obtain

.good,

which assures us that the first letter is *A*, and that the first two words are ‘ *A good*.’

“ It is now time that we arrange our key, as far as discovered, in a tabular form, to avoid confusion. It will stand thus:

5	represents	a
†	“	d
8	“	e
3	“	g
4	“	h
6	“	i
*	“	n
‡	“	o
(“	r
;	“	t
?	“	u

“We have, therefore, no less than eleven of the most important letters represented, and it will be unnecessary to proceed with the details of the solution. I have said enough to convince you that ciphers of this nature are readily soluble, and to give you some insight into the *rationale* of their development. But be assured that the specimen before us appertains to the very simplest species of cryptograph. It now only remains to give you the full translation of the characters upon the parchment, as unriddled. Here it is:

“*‘A good glass in the bishop’s hostel in the devil’s seat forty-one degrees and thirteen minutes northeast and by north main branch seventh limb east side shoot from the left eye of the death’s-head a bee-line from the tree through the shot fifty feet out.’*”

“But,” said I, “the enigma seems still in as bad a condition as ever. How is it possible to extort a meaning from all this jargon about ‘devil’s seats,’ ‘death’s-heads,’ and ‘bishop’s hotels?’”

“I confess,” replied Legrand, “that the matter still wears a serious aspect, when regarded with a casual glance. My first endeavor was to divide the sentence into the natural division intended by the cryptographer.”

“ You mean, to punctuate it ? ”

“ Something of that kind.”

“ But how was it possible to effect this ? ”

“ I reflected that it had been a *point* with the writer to run his words together without division, so as to increase the difficulty of solution. Now, a not over-acute man, in pursuing such an object, would be nearly certain to overdo the matter. When, in the course of his composition, he arrived at a break in his subject which would naturally require a pause, or a point, he would be exceedingly apt to run his characters, at this place, more than usually close together. If you will observe the MS., in the present instance, you will easily detect five such cases of unusual crowding. Acting upon this hint, I made the division thus :

“ ‘ A good glass in the bishop’s hostel in the devil’s seat—forty-one degrees and thirteen minutes—northeast and by north—main branch seventh limb east side—shoot from the left eye of the death’s-head—a bee-line from the tree through the shot fifty feet out.’ ”

“ Even this division,” said I, “ leaves me still in the dark.”

“ It left me also in the dark,” replied Legrand, “ for a few days ; during which I made diligent inquiry in the neighborhood of Sullivan’s Island, for any building which went by name of the ‘ Bishop’s Hotel ; ’ for, of course, I dropped the obsolete word ‘ hostel.’ Gaining no information on the subject, I was on the point of extending my sphere of search, and proceeding in a more systematic manner when, one morning, it entered into my head, quite suddenly, that this ‘ Bishop’s Hostel ’ might have some reference to an old family, of the name of Bessop which, time out of mind, had held possession of an ancient manor-house, about four miles to the northward of the island. I

accordingly went over to the plantation, and re-instituted my inquiries among the older negroes of the place. At length one of the most aged of the women said that she had heard of such a place as *Bessop's Castle*, and thought that she could guide me to it, but that it was not a castle, nor a tavern, but a high rock.

"I offered to pay her well for her trouble, and after some demur, she consented to accompany me to the spot. We found it without much difficulty, when, dismissing her, I proceeded to examine the place. The 'castle' consisted of an irregular assemblage of cliffs and rocks—one of the latter being quite remarkable for its height as well as for its insulated and artificial appearance. I clambered to its apex, and then felt much at a loss as to what should be next done.

"While I was busied in reflection, my eyes fell upon a narrow ledge in the eastern face of the rock, perhaps a yard below the summit upon which I stood. This ledge projected about eighteen inches, and was not more than a foot wide, while a niche in the cliff just above it gave it a rude resemblance to one of the hollow-backed chairs used by our ancestors. I made no doubt that here was the 'devil's seat' alluded to in the MS., and now I seemed to grasp the full secret of the riddle.

"The good glass," I knew, could have reference to nothing but a telescope; for the word 'glass' is rarely employed in any other sense by seamen. Now here, I at once saw, was a telescope to be used, and a definite point of view,—*admitting no variation*, from which to use it. Nor did I hesitate to believe that the phrases, 'forty-one degrees and thirteen minutes,' and 'northeast and by north,' were intended as directions for the levelling of the glass. Greatly excited by these discoveries, I hurried home, procured a telescope, and returned to the rock.

"I let myself down to the ledge, and found that it was

impossible to retain a seat upon it except in one particular position. This fact confirmed my preconceived idea. I proceeded to use the glass. Of course, the 'forty-one degrees and thirteen minutes' could allude to nothing but elevation above the visible horizon, since the horizontal direction was clearly indicated by the words, 'northeast and by north.' This latter direction I at once established by means of a pocket-compass; then, pointing the glass as nearly at an angle of forty-one degrees of elevation as I could do it by guess, I moved it cautiously up or down, until my attention was arrested by a circular rift or opening in the foliage of a large tree that overtopped its fellows in the distance. In the centre of this rift I perceived a white spot, but could not, at first, distinguish what it was. Adjusting the focus of the telescope, I again looked, and now made it out to be a human skull.

"Upon this discovery I was so sanguine as to consider the enigma solved; for the phrase 'main branch, seventh limb, east side,' could refer only to the position of the skull upon the tree, while 'shoot from the left eye of the death's-head' admitted, also, of but one interpretation, in regard to a search for buried treasure. I perceived that the design was to drop a bullet from the left eye of the skull, and that a bee-line, or, in other words, a straight line, drawn from the nearest point of the trunk through the 'shot' (or the spot where the bullet fell), and thence extended to a distance of fifty feet, would indicate a definite point—and beneath this point I thought it at least *possible* that a deposit of value lay concealed."

"All this," I said, "is exceedingly clear, and although ingenious, still simple and explicit. When you left the Bishop's Hotel, what then?"

"Why, having carefully taken the bearings of the tree, I turned homeward. The instant that I left 'the devil's-seat,' however, the circular rift vanished; nor could I get

a glimpse of it afterward, turn as I would. What seems to me the chief ingenuity in this whole business is the fact (for repeated experiment has convinced me it *is* a fact) that the circular opening in question is visible from no other attainable point of view than that afforded by the narrow ledge upon the face of the rock.

“In this expedition to the ‘Bishop’s Hotel’ I had been attended by Jupiter, who had, no doubt, observed, for some weeks past, the abstraction of my demeanor, and took especial care not to leave me alone. But, on the next day, getting up very early, I contrived to give him the slip, and went into the hills in search of the tree. After much toil I found it. When I came home at night my valet proposed to give me a flogging. With the rest of the adventure I believe you are as well acquainted as myself.”

“I suppose,” said I, “you missed the spot, in the first attempt at digging, through Jupiter’s stupidity in letting the bug fall through the right instead of through the left eye of the skull.”

“Precisely. This mistake made a difference of about two inches and a half in the ‘shot’—that is to say, in the position of the peg nearest the tree; and had the treasure been *beneath* the ‘shot,’ the error would have been of little moment; but ‘the shot,’ together with the nearest point of the tree, were merely two points for the establishment of a line of direction; of course the error, however trivial in the beginning, increased as we proceeded with the line, and by the time we had gone fifty feet threw us quite off the scent. But for my deep-seated impressions that treasure was here somewhere actually buried, we might have had all our labor in vain.”

“But your grandiloquence, and your conduct in swinging the beetle—how excessively odd! I was sure you were mad. And why did you insist upon letting fall the bug, instead of a bullet, from the skull?”

“Why, to be frank, I felt somewhat annoyed by your evident suspicions touching my sanity, and so resolved to punish you quietly, in my own way, by a little bit of sober mystification. For this reason I swung the beetle, and for this reason I let it fall from the tree. An observation of yours about its great weight suggested the latter idea.”

“Yes, I perceive; and now there is only one point which puzzles me. What are we to make of the skeletons found in the hole?”

“That is a question I am no more able to answer than yourself. There seems, however, only one plausible way of accounting for them—and yet it is dreadful to believe in such atrocity as my suggestion would imply. It is clear that Kidd—if Kidd indeed secreted this treasure, which I doubt not—it is clear that he must have had assistance in the labor. But this labor concluded, he may have thought it expedient to remove all participants in his secret. Perhaps a couple of blows with a mattock were sufficient, while his coadjutors were busy in the pit; perhaps it required a dozen—who shall tell?”

NOTES.

The chief object of notes is to throw light on the text for the student and the reader who may not have access to such reference books as may be needed. The editor has sought such information seemed to him desirable, wherever it could be found, using freely the files of the *Southern Literary Messenger*, the many editions of Poe's works, and the standard reference books. To the compilers and commentators who have preceded him he cheerfully and gratefully acknowledges his indebtedness.

TO HELEN.

The subject of these beautiful lines was Mrs. Jane Craig Stanard, wife of Hon. Robert Stanard, of Richmond. Her sympathy and kindness at Poe's first meeting with her completely won the boy's heart. He thought Jane an unromantic name and substituted one more to his liking. Poe was scarcely more than fourteen when the poem was written. He claimed to have been even younger.

"To Helen" appeared in 1831 in the third volume of "Poems" which were published by Elam Bliss, New York, and dedicated "to the U. S. Corps of Cadets" of the West Point Academy from which Poe had been expelled, March 6th of the same year, for dereliction of duty. Cadets liberally subscribed to the volume and were fully disappointed, it is said, when it was found not to contain verses and gibes at the professors, but only such masterpieces as "To Helen," "Israfel," "Lenore" and "The Valley of Unrest." It was published later in the *Southern Literary Messenger* and other magazines.

Page 1. "Hyacinth hair;" a reddish-gold.

Page 1. "Naiad airs." The Naiads presided over springs and streams and were represented as beautiful young girls who wore crowns of flowers, and were musical and lighthearted.

Page 1. Psyche was the most beautiful of maidens, the sweetheart of Cupid himself. Her feminine curiosity to take a peep at her lover while he slept got her into almost endless trouble.

TO ———.

The poet is probably upbraiding his first sweetheart, Miss Sarah Elmira Royster. They were greatly in love, the young lady's father intercepted the tender notes and shortly thereafter the young lady wedded a man of middle age. As the comely and well-to-do Widow Shelton, she was again Poe's sweetheart in the closing year of his life.

The poem appeared in the 1827 edition. The present text is that of 1845.

THE HAPPIEST DAY, THE HAPPIEST HOUR.

This is one of the author's earliest poems. It is said that he wrote it when eighteen years of age. As a youth he divined the sorrows and vanities of advancing years.

A DREAM.

"A Dream" first appeared in 1827 without a title. It was republished in the collections of 1829 and 1845 with important variations. The text of 1845 is given in this volume.

A DREAM WITHIN A DREAM.

"Imitation" is the name under which this poem appeared in 1827. It was revised and appeared in the 1829 edition as "To ———." In 1831 it was treated as a part of "Tamerlane." The present title and text are of the Griswold edition, 1849.

THE LAKE:—TO ———.

"The Lake" under the direction of the author had several publications. It appeared in the editions of 1827, of 1829, and as a part of "Tamerlane" in 1831. The final publication was in the 1845 edition, the text of which is followed in this volume.

The author delicately suggests suicide as an open door to the Eden he had failed to find elsewhere.

TO THE RIVER ———.

The first publication of "To the River" was made in 1829 in the edition of "Al Aaraaf, Tamerlane, and Minor Poems." It was republished under the author's direction as one of the "Poems of Youth" in the 1845 edition.

ISRAFEL.

This poem also appeared in 1831 in the edition dedicated to the West Point Cadets. The poet was then twenty-one years of age. It was published in the *Southern Literary Messenger* in 1836.

Israfel is the angel of music. The Koran says he is to sound the resurrection trumpet the last day, for to him God has given the sweetest voice of all His creatures.

Page 7. "Red levin." Levin or leven is an obsolete word for lightning.

Page 7. "With the rapid Pleiads." The Pleiads are a group of stars in the constellation Taurus and are especially distinct on winter evenings. In ancient times there were supposed to be seven Pleiads but only six now appear. Thus arises the suggestion of a lost Pleiad and to this the poet refers by use of the past tense: "Which were seven."

Page 8. "Where Love's a grown up God." Cupid, the god of love, is represented always as a beautiful boy. In heaven he is grown to full manhood for love is perfect there.

Page 8. "The Houris glances." The Houris are represented in the Koran as beautiful maidens blessed with unfading beauty and endless youth. Their sole duty is to make eternal life full of happiness for the faithful.

Page 8. "If I could dwell." Israfel's heart might not be so light had it a mortal's sorrow to bear, nor his voice so merry and sweet. This expresses an old bit of philosophy—we are creatures of our environment.

THE SLEEPER.

As "Irene" this poem appeared in the 1831 collection and again in the *Southern Literary Messenger* for May, 1836. Further publications were made through the *Philadelphia Saturday Museum*, March 4, 1843, the edition of 1845, and the *Broadway Journal*, vol. 1, p. 18.

Page 9. "Looking like Lethe." Lethe, river of oblivion.

Page 9. "A wizard rout." A magic pack of wolves.

THE CITY IN THE SEA.

Under the title "The Doomed City" these musical lines appeared

in the edition of 1831 and as "The City of Sin" in the *Southern Literary Messenger* in August, 1836. The present title and text appeared in the *American Whig Review* for April, 1845.

The picture is startling—a city clinging to a cliff and at a stent to its doom in the sea.

Page 11. "Time-eaten towers that tremble not." Note the alliteration of which Poe was so fond.

Page 11. "Babylon-like walls." Two massive walls enclosed the great capital of Babylonia. The outermost wall of Babylon is variously estimated from 42 to 56 miles in length, the height 33 feet, and the width at the top 85 feet.

Page 12. "Each idol's diamond eye." The "Orloff," probably the largest and one of the most famous diamonds of the world once formed the eye of an Indian god. It is now in the sceptre of the emperor of Russia.

LENORE.

The present form of the poem is widely different from that given it by the poet in the edition of 1831. This sweet and innocent human flower withers under the evil eye and slanderous tongue. But she has escaped it all now in the hallowed mirth above and for her no dirge shall be upraised, but the angel of her flight shall be wafted with a Pæan.

The text of "Lenore" given in this volume was published in the *Pioneer* for February, 1843; in the *Saturday Museum*, March 4, 1843; and in the collection of 1845.

Page 12. "Golden bowl;" "Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern." Ecclesiastes XII, 6.

Page 12. "The Stygian river." In classical mythology the river Styx divided the realm of the living from the abode of the dead and all must cross it at death.

Page 13. *Peccavimus*. Perfect tense of *peccare*, to sin, hence rendered, "we have sinned."

VALLEY OF UNREST.

This, like many of Poe's earlier poems, was polished almost out of recognition. It was first published in 1831, under the title,

"The Valley Nis." It is supposed to have been connected with the Ragged Mountains, near the University of Virginia. It was published in its present form in the edition of 1845 and in the *Broadway Journal*.

Page 14. "The misty Hebrides." A group of islands west of Scotland.

THE COLISEUM.

Poe submitted "The Coliseum" in the contest for a prize offered by the *Baltimore Saturday Visiter*. It would have won the second prize had not the "Manuscript Found in a Bottle" won the first. It was later published in the *Messenger* during Poe's editorship, in the *Saturday Evening Post*, of Philadelphia, June 12, 1841, in the *Saturday Museum*, March 4, 1843, and in the 1845 edition.

Page 15. "Memories of Eld." Eld, though archaic, is not infrequently used by poets for "old time." "Astrologers and men of eld." Longfellow.

Page 15. "Rapt Chaldee." The Chaldean astrologer.

Page 16. "As melody from Memnon to the Sun." The story is an old and pleasant one that many years ago the statues of Memnon and his daughter in the Nile Valley gave out musical notes as the morning sun touched them.

HYMN.

As a part of "Morella" this prayer was published in the *Southern Literary Magazine* for April, 1835. The text is that of the 1845 edition.

BRIDAL BALLAD.

TO ———.

"The Bridal Ballad" or "Ballad" as Poe then called it was published for the first time in the January number of the *Southern Literary Messenger*, 1837. It was early in this month that Poe's connection with the *Messenger* was severed. The "Ballad" was also published in the *Saturday Evening Post*, of Philadelphia, in the 1845 collection, and in the *Broadway Journal*.

TO ZANTE.

This poem appeared first in the *Southern Literary Messenger* for January, 1837, the very month in which was severed Poe's relationship with the magazine he had made famous.

Page 18. "O purple Zante." Zante, one of the Ionian islands in the Mediterranean sea.

Page 18. "Isola d'oro! Fior di Levante!" Golden island, flower of the Levant.

THE HAUNTED PALACE.

"The Haunted Palace" appeared in the April number of the *Baltimore Museum*. In the following September *Burton's Gentleman's Magazine* published "The Fall of the House of Usher" with "The Haunted Palace" as a gem set in it.

Writing of the "House of Usher," James Russell Lowell said: "In this tale occurs one of the most beautiful of his poems . . . We know no modern poet who might not have been justly proud of it."

Page 20. "And laugh—but smile no more." It is common belief that the broken-hearted and the bad can laugh at will but never smile.

TO ONE IN PARADISE.

This poem was first published as a part of a fantastic story to which the author gave the title "The Visionary," in the *Southern Literary Messenger* in July, 1835.

TO F——.

This poem appeared in the *Southern Literary Messenger* for July, 1835, addressed "To Mary." I believe the poet then had reference to Miss Mary Winfree, of Chesterfield, Virginia, who rejected his proffered love. It finally became a tribute to Mrs. Frances S. Osgood, a much later sweetheart.

THE CONQUEROR WORM.

The terrible picture shown in this poem is of a character the poet dearly loved to paint. It is the tragedy of human life removed from the footlights to the printed page.

Page 23. "Mimes." Actors.

Page 23. "Condor wings." Like those of the condor, the South American Vulture.

DREAM-LAND.

"Dream-Land" was first published in *Graham's Magazine* for June, 1844.

Page 24. "Eidolon." Shade, spectre, apparition.

Page 24. "Dim Thule." "The name given by Pytheas of Marseilles to a region or island north of Great Britain, the position of which has been for more than two thousand years the subject of investigation and a matter of controversy." *Century Dictionary*.

Page 24. "Titan woods." Boundless forests. The Titans are often used as types of gigantic size.

Page 25. "Eldorado." From the Spanish, meaning, literally, "The Golden." It is a land rich beyond measure in golden treasure and jewels.

EULALIE—A SONG.

"Eulalie," with the sub-title "A Song," appeared in the *American Whig Review*, for July, 1845.

Page 27. "Astarté" was the Phoenician goddess of love. She is the counterpart of Baal, and is represented by the moon as he by the sun.

THE RAVEN.

Poe's masterpiece has probably been more discussed by critics than any poem in the language. Poe told John R. Thompson that while living in Philadelphia during an epidemic of cholera he became deeply depressed at sight of the dead and dying and going home dropped into a troubled sleep, dreaming that a great black bird flew in and sat over the door, filling him with unspeakable horror by saying "I am the spirit of the cholera and you are the cause of me." Thompson was inclined to believe this was the germ from which "The Raven" grew.

Poe told Mrs. A. B. Shelton, formerly Miss Sarah Elmira Royster, his first sweetheart and last, that she was the Lenore of the Raven. She was familiarly known as such to her death. The poem was first published in the *Evening Mirror*, January 29, 1845.

Page 27. "Bleak December." The month in which Poe's mother died and he became a homeless, helpless orphan.

Page 29. "Bust of Pallas." Pallas is a name for Athene, goddess of wisdom among the Greeks.

Page 29. "Night's Plutonian shore." Pluto was god of the lower world, the regions of the dead where utter darkness reigned.

Page 31. "Nepenthe." Originally a drug which removed all sorrow as long as its effects lasted. It came to mean anything which quieted physical or mental anguish.

ULALUME.

Here Poe gives expression to his aversion to October—"the lonesome October,"—month of his death, and, according to a note written a friend after he had become a man, the month of his birth. In no poem does Poe more vividly illustrate his wonderful skill in the use of the English language.

TO HELEN.

("Helen—my Helen—the Helen of a thousand dreams.")

The "Helen" of these lines was Mrs. Sarah Helen Whitman, to whom Poe became engaged, pledging to stop excesses. The will was too frail for the temptation, and the lovers were soon estranged.

Page 37. "Dian." Diana, goddess of the chase, impersonation of purity.

FOR ANNIE.

This poem is addressed to Mrs. Richmond, of Lowell, Mass., whom the poet had met upon a visit to Lowell where he went to deliver a lecture.

Page 39. "Naphthaline river." Red river.

TO MY MOTHER.

This beautiful tribute to Mrs. Clemm, Virginia's mother, was fully deserved for she was to Poe all that the love and patience of a mother could make her.

THE BELLS.

"The Bells" was written at the suggestion of Mrs. Marie Louise Shew, the sweet character who won the poet's lasting gratitude and affection by her devotion to the dying Virginia. It is the most beautiful and realistic onomatopoeic poem in any language, Southey's "Lodore" by no means excepted. The first publication was in the *Home Journal*, April 28, 1849.

ANNABEL LEE.

"Annabel Lee" is universally considered one of the rarest gems of the language. Its beauty and music will ring true to the end. People like to think and will continue to think that Annabel Lee can be no other than the poet's beloved Virginia, though this has been denied.

A few days before Poe's death he handed the poem to his friend, John R. Thomson, editor of the *Southern Literary Messenger*, saying: "Here's a trifle which you may be able to use." An agency, however, had sent the poem to the *New York Tribune* and this newspaper gave it first publication.

ELDORADO.

"Eldorado" was the last of Poe's poems to be published. Griswold brought it out in his edition of 1850. The story of the disappointed knight is the story of Edgar Allan Poe.

MORELLA.

"Morella" was one of the "Tales of the Folio Club." Its first appearance was in the April number of the *Southern Literary Messenger*, 1835. It was republished in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, Philadelphia, for November 1839. The author also included it in his collection of "Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque," vol. 1, Lea and Blanchard, 1840. It was again published in the *Broadway Journal*, vol. 1, p. 25.

Page 51. "Eros." Eros is the Greek name of Cupid, the god of love.

Page 51. "Presburg Education." Presburg was formerly the capital of Hungary, about thirty-four miles southeast of Vienna. It is now the seat of a number of well-known educational institutions.

Page 52. "As Hinnon became Gehenna." Gehenna, the place of everlasting torment, means really the Valley of Hinnom(n) where the sacrifices to Moloch were offered, and where fires were kept constantly burning for the consumption of refuse of every kind.

Page 52. "Wild Pantheism of Fichte." Johann Gottlieb Fichte, a great German philosopher, 1762-1814, taught that God was not a person but a supreme law or system of laws, intellectual, moral and spiritual.

Page 52. "Παλιγγενεσία of Pythagoras." The "regeneration" of Pythagoras, the Greek philosopher, who taught the "transmigration of souls."

Page 52. Schelling was a friend of Fichte, and a leading teacher of philosophy at Berlin. He died August 1854.

Page 54. "As the cypress is the most enduring of trees." To the ancients the cypress was the tree of sorrow and mourning. It is also of slow growth and long life. An instance of this is shown by what is often referred to as the "lone cypress" on Jamestown Island, in Virginia, the place of first permanent settlement on American soil by the English. This tree stands in shallow water a hundred yards from the shore. It is known to be sixty years old and yet its trunk is not twelve inches in diameter.

Page 54. "Pæstum," an ancient name of Pesto, a ruined town of the province of Salerno, nineteen miles southwest of Campagne, Italy. It was situated in a fertile plain where are now the ruins of a large edifice supposed to have been a temple of Ceres.

Page 54. "Teian" refers to Anacreon, who was born in Teos, of Ionia, Greece. Anacreon sang chiefly the praises of love and of wine and is said to have died at the ripe age of eighty-five, from choking with a grape seed.

Page 54. "Moslemin at Mecca." Moslems are the followers of Mohammed, and Mecca is the most celebrated city of Arabia having the distinction of being the seat of the Mohammedan religion.

Page 57. Hemlock, like the cypress, is an ancient plant signifying sorrow and desolation. Socrates was condemned to die by drinking hemlock juice.

THE FALL OF THE HOUSE OF USHER.

James Russell Lowell writing in the February number of

Graham's Magazine for 1845 has this to say of Poe's style, especially as shown in "The Fall of the House of Usher:"

"Beside the merit of conception, Mr. Poe's writings have also that of form. His style is highly finished, graceful, and truly classical. It would be hard to find a living author who has displayed such varied powers. As an example of his style, we would refer to one of his tales, "The House of Usher," in the first volume of his "Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque." It has a singular charm for us, and we think that no one could read it without being strongly moved by its serene and somber beauty. Had its author written nothing else, it would alone have been enough to stamp him as a man of genius, and a master of a classic style."

"The Fall of the House of Usher" appeared first in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, Philadelphia, for September, 1839. It was included by Poe in the "Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque" which appeared a year later. The author revised the story for the *Broadway Journal* in which it was reprinted in 1845.

Page 59. "A black and lurid tarn." A tarn is "a small mountain, lake, or pool, especially one which has no visible feeders." Century Dictionary.

Page 61. "Minute fungi." Fungi is the plural form of the Latin word fungus, meaning a mushroom. It is the lowest order of plant life of the mushroom kind.

Page 62. "Gothic." "An epithet commonly applied to the European art of the middle ages, and more particularly to the various pointed types of architecture generally prevalent from the middle of the twelfth century to the revival of study of classical models in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries."

Page 62. "And the phantasmagoric armorial trophies." The spectral or seemingly unreal rewards of ancestral prowess.

Page 63. *Ennuyé*, from the French, past participle of *ennuyer*, bored, sated with pleasure.

Page 63. In his portrait of Roderick Usher Poe gives a remarkably true description of his own face. Bearing in mind the words, "these features, with an inordinate expansion above the regions of the temple, made up altogether a countenance not easily to be forgotten," consult any authentic portrait of the poet.

Page 63. "Connect its Arabesque expression." "Arabesque" because the hair and the features were of such character and were so varied as to produce an unnatural effect,—fanciful and unreal.

Page 64. "Eater of opium." Poe accounts for the vagaries of many of his strange characters on the ground that they drank alcoholic liquors or ate opium. He was himself at times a pitiful slave to drink, and one of the explanations of his untimely death is that he was drugged into an unconsciousness which enveloped his last hours in deepest gloom.

Page 65. The physical surroundings of Roderick Usher had a lasting effect upon his life and moral nature, as one's environment will always have.

Page 66. "Cataleptical character." Poe used alliteration frequently and with fine effect. Catalepsy is a disease usually connected with hysteria and renders the victim unconscious, with limbs rigid as in death.

Page 66. "Wild improvisations." The musician composed as he played. Beethoven is said to have composed the "Moonlight Sonata" in similar way while playing for a blind girl. He hurried home to write it down, fearing he would forget it.

Page 67. Baron Karl von Weber, an eminent German composer, died in 1826. His masterpiece is the opera of "Der Frieschütz" which came out in 1822. His last work, "Oberon," which was published the year of his death, was also remarkably successful.

Page 67. "Hypochondriac." One who is in constant fear of dying and therefore morbid and hopeless.

Page 67. "Reveries of Fuseli." John Henry Fuseli changed his family name from Füssli to that which he later made famous by great classical learning and eminent talent as an imaginative painter. "His reach of thought and poetic feeling have not been excelled" says Allan Cunningham. His masterpieces are eight pictures of the "Shakespeare Gallery" and his illustrations of Dante and of Milton.

Page 68. "The Haunted Palace," first published in the *Baltimore Museum*, has long been taken from its setting in the "House of Usher" and included among Poe's poems.

Page 70. "Sentience." Feeling, consciousness.

Page 71. Jean Baptiste Gresset deserves to be remembered in literature chiefly for his poems, "Vert Vert" and "Ma Chartreuse." The first gave him fame and the second caused him to be expelled from the Society of Jesuits, his brethren feeling that he had sought to bring into ridicule all the nuns of the church. He died in 1777.

Page 71. Macchiavelli was an eminent statesman of Italy. For

fourteen years he was secretary of the "Ten" who managed the diplomatic affairs of the republic. He was sent during this period on many missions to France as the government's representative and acquitted himself always with distinction. He became an enemy of the Medicis who gained control of Florentine affairs in 1512 and who promptly banished him from the city but forbade his going into exile. He spent the ensuing several years of retirement in literary work writing during the period his most important book, "The Prince." This brought him into disgrace at the time but has since been better understood.

Page 71. Emanuel Swedenborg was a Swedish naturalist, mathematician and theosophist, who is known to-day chiefly by his religious views and for the Church of the New Jerusalem which sprang from his teachings. The main principle taught by him is that Jesus Christ is the only God with a Trinity of attributes and that salvation is obtained by obedience to God's commandments.

Page 71. Baron Ludwig von Holberg was a Danish author of note. He died in 1754. His "Subterranean Voyage" is a satire written in Latin and of the general type of "Gulliver's Travels."

Page 71. Robert Fludd was an English physician whose writing on the occult sciences made him famous. He died in 1487.

Page 71. Marin Cureau de la Chambre was a French physician and philosophic writer and had the distinction of being physician to Louis XIV. His best known work is the "Character of the Passions." He died about 1780.

Page 71. Nicholas Eymeric, a native of Gerona, Spain, entered the Dominican order and was regarded as one of the greatest canonists of his time. He was made Inquisitor-General in 1356 and wrote the "Inquisitor's Directory." The maxims of this volume became the guide of Torquemada.

Page 71. Pomponius Mela was a celebrated Roman geographer. His chief work was *De situ orbis*, "On the situation of the Earth."

Page 71. In classic mythology satyrs were sylvan deities usually represented as part man, part goat.

Page 71. *Vigilæ Mortuorum secundum Chorum Ecclesiæ Maguntinæ*. "Night watches of the dead like unto the choir of the church of Maguntina."

THE MASQUE OF THE RED DEATH.

"The Masque of the Red Death" was a contribution to *Graham's Magazine* for May, 1842. It was republished in the *Broadway Journal*, vol. ii, p. 2. This tale gives an excellent idea of Poe's wonderful mastery in descriptive narrative.

It has long been a question with general readers and teachers whether or not the "Red Death" was really a disease which ever existed. The editor has been at some pains to ascertain what is the opinion of leading physicians, who have made the history of medicine a special study, regarding the existence of any disease which was characterized by the symptoms described by Poe. These physicians, residing in Richmond, Philadelphia, and New York, have been unanimous in the statement that such a disease described by Poe in "The Masque of the Red Death" is undoubtedly a conception of the poet's mind, since there is no record of it in history.

Page 81. "Avatar." Manifestation, (secondary meaning.)

Page 81. "Prince Prospero." A fictitious name. The author doubtless had in mind that other Prince Prospero, the banished Duke of Milan, who was deposed by his brother, Anthonio, and set adrift in a "rotten carcass of a boat."

Page 81. "Castellated." Having turrets or battlements.

Page 82. "Improvvisatori." Plural of improvisator, one who improvises.

Page 84. *Decora*. Plural of decorum, propriety of speech or behavior.

Page 84. "Hernani." A tragedy by Victor Hugo.

ELEONORA.

"Eleonora," one of the most wholesome of all Poe's tales, was first published in the *Gift* in 1842. The author revised it and republished it in the *Broadway Journal*, vol. 1, p. 21.

Page 89. "Moods of mind exalted at the expense of the general intellect." Doubtless Poe had himself in mind, for of all men he was a man of "moods," at the expense chiefly, however, of will power.

Page 89. *Aggressi sunt mare tenebrarum, quid in eo esset exploraturi*, "They enter a sea of darkness to see what may be found therein." It is much in doubt who the Nubian geographer here quoted is. Poe not infrequently referred to people and books as actually existing which had no being save in his own fertile imagination.

Page 90. "Then play unto its riddle the *Œdipus*," or, as *Œdipus* did to the riddle of the Sphinx, give the answer. Read the story of *Œdipus* whose strange mythological career has furnished the plot of more classic tragedies than probably any other.

Page 90. "She whom I loved in youth, and of whom I now pen calmly and distinctly these remembrances, was the sole daughter of the only sister of my mother long departed. Eleonora was the name of my cousin." Poe is certainly alluding here to Virginia Clemm, his first cousin who became his wife. Virginia was the daughter of his father's sister.

Page 90. "Valley of the Many-Colored Grass." The author could hardly have found a name for the scene of his story more poetic and suggestive than this; land of fertility and of sweet odors, land of soft earth and bright skies.

Page 90. "Brighter than all save the eyes of Eleonora." A more delicate tribute to Eleonora could not have been given, and the light of the river and the light of the "eyes of Eleonora" are all left to the imagination of the reader. Frequently in this story Poe uses the comparison with fine effect.

Page 92. "And life arose in our paths." The author with the touch of the true artist is telling the old story. All things and all days are bright and happy to the young who live in the light of each other's love.

Page 92. "Harp of *Æolus*." *Æolus* to the Greeks was the god of the winds and is said to have reigned in the *Æolian Islands*, now the Lipari Islands, north of Sicily. The *Æolian harp* is played by the action of the winds.

Page 92. "Which we had long watched in the regions of Hesper." Hesper is the poetic name for Hesperus, given by the Greeks to the evening star, our "Venus." Poe here uses it to denote the West, the region of the evening star.

Page 92. "The loveliness of Eleonora was that of the Seraphim." Seraphim is a plural form of Seraph. "From the etymology of the name, Seraphs have usually been regarded as 'burning' or

'flaming' angels, consisting of or like fire, and associated with the ideas of light, ardor and purity." Century Dictionary.

Page 92. "Bard of Schiraz." Schiraz, more often written Sheeraz, is a city of Persia, capital of the province of Fars. It is located in a fertile valley 4,500 feet above the sea. A short distance outside of the walls of the city is the tomb of the poet, Hatiz, a native of Sheeraz, to whom reference is here made.

Page 92. "Like the ephemeron." Ephemeron is the May-fly of the Greeks, an insect which lives but one day. The word has come to mean anything of brief existence.

Page 93. "Saint in Helusion." A very rare form of the word Elysium, the Greeks' abode of the blessed after death.

Page 94. "But a second change had come upon all things." His love was dead. He saw no life, no beauty in anything.

Page 95. "The ethereal Ermengarde." Ermengarde was the ambitious and commanding queen of Provence, France. She persuaded her husband, Boson, brother-in-law of Charles, the Bald, of France, to assume the title of King of Arles and her desire for power brought about a disastrous war with Louis III of France. She lived in the ninth century.

THE GOLD-BUG.

"The Gold-Bug" was a prize story of the *Philadelphia Dollar Newspaper* and was published in the issue of June 21-28 1843, and republished in 1845 in the collected "Tales" by Edgar A. Poe, Wiley & Putnam, New York.

Page 97. Huguenot is the name applied to the Protestants of France.

Page 98. "Entomological specimens." Entomology is the branch of zoology which treats of insects.

Page 98. Jan Swammerdam was an eminent Dutch naturalist. His most celebrated work is a "Natural History of Bees." He died at Amsterdam in 1680.

Page 99. *Scarabæus*. Latin or entomological name for beetle.

Page 99. The *antennæ* are the "feelers" or horns of insects.

Page 101. *Scarabæus caput hominis*, "beetle with the head of a man."

Page 103. "Syphon." Cypher.

Page 104. *Brusquerie*. Abrupt or rude manner.

- Page 105. *Solus*. Latin for alone.
- Page 106. *Empressement*. French for eagerness, cordiality.
- Page 111. *Liriodendron Tulipiferum*. Botanical name for the tulip-tree.
- Page 117. "Curvets and caracols." Both words carry the idea of frisking and prancing.
- Page 121. "Bacchanalian figures." Bacchus was the Latin god of wine. The figures were representations of this mirth-making deity.
- Page 122. "Was dying with impatience." This is a strong expression which is in frequent use to the present time.
- Page 122. "Parchment" is the skin of sheep or goats prepared for writing purposes. It is much used now for legal papers, college diplomas, and a variety of other documents which are intended to be preserved indefinitely.
- Page 127. "Vellum" is the skin of calves prepared for writing purposes.
- Page 127. "Zaffre" is "the residuum of cobalt-producing ores after the sulphur, arsenic, and other volatile substances have been more or less completely expelled by roasting." Century Dictionary.
- Page 127. *Aquia regia*—royal water—is the "name given to a mixture of one part of nitric acid and three to four parts of hydrochloric acid, from its power of dissolving gold." Century Dictionary.
- Page 127. "Regulus of cobalt." In early chemistry the mass obtained by the treatment of metallic ores was called "regulus."
- Page 127. "You may have heard of one *Captain* Kidd." William Kidd, or as he is known in local traditions, Robert Kidd, was the most notorious of all pirates and his name will live continually in song and story. He was born in Scotland in 1650. Being intrusted by the British government with the command of a privateer for the purpose of suppressing pirates along the American coast, he became the foremost of all pirates. He is known to have buried a large treasure on Gardiner's Island, at the east end of Long Island, New York, and when captured in Boston in 1699 he was found still to have 738 ounces of gold, 847 ounces of silver, and several bags of silver ornaments and precious stones. These were considered but a small part of all he had collected. Occasionally searching parties even to this time explore the shore of Long Island

Sound in the hope of finding the buried treasure. He was taken England, tried, and was executed in 1701.

Page 128. "Hieroglyphical signature." Hieroglyphic writing is the manner of writing where the object stands for its name.

Page 130. "Form a cypher." Cypher is a secret manner writing. Codes or cyphers are in constant use by government newspapers, and all large mercantile houses especially when secret messages are sent by a third agency, such as a telegraph company.

Page 130. "Cryptographs." A cryptograph is something written in secret characters.





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