EDGAR ALLAN POE

ILLUSTRATED

EDGAR ALLAN POE (FROM THE LAST DAGUERREOTYPE TAKEN).

EDGAR ALLAN POE

BY

COLONEL JOHN A. JOYCE

Author of "A Checkered Life," "Peculiar Poems," "Zigzag," "Jewels of Memory," "Complete Poems," "Oliver Goldsmith," and Many Popular Songs.

Speak nothing of the living or the dead but TRUTH!—*Joyce.*

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TO

GENERAL JOHN B. HENDERSON,

Scholar, Statesman and Patriot,

WHO ACTS AT ALL TIMES UPON THE LOFTIEST PRINCIPLES OF MANHOOD AND NATIONALITY,

THIS VOLUME IS DEDICATED

By the Author.

CONTENTS.

PROEM.

POE.

Matchless, insane, volcanic child;
  A lighthouse in the gloom;
A genius, lofty, weird and wild,
  Triumphant o'er the tomb.

Unborn ages yet shall kneel
  Around thy peerless light,
And other lofty minds shall feel
  Thy intellectual might.

A meteor flashing through the sky;
  A phantom ship at sea;
The sorrow of a love-felt sigh—
  Fathomless and free!

PREFACE.

In boiling down the life of Poe into one handy volume, I blow off the foam and scum of encomiums, and endeavor to get to the bed-rock of a character that may be misunderstood through the coming ages—an erratic child of genius, disappointed and tortured by earthly environments that his proud and untamed spirit could not understand or control. "Poor fellow!" "His own worst enemy!"

J. A. J.

INTRODUCTION.

EDGAR ALLAN POE possessed by nature the three great elements that constitute the genuine poet. Truth, pride and lunacy were his attendant companions. Poe had truth enough to prevent him from committing a low or mean act when sober, pride enough to spurn the wrong, and lunacy enough to lift him beyond the writers of his age, who could not appreciate the celestial flights of his volcanic imagination. He was a psychic, phenomenal specimen of humanity.

The true poet, profound or ethereal, is like a wandering spirit, shot out of a celestial orb into a strange planet, where his soaring and sensitive nature wears out his weary wings, battling against the sordid creatures that stare in amazement at the brilliant colors of his plumage.

Some day he is found dead in a little corner of the globe, with his bright wings folded for-

ever, his impulsive, warm heart and classic face furrowed with the wrinkles of uncongenial elements that have left him a wreck on the shores of time. Over the cold ashes of the dead poet the world will gather with mournful mien and sigh at the grave of buried genius.

Yesterday he suffered for sympathy and bread, to-day a funeral train honors his memory, to-morrow a monument will point posterity to a prodigy of celestial aspirations whose songs shall warm and thrill the heart of mankind adown the crowding ages.

When I am dead, let no vain pomp display
A surface sorrow o'er my pulseless clay;
But all the dear old friends I loved in life
May shed a tear, console my child and wife.

When I am dead, let strangers pass me by,
Nor ask a reason for the how or why,
That brought my wandering life to praise or shame,
Or marked me for the fading flowers of fame.

When I am dead, the vile assassin tongue
Will try and banish all the lies it flung,
And make amends for all its cruel wrong
In fulsome prose and eulogistic song.

When I am dead, what matters to the crowd?
The world will rattle on as long and loud;
And each one in the game of life shall plod
The field to glory and the way to God.

When I am dead, some sage, for self-renown,
May urn my ashes in some park or town,
And give when I am cold and lost and dead
A marble shaft where once I needed bread!

The glory of the orator is consoling and immediate; but while his eloquent periods and magnetic mien thrill the heart of mankind, his sententious sentences are often forgotten before the applause they elicit has ceased to echo his praise.

The fame of the warrior is as bright and flashing as his sword, yet the victories he may have achieved in a lifetime are varnished over by neglect, and forgotten in the failures and defeats of a day.

But the song of the poet, once launched on the ocean of human hearts, is never forgotten, sounding from age to age, and filling the world with the love and beauty of his rhythmic numbers. We may forget the singer, but we cannot forget the song!

The "Marseillaise Hymn," "Star Spangled Banner," "Last Rose of Summer," and "Home, Sweet

Home," will continue to inspire the world with patriotism and love when the authors of the songs are wrapped in the mummy clothes of forgetfulness.

The poet endeavors to glorify and emblazon the rude materialisms of life by his burning imagination, and while scattering the sweet flowers of thought, lends a fragrance to sterile nature and spreads a perfume over the ashes of remembrance.

The music of the poet's soul is coined into words and phrases of truth and love that outlasts pyramids and dynasties, singing mellifluous melodies with the entrancing muses, that ever continue to circle around the Olympian heights of hope, beauty and wisdom.

The true poet enjoys the present hour and is ever careless and improvident of the future, and while his conversation is generally that of a brilliant and entertaining philosopher, his actions are frequently those of a flattered fool.

I could mention several instances, "over the wine and the walnuts," proving the truth of this assertion, but my readers may jog their memory for illustrations.

Poets are direct descendants from the gods, male and female, and the nine muses who have been sporting around the mountain-tops of Par-

nassus and Helicon, since Hesiod and Homer brought them into life many centuries ago, are mothers, wives and sisters of the poetic tribe, a race that will never die out as long as imagination and ambition rule mankind.

Poets are a rule unto themselves and will not be confined by the narrow society laws of a gad-grind, sordid generation. They live in the land of Bohemia, and while oscillating between Venus and Bacchus they manage in some way to swing through the world, leaving their volcanic thoughts, as sappers and miners of civilization, whose songs shall sound through the rolling ages and irradiate the pathway of millions yet unborn to a higher and brighter life, where the angels always sing and the light of heaven shines eternal.

The poet, more than any other human being, leads a dual life, and his objective and subjective, suggestive worlds, are largely creations of his own, where the mysterious inspirations of the soul are phenomenal, hypnotizing mankind with the fruits of his genius.

There is nothing second-hand about real poets, yet sometimes their clothes assume that shape, not from design, but through the workings of fate and necessity.

The principal use the practical world has for poets is to flatter, satirize and starve them in life

and monument them in marble and bronze after death.

The poets have always been the true pioneers and manufacturers of creeds and religions, and the more poetry and eloquence in a priest or preacher, the greater will be his success.

Man has never risen higher than man, and the real emphatic, ecstatic and lunatic poet is the highest type of the race.

Homer, the immortal bard of Greece, wandered over the world without a home or friend, with only staff and scrip and song for helpmates, and when nearly ninety years of age, lame and blind, compiled and finished his glorious Iliad and Odyssey, mountain peaks of poetic truth, passion and philosophy that shine through the ages as lighthouses in the luminous ocean of literature.

Horace, the heaven-lit lyric monarch, Virgil, Ovid, Tasso, and Dante shall live as long as language, and, side by side with Raphael and Angelo, these Italian artists shall thrill and ennoble the souls of mankind forever.

The divine Shakespeare, Milton, Goethe, Hugo, Burns, Goldsmith, Byron, Moore, Gray, Howard Payne, Bryant, Longfellow, and Edgar Allan Poe have left the indelible imprint of their genius in the libraries of mankind, and in our daily and nightly wanderings over this bleak and sin-cursed

earth, we are cheered and encouraged to persist in love and duty by their poetic periods and seraphic songs.

The true poet is ever a discerning philosopher, constantly cummuning with nature, seeing in the flowery fields, roaring forests, dashing cataracts, mountain crags, stormy seas, flashing suns and twinkling stars, emblems of a mysterious omnipotence but sure memorials of the Creator.

Shakespeare, the mammoth mind of all the ages, characterizes the poetic spirit in the following incisive declaration:

"The lunatic, the lover and the poet, are of imagination all compact! * * * The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven; and as imagination bodies forth the forms of things unknown, the poet's pen turns them to shape, and gives to airy nothing a local habitation * * * a name."

There never was a school or college that made or graduated a poet. It is an old and true saying that poets are born and not made; and the axiom is as true to-day as when it was first conceived and uttered.

The world, with all its millions of mortals, has not produced more than a score of great poets.

Rhymes are as thick as blackberries in July, and ballad-makers are found in every country; but the lofty, imperial, sublime, soul-lit poet, who "bathes his plumage in the thunder's home," irradiates his course with the lurid light of genius, and circles in a celestial sphere where suns and stars shine forever, is only produced once or twice in a century! J. A. J.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

CHAPTER I.

BIRTH AND LINEAGE.

EDGAR ALLAN POE was born in Boston, Mass., on the 20th of January, in 1809, and died suddenly in Baltimore, Md., on the 7th of October, in 1849.

Biographers of Poe have disputed as to the time and place of his birth and the cause and manner of his death; but the world cares little for the lineage or location of the birth of a genius. The *thought* and *matter* that the poet, painter or sculptor gives to mankind is the only point at issue.

The world cares nothing for the ancestors or posterity of a genius. Whether they were naked Arabs from the hot sands of the desert, or savages, who wore skins, from the headwaters of the Po or Danube, is of no consequence to the reader. Adam, such as he was, stands sponsor for all of us!

The world seeks the plain unvarnished truth, although in the practical affairs of life it often substitutes policy for principle and tolerates "white lies" in business. But in dealing with a genius, and particularly a true poet, mankind is anxious for the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. It is better to tell it even when against you.

The poet's deeds and words survive,
When stone and bronze decay;
For when he's dead he's still alive!
Immortal in his clay!

Sir Roger de la Poe, of Italy, accompanied Prince John into Ireland in the year 1185, and the la Poer, Poe or Power family continued to flourish in the Emerald Isle until a Roundhead Rough Rider, named Oliver Cromwell, in 1649 ripped up the rebellious Irish Catholics and crushed their civil and religious rights under the iron heel of despotism, murder and robbery in the name of God. It still prevails.

John Poe, the father of Lady Blessington and great-grandfather of Edgar Allan Poe, suffered by the Puritan inundation. David Poe, born in Londonderry, the grandfather of the poet, married the daughter of John MacBride, Scotch-Irish Admiral of the Blue. He emigrated to Pennsylvania before our Revolutionary War, and was afterwards a wheelwright by trade and worked at his business in Baltimore, being a leader among the labor fraternities in that city.

David Poe was appointed Deputy Quartermaster-General for Baltimore, and during the War for Independence he aided very materially in supplying the troops with victuals and clothes. He was an intimate friend of Washington and La Fayette, and when the latter visited the United States in 1824 he made a special visit to General Poe's widow in Baltimore, and paid the wife of his old friend marked attention while being entertained in the Monumental City.

General La Fayette accompanied Mrs. Poe to the First Presbyterian Church graveyard and placed a bunch of forget-me-nots on the lowly mound that covered the dust of his Revolutionary compatriot and kissed the grass above him, exclaiming: "Here lies a noble heart."

General Poe died in his seventy-fourth year, leaving behind as a legacy to his wife the unsettled debts due and never paid by Uncle Sam—and six children.

David Poe, Jr., the father of our poet, was the first-born, and had all the advantages of education that could be obtained in Baltimore at that time. As the son of the old warrior and dry goods merchant he was lauded and toasted, no doubt, by the "boys" of that city. He studied law to no particular purpose, as his nature ran to show and theatricals, being a member of the Thespian Club of Baltimore—one of the chivalric blades found at that time in every southern city.

During his young manhood he became enamored of a charming young English actress named Elizabeth Arnold, the leading lady in a company of

strolling players that were circuiting the country.

Elizabeth Arnold, the brilliant young actress, who played equally well in comedy and tragedy, had been a Mrs. Hopkins, but that did not prevent her from marrying the law student, David Poe, in the spring of 1806, and drilling him into her theatrical company as a member of the wandering players.

In Charleston, Norfolk, Baltimore, New York and Boston, Miss Arnold played as Mrs. Poe and seemed to be the "star" of the company, while her liege and lord remained as an amateur attachment, becoming in the meantime the father of three bright and lovely children—William, Edgar and Rosalie—who were left penniless orphans at Richmond, Va., by the death of their beautiful and accomplished mother, on the 10th of December, 1811. She played the part of *Maria* in "The Spoiled Child," and *Priscilla* in "Fortune's Fool," with the same facility and enthusiasm as she acted the Shakespearean parts of *Ophelia* and *Juliet.*

Old General Poe, the Baltimore tradesman, seems to have disowned his son for marrying a strolling foreign actress, and of course the innocent progeny of the theatrical pair were left to the charity of a cold, but often kind world. The father of the children, David Poe, seemed to have been lost in the theatrical shuffle. The youngsters were adopted by business merchants; William, four years old, fell to the lot of Henry Didier of Baltimore; Rosalie, the girl baby, got a home with Mr. McKinzie of Richmond, while Edgar was

adopted by Mr. John Allan, a wealthy and childless merchant of that city.

Mr. Allan voluntarily assumed all the responsibility of a father to the three-year-old boy Edgar, and attached his own name to this child of genius, who was destined to give the Allan family all the fame it ever had.

And yet how cruel was the conduct of Mr. Allan, the materialist, to his "handsome, curled, brilliant darling;" when Poe reached the age of manhood he was discarded and thrown out of a warm home nest by an old grasping merchant, who disinherited, at the dictation of a blooming young wife, the son he had reared, flattered and educated!

No wonder poor Poe, the brilliant young genius, had the iron of adversity rankle in his heart, and often, with gloomy, sardonic sneer, hated mankind for its heartless stabs and indifference to himself.

Like a young eagle he was thrown out of the parent nest from the lofty heights of comfort and prosperity to the bare nooks and flinty rocks in the vale below, just as the pin-feathers of hope, love and ambition were growing out into full plumage. His whole life afterwards was a struggle and battle for personal existence, and no orphan bird left by its parents was ever more helpless to war against the dashing waves of the ocean of life than Edgar Allan Poe. Sentiment for a sail and inexperience for a rudder are not good guides for a human bark amid a sea of troubles.

And thus, without a friend or home,
His destiny was still to roam
Where grief beset him night and day,
Along his troubled, thorny way,
And Nature with a fatal gloom
Pursued him to the silent tomb.

ELIZABETH POE,
MOTHER OF EDGAR ALLAN POE.

CHAPTER II.

PRECOCITY AND EARLY SCHOOL DAYS.

When Master Poe was about six years of age he was placed at a private school kept by a widow in Richmond. This lady, it seems, had a vegetable garden attached to her scholastic kindergarten, and gave the young scholars to understand that they were not under any circumstances to romp or play in her private domain.

If, by impulsive action, any of the children violated the injunction of the mistress of the institution, the penalty was wearing around the neck in school hours a specimen of the potato, carrot, beet or cabbage extracted from the kitchen garden. The children were often decorated with these horticultural adornments, and it fell to the lot of young Poe to wear a specimen of early York cabbage on one occasion, which caused him to run out of the school and make his way to the Allan mansion as quick as his legs could carry him, crying and yelling, in appeal to his adopted father.

Mr. Allan was terribly indignant at the treat-

ment of his child, paid off the "schoolmarm" and kept the boy at home, where Mrs. Allan, who loved him devotedly, assisted in teaching him to read and write, which he mastered in a very short time, and devoured the thoughts of ancient poets and philosophers with avidity.

Poe had a marvelous memory, and all outward objects in nature made a sudden and lasting impression on his mind. He was a handsome boy, with bright, grayish, large blue eyes, dark brown curls and beaming face, showing a breadth and height of forehead seldom seen in one of his age. Pictures and poetry were his daily studies, and when the neighbors called of an evening it was the pride and delight of old Mr. Allan and his good-natured wife to "show off" their "spoiled child" to the parlor audience.

The child's recitations were cheered and applauded by the neighbors, and his little boy and girl friends were fascinated, and perhaps envious of their brilliant playmate who commanded marked attention by his manly and amusing attainments.

In the year 1816, when Poe was about eight years of age, Mr. Allan and family went to Europe and took his child along, placing the boy at the Manor House School, at Stoke Newington, near London.

Dr. Bransby was the dictatorial master of this school and the minister of the village church near-by, oscillating in his duties between the tyrant teacher on week days, to the polished, sanctimonious divine on Sunday.

The school and grounds where the boys were

corralled and tortured into Latin verbs and Greek roots bore more of the appearance of a penal institution than a nursery for the education of youth.

Deathoboy Hall, as pictured by Charles Dickens, was a mild sample of the Manor House School, and in the story of "William Wilson," an autobiographical remembrance, Poe told some of the social escapades of Dr. Bransby's institution, which were life pictures of the private religious schools of that day.

The following memory of his somber school surroundings conveys an idea of the place of his incarceration:

"The morning's awakening, the nightly summons to bed, the connings, the recitations, the periodical half-holidays and perambulations, the playground, with its broils, its pastimes, its intrigues; —these, by a mental sorcery long forgotten, were made to involve a wilderness of sensation, a world of rich incident, a universe of varied emotion, of excitement the most passionate and spirit stirring.

"The grounds were extensive, and a high and solid brick wall, topped with a bed of mortar and broken glass, encompassed the whole. This prison-like rampart formed the limit of our domain; beyond it we saw but thrice a week—once every Saturday afternoon, when, attended by two ushers, we were permitted to take brief walks in a body through some of the neighboring fields, and twice during Sunday, when we were paraded in the same

formal manner to the morning and evening services in the church of the village. . . . At an angle of the ponderous wall frowned a more ponderous gate. It was riveted and studded with iron bolts, and surmounted with jagged iron spikes. . . . What impression of deep awe did it inspire! . . . The extensive enclosure was irregular in form, having many capacious recesses. Of these, three or four of the largest constituted the play-ground. It was level, and covered with fine, hard gravel. I well remember it had no trees nor benches, nor anything similar, within it. Of course it was in the rear of the house. In front lay a small parterre, planted with box and other shrubs, but through this sacred division we passed only on rare occasions indeed—such as a first advent to school, or final departure thence, or perhaps when a parent or friend having called for us we joyfully took our way home for the Christmas or midsummer holidays."

The real character of a writer can be solved and ascertained from his various works, and this feature is particularly shown in the poet, whose sighing and soaring soul is almost autobiographical of his inner life, disguised though it may be in an enlistment of the gods and goddesses of mythology who represent only human passions.

The poet may try to bamboozle, mystify and deceive the world, but in offhand, unguarded moments, he lifts the veil of mystery, and betrays the tallow dips, smudge fire and broken furniture of his garret establishment.

In the tale of the "Black Cat," Poe utters words through the mouth of his hero that have a smack of personal experience.

"From my infancy I was noted for the docility and humanity of my disposition. My tenderness of heart was even so conspicuous as to make me the jest of my companions. I was especially fond of animals, and was indulged by my parents with a great variety of pets. With these I spent most of my time, and never was so happy as when feeding and caressing them. This peculiarity of character grew with my growth, and in my manhood I derived from it one of the principal sources of pleasure. To those who have cherished an affection for a faithful and sagacious dog I hardly need be at the trouble of explaining the nature or the intensity of the gratification thus derivable. There is something in the unselfish and self-sacrificing love of a brute which goes directly to the heart of him who has had frequent occasion to test the paltry friendship and gossamer fidelity of mere man."

In other words, the friendship of a dog is far more sincere than that of man!

Poe was very susceptible to kindness and grateful for human sympathy when a boy—an animated sensitive plant.

Mrs. Helen Stannard, a Richmond lady, whom he first saw by moonlight in her garden, the mother of his schoolmate, Robert Stannard, received him with marked kindness into her home, speaking

words of love and encouragement to the orphan child. He never forgot her sympathy, and when she died, Poe would visit her green grave nightly, when the dreary winds of autumn scattered the withered leaves and the rains and frosts pattered against the gleaming gravestones.

The memory of Mrs. Stannard lingered in the poet's soul through all the vicissitudes of his wandering life; and Mrs. Whitman, one of his affectionate friends and biographers, states that "the one idolatrous and purely ideal love," his mythical Lenore, was the lady in question, immortalized in the following poem:

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 winds 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 upturn'd faces of the roses,
And on thine own, upturn'd—alas, in sorrow!
Was it not Fate (whose name is also Sorrow),
That bade me pause before that gate,
To breathe the incense of those slumbering roses?
No footstep stirred: the hated world all slept,
Save only thee and me. (Oh, Heaven!—oh, 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 luster 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' odors
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 them only 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 illumine 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!

CHAPTER III.

COLLEGE DAYS AND WANDERINGS.

After spending about five years abroad Poe returned to Richmond, when he was placed at the Latin Academy of Mr. Joseph H. Clarke, a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, where he remained until he was seventeen years of age, and then entered the University of Virginia at Charlottesville.

He had read sucessfully and intelligently Ovid, Cæsar, Virgil, Cicero, Horace, Xenophon and Homer, and was a passable French scholar. His mind ran almost entirely to mythology, history, poetry and eloquence, not grasping the intricate problems of mathematics, which are uncongenial and tiresome to persons who live in the realms of imagination, where stars and dewdrops become diamonds, and mountain ranges gossamer threads of Omnipotence!

Mr. Rufus Wilmot Griswold, the magazine owner and literary executor of Poe, says that while he was a student at the University of

Virginia "he led a very dissipated life and that he was known as the wildest and most reckless student of his class; he would have graduated with the highest honors had not his gambling, intemperance, and other vices induced his expulsion from the University."

To offset this blunt biography of Mr. Griswold, the friend of our poet—the Secretary of the University of Virginia, Mr. William Wertenbaker, in May, 1860, gave the folowing official statement:

"Edgar A. Poe was a student of the University of Virginia during the second session, which commenced February 1st, 1826, and terminated December 15th of the same year. He signed the matriculation book on the 14th of February, and remained in good standing as a student till the session closed. He was born on the 20th of February, 1809, being a little under seventeen when he entered the institution. He belonged to the schools of ancient and modern languages, and as I was myself a member of the latter, I can testify that he was tolerably regular in attendance, and a very successful student, having obtained distinction in it at the final examination, the highest honor a student could then obtain, the present regulation in regard to degrees not having been at the time adopted. On one occasion Professor Blatterman requested his Italian class to render into English verse a portion of the lesson in Tasso, assigned for the next lecture. Mr. Poe was the only one who complied with the

request. He was highly complimented by the professor for his performance.

"Although I had a passing acquaintance with Mr. Poe from an early period of the session, it was not until near its close that I had any social intercourse with him. After spending an evening together at a private house, he invited me to his room. It was a cold night in December, and his fire having gone nearly out, by the aid of some candle ends and the wreck of a table, he soon rekindled it, and by its comfortable blaze I spent a very pleasant hour with him. On this occasion he spoke with regret of the amount of money he had wasted and the debts he had contracted. In a biographical sketch of Mr. Poe I have seen it stated that he was at one time expelled from the University, but that he afterwards returned, and graduated with the highest honors. This is entirely a mistake. He spent but one session at the University, and at no time did he fall under the censure of the faculty. He was not at that time addicted to drinking, but had an ungovernable passion for card playing. Mr. Poe was several years older than his biographer represents him. His age, I have no doubt, was correctly entered on the matriculation book."

It is a notorious and acknowledged fact that college boys all over the world, since time began, have been more or less addicted to the wine cup, games of chance, and the fascination of Venus and her train.

Outrageous escapades, drunken riots and even

murderous assaults are practiced to the present day in many of our best colleges and Government schools; and so it will be until "boys" and "girls" are translated into saints and angels!

Poe was a robust, athletic, brainy student—not one of your soggy, muddy, sour-liquored lads, where fermentation never takes place. Nature furnished him with "wild oats" and he continued to sow them to the day of his death. He was given by his adopted father all the clothes and money that he demanded, and the "old man" seemed to stand the drain, proud to have his "boy" line up with the other chivalric bloods of the Old Dominion.

To say that Poe, who served *only one session* in the University, was known as the *wildest and most reckless* student of his class, and was *expelled from the University,* is a falsehood, and Griswold must have known it when he promulgated the scandal!

Hyenas of literature are still prowling through the land rooting into the graves of buried genius. They live on the dead carcasses of ambition and renown.

In the spring of 1826, Poe for some unknown reason determined to seek his fortune in foreign lands, and as it was the period when classic Greece was in a death struggle to gain her liberty and throw off the tyrant yoke of the unspeakable Turk, his friends imagined that he was fired with the fever of glorious war and "ran away" from home to aid in the liberation of the heroic sons of the Ionian isles.

The poem of Fitz Greene Halleck, "Marco Bozzaris," must have fired the heart of Poe, for these grand patriotic lines had just been flashed on the world:

"Strike—till the last arm'd foe expires;
Strike for your altars and your fires;
Strike for the green graves of your sires;
God, and your native land!"

At least a blank or hiatus of nearly two years has been generally unaccounted for in the life of Poe, for he entirely disappeared from Richmond, and did not show up again until the last day of February, 1829, the day after the funeral of his adopted mother.

In May, 1827, when Poe was in his nineteenth year, he found himself stranded financially in the city of Boston, and to keep from starvation he enlisted in the First Regiment of United States Artillery, under the false name of Edgar A. Perry.

The following letter of Colonel House throws some light on the wandering conduct of our genius, if the soldier he speaks of was really Poe.

"FORTRESS MONROE, March 30th, '29.

"GENERAL: I request your permission to discharge from the service Edgar A. Perry, at present the Sergeant-Major of the First Regiment of Artillery, on his procuring a substitute.

"The said Perry is one of a family of orphans, whose unfortunate parents were the victims of the conflagration of the Richmond Theatre in 1809. The subject of this letter was taken under the protection of a Mr. Allan, a gentleman of wealth and respectability of that city, who, as I understand, adopted his protégé as his son and heir; with the intention of giving him a liberal education he had him placed at the University of Virginia, from which, after considerable progress in his studies, in a moment of youthful indiscretion he absconded, and was not heard from by his patron for several years; in the meantime he became reduced to the necessity of enlisting in the service, and accordingly entered as a soldier in my Regiment, at Fort Independence, in 1827.

"Since the arrival of his company at this place he has made his situation known to his patron, at whose request the young man has been permitted to visit him; the result is an entire reconciliation on the part of Mr. Allan, who reinstates him into his family and favor, and who in a letter I have received from him requests that his son may be discharged on procuring a substitute; an experienced soldier and approved sergeant is ready to take the place of Perry so soon as his discharge can be obtained. The good of the service, therefore, cannot be materially injured by the discharge.

"I have the honor to be, with great respect,

"Your obedient servant,

"Jas. House,

"Colonel First Artillery.

"To the General Commanding the E. Dept. U.S.A., New York."

As a set off to this army story of Poe I give the following facts:

In the spring of 1867 I met an old, battered sailor, named William Wilson, in a restaurant at Norfolk, Va. He told me he had been a schoolmate and friend of Edgar Allan Poe. That he was the son of a wealthy flour merchant of Richmond, and through some wild freak in the spring of 1826 he concluded to run away from the restraints of home and try his fortune on the open sea and test fate in foreign lands.

He said that he and Poe shipped on a fast sailer from the port of Norfolk for adventure among Grecian isles and through the Mediterranean Sea, first landing at Naples, and afterwards visiting Florence, Milan, and Rome, finally turning up in Marseilles and Paris, the great objective point of their wanderings.

Among gay grisettes, café loungers, Latin Quarter students, fantastic studios, mobile dancers, *demi monde* and gendarmes, they became quickly acquainted with the eccentricities of that gay and licentious capital.

Wilson said he had been provided by a bachelor uncle with all the money he needed, and while the "filthy lucre" lasted he divided his funds and fun with Poe, who was sharing the hospitality of his generous schoolmate as a matter of course, having been pressed and invited to wander in foreign lands by a rich companion.

It seems after the pair "did up" Paris, they threw their caster into the whirlpool of London life, and there upon some frivolous quarrel between the "chums," Poe, in a moment of desperation, shipped before the mast for a tour through the fishing grounds of the Baltic Sea, reaching St. Petersburg in his lunatic rambles.

Wilson never saw Poe again, but heard from him often as he climbed the ladder of literary renown, which seemed to greatly please this old battered "sea dog," who would boast by the hour about "Eddie Poe" while harboring continuous "rounds" of "grog"!

I became very much interested in the narrative of the old sailor and ocean roamer, and composed for him there and then the following poem, on

THE SEA.

How I long to roam o'er the bounding sea,
Where the waters and winds are fierce and free;
Where the wild bird sails in his tireless flight,
As the sunrise scatters the shades of night;
Where the porpoise and dolphin sport at play
In their liquid realm of green and gray.
Ah, me! It is there I would love to be
Engulfed in the tomb of eternity!

In the midnight hour when the moon hangs low
And the stars beam forth with a mystic glow;
When the mermaids float o'er the rolling tide
And Neptune entangles his beaming bride—

It is there in that phosphorescent wave
I would gladly sink in an ocean grave—
To rise and fall with the songs of the sea,
And live in the chant of its memory.

Around the world my form should sweep—
Part of the glorious, limitless deep;
Enmeshed by fate in some coral cave,
And rising again to the topmost wave,
That curls in beauty its snowy spray
And kisses the light of the garish day;
Ah! there let me drift when this life is o'er,
To be tossed and tumbled from shore to shore.

CHAPTER IV.

WEST POINT EXPERIENCE, AND BREAK WITH ALLAN.

THE return of Poe, after his wild and mysterious wanderings, to his old home at Richmond, was not calculated to make himself or old Mr. Allan happy. The light that ever shone in the window for "her brilliant boy" had been snuffed out of life by the gloom of the graveyard, and the only "mother" he knew, Mrs. Allan, was no longer nigh to excuse his failings and soothe his sorrows.

What to do with a young man of twenty years of age was a puzzle to his adopted father, but after several months of cogitation it was determined to send him to the Military Academy at West Point.

In the meantime Mr. Allan had published for private distribution a small volume of juvenile poems, composed at various times by his talented son, and many of them have been pronounced very good, considering that some were written when Poe was only thirteen years of age.

If ever a boy had good endorsers for West

Point, Poe had, for his recommendations were signed by Chief Justice Marshall, General Scott, and John Randolph.

Putting a race horse to the plough, a watchmaker to the blacksmith trade, or an oculist to the butcher business, was about as reasonable as to send a boy of ethereal imagination to a strictly mathematical school, where scholars are taught and drilled into the rudiments of killing their fellow man according to national vengeance or law!—official murder, the officer's future trade and ambition.

Poe was admitted into the Academy on the 1st of July, 1830, and was dismissed from the same institution on the 6th of March, 1831, having been convicted by court martial of disobedience of orders and neglect of duty.

He lasted but one session, being pronounced by the other boys on his entrance as a "January colt," one that kicked in the traces and didn't give a "continental" whether school kept or not. Military rules cannot curb or harness imagination.

While at West Point he was continually writing satirical verses, lampooning those that came under the scope of his displeasure, and was a "toast" with the "boys," who flattered his poetical genius. He hits off his Inspecting Officer as follows:

John Locke was a very great name;
Joe Locke was a greater in short;
The former was well known to Fame
The latter well known to Report!

Richard Henry Stoddard, in a recent cumbersome and prejudiced compilation of Poe's varied life, gives to the world this account of his West Point conduct:

"Poe was idle, he was lawless, and he drank. He had not profited by his experience at the University of Virginia, except that he had given up gaming and exchanged champagne for brandy. His room was seldom without a bottle in it—a circumstance which was known to his bibulous fellow cadets, and of which they used to avail themselves; for when their own bottles were emptied they stole into the room between tattoo and taps and sampled the ebbing supply. It was smuggled in from Benny Haven's, a feat which demanded address, in that it had to be accomplished without detection and the possession of certain moneys, or their equivalent in salable commodities—blankets, candles, and what not."

How did Mr. Stoddard find out these blunt details of the dead poet's life? Were they true?

Stoddard, himself a poet, informs us further, that:

"The whole bent of Poe's mind at that time seemed to be towards criticism,—or, more properly speaking, cavilling. Whether it was Shakespeare or Byron, Addison or Johnson, the acknowledged classic or the poetaster—all came in alike for his critical censure. He seemed to take especial delight in cavilling at passages that had

received the most unequivocal stamp of general approval. I never heard him speak in terms of praise of any English writer living or dead."

This indictment, as a whole, bears with it jealousy and spleen, and only brings into doubtful credit the man who wrote it.

There is one thing sure, and that is, that the lives of the splenetic biographers of Poe, from Griswold down to Stoddard, who have delved like jackals into the personal detailed wanderings, eccentricities and sorrows of this erratic child of genius, will never be the subject themselves of the world's investigation! It cares not a "toss of a copper" for their personal grievances or so-called literary opinions and conclusions. They pile up critical platitudes for publishers' pay.

Assassin biographers are only momentarily noticed by the spray they spew on the shores of thought, while the craggy crest of Poe's genius shines like a lighthouse amid the ocean gloom of literary scavengers.

After the dismissal of Poe from West Point he drifted back to New York, where a publisher named Bliss issued his third volume of poetry, which had been subscribed for by many of the military cadets. It sold very well to the public, and such men as Bryant, Longfellow, Whittier, Willis, Griswold, Goodrich, Morris, and Washington Irving saw that a new poetic meteor had appeared in the sky of letters.

Leaving New York in a few months, Poe visited his former home at Richmond to test the friend-

ship of old acquaintances and schoolmates. The sting of his dismissal from West Point no doubt rankled in his sensitive heart; but he could console himself with the thought that hundreds of bright and brave men had been expelled before from military service for disobedience of orders and neglect of duty. At least it was no hanging matter and in a short time he was reconciled to his fate.

But the household of his adopted father was entirely changed, as the old man had taken unto himself a second wife *forty* years his junior—a Miss Louise Patterson.

Poe wished to marry his schoolgirl sweetheart, Miss Royster, about seventeen years old, *four* years his junior; but the passionate old merchant went into a fury about the matter, and the result was that he and Poe quarrelled and broke the last tie that bound the poet to home and fortune.

Even his girl sweetheart, through the connivance of her father, married a wealthy man named Shelton. "It never rains but it pours," and certainly this seems to have been the forlorn situation of Poe, "whom unmerciful disaster followed fast and followed faster."

Old man Allan, puffed up in his pride, property and passion, could take unto himself a young and beautiful damsel to replace his devoted old wife, before the annual snow fell upon her lonely grave; but he would not tolerate the happiness of his brilliant son, and cast him adrift upon the world

without a penny in his pocket or a roof to shelter his weary head.

After three years Allan followed his first wife to the grave and left his whole estate and three children to his second spouse, cutting off entirely poor Poe from inheriting a single dollar of his fortune. Under all the circumstances it was a cruel and dastard act towards a son, and deserves the severest reprobation.

Rochefoucauld, the French philosopher, must have had such a character as Allan in his mind when he uttered this epigram:

"Our virtues disappear when put in competition with our interests, as rivers lose themselves in the ocean."

Allan with all his wealth and power was compelled by Fate to go down to the cold and silent grave, to be a brother to the clod and a meal for the worm; poor as the meanest pauper.

The prince and the peasant, the serf and the slave
Are equal at last in the dust of the grave!

THERE'S NO POCKET IN A SHROUD!

You must leave your many millions
And the gay and festive crowd;
Though you roll in royal billions,
There's no pocket in a shroud.

Whether pauper, prince, or peasant;
Whether rich or poor or proud—
Remember that there isn't
Any pocket in a shroud.

You'll have all this world of glory
With a record long and loud,
And a name in song and story,
But no pocket in your shroud.

So be gen'rous with your riches,
Neither vain, nor cold, nor proud,
And you'll gain the golden niches
In a clime without a cloud!

CHAPTER V.

DRIFTING ABOUT BALTIMORE—LITERARY SUCCESS.

WHEN the rude world turns its back on a poor but brilliant wandering mortal, and particularly a sensitive bard, he naturally turns, as a last resort, to the home of his blood-relatives to fathom the depths of their friendship—a very risky and doubtful venture.

So Poe turned his footsteps in the summer of 1833 to Baltimore, where his brother William Henry, and his affectionate old aunt, Mrs. Maria Clemm, resided.

It is presumed that he found shelter at least on his first arrival, although his brother was considered a kind of chivalric individual, who "run the town" to suit himself.

But Mrs. Clemm, who lived on Styles Street, came to his rescue as a guardian angel and continued so to the end of his days. Poverty and persecution only made him dearer to her affectionate heart and she finally bestowed upon the wandering minstrel her beautiful young daughter Virginia, his first cousin.

Mr. Wilmer, editor of the *Saturday Visitor*, offered a prize of one hundred dollars in gold for the best story and best poem.

Poe saw the notice in the paper and sent in six "Tales of the Folio Club" and a short poem called the "Coliseum." The names of the authors were placed in a sealed envelope, while the stories and poems were submitted without names.

After three well-known prominent men of Baltimore examined the various manuscripts, they unanimously decided for Poe's tales.

The examining committee even went so far as to issue the following statement, which must have been very flattering to the poor orphan boy, who had been but recently cast adrift by a selfish old curmudgeon, a kind of replica of a self-constituted father.

"Amongst the prose articles were many of various and distinguished merit; but the singular force and beauty of those sent by the author of 'The Tales of the Folio Club' leave us no room for hesitation in that department. We have accordingly awarded the premium to a tale entitled the 'Manuscript Found in a Bottle.' It would hardly be doing justice to the writer of this collection to say that the tale we have chosen is the best of the six offered by him. We cannot refrain from saying that the author owes it to his own reputation, as well as to the gratification of the community, to publish the entire volume ('Tales of the Folio Club'). These tales are eminently distinguished by a wild, vigorous, and

poetical imagination, a rich style, a fertile invention, and varied and curious learning.

"JOHN P. KENNEDY,
"J. H. B. LATROBE,
"JAMES H. MILLER."

Griswold, the literary executor of Poe, intimates that the committee decided in favor of our poet when they were enjoying the fumes of cigars and lushing down wine, and that it was the pretty handwriting of Poe that finally did the business. Hear the jealous editor:

"Such matters are usually disposed of in a very offhand way. Committees to award literary prizes drink to the payer's health in good wines over unexamined manuscripts, which they submit to the discretion of publishers, with permission to use their names in such a way as to promote the publisher's advantage. So, perhaps, it would have been in this case, but that one of the committee taking up a little book remarkably beautiful and distinct in caligraphy, was tempted to read several pages; and becoming interested, he summoned the attention of the company to the half dozen compositions it contained. It was unanimously decided that the prizes should be paid to 'the first of the geniuses who had written legibly.' Not another manuscript was unfolded. Immediately the 'confidential envelope' was opened, and the successful competitor was found to bear the scarcely known name of Poe."

Mr. John P. Kennedy, one of the committee, and author of "The Red Book" and "Swallow Barn" and afterwards Postmaster-General of the United States, became very much interested in Poe and invited him to his home to share the well-known hospitality of his mansion.

It must have been heartrending for the poor fellow, when he received the invitation to dinner, as his clothes and personal appearance were unsuited to the occasion.

Poe says in his reply: "Your invitation to dinner has wounded me to the quick. I cannot come, for reasons of the most humiliating nature—my personal appearance. You may imagine my mortification in making this disclosure to you, but it is necessary."

Mr. Kennedy sought out Poe and found him in poverty quarters, threadbare clothes and half starved. In the diary of Mr. Kennedy, he says:

"I gave him clothing, free access to my table and the use of a horse for exercise whenever he chose; in fact, brought him up from the very verge of despair."

Through all the shifting scenes of Poe's poverty he continued to compose stories and poetry and endeavored to find sale for his mental wares. Although his tales were weird, ghoulish and terrible, reflections, no doubt, of his tortured mind, he knew that intense and desperate narratives would command the attention of the "rabble" world, when the refined and beautiful emanations of his

brain would find few buyers in the booths of Vanity Fair.

In other words, poor Poe prostituted his celestial muse for daily bread and pawned her rarest gems for food and shelter, as many lofty poets had done before him. There seems to be a providence in all this, for were it not for desperate adversity and absolute necessity, Genius would not think and work, but drift along on the sunbeams of imagination dancing with Terpsichore, vaulting with Venus, or banqueting with Bacchus!

THE BOAST OF BACCHUS.

I reign over land, I reign over sea,
The proudest of earth I bring to my knee
As weak as a child in the midnight of care;
The prince and the peasant I strip bleak and bare.

A taste of my blood sends a thrill to the heart,
And speeds through the soul like a poisonous dart;
While I leave it a wreck of trouble and pain
That never on earth can be perfect again.

The youth in his bloom and the man in his might
I capture by day and I conquer by night;
The maid and the matron respond to my call;
I rule like a tyrant and ride over all.

In the gilded saloon and glittering crowd
I deaden the senses and humble the proud,
And tear from the noble, the good, and the great
The love and devotion of home, church, and state.

I blast all the honor that manhood holds dear;
I smile with delight at the sight of a tear;
And laugh in the revel and rout of a night—
My mission on earth is to blur and to blight.

I ruin the homes of the high and the low;
I blast every hope of the friend and the foe;
The world I sear with my blistering breath,
And millions I lead to the portals of death.

In the parlor and dance-house I sparkle and roar
Like billows that break on a wild, rocky shore;
I crush every virtue, destroy every truth,
That blossoms in beauty or blushes in youth.

My power is mighty for sin and despair;
I crouch, like a lion that waits in his lair,
To mangle the life of the pure and the brave,
And drag them in sorrow to shame and the grave.

CHAPTER VI.

BALTIMORE SIDELIGHTS.

In Poe's wild wanderings over the earth his heart always turned to Baltimore, the city of beautiful belles and gallant beaux, and the place of his father's social eccentricities, his mother's theatrical triumphs, his grandfather's patriotism, and, above all, the spot where he had married Virginia, his angelic wife.

Although Philadelphia, New York, and Richmond had given him opportunity to display his literary merit, Baltimore gave him the first chance to win a prize. He regarded that patriotic city (which kept the Star Spangled Banner flying over Fort McHenry in the very teeth and face of monarchy) as his home, and might well have exclaimed with poor Goldsmith:

"And as a hare whom hounds and horns pursue,
Pants to the place from whence at first he flew,
I still had hopes my long vexatious past—
Here to return—and die at home at last!"

Old citizens of Baltimore even to-day will discourse with pleasure and pride of their acquaintance with Poe, and run over reminiscences of his erratic career.

Professor John H. Hewitt was one of the editors and critics of the *Baltimore Saturday Visitor,* when it offered a hundred dollar prize, and also a fifty dollar prize, for the best tale and poem.

Hewitt died a few years since, but left behind a written autobiography, which is now in the possession of William M. Marine, late Collector of Customs of Baltimore, and a lawyer with poetic proclivities, interested in the relics and remembrance of Poe.

In a recent letter Mr. Marine gives thus a few of his own memory milestones:

"Years previous to the placing of a monument over Poe's remains, I was in the habit of visiting his neglected grave. The lot was one in which his ancestors were buried, in the rear of the church, in Westminster burial ground, half way between it and the south wall. I do not recall that any of the graves were marked in the lot. A slender granite stone, octagonal shaped, standing opposite Edgar Allan Poe's supposed grave, a few feet out of the ground, apparently a lot marker, was the only memorial. It was subsequently possessed by a Westerner, who presented it to a museum in his section, as the sentinel stone which for twenty-six years stood at Poe's grave.

"After the supposed removal of Poe's remains,

Doctor Moran, his attending physician in his last illness, told me Poe had not been removed; that he procured a poplar coffin, stained to resemble walnut, in which his remains were buried. Poe was said to have been exhumed in a mahogany coffin, pieces of which were exposed for sale by the sexton. I have such a piece, which was procured from him myself. Poe's monument stands in a lot at the corner of Fayette and Green Streets, to which his supposed remains were removed. Several years ago, on the obliteration of the Dutch Cemetery, near Fordham, where his wife had been buried, her remains, filling a very small sized box, were removed and reinterred in the Poe monument lot.

"Poe resided but a few years in Baltimore after the commencement of his literary career; he was engaged in Richmond, Philadelphia and New York. Two of his residences in this city were, one of them on Styles Street, north side, near Gough Street; the other was on Eastern Avenue, south side, west of Central Avenue. When Hatch and Dunning, printers, were engaged in putting in type the Baltimore copy of his published poems, Poe then resided on Eastern Avenue. In the employ of Hatch and Dunning was a lad, Robert Sherwood, afterwards a member of a well-known firm of printers of his name in Baltimore. Mr. Sherwood told me of his repeated visits to Poe's residence with poem proof. They were usually received by a lady, who took them, and on the return of Mr. Sherwood she handed them back to him—Poe remaining invisible, rarely ap-

pearing at the printing office. During Poe's residence in Baltimore he had his mail left at an apothecary store on Baltimore Street near Charles. A clerk who was in that store, stated to me that he saw him daily when he would call for his mail; he was a quiet, unobtrusive, modest person, who did not formally address others. He used few words, only enough to indicate his wishes; when he received his mail it was his invariable custom to leave the store; he did not stand around and chat; he would bow politely to those whom he knew and walk off. He was described as of serious mien, given to reflection; neat in appearance, clothes glossy from wear, and scrupulously tidy. Cleanliness was a habit with him, which he never transgressed. He was never seen with any indications showing indulgence in alcoholic potations. That charge, at the time, was not raised against him.

"I was present at the ceremonial of unveiling the monument to Poe's memory, November 17th, 1875, held in the Western Female High School. The auditorium was crowded. William Winter's poem, 'At Poe's Grave,' an exquisite one, was read in a masterly manner by Miss Rice.

"When at the monument, the Philharmonic Society rendered the dirge 'Sleep and Rest.'

"The monument was unveiled, when William F. Gill of Boston recited 'Annabel Lee,' and Miss Dillihunt 'The Bells.' No further exercises took place at the monument; while they were in progress, a keen cutting wind, sharp and violent, swept and howled in furious frenzy. So great

was the flurry and disquieting the sighing wind, that people had to resist it to hold their ground. The cold was bitter; the bystanders shivered and crouched before such a Borean blast.

"Besides those named by Professor Hewitt as present, were Professor Clark, at whose school Poe attended in Richmond; Professor N. C. Brooks, who had edited the *American Magazine*, to which Poe contributed some of his earliest writings. Brooks was himself a famous poet.

"The Baltimore book published in 1838 by W. H. Carpenter and T. H. Arthur, contained poems by Brooks, S. L. Wallis, John H. Hewitt, E. T. Reese, McJilton, Arthur, and Carpenter. Poe contributed 'Siope: A Fable.'

"Others who were invited and were not present, were Tennyson, Swinburne, Whittier, Bryant, Longfellow, Holmes and others; they responded by letters. Walt Whitman, with his silvery, streaming locks, was the most prominent personality there. Horne, of London, sent a lengthy tribute, as long as Tennyson's was short. S. D. Lewis and Margaret J. Preston were eulogistic. Saxe said, 'The occasion was to perform a patriotic office,' Helen Whitman expressed her 'warmest sympathies and most grateful appreciation;' John Neal said, 'Having given him his first push in his upward career, he was bound to keep him moving.' Ingram said, 'He had little faith in heaps of stones as memorials of the great, but must confess that a public expression of admiration for an illustrious son whose memory has been so long overclouded by unmerited obloquy

does seem fitting on the part of America.' Aldrich and Davidson were equally as favorable. Mallarine, Hayne and Fawcett sent poetical wreaths.

"A contrast were the letters of Bryant and Longfellow. Poe had unmercifully criticised the latter in his literati papers. Bryant wrote a letter not at all creditable. Longfellow sent one beautiful as his poetry, and without the slightest tinge of the human in it, partaking of the sweetness of the divine."

Professor Hewitt, editor and poet, the personal acquaintance of Poe, speaks as follows about the peculiarities of our great story-teller:

"So much has been written and said of late years concerning Edgar Allan Poe and myself, that I feel disposed to dilate on that part of his history and mine which relates to our acquaintance. In the year 1875, November 17th, a small memorial stone was placed over the bones of the favorite poet of America, and dedicated to the memory of that poet, who had lain under the sod of old Westminster Church graveyard for twenty-six years, unhonored and scarcely noticed, save by curious strangers, who were anxious to look at the grave of a poor scholar who, while living, found it hard work to keep from starving. This dead poet, after he had 'shuffled off his mortal coil,' was noticed by some of the leading English journalists, who discoursed that America had at length produced a poet worthy of notice.

"The large hall of the Western High School was selected for the performance of the ceremonies. The room was handsomely decorated, there was a select choir,—a spacious platform on which sat a number of distinguished citizens, while the front seats were crowded with the beauty and fashion of the city. The exercises commenced with the rendering of the 'Pilgrims' Chorus' by the Philharmonic Society. Professor William Elliot then arose and delivered an address, in which he related the history of the movement which had culminated in the exercises of the occasion. He stated that Poe was born in Boston, January 20th, 1809, and died in Baltimore, 7th of October, 1849. Two days after his death his remains were interred in the cemetery attached to the Westminster Presbyterian Church. Those who attended the burial on that gloomy day were named. Many of them had gone down to their own graves."

For a number of years after the burial of the poet no steps were taken to mark his grave. At length a stone was orderd by Nelson Poe, Edgar's cousin; but unfortunately this stone was broken to pieces "by a train of cars," which accidentally ran into the marble works of Mr. Hugh Sisson, and so damaged it that it was unfit to be used as intended.

Another series of years intervened, but yet no monument to mark the grave. But Poe's neglected grave "was not long to remain such." At a regular meeting of the Public School

Teachers' Association, held on October 7th, 1865, Mr. John Basil, a principal, offered a number of resolutions, which resulted in the appointing of a committee of six to work up the object of erecting a monument over the poet's remains. Funds were raised among the teachers and pupils of the various schools, the collections being under the superintendence of Miss S. S. Rice. The sum raised was scarcely sufficient—so the large hearted George W. Childs, of Philadelphia, was applied to, who at once made up the deficiency, which was estimated at $650. The memorial stone was chiseled at the establishment of Mr. Hugh Sisson, and placed in its position. Much was due to the energy of Miss Sara S. Rice, and when presented to the audience she was received with rounds of applause.

John H. B. Latrobe, Esq., delivered an oration, which was almost entirely made up of reminiscences of Poe. He being on the committee that awarded Poe and myself premiums, offered by the proprietors of the *Visitor,* honestly gave his experience in that labor. He stated as nearly as he could recollect the facts, and when he announced that the committee, after much consideration, awarded to me the premium for the best poem, the audience shook the building with their long and loud applause. I was seated on the platform, Walt Whitman in front of me, Dr. Snodgrass on my right, and my eldest son, Horatio, on my left. I was so taken by surprise that I hid my head, but my name being called by hundreds of mouths I arose and bowed my ac-

knowledgments—for I have always been a poor offhand orator.

Mr. Latrobe said: "The poetry offered, although better than the prose, was bad enough, and when we had gone more or less thoroughly over the pile of manuscripts, two pieces only were considered worthy of consideration. The title of one was 'The Coliseum,' which was Poe's. The title of the other I have forgotten, but upon opening the accompanying envelopes we found that the author was Mr. John H. Hewitt, still living in Baltimore, and well known, I believe, in the musical world both as a poet and a composer. I am not prepared to say that the committee may not have been biased in awarding the fifty dollar prize to Mr. Hewitt, by the fact that they had already given the one hundred dollar prize to Mr. Poe. I recollect, however, we agreed, under the circumstances, that the excellence of Mr. Hewitt's poem deserved a reward, and we gave the smaller prize to him with clear consciences."

About the time of the dedication of the memorial stone there appeared in the papers of the day a number of sketches of the life and character of Edgar Allan Poe. (I have as many as I can rake together in my scrap book.) Some were unbecomingly bitter, and others fulsome and almost sickening in their tone—while others again were mere fiction. In order to show my readers how much confidence is to be placed in the "recollections" of these ephemeral penny-a-liners, I will quote a passage from an article written by

R. H. Stoddard, a very popular contributor to several of the leading magazines:

"It is in the summer or early autumn of 1833, and the proprietors of the *Saturday Visitor* have offered two prizes to the aspiring literati of America—one for the best tale that may be sent them, the other for the best poem. Among those who competed was Poe, who submitted a poem and six prose sketches. The elegance of his penmanship tempted one of the committee who was to make the award to read several pages of the manuscript volume in which the sketches were written. He was interested in them, as were also the others; so much so, that they decided to read no more of the manuscripts but to give the prize to the first of the geniuses who had written legibly. When the confidential envelope was opened it was found that the writer's name was Poe, and Mr. Poe was accordingly notified by advertisement of his success. He rushed at once before the publisher of the *Saturday Visitor,* who was moved by his appearance, and came (to see the Hon. John P. Kennedy) just as he was (the prize money not having been paid him), thin, pale, with the marks of sickness and destitution in his face. His seedy coat, buttoned up tight to his chin, concealed the absence of a shirt. Less successful were his shoes. Out at the elbows as he was, the gentleman was apparent in his bearing, and the man of genius in his conversation."

This is all sheer nonsense. To show that it is

so, I will merely make an abstract from an article written by myself at the request of the editor of the *Baltimorean,* a weekly literary journal for which I have written much.

"The *ignis-fatuus* prosperity of the *Saturday Visitor* (published by Messrs. Cloud and Ponder and edited by myself) induced the proprietors to offer two premiums for two of the best literary productions by Baltimoreans—a tale for which one hundred dollars was offered, and a poem, the value of which was fixed at fifty dollars. Some fifty or sixty productions, in both prose and poetry, were sent in—the names of the writers, according to arrangement, being in separate envelopes. The committee, appointed by Messrs. Cloud and Ponder, were John H. B. Latrobe, Esq., Hon. John P. Kennedy and Dr. James H. Miller.

"After detaining the manuscripts several days, these gentlemen reported the result of their labors. The first premium was awarded to Edgar Allan Poe, for a wild story in the style of the 'Rime of the Ancient Mariner,' entitled 'A Manuscript Found in a Bottle;' the second, to a poem bearing the title of 'The Song of the Winds,' which came in competition with Poe's 'Coliseum.' The report of the gentlemen composing the committee stated that the contest for the second premium was narrowed down to these two poems, and in consideration of Poe having received the award for the story, they thought it nothing more than right that the writer of the 'Song of the Winds' should receive the prize for the poem, when the contest

was so closed. Poe received his money with many thanks. I preferred a silver goblet, which is now in the possession of my family.

"The glory of the achievement was merely ephemeral, for with the public the affair was soon forgotten. Not so with my testy competitor. He thought he had found a mare's nest, and determined to abstract the egg therefrom.

"A week or two afterwards, I met the irritable poet near the office of the *Visitor*. This meeting was anything but pleasant to both of us. He had taken it into his head that I, being the known editor of the paper, should be debarred from being a competitor for either of the prizes. I did not deny the charge of being the editor, but I denied using the name of the editor, and also of using underhand means to bias a committee of gentlemen so well known to the public as men of honor and integrity. The committee did not know the author of the successful poem until they had consulted the sealed envelopes; when they did this, they found the name of *Henry Wilton,* a name which I used instead of my own, and when Mr. Latrobe asked who was Henry Wilton, I told him that I represented that obscure personage.

"Poe was handsome, with a broad forehead, a large, magnificent eye, dark brown and rather curly hair, well formed, about five feet seven in height. He dressed neatly in his palmy days—wore Byron collars and a black neckerchief, looking the poet all over. The expression of his face was thoughtful, melancholy, and rather stern. In disposition he was somewhat overbearing and

spiteful. I saw him drunk once, or perhaps under the influence of narcotics.

"Some years subsequently I met Poe on Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington. His appearance was woe-begone, his features haggard, and his expressive eye had lost its lustre. I thought on the instant of four lines in his poem of 'Al Araaf':

"'Beyond that death no immortality—
But sleep that pondereth and is not to be—
And there—oh! may my weary spirit dwell—
Apart from Heaven's—eternity—and yet how far
from hell.'

He offered me his hand, and asked if I would let 'bygones be bygones!' Of course I did not turn my back on him, but relieved his wants to the best of my ability. I never saw him afterwards."

The following lines, from the poems, "Song of the Winds," and "Coliseum," are submitted for the reader's poetic judgment:

SONG OF THE WINDS.

I have come pure and fresh from the soft sunny
climes,
With the richest incense of a thousand sweet
flowers;
I have frolicked in many a forest of limes
And stolen the dewdrops from jessamine bowers.

I have kissed the white crest of the moon-silvered wave,
And bosom'd the sail of the light skimming barque;
I have sung my mad dirge o'er the sailor boy's grave,
And fann'd up the blaze of the meteor's spark.

I have warbled my song by the sea's pebbly shore,
And wandered around young Andromeda's form;
I have played with the surf when its frolic was o'er,
And bellowed aloud with the shout of the storm.

I have wildly careered through the shivering shrouds,
And rent the broad sail of the corsair in twain;
I have screamed at the burst of the thunder charged clouds,
And laughed at the rage of the petulant main.

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 love that in me 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 charms 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!

CHAPTER VII.

WRITING FOR "LITERARY MESSENGER"—REMORSE AND REVIEWS.

In August, 1834, Mr. T. W. White, a gentleman with bravery and cash, started a magazine in Richmond, Va., called the *Southern Literary Messenger*, which at that time was considered a doubtful venture south of Mason and Dixon's line."

Although many fine writers had come from the south and lent renown to their section, yet literature did not seem to prosper in a land where slavery was an institution; and liberty of thought like a poor relative at a wedding, was compelled to take a back seat and preserve a modest silence! Literature cannot prosper where slavery and tyranny dominate.

In the March and April numbers, of the year 1835, we find two stories of Poe in the *Messenger* —"Bernice," and "Morella," which created quite a sensation, and lifted Poe out of the common rut of authors. While the stories were uncanny and wild yet there was a literary sweep and beauty

about the lofty lines that struck the reader with a kind of shudder at the magnetic audacity of the author. Mr. White said, "There can be but one opinion as to the force and elegance of his style. He discovers a superior capacity and a highly cultivated taste in composition."

Mr. Kennedy, the faithful patron and friend of Poe, wrote the following letter to Mr. White, proprietor of the *Messenger,* which resulted in the regular employment of our poet as assistant editor, at a salary of about forty-three dollars a month.

"BALTIMORE, April 13, 1835.

"DEAR SIR: Poe did right in referring to me. He is very clever with his pen—classical and scholarlike. He wants experience and direction, but I have no doubt he can be made very useful to you. And, poor fellow! he is very poor. I told him to write something for every number of your magazine and that you might find it to your advantage to give him some permanent employ. He has a volume of very bizarre tales in the hands of ——, in Philadelphia, who for a year past has been promising to publish them. This young fellow is highly imaginative, and a little given to the terrific. He is at work upon a tragedy, but I have turned him to drudging upon whatever may make money, and I have no doubt you and he will find your account in each other."

Poe was under great restraint, socially, while "rooting" around Richmond, conjuring up tales and stories for the magazine. It was said that in

fits of melancholy or remorse he would resort to the wine cup with old schoolmates, and endeavor to drown the remembrance of his early love and disappointed ambition.

This letter to Mr. Kennedy, containing suicidal thoughts, betrays Poe's state of mind at that time. Any mortal with a particle of human pity must feel a sincere sympathy to know that a God-given genius could be so "wretched," and did not know "that it is at all necessary to live."

"RICHMOND, September 11, 1835.

"DEAR SIR: I received a letter from Dr. Miller, in which he tells me you are in town. I hasten, therefore, to write you, and express by letter what I have always found it impossible to express orally—my deep sense of gratitude for your frequent and ineffectual assistance and kindness. Through your kindness Mr. White has been induced to employ me in assisting him with the editorial duties of his magazine, at a salary of five hundred and twenty dollars per annum. The situation is agreeable to me for many reasons, but, alas! it appears to me that nothing can give me pleasure or the slightest gratification. Excuse me, my dear sir, if in this letter you find much incoherency. My feelings at this moment are pitiable indeed. I am suffering under a depression of spirits such as I have never felt before. I have struggled in vain against the influence of this melancholy; you will believe me when I say that I am still miserable in spite of the great improvement in my circumstances. I say you will

believe me, and for this simple reason, that a man who is writing for effect does not write thus. My heart is open before you; if it be worth reading, read it. I am wretched and know not why. Console me—for you can. But let it be quickly, or it will be too late. Write me immediately; convince me that it is worth one's while, that it is at all necessary to live, and you will prove yourself indeed my friend. Persuade me to do what is right. I do mean this. I do not mean that you should consider what I now write you a jest. Oh, pity me! for I feel that my words are incoherent, but I will recover myself. You will not fail to see that I am suffering under a depression of spirits which will ruin me should it be long continued. Write me then and quickly; urge me to do what is right. Your words will have more weight with me than the words of others, for you were my friend when no one else was. Fail not, as you value your peace of mind hereafter. E. A. Poe."

Mr. Kennedy sends this reply:

"I am sorry to see you in such a plight as your letter shows you in. It is strange that just at this time, when everybody is praising you, and when fortune is beginning to smile upon your hitherto wretched circumstances, you should be invaded by these blue devils. It belongs, however, to your age and temper to be thus buffeted—but be assured it only wants a little resolution to master the adversary forever. You will doubtless do well henceforth in literature, and add to

your comforts, as well as to your reputation, which it gives me pleasure to assure you is everywhere rising in popular esteem."

In the December *Messenger* Poe took a fling for the first time at authors in general as a book reviewer, and ever after kept up his attack wherever his pen had free force.

He seemed delighted to puncture mediocre and established authors alike, and consequently raised a host of enemies, that flew and buzzed about his ears like mosquitoes from the Dismal Swamp.

Poe's criticism was as searching as a modern X-ray, and although other tripod critics might miss the internal mistakes and missiles of book writers, Poe never failed to locate some error, and too often magnified it with his intellectual searchlight.

He ridiculed and tore to pieces the authors of his day, and while moaning over the world's neglect, he should have known that a man seldom receives courtesy and kindness if he does not extend it to others.

Poe swooped down upon the authors of his time like a hawk into a country poultry yard; and the cocks, hens and chickens of the literary tribe ran to cover with a startled crow and cackle that even now echoes at the mention of the critic's name. Life is too short to hate each other, and love is too sweet to barter for vengeance!

His nature in later years became saturnine, as shown in his "Murders of the Rue Morgue," "The Black Cat," "The Fall of the House of Usher,"

"The Gold Bug," "Moon Hoax," "The Pit and Pendulum," and "Adventures of Sir Gordon Pym." Even the poetry he wrote breathes but the wail of buried hopes and disappointed ambition.

Poe reveled in mysteries, and his tales and stories are filled with surprises and unexpected dénouements, mystifying the reader by his literature as well as his secretive life.

He fully intended to let the world "guess" him, imitating a veiled prophet, whose influence is measured in proportion to the amount of fantastic glamour thrown around the precincts of his enchanting sanctum.

Poe possessed the industry, cunning and patience of a spider, and yet while weaving subtle webs of fancy, many blue-bottle flies, wasps and hornets of practical literature tore to pieces his finest structures and left him often without food and shelter.

He seemed to regard the praise and fame of contemporary authors as a personal rebuke and insult to himself, wondering at the presumption and ignorance of a rushing world that could admire anything but the central sun of American literature! It was, however, a pleasant and somewhat justified conceit, and flattered the majestic egotism of our genius, who took praise as the principal emoluments of his intellectual labors.

It's human to err, divine to forgive,
Our motto should be—to live and let live,
And he who is PURE *in soul and in bone,*
May throw if he dare a clod or a stone!

CHAPTER VIII.

MARRIAGE—MAGAZINE WRITINGS—MIGRATION TO NEW YORK.

Poe sought for sympathy and praise from a cold and calculating world, but found it not. At last he turned to the ties of blood, and found sweet love and devotion in the heart and soul of his sixteen-year-old cousin, Virginia Clemm, the daughter of Maria Poe, his father's sister.

At the age of twenty-seven he was married to his consumptive relative, at old Christ Church, Baltimore, by Rev. John Johns, September 2d, 1835.

A few days after this event he went to Richmond, Va., leaving his young wife with her mother in Baltimore; but a few months afterwards they were again united, while he was writing stories and cutting reviews for the *Southern Literary Messenger.*

Poe warmed over the cold meats of literature and dished them up for the delectation of his southern readers. "A Manuscript Found in a

Bottle," "The Valley of Nis," "Irene," and other productions were "hashed" over, and seemed to startle and amuse the newspapers of that day, although many of the journals lashed the young poetic genius with whips of logic and sneers of scorn.

Poe continued to write and ruminate around Richmond, and when not chained to the society of his beautiful wife, men who knew him at that time told me he spent his leisure hours in snug saloons, roystering with tavern tipplers and old schoolmates.

Mr. White could not tolerate his conduct any longer and a separation took place, Poe going to New York, and securing a position on the *New York Review* with Dr. Hawkes.

After leaving the *Messenger* Poe had a fit of remorse, a frequent condition with him, and wrote to Mr. White, making promises of amendment.

The following letter, found among the papers of Poe, will be about the best evidence that can be produced as to his drinking habits. I'm sorry to say that this child of genius, like his prototypes through all the centuries, was addicted to indulgence in the wine cup, but the truth must be told though the heavens fall. I have been guilty of over-indulgence myself, and should anybody care to delve into the actions of my life when the grave grass whispers above my tomb, let them tell the truth, and say that for forty years (up to January 1st, 1900), in war and peace, Bacchus, the Adjutant-General of the devil, commanded me more or less, as social cheer, financial or family troubles in-

spired or afflicted my heart and soul. What's the use of sneaking and lying about a matter of fact? Let others, in home, church and state, play the hypocrite, I shall not do it, and while I live shall never knowingly consent to use a particle of policy in my principle!

The plain words of Mr. White clear up the murky atmosphere of Poe's commenders and critics.

"My Dear Edgar: I cannot address you in such language as this occasion and my feelings demand; I must be content to speak to you in my plain way.

"That you are sincere in all your promises I firmly believe. But when you once again tread these street I have my fears that your resolutions will fail, and that you will again drink till your senses are lost.

"If you rely on your own strength you are gone. Unless you look to your Maker for help you will not be safe. How much I regretted in parting from you is known to Him only and myself. I had become attached to you; I am still, and I would willingly say 'return,' did not a knowledge of your past life make me dread a speedy renewal of our separation. If you would make yourself contented with quarters in my house, or with any private family where liquor is not used, I should think there was some hope for you. But if you go to a tavern, or to any place where it is used at table, you are not safe.

"You have fine talents, Edgar, and you ought

to have them respected as well as yourself. Learn to respect yourself and you will soon find that you are respected. Tell me if you can and will do so?

"If you become again an assistant in my office, it is to be strictly understood that all engagements on my part cease the moment you get drunk. I am, your true friend,

"T. W. WHITE."

The poems "Israfel" and "The City of Sin," first-class productions, appeared in the August number of the *Messenger,* and in January and February, 1837, his first chapters of the "Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym," professedly a personal sea experience, was given to the world, and created quite a stir among general readers as well as literary critics.

"Gordon Pym" was published in book form by the Harper Brothers in July, 1838.

Poe and his wife and mother-in-law, Mrs. Clemm, removed to New York in the spring of 1837, and remained there until the following fall of 1838.

While writing on the *Review* Poe had full swing with his literary scythe, and cut into the rank meadow of current periodicals and books with a bold and unsparing hand, pricking with the cambric needle of his genius the pimples and warts of local literature, or slashing into the tall timbers of noted authors with a broadaxe.

We find Poe and his wife residing in modest quarters at 113 Carmine Street, where Mrs. Clemm

kept a boarding-house to drive the wolf from the door, as many a finely reared woman had done before her.

The financial help that Poe gave to the support of the family could not have been much, as ten dollars a week seemed to be the pay of newspaper and magazine writers of that day.

A dealer in old books, named Gowans, a Scotch-Irishman, or hyphenated nondescript, tells the following fulsome story of Poe and his beautiful Virginia:

"I will also show you my opinion of this gifted but unfortunate genius. It may be estimated as worth little, but it has this merit—it comes from an eye and ear witness; and this, it must be remembered, is the very highest of legal evidence. For eight months or more one house contained us, one table fed! During that time I saw much of him, and had an opportunity of conversing with him often, and I must say I never saw him the least affected with liquor, nor even descend to any known vice, while he was one of the most courteous, gentlemanly, and intelligent companions I have met with during my journeyings and haltings through divers divisions of the globe; besides, he had an extra inducement to be a good man as well as a good husband, for he had a wife of matchless beauty and loveliness. Her eyes could match that of any houri, and her face defy the genius of a Canova to imitate; a temper and disposition of surpassing sweetness; besides, she seemed as much devoted to him and his every in-

terest as a young mother is to her first-born. . . . Poe had a remarkably pleasing and prepossessing countenance—what the ladies would call decidedly handsome."

LOVE.

Love and beauty ever lingers,
Like the blush upon the flowers,
Spreading hope with fairy fingers
Through the darkest, loneliest hours.
And when every earthly pleasure
Takes its reeling lightning flight,
Love is still our radiant treasure,
Like the glittering stars of night.
Winter cannot chill its glory,
It can all the world defy,
And 'twill shine in song and story,
For true love can never die!

CHAPTER IX.

LIFE IN PHILADELPHIA—CRITICISMS OF AUTHORS.

We find Poe and his family in Philadelphia in the fall of 1839, writing occasionally for the *North American Magazine* of Baltimore, published by Nathan C. Brooks; and also an assistant editor for the *Gentleman's Magazine* of Philadelphia, owned by William E. Burton, a former English comedian.

Mr. Brooks, of Baltimore, was anxious that Poe should write a review of the works of Washington Irving, who was the most noted American author of his day. Poe, it seems, had other work on hand just at that time, and declined the proffered job. He had time enough, however, to say to Brooks: "I can hardly say that I am conversant with Irving's writings, having read nothing of his since I was a boy." "Irving is much overrated, and a nice distinction might be drawn between his just and his surreptitious and adventitious reputation." "If you would delay the *Review* I would be happy to do my best."

It seems that Poe never did undertake to root

and plough up the works of Irving; yet he was willing to "assail" the best classical writer of our country, concluding at the start that the author of the "Crayon Papers," "Granada," "Bracebridge Hall," and "Alhambra," was a "much overrated man."

In the spring and summer of 1840 "The Fall of the House of Usher," and the story of "William Wilson" appeared in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and created a marked sensation in the reading world. Poe seemed to be again sailing on the high tide of prosperity; but, as usual, his restless nature never knew when to let "well enough" alone, and a break took place between him and Mr. Burton, the proprietor of the magazine.

A letter of confession and remorse, periodical ebullitions of Poe, was written to Mr. Burton, and that gentleman, with a forgiving nature, like Mr. White of Richmond, answered the wail of our poet, wiping out the old score of indiscretions, but at the same time warning his brilliant employee in the following language. (The world has a very forgiving spirit for a genius.)

"I am sorry that you thought it necessary to send me such a letter. Your troubles have given a morbid tone to your feelings, which it is your duty to discourage. I myself have been as severely handled by the world as you can possibly have been, but my sufferings have not tinged my mind with melancholy, nor jaundiced my views of society.

"You must rouse your energies, and if care assail you, conquer it. I will gladly overlook the

past. I hope you will as easily fulfill your pledges for the future. We shall agree very well, though I cannot permit the magazine to be made a vehicle for that sort of severity which you think is so 'successful with the mob.' I am truly much less anxious about making a monthly 'sensation' than I am upon the point of fairness.

"You must, my dear sir, get rid of your avowed feeling towards your brother authors. You see I speak plainly; I cannot do otherwise upon such a subject. You say the people love 'havoc.' I think they love justice. I think you, yourself, would not have written the article on Mr. Dawes in a more healthy state of mind. I am not trammeled by any vulgar consideration of expediency; I would rather lose money than by such undue severity wound the feelings of a kind-hearted honorable man.

"Now, I am satisfied that Dawes has something of the true fire in him. I regretted your *word catching* spirit. But I wander from my design. I accept your proposition to recommence your interrupted avocations on the *magazine.* Let us meet as if we had not exchanged letters. Use more exercise, write when feeling prompts, and be assured of my friendship. You will soon regain a healthy activity of mind and laugh at your past vagaries."

Mr. Rufus Dawes, referred to by Mr. Burton, was considered by the public one of the best poets of his day, and many regarded his "Geraldine" and "Athenia of Damascus" as first-class.

Poe says, however, that these lengthy poems were "pompous nonsense, and ridiculous *imitations,* in which the beauty of the originals have been sedulously avoided, as the blemishes have been blunderingly culled! In style Dawes is perhaps the most inflated, involved and falsely figurative of any of our noted poets. His apparent erudition is mere verbiage, and were it real would be lamentably out of place." Poe pronounces "Geraldine" "abominable rigmarole," and that "the whole poem is pervaded by unintelligibility!"

It occurs to me right here to say that a man who is poor and brilliant, and ostracized from society by his genius, from keeping step to the music of fashionable society, is ever on the lookout for some fault or sensation to bring his imagined enemies into disrepute and expose them to the ridicule of the "mob."

Poe was ever tearing down established reputations, reveled in gloom and ghoulish thoughts, and delighted in destruction. Such a man will have intellectual admirers, but no friends. His very intimates and desk workers did not know what moment he would cry "havoc," and let slip the dogs of war! It is well to "steer clear" and "fight shy" of such a character, for he has nothing to lose and nothing but notoriety to gain, which will enable him to sell to some ambitious publisher his next sensational article, coined from his burning brain and elastic conscience into ready cash-all for the pathetic purpose of "keeping the wolf from the door!"

How much literature is indebted to dire neces-

sity! A beautiful and brilliant flower exhales its sweetest perfume only when crushed; so the impulsive product of genius thrills and enlightens mankind.

Richard Henry Stoddard, a personal acquaintance and compiler of the life of Poe, says: "Poe's narrow but acute mind enabled him to detect the verbal faults of those whom he criticised, but it disqualified him from perceiving their mental qualities. He mastered the letter, but the spirit escaped him. He advanced no critical principle which he established; he attacked no critical principle which he overthrew. He broke a few butterflies on his wheel, but he destroyed no reputation. He was a powerless iconoclast!"

Yet this "narrow but acute mind" produced this soul-sigh:

DREAM WITHIN A DREAM.

Take this kiss upon thy 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.

I stand amid the roar
Of a surf-tormented shore,
And I hold with 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?

CHAPTER X.

HOME AT SPRING GARDEN—FAMILY FELICITY—"GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE."

THE re-established relations with Burton seemed to give a temporary solace and profitable occupation to Poe. We find him living in a neat and comfortable cottage at Spring Garden, a suburb of Philadelphia, surrounded by the loving influence of his delicate wife and energetic mother-in-law, Mrs. Clemm, who through all the poet's vicissitudes acted the constant part of guardian angel.

The literary atmosphere of Philadelphia was sunny and congenial, and its proverbial hospitality and loyalty was extended to Poe by neighbors and newmade friends.

Captain Mayne Reid, the Irish novelist, seemed to be on friendly terms with Poe, and frequently visited him at his rural home. He describes the house as neat and snug, surrounded by trees, trailing vines and blooming flowers, made musical by the songs of variegated birds and cooled by the vagrant zephyrs that skipped across the waters of

the Schuylkill, when sunset rays purpled the gathering shadows of the dying day!

Speaking of Poe's young wife, Reid says: "No one who remembers that dark-eyed daughter of the south, her face so exquisitely lovely; her gentle, graceful demeanor; no one who has ever spent an hour in her society, but will endorse what I have said of this lady, who was the most delicate realization of the poet's ideal. But the bloom upon her cheek was too bright for earth. It was consumption's color—that sadly beautiful light that beckons to an early grave."

Mrs. Clemm is described by the same florid author as follows:

"She was the ever vigilant guardian of the house, watching over the comfort of her two children, keeping everything neat and clean, so as to please the fastidious eyes of the poet; going to market and bringing home the little delicacies that their limited means would allow; going to publishers with a poem, a critique or story, and often returning without the much needed money."

What a faithful slave to love and duty; and how sad and pathetic the sight to see a poor, practical female housekeeper trudging the streets of a great city, searching from office to office for some publisher or editor who would listen to her story and deign to look over and purchase the mental productions of her "darling Eddie!"

Few poets have ever been blessed with such a faithful friend, one who, in the deepest vale of adversity, would persistently overlook and excuse

the *faults of genius,* and mantle with kind words and flowers the pallet of poverty or the dungeon of disgrace.

If God is good He must certainly have a snug corner in His house of many mansions, where such love-lit, pure souls as those of Mrs. Clemm are cheered and cherished with everlasting happiness, as a slight recompense for the unselfish trials they have endured on this sin-cursed and sordid earth. Out of such lovely and beautiful creatures angels are made! Where is the man living who will suffer in silence, in sorrow or in poverty, as long as a true woman?

The *Gentleman's Magazine* and *The Casket* were merged into *Graham's Magazine* in November, 1840, Mr. George R. Graham becoming the proprietor. Poe continued as editor, and in his monthly "reviews" made it "red hot" for the struggling authors of his day, slashing right and left with his merciless adjectives, vicious verbs and "naked nouns!"

In the interval of his magazine hack work he found time to compose and publish a lot of horrible and impossible stories, such as "The Murders of the Rue Morgue," "The Mystery of Mary Roget," and "The Purloined Letter." These were sensational to the highest degree, and even now they give the sensitive reader "the shivers," in perusing their complicated and unearthly plots. But they sold, and pleased the mob.

In the spring of 1841 Poe became acquainted with Rev. Rufus Wilmot Griswold, a pulpitless Baptist preacher, who betrayed an itching for

literature and pretended to a critical knowledge of poetry. He compiled "The Poets and Poetry of America," from the early colonial days down to 1855—more than a hundred veritable patriots, who, no doubt, all imagined that the mantle of Homer, Horace, Dante and Shakespeare, would not make a respectable vest for their greatness! Biographical sketches were given, mostly in laudatory, flattering language, to tickle the vanity of the authors and at the same time enlist their efforts in the sale of the book! Griswold seemed to be a business fellow; and while he cared not a straw for all the poets in creation he knew how to make himself solid with the proprietor of *Graham's Magazine,* and finally succeeded in landing Poe "outside the breastworks" of that material periodical. Poe "knifed" Griswold's poetry book and that broke the friendship.

After floundering about Philadelphia a couple of years, Poe, as usual, became restless, and sighed for new scenes and strange avocations. He had a literary friend named Frederick William Thomas, who had secured a Government clerkship in Washington City, and Poe as a last resort applied for a Government job, where the work would be easy and the emoluments sure, while toying among the pigeonholes of clerical circumlocution.

It seems that he knew President Tyler and his son "Bob," and being a son of "Old Virginia" and a protégé of Postmaster-General John P. Kennedy, he thought he saw his calling clear.

Poe says in a letter to his friend Thomas, dated July 4th, 1841: "I would be glad to get almost

any appointment, even a five-hundred-dollar one, so that I have something independent of letters for daily subsistence. To coin one's brain into silver and gold at the nod of a master is, to my thinking, the hardest task in the world!"

In another wail of anguish he exclaims: "I wish to God I could visit Washington—but the old story, you know—*I have no money;* not enough to take me there, saying nothing of getting back. *It is a hard thing to be poor;* but as I am kept so by an honest motive I dare not complain."

Poor fellow! What a providential thing it was for humanity at large that Edgar Allan Poe missed that "five-hundred-dollar" clerkship! In all probability, with his social and languishing nature, had he been appointed to a Government clerkship he would have drifted into a rut of dependence, sycophancy and inanity, moving along in his tread mill avocation among musty files, or tortured with Departmental rules and orders of some petty tyrant, a puffed-up "scrub" from the back woods in temporary power—and thus situated the world would have lost "Annabel Lee," "The Bells," and "The Raven."

A verse from "The Conquering Worm" shows the state of Poe's gloomy mind, the sad drama of *the world* passing before him like a bloody, writhing serpent:

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,

And the angels, all pallid and wan,
Uprising, unveiling, affirm
That the play is the tragedy MAN,
And its hero—the Conquering Worm.

CHAPTER XI.

REMOVAL TO NEW YORK—WORK ON THE "DAILY MIRROR"—ERRATIC NATURE.

MR. GRAHAM reluctantly lost Poe from his magazine. He had just added to his literary laurels "The Gold Bug," a prize story for which he captured one hundred dollars. In competing for literary prizes offered by practical publishers, Poe invariably carried off the honors from all competitors, showing his superior genius in the composition of thrilling tales and stories. In his line of fantastic and frantic literature he has had no equal or superior in America, and this very fact made him a constant target, living and dead, for the arrows of muddled mediocrity, that is ever envious of a shining mark.

The uncharitable censures of Griswold over the cold remains of the dead poet find a consoling contrast in the encomiums of Mr. Graham, who was conversant with the daily life of our genius. He says: "I shall never forget how solicitous of the happiness of his wife and mother-in-law he was

whilst one of the editors of *Graham's Magazine.* His whole efforts seemed to be to procure the comfort and welfare of his little home. Except for their happiness, and the natural ambition of having a magazine of his own, I never heard him deplore the want of wealth. The truth is, he cared little for money and knew less of its value, for he seemed to have no personal expenses. What he received from me, in regular monthly instalments, went directly into the hands of his mother-in-law for family comforts, and twice only I remember his purchasing some rather expensive luxuries for his home, and then he was nervous to the degree of misery, until he had, by extra articles, covered what he considered an imprudent indebtedness.

"His love for his wife was a sort of rapturous worship of the spirit of beauty, which he felt was fading away before his eyes. I have seen him hovering around her when she was ill, with all the fond fear and tender anxiety of a mother for her first-born, her slightest cough causing him a shudder, a heart chill that was visible. I rode out one summer evening with them, and the remembrance of his watchful eyes eagerly bent upon the slightest change of hue in that loved face, haunts me yet as the memory of a sad strain.

"It was the hourly anticipation of her loss that made him a sad and thoughtful man, and lent a mournful melody to his undying song."

After Poe relinquished his hold on *Graham's Magazine* he endeavored for a year to secure subscribers for a magazine to be called the *Stylus,* to be published in conjunction with Mr. Clark. Not-

withstanding his efforts in Philadelphia, New York, Richmond and Washington, he failed to get even five hundred paying subscribers. He never learned the worldly injunction—to crook the pregnant hinges of the knee, that thrift may follow fawning. Poets are not experts in that line.

Poe spent more than a month in Washington, endeavoring to secure his southern friends' patronage for his cherished *Stylus,* and applied personally to President Tyler and cabinet for support.

Brady, the noted photographer, told me in 1866 that he met Poe in March, 1843, at the house of a widow Barrett, where he was rooming on New York Avenue, south side, near the junction of H and Thirteenth Streets, adjoining "Halls of the Ancients."

Poe, it seems, was enjoying himself with his friend Mr. Thomas, and the "boys," paying more attention to Bacchus than to business. In one of his "moody moments," as Brady expressed it, he wrote the first draft of "The Raven." This *fac simile* letter to Mr. Clark will show the forlorn condition of Poe at this time:

THE HOUSE (RECENTLY DEMOLISHED) ON THE BLOOMINGDALE ROAD, NEW YORK CITY, IN WHICH "THE RAVEN" WAS WRITTEN.
2. POE'S COTTAGE AT FORDHAM.

In the fall of 1844 Poe removed from Philadelphia to New York, and took up his literary task of sub-editor on the *Evening Mirror,* a paper made noted in its day by the delicate and felicitous writings of N. P. Willis.

In October, 1859, ten years after Poe's death, Mr. Willis, in writing to his former partner, General George Morris, gives the following pen picture of our poet's daily life:

"Poe came to us quite incidentally, neither of us having been personally acquainted with him till that time; and his position towards us, and connection with us, of course, unaffected by claims of previous friendship, were a fair average of his general intercourse and impressions. As he was a man who never smiled and never said a propitiatory or deprecating word, we were not likely to have been seized with any sudden partiality or wayward caprice in his favor. . . . It was rather a step downward, after being the chief editor of several monthlies, as Poe had been, to come into the office of a daily journal as a mechanical paragraphist. It was his business to sit at a desk in a corner of the editorial room, ready to be called upon for any of the miscellaneous work of the day; yet you remember how absolutely and how good-humoredly ready he was for any suggestion; how punctually and industriously reliable in the following out of the wish once expressed; how cheerful and present-minded his work when he might excusably have been so listless and ab-

stracted. We loved the man for the entireness of the fidelity with which he served us. When he left us we were very reluctant to part with him; but we could not object—he was to take the lead in another periodical."

Poe wrote over the heads of the people of his day, and even now his ethereal, weird and lofty flights of imagination find responsive echoes in only the hearts of the thinking few.

He would not have almost frozen and starved to death in the great metropolis of the Republic had he turned his lyre, and stubbed his pen to writing up prize fights, bar-room brawls, burglaries, divorce scandals and financial embezzlements for the press. Had he been a tinker and blacksmith of literature he could have potted and horseshoed himself into comfortable board, clothes and lodgings; but as he was a maker of chronometer thoughts his customers were fine and few; and yet he occasionally carried off prizes from the carping, crawling penny-a-liners, who pursued him like the Pilkingtons, Kelleys and Nugents who barked along the thorny paths of Goldsmith.

Poe had no money sense, and he never in the whole course of his literary life had five hundred dollars ahead that he could call his own. His ambition to start a newspaper or magazine that he could absolutely control was the aim of his life, and while he tried to lecture and secure subscribers for his venture, he literally failed in both efforts,

and was abused and vilified for even trying to get out of the dark slough of financial despondency.

The shirt of Nemesis clung close to his restless body, and every room he tenanted with four bare walls seemed to close in on his expectations, and crush his hopes, leaving only the wild witches of fear and doubt to croon their mournful dirges into his startled, listening ear.

He imagined that every man was his enemy, and that the world bore only thistles, briars and poison vines, not knowing, poor fellow, that these gloomy conjurations were but the flitting ghosts of his satanic self, and not the sweet angel that could at times reign over his beautiful, sensitive, lofty mind.

In moments of mental torture and personal poverty he betook himself to the consoling and oblivious influence of the wine cup, thinking to banish the devils of care and drown the recollections of what "might have been." But the resort to Bacchus for relief only added to his discomfiture and pain, leaving a prostrate wreck to mourn the loss of vanished friends, fortune and glory. Many men before him have tried this panacea for their corroding troubles, and now and hereafter they will turn to the same sparkling, alluring wine cup for consolation; but vain shall be their efforts to secure that happiness, evolved only in a healthy temperate body and a good, reasonable, self-reliant mind.

Poe was ever walking in the "valley of unrest," wishing for the unattainable and sighing:

"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!"

CHAPTER XII.

COMPOSITION OF "THE RAVEN."

It was a brave and daring act for Poe, poor and friendless, to throw his literary lance into Gotham, that boiling cauldron of intermingled vice and virtue, riot and riches, greed and greatness, that revel in the licentious lairs of Baxter Street, the Bowery and Broadway, and on to the luxurious, sensuous haunts of Fifth Avenue, Central Park, and Harlem Heights!

"The Raven" was first published anonymously in the *American Review,* in the month of February, 1845, under the *non de plume* of "Quarles."

It was some time after before it appeared in the *Evening Mirror* and accredited to Poe, with a fulsome review by N. P. Willis, who was nothing if not polite, laudatory, superserviceable in his flattering encomiums. He was the direct opposite of Poe, preferring to say "nice things" about people; knowing full well, like the Irishman who spreads on his genial "blarney," that "kind words are more than coronets," and will eventually return to console and delight the in-

habitants of "Blarney Castle"! Politeness does not cost a cent, and even if it cost a thousand, the "genial gentleman" who indulges his nature in that line, will carry with him always—

A POCKET FULL OF SUNSHINE.

A pocket full of sunshine
Is better far than gold;
It drowns the daily sorrows
Of the young and of the old;
It fills the world with pleasure
In field, in lane, and street,
And brightens every prospect
Of the mortals that we meet.

A pocket full of sunshine
Can make the world akin
And lift a load of sorrow
From the burdened backs of sin—
Diffusing light and knowledge
Through thorny paths of life;
It gilds with silver lining
The storm clouds of strife.

A pocket full of sunshine
On mount, or vale, or wave,
Irradiates our pathway
To the silent, gloomy grave;
And when our race is finished,
With angels far above,
We'll bask in heavenly sunshine
And everlasting love!

Why Poe should put out "The Raven" under the name of "Quarles" has always been a mystery to many of his personal and literary friends; hiding himself under an assumed name, mystifying and clouding his identity like the ink fish.

In Poe's essay on "The Philosophy of Composition," he takes up fifteen pages of type in explaining how he came to write "The Raven." No lawyer ever made more of a special plea for a client, or endeavored by analytical phrases to prove authorship for the verses. To an unbiased person reading between the lines Poe puts himself on the defensive, when no one at that time thought of doubting; and yet the following admissions from his own pen pluck "The Raven" of a great many of its fantastic feathers, that may have been borrowed from "The Parrot"!

"It will not be regarded as a breach of decorum on my part to show the *modus operandi* by which some of my own works were put together. I select 'The Raven' as most generally known.

"It is my design to render it manifest that no one point in its composition is referable to accident or imitation!"

* * * * *

"As a keynote to the construction of the poem, I did not fail to perceive immediately that no one had been so universally employed as the *refrain.*"

* * * * *

"In such a search it would have been absolutely impossible to overlook the word—'Nevermore.'"

"Immediately arose (in my mind) the idea of a *non*-reasoning creature capable of speech; and, very naturally, a *parrot,* in the first instance, suggested itself, but was superseded forthwith by a raven!"

* * * * *

"I may as well say a few words of the versification of 'The Raven.' For centuries, no man, in verse, has ever done or ever seemed to think of doing an original thing!"

* * * * *

"Of course I pretend to no originality in either the rhythm or metre of 'The Raven'! What originality 'The Raven' has is in its combination into stanza."

As the last chapter in this volume will be devoted to the Italian poem, "The Parrot," composed in 1809, I insert here the American poem, "The Raven," composed in 1845, and let the reader draw his own conclusion.

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 for evermore.

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 mortals 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 again I heard a tapping, something louder than before.
"Surely," said I, "surely that is something at my window lattice;

Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this mystery explore—
Let my heart be still a moment, and this mystery explore;
'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 a minute 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 outpour;
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 the song
one burden bore,
Till the dirges of his Hope that melancholy bur-
den 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."

Thus 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 reclining
On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamp-light
gloated o'er,
But whose velvet violet lining, with the lamp-light
gloating o'er
SHE *shall press, ah, nevermore!*

Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer
Swung by Seraphim whose footfalls 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, O 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.

CHAPTER XIII.

PRAISE FOR "THE RAVEN"—WOMEN ADMIRERS.

WHEN it became known that Poe was the author of "The Raven," many writers and citizens who passed him by unnoticed before, sought his society and flattered his genius. It is the way of the world.

Mrs. Whitman, a great admirer and personal friend of Poe, says that one evening at the residence of a noted poetess at Waverly Place, Poe recited "The Raven" with great effect and electrified the critical audience.

Willis gave it as his opinion that "The Raven" "was the most effective single example of fugitive poetry ever published in this country, and is unsurpassed in English poetry for subtle conception, masterly ingenuity of versification and consistent sustaining of imaginative lift."

Mrs. Elizabeth Barrett Browning, an English poetess, who was a member of the "Mutual Admiration Society" of Poe, says of "The Raven": "This vivid writing, this power which is felt, has produced a sensation here in England. Some of

my friends are taken by the fear of it and some by the music. I hear of persons who are haunted by the 'Nevermore,' and an acquaintance of mine who has the misfortune of possessing a bust of Pallas, cannot bear to look at it in the twilight."

Another female admirer of Poe says: "Everything about him distinguished him as a man of mark; his countenance, person, and gait, were alike characteristic. His features were regular, and decidedly handsome. His complexion was clear and dark; the color of his fine eyes, seemingly a dark gray, but on closer inspection they were seen to be of that neutral violet tint, which is so difficult to define. His forehead, broad and high, was, without exception, the finest in proportion and expression that I have ever seen."

About this time Poe became acquainted with Mrs. Frances Sargent Osgood, the most noted female American poetess of her day, and mutual admiration burst spontaneously from these twin spirits—love at sight! Those who court the Muses are prone to indulge in florid and spontaneous expressions.

Mrs. Osgood delivers herself in this rhapsody:

"My first meeting with the poet was at the Astor House. A few days previous Mr. Willis had handed me at the *table d'hôte* that strange and thrilling poem, 'The Raven,' saying that the author wanted my opinion on it. Its effect upon me was so singular, so like that of a 'weird, unearthly music,' that it was with a feeling almost of dread I heard he desired an introduction.

"Yet I could not refuse without seeming ungrateful, because I had just heard of his enthusiastic and partial eulogy of my writings, in his 'Lecture on American Literature.'

"I shall never forget the morning I was summoned to the drawing-room by Mr. Willis to receive Mr. Poe. With his proud and beautiful head erect, his dark, gray eyes flashing with the elective light of feeling and thought, a peculiar and illimitable blending of sweetness and hauteur in his expression and manner, he greeted me calmly, gravely, almost coldly; yet with so marked an earnestness that I could not help being deeply impressed by it.

"From that moment until his death we were friends, although we met only the first year of our acquaintance. And in his last words, ere reason had forever left her imperial throne in that overtasked brain, I have a touching *memento* of his undying faith and friendship."

It is little wonder that Mrs. Osgood went into comparative spasms over the introduction to Poe, when one reads the following bits of his laudatory criticism on her own poetic works but a few months before:

"'Necessity,' says the proverb, 'is the mother of invention'; and the invention of Mrs. Osgood at least springs plainly from necessity—from the necessity of invention. *Not* to write poetry, not to act it, think it, dream it, and be it, is entirely out of her power.

"The warm *abandonment* of her style, that charm which now so captivates, is but a portion and consequence of her unworldly nature, of her disregard of mere fame."

In speaking of Mrs. Osgood's dramatic poem of "Elfrida," he says: "The woman's soul here shrinks from the direct avowal of want of love for her husband, and flies to *poetry* and appeals to fate, by way of excusing that infidelity which is at once her glory and her shame."

Where the *glory* comes in to justify a woman's infidelity, is not well understood by moralists. Poe did not bother himself much about morality.

The celebrated dancer, Fanny Ellsler, was lauded to the skies by Mrs. Osgood in the following fashion:

"And now with flashing eyes she springs—
Her rich bright figure raised in air,
As if her soul had spread her wings,
And poised for one wild instant there!

"She spoke not—but so richly fraught
With language are her glance and smile,
That when the curtain fell I thought
She had been talking all the while."

Poe praises in this strain:

"This is indeed poetry—not of the most unquestionable kind—poetry *truthful* in the proper sense—that is to say, breathing nature. There is

here nothing forced or artificial, no hardly sustained enthusiasm. The poetess speaks because she feels; but then *what* she feels is felt only the truly poetical.

"The idea in the two first lines is exquisitely naïve and natural! That in the two first lines of the second quatrain, *magnificent,* unsurpassed in the entire compass of American poetry!"

Well, at any rate, in the desert fields of Poe's censure it is a consolation to find even a few oases of praise, where the flowers of flattery and laudation smother the briars of condemnation. His poetic soul went out to women. Who can blame him?

Poets, orators, warriors and statesmen have been remarkably successful in launching themselves into the affections of the ladies.

Poe was a master of language and rhythmical construction, but he wrote no poem like this, composed in memory of my first sweetheart, whom the green billows of the Mediterranean Sea engulfed more than forty years ago:

RETROSPECTION.

I see before
A cottage door
A form I loved in days of yore;
Her words to me
Were light and free,
As airs upon some summer sea.

The garden bloom
With sweet perfume
Came stealing round each nook and room;
The birds of spring
Would soar and sing
While bees were buzzing on the wing.

A cooing dove,
She sang of love,
And led me to a world above,
Where pure and bright,
Both day and night
We'd live amid celestial light.

Her eyes of blue—
A sapphire hue,
Shone o'er me fondly, bright, and true;
And in that face
I still can trace
The beauty of her modest grace.

And she was fair,
With dark brown hair—
Her voice rang out upon the air
Like vesper bells
In convent cells.
When Love its holy music tells.

She said, "Some day
We'll sail away,
O'er bounding billows fringed with spray,
And for a while
We'll bask and smile
Within some sweet, enchanted isle."

Our magic boat
We cast afloat
From summer sands and castle moat,
And swept along
With love and song
Till ocean winds grew loud and strong.

Far, far away
The island lay—
A tropic isle within a bay,
Where storms sleep
Within the deep,
And Love its holy vigils keep.

The clouds grew dark
Around my bark,
The petrel sang, and not the lark—
A thunder roll
From pole to pole
Came sounding o'er my sinking soul.

I rose and fell,
Yet could not tell
That sea nymphs sang her funeral knell;
The rocky shore
Was right before
And dashed my hopes forevermore.

Down in the wave
Of ocean's cave,
She sleeps within a coral grave,
And dreams of me
Beneath the sea,
While winds are blowing o'er the lea.

Ah! thus we find,
When love is kind,
Some cruel fate will strike us blind,
And steal away
The sunny ray
That shines upon our life to-day.

Though hope be gone
I'll still hope on,
And ever think of thee, dear one,
Until "some day"
I'll sail away
To greet you in a brighter bay!

CHAPTER XIV.

EDITOR "BROADWAY JOURNAL"—PERSONAL VAGARIES.

In 1845, Poe left the *Mirror* and became one of the editors of the *Broadway Journal,* a weekly paper devoted mostly to criticism of all kinds, where our poet had full swing to vent his spleen and passion against any author that happened to come under his literary scalping knife.

Mr. Richard Henry Stoddard, Poe's most voluminous biographer, gives the following bitter account of the new venture:

"The *Broadway Journal* is a curious medley of good and bad writing, the bad, I think, predominating. It was savagely critical and bitterly personal, and dignity was absent from its columns. It astonished and amused its readers, which was probably all that Poe cared for. That he was continually in hot water on account of it could not have surprised and could hardly have amused

him. It was useful to him, however, if to be feared is ever useful to a man of letters.

"It was while he was one of the editors of the *Broadway Journal* that I became acquainted with Poe. My remembrances of him, slight as they are, must be the excuse, if any is needed, for the apparent egotism of what follows.

"I was a young man, and I had a weakness not wholly confined to young men; I wrote verses and thought it poetry. Something I had written assumed that pleasing form to my deluded imagination. It was an 'Ode on a Grecian Flute.' I had a strong suspicion that I was fresh from the reading of Keats, and that I particularly admired his 'Ode on a Grecian Urn.' Be this as it may, I sent my 'Ode' to the *Broadway Journal,* with a note to Edgar Allan Poe, Esq., and waited with fear and trembling. One week, two weeks passed, and it did not appear. Evidently the demand for 'Odes' was slack!

"When I could bear my disappointment no longer, I made time to take a long walk to the office of the *Broadway Journal,* and asked for Mr. Poe. He was not in. Might I inquire where he lived? I was directed to a street and number that I have forgotten, but it was in the eastern part of the city, a neighborhood now given up to sundry of the tribes of Israel. I knocked at the street door, and was presently shown up to Poe's rooms, on the second or third floor. He received me very kindly. I told my errand and he promised that my 'Ode' should be printed next week.

"I was struck with his poetic manner and the

elegance of his appearance. He was slight and pale, I saw, with large, luminous eyes and was dressed in black.

"When I quitted the room I could not but see his wife, who was lying on a bed, apparently asleep. She too, was dressed in black, and pale and wasted. 'Poor lady,' I thought, 'she is dying of consumption.' I was sad on her account, but glad on my own; for had I not seen a real live author, the great Edgar Allan Poe, and was not my 'Ode' to be published at once in his paper?

"I bought the next number of the *Broadway Journal,* but my 'Ode' was not in it. I was mentioned, however, somewhat in this style: 'We decline to publish the "Ode on a Grecian Flute," unless we can be assured of its authenticity.' I was astonished, as almost any young man would have been. I was indignant also. I made time to take another long walk to the office of the *Broadway Journal,* and asked again for Mr. Poe. I was told that he was out, but would probably return in half an hour. I sauntered about, heating myself in the hot sun, and went back at the end of an hour. Poe had returned, and was in the inner office. He was sitting on a chair asleep, but the publisher woke him. He was in a morose mood. 'Mr. Poe,' I said, 'I have called to assure you of the authenticity of the "Ode on a Grecian Flute."' He gave me the lie direct, declared that I never wrote it, and threatened to chastise me unless I left him at once. I was more indignant and astonished than before; but I left him, as he de-

sired, and walked slowly home, 'chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancies.'

"I had a glimpse of Poe afterwards in the streets, but we never spoke. The last time that I remember to have seen him was in the afternoon of a dreary autumn day. A heavy shower had come up suddenly, and he was standing under an awning. I had an umbrella, and my impulse was to share it with him on his way home; but something, certainly not unkindness, withheld me. I went on and left him there in the rain, pale, shivering, miserable, the embodiment of his own unhappy master,

"'Whom unmerciful disaster followed fast and followed faster!'"

If Mr. Stoddard *knew* and *felt* that he was the real author of the "Ode on a Grecian Flute," he displayed wonderful forbearance for a man of twenty-one years of age, to take from Poe "the lie direct" without striking him at once. I'm sure if a "morose" or drunken editor would treat a writer in that style down in "Old Kentucky," the "printer's devil" would be in immediate demand to pick up the fragments of the pampered autocrat of the tripod! Some of these arrogant editors imagine that they are *all of it,* but the adornment of a pair of brunette optics and a jolted jaw has often brought audacity and power to a realization of the fact that the public have rights, as well as those who have money enough to run an unlicensed tongue and press!

In the spring of 1846 the *Broadway Journal* died, without mourners, Poe having become, several months previous to the demise of the "mud machine," the sole proprietor. He seemed to delight in making havoc among brother writers and bringing them into ridicule and contempt. These phrases show his sardonic disposition:

"Were the question demanded of us, 'What is the most exquisite of sublunary pleasures?' we would reply without hesitation, the *'making a fuss;'* or in the classical words of a Western friend, 'Kicking up a bobbery.'" He certainly succeeded in "making a fuss," yet, I pity any poor creature on earth who has no higher ambition than inflicting terrible tales and rotten stories on mankind.

The religious opinions of Poe may be found in the following conversation he had one night at the old Astor House with Mr. William Barton, who was a typo and foreman on the *Broadway Journal* when Poe was editor of that paper.

Mr. Barton told me this:

"One night when Poe and myself were mellowed with the fumes of the wine cup, I asked him his opinion of the hereafter. He said:

"'I don't bother myself about a thing of which I know nothing—just as much as anybody else!

"'I believe, however, that we are like any other part of animated nature. The dog, horse, fox, lion, tiger and elephant are endowed with a certain amount of reason, like ourselves, and have produced their kind since the beginning of creation,

without having improved much on the original stock.

"'Man, however, has improved in the arts and science, and particularly in the inventions for the destruction of his kind. But so far as jealousy, envy, hypocrisy, greed, tyranny and hate, he is about the same now as when he was in an ignorant and savage state, wearing leaves, grass and skins of beasts to cover his nakedness.

"'The strongest crush the weakest, and say what we will—might is still right.'

"'Mr. Poe, what do you think of the religions of the world?'

"'From the earliest dawn of creation man has worshipped something—sticks, stones, snakes, stars, suns, mountains, rivers, seas, myths, calves, popes and preachers. He is largely an ape and mimics anything with glitter, pomp and power.

"'All the doctrines of the world, from the dawn of paganism, Buddhism, Mohammedism, and so-called Christianity, are but the conjurations of worldly sharpers, who make a splendid living by setting up themselves as agents of God and establishing rules and laws for fools and cowards to follow!

"'The ass must still bear his burden, and fools build palaces and cathedrals for wise men to inhabit.

"'No man who ever lived knows any more about the hereafter, Barton, than you and I, and all religion, my friend, is simply evolved out of chicanery, fear, greed, imagination and poetry!

"'In every age and clime the religious sects

have persecuted and tortured each other, pagan killing Jew and Christian and they in turn burning pagans, all in the name and for the glory of God!

" 'The pioneers and missionaries of religion have been the real cause of more trouble and war than all other classes of mankind, and while forcing their trumped-up doctrines on the heathens, they are but the cunning skirmish line of armies that rob, burn and murder, for the benefit of popes, princes, kings, queens, emperors and czars—human vultures, who arrogate to themselves the horrible pretence of "divine right" to plunder and destroy mankind!' "

While Poe professed the greatest love for the beautiful, and stalked over the world in lonely, lofty pride, he forgot the genteel amenities of life: that sweet pervading politeness that is ever welcome in palace or cot, and fills every nook and corner of the earth with smiles and sunshine.

My own poem, "Love and Laughter," written for George D. Prentice, journalist and poet, in Louisville, Ky., January, 1863, might well be inserted here for the information and education of the rushing world.

The reader can do no better than memorize it, and act upon its precepts. The idea of the poem can be found in Homer, Horace, Shakespeare and the Bible, but not in such rhythmic, epigrammatic and synthetical form. It is a philosophic sermon and will be repeated on the lips of mankind as long as Truth is triumphant!

LOVE AND LAUGHTER.

(Dedicated to George D. Prentice.)

Laugh, and the world laughs with you,
Weep, and you weep alone;
This grand old earth must borrow its mirth,
It has troubles enough of its own.
Sing, and the hills will answer;
Sigh, it is lost on the air;
The echoes bound to a joyful sound
But shrink from voicing care.

Be glad, and your friends are many;
Be sad, and you lose them all;
There are none to decline your nectared wine,
But alone you must drink life's gall.
There is room in the halls of pleasure
For a long and lordly train,
But one by one we must all file on
Through the narrow isles of pain.

Feast, and your halls are crowded;
Fast, and the world goes by;
Succeed and give, 'twill help you live;
But no one can help you die.
Rejoice, and men will seek you;
Grieve, and they turn and go—
They want full measure of all your pleasure,
But they do not want your woe!

CHAPTER XV.

LITERARY SCORINGS—LIFE ABOUT NEW YORK—AT FORDHAM.

In 1846 Poe wrote up "The Literati of New York," for *Godey's Lady's Book,* and dealt with the local writers as if they were a lot of ninnies to be punctured by his imperial pen.

In the interval of his stone throwing at the literary frogs of Gotham he is found in the social swim, either sporting with Bacchus at a grocery, or playing the polite among the ladies in Amity Street or Fordham.

"A boon companion" writes of him about this time, and says: "He was not a steady drinker. Appreciation was his thirst; often he found it in the society of intellectual women who visited himself and wife in the city. Ordinarily grave and silent among them, he could be chatty and witty. Craving excitement apart from his labor, he sought companionship downtown, and he found that, too, in a little grocery store in Nassau Street, between Amity and Beekman, where gathered a

few elevated literary minds, reinforced by a sprinkling of actors like Peter Cunningham, John Brougham, Oliver Raymond, Tom Johnson and John Nickerson. It was not a dramshop, but it dispensed various kinds of 'nervine,' and it had facilities for adding emphasis to what 'the Governor of North Carolina once said to the Governor of South Carolina.' ("Isn't it a long time between drinks?")

"Far from being in the line of promotion as a sot, Poe lacked mental storage for deep draughts or many. His nerves were always at too high a key for him to guzzle like a Gargantua. When bent on looseness it did not take him long to get tight."

The reader can imagine what kind of "nervine" bohemian newspaper men and actors indulge in at a downtown grocery store about the precincts of Nassau Street!

It has been the fashion for Poe's friends and sentimental male and female biographers to gloss over, excuse and deny the drinking habits of our poet. I never saw any use or good in falsification about a genius, living or dead, just for the sake of accommodating a set of homemade hypocrites or "Lydia Languish" loungers, who have about as much force in the world of letters as a breastwork of swamp grass has in damming the waters of the Mississippi.

It is a well known and established fact that since Poe's boyhood days at the University of Virginia, through all the subsequent wanderings of his restless life, he was addicted to periodical

fits of intoxication, like his father before him, which principally injured his own mind and body, and left him at last a broken and dying wreck on the streets of Baltimore.

Mrs. Osgood, the genial admirer of Poe, writes thus pleasantly of his family surroundings as she saw them in New York: "I recollect one morning towards the close of his residence in this city, that Virginia, his sweet wife, had written me a pressing invitation to come to them; and I, who could never resist her affectionate summons, and who enjoyed his society far more in his own home than elsewhere, hastened to *Amity* Street. I found him just completing his series of papers, entitled 'The Literati of New York.' 'See,' said he, displaying in triumph several little rolls of narrow paper (he always wrote thus for the press), 'I am going to show by the difference of length in these, the different degrees of estimation in which I hold all you literary people. In each of these one of you are rolled up and fully discussed. Come, Virginia, help me.' And one by one they unfolded them. At last they came to one which seemed interminable. Virginia laughingly ran to one corner of the room with one end, and her husband to the opposite with the other. 'And whose lengthened sweetness long drawn out is that?' said I. 'Hear her,' he cried; 'just as if her little vain heart didn't tell her it's herself.'"

A friend who visited Poe at his rural home in Fordham in the fall of 1846, describes his surroundings as follows:

"There were some grand old cherry trees in the yard, that threw a majestic shade around them. Poe had somehow caught a wild, full grown bobolink. He had put him in a cage, which he had hung on a nail driven into the trunk of a cherry tree.

"The poor bird was as unfit to live in a cage as his captor was to live in the world! He was as restless as his jailor, and sprang continually in a fierce, frightened way, from one side of the cage to the other. I pitied him, but Poe was bent on training him. There he stood with his arms crossed before the tormented bird, his sublime trust in attaining the impossible apparent in his whole self. So handsome, so impassive in his wonderful intellectual beauty, so proud and reserved, and yet so confidentially communicative, so entirely a gentleman upon all occasions that I ever saw him; so tasteful, so good a talker was Poe, that he impressed himself and his wishes, even without words, upon those with whom he spoke. Poe's voice was melody itself.

"He always spoke low, even in a violent discussion, compelling his hearers to listen if they would know his opinions, his facts, fancies, philosophy, or his weird imaginings. These last usually flowed from his pen, seldom from his tongue.

"On this occasion I was introduced to the young wife of the poet, and to the mother, then more than sixty years of age. She was a tall, dignified old lady, and her black dress, though old and much worn, looked really elegant on her. Mrs.

Poe looked very young; she had large black eyes, and a pearly whiteness of complexion which was a perfect pallor. The pale countenance, her expressive face, her brilliant eyes, and her raven hair, gave her an unearthly look. One felt that she was a disrobed spirit, and when she coughed it was made certain that she was rapidly passing away.

"The mother seemed hale and strong, and appeared to be a sort of universal providence for her strange children. The cottage had an air of taste and gentility that must have been lent it by the presence of its inmates. So neat, so poor, so unfurnished, and so charming a dwelling I never saw. The sitting-room was laid with check matting, four chairs, a light table stand; and a hanging bookcase completed its furniture.

"There were pretty presentation copies of books on the little shelves, and the Brownings had post of honor on the stand. With quick exultation Poe drew from his side pocket a letter which he had recently received from Elizabeth Barrett Browning. He read it to us. It was very flattering.

"Poe at this time was greatly depressed. Their extreme poverty, the sickness of his wife, and his inability to write sufficiently, accounted for this.

"We strolled away into the woods and had a very cheerful time till some one proposed a game of leaping. I think it must have been Poe, as he was expert in the exercise. Two or three gentlemen agreed to leap with him, and though one of them was tall and had been a hunter in times

past, Poe still distanced them all. But, alas! his gaiters, long worn, and carefully kept, were both burst in the grand leap that made him victor. I was certain he had no other shoes, boots or gaiters. Though we had money, who had the effrontery to offer it to the poet?"

Another writer who knew Poe at Fordham says that poor as he was, he contrived to have pets about him, in the shape of rare flowers, tropical birds in cages, and a favorite cat, which used to sit on his shoulder when he was engaged in composition and purr its complacent approval of his work.

The *Evening Express* speaks thus of Poe's forlorn condition: "We regret to learn that Edgar Allan Poe and his wife are both dangerously ill with consumption, and that the hand of misfortune lies heavy on their temporal affairs. We are sorry to mention the fact that they are so far reduced as to be barely able to obtain the necessaries of life. This is indeed a hard lot, and we hope that the friends and admirers of Mr. Poe will come promptly to his assistance in his bitterest hour of need."

Mr. Willis, through the *Home Journal,* made a strong appeal for "one of the most original men of genius and one of the most industrious of the literary profession of our country, whose temporary suspension of labor, from bodily illness, drops him immediately to a level with the common objects of public charity."

Poe professed to be displeased at these well

meaning appeals for private or public charity, but the truth remained that himself and family were in a poverty plight.

A lady friend visited the Poes, and says: "I found Mrs. Poe in her bed chamber, which was neat and clean, but poverty stricken. There was no clothing on the bed, which was only straw, but a snow white spread and sheets. The weather was cold, and the sick woman had the dreadful chills that accompany the hectic fever of consumption. She lay on the straw bed wrapped in her husband's greatcoat, with a large tortoise shell cat in her bosom. The wonderful cat seemed conscious of her great usefulness. The coat and the cat were the sufferer's only means of warmth, except as her husband held her hands and her mother her feet!"

Can anything be more pathetic than the heart-rending situation of an insane poet, and his child-wife, in the last throes of consumption, dying among strangers, hungry and cold, while Mammon on red wheels, dancing under red lights and banqueting on the luxuries of all lands and seas, turns a deaf ear to the wail of love and genius! Virginia died on the 30th day of January, 1847, and was buried in a neighboring vault. Poor Poe might exclaim:

There's crape on the door; my heart is so sore
For the beauty and love that I cherished;
Her life it is past, like dust on the blast
Or blush on the rose that has perished.

There's crape on the door; alas! nevermore
Shall I gaze on her image to-morrow;
She's gone like a dream, my beautiful beam,
That shone in my moments of sorrow.

There's crape on the door; down in my heart's core
There's a scar that will last o'er the billow
Of time undefiled, till I meet my lost child
And sleep by her side 'neath the willow.

CHAPTER XVI.

GRIEVING FOR HIS LOST "ULALUME"—"EUREKA"—A "PROSE POEM" IS LAUNCHED—CRITICISMS—"A DOLLAR OR TWO."

THE death and burial of Poe's young wife sank into the poet's heart, and over the household at Fordham a cloud of impenetrable blackness lowered, with only the silver lining of Mrs. Clemm's practical devotion to heal the heart of her sorrow stricken and bewildered nephew and son-in-law! A brilliant ship, with sentiment for sails, and imagination for a rudder!

For several weeks and months Poe was in a dazed condition, tortured by daily wants, drinking deep of the cup of remorse, and mingling his daily and nightly dreams with the visions of departed love and vanished glory.

Often when the sun's first rays flashed its rosy tints over the Lower Bay and the grand rolling Hudson, the poet could be seen seated on a rocky promontory overlooking High Bridge, with Fort Lee in the shimmering distance. And many a night when the distant chimes from cathedral

towers echoed the hour of twelve, when leaves were falling, "and star-dials pointed to morn," he kept watch, "in the lonesome October of his most immemorial year," for his lost Lenore, and—"Ulalume."

ULALUME.

The skies they were ashen and sober;
The leaves they were crisped 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 star-dials hinted of morn—
At the end of our path, a liquescent
And nebulous luster was born,
Out of which a miraculous crescent
Arose with a duplicate horn—
Astarte'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 until 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 splendor is beaming
With Hope and in Beauty to-night:—
See!—it flickers up the sky through the night!
Ah, we safely may trust to a gleaming
That cannot but guide us aright,
Since it flickers up the 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 the 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 crisped 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—
Of 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."

This poem of "Ulalume," is the most original of the poet's conjurations, and is a deep delving into the infinite of his wandering stars, and a communion with Psyche, who led him to "the dim lake of Auber"—"the misty mid-region of Weir," to "the door of a legended tomb," to "the vault of his lost Ulalume"—all the lunatic lingerings of a grief-haunted heart and volcanic and titanic soul.

Poe was sure that in his so-called philosophic "Eureka" that he had solved the secrets of the universe, and that Aristotle, Laplace, Herschell, Newton, Voltaire and Bacon, would through the coming ages only shine through the electric reflection of his great discovery—the secret of birth, life and death.

He broached the subject very gingerly to Willis, Lowell, Griswold, Putnam, and various other authors and publishers, as if he was entitled to a patent for a great scientific discovery, that would revolutionize the established rules of law, science and religion.

Poe had a wonderful faculty of complimenting and flattering himself as a genius and critic in

every avenue of literature that he pursued, and regarded it as personal impudence in any person to question the originality of his conceptions or the correctness of his conclusions! He showered literary arrows of criticism with great glee, but squealed when he himself was gaffed.

It may be all very well to bunco-steer the public and "bamboozle" editors and publishers with warmed-over literary hash, but I can say to the spirit of Poe, or any other author, that when a self-constituted critic attempts to palm off a lot of high-flown "stuff" as original and scientific matter, he will, in the end, find a vanished audience and empty benches for his egotistical delectation.

After the publication of "Eureka," the press punctured it with ungloved hands, and an anonymous correspondent in the *Literary World,* under the *non de plume* of a "Student of Theology," ripped up Poe's pet with great severity, *drawing* from him the following letter to Mr. C. F. Hoffman, editor of the paper:

"Dear Sir: In your paper of July 29th I find some comments of 'Eureka,' a late book of my own, and I know you too well to suppose for a moment that you will refuse me the privilege of a few words in reply. I feel even that I might safely claim from Mr. Hoffman the right which every author has, of replying to his critic tone for tone,—that is to say, of answering your correspondent's flippancy by flippancy, and sneer by sneer,—but, in the first place, I do not wish to disturb the *World,* and in the second, I feel that

I should never be done sneering in the present instance were I once to begin. Lamartine blames Voltaire for the use which he made of misrepresentations (ruses) in his attacks on the priesthood; but our young students of theology do not seem to be aware that in defense—or what they fancy to be defense—of Christianity, there is anything wrong in such gentlemanly peccadilloes as the deliberate perversion of an author's text—to say nothing of the minor indecora of reviewing a book without it, and without having the faintest suspicion of what it is about.

"You will understand that it is merely the misrepresentations of the critique in question to which I claim the privilege of reply; the mere opinions of the writer can be of no consequence to me—and I should imagine of very little to himself—that is to say, if he knows himself personally as well as I have the honor of knowing him. The first misrepresentation is contained in this sentence: 'This letter is a keen burlesque on the Aristotelian or Baconian method of ascertaining Truth, both of which the writer ridicules and despises, and pours forth his rhapsodical ecstacies in a glorification of a third mode—the noble art of guessing.' What I really say is this: 'That there is no absolute certainty either in the Aristotelian or Baconian process; that for this reason neither philosophy is so profound as it fancies itself, and that neither has a right to sneer at that seemingly imaginative process called Intuition (by which the great Kepler attained his laws), since "Intuition," after all, is but the conviction arising

from those inductions or deductions, of which the processes are so shadowy as to escape our consciousness, elude our reason, or defy our capacity of expression.

"The second misrepresentation runs thus: 'The developments of electricity and the formation of stars and suns, luminous and non-luminous, moons and planets, with their rings, etc., is deduced, very much according to the nebular theory of Laplace, from the principle propounded above.' Now, the impression intended to be made here upon the reader's mind by the 'Student of Theology' is, evidently, that my theory may be all very well in its way, but that it is nothing but Laplace over again with some modifications that he ('the Student of Theology') cannot regard as at all important. I have only to say that no gentleman can accuse me of the disingenuousness here implied: inasmuch as, having proceeded with my theory to that point at which Laplace's theory meets it, I then give Laplace's theory in full, with the expression of my firm conviction of its absolute truth at all points. The ground covered by the great French astronomer compares with that covered by my theory, as a bubble compares with the ocean on which it floats; nor has he the slightest allusion to 'the principle propounded above,' the principle of Unity being the source of all things—the principle of Gravity being merely the Reaction of the Divine Act which irradiated all things from Unity. In fact, no point of my theory has been even so much as alluded to by Laplace.

"I have not considered it necessary here to

speak of the astronomical knowledge displayed in the 'stars and suns' of the 'Student of Theology,' nor to hint that it would be better grammar to say that 'development and formation are,' than that 'development and formation is.' The third misrepresentation lies in a footnote, which the critic says: 'Further than this, Mr. Poe's claim that he can account for the existence of all organized beings—man included—merely from those principles on which the origin and present appearance of suns and worlds are explained, must be set down as mere bold assertion, without a particle of evidence. In other words, we should term it arrant fudge.' The perversion of this point is involved in a willful misapplication of the word 'principles.' I say 'willful' because at page 63 I am particularly careful to distinguish between the principles proper—Attraction and Repulsion—and those merely resultant sub-principles, swayed by the immediate spiritual influence of Deity, I leave, without examination, all that which the 'Student of Theology' so roundly asserts I account for on the principles which account for the constitution of suns, etc. . . .

"Were these 'misrepresentations' (is that the name for them?) made for any less serious a purpose than that of branding my book as 'impious,' and myself as a 'pantheist,' a 'polytheist,' a 'pagan,' or a God knows what (and, indeed, I care very little, so it be not a 'Student of Theology'), I would have permitted their dishonesty to pass unnoticed, through pure contempt for the boyishness, for the turn-down-shirt-collarness of their

tone; but, as it is, you will pardon me, Mr. Editor, that I have been compelled to expose a 'critic' who, courageously preserving his own anonymousity, takes advantage of my absence from the city to misrepresent, and thus villify me, *by nan.*

"EDGAR A. POE.

"FORDHAM, September 20th, 1848."

The sentimental footprints of Coleridge, Quincy, Rousseau, Voltaire, Laplace, Byron, Tennyson and Browning, can be clearly traced through all of Poe's writings, and, like a glinting chameleon, he shone brightly with the borrowed colors of these renowned authors.

His constant boast of originality is not borne out by the record of his life, and the literary offshoots and "suckers" of his garish genius are easily discovered in the *ground roots* of ancient and modern philosophers.

Poe possessed a very keen and analytical mind, and when he attempted to *paraphrase* and plagiarize from his superiors he did it with a deft hand and often improved on the originals. Had riches kept pace with his pride there is no telling to what distance this Free Lance might have thrown his polished literary weapons, and even as it is, they will shine and quiver down the ages like meteors in a midnight sky.

With the single exception, however, of "Ligeia" and "Annabel Lee," the seventy-five tales and stories, and forty-five poems of Poe, could be entirely blotted out of literature without any great loss to beauty, love, truth or morality. He was

lashed by Fate with merciless fury, and in retaliation and self-defense struck back with a vengeance, showing that his proud and lofty spirit could not be intimidated or conquered.

Since Poe had no powerful friends or wealth to back him, he, no doubt, made up his mind to dash through the world as a "forlorn hope," and "run amuck" for garish glory. He never knew the "magical power" of

A DOLLAR OR TWO.

With circumspect steps as we pick our way thro'
This intricate world, as all prudent folks do,
May we still on our journey be able to view
The benevolent face of a dollar or two.
For an excellent thing is a dollar or two;
No friend is so true as a dollar or two.
In country or town as we pass up and down,
We are cock-of-the-walk with a dollar or two.

Do you wish to escape from the bachelor crew,
And a charming young innocent female to woo,
You must always be ready the handsome to do
Although it may cost you a dollar or two.
For love tips his darts with a dollar or two;
Young affections are gained by a dollar or two;
And beyond all dispute the best card of your suit
Is the eloquent chink of a dollar or two.

Do you wish to have friends who your bidding will do,
And help you your means to get speedily through,
You'll find them remarkably faithfully true
By the magical power of a dollar or two.
For friendship's secured by a dollar or two;
Popularity's gained by a dollar or two.
And you'll ne'er want a friend till you've no more to lend
And yourself need to borrow a dollar or two.

Do you wish in the courts of the country to sue
For the right or estate that's another man's due,
Your lawyer will surely remember his cue
When his palm you have crossed with a dollar or two.
For a lawyer's convinced with a dollar or two,
And a jury set right with a dollar or two.
And though justice is blind, yet a way you can find
To open his eyes with a dollar or two.

If a claim that is proved to be honestly due,
Department or Congress you'd quickly put through,
And the chance for its payment begins to look blue,
You can help it along with a dollar or two.
For votes are secured by a dollar or two,
And influence bought by a dollar or two;
And he'll come to grief who depends for relief
Upon justice not braced with a dollar or two.

Do you wish that the press should the decent thing do,
And give your reception a gushing review,
Describing the dresses by stuff, style and hue,
On the quiet, hand Jenkins a dollar or two.
For the pen sells its praise for a dollar or two,
And flings its abuse for a dollar or two.
And you'll find that it's easy to manage the crew
When you put up the shape of a dollar or two.

Do you wish your existence with faith to imbue,
And so become one of the sanctified few;
Who enjoy a good name and a well-cushioned pew,
You must really come down with a dollar or two.
For the gospel is preached for a dollar or two;
Salvation is reached for a dollar or two;
Sins are pardoned sometimes, but the worst of all crimes
Is to find yourself short of a dollar or two.

Do you wish to get into a game with the crew
Who sport on the "green" with the "red," "white" and "blue"
In a small game of draw where your chances are few,
You must back up your talk with a dollar or two.
For the "dealer" is "fly" with a dollar or two,
And the "banker" is "flush" with a dollar or two.
And whate'er you say, they won't let you play
Unless you come down with a dollar or two.

Should you "hanker" for Wall Street as Gentile or
Jew,
Where the "bulls" and "bears" wait for "gud-
geons" like you,
Your pile they will measure and take into view,
And scoop with a smile your last dollar or two.
For the "bull" is rampant for a dollar or two,
And the "bear" ever growls for a dollar or two;
Yet, I'll say on my oath that the broker rules both
And seldom gets left on his dollar or two.

Do you want a snug place where there's little to do,
Civil service evade and its rules to break through,
A land bill to pass or a patent renew—
You can fix the thing up for a dollar or two;
For Commissions can see through a dollar or two;
Even Congressmen wink at a dollar or two,
And you need not be slow to convince friend or foe
Of the virtue contained in a dollar or two.

CHAPTER XVII.

FIRST VISIT TO NEW YORK—UPS AND DOWNS WITH NEWSPAPERS.

THE advent of Poe and his child-wife into the voracious pool of New York City, in search of literary work and fame, is only a sample case of Chatterton, Otway, Hood and Goldsmith plunging into the vortex of London life.

It is a notorious fact that Poe invariably quarrelled with his editors and publishers; and those who kindly wrote him up in biographical laudation—like Lowell, Willis, Kennedy, Hirst, Griswold, Ingraham and Graham—often received most ungrateful stabs from his satirical pen. His constant need of money made him hypothecate his burning brain for small loans from old friends or comparative strangers, who admired his genius or pitied his impecuniosity, and when he lapsed into bankruptcy of promises and the torturing toils of Bacchus, he was doubly doused in the slough of financial despondency.

The following letter written to his mother-in-

law, Mrs. Clemm, shows the innocence of his heart, his hope, and the low ebb of his finances.

"NEW YORK, Sunday morning,
"April 7th—Just after breakfast—1849.

"MY DEAR 'MUDDY': We have just this minute done breakfast, and I now sit down to write you about everything. I can't pay for the letter, because the P. O. won't be open to-day. In the first place we arrived safe at Walnut Street wharf. The driver wanted to make me pay a dollar, but I wouldn't. Then I had to pay a boy a levy to put the trunks in the baggage car. In the meantime I took Sis (Virginia) in the Depot Hotel. It was only a quarter past six, and we had to wait till seven. We saw the *Ledger* and *Times*—nothing in either—a few words of no account in the *Chronicle*. We started in good spirits, but did not get here until nearly three o'clock. We went in the cars to Amboy, about forty miles from New York, and then took the steamboat the rest of the way. Sissy coughed none at all. When we got to the wharf it was raining hard. I left her on board the boat, after putting the trunks in the Ladies' Cabin, and set off to buy an umbrella and look for a boarding-house. I met a man selling umbrellas, and bought one for twenty-five cents.

"Then I went up Greenwich Street and soon found a boarding-house. It is just before you get to Cedar Street, on the west side going up—the left-hand side. It has brownstone steps, with a porch with brown pillars. 'Morrison' is the name on the door. I made a bargain in a few

minutes and then got a hack and went for Sis. I was not gone more than half an hour, and she was quite astonished to see me back so soon. She didn't expect me for an hour. There were two other ladies waiting on board—so she wasn't very lonely. When we got to the house we had to wait about half an hour before the room was ready. The house is old and looks buggy."—(The letter is cut here for the signature on the other side.)—"The cheapest board I ever knew, taking into consideration the central situation and the living. I wish Kate ('Catterina,' the cat) could see it—she would faint. Last night, for supper, we had the nicest tea you ever drank, strong and hot—wheat bread and rye bread—cheese—tea cakes (elegant), a great dish (two dishes) of elegant ham, and two of cold veal, piled up like a mountain and large slices—three dishes of the cakes and everything in the greatest profusion. No fear of starving here. The landlady seemed as if she couldn't press us enough, and we were at home directly. Her husband is living with her—a fat, good-natured old soul. There are eight or ten boarders—two or three of them ladies—two servants. For breakfast we had excellent-flavored coffee, hot and strong—not very clear and no great deal of cream—veal cutlets, elegant ham and eggs, and nice bread and butter. I never sat down to a more plentiful or a nicer breakfast. I wish you could have seen the eggs—and the great dishes of meat. I ate the first hearty breakfast I have eaten since I left our little home. Sis is

delighted, and we are both in excellent spirits. She has coughed hardly any and had no night sweat. She is now busy mending my pants, which I tore against a nail. I went out last night and bought a skein of silk, a skein of thread, two buttons, a pair of slippers, and a tin pan for the stove. The fire kept in all night. We have now got four dollars and a half left. To-morrow I am going to try and borrow three dollars, so that I may have a fortnight to go upon. I feel in excellent spirits, and haven't drunk a drop—so that I hope soon to get out of trouble. The very instant I scrape together enough money I will send it on. You can't imagine how much we both do miss you. Sissy had a hearty cry last night, because you and 'Catterina' weren't here. We are resolved to get two rooms the first moment we can. In the meantime it is impossible we could be more comfortable or more at home than we are. It looks as if it were going to clear up now. Be sure and go to the P. O. and have my letters forwarded. As soon as I write Lowell's article I will send it to you, and get you to get the money from Graham. Give our best love to C.

"Be sure and take home the *Messenger* to Hirst.

"We hope to send for you very soon.

"EDDIE."

The following extracts of letters to Lowell from Mr. Briggs, Poe's partner in the publication of the *Broadway Journal,* will show the personal peculiarities of our poet:

"JUNE 29th, 1845.

"I have arrangements on foot with a new publisher for the *Journal*, who will enable me to give it a fresh start, and I trust very soon to be able to give you an earnest of its profits. I shall haul down Poe's name; he has latterly got into his old habits and I fear will injure himself irretrievably. I was taken at first with a certain appearance of independence and learning in his criticisms; but they are so verbial, and so purely selfish that I can no longer have any sympathy with him.

"The nonappearance of the *Broadway Journal* has probably surprised you. I had made arrangements with a new publisher,—a very good business man,—and had agreed upon terms with Bisco to buy his interest; but when I came to close with him he exacted more than I had stipulated for, and finding that he was determined to give me trouble I refused to do anything with the *Journal*. I had the first number of the new volume all ready to be issued, with a handsomely engraved title, etc.; but, as I could not put the new publisher's name upon it without Bisco's consent, I let it go a week, meaning to issue a double number—not doubting that I could agree with him upon some terms; but he had fallen into the hands of evil advisers, and become more extortionate than ever. Poe in the meantime got into a drunken spree, and conceived an idea that I had not treated him well, for which he had no other grounds than my having loaned him money, and persuaded Bisco to carry on the *Journal* himself. As his doing so would give me a legal claim upon him, and enable me

to recover something from him, I allowed him to issue one number, but it is doubtful if he issues another. Mr. Homans, the publisher with whom I had agreed to undertake the publication of the *Journal,* is an educated man and a thorough good fellow with a very extensive book-selling connection. He is still desirious of taking hold of the *Journal,* and has made me a very liberal offer to go on with him if he can purchase Bisco's share. But I do not yet know how the affair will terminate.

"Poe's mother-in-law told me that he was quite tipsy the day that you called upon him, and that he acted very strangely; but I perceived nothing of it when I saw him in the morning. He was to have delivered a poem before the societies of the New York University a few weeks since, but drunkenness prevented him. I believe he had not drunk anything for more than eighteen months until within the past three months; but in this time he has been very frequently carried home in a wretched condition. I am sorry for him. He has some good points, but, taken altogether, he is badly made up. I was deceived by his superficial talents when I first met him, and relied too much upon the high opinion which you had expressed of him. His learning is very much like that of the famous Mr. Jenkinson in the 'Vicar of Wakefield.' He talks about dactyls and spondees with surprising glibness; and the names of metres being caviare to nine men out of ten, he has gained a reputation for erudition at a very cheap rate. He makes quo-

tations from the German, but he can't read a word of the language.

"You have formed a correct estimate of Poe's characterless character. I have never met a person so utterly deficient of high motive. He cannot conceive of anybody's doing anything except for his own personal advantage; and he says, with perfect sincerity and entire unconsciousness of the exposition which it makes of his own mind and heart, that he looks upon all reformers as madmen; and it is for this reason that he is so great an egotist. He cannot conceive why the world should not feel an interest in whatever interests him, because he feels no interest himself in what does not personally concern him. Therefore, he attributes all the favor which Longfellow, yourself, or anybody else receives from the world as an evidence of the ignorance of the world, and the lack of that favor in himself he attributes to the world's malignity. It is too absurd for belief, but he really thinks that Longfellow owes his fame mainly to the ideas which he has borrowed from his (Poe's) writings in the *Southern Literary Messenger*. His presumption is beyond the liveliest imagination. He has no reverence for Homer, Shakespeare, or Milton, but thinks that 'Orion' is the greatest poem in the language. He has too much prudence to put his opinions into print,—or, rather, he can find nobody impudent enough to print them,—but he shows himself in his private converse. The Bible, he says, is all rigmarole. As to his Greek,—you might see very well if it

were put in your eyes. He does not read Wordsworth, and knows nothing about him."

Mr. Bisco, one of the triumvirate of the *Broadway Journal,* says to Briggs:

"You take Poe's 'niaiseries' too seriously. I only cared for his unhandsome allusion to me in the *B. J.* because it proved him a baser man than I thought him before. . . . The truth is that I have not given him the shadow of a cause for ill-feeling; on the contrary, he owes me now for money that I lent him to pay his board and keep him from being turned into the street. But he knows that I am possessed of the secret of his real character, and he no doubt hates me for it. Until it was absolutely necessary for me to expose some of his practices to save myself from contempt I never breathed a syllable of his ill habits, but I tried in vain to hide them from observation out of pure compassion, for I had not known him long before I lost all respect for him and felt a loathing disgust for his habits. I did not much blame him for the matter of his remarks about Jones, although the manner of them was exceedingly improper and unjust; the real cause of his ire was Jones' neglecting to enumerate him among the humorous writers of the country, for he has an inconceivably extravagant idea of his capacities as a humorist. The last conversation I had with Poe he used all his power of eloquence in persuading me to join in the joint editorship of the *Stylus.*"

Bisco sold out his interest in the *Broadway Journal* to Poe for fifty dollars, and Poe, having no money, gave his note with Horace Greeley as indorser. Poe could not pay the note when due, so Greeley paid it, and refers to the transaction in a satirical vein in the following letter to a man who was very anxious for an autograph of Poe:

"DEAR SIR: Among my literary treasures there happens to be exactly one autograph of our country's late lamented poet, Edgar A. Poe. It is his note of hand for fifty dollars, with my indorsement across the back. It cost me exactly $50.75 (including protest), and you may have it for half that amount. Yours respectfully,

"HORACE GREELEY."

He who has financial dealings with a genuine bohemian poet, musician, painter, or sculptor, should know as a practical proposition that he simply puts up his money as a *quid pro quo* for the association of genius, and should thank his stars that he was privileged to know a God-given child of romance and imagination.

The library, the parlor, palace and the plaza, are decorated to-day by the unrewarded gems of genius; and were it not for these wild, untamed, truthful intellects, civilized life would be a Black Forest of ignorance and desolation. People would be wearing feathers and skins on Broadway!

The world can never pay a genius in dollars and cents for the imperishable beauties he leaves behind; but he has one consolation—that he out-

lives in fame the rulers and dynasties he has memoralized by chisel, brush and pen.

Genius and bravery have ever been consoled by woman, and while jealous, sordid man endeavors to push the thinker aside, glorious woman, with her pure and lofty heroism, lifts him up to the stars, and stands as his pedestal of constant and everlasting love!

I imagine that these were the dying words of

CLEOPATRA TO ANTONY.

I am dying, Antony, dying,
Yet I long for one embrace
To entwine my arms around you,
And still greet you face to face;
Ere I cross the Stygian river
Testing highest heaven or hell,
I am pining for thy presence—
Come, and kiss a fond farewell.

I am dying, Antony, dying,
While the conquering hosts of Rome
Batter down my palace portals
And despoil my royal home;
Let great Cæsar's dashing legions
Rule the land and rule the sea,
I defy his sharpest torture—
You and Love rule only me.

I am dying, Antony, dying,
Yet, my soul-lit love forbids
To quench great furnace fires
Burning 'neath the pyramids

Of passion's deep foundation,
Laid by nature and her laws,
That abide by blood and impulse
From some great eternal cause.

I am dying, Antony, dying,
Yet, the "splendors of my smile"
Shall light thy pathway onward
To some grand celestial Nile,
Where among bright heavenly bowers
We shall clasp with magic might,
Crowned with everlasting flowers
Blooming always, day and night.

Come, my lion-hearted hero
To the jungles of my heart,
Feed upon the upland hillocks,
Never more to pine or part;
Wander grandly to the valley
Where the springs of life abound,
Cool the ardor of thy passion
In dark grottoes underground.

CHAPTER XVIII.

POE MISERABLE—MRS. SHEW'S FRIENDSHIP—THE BELLS.

In the winter of 1846-7 Poe was almost a physical and mental wreck as he pondered and wandered about the cottage walks of Fordham. With a dying wife, and at times not a dollar in the house to buy food or medicine, it is a wonder that he did not seek eternal shelter in suicide, as many a genius had done before him.

In this forlorn condition several literary people in New York espoused his desperate cause, and among the number of guardian angels Mrs. Maria Louise Shew was foremost She collected sixty dollars from admiring friends and gave it to Mrs. Clemm, who spent it with care and discretion.

Mrs. Shew was the daughter of a physician, she studied the art of medicine herself and aided her father in his practice, as well as looking after worthy cases among the poor.

The following letter, written the day before his wife died, will show Poe's gratitude to this benevolent lady:

"KINDEST, DEAREST FRIEND: My poor Virginia still lives, although failing fast and now suffering much pain. May God grant her life until she sees you and thanks you once again! Her bosom is full to overflowing—like my own—with a boundless, inexpressible gratitude to you. Lest she may never see you more, she bids me say that she sends you her sweetest kiss of love and will die blessing you. But come, oh, come to-morrow! Yes, I will be calm—everything you so nobly wish, to see me. My mother sends you, also, her 'warmest love and thanks.' She begs me to ask you, if possible, to make arrangements at home so that you may stay with us to-morrow night. I enclose the order to the Postmaster. Heaven bless you and farewell!

"EDGAR A. POE.

"FORDHAM, January 29th, '47."

Mrs. Shew was a frequent visitor at the Fordham cottage after the death of Virginia, and ministered to Poe's delirious condition for several weeks. She says of him at this time: "In his best health he had *lesion* of one side of the brain. He could not bear stimulants or tonics without producing insanity. I did not feel much hope that he could be raised from the brain fever, brought on by extreme suffering of mind and body—actual want and hunger and cold having been borne by this heroic husband in order to supply food, medicine and comforts to his dying wife, until exhaustion and lifelessness were so near at every

reaction of his fever that even sedatives had to be administered with extreme caution."

Through the summer and fall of 1847 Poe recovered his strength and began to write again—and, on the advice of Mrs. Shew and others, began to look for a wife who would take care of his health and prospects. He would remain all night occasionally in the city, at the home of Mrs. Shew and, when drinking, would, of course, act with insane freedom.

There was a final break in the friendship between himself and the Shew family. Something very curious must have happened.

The following appealing and pathetic letter was written by Poe to Mrs. Shew in reply to her severating lines:

"Can it be true, Louise, that you have the idea fixed in your mind to desert your unhappy and unfortunate friend and patient? You did not say so, I know, but for months I have known you were deserting me, not willingly, but none the less surely—my destiny,

"'Disaster, following fast and following faster,
till his song one burden bore—
Till the dirges of his Hope that melancholy burden bore—
Of "Never—nevermore."'

So I have had premonitions of this for months. I repeat, my good spirit, my loyal heart! must this follow as a sequel to all the benefits and blessings

you have so generously bestowed? Are you to vanish like all I love, or desire, from my darkened and 'lost soul'? I have read over your letter again and again, and cannot make it possible, with any degree of certainty, that you wrote it in your right mind. (I know you did not without tears of anguish and regret.) Is it possible your influence is lost to me? Such tender and true natures are ever loyal unto death; but you are not dead, you are full of life and beauty! Louise, you came in, ... in your floating white robe—'Good morning, Edgar.' There was a touch of conventional coldness in your hurried manner, and your attitude as you opened the kitchen door to find 'Muddie,' is my last remembrance of you. There was love, hope, and sorrow in your smile, instead of love, hope, and courage, as ever before. O Louise, how many sorrows are before you! Your ingenuous and sympathetic nature will be constantly wounded in its contact with the hollow, heartless world; and for me, alas! unless some true, tender, and pure womanly love saves me, I shall hardly last a year longer alive! A few short months will tell how far my strength (physical and moral) will carry me in life here. How can I believe in Providence when you look coldly upon me? Was it not you who renewed my hopes and faith in God? . . . and in humanity? Louise, I heard your voice as you passed out of my sight leaving me . . . ; but I still listened to your voice. I heard you say with a sob, 'Dear Muddie.' I heard you greet my 'Catterina,' but it was only as a memory . . . nothing escaped my ear,

and I was convinced it was not your generous self . . . repeating words so foreign to your nature —to your tender heart! I heard you sob out your sense of duty to my mother, and I heard her reply, 'Yes, Loui . . . yes.' . . Why turn your true work for the desolate to the thankless and miserly world? . . . I felt my heart stop, and I was sure I was then to die before your eyes. Louise, it is well—it is fortunate—you looked up with a tear in your dear eyes, and raised the window, and talked of the guava you had brought for my sore throat. Your instincts are better than a strong man's reason for me—I trust they may be for yourself. Louise, I feel I shall not prevail—a shadow has already fallen upon your soul, and is reflected in your eyes. It is too late—you are floating away with the cruel tide. . . it is not a common trial—it is a fearful one to me. Such rare souls as yours so beautify this earth!—so relieve it of all that is repulsive and sordid, so brighten its toils and cares, it is hard to lose sight of them even for a short time . . . but you must know and be assured of my regret and sorrow if aught I have ever written has hurt you. My heart never wronged you. I place you in my esteem—in all solemnity—beside the friend of my boyhood—the mother of my schoolfellow, of whom I told you, and as I have repeated in the poem . . . as the truest, tenderest of this world's most womanly souls, and an angel to my forlorn and darkened nature. I will not say 'lost soul' again, for your sake. I will try to overcome my

grief for the sake of your unselfish care of me in the past, and, in life or death, I am ever yours, gratefully, and devotedly,

"EDGAR A. POE."

It was in the conservatory of Mrs. Shew that Poe composed "The Bells," while listening to those from the surrounding church towers. She says she suggested "The Bells," "the little silver bells," "the heavy iron bells"—and "he was nearly insane" when writing the poem—and slept twelve hours after the effort. Dr. Francis was called in to see Poe, and after studying his pulse said that he had heart disease and would die early in life.

The jingle, roll, rhythm, iteration, painful reiteration and refrain of "The Bells" are built upon the lines of lunacy, as the reader will know by perusing the poem. It is a jumble of jingle from beginning to end, interspersed with maudlin fancy and ghoulish inspirations. The aroma of alcohol and opium is felt in its construction. A muddled mingling of maudlin metaphors and mechanical combinations!

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 tune,
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 alarm 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 endeavor
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—
In the clamor and the clangor of the bells!

IV.

Hear the tolling of the bells—
Iron bells!
What a world of solemn thought their melody 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 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.

CHAPTER XIX.

DRIFTING—SEARCHING FOR A WIFE—THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

Poe drifted between New York, Boston, Lowell, and Providence, R. I., in search of love and literary reward. He had made up his mind (such as he had at that time) to marry some one who could fill the chasm caused by the absence of his lost "Ulalume."

Poets are noted for variegated eccentricities in pursuit of the human passions; and while sighing like a furnace for the Priscillas of the present, they are planning to placate and purloin the Pomonas of the future.

Genuine poets, painters, musicians, and sculptors, should never marry anything but the art ideal, for they are perfect strangers to the obligations of domestic duties, and should live and die as they were born, bohemians, for the public good! God help any domestic woman who is hitched to a genius! Far better a sexton for both.

A romantic attachment, or an impulsive spurt

after matrimony, impelled Poe to pay his devotions to Mrs. Sarah Helen Whitman, a poetess, of Providence.

She had been an admirer of Poe and he had reciprocated, even when his wife was living, by dedicating to this lady his poem, "Helen," which is considered one of his best.

Mrs. Whitman, on the advice of relatives, it is said, broke off her engagement with Poe, writing him a chiding letter for his erratic conduct. Poe, with indignant words in self-defense, made the following reply:

" . . . You do not love me, or you would have felt too thorough a sympathy with the sensitiveness of my nature, to have wounded me as you have done with this terrible passage of your letter—'How often I have heard it said of you, "He has great intellectual power, but no principle—no moral sense."'

"Is it possible that such expressions as these could have been repeated to me—to me—by one whom I loved—ah, whom I love! . . .

"By the God who reigns in heaven, I swear to you that my soul is incapable of dishonor—that, with the exception of occasional follies and excesses, which I bitterly lament, but to which I have been driven by intolerable sorrow, and *which are hourly committed by others without attracting any notice whatever*—I can call to mind no act of my life which would bring a blush to my cheek—or to yours. If I have erred at all in this regard, it has been on the side of what the world

could call a Quixotic sense of the honorable—of the chivalrous. The indulgence of this sense has been the true voluptuousness of my life. It was for this luxury of independence, that in early life I deliberately threw away from me a large fortune rather than endure a trivial wrong.

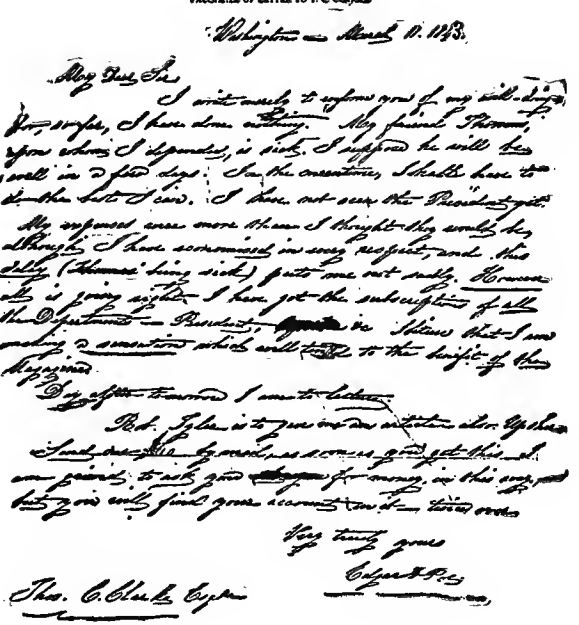
"For nearly three years I have been ill, poor, living out of the world; and thus, as I now painfully see, have afforded opportunity to my enemies to slander me in private society without my knowledge, and thus, with impunity. Although much, however, may (and, I now see, must) have been said to my discredit during my retirement, those few who, knowing me well, have been steadfastly my friends, permitted nothing to reach my ears—unless in one instance, of such a character that I could appeal to a court of justice for redress. . . . I replied to the charge fully in a public newspaper—afterwards suing the *Mirror* (in which the scandal appeared), obtaining a verdict and receiving such an amount of damages as for the time to completely break up that journal. And do you ask why men so misjudge me—why I have enemies? If your knowledge of my character and of my career does not afford you an answer to the query, at least it does not become me to suggest the answer. Let it suffice that I have had the audacity to remain poor, that I might preserve my independence—that, nevertheless, in letters, to a certain extent, and in certain regards, I have been 'successful'—that I have been a critic—an unscrupulously honest, and, no doubt, in many cases a bitter one—that I have uniformly

attacked—where I attacked at all—those who stood highest in power and influence; and that, whether in literature or society, I have seldom refrained from expressing, either directly or indirectly, the pure contempt with which the pretensions of ignorance, arrogance, or imbecility inspire me. And you who know all this, you ask me why I have enemies? . . . Forgive me if there be bitterness in my tone. . . .

"E. A. P."

The following *fac simile* letter is of interest, being to a dear friend, from Poe:

FACSIMILE OF LETTER TO T. C. CLARKE



Fordham—Dec. 4—48.

My dear Mr. Pabodie—On the principle of better late than never" I seize the first opportunity afforded me, in the midst of cares and vexations of all kinds, to write you a few words of cordial thanks for your considerate and gentlemanly attentions to me while in Providence. I do hope that you will always think of me as one of the most obliged and most devoted of your friends.—Please to say to Mrs. W., when you next see her, that I thank her for the papers" and for her promptitude. Say also, that perhaps Mrs. Wright is right, but that I believe her wrong, and desire to be kindly remembered. The commands, about "Poet," have been attended to—Present my respects to Mrs. Allen and to your father.

Truly yours always

Edgar Allan Poe.

W. J. Pabodie Esq.

The "appeal to a court of justice" for redress, referred to in the letter to Mrs. Whitman, was a suit for personal libel against the New York *Mirror,* which gave currency to a scandalous article against Poe, written by Mr. Thomas Dunn English. A verdict of four hundred and ninety-two dollars was given in damages, but Poe's lawyers received the bulk of the judgment.

A very bitter feeling existed between Poe and English, who seemed to have had personal business relations. English accused Poe of obtaining money under false pretenses and also of forgery.

Poe in his literary criticism, treated English

with special contempt, calling him an ass, an errand boy, a hound, a blatherskite, blackguard, a liar and villain—terms not very poetical!

In the spring of 1896 I was introduced to Mr. Thomas Dunn English, at the Ebbitt House, Washington City, while he was serving as a Member of Congress from New Jersey.

A musicale was being held in the parlor of the hotel by a noted performer on the piano—Mr. Leo Wheat, of Virginia. A young lady from the south sang the celebrated song, "Ben Bolt," composed by English many years before.

A few days previous to my meeting English a brutal attack had been made in the *Washington Sunday Post* on Edgar Allan Poe, whom Mr. English accused of every conceivable meanness—theft, forgery, a plagiarism—saying that he had kicked Poe out of the *Aristidean* office, when he was editor of that short-lived magazine.

I attempted to call him to task for speaking so severely of a dead man, who could not reply. English "got hot in the collar" and blurted out:

"What do you know about it, sir? Poe was the most overrated writer in this country; his spleen, arrogance, impudence and sardonic hate being supreme. He hadn't a good word to say about any author living or dead, and the world has been cursed by his crazy, criminal, *Police Gazette* stories and tales. He wrote for the rabble. Sensation for the sake of a few dollars was his leading ambition. He never wrote a love song; and outside of his 'Raven,' which I believe he stole, there is nothing that will keep his memory green."

I asked the irate Congressman: "What's the matter with 'Annabel Lee'?"

"That's sentimental slush, and an insane, rigmarole rhyme! My song, 'Ben Bolt,' just sung by this young lady, is repeated all over the world in the homes of mankind, while not a verse of Poe's is set to music."

And as he spoke, the tones of a hand organ on Fourteenth Street ground out "Sweet Alice, Ben Bolt," when he called attention to his own fame as far superior to that of Poe!

Mr. English, poet-like, did not seem to be at all afflicted with the disease of modesty!

I reminded him that were it not for the musical air of the German composer, Nessi, his words might have fallen on dull ears.

"Yes," he replied, "the words of 'Home, Sweet Home,' by Howard Payne, have also an air taken from the opera *'Clara.'* And yet the burning words of Payne and myself were the very basis of the songs. A tune without words is like a bird without wings, a ship without sails, and a garden without roses!" I couldn't deny that.

As the old gentleman continued to grow irascible I changed the subject, by singing my "Spanish Love Song," and "Old Kentucky Home," accompanied on the piano by Professor Wheat.

BEN BOLT.

'Don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt?
Sweet Alice whose hair was so brown,
Who wept with delight when you gave her a smile,
And trembled with fear at your frown?

In the old churchyard in the valley, Ben Bolt,
In a corner obscure and alone,
They have fitted a slab of the granite so gray,
And Alice lies under the stone.

Under the hickory tree, Ben Bolt,
Which stood at the foot of the hill,
Together we've lain in the noonday shade,
And listened to Appleton's mill:
The mill-wheel has fallen to pieces, Ben Bolt,
The rafters have tumbled in,
And a quiet which crawls round the walls as you gaze,
Has followed the olden din.

Do you mind the cabin of logs, Ben Bolt,
At the edge of the pathless wood,
And the button-ball tree with its motley limbs,
Which nigh by the doorstep stood?
The cabin to ruin has gone, Ben Bolt,
The tree you would seek in vain;
And where once the lords of the forest waved,
Grows grass and the golden grain.

And don't you remember the school, Ben Bolt,
With the master so cruel and grim,
And the shaded nook in the running brook,
Where the children went to swim?
Grass grows on the master's grave, Ben Bolt,
The spring of the brook is dry,
And of all the boys who were schoolmates then,
There are only you and I.

There is a change in the things I loved, Ben Bolt,
They have changed from the old to the new;
But I feel in the deeps of my spirit the truth,
There never was change in you.
Twelve months twenty have past, Ben Bolt,
Since first we were friends—yet I hail
Thy presence a blessing, thy friendship a truth,
Ben Bolt, of the salt-sea gale.

CHAPTER XX.

POE'S CRITICISM OF AUTHORS.

Poe, in his reviews and criticisms of brother authors, was cold and merciless, and with his keen analytical mind could detect the smallest error and call attention to it with the greatest glee. He was what might be called a *finical* gentleman, who clipped his words to a nicety, screwed his lips into sardonic circles, pointed his punctuation points and shrugged his fantastic shoulders with precision and delicacy!

There was not a thing within the range of human knowledge that he did not profess to know, and even Sanscrit, Hebrew, Greek, Latin and French were playthings in the vocabulary of his lofty imagination! Yet those who knew him intimately at the practical editorial desk, were well aware of this harmless egotism, pitying a man who was an unconscious victim of pampered pride and malicious conceit.

Poe had not a student nature, but erratic and impulsive; and it is really wonderful how he flashed over the fields of knowledge and garnered so many sheaves of intellectual corn.

Poe was as variable and uncertain as the wind, and the climatic ranges of his mental thermometer were influenced by the subjective and objective elements that warred continually in his burning brain.

The negative and positive polls of his electric battery were in constant agitation, and it is remarkable that he kept the infinitesimal sparks of his genius glittering incessantly into a full-blown arc light of intellectual radiance down to the very day of his death.

He was like a few authors of the present day, who imagine that they are building themselves up by undermining and tearing down the fabrics of brother workers, not knowing that every nail or spike they drive into the structure of another, sounds the death knell of their own production, and sooner or later rives to atoms the flimsy pretences of coddled, dilettante, presumptive philosophers! These self-constituted critics have only the temporary advantage of some blatant newspaper or magazine, that tolerates their stuff because they belong to the "machine" and seem to look bland, and talk wise of something they know nothing about! It is laughable to see them with Brazilian pebbles—bestride their probosis, perfectly unconscious of the density of their inexperience. If a Robinson Crusoe virile idea should ever land them on an island where self-reliance and endurance are required, they would sink out of sight like a bursted meteor!

The following are a few impulsive extracts from Poe's caustic pen about prominent authors:

"LONGFELLOW.

"The 'waif' is infected with a *moral taint,* or is this a mere freak of our fancy? We shall be pleased if it be so, but there *does* appear in this little volume a very careful avoidance of American poets who may be supposed to interfere with Mr. Longfellow. These men Mr. Longfellow continually *imitates,* and yet never incidentally commends.

"Professor Longfellow's good qualities are all of the highest order, while his sins are chiefly those of affectation and *imitation*—an imitation sometimes verging on downright theft!

"I accused Mr. Longfellow of imitation in his 'Midnight Mass for the Dying Year' with the 'Death of the Old Year' of Tennyson. I have no idea of commenting, at length, upon this imitation, which is too palpable to be mistaken, and which belongs to the most barbarous class of literary piracy! . . . Of the class of willful plagiarists, nine out of ten are authors of established reputation, who plunder recondite neglected or forgotten books."

"LOWELL.

"The 'Fable for the Critics,' just issued, has not the name of its author on the title page; and but for some slight foreknowledge of the literary opinions, likes, dislikes, whims, prejudices, and crotchets of Mr. James Russell Lowell, we should have had much difficulty in attributing so very

loose a brochure to him. In Mr. Lowell's efforts we have before observed a certain *disjointedness,* but never till now in his verse—and we confess some surprise at his putting forth so unpolished a performance. Mr. Lowell should content himself with that class of poetry, for which and for which alone, he seems to have an especial vocation—the poetry of *sentiment.* This, to be sure, is *not* the very loftiest order of verse, for it is far inferior to that of the imagination or that of the passion —but it is the loftiest region in which Mr. Lowell can get breath.

"Is there *no* originality on the face of the earth? Mr. Lowell's total want of it is shown at all points. He is one of the most rabid of the Abolition fanatics; and no southerner who does not wish to be insulted, and at the same time revolted by a bigotry the most obstinately blind and deaf should ever touch a volume of this author.

"Mr. Lowell has not the common honesty to speak well even in a literary sense, of any man who is not a ranting Abolitionist. It is a fashion among Mr. Lowell's set to affect a belief that there is no such thing as Southern Literature. All whom he praises are Bostonians. No failure has ever been more complete or pitiable than the 'Fable for the Critics.'"

"HAWTHORNE.

"No small portion of his reputation is attributable to the very marked idiosyncrasy of Mr. Haw-

thorne himself. In one sense and in a great measure, to be peculiar is to be original, and than the true originality there is no higher literary virtue.

"The fact is, that if Mr. Hawthorne were really original, he could not fail of making himself felt by the public. But the fact is, he is not original in any sense.

"The German Trieck, whose manner, in some of his works, is absolutely identical with that *habitual* to Hawthorne. The 'peculiarity,' or sameness, or monotone of Hawthorne would in its mere character of peculiarity, suffice to deprive him of all chance of popular appreciation.

"We find him monotonous at decidedly the worst of all possible points. I allude to the strain of allegory which completely overwhelms the greater number of his subjects.

"The essays of Hawthorne have much of the character of Irving, with more originality, and less of finish.

"We know of few compositions which the critic can more honestly commend than 'Twice Told Tales.' Mr. Hawthorne's distinctive trait is invention, creation, imagination and originality! He is peculiar and not original.

"In 'Howe's Masquerade' we observe something which resembles plagiarism, but which *may* be a very flattering coincident of thought.

"In an article called 'William Wilson,' one of the 'Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque,' *we* have not only the same idea, but the same idea similarly presented in several respects!"

"EMERSON.

"Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson belongs to a class of gentlemen with whom we have no patience whatever—the mystics for mysticism's sake. Quintilian mentions a pedant who taught obscurity, and who once said to a pupil: 'This is excellent, for I do not understand it myself.' How the good man would have chuckled over Mr. Emerson. His present *rôle* seems to be out-Carlyling Carlyle.

"*Lycophron Tenebrosus* is a fool to him. The best answer to his twaddle is *cui bono?*—a very little Latin phrase very generally translated and misunderstood—meaning 'for whose benefit is it?'

"If not to Mr. Emerson individually, then surely to no man living. His love of the obscure does not prevent him, nevertheless, from the composition of occasional poems in which beauty is apparent *by flashes.*"

"ALDRICH.

"Aldrich's poems abound in the true poetic spirit, but they are frequently chargeable with plagiarism, or something much like it. There are two of his poems which I cannot help regarding as palpable plagiarism. Of one of them, in especial, 'A Death Bed,' it is impossible to say a plausible word in defense. Both in matter and manner it is nearly identical with a little piece entitled '*The* Death Bed,' by Thomas Hood.

"The charge of plagiarism, nevertheless, is purely a literary one; *and a plagiarism even distinctly*

proved, by no means necessarily involves any moral delinquency! This proposition applies very especially to what appear to be *poetical* thefts.

"The *poetic* sentiment presupposes a keen appreciation of the beautiful with a longing for its assimilation into the poetic identity. What the poet intensely admires becomes, thus, in very fact, although only partially, a portion of his own soul. Within this soul it has a *secondary* origination, and the poet, thus possessed by another's thought, cannot be said to take of it possession. But in either view he thoroughly feels it as *his own,* and the tendency to this feeling is counteracted only by the sensible presence of the true, palpable origin of the thought in the volume whence he has derived it—an origin, which in the long lapse of years, it is impossible *not* to forget, should the thought itself, as it often is, be forgotten.

"But the frailest association will regenerate it —it springs up with all the vigor of a new birth; its absolute originality is not with the poet a matter of even suspicion; and when he has written it and printed it, and on its account is charged with plagiarism, there will be no one more entirely astounded than himself.

"Now, from what I have said, it appears that the liability to *accidents* of this character is in the direct ratio of the poetic sentiment—of the susceptibility to the poetic impression; and, in fact, all literary history demonstrates that for the most frequent and palpable plagiarism we must search the works of the most eminent poets!"

"ANTHON.

"Doctor Charles Anthon is the well-known Jay Professor of the Greek and Latin languages in Columbia College, New York, and Rector of the Grammar School. If not absolutely the best, he is at least generally the best classicist in America. An attempt was made not long ago to prepossess the public against his 'Classical Dictionary' by getting up a hue and cry of plagiarism.

"It is the practice of quacks to paraphrase page after page, rearranging the order of paragraphs, making a slight alteration in point of fact here and there, but preserving the spirit of the whole. Now, he, also, in availing himself of the labors of his predecessors (and it is clear that all scholars *must* avail themselves of such labors)—he who shall copy *verbatim* the passages to be desired, without attempt at palming off their spirit as original with himself, is certainly no plagiarist, even if he fails to make direct acknowledgment of indebtedness, is unquestionably less of the plagiarist than the disingenuous and contemptible quack who wriggles himself into a reputation for originality, the public, of course, never caring a straw whether he be original or not!"

"BRYANT.

"Mr. Bryant's position in the poetical world is, perhaps, better settled than that of any American. The agreement is more decided in private literary circles than in what appears to be the

public expression of sentiment as gleamed from the press.

"That the opinion of the press is not an honest opinion—that necessarily it is impossible that it should be an honest opinion—is never denied by the members of the press themselves.

"It will never do to claim for Mr. Bryant a genius of the loftiest order, but there has been latterly, since the days of Mr. Longfellow and Mr. Lowell, a growing disposition to deny him a *genius* in *any* respect.

"The literary precocity of Bryant was remarkable—he was but thirteen when he wrote a satire. A satire is, of course, no *poem*. I have known boys of an earlier age do better things, although the case is rare. The marvel of such verse as I have quoted ceases at once, even admitting it to be thoroughly the boy's own work; but it is difficult to make any such admission. The father, familiar with the best English literature, *must* have suggested, revised, retouched.

" 'Thanatopsis' is the poem by which its author is best known, but is by no means his best poem. I mean to say that its negative merit recommends it to the public attention. The concluding thought is exceedingly noble, and has done wonders for the success of the whole composition."

"HALLECK.

"The name of Halleck is at least as well established in the poetical world as that of any American.

"There is not one among the *pioneers* of American literature whose productions have not been grossly overrated by his countrymen. Mr. Halleck, in the *apparent* public estimate, maintains a somewhat better position than that to which, on absolute grounds, he is entitled.

"The commencement of the fourth stanza of 'Alnwick Castle' belongs to a very high order of poetry. It is gloriously imaginative, and the effect is singularly increased by the sudden transition from iambuses to anapæsts. This passage is, I think, the noblest to be found in Halleck, and I would be at a loss to discover the parallel in all American poetry,—

" *'Wild roses by the Abbey towers*
Are gay in their young bud and bloom—
They were born of a race of funeral flowers
That garlanded, in long-gone hours,
A Templar's knightly tomb.'

" 'Marco Bozzaris' has much lyrical, without any great amount of ideal beauty. Force is its prevailing feature. I should do my conscience great wrongs were I to speak of 'Marco Bozzaris' as it is the fashion to speak of it—at least in point. It is surpassed by many American, and a multitude of foreign compositions of similar character."

"DRAKE.

"We might make a distinction of degree, between the fancy and the imagination, by reference

to the writings of one whom our patriotism, rather than our judgment, has elevated to a niche in the poetic temple which he does not becomingly fill, and which he cannot long uninterruptedly hold. We allude to the late Doctor Rodman Drake, whose puerile abortion, 'The Culprit Fay,' we examined at some length in a *critique* elsewhere. He has grossly failed in writing an ideal or imaginative poem. There is not one particle of true imagination about 'The Culprit Fay.' He was never more than fanciful."

"WILLIS.

"The success of Mr. N. P. Willis is to be attributed one-third to his mental ability, and two-thirds to his physical temperament. He 'pushed himself,' went much into the world and made friends with the gentler sex. He acted only in accordance with his physical temperament. With him, at least, a little learning is no dangerous thing. He composes with great labor, and frequent erasure and interlineation. His *manuscripts* indicate *vacillation,* a leading trait of his character. As a poet Mr. Willis is not entitled, I think, to so high a rank as he may justly claim through his prose."

"GRISWOLD.

"In the preface of Mr. Rufus Griswold's book, 'Poets and Poetry of America,' he thus evinces a

just comprehension of the nature and objects of true poetry. 'The creation of beauty, the manifestation of the real by the ideal, in words that move in metrical array, is poetry.'

"There is no one who, reading the volume before us, will not in a thousand instances, be tempted to throw it aside, because its prejudices and partialities are, in a thousand instances, altogether at war with his own. We disagree then with Mr. Griswold in *many* of his *critical* estimates, although in general we are proud to find his decisions our own!"

"MACAULAY.

"Thomas Babington Macaulay has attained a reputation, which although deservedly great, is yet in a remarkable measure undeserved. Mr. Macaulay, in short, has forgotten that he frequently forgets, or neglects, the very gist of his subject."

"BURNS.

"Burns has numerous passages exemplifying its author's felicity of *expression*. Burns, indeed, was the puppet of circumstance. As a poet, no person on the face of the earth has been more extravagantly, or more absurdly overrated."

"ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

"Every reader of these volumes (poems) will have readily seen, self demonstrated, the utter indefensibility of 'The Drama of Exile,' considered uniquely as a work of art.

"Mrs. Barrett's wild and magnificent genius seems to have contented itself with the points, to have exhausted itself in flashes, but it is the close propinquity of these points and flashes, which render her book *one flame,* and justify us in calling her, unhesitatingly, the greatest, the most glorious of her sex!

"With the exception of Tennyson's 'Locksley Hall,' we have never perused a poem combining so much of the fiercest passion, with so much of the most ethereal fancy, as the 'Lady Geraldine's Courtship'! We are forced to admit, however, that the latter work *'is a very palpable imitation of the former!'*

"'The Lady Geraldine' is, we think, the only poem of its author which is not deficient, considered as an artistic whole!'"

Poe was a constant reader and admirer of Mrs. Browning and absorbed within his soul her fanciful pictures and fierce passions of imagination.

If psychic phenomena of nature, giving similar thoughts to different human beings in different ages and nations hold good as a scientific proposition, then Tennyson must have imitated Penzoni of Milan, Italy, Browning imitated Tennyson and

Penzoni, in her "Lady Geraldine," and Poe largely *imitated* Tennyson, Browning and Penzoni!

These lines from "The Lady Geraldine" have a very marked swing and ring of Poe's "Raven," and his lost "Lenore" may have been only a paraphrase of Mrs. Browning's "Lady of High Degree."

Ever, evermore the while in a slow silence
She kept smiling
But the tears ran over lightly,
From her eyes and tenderly;
"Dost thou, Bertram, truly love me?
Is no woman far above me
Found more worthy of thy poet-heart
Than such a one as I?"

"What right have you, madam, gazing,
In your palace mirror daily,
Getting so by heart your beauty,
What all others must adore,
While you draw the golden ringlets
Down your fingers, to vow gayly—
You will wed no man that's only good—
To God, and nothing more?"

With a murmuring stir uncertain,
In the air, the purple curtain,
Swelleth in and swelleth out,
Around her motionless pale brows,
While the gliding of the river,
Sends a rippling noise forever—
Through the open casement whitened
By the moonlight's slant repose.

I could mention fifty other American and foreign authors, who came under the sugar-and-vinegar criticisms of Poe, but the reader will, no doubt, be already surfeited by the gloomy, negative, pessimistic reviews inflicted on the public by our scalping author.

The garment of gratitude rested very lightly on Poe; and he threw it off as easily as a rose exhales its perfume, thinking little of the stem that supported it in adverse fortune.

Criticisms bearing the ear marks of spleen, jealousy or fulsome flattery are worthless; and the reader at last is left to his own opinion about the book, story, tale or poem that may fall under his eye. Read and criticise for yourself!

Many of the authors and poems that Poe satirized and condemned, sixty years ago, are to-day household idols, showing that time and posterity are the only just critics.

In Poe's essay entitled "Marginalia," he makes the following wise statement regarding the attack upon prominent men by little fellows—which, by the by, might have been appropriately applied to himself:

"To vilify a great man is the readiest way in which a little man can himself attain greatness. The Crab might never have become a constellation but for the courage it evinced in nibbling Hercules on the heel!"

There is nothing new under the sun, and all

any author in any age or clime can do is to restate facts in a peculiar, ornate, catching style, gilding his ideals with the glittering varnish of imagination.

Since Adam lived and Homer died
The Old has been the New,
And every author stole or lied,
And no man knows what's true!
What now is said, was said before
On mountain, sea and isle,
And all we claim forevermore
Is just our cut and "style!"

ANNABEL LEE.

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.

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.

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 high born kinsman came
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulchre
In this kingdom by the sea.

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

CHAPTER XXI.

POE'S WANDERINGS—WIFE HUNTING—PICTURE OF POE BY MRS. WEISS.

In the summer and fall of 1849 Poe drifted like a ship at sea without compass or rudder—an intellectual derelict. The books he had published were not income producers. The stories he had written no longer brought money, and the fugitive poems evolved from his lunatic brain would not bring cash enough to pay for "gin cocktails," "mint juleps" or "opium soothers"!

He tried the lecture field in Boston, New York, Norfolk and Richmond, but to no purpose; either the audience was short, the night was stormy, the subject too lofty, or cash scarce. Screws and cogs and shifting scenes all disjointed.

Mr. Barton, Poe's newspaper chum, told me that he heard the poet lecture on two occasions, and that his delivery was that of a finished orator.

In reciting his own poetry Poe's eyes flashed with enthusiasm, his voice was clear and sonorous, and his gesticulations were appropriate and emphatic.

His earnestness, sincerity and honesty were self-evident, and the only "crime" ever laid at his door was—poverty! A great, defiant character, who preferred to work and remain poor in order to preserve his independence of thought and action.

Peace and rest to his celestial soul and glory to his magic memory!

His evil genius seems to have pursued the poet with unrelenting fury, and while he tried to conquer the assaults of Bacchus he could not discard the allurements and fascination of Venus, the siren, who has, through all the crowding ages, captured and destroyed not only poets, but philosophers and warriors.

Eve, Delilah, Borgia, Zenobia, Cleopatra, Elizabeth, Catherine of Russia, and Madame De Staël have enhanced, entranced and mystified the greatest men of their day! Fools and weaklings in the silken webs of women! Lords of creation, bruised and battered by brilliant butterflies! Ah, well! I presume it will always be so, and we, poor men, might as well submit to the fathomless verdict of Venus and Fate.

As a last resort to recoup his broken health and shattered fortune, Poe went from New York to Richmond, and began to pay court to old friends and early sweethearts.

Mrs. Elmira Shelton, a rich widow, and his early love (Miss Royster), seemed to be the center of his affections, since his dismissal by Mrs. Whitman.

The following letter to his mother-in-law, Mrs.

Clemm, will show the awakening confidence of Poe in his latest search for a supporter and wife.

"RICHMOND, VA., Tuesday, September 18th, '49.

"MY OWN DARLING 'MUDDY': On arriving here last night from Norfolk I received both your letters, including Mrs. Lewis's. I cannot tell you the joy they gave me to learn at least that you are well and hopeful. May God forever bless you, my dear 'Muddy.' Elmira has just got home from the country. I spent last evening with her. I think she loves me more devotedly than any one I ever knew and I cannot help loving her in return. Nothing is as yet definitely settled—and it will not do to hurry matters. I lectured at Norfolk on Monday and cleared enough to settle my bill here at the Madison House, with $2 over! I had a highly fashionable audience, but Norfolk is a small place and there were two exhibitions the same night. Next Monday I lecture again here and expect to have a large audience. On Tuesday I start for Philadelphia to attend to Mrs. Loud's poems—and possibly on Thursday may start for New York. If I do I will go straight over to Mrs. Lewis's and send for you. It will be better for me not to go to Fordham—don't you think so? Write immediately in reply and direct to Philadelphia. For fear I should not get the letter, sign no name, and address it to E. S. T. Grey, Esq. If possible I will get married before I start, but there is no telling. Give my dearest love to Mrs. L. My poor, poor 'Muddy,' I am still unable to send you even one dollar— but keep up

heart—I hope that our troubles are nearly over. I saw John Beatty in Norfolk.

"God bless and protect you, my own darling 'Muddy.' I showed your letter to Elmira, and she says 'it is such a darling precious letter that she loves you for it already.'

"YOUR OWN EDDY.

"P. S.—Don't forget to write to Philadelphia, so that your letter will be there when I arrive.

"The papers here are praising me to death—and I have been received everywhere with enthusiasm. Be sure and preserve all the printed scraps I have sent you and keep up my file of the *Literary World.* E."

The best pen picture of Poe's appearance and doings about Richmond in the last days of his life was given in *Scribner's Monthly* for March, 1878, by a noted poetess, Mrs. Susan Tally Weiss, of Richmond, who was a personal admirer of our poet. The following extracts bear the ear marks of unvarnished truth, which is always best. Flattery is not friendship. The naked truth, like an ungainly gosling, lasts longest.

"I can vividly recall him as he appeared on his visits to us. He always carried a cane, and upon entering the shade of the avenue would remove his hat, throw back his hair, and walk lingeringly, as if enjoying the coolness, carrying his hat in his hand, generally behind him. Sometimes he would pause to examine some rare flower, or to pluck a grape from the laden trellises. He met us al-

ways with an expression of pleasure illuminating his countenance and lighting his fine eyes.

"Poe's eyes, indeed, were his most striking feature, and it was to these that his face owed its peculiar attraction. I have never seen other eyes at all resembling them. They were large, with long, jet-black lashes—the iris dark steel gray, possessing a crystalline clearness and transparency, through which the jet-black pupil was seen to expand and contract with every shade of thought and emotion. I observed that the lids never contracted, as is so usual in most persons, especially when talking; but his gaze was ever full, open and unshrinking. His usual expression was dreamy and sad. He had a way of sometimes turning a slightly askance look upon some person who was not observing him, and, with a quiet, steady gaze, appear to be mentally taking the calibre of the unsuspecting subject. 'What awful eyes Mr. Poe has!' said a lady to me. 'It makes my blood run cold to see him slowly turn and fix them upon me when I am talking.'

"Apart from the wonderful beauty of his eyes, I would not have called Poe a very handsome man. He was, in my opinion, rather distinguished-looking than handsome. What he had been when younger I had heard, but at the period of my acquaintance with him he had a pallid and care-worn look—somewhat haggard, indeed—very apparent except in his moments of animation. He wore a dark mustache, scrupulously kept, but not entirely concealing a slightly contracting expression of the mouth, and an occasional twitching of

the upper lip resembling a sneer. This sneer, indeed, was easily excited—a motion of the lips scarcely perceptible, and yet intensely expressive. There was in it nothing of ill-nature, but much of sarcasm; as when he remarked of a certain pretentious editor, 'He can make bold plunges into shallow water'; and again, in reference to an editor presenting a costly book to a lady whose poems he had for some years published while yet refusing to pay for them, Poe observed, 'He could afford it,' with that almost imperceptible curl of the lip, more expressive of contempt than words could have been. The shape of his head struck me, even on first sight, as peculiar. There was a massive projection of the broad brow and temples, with the organ of casualty very conspicuously developed, a marked flatness of the top of the head, and an unusual fulness at the back. I had at the time no knowledge of phrenology, but now, in recalling this peculiar shape, I cannot deny that in Poe what are called *the intellectual and animal portions of the head were remarkably developed, while in the moral regions there was as marked a deficiency.* Especially there was a slight depression instead of fulness of outline where the organs of veneration and firmness are located by phrenologists. This peculiarity detracted so much from the symmetrical proportions of the head that he sought to remedy the defect by wearing his hair tossed back, thus producing more apparent height of the cranium.

"As I have said, the knowledge of this weakness (drinking) was by his own request concealed from

me. All that I knew of the matter was when a friend informed me that 'Mr. Poe was too unwell to see us that evening.' A day or two after this he sent a message by his sister requesting some flowers, in return for which came a dainty note of thanks, written in a tremulous hand. He again wrote, inclosing a little anonymous poem which he had found in some newspaper and admired; and on the day following he made his appearance among us, but so pale, tremulous, and apparently subdued, as to convince me that he had been seriously ill. On this occasion he had been at his rooms at the Old Swan, where he was carefully tended by Mrs. Mackenzie's family, but on a second and more serious relapse he was taken by Dr. Mackenzie and Dr. Gibbon Carter to Duncan's Lodge, where during some days his life was in imminent danger. Assiduous attention saved him, but it was the opinion of the physicians that another such attack would prove fatal. This they told him, warning him seriously of the danger. His reply was that if people would not tempt him he would not fall. Dr. Carter relates, how on this occasion, he had a long conversation with him, in which Poe expressed the most earnest desire to break from the thraldom of his *besetting sin*, and told of his many unavailing struggles to do so. He was moved even to tears, and finally declared, in the most solemn manner, that this time he would restrain himself—would withstand any temptation.

"The only occasion on which I saw Poe really sad or depressed was on a walk to the Hermitage,

the old deserted seat of the Mayo family, where he had, in his youth, been a frequent visitor. On reaching the place our party separated, and Poe and myself strolled slowly about the grounds. I observed that he was unusually silent and preoccupied, and, attributing it to the influence of memories associated with the place, forebore to interrupt him. He passed slowly by the mossy bench called the 'Lovers' Seat,' beneath two aged trees, and remarked, as we turned towards the garden, 'There used to be white violets here.' Searching amid the tangled wilderness of shrubs we found a few late blossoms, some of which he placed carefully between the leaves of a notebook. Entering the deserted house he passed from room to room with a grave, abstracted look, and removed his hat, as if involuntarily, in entering the salon where in olden times many a brilliant company had assembled. Seated in one of the deep windows, over which now grew masses of ivy, his memory must have borne him back to former scenes, for he repeated the familiar lines of Moore:

> "'*I feel like one*
> *Who treads alone*
> *Some banquet hall deserted,*'

and paused, with the first expression of real sadness that I had ever seen on his face. The light of the setting sun shone through the drooping ivy-boughs into the ghostly room, and the tattered and mildewed paper-hangings, with their faded

tracery of rose garlands, waved fitfully in the autumn breeze. An inexpressibly eerie feeling came over me, which I can even now recall, and, as I stood there, my old childish idea of the poet as a spirit of mingled light and darkness, recurred strongly to my imagination. I have never forgotten that scene, or the impression of the moment.

"Poe one day told me that it was necessary that he should go to New York. He must make certain preparations for establishing his magazine, *The Stylus,* but he should in less than two weeks return to Richmond, where he proposed henceforth to reside. He looked forward to this arrangement with great pleasure. 'I mean to turn over a new leaf; I shall begin to lead a new life,' he said, confidently. He had often spoken to me of his books—'few, but *recherché,*'—and he now proposed to send certain of these by express, for perusal. 'You must annotate them extensively,' he said. 'A book wherein the minds of the author and the reader are thus brought in contact is to me a hundredfold increased in interest. It is like flint and steel.' One of the books which he thus desired me to read was Mrs. Browning's poems, and another, one of Hawthorne's works. I remember his saying of the latter that he was 'indisputably the best prose writer in America,' that 'Irving and the rest were mere commonplace beside him;' that 'there was more inspiration of true genius in Hawthorne's prose than in all Longfellow's poetry.' This may serve to give an idea of his own opinion of what constitutes genius,

though some of Longfellow's poems he pronounced 'perfect of their kind.'

"The evening of the day previous to that appointed for his departure from Richmond, Poe spent at my mother's. He declined to enter the parlors, where a number of visitors were assembled, saying he preferred the more quiet sitting-room; and here I had a long and almost uninterrupted conversation with him. He spoke of his future, seeming to anticipate it with an eager delight, like that of youth. He declared that the last few weeks in the society of his old and new friends had been the happiest that he had known for many years, and that when he again left New York he should there leave behind all the trouble and vexation of his past life. On no occasion had I seen him so cheerful and hopeful as on this evening. 'Do you know,' he inquired, 'how I spent most of this morning? In writing a critique of your poems, to be accompanied by a biographical sketch. I intend it to be one of my best, and that it shall appear in the second number of *The Stylus*'—so confident was he in regard to this magazine. In the course of the evening he showed me a letter just received from his 'friend Dr. Griswold,' in reply to one but recently written by Poe, wherein the latter had requested Dr. Griswold, in case of his sudden death, to become his literary executor. In this reply Dr. Griswold accepted the proposal, expressing himself as much flattered thereby, and writing in terms of friendly warmth and interest. It will be observed that this incident is a contradiction of his statement that

previous to Poe's death he had no intimation of the latter's intention of appointing him his literary executor.

"In speaking of his own writings Poe expressed his conviction that he had written his best poems; but that in prose he might yet surpass what he had already accomplished. He admitted that much he had said in praise of certain writers was not the genuine expression of his opinions. Before my acquaintance with him I had read his critique on Mrs. Osgood in the *Southern Literary Messenger,* and had in my turn criticised the article, writing my remarks freely on the margin of the magazine. I especially disagreed with him in his estimate of the lines on 'Fanny Ellsler' and 'Fanny Error,'—ridiculing his suggested amendment of the latter. This copy of the magazine Mrs. Mackenzie afterwards showed to Poe, and upon my expressing consternation thereat, she remarked laughingly: 'Don't be frightened; Edgar was delighted.' On this evening he alluded to the subject, saying: 'I am delighted to find you so truly critical; your opinions are really the counterpart of my own.' I was naturally surprised, when he added: 'You must not judge of me by what you find me saying in the magazines. Such expressions of opinion are necessarily modified by a thousand circumstances—the wishes of editors, personal friendship, etc.' When I expressed surprise at this high estimate of a certain lady writer, he said: 'It is true she is really commonplace, but her husband was kind to me,' and

added: 'I cannot point an arrow against any woman.'

"Poe expressed great regret in being compelled to leave Richmond, on even so brief an absence. He would certainly, he said, be back in two weeks. He thanked my mother with graceful courtesy and warmth for her kindness and hospitality; and begged that we would write to him in New York, saying it would do him good.

"He was the last of the party to leave the house. We were standing on the portico, and after going a few steps he paused, turned, and again lifted his hat in a last adieu. At the moment a brilliant meteor appeared in the sky directly over his head, and vanished in the east. We commented laughingly upon the incident; but I remembered it sadly afterwards.

"That night he spent at Duncan's Lodge; and, as his friend said, sat late at his window, meditatively smoking and seemingly disinclined for conversation. On the following morning he went into the city, accompanied by his friends, Dr. Gibbon Carter and Dr. Mackenzie. The day was passed with them and others of his intimate friends. Late in the evening he entered the office of Dr. John Carter, and spent an hour in looking over the day's papers; and then taking Dr. Carter's cane he went out, remarking that he would step across to Saddler's (a fashionable restaurant) and get supper. From the circumstance of his taking the cane, leaving his own in its place, it is probable that he had intended to return; but at the restaurant he met with some acquaintances who

detained him until late, and then accompanied him to the Baltimore boat. According to their account, he was quite sober and cheerful to the last, remarking as he took leave of them, that he would soon be in Richmond again.

"On this evening I had been summoned to see a friend who was dangerously ill. On the way I was met by Miss Poe, who delivered a note left for me by her brother, containing a manuscript copy of 'Annie,'—a poem then almost unknown, and which I had expressed a wish to see. These strange prophetic lines I read at midnight, while the lifeless body of my friend lay in an adjoining chamber, and the awful shadow of death weighed almost forebodingly upon my spirit. Three days after, a friend came to see me, with the day's issue of the *Richmond Dispatch*. Without a word she pointed to a particular paragraph, where I read: 'Death of Edgar A. Poe, in Baltimore.'"

His checkered life was filled with care;
Nemesis ruled him everywhere—
As some lone headland, bleak and bare
He looked the picture of despair!

CHAPTER XXII.

CLOSING DAYS—DEATH AND BURIAL.

THE Fates were in secret conclave, and these horrid old hags had already spun out the threads of the poet's life, and were grinning in glee at the speedy prospect of cutting off another shining victim. Poe had spared none in his sardonic censures and could not expect favors.

He was the literary iconoclast of his day, breaking to pieces many an image of popular idolatry, and if a few loaded brickbats of truth are thrown at the glittering structures he erected, he must bow to the Fates and tumble down from his pedestal of pampered pretense and imperial audacity!

Poe left Richmond by boat on the night of the 3d of October, 1849, for Baltimore, and arrived at the Light Street wharf in due course. He had a "good time" with old friends before leaving Richmond, and on the boat, no doubt, he continued to enjoy his disappointment in not marrying Mrs. Shelton!

The "flowing bowl" has always been a great solace for sorrow, (I have tried it myself,) yet, on rewakening from a Bacchanalian bout, a person of a sensitive nature is filled with remorse, and the "sorrow" that he endeavored to drown is floating on the surface of life with redoubled activity! Trouble, like a cork, has great enduring swimming qualities.

I have talked with many old people during the last forty years who personally knew Poe, and have scoured the highways and byways of Baltimore and other cities, in midnight mornings, for old places and drinking chums of Poe, intending "some day" to write the life of our most noted poet.

I was born to the life of lunacy, and absorbed letters myself, and I never was ashamed to tell and act the truth, bold and open as the noonday sun. Why should any brave man care for the crawling hypocrite and sneaking citizen, who "crooks the pregnant hinges of the knee, that thrift may follow fawning"?

The censure or praise of duplicity people falls alike on the independent literary soul, that looks only to posterity for recompense, justice and fame!

One of Poe's social chums tells the following story of the circumstances attending the poet's death:

"I was an intimate associate of Edgar Allan Poe for many years. Much that has been said and written regarding his death is false. His habitual resort in Baltimore was the Widow Meagher's

place. This was an oyster stand and liquor bar on the city front, corresponding in some respects with the coffee houses of San Francisco. It was frequented much by printers, and ranked as a respectable place, where parties could enjoy a game of cards, or engage in social conversation. Poe was a great favorite with the old woman. His favorite seat was just behind the stand, and he was about as quiet and sociable as an oyster himself. He went by the name of 'Bard,' and when parties came into the shop it was 'Bard, come up and take a hand in this game.'

"Whenever the Widow Meagher met with any incident or idea that tickled her fancy, she would ask the 'Bard' to versify it. Poe always complied, writing many a witty couplet, and at times poems of some length. These verses, quite as meritorious as some by which his name was immortalized, were thus frittered into obscurity. It was in this little shop that Poe's attention was called to an advertisement in a Philadelphia paper of a prize for the best story; and it was there that he wrote his famous 'Gold Bug,' which carried off the one hundred dollar prize.

"Poe had been shifting for several years between Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York. He had been away from Baltimore for three or four months, when he turned up one evening at the Widow Meagher's. I was there when he came in. He privately told me that he had been to Richmond, and was on his way North to get ready for his wedding. It was drinking all around, and repeat, until the crowd was pretty jolly. It was the

night before election, and four of us, including Poe, started uptown.

"DRUGGED WITH LAUDANUM.

"We had not gone half a dozen squares when we were nabbed by a gang of men who were on the lookout for voters to 'coop.' It was the practice in those days to seize people, whether drunk or sober, lock them up until the polls were opened, and then march them around to every precinct, where they were made to vote the ticket of the party that controlled the coop. Our coop was in the rear of an engine-house on Calvert Street. It was part of the game to stupefy the prisoners with drugged liquor. Well, the next day we were voted at thirty-one different places, and over and over, it being as much as a man's life was worth to rebel. Poe was so badly drugged that after he was carried on two or three different rounds the gang said it was no use to vote a dead man any longer, so they shoved him into a cab and sent him to a hospital to get him out of the way.

"The commonly accepted story that Poe died from dissipation is all bosh. It was nothing of the kind. He died from laudanum, or some other poison that was forced upon him in the coop. He was in a dying condition while he was being voted around the city. The story by Griswold of Poe's having been on a week's spree and being picked up on the street is false. I saw him shoved into the cab myself, and he told me he had just arrived in the city."

The living are the only dead;
The dead alive,—nevermore to die;
And often, when we mourn them fled,
They never were so nigh!

'Tis but a mound and will be mossed
Whene'er the summer grass appears;
The loved, though wept, are never lost;
We only lose our tears!

The joys we lose are but forecast,
And we shall find them all once more;
We look behind us for the past,
But lo! 'tis all before!

Poe's poor broken body was rattled away from the hospital on the 9th of October, 1849, enclosed in a common poplar coffin, accompanied by only a half dozen friends to listen to the sound of the clods as they echoed his requiem in the old Presbyterian Church yard. He needed no funeral cortège or monument. His poetry is his monument!

CHAPTER XXIII.

VISIT TO THE GRAVE AND HOSPITAL OF POE—MRS. CLEMM.

In October, 1869, while travelling from Washington City to St. Louis, I stopped over for a day in Baltimore to visit, in person, the closing scenes and last milestones in the checkered life of Edgar Allan Poe.

I met Dr. John J. Moran, by previous appointment, at Barnum's Hotel. He accompanied me on foot, to the Westminster Presbyterian Church, corner of Green and Fayette Streets, where in an obscure corner behind the church, covered with grass, weeds and vines, rested the pathetic dust of the brilliant and lunatic bohemian author.

A flood of memories rushed upon my mind as I pondered upon the life of the forlorn, restless, storm-tossed genius, who slumbered in eternal silence beneath the withered grass and whirring leaves of that drizzling October day, shedding its cold, pattering tears over the broken gravestones of the lonely churchyard.

I have looked on death in cot and hall, on sea and land and bloody battlefields, and it always had a mysterious, shivering influence over my sensitive spirit. I fear it not, and yet exclaim:

Can this be Death that ever brings
Impartial fate to slaves and kings?
With cold and clammy, withered hands
It leads us to untrodden lands.

Its icy fetters round us creep,
Compelling deep, eternal sleep,
And sweet oblivion covers all
The sons of men since Adam's fall.

The trials and pangs of earth depart
When Death reigns Monarch of the heart,
While we are left so pale and lone—
Transplanted to the Great Unknown.

Dr. Moran and myself turned aside into the passing, rushing crowd, who little cared for the dust, a few feet away, of the wandering minstrel who once enlivened and enchanted the world with his stories, tales and passion poems, evolved out of the burning crucible of a brilliant brain.

I had a great desire to visit the earthly guardian angel of Poe and his baby-wife—his loyal mother-in-law, Maria Clemm, who at that time was an inmate of the Episcopal Church Home, on Broadway and Hempstead Streets, a high and prominent

location in the midst of Baltimore's rushing life.

We took the horse-cars and after riding east about two miles, alighted, climbed the hill, turned into the side gate, knocked at the door of the Infirmary and were admitted to the old brick building, which had been erected in 1857 by the pious and generous people of Baltimore.

"Sister Margaret" saluted Dr. Moran as an old acquaintance, who introduced me to the lady in charge. She was very polite and affable, belonging by nature to the "old school" people, who moved about with self conscious ease, born of good breeding and benevolent disposition.

The doctor inquired for the health of Mrs. Clemm, and expressed a desire to see her, and extend to me an introduction to the foster mother of Poe. "Sister Margaret" led the way up a couple of flights of stairs to a corner room on the third floor looking east and north, where we found Mrs. Clemm sewing on a dark garment.

The old lady, gnarled by seventy years of sorrow, arose and shook hands with Dr. Moran, offering him her rocker, the only chair in the room, which he politely declined. "Sister Margaret" beckoned a nurse to bring a couple of chairs, and after being introduced to this famous woman, (I say famous because of her integrity, trust and unchangeable affection for her "Darling Eddie" as she frequently called him during the visit) I listened to her reminiscent stories of the loved and lost.

She was not an ethereal woman by any means, and was entirely opposite to Poe and his wife,

in mind and manner, showing in her large dark gray eyes and rugged face the marks of weary days and sleepless nights, in battling with a sordid, sinful world.

She spoke of the room where Poe died, and asked Dr. Moran to show her, if he could, the very spot where her "Darling Eddie" breathed his last. The doctor led us down the hall, several doors from that of Mrs. Clemm's, and pointed out the corner where Poe passed out to eternity. "Sister Margaret" was not certain as to the exact location, and I could see that even Dr. Moran had lost his bearings; for twenty years had then passed away since Poe in a delirious, epileptic condition breathed his last.

We bade good-bye, after an hour's talk, to the mother of Poe, bowed down with grief and memory's tears, passing out of the presence of one of God's earthly angels, who walk the thorny world as blissful benedictions. She was a Ruth in her faith, love and constancy, and a Madame Roland in courage.

On the 16th of February, 1871, she passed away in the old Church Home, and was buried beside her "Darling Eddie" and her daughter Virginia, in the churchyard on Green Street, where they shall rest until God in his own good time lifts the veil that clouds and obscures this earth from the uplands of Omnipotence!

This poem, dedicated to Mrs. Clemm, shows Poe's deep appreciation of one who was "more than mother" unto him:

TO MY MOTHER.

Because I feel that, in the heaven's 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 love so dearly,
And thus are dearer than the mother I knew—
By that infinity by which my wife
Was dearer to my soul than it's soul's life!

A few months since, after thirty-two years of wandering through sunshine and dark shadows, I visited again the old churchyard and Infirmary in charge of "Sister" Suddler, and although Time with its lightning changes has brushed off many millions of human "may flies" from his burnished wheel, the church and the hospital still loom up on their respective hills, with only a show of artificial progress in their surroundings.

Poe was given a small granite and sandstone monument in 1875, by a number of ideal, literary artists, who, at last, are the *true* friends of earth, who cherish down the ages, poetry, music, painting and sculpture for their own intrinsic

worth, and not for the sordid, brutal, venal thoughts of to-day!

My thoughts and books my monument shall be
When bronze and marble crumble unto dust;
And down the ages to eternity
I'll live in love, because I love and trust!

A spiritual medium in New York City more than forty years ago, went into a trance and delivered the following poem before a large audience as coming direct from the lips of Edgar Allan Poe in the spirit land! It is what Poe might say, and the construction of the verses would do credit to any author.

"Woman weak and woman mortal, through thy spirit's open portal
I would read the Runic record of mine earthly being o'er—
I would feel that fire returning, which within my soul was burning
When my star was quenched in darkness, set to rise on earth no more,
When I sank beneath Life's burdens in the streets of Baltimore.

"Ah, those memories sore and saddening! Ah, that night of anguish maddening!
When my lone heart suffered shipwreck on a demon-haunted shore—

When the fiends grew wild with laughter, and the silence following after
Was more awful and appalling than the cannon's deadly roar—
Than the tramp of mighty armies thro' the streets of Baltimore.

"Like a fiery serpent crawling, like a maelstrom madly boiling,
Did this Plegethon of fury sweep my shuddering spirit o'er,
Rushing onward—blindly reeling—tortured by intensest feeling
Like Prometheus when the vultures thro' his quivering vitals tore—
Swift I fled from death and darkness thro' the streets of Baltimore.

"No one near to save or love me, no kind face to watch above me,
Though I heard the sound of footsteps like the waves upon the shore—
Beating—beating—beating—beating—now advancing—now retreating—
With a dull and dreary rhythm, with a long, continuous roar—
Heard the sound of human footsteps on the streets of Baltimore.

"There at length they found me lying, weak and 'wildered, sick and dying,
And my shattered wreck of being to a kindly refuge bore;

But my woe was past enduring, and my soul cast off its mooring,
Crying as I floated onward, 'I am of the earth no more!
I have forfeited Life's blessing in the streets of Baltimore.'

"Where wast thou, O Power Eternal, when the fiery fiend infernal
Beat me with his burning faces till I sank to rise no more?
Oh! was all my lifelong error crowded in that night of terror?
Did my sin find expiation which to judgment went before,
Summoned to a dread tribunal in the streets of Baltimore?

"Nay, with deep, delirious pleasure I had drained my life's full measure,
Till the fatal fiery serpent fed upon my being's core;
Then with force and fire volcanic, summoning a strength Titanic,
Did I burst the bonds that bound me—battered down my being's door—
Fled, and left my shattered dwelling to the dust of Baltimore!"

BALTIMORE, MD., FAYETTE AND GREEN STS.

CHAPTER XXIV.

PENZONI AND POE—"THE PARROT."

In the spring of 1878, during my "flyer" in Wall Street, I became acquainted with Mr. Leo Penzoni, a peripatetic Italian artist. He painted from the nude and also sang in opera, being a fine linguist, speaking fluently Italian, Spanish, French, German and English.

Penzoni was about thirty-five years of age, six feet tall, with black eyes and hair, Roman nose, wearing a broad brimmed hat, a typical cavalier, who was not only capable of "painting" the nude, but also the town, in midnight moments, with cardinal colors.

Penzoni drifted about the world on the ocean of life, like a stormy petrel, turning up periodically in New York, London, Paris, and Milan, his native city. His poetic and jolly nature captivated me at once, and as we were about the same age, with bohemian dispositions, we very naturally

drifted together, dined, wined and wandered around the fantastic resorts of Gotham, spending many evenings at theatres and operas, or mingling with the "bloods" who linger around the Fifth Avenue, Hoffman House, Brunswick, Sturtevant or Delmonico's, and other festive "joints" where fun and folly raised the auction at the bid of Bacchus and Venus. The "boys" are doing the same thing to-day.

We often sang and recited poetry for the edification of the gaudy "bugs" and "butterflies" that buzzed about us, boasting of our great authors, Penzoni lauding his Italians to the skies, who had more than two thousand years the start of the lettered men of America.

Of course he had me on the hip, as it were, when comparing our authors with such genuises as Angelo, Raphael, Horace, Virgil, Tasso, and Dante; but I boasted of our West, Trumbull, Powers, Irving, Cooper, Hawthorne, Longfellow, Bryant, Payne, Prentice, and especially Edgar Allan Poe, winding up my encomiums of the latter with a recitation of "The Raven."

Penzoni laughed outright in my face one evening at the Sturtevant House, surrounded by a coterie of "town tumblers," and immediately said that "The Raven" was stolen almost bodily from a poem entitled "The Parrot," written by his grandfather for the *Art Journal* of Milan in the year 1809.

All the "boys" at the table defied him to produce the poem and back up his emphatic assertion. While he could not give at the time all

the verses, he recited a half dozen or more, and promised that he would make a literal translation of the poem when next in Milan, and if possible get a copy of the paper, and on his return to New York, let me know of his success.

About four months afterwards I received from him the following letter and poem. It has lain for more than twenty-two years in a pocket of my trunk, almost forgotten; but as the public will be interested and benefited by everything relating to the late Edgar Allan Poe, I give Penzoni's letter and "The Parrot" in the *fac simile* of his handwriting, just as I first saw it at the Sturtevant House.

I have been an ardent admirer of Poe's erratic and lunatic genius for nearly fifty years, and during my schooldays in Kentucky was noted for reciting his "Bells," "Annabel Lee," and "The Raven"; poems of rare and curious combination.

There is certainly a very marked similarity between "The Raven" and "The Parrot," and one might be taken directly from the other with but very little alteration.

Whether Penzoni or Poe composed the original it is not for me to say.

"New York, July 4th, 1878.

"My Dear Colonel: As you requested I send a literal translation of 'The Parrot,' a poem written by my grandfather in 1809, for the *Art Journal*, Milan, Italy. He was an etcher and writer for the paper.

New York.
July 4. 1878.

My Dear Colonel:

As you requested, I send a literal translation of "the "Parrot," a poem written by my Grand Father in 1809, for The Art Journal, Milan, Italy. He was an etcher and writer for the paper.

"The Raven" by Poe was taken almost bodily from "the Parrot." Who is the Plagiarist? Your Friend, Col. John A. Joyce. Geo Penzoni.
Sturtevant House.

"'The Raven,' by Poe, was taken almost bodily from 'The Parrot.'

"Who is the plagiarist?

"Your Friend,

"LEO PENZONI.

"COL. JOHN A. JOYCE,
STURTEVANT HOUSE."

THE PARROT.

I sit and pine so weary
in midnight sad and dreary,
Over long forgotten volumes
of historic love-lit lore;
And while winking, lonely blinking
I thought I heard while thinking
A rush of wings revolving above
my oaken door,
"What's that," said I, disturbing my
melancholy sore—
'Tis my lost one, sweet "Belmore"!

The frosts of wild December invoke
me to dismember
My tired and tortured body on this dreary,
dastard shore,
And I trust no waking morrow
Shall rise upon my sorrow,
With all its hideous horror that now
thrills my inmost core—
For my brilliant beaming beauty,
beatic, dear Belmore—
Lost, gone forevermore!

The rustling purple curtain waves
in and out uncertain,
As weird wizard voices croaking
sardonic laughter o'er and o'er;
And with startled heart still beating
my lips kept on repeating—
"Some spirit seeks an entrance through
"the window or the door,
"Some ghostlike, lonely stranger
knocking at my chamber door"—
"Simply this, and nothing more."

Startled by this ghostly vision, with
desperate decision
My soul exclaimed, "sweet madam,
pardon I implore,
Yet your face it shone so brightly
and your footfalls tripped so lightly,
And you came so slighly stealing to my
rustic, artist door—
'Tis a wonder that I heard you; wide,
open flung the door—
Horror, blackness, nothing more!

Loud into the blackness calling with
heart beats slowly falling,
With haunted dreams of doubting no
Artist felt before;
But the vision quickly vanished and
all but silence banished,
And I only heard that heaven-lit, love-lit
word "Belmore"—

This I murmured when sweet echo
answered back the word—"Belmore"—
Barely this and nothing more!

Startled back so lone and sadly, my
soul revolving madly,
Once again I heard a rapping more
impulsive than before;
"Come in," I kept repeating, and from
the door retreating
To the window, that I might the
curious nooks explore,
While my troubled brain endeavored to
reveal the noise, explore—
"Gusts of wind and nothing more!"

Open wide I flung the shutter when
a Parrot with a mutter
Flew into my lonely chamber as it
did in days of yore,
And it seemed to be quiescent, somber,
and evanescent,
As it sat in lonely grandeur above
my chamber door,
Perching on the bust, Minerva, above
my oaken door,
Perched and blinked and nothing more!

And this croaking bird is leering,
demonaic appearing,
With feathers ruffled ragged round the
countenance it wore;

Though thy beak be like a carrot, you
surely are a Parrot—
Croaking, grumbling, screeching Parrot
from some sandy tropic shore;
Tell me now thy devilish purpose
on this red, volcanic shore—
Cried the Parrot, "Nevermore!"

How I sat depressed, divining to see
some silver lining
Through clouds that hung around me on
this vile, detested shore,
And my soul with grief was haunted
while there I peered undaunted
To hear a bird with crest, and word
above my oaken door,
Bird or brute upon the marble bust
above my chamber door—
Utter name of "Nevermore"!

But the Parrot perching sadly on the
marble bust spoke madly
As if this dark, weird word was his
only stock in store;
And he merely croaked and muttered
While he preened and snapped and fluttered,
As I grumbled, growled and uttered—
"trusted friends have gone before,"
"Soon, oh soon this bird will leave me,
"as sweet hopes have gone before"—
And this bird shrieked "Evermore"!

Shocked and stunned by such replying,
can it be the bird is lying,
Or is it willfully determined to be a
babbling bore;
Yet, perhaps it knew a master whose
life was all disaster,
And sorrows followed faster than was
ever felt before,
'Till the echoes of his sorrows, sad re-
frains forevermore—
Fearful echo—"Nevermore"!

Yet the Parrot still is screeching, to
my seared heart sadly preaching;
Defiantly I faced the bird and bust and
gloom, and door,
Till on the carpet figures, wrought
up into cold rigors,
I frantically demanded what the bird
meant by its roar,
This horrid, raving, somber, ruffled
bird of the days that are no more
Meant in screeching—"Nevermore"!

There I sat in mortal terror, de-
nounced by many an error,
With the Parrot's flashing eyeballs
piercing to my inmost core,
And I mused there, deeply pining, weep-
ing, crushed reclining,

By the curtain's silken lining and the lamplight glinting o'er,
Beneath its mystic radiance shining o'er and o'er—
Roared the Parrot—"Nevermore"!

Then around me whirled a vision from the land of the Elysian,
And the air within my chamber fairly shimmered on the floor,
Wretched Devil! who hath sent thee to a land where no nepenthe,
Or solace can be given for my lost and, loved Belmore;
Sure I never can forget her, ever present, bright Belmore—
Growled the Parrot—"Nevermore"!

Parrot, prophet, thing of sorrow, is there yet for me a morrow
To linger any longer on this sin-cursed, stormy shore;
Shall I never know a pleasure enclasp again a treasure
On this damned, detested, dastard and this lurid, shocking shore;
Is there any peace or pleasure, oh, tell me I implore—
Croaked the Parrot—"Nevermore"!

Croaker, Dastard, Word of Evil, Prophet,
Bird or Screeching Devil!
By the stars that shine above us
by the God that all adore,
Tell this soul, whose hope is riven,
if in some celestial heaven
It shall clasp an angel Beauty, who
is known as rare "Bellmore,"
And entwine his arms around
her, my ethereal "Belmore"—
Pipped the Parrot—"Nevermore"!

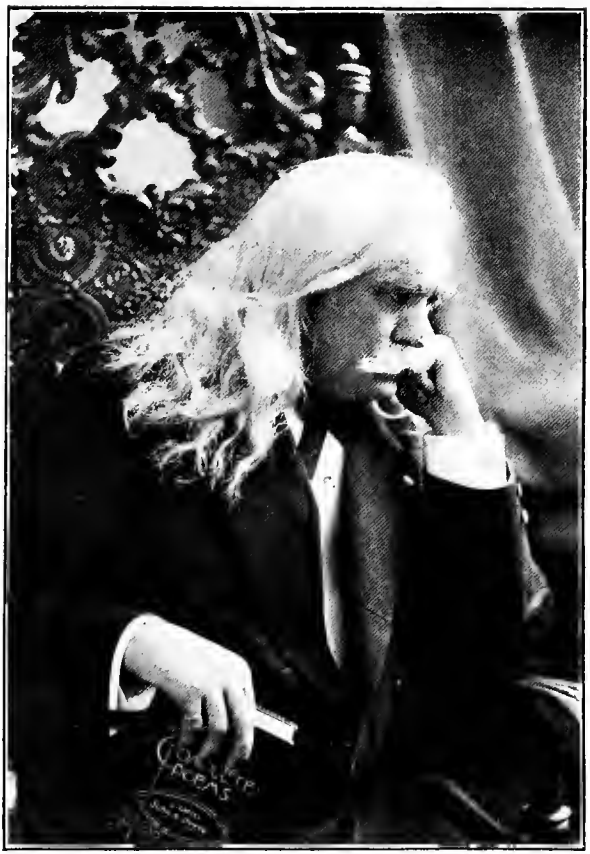
Horrid bird! I shrieked emphatic,
and wildly, loud, lunatic,
I flung the pratting Parrot through
the night's dark, shoreless shore,
While its gilded feathers fluttered, in
the darkness still and muttered—
"I'll not leave thee, doubting Devil, but
"remain above thy door—
"Sink my beak into thy trembling
"heart, and torture more and more"—
Shrieked the Parrot—"Evermore"!

And the Parrot still is posing,
winking, blinking, dozing
On that marble bust, Minerva, just
above my oaken door,
And his hellish eyes are beaming
Like a Devil who is dreaming,

While the sputtering, fluttering
lamplight paints his shadow on the floor.
And my soul-lit spirit writhing in
that shadow on the floor—
Dead and damned—"Forevermore"!

(Signed) PENZONI.

THE END.



Yours Poetically- John A. Joyce.