



















Edgar A. Poe.

THE POEMS OF  
EDGAR ALLAN POE

EDITED BY

KILLIS CAMPBELL

ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH IN THE  
UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS

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no. 1.

TO  
HENRY P. HILLIARD  
IN TOKEN OF GRATITUDE AND ESTEEM  
THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED





## PREFACE .

This edition of Poe's Poems includes all the poems collected either by the poet himself or by his literary executor, Rufus W. Griswold. I have endeavored to give also a complete and accurate record of the multifarious revisions made by the poet in republishing his verses — a matter of extreme importance for the understanding of his art; and I have departed from former editors in presenting these at the foot of the page along with the text to which they refer, where alone they may be easily consulted. In the Notes — and here, again, I have departed from former editors — I have given a full and detailed commentary on each of the poems. From the vast body of material, biographical, historical, critical, and interpretative, that has been written about Poe, I have endeavored to garner whatever will contribute to a truer understanding of his poems or to a juster appreciation of them. And where comment from others was wanting or seemed inadequate, I have attempted to supply the deficiency by researches of my own. In particular, I have addressed myself to the following matters: the circumstances of composition and publication of each of the poems, the relation of the poems to each other and to the tales, the poet's relation to other poets and to his time, the autobiographical element in his verses, and the judgments passed on his work by his contemporaries.

In the Introduction I have set forth the main facts of the poet's life, adding certain details of my own discovery; and I have also dealt there with questions of authenticity and authority of text, with the nature and the worth of the poet's textual revisions, with his sources, and with the diversity of opinion respecting his achievement as poet.

At the end of the collected poems I have brought together four early poems not included by Poe in his collective edition of 1845, and following these I have given most of the poems doubtfully attributed to him. The poems of doubtful authenticity I have included reluctantly, since none of them are worthy of Poe, and some of them, we can be reasonably sure, are not the work of his hand; but I have felt that the student is entitled to have them before him.

The portrait which serves as the frontispiece of this volume is from a painting of Poe by the Philadelphia artist, A. C. Smith, and is reproduced from *Graham's Magazine* for February, 1845. It represents the poet as he appeared shortly before the publication of his most famous poem.

In preparing this edition I have naturally put myself under deep obligations to my predecessors. I have endeavored to make acknowledgment of all obligations as they occur, but I wish to make special acknowledgment of my indebtedness to Professor George E. Woodberry and the late Mr. John H. Ingram, to whom we owe our best biographies of Poe, and to the late Professor James A. Harrison, to whom we are indebted for the fullest edition of Poe's writings. I wish also to make grateful acknowledgment of the courtesy of the Century Club of New York City, in permitting me to avail myself of the revisions made by Poe in the well-known Lorimer Graham copy of his collected poems, and to Mr. J. P. Morgan, of New York City, for his courtesy in allowing me to profit in like manner by several valuable manuscripts of Poe owned by him. I wish, too, to express my gratitude to Professor W. P. Trent, of Columbia University, and to the late Miss Amelia F. Poe, of Baltimore, for many kindnesses. Most of all, I am indebted to two of my colleagues of the University of Texas, Professors Morgan Callaway, Jr., and R. H. Griffith, who have read patiently the proof sheets for this volume and have given me many helpful suggestions and criticisms.

KILLIS CAMPBELL

AUSTIN, TEXAS

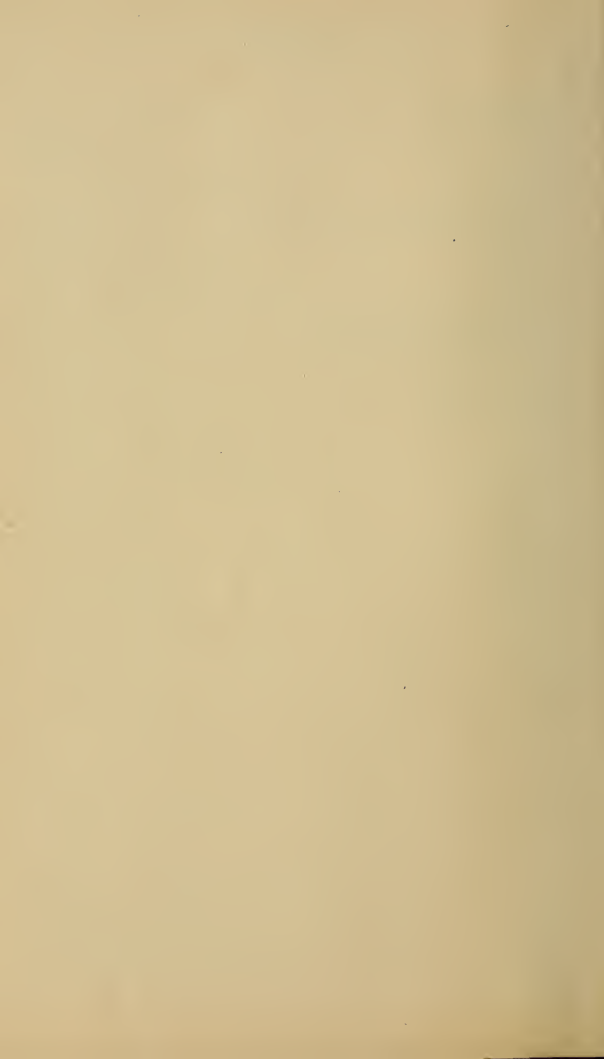
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## INTRODUCTION

### I. THE MAIN FACTS IN THE LIFE OF POE

Edgar Allan Poe was born at Boston on January 19, 1809.<sup>1</sup> His father, David Poe, Jr., was a native of Baltimore; his mother, whose maiden name was Elizabeth Arnold, was born in England, but came to America in youth.<sup>2</sup> There were two other children: William Henry, born in 1807, and Rosalie MacKenzie, born in 1810.<sup>3</sup> Poe's parents were both actors, his mother displaying larger gifts than his father, though neither one attained to distinction. Their acting was confined to the American cities along

<sup>1</sup> The chief biographies of Poe are those of George E. Woodberry (*Edgar Allan Poe*, published at Boston in 1885, and in a revised edition in two volumes in 1909) and John H. Ingram (*Life and Letters of Edgar Allan Poe*, first published in two volumes at London in 1880, and later in a single volume, but enlarged, in 1886). Among other biographies of Poe are those of James A. Harrison (the first volume of the "Virginia Poe," New York, 1902), William F. Gill (*The Life of Edgar Allan Poe*, New York, 1877), Mrs. S. A. Weiss (*The Home Life of Poe*, New York, 1907), and John Macy (*Edgar Allan Poe*, Boston, 1907), and the prefatory memoirs of Rufus W. Griswold (*The Works of Edgar Allan Poe*, New York, 1850, III, pp. xxi-lv), E. L. Didier (*Poems of Edgar Allan Poe*, New York, 1877, pp. 19-129), R. H. Stoddard (*The Works of Edgar Allan Poe*, New York [1884], I, pp. 1-200), and J. H. Whitty (*The Complete Poems of Edgar Allan Poe*, Boston, 1911, pp. xix-lxxxvi). The seventeenth volume of the "Virginia Poe" contains a collection of Poe's letters.

<sup>2</sup> The date of David Poe's birth is given in the records of the First Presbyterian Church, Baltimore, as July 18, 1784. Mrs. Poe was born in 1786 or 1787; see the article of Professor C. A. Smith in the *Philadelphia Public Ledger* for May 25, 1913. She was first married in 1802 to C. D. Hopkins, who died in October, 1805. Her marriage to David Poe took place late in 1805 or early in 1806 (see Woodberry, I, pp. 7, 9, 361).

<sup>3</sup> William Henry Poe died in 1831 (the date of his burial is given in the records of the First Presbyterian Church at Baltimore as August 2, 1831) Rosalie Poe died July 22, 1874.

the Atlantic coast, from Portland to Savannah.<sup>1</sup> Poe's mother died in Richmond on December 8, 1811. His father probably died in the same year, though neither the time nor the place of his death is known with certainty.<sup>2</sup>

Shortly after the death of his mother, young Edgar was adopted by John Allan, a well-to-do merchant of Richmond.<sup>3</sup> Tradition has it that he was petted and spoiled by Mr. Allan and his wife, and it is well established that he was devoted to Mrs. Allan. Preserved among the manuscript treasures of the Library of Congress at Washington are the business papers and office books of Mr. Allan's firm, Ellis & Allan, and in these we catch from time to time glimpses of the child as he grew into youth and manhood.<sup>4</sup> In the summer of 1812, we learn from one of the letters in this collection, he went with Mrs. Allan to a health resort in the mountains of Virginia, where he impressed a Baltimore guest who saw him there as being both a "good" and a "pretty" boy; from another letter we learn that he suffered from an attack

<sup>1</sup> See Woodberry, I, pp. 358 f.

<sup>2</sup> From a contemporary notice of Mrs. Poe, quoted by Woodberry (I, pp. 363 f.), it would appear that David Poe died in Norfolk in the summer of 1811; but Poe wrote to a cousin, William Poe, of Georgia, in 1835, that his father's death occurred after the death of his mother (*Letters*, p. 15).

<sup>3</sup> There is no evidence that he was ever legally adopted by Mr. Allan, though Poe's relatives in Baltimore apparently understood that this was Mr. Allan's intention, and Poe did not abandon the hope of succeeding to all, or a part, of Mr. Allan's fortune until after the latter's second marriage in 1830. On his death, however, in 1834, he left Poe nothing. See on this point the early letter of his aunt, Mrs. Herring, in the *Sewanee Review*, XX, pp. 202 f.; his letter to Kennedy written in November, 1834 (Woodberry, I, p. 104); and the reminiscences of T. H. Ellis in the *Richmond (Virginia) Standard* of May 7, 1881. There is also a tradition that the Allans originally had no idea of adopting Poe, but only meant to take care of him till relatives in Baltimore could be reached; see the article of C. M. Graves in the *Century Magazine*, XLV, pp. 909 f., and Mrs. Weiss, pp. 6, 10.

<sup>4</sup> See the articles by the present editor in *Modern Language Notes* for April, 1910 (XXV, pp. 127 f.), and the *Sewanee Review* for April, 1912 (XX, pp. 201 f.).



of whooping-cough in the spring and summer of 1813; and a third letter reveals the fact that he was put to school with the Richmond schoolmaster, William Ewing, at some time in the winter or spring of 1814-1815.<sup>1</sup>

In June, 1815, Mr. and Mrs. Allan, with Edgar and a sister of Mrs. Allan, sailed for England, where Mr. Allan set up a branch of his business house. The family went first after their arrival at Liverpool on a trip into Scotland for a visit with Mr. Allan's relatives there; but early in October they settled down in London; and there they remained for the next five years. During most of the first year (possibly the first two years) of his stay in London, Poe attended a school kept by the Misses Dubourg at 146 Sloane Street, Chelsea;<sup>2</sup> but his last three years were spent at the academy of the Reverend John Bransby at Stoke Newington, whose establishment he professes to describe in his story *William Wilson*.<sup>3</sup> That his progress at the latter school was satisfactory is attested both by "Dr." Bransby, who recalled him in after years as a "quick and clever boy" (though "spoilt"),<sup>4</sup> and by Mr. Allan, who in 1818 wrote to his partner in Richmond: "Edgar is a fine boy and reads Latin pretty sharply," and a year later described him as being "a good scholar" and as "both able and willing to receive instruction."<sup>5</sup>

In 1819 the London branch of the firm of Ellis & Allan found itself unable to meet its business engagements, and the following summer Mr. Allan returned to Virginia. Poe now attended for several years an academy in Richmond conducted, first, by Joseph H. Clarke and later by William Burke; and it is said that in 1825 he studied for some time under private tutors.<sup>6</sup> One of his chief diversions at this time was swimming. On one occasion, so he

<sup>1</sup> *Sewanee Review*, XX, pp. 202-203.

<sup>2</sup> See the *Dial* for February 17, 1916, and for May 11, 1916.

<sup>3</sup> See the *London Athenæum* for October 19, 1878, p. 496.

<sup>4</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 497.

<sup>5</sup> *Sewanee Review*, XX, pp. 205-206.

<sup>6</sup> Woodberry, I, p. 29; Mrs. Weiss, p. 45.

boastingly declared in a letter to the *Southern Literary Messenger* in 1835,<sup>1</sup> he swam a distance of six miles in the James River "in a hot June sun" and "against one of the strongest tides ever known in the river." There is record also of his connection with a youthful military company;<sup>2</sup> of his having taken active part in certain school-boy theatrical performances;<sup>3</sup> and of his winning a prize in declamation.<sup>4</sup> It is said that he was also gifted at drawing, and that he was extremely fond of music.<sup>5</sup> It appears that he had few intimate friends at this time, but there is abundant testimony that he was a leader in his classes.

But at some time after his return to Richmond — perhaps as early as 1823 — an estrangement had begun to grow up between Poe and his foster-father, who was at times overindulgent, at times stern and unforgiving; and in November, 1824, we find Mr. Allan complaining in a letter to Poe's brother, William Henry, who was living with his relatives in Baltimore, that Edgar had lost all sense of gratitude to him and had become "quite miserable, sulky, and ill-tempered to all the Family."<sup>6</sup> How far Poe was to blame for this

<sup>1</sup> I, p. 468.

<sup>2</sup> *Calendar of Virginia State Papers*, X, p. 518.

<sup>3</sup> Harrison, I, pp. 28 f.

<sup>4</sup> T. H. Ellis, *Richmond Standard*, May 7, 1881.

<sup>5</sup> *Appleton's Journal*, May, 1878 (new series, IV, p. 429).

<sup>6</sup> This letter, inasmuch as it furnishes important testimony as to the relations of Allan and his ward at this time and has escaped the biographers of Poe, I give here in its entirety (save for the omission of a single sentence).

Dear Henry,

Richmond Nov<sup>r</sup> 1. 1824.

I have just seen your letter of the 25th ult. to Edgar and am much afflicted, that he has not written you. He has had little else to do for me he does nothing & seems quite miserable, sulky, and ill-tempered to all the Family. How we have acted to produce this is beyond my conception why I have put up so long with his conduct is little less wonderful. The boy possesses not a Spark of affection for us not a particle of gratitude for all my care and kindness towards him. I have given a much superior Education than ever I received myself. If Rosalie has to rely on any affection from him God in his mercy preserve her — I fear his associates have led him to adopt a line of thinking & acting very contrary to what he possessed when in England. I feel proudly the difference between your principles & his & hence my desire to Stand as I ought to do in your Estimation. Had I done my duty as faithfully to my God as I have to Edgar, then had Death come when he will had no terrors for me, but I must end this with a devout wish that God may yet bless him & you & that

estrangement we shall probably never know; though in later years he admitted<sup>1</sup> that he had been guilty of "many follies" in youth.

The sympathy that was lacking at home was supplied in part in the homes of certain of his neighbors. According to a story which has probably been exaggerated in some of its details, he found a sympathetic friend in Mrs. Jane Stith Stanard, the mother of one of his school-fellows, to whom he became deeply devoted and of whom he made a confidante in his boyish ambitions and sorrows. This lady died in 1824, but the poet remained loyal to her memory throughout his career.<sup>2</sup> Sympathy of another sort he found at the home of another neighbor. In 1825 or earlier he had become acquainted with Miss Sarah Elmira Royster, the daughter of a friend of the Allan family; the two fell desperately in love, and before Poe left for the University of Virginia, in February, 1826, he had obtained her promise to marry him. But his letters to Miss Royster fell into the hands of her father, who destroyed them; and she, assuming that his love had grown cold, soon engaged herself to another.<sup>3</sup>

Poe's career at the University of Virginia was confined to a single year. The University then opened its doors in February, and ended the session in December. Poe matriculated on February 14, 1826. He stood well in his classes, as is established by the official records for the year, excelling in French and Latin;<sup>4</sup>

Success may crown all your endeavors & between you your poor Sister Rosalie may not suffer. . . . Believe me Dear Henry we take an affectionate interest in your destinies and our United Prayers will be that the God of Heaven will bless & protect you. rely on him my Brave & excellent Boy who is willing & ready to save to the uttermost. May he keep you in Danger preserve you always is the prayer of your Friend & Servant

John Allan

<sup>1</sup> In a letter to J. P. Kennedy (Woodberry, I, p. 104).

<sup>2</sup> See, for further particulars, the notes on the earlier lines *To Helen*.

<sup>3</sup> For further details see the notes on *Tamerlane*; see also Miss Royster's reminiscences in *Appleton's Journal*, May, 1878, and the article of E. M. Alfriend, "Unpublished Recollections of Edgar Allan Poe," in the *Literary Era*; August, 1901.

<sup>4</sup> See Ingram, p. 37; Harrison, I, p. 61; and Professor C. W. Kent's article "Poe's Student Days at the University of Virginia" in the *New York Bookman* for July, 1901 (also in the *Bookman* for January, 1917).

and he appears to have enjoyed the respect of all his instructors. By his own confession, however, he drank to excess while at Charlottesville — though his statement that he “led a very dissipated life”<sup>1</sup> is no doubt an exaggeration—and he gambled, and he ultimately fell into debt. Before the end of the year he had contracted gambling debts of upwards of two thousand dollars.<sup>2</sup> These, or most of them, Mr. Allan refused to pay, and at the same time it was decreed that Poe should not continue his studies at the University.

On his return to Richmond Poe was employed for some time in the office of Mr. Allan. Here no doubt he was restive and unhappy, the breach between his guardian and himself having been farther widened; and after several weeks he determined to leave Richmond, and to go out into the world and shift for himself. He left Richmond towards the end of March (1827),<sup>3</sup> intending, so he later declared, to go abroad;<sup>4</sup> but when we next hear of him, two months later, he is in Boston, where, on May 26, 1827, he enlisted in the army of the United States, adopting the name “Edgar A. Perry.”<sup>5</sup> He was assigned to a

<sup>1</sup> Harrison, I, p. 345. Griswold’s story (“Memoir,” p. xxv) that he was expelled from the University is entirely without foundation.

<sup>2</sup> T. H. Ellis, the *Richmond Standard*, May 7, 1881.

<sup>3</sup> The date of his leaving may be conjecturally placed between March 20 and March 25; see the letters of Edward Crump and John Allan published in the *Sewanee Review*, XX, pp. 209 f.

<sup>4</sup> For several romantic stories as to Poe’s movements at this time — for most of which he was himself responsible — see Harrison, I, p. 345; Ingram, pp. 53 f.; Woodberry, I, pp. 72 f.; and Whitty, pp. xxix f. According to one of these accounts, Poe went to Russia; according to another he went to France, where he fought a duel, in which he was seriously wounded, and where he later wrote a novel dealing with his adventures; according to a third account he went to some Mediterranean port, and thence into Africa; and according to yet another account, his trip lasted only a few months but included a water trip to Norfolk and thence to an English seaport, followed by a trip to London in search of literary employment, and thence to Paris on the same errand, then back to London, and thence to the coast and oversea to Boston.

<sup>5</sup> The fact of Poe’s connection with the army was first fully established by Professor George E. Woodberry in an article, “Poe’s Legendary Years,” in the *Atlantic Monthly*, December, 1884 (LIV, pp. 814–828).

company then stationed at Fort Independence. During the summer he brought out, at Boston, his first volume of poems, *Tamerlane and Other Poems*. On October 31 of the same year he was transferred with his company to Fort Moultrie, in the harbor of Charleston, South Carolina; and a year later he was transferred to Fortress Monroe, Virginia. On January 1, 1829, he was made sergeant-major.

Poe's whereabouts presently became known to his foster-parents, and steps were taken, probably on the initiative of Mrs. Allan, to effect his release from the army and to procure for him a cadetship at West Point. Mrs. Allan died on February 28, 1829, but a discharge for the young sergeant-major was not forthcoming until April 15; and something less than a year later, through the activities of Mr. Allan and certain influential friends of the family, Poe was formally appointed a cadet to West Point.<sup>1</sup> During the year intervening between his leaving the army and his admission to West Point, he made his home in Baltimore; but he went on occasional visits to Richmond.<sup>2</sup> In December, 1829, he published at Baltimore a second volume of poems.

In July, 1830, Poe was enrolled at West Point. His record at the Academy was at first creditable, his standing at the end of the year being third in French and seventeenth in mathematics in a class of eighty-seven. Mr. Allan, however, had in October married a second time; and Poe, becoming finally convinced that he could no longer rely on him for substantial support, and believing, as he afterwards wrote, that "the army does not

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Allan's letter to the Secretary of War in support of his application for a cadetship (see Woodberry, I, pp. 52-53) serves as a cruel reminder of his want of sympathy and of consideration for his foster-child.

<sup>2</sup> From a letter written to John Neal on December 29, 1829 (see Woodberry, I, p. 369), we know that Poe was in Baltimore at that time, and the office books of Charles Ellis (Mr. Allan had withdrawn from the firm of Ellis & Allan in 1824) show that he was in Richmond on January 8, 1830, and again on January 28 (perhaps he had remained in Richmond during the interim), and still again on May 12, on which date John Allan is charged with a bill of \$14.97 for blankets and handkerchiefs purchased by Poe.

suit a poor man,"<sup>1</sup> resolved, with the beginning of the new year or earlier, to leave the Academy. He is said to have asked permission of his foster-father to resign,<sup>2</sup> but, this being refused, he deliberately set about getting himself dismissed. He neglected his studies, absented himself from roll calls, and otherwise set the authorities at defiance, with the result that he was court-martialed; and on March 6, 1831, he was officially expelled from the Academy.<sup>3</sup>

Before leaving West Point, he made arrangements for the sale among his fellow-cadets of a third volume of his poems, dedicated to them. This volume was published at New York in the spring of 1831.

The next four years Poe spent mainly in Baltimore, though it is impossible to follow his career during this period with complete certainty. He was in Baltimore in May, 1831, shortly after his expulsion from West Point;<sup>4</sup> during the first nine months of 1832, according to the testimony of one of his associates, Lambert A. Wilmer, he was living with his aunt, Mrs. Clemm, in Baltimore;<sup>5</sup> and he was living in Baltimore in the summer and fall of 1833 and in 1834, as is established by the letters and journals of John Pendleton Kennedy. At some time during these years he is said to have gone on a brief trip to Europe;<sup>6</sup> he also figured in love-scrapes with a Miss Mary Devereaux<sup>7</sup> and (in

<sup>1</sup> Harrison, I, p. 345.

<sup>2</sup> Didier, p. 44.

<sup>3</sup> Particulars as to the trial are given by Ingram, pp. 73-74.

<sup>4</sup> See his letter to William Gwynn (Woodberry, I, p. 88).

<sup>5</sup> See his "Recollections of Edgar A. Poe," *Baltimore Daily Commercial*, May 23, 1866. That the period of Poe's earlier association with Wilmer in Baltimore was not 1833 (as Professor Woodberry conjectures, I, p. 92), but 1832, is established by contemporary references in the Baltimore newspapers to a suit between Wilmer and the proprietors of the *Baltimore Saturday Morning Visiter* instituted in August, 1832.

<sup>6</sup> See the reminiscences of F. W. Thomas (Whitty, p. xxxiv).

<sup>7</sup> Cf. the article, "Poe's Mary," by Augustus van Cleef, in *Harper's Monthly Magazine*, March, 1889 (LXXVIII, pp. 634 f.); and see also the *Dial* for February 17, 1916.

1831 or perhaps earlier) with his cousin, Miss Elizabeth Herring.<sup>1</sup> His chief means of support were perhaps supplied him by Mr. Allan<sup>2</sup> and by Miss Valentine, sister of the first Mrs. Allan; but Mr. Allan died in March, 1834, leaving him nothing. Poe is said to have visited Richmond in 1831 and again in 1834 shortly before Mr. Allan's death, but to have been refused an audience with his foster-father on both occasions.<sup>3</sup>

His main literary work during these years (1831-1834) must have been in the field of the short story, and he also labored on his play, *Politian*. In the Philadelphia *Saturday Courier* between January and December, 1832, he published five of his tales, having originally submitted them, it appears, in competition for a prize offered by that paper. In October, 1833, he was awarded a prize of a hundred dollars by a Baltimore paper, the *Saturday Morning Visiter*, for his story *MS. Found in a Bottle*. And in the following year one of his stories, *The Visionary*, was published in *Godey's Lady's Book*.

Through the influence of John Pendleton Kennedy, who had been one of the judges in the Baltimore *Visiter's* short-story contest, and who befriended the poet in many ways during his darker years in Baltimore, Poe was now brought to the attention of the proprietor of the *Southern Literary Messenger*, T. W. White, and in that magazine he at once began to find a market for his wares. He supplied the *Messenger* with numerous critical notices and tales, and also republished there the tales that had originally appeared in the *Saturday Courier*, the *Visiter*, and *Godey's*. In the summer of 1835 Mr. White invited Poe to come to Richmond to assist him in the editing of the magazine, and this offer he gladly accepted.

Before going to Richmond Poe had fallen in love with his child-cousin, Virginia Clemm, and he determined to make her his wife, in spite of opposition on the part of some of her family.

<sup>1</sup> See the notes on *Elizabeth*.

<sup>2</sup> Woodberry, I, p. 104; Mrs. Weiss, p. 62.

<sup>3</sup> Mrs. Weiss, pp. 57 f.; Woodberry, I, pp. 95 f.

Accordingly, he obtained on September 22, 1835, a license for marriage, and it has been held that a wedding actually took place at this time;<sup>1</sup> the fact, however, that Poe and his cousin were publicly married in Richmond eight months later (May 16, 1836) and the absence of any reference to an earlier marriage in his letters or other contemporary documents tend to discredit this view.<sup>2</sup>

Poe's active connection with the *Messenger* lasted from July, 1835, until the end of January, 1837; and it seems that he was again connected with this magazine, in a minor capacity, in the fall of 1837.<sup>3</sup> His position was at first merely that of assistant, but in December, 1835, he was promoted to be editor-in-chief. Under his direction the *Messenger* became one of the leading magazines of the day, and its subscription list, if we may believe a statement of Poe's,<sup>4</sup> grew from a few hundred to more than five thousand. But from the beginning there had been bickerings between Mr. White and his young editor, owing to the latter's indulgence in drink, and it was probably on this account that the poet eventually gave up his place on the *Messenger*.

From Richmond Poe went, in the late winter or spring of 1837, to New York City, where he hoped to find employment with the newly established *New York Review*, edited by Francis Lister Hawks.<sup>5</sup> In October, 1837, as already noted, he was again in Richmond. The first half of the year 1838 was spent in New York; and there in July he published his Crusoe-like story, *The Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym*, a part of which had appeared

<sup>1</sup> Didier, p. 58.

<sup>2</sup> Most of Poe's biographers, it is proper to state, incline to accept the theory of an early marriage; but the evidence in the case is far from conclusive.

<sup>3</sup> See a letter of his to Mrs. Sarah Josepha Hale bearing the date of October 20, 1837 (the *New York Nation*, July 1, 1909).

<sup>4</sup> *Letters*, pp. 177-178; Griswold, III, p. 26.

<sup>5</sup> Apparently he published in this magazine only one article, a lengthy review of Stephens's *Incidents of Travel in Egypt, Arabia, etc.* (reprinted by Harrison, X, pp. 1-25).



in the *Southern Literary Messenger* in 1837. At some time in the summer of 1838 he moved to Philadelphia.

Poe remained in Philadelphia six years (1838-1844). He was engaged first as assistant editor of *Burton's Gentleman's Magazine* (July, 1839, to June, 1840), and later as editor of *Graham's Magazine* (April, 1841, to May, 1842); and he was also connected, more or less closely, in 1843, with a weekly, the *Saturday Museum*. He wrote during these years the best of his stories (of which a two-volume collection was published at Philadelphia late in 1839) and some of the best of his poems and reviews.<sup>1</sup> He also spent some time in hack work, one product of which was a book on conchology, *The Conchologist's First-Book* (1839), a compilation which subjected him to a charge of plagiarism — an accusation for which, unhappily, there appears to have been some basis in fact.<sup>2</sup> During his residence in Philadelphia Poe also made several attempts, but without success, to start a magazine of his own; and in 1843 he endeavored, with like result, to obtain a government position. He also lectured — and in this he was more successful — in Baltimore and Philadelphia. But it is plain that his income at this time was small despite the variety of shifts to which he resorted in an effort to make ends meet. Toward the close of his stay in Philadelphia, moreover, his wife's health began to fail. In 1841 she had broken a blood vessel in singing, consumption had set in, and she was to remain

<sup>1</sup> Among his critical papers are his notice of Hawthorne's *Twice-Told Tales* (*Graham's Magazine*, May, 1842, reprinted by Harrison, XI, pp. 104 f.), in which occurs his famous statement concerning the significance of the short story; and his well-known review of Longfellow's *Ballads and Other Poems* (*Graham's Magazine*, March and April, 1842, reprinted by Harrison, XI, pp. 64 f.).

<sup>2</sup> Woodberry, I, pp. 194-197; Harrison, I, pp. 146-147; *Letters*, pp. 277-278. In Lowell's sketch of the poet (see Harrison, I, p. 382), Poe is also credited with "a digest and translation of Lemmonnier's *Natural History*," also published in Philadelphia in 1839. This was probably the volume entitled *A Synopsis of Natural History*, etc., said on its title-page to have been translated by Thomas Wyatt, which was reviewed in *Burton's Magazine* in July, 1839 (V, p. 61).

an invalid until her death in 1847. To make matters worse, Poe had resumed some of his bad habits of former years, resorting now (it seems) to opium as well as to other stimulants;<sup>1</sup> and by reason of these and other irregularities he had lost many of his friends in Philadelphia.

Accordingly, with a view to finding a more congenial environment and also in the hope, doubtless, of finding relief for his wife, Poe moved again, in April, 1844, to New York. He secured a place, in the fall of 1844, as critic and subeditor of the *New York Evening Mirror*, Willis's paper; and the following February he resigned this position to become co-editor with C. F. Briggs of the *Broadway Journal*, a weekly that had been established at the beginning of the year. In October he became sole editor and proprietor of the *Broadway*; but he had borrowed freely to this end, and was unable to take up his note when it fell due, with the result that the *Broadway* died with the first week of the new year.<sup>2</sup> In June, 1845, he published a new volume of tales; and in October he brought out a new collection of his poems, *The Raven and Other Poems*. The publication of *The Raven* in the preceding January had won for him widespread attention, in both England and America.

<sup>1</sup> Poe made no secret of his weakness for drink (see *Letters*, pp. 134 f., 242, 287-288). This fault, however, has been much exaggerated. He was not an habitual drinker, but he drank at intervals — sometimes of several years — throughout his career. There is testimony from numerous sources that a small quantity of liquor was sufficient to intoxicate him. His spells of intoxication, during which he was largely irresponsible — a circumstance to which is to be traced much of the animosity towards him felt by some contemporaries — were usually followed by illness. See, on the general subject, Woodberry, I, pp. 257 f. and *passim*, Ingram, p. 422 and *passim*, Harrison, I, pp. 123-124, and for the latest discussion of the matter a paper by P. A. Bruce, the *South Atlantic Quarterly*, January, 1912 (XI, pp. 3-21); see also an article by Appleton Morgan in *Munsey's Magazine*, July, 1897 (XVII, pp. 522-530), and the treatise of Émile Lauvrière, *Edgar Poe, sa vie et son œuvre*, Paris, 1904, *passim*.

On Poe's indulgence in opium see Woodberry, II, pp. 428 f.

<sup>2</sup> See the account of Thomas Dunn English in the *New York Independent*, October 15, 1896 (XLVIII, p. 1382).

At some time in the spring or early summer of 1846, Poe moved with his family to Fordham, a village then several miles out of New York City, but now a part of the Bronx. For several weeks during the first half of this year he was very ill.<sup>1</sup> During the summer and autumn he published in *Godey's Lady's Book* a series of papers, entitled *The Literati*, on the chief living writers of New York. Some of these were extremely caustic, and they stirred up for him a host of enemies. Among them was Thomas Dunn English, who in June published in the New York *Telegraph* a violent attack on him,<sup>2</sup> which was copied in the New York *Mirror*. To this he replied in kind, and at the same time brought suit against the *Mirror* for libel. The suit was settled in Poe's favor the following February, damages of several hundred dollars being assessed against the *Mirror*. Shortly after moving to Fordham, Poe figured in another unhappy episode. In March, 1845, he had met the poetess Mrs. Frances Sargent Osgood, and — with the approval, it appears, of his wife — had paid her many attentions during the following year, addressing to her complimentary verses and openly coquetting with her at social gatherings in New York City. In June, 1846, however, one of Mrs. Osgood's

<sup>1</sup> Poe makes mysterious references to an attack of insanity at this time (*Letters*, pp. 242, 287); and Mrs. Shew declared that "he had lesion of one side of the brain and . . . could not bear stimulants or tonics without producing insanity" (Ingram, p. 330). His friend, Dr. J. E. Snodgrass, in the Baltimore *Saturday Visitor* of April 18, 1846, makes mention of a rumor that he was laboring "under mental derangement" at that time and that it had been "determined to consign him to the Insane Retreat at Utica." This plan, however, — if, indeed, it was ever seriously considered, — was not carried into effect, though it should be added that there is no contemporary evidence as to his whereabouts during February and March, save a letter of Mrs. M. E. Hewitt's, of April 14, 1846, in which she states that he had been away from New York for some time and mentions a visit to Baltimore. A highly exaggerated discursus on Poe's alleged infirmity, by F. G. Fairfield, under the title "A Mad Man of Letters," appeared in *Scribner's Monthly* in October, 1875 (X, pp. 690-699). See also Wilmer in the *Baltimore Daily Commercial*, May 23, 1866; Mrs. Weiss, p. 173; and Burr's article in the *Nineteenth Century*, February, 1852.

<sup>2</sup> This paper, together with Poe's reply and English's rejoinder, is reproduced in the *Letters*, pp. 234 f.

acquaintances, Mrs. E. F. Ellet, either through jealousy or because of honest misgivings as to the propriety of Poe's behavior, set afloat certain scandalous rumors about the two, and, these reaching Mrs. Osgood, she commissioned two of her friends, Miss Margaret Fuller and Miss Anne Lynch, to interview the poet and request the return of the letters that she had written him. And with this their association came abruptly to an end.<sup>1</sup>

On January 30, 1847, Mrs. Poe died. Following her death the poet was again extremely ill for several months. He was nursed back to health by Mrs. Shew, who had nursed Mrs. Poe in her last illness.

During the year 1847 Poe spent some time on a critical treatise, variously referred to as "The American Parnassus," "A Critical History of American Literature," "Living Writers of America," and "The Authors of America in Prose and Verse," which was mentioned in a contemporary journal in March as in preparation for the press,<sup>2</sup> but was never published as such;<sup>3</sup> and in this year and the first half of the next, he was also actively engaged on his so-called prose poem, *Eureka*, a metaphysical treatise on the universe, which was published in book form in the summer of 1848. To this period belongs also his friendship for Mrs. Shew, with whom he had become infatuated after the death of his wife.<sup>4</sup> In July, 1848, Poe went to Richmond for a stay of several weeks, in an effort to procure funds for a magazine, *The Stylus*, which he hoped to establish, but there fell again into the

<sup>1</sup> See, for further particulars, Woodberry, II, pp. 178 f., and the notes on the lines *To F*—.

<sup>2</sup> The *Home Journal* of March 20, 1847. This work is referred to in Hirst's sketch of Poe in the *Saturday Museum*, February 25, 1843; and there was also a notice of it in the *Philadelphia Saturday Courier* of July 25, 1846, in which it was stated that it was "to be issued in book form simultaneously [in America] and in England,—with autographs."

<sup>3</sup> See the *New York Nation*, December 4, 1902 (LXXV, pp. 445-447).

<sup>4</sup> The fullest account of his relations with Mrs. Shew is that given by Ingram, pp. 322 f.; see also the notes on the lines *To M. L. S*—.

excesses that had characterized his final year in Philadelphia. It is plain that both his mental and his physical condition were now at a low ebb.

The same year he met Mrs. Sarah Helen Whitman, the Rhode Island poetess, and after a brief period of ardent love-making was rewarded by a promise of marriage on the condition that he pledge himself to abstain thereafter from intoxicating liquors. On the second evening, however, before that set for the wedding, Mrs. Whitman was informed that Poe had already broken his pledge, and she accordingly pronounced their engagement at an end. The poet returned at once to New York, and the two did not meet again; though Mrs. Whitman was the staunchest of Poe's defenders after his death.<sup>1</sup>

The opening months of 1849 appear to have brought improvement both in the health and in the spirits of the poet, and during the first half of the year he wrote several of the best of his poems, including *Annabel Lee* and *For Annie*, the latter inspired by his friendship for Mrs. Richmond, of Lowell, who, with Mrs. Lewis of Brooklyn, now furnished the womanly sympathy that his nature constantly demanded after his wife's death.<sup>2</sup> On the last day of June he left New York for a trip to Richmond. The following week he spent in Philadelphia suffering from a serious illness, brought on by drink,<sup>3</sup> and he did not arrive at Richmond until about the middle of July. In Richmond he went again on a spree, which was followed, as in Philadelphia, by illness and delirium; but on his recovery he signed a temperance pledge, and his habits are said to have been unexceptionable during the

<sup>1</sup> See, for further particulars as to Poe's relations with Mrs. Whitman, the notes on the second *To Helen*. The fullest treatment of the subject is that of Miss Caroline Ticknor in her volume, *Poe's Helen*, New York, 1916.

<sup>2</sup> For further particulars as to his friendship with Mrs. Richmond and Mrs. Lewis, see the notes on *For Annie* and *Enigma*, respectively.

<sup>3</sup> See the accounts given by Sartain (*The Reminiscences of a Very Old Man*, pp. 205 f.); and cf. Burr, the *Nineteenth Century*, February, 1852 (reproduced in part by Woodberry, II, pp. 311 f.).

remainder of his stay in Virginia. He lectured in Richmond and in Norfolk during this visit, the returns from at least one of his lectures being very gratifying to him; and he also visited and became engaged, for a second time, to his early inamorata, Sarah Elmira Royster, now the widow Shelton and well-to-do. Plans were made for their wedding, and early on the morning of September 27 he started for the North to attend to certain business matters and to bring Mrs. Clemm to Richmond preparatory to celebrating the marriage.

He got only so far as Baltimore, however. At what time he reached Baltimore or what occurred after his arrival there, is not known. According to one story, which seems not unpalatable, he met while waiting for his train for Philadelphia an old West Point friend, who induced him to take a glass of wine with him at an inn. According to another story, long current, he ultimately fell into the hands of some political gangsters, who drugged him and then used him as a "repeater" in an election being held in Baltimore on October 3. This much at least is clear: that he became intoxicated, and that he suffered, in consequence, an attack similar to the one that had well-nigh brought him to his death in Philadelphia in the preceding July.<sup>1</sup> On October 3 he was found unconscious in a saloon that had lately been used as a polling-place, and his friend Dr. J. E. Snodgrass being

<sup>1</sup> This has been denied by some; see *A Defense of Edgar Allan Poe*, by John J. Moran, M. D., the physician who attended Poe at the time of his death, and the article of E. Spencer in the *New York Herald* of March 27, 1881 (quoted in part by Harrison, I, pp. 328 f.). But circumstantial evidence is entirely in favor of the contrary view. And there is also direct evidence in favor of the darker view; see, in particular, an earlier statement by Dr. Moran in a letter to Mrs. Clemm (Woodberry, II, pp. 345 f.); an article by Dr. J. E. Snodgrass, "The Facts of Poe's Death and Burial," in *Beadle's Monthly*, March, 1867 (III, pp. 283 f.); and the statement of his lifelong friend, J. P. Kennedy, that he died "from the effects of a debauch" (Woodberry, II, p. 349). A letter of his cousin, Neilson Poe, to Rufus W. Griswold (published in part by Woodberry, II, p. 447) also tends to confirm this view.

advised of his condition, he was removed to a local hospital. There, on Sunday, October 7, 1849, he died. He was buried on the following day in the churchyard of Westminster Presbyterian Church in Baltimore.

## II. THE CANON OF POE'S POEMS

Poe's poems, as first collected in book form, appeared originally in five successive volumes, extending over a period of twenty-three years.<sup>1</sup> The first of these volumes — *Tamerlane and Other Poems* — was published at Boston in 1827; the second — *Al Aaraaf, Tamerlane, and Minor Poems* — at Baltimore in 1829; the third — entitled simply *Poems* — at New York in 1831; the fourth — *The Raven and Other Poems* — at New York in 1845; and the fifth — a collective edition — at New York in 1850 a few months after the poet's death. The first four volumes were published under Poe's immediate oversight; the fifth is the edition of Rufus W. Griswold, Poe's literary executor.<sup>2</sup>

There appeared in these five volumes (hereafter referred to as 1827, 1829, 1831, 1845, and 1850, respectively) a total of forty-eight poems. Ten of these — the first ten in the present edition — made their initial appearance in 1827; seven were first collected in 1829; six in 1831; fourteen in 1845; and eleven in 1850. Of the eleven poems first brought together by Griswold (1850), nine had previously been published by Poe's authorization and with his name, while the remaining two — *The Bells* and *Annabel Lee* — are

<sup>1</sup> Most of the poems were first published in magazines and newspapers before being collected in book form; see the bibliographical list prefixed to each of the poems in the Notes. For a bibliography of the poems, giving only the place of first publication (together with a similar bibliography of the tales and of the most important essays, with a partial list of the books and articles about Poe), the reader is referred to the forthcoming *Cambridge History of American Literature*.

<sup>2</sup> Published, together with certain essays and tales, in the second volume of Griswold's edition of Poe's works. Further particulars as to these several editions are given in the Appendix.

preserved in manuscript copies in the poet's handwriting and are further authenticated by references to them in his letters.

In addition to these forty-eight poems, there are four others — each of them brief and of little value — that are definitely known to be the work of Poe's hand. These are: *Latin Hymn* (a translation) and *Song of Triumph*, both embodied in the tale *Four Beasts in One*; and two juvenile skits, *Elizabeth* and *An Acrostic*, written by the poet in the album of his cousin, Elizabeth Herring. There are also several scraps of verse scattered among Poe's critical essays;<sup>1</sup> and fragments of a poem entitled *The Beautiful Physician* have survived.<sup>2</sup> Much of Poe's abortive drama *Politian*, it should be added, still remains in manuscript.

Besides these fully authenticated items — fifty-two in all — there are fourteen other poems that have been ascribed to Poe on grounds that are more or less plausible, though none of them have as yet been completely authenticated as his. These are: (1) *Oh Tempora! Oh Mores!* some very commonplace verses, said to have been composed by Poe while a young man in Richmond;<sup>3</sup> (2) *Alone*, a fragment found in an autograph album in Baltimore and strongly resembling Poe's early style; (3) *A West*

<sup>1</sup> These include a free paraphrase of a passage from Drake's *Culprit Fay* (Harrison, VIII, p. 294); a translation of two lines from Corneille (*ibid.*, XIV, p. 44); and three lines by way of burlesquing the meter of *Evangeline* (*ibid.*, XIV, p. 264). Here also may be mentioned some scattering lines composed by Poe in connection with the criticism and revision of Mrs. S. A. Lewis's poems (cf. an article by J. H. Ingram, in the *Albany Review*, July, 1907), and certain improvements suggested by him in one of Mrs. Browning's poems (Harrison, XIII, p. 201).

<sup>2</sup> See the article contributed to the *New York Bookman* for January 1909 (XXVIII, pp. 453 f.), by J. H. Ingram.

<sup>3</sup> First published in the *No Name Magazine* of October, 1889 (I, p. 1), by E. L. Didier, who later claimed (see Whitty, p. 165) that the manuscript of the poem had been given to him by John R. Thompson. The prefatory statement accompanying the poem as first printed by Didier is untrustworthy as to dates: the assertion is there made that the lines were written by Poe "at the age of seventeen" — then, in 1826 — and that they had been in the hands of John W. MacKenzie of Richmond "for more than half a century" before coming into the hands of Thompson — but Thompson died in 1873.



*Point Lampoon*, directed against one of the minor officers at the United States Military Academy who had aroused the poet's displeasure; (4) *Lines to Louisa*, some crude verses perhaps inspired by the poet's scorn of the second Mrs. Allan; (5) *Spiritual Song*, a skit of three lines discovered in manuscript in the desk used by Poe while editing the *Southern Literary Messenger*;<sup>1</sup> (6) *The Great Man*, likewise found in Poe's desk in a manuscript believed to be in his handwriting, but extremely crude and halting;<sup>2</sup> (7) *To Sarah*, a poem which appeared in the *Southern Literary Messenger* in August, 1835, above the pseudonym "Sylvio"; (8) *Ballad*, published anonymously in the *Southern Literary Messenger* for the same month; (9) a fragment of a campaign song said to have been written by Poe during a visit to New York in 1843 or 1844; (10) *Impromptu: To Kate Carol*, four lines printed in the *Broadway Journal* in March, 1845, and inspired by Mrs. Osgood; (11) *The Departed*, printed in the *Broadway Journal* for July 12, 1845;<sup>3</sup> (12) *The Divine Right of Kings*, printed in *Graham's Magazine* for October, 1845; (13) *Stanzas*, published in *Graham's Magazine* for December, 1845; and (14) a poem subscribed with Poe's initials and published in an obscure periodical, *The Symposia*, at Providence, in 1848.<sup>4</sup>

Three other poems that have been attributed to Poe, but on evidence that is extremely slender, are: (1) *Enigma*, first published in the *Philadelphia Casket* in May, 1827, and later copied, with minor changes, in *Burton's Gentleman's Magazine* in May, 1840; (2) *The Skeleton Hand*, published in the *Yankee and Boston Literary Gazette* in August, 1829; and (3) *The Magician*, published in the same magazine in December, 1829.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> See Whitty, pp. 138, 283 f.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, pp. 143, 285 f.

<sup>3</sup> Attributed to Poe by Thomas Holley Chivers (see the *Waverley Magazine*, July 30, 1853).

<sup>4</sup> For further particulars as to these items see the Notes.

<sup>5</sup> See, for a statement of the grounds for doubting the genuineness of these items, an article by the present editor, entitled "The Poe Canon," in *Publications of the Modern Language Association of America*, September, 1912 (XXVII, pp. 325-353).

The list of poems given to Poe in error include the following: (1) several short pieces signed "Edgar" contained in a volume of miscellaneous articles in prose and verse edited by Elizabeth Chase and published at Baltimore in 1821; (2) *Hymn in Honor of Harmodius and Aristogiton*, a translation published in the *Southern Literary Messenger* for December, 1835 (II, p. 38), and attributed to Poe by several of his editors, but claimed by Lucian Minor in the *Messenger* for March, 1848 (XIV, p. 185); (3) Hood's sonnet, *Silence*, published by Poe in *Burton's Magazine* (V, p. 144) above his own initial;<sup>1</sup> (4) four short poems by A. M. Ide tentatively attributed to Poe on the theory that "Ide" was perhaps a pseudonym used by Poe; (5) *The Mammoth Squash*, a hoax at Poe's expense, published in the Philadelphia *Aristidean* for October, 1845; (6) *Lavante*, a satire in verse, attributed to Poe in the belief that it was the critical treatise on American writers on which Poe was at work in the forties, but which was never published as such;<sup>2</sup> (7) a parody of *The Raven* by Harriet Winslow; (8) a fragment of Mrs. Lewis's poem, *The Forsaken*; (9) *Lilitha*, in imitation of *Ulalume*, written by F. G. Fairfield; (10) *The Fire-Fiend*, an imitation at once of *The Bells* and of *The Raven*, composed by C. D. Gardette; (11) *Leonainie*, an early poem of James Whitcomb Riley's; and (12) *Rupert and Madelon*, a fragment of Mrs. Osgood's *Woman's Trust, a Dramatic Sketch*.<sup>3</sup>

It is possible that other poems besides those now ascribed to Poe will ultimately be brought to light, but it is not likely that

<sup>1</sup> See the New York *Nation* for December 30, 1909, and January 20, 1910.

<sup>2</sup> See p. xxiv, above.

<sup>3</sup> See the *Publications of the Modern Language Association of America*, XXVII, pp. 329 f., for further particulars as to most of these items. The fragment from Mrs. Osgood was included by J. P. Kennedy in *Autograph Leaves of our Country's Authors*, Baltimore, 1864. Among other items that have been ascribed to Poe are two pieces of doggerel, *Kelah* and *The Murderer*, variously attributed to Poe in American periodical publications about 1890, and a not unclever hoax, *My Soul*, composed by a student of the University of Virginia (see the Richmond *Times-Dispatch* for January 17, 1909).

they will include anything of importance. There is a tradition that Poe exhibited to a Richmond schoolmaster, in 1823, a manuscript volume of verses,<sup>1</sup> which he wished Mr. Allan to have published; but these—granting the tradition to be true—were probably either worked over for the volume of 1827 or discarded. He is said to have delivered an ode of his own composition on the retirement of Master Clarke as principal of his school in Richmond in 1823;<sup>2</sup> and there is mention of a youthful satire on the members of a debating society in Richmond with which he was connected,<sup>3</sup> and of some lines *To Mary*, published in a Baltimore newspaper early in the thirties.<sup>4</sup>

### III. THE TEXT OF POE'S POEMS

The problem of text is one of the most perplexing with which the editor of Poe is confronted. The poet was constantly republishing his verses, and as constantly revising and altering them.<sup>5</sup> In some instances it is difficult to determine which of two texts is the later one; and even where this is not the case, we cannot always be sure which of two texts Poe would ultimately have preferred. The problem is further complicated by numerous typographical errors—or apparent typographical errors—and by something of editorial carelessness on the part of Griswold, and by uncertainty as to the date of the manuscript corrections made in the so-called Lorimer Graham copy of 1845.<sup>6</sup> It would

<sup>1</sup> Didier, p. 31; Mrs. Weiss, pp. 45 f.

<sup>2</sup> Didier, p. 33.

<sup>3</sup> Ingram, p. 24.

<sup>4</sup> *Harper's Monthly Magazine*, March, 1889 (LXXVIII, pp. 634 f.). See also Woodberry, II, p. 414, and *Publications of the Modern Language Association*, XXVII, pp. 349 f.

<sup>5</sup> See, for particulars, the next section of this Introduction, on Poe's Passion for Revising his Text.

<sup>6</sup> This important volume was among the materials to which Griswold had access as literary executor of Poe (Woodberry, II, p. 451); it subsequently passed into the hands of J. Lorimer Graham, a gentleman of New York; and it is now the property of the Century Club of New York City. It contains penciled corrections in Poe's handwriting of ten of the poems,

seem reasonable, however, to follow the text exhibiting the poet's latest revisal; and this policy has, accordingly, been adhered to, so far as possible, in the present edition. Wherever any departure has been made from this policy—as happens in the case of three poems of which the latest texts are covered by copyright,<sup>1</sup> and in the case of two poems of which the final text is obviously corrupt<sup>2</sup>—this fact has been pointed out in the Notes. Where there is room for doubt as to which of two texts is the final one, this fact also has been noted.

The main source of the text is the edition of 1845, in which Poe brought together, four years before his death, thirty of his poems. This, supplemented by the Lorimer Graham copy of the same edition and the text of Griswold (1850), furnishes the ultimate text of more than half of the poems. Other important sources are the edition of 1827, in which appeared four poems that were never republished by the poet; the *Broadway Journal*, in which he published in 1845 twenty-four of his poems; the *Flag of Our Union*, in which he published in the last year of his life five poems; and the Richmond *Examiner*, in which were published what are apparently the latest texts of *The Raven* and *Dream-Land*, and in which he had arranged to publish several other poems, the proofs for which have been preserved.<sup>3</sup>

The chief textual imperfections appear in the volume of 1827. Here, besides numerous errors in punctuation, there are sundry verbal omissions and substitutions and a score or more of made presumably with a view to adoption in a new edition. These corrections were apparently noted down in 1849 (Mr. Whitty has adduced evidence tending to show that the revisions made in *Lenore* came after April, 1849 (*Poems*, p. 214)); most of them probably belong to the summer of 1849, and it is at least conceivable that some of them were made in the autumn of 1849 shortly before Poe left Richmond on his fateful journey to Baltimore.

<sup>1</sup> *The Haunted Palace*, *The Bells*, and *For Annie*. Happily the verbal variations between the copyrighted text and the next latest revision affect but a single word in the case of each of these.

<sup>2</sup> See the notes on *A Dream within a Dream* and *Dream-Land*.

<sup>3</sup> See Whitty, pp. viii f.

misprints,—one of them, in *Dreams*, line 16, quite robbing the context of its meaning. There are also a number of misprints in 1829, though mainly in the notes, and a few, likewise, in 1831. The text of 1845 is comparatively free from error. But Griswold's text is marred by several apparently unauthorized omissions of minor importance and by a number of typographical errors, among the latter the unfortunate readings "kinsman" for "kinsmen" in *Annabel Lee*, line 17, and "mortals" for "mortal" in *The Raven*, line 26. And some of the newspaper texts, as the *Flag* text of *For Annie* and the *Providence Journal* text of *Ulalume*, are radically faulty in this respect, the poet having had no opportunity, doubtless, to consult a proof.

Errors in punctuation, which abound in 1827, are also fairly numerous in some of the later texts. Poe is traditionally supposed to have been extremely careful about his pointing; but in reality, though he had certain mannerisms (as the use, in his early years, of the dash as a point of all work,<sup>1</sup> and, in later years, of the comma for rhetorical emphasis<sup>2</sup>), he was both inconsistent and at times exceedingly reckless with his pointing. To be convinced of this, one has only to compare the various texts of *The Raven*, or to place side by side the texts of *The Haunted Palace* as printed in the 1845 edition of the *Tales* and in the volume of poems published in the same year (1845).<sup>3</sup> In the present edition obvious errors in punctuation have been corrected. The punctuation has also been changed where it was plainly at variance with universally accepted usage at the present time or, in particular, where it obscured the poet's meaning. The spelling, too, has been corrected and normalized; and an attempt has been made to give consistency to the capitalization.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> See the note on *Tamerlane*, l. 2.

<sup>2</sup> Cf. *The Haunted Palace*, l. 41, and *For Annie*, ll. 14, 86, 90.

<sup>3</sup> Other evidence in plenty is adduced in the Notes.

<sup>4</sup> But in the footnote variants the pointing, spelling, and capitalization of the original texts have been retained. This results in some exceedingly slipshod pointing and sundry grotesque spellings; but it has the advantage of making graphic some of the eccentricities of the poet (or of his printers) in these matters.

In the arrangement of his poems, Poe observed no fixed order. In 1827 he placed the longest poem (*Tamerlane*) at the beginning of the volume; and he adopted the same policy in 1829, giving the initial place in that volume to *Al Aaraaf*. But in 1831 the long poems are thrown to the end of the volume. In 1845 *The Raven* is given first place, and is followed by some poems of the earlier, and some of the middle, period, — arranged, however, in no easily discoverable sequence, — while eleven of the earlier pieces are printed in a separate section at the end under the caption "Poems Written in Youth." Griswold, in his edition, also assigns first place to *The Raven*, but the rest of the poems he arranges arbitrarily and seemingly without any system. In the present edition an attempt has been made to follow the chronological order.<sup>1</sup> This arrangement has the obvious advantage of indicating, in a measure, the development of the poet's art and the change that he underwent in his attitude to the world about him; though it has the obvious disadvantage of bringing to the fore the poet's feebler work. That the correct chronology has not been hit upon in some instances may be taken for granted. It is not unlikely, for example, that *Spirits of the Dead* was written before *Tamerlane*, and that *Romance* was written before *Al Aaraaf*; in the case of the earlier poems it is impossible to settle such questions absolutely, and the order adopted by Poe in the first publication of these poems has accordingly been adhered to. The relative chronology of the later poems, on the other hand, — especially of those belonging to the decade ending with 1845, — may be determined in most instances without much difficulty.<sup>2</sup> After each of the poems (save the uncollected and doubtful items) the date of first publication has been given.

<sup>1</sup> Except that the poems not collected by Poe or by his literary executor have been placed by themselves at the end of the text.

<sup>2</sup> The chronology of the poems belonging to Poe's final year has been much clarified by the discovery a few years ago of a file of the *Flag of Our Union* (see the *New York Nation* for December 31, 1909). Before this discovery, *Eldorado* had usually been assumed to be Poe's last poem.

The variant readings, which constitute in the case, of some of the poems a body of text as large as the poems themselves and which are plainly of much importance in the study of Poe, have been given in this edition in footnotes.<sup>1</sup> In the case of six of the poems, which underwent very radical revision, one or more of the earlier texts have been reproduced in the footnotes in their entirety. All variants — that is, all readings that do not appear in the final text — are set in italics (unless the original reading was in italics, in which case a heavy-faced type has been used). The nature and the rationale of the textual changes are discussed in the next section.

#### IV. POE'S PASSION FOR REVISING HIS TEXT

Nothing was more characteristic of Poe than his fondness for revising his verses. "No poet," says Stoddard, "who wrote so little ever re-wrote that little so often, and so successfully."<sup>2</sup> And Professor Woodberry declares:<sup>3</sup> "There is no such example in literature of poetic elaboration as is contained in the successive issues of [Poe's] poems." Certainly no other American poet ever recast his work so freely or republished it so often after once it had found its way into print. Not even Wordsworth, for whom Dowden has claimed the distinction of furnishing the most instructive example among English poets of the value of revision, has supplied us with a more formidable array of rejected readings.<sup>4</sup>

Of the forty-eight poems collected by Poe or by his literary executor, no fewer than forty-two were republished or were

<sup>1</sup> As a rule, only the variants for the printed versions have been given; but for a number of the poems, especially those revised in the Lorimer Graham copy of 1845, the poet's autographic revisions have also been taken account of.

<sup>2</sup> *The Works of Edgar Allan Poe*, I, p. viii.

<sup>3</sup> II, p. 411; see also Stedman and Woodberry, *The Works of Edgar Allan Poe*, X, p. v.

<sup>4</sup> See Dowden's edition of Wordsworth's *Poems*, Athenæum Press Series (Boston, 1898), p. lxxxv.

authorized to be republished at least once; and of these all but one (*Sonnet — To Zante*) were subjected to some sort of verbal revision upon republication. Six of the poems appeared in two different forms, thirteen in three different forms, nine in four different forms, eleven in five different forms, one (*Lenore*) in eight different forms, and one (*The Raven*) in fifteen different forms. Three of the six poems that were published only once, survive in manuscript versions that differ in some respect from the published versions. Twenty of the poems underwent a change of title, and five changed title twice.

Among the earlier poems one (*A Dream within a Dream*) emerged from its several recastings an entirely different poem, no single line, no part of a line, of the original being retained in the final draft.

Some of the poems were much enlarged on republication; and others were as radically condensed. *The Bells* as first offered for publication was a poem of only 18 lines. In its final form it numbered 113 lines. *Tamerlane* was published originally in 406 lines, was condensed in 1829 to 243 lines, enlarged in 1831 to 268 lines, and finally reduced in 1845 to 243 lines. *Romance*, which in 1829 numbered 21 lines, was expanded in 1831 to 66 lines, and in 1845 was condensed again to 21 lines. *Fairy-Land* had a similar history, appearing first (1829) in 46 lines, then (1831) in 64 lines, and later (1845) in the original 46 lines. The lines *To* — ("I heed not that my earthly lot") were first printed in five stanzas totaling 20 lines, but were reduced in 1845 to 8 lines.<sup>1</sup>

Striking also are sundry changes in stanza-form and in length of line. A conspicuous example is furnished by *Lenore*, which was first printed in a simple ballad stanza (a quatrain made up of tetrameter and trimeter), later in an ode-like stanza of uneven line-length and running to thirteen or more lines, and later still in a long-line stanza approximating that of *The Raven*. Both *The Raven* and *Lenore* were also published (with Poe's approval) in a

<sup>1</sup> Condensation was more frequently resorted to than amplification, though in the text of 1831 amplification was the rule.



short-line stanza in which each of the longer lines was broken in two at the cæsura. An evening of stanza length occurs in *Israfel* and *The City in the Sea*. Two early poems, *Spirits of the Dead* and *The Lake: To* —, originally printed without stanza division, were broken up into stanzas in the edition of 1829, while *Fairy-Land* and *To* — ("I heed not," etc.), originally divided into stanzas, were printed in 1845 without stanza division.

And there are a multitude of changes in sequence. These affect, as a rule, only a single line or a single word; but in some instances — as in *The Sleeper, Lenore, To F* —, and *For Annie* — passages of a half-dozen lines or more are interchanged or are transferred from one part of the poem to another. In two instances entire poems were inserted in a larger poem,<sup>1</sup> and in other instances passages appearing in one poem are repeated in a later poem.<sup>2</sup>

But the most frequent and, in the sum-total, naturally, the most important revisions are those made in the phrasing. These range all the way from a mere change of tense or of number to the substitution of an entirely new line. How multifarious such changes are becomes apparent on reference to the footnotes. They are less numerous with the later poems — with *The Raven*, for instance, there are verbal changes in only 21 out of a total of 108 lines — but with some of the earlier poems, quite as much of the text is canceled as is allowed to stand.<sup>3</sup>

The grounds for making these changes are in most cases fairly evident. The rigorous pruning to which some of the earlier poems were ultimately subjected was dictated, obviously, by the desire to curtail, so far as practicable, the element of the personal. This will explain the omission in 1845 of the opening and closing lines (1-6, 27-40) of *A Dream within a Dream* as printed in 1829;

<sup>1</sup> Both *A Dream within a Dream* and *The Lake: To* — formed a part of *Tamerlane* in 1831. Several of the poems were incorporated at some time in one or another of the tales.

<sup>2</sup> See the notes on *Al Aaraaf*, Part I, l. 77, and *Fairy-Land*, ll. 1-4.

<sup>3</sup> See, for instance, *The Sleeper*, and the opening section of *Al Aaraaf*.

and it will also explain the omission of the cancelled passages (ll. 11-34, 46-66) of the 1831 version of *Romance*, and much of the condensation made in the latter texts of *A Dream*, *The Sleeper*, and *Tamerlane*. The omission of sundry other passages,—as of the fantastic lines in the original text of *Fairy-Land* beginning :

Sit down beside me, Isabel,  
Here, dearest, where the moonbeam fell,

and ending :

And this ray is a *fairy* ray —  
Did you not say so, Isabel?  
How fantastically it fell  
With a spiral twist and a swell,  
And over the wet grass rippled away  
With a tinkling like a bell ;

and of the closing lines of *The Valley of Unrest* (as published in the *American Review* in 1845) :

They wave ; they weep ; and the tears as they well  
From the depths of each pallid lily bell,  
Give a trickle and a tinkle and a knell, —

is probably traceable to their extravagance of mood and of style. And the cancellation of the strangely melodramatic lines introducing the second stanza of the 1843 version of *Lenore* :

Yon heir whose cheeks of pallid hue  
With tears are streaming wet,  
Sees only, through  
Their crocodile dew,  
A vacant coronet, —

is doubtless to be explained on similar grounds.

Other passages were suppressed, apparently, in the interest of a greater straightforwardness of the thought (as with the rejected stanzas of *Bridal Ballad* and the lines originally repeated in *Dream-Land*) ; or because they injured the wholeness of impression, the "totality of effect" (as with the discarded stanza of *Hymn*) ; or because they involved an anticlimactic conclusion

(as with the final stanza of *To One in Paradise* and the rejected couplet at the end of *The City in the Sea*). Most of the pruning made in *Tamerlane* was dictated evidently by a desire to relieve that poem of something of its prolixity. One interesting omission—that of the tenth stanza of *Ulalume*—is said to have been made at the suggestion of another.<sup>1</sup>

The extensive amplification seen in the final draft of *The Bells* was prompted by a desire to give volume and meaning to a poem which in its first crude state was singularly feeble and bald.<sup>2</sup> The changes in stanza-form and line-length appear to be traceable, mainly, either to some whim of the poet or to a desire to gain more of symmetry or to adjust more effectively the form to mood and idea. Most of the changes in order came about either in consequence of other changes or in an effort to find a smoother rhythm or a better sequence of ideas.

The manifold changes in phrasing were dictated by a variety of considerations. A good many came in response to an effort to find a more picturesque wording; as in the substitution of "startled" for "wondering" in line 61 of *The Raven*; of "quivering" for "dying" in line 34 of *The Conqueror Worm*; of "surf-tormented" for "weather-beaten" in line 13 of *A Dream within a Dream*; of "ivy-clad arcades" for "perishing (or "tottering") arcades" in line 26 of *The Coliseum*; of "grains of the golden sand" for "some particles of sand" in line 15 of *A Dream within a Dream*; of "yawn level with" for "are on a level with" in line 31 of *The City in the Sea*; and of "open fanes

<sup>1</sup> But the stanza was later readopted; see the notes on *Ulalume*.

<sup>2</sup> A noteworthy example of enlargement on a small scale which begets a like result—larger volume and fuller meaning—is seen in the expansion of the fifth line in *Israfel*, according to the text of 1831,

And the giddy stars are mute,

into the three lines that we now have :

And the giddy stars (so legends tell),  
Ceasing their hymns, attend the spell  
Of his voice, all mute.

and gaping graves" for "open temples — open graves" in line 30 of the same poem. Other changes in diction were made in an effort to find a fresher and more comely phrasing; as in the substitution of "sought" for "tried" in line 9 of *The Raven*; "resemble nothing" for "are — not like anything" in line 8 of *The City in the Sea*; of "void" for "vacuum" in line 47 of the same poem; of "eternal" for "Italian" in the last line of *To One in Paradise* — "By what eternal streams"; and "yon brilliant window-niche" for "that little window-niche" in line 11 of the earlier verses *To Helen*. And still others were made for the sake of the finer consonance, the gain in harmony and rhythm, that they secure. A good example is furnished by the famous lines from the early verses *To Helen* — as perfect as any that Poe wrote:

To the glory that was Greece  
And the grandeur that was Rome, —

which read quite tamely in the text of 1831:

To the beauty of fair Greece  
And the grandeur of old Rome;

another, by the change in line 25 of *Israfel* from the reading,

Where Love is a grown god,

to

Where Love's a grown-up God;

and another in the transformation of the unusually halting line (37), in the same poem,

Thy grief — if any — they love,

to the perfectly modulated

Thy grief, thy joy, thy hate, thy love.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> A gain in rhythm also results from a number of the changes made in *Tamerlane* and other poems in the volume of 1827. Poe allowed, however, some extremely lame and unsatisfactory lines to remain in certain of his later poems, — as the forty-first line of *Ulalume*,

She revels in a region of sighs,

and — worst of all — the closing line of the blank-verse poem *To Helen*:

Venuses, unextinguished by the sun!

Other changes were made in order to avoid a harsh succession of sibilants ; as in the third line of *Israfil*,

None sing so wildly well,

which first read,

None sing so wild — so well ;

and in the opening line of *The Lake: To* —, which originally read,

In youth's spring it was my lot,

but was changed in 1845 to read,

In spring of youth it was my lot.

The change in the thirty-ninth line of *The Raven* from "not an instant stopped or stayed he," to "not a minute stopped or stayed he," is probably to be explained in the same way. And still other changes were made in an effort to secure greater simplicity and inevitableness ; as in the substitution of "radiant" for "snow-white" in line 4 of *The Haunted Palace*,

Radiant palace — reared its head ;

or of "living human" for the grandiloquent "sublunary" in line 51 of *The Raven*,

For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being ;

or of the line,

Far down within the dim West,

in *The City in the Sea* (l. 3) for the vague and perfunctory

Far off in a region unblest.

In a few instances it would seem that Poe gave up an acceptable reading for an inferior one. This happens, obviously, with his substitution of the colorless phrase "by the side of the sea" for the finely resonant ending "by the sounding sea" in the last line of *Annabel Lee*,

In her tomb by the sounding sea.

It happens, likewise, in the change of "the" to "thy" in the opening line of the *Examiner* text of *A Dream within a Dream*,

Take this kiss upon thy brow,

which begets a clash in concord with the line immediately following,

And, in parting from you now ;

it happens, also, in the change in the fourth line of the same poem from

You are not wrong, who deem

to the less natural

You are not wrong to deem ;

and it happens manifestly in the exasperating change of title from *A Dream within a Dream* to the meaningless *To* ——. Something is lost, also, it would seem, in the substitution of "dews" for "tears" in line 12 of the *Examiner* text of *Dream-Land* and of "O! it is" for "'Tis—oh, 'tis" in line 42 of the same poem. Other changes that appear to involve a loss are the substitution of "minute" for "instant" in line 39 of *The Raven*,

Not the least obeisance made he ; not a minute stopped or stayed he ;

the transposition of the words "all" and "that" in the opening line of *To One in Paradise*,

Thou wast that all to me, love ;

and the alteration of the perfectly natural reading in the sixth line of *To One in Paradise*,

And the flowers — they all were mine,

to the more direct but less forceful

And all the flowers were mine.

Nor is anything gained by the alteration of the first two lines of the final stanza of *Lenore* according to the Lorimer Graham text:

Avaunt! — avaunt! from fiends below, the indignant ghost is riven —  
From Hell unto a high estate far up within the Heaven —

to

Avaunt! — avaunt! to friends from fiends the indignant ghost is riven —  
From Hell unto a high estate within the utmost Heaven, —

the collocation "to friends from fiends" being palpably forced. Most readers will feel, too, that the radical compression made in some of the earlier poems — notably in *Romance* — was scarcely justified.

The poet, had he lived longer, would doubtless have canceled some of these less satisfactory readings. It is interesting to observe that in a number of instances he did return to an earlier reading. This happened, as already noted, in the case of the tenth stanza of *Ulalume*, which formed a part of the poem in its first two versions, was omitted in the text published in the *Providence Journal* (at the request, so it is said, of Mrs. Whitman), and was readopted in the closing months of the poet's life. In *Fairy-Land*, lines 29-46 of the 1829 version were dropped in 1831, but were readmitted into the poem in 1845. Similarly, the second half of the lines *To F——s S. O——d*, though discarded in the *Broadway Journal* text, were readopted in the collective edition of 1845. The reading "owing to that lyre" in *Israfil* (l. 19) gave way in the text of *Graham's Magazine* (1841) to the less satisfactory reading "due unto that lyre," to be superseded in all later versions by the original reading. In the twenty-second line of *Lenore*, the reading "moan and groan," substituted in the *Whig* text for "grief and groan," involved a return to the reading of the *Broadway Journal*. And the transposition, noted above, of "all that" in the opening line of *To One in Paradise* involves a return to a reading adopted fifteen years before in *Godey's Lady's Book*. But such changes are comparatively few. It is clear that the poet grew steadily in his grasp on his art, and that, as time passed, he came to attach more and more importance to artistic finish and perfection.

## V. POE'S INDEBTEDNESS TO OTHER POETS

For the materials out of which he composed his verses, Poe naturally drew mainly on his own experience and observation. In the work of no other American poet, save possibly Whitman, is the element of autobiography so large. The bulk of his earlier verses are reflections — though veiled, as a rule — of the griefs and ambitions and disappointments of his youth. And a good proportion of his later verses are either addressed to friends or relatives, or have in some way to do with them.<sup>1</sup> Still others — as *Israfel* and the *Sonnet — To Science* and *Al Aaraaf* and *Romance* — embody his views as to the poet's aim and province; and *Eldorado* reflects, in a measure, his general attitude to life.

But his muse drew sustenance also from books. His earlier verses are largely imitations — some of them palpable and slavish imitations — of one or another of the English Romantic poets. And, like certain of his masters, as Milton and Byron, he displayed throughout his career an extraordinary facility at copying and assimilating what struck his fancy in the work of others. It was to Byron that he owed most, — his debts to him being, in some instances, very obvious, and in a few instances, it would seem, of questionable propriety. He owed much also to Milton and to Moore, especially in his earlier poems; and he was influenced both in his youth and in later years by Coleridge. There were obligations, too, to Shelley, and Keats, and Mrs. Browning, and to a number of others.

To Byron he was indebted, first of all, for the model of his *Tamerlane* — which he found in *Manfred* and *The Giaour*. He evidently owed to Byron also the suggestion of his *Coliseum*, and probably also the suggestion of the lines *To Romance* and *To the River* —. It was from Byron, confessedly, that he took the idea underlying the poem now entitled *Stanzas*; and he found in Byron's *Darkness* the main details used in *The City in the Sea*. In

<sup>1</sup> See further on this point the comments of Professor C. W. Kent, *Poe's Poems*, pp. xxviii f.



his *Spirits of the Dead* he relied on Byron both for the general situation and for some of the language of his poem. Byron's couplet (*Manfred*, I, i, ll. 204-205),

There are shades which will not vanish,  
There are thoughts thou canst not banish,

reappears in *Spirits of the Dead* (ll. 19-20) as

Now are thoughts thou shalt not banish,  
Now are visions ne'er to vanish.

And his lines (*Manfred*, I, i, ll. 198-201),

[When] the silent leaves are still  
In the shadow of the hill,  
Shall my soul be upon thine,  
With a power and with a sign,

also reappear, but more successfully disguised, as

The breeze — the breath of God — is still —  
And the mist upon the hill,  
Shadowy — shadowy — yet unbroken,  
Is a symbol and a token.

Other, though less striking, parallels between the two poems are pointed out in the Notes.<sup>1</sup> And there are reminiscences of Byron in a half-dozen other poems.<sup>2</sup> How far Poe was indebted to the English poet for the strain of melancholy, the note of disappointed ambition and of wounded pride, that pervades his youthful work, it is impossible to say, but it is reasonable to assume that Byron's influence made itself felt here to some extent.

Poe's debts to Milton and to Moore appear mainly in the long poem *Al Aaraaf*. The first third of the second part of this poem — in particular, the description of the temple of Nesace — is a not unskillfully executed piece of mosaic made up largely

<sup>1</sup> See the notes on *Spirits of the Dead*, ll. 1-2, 11 f.

<sup>2</sup> See the notes on *Dreams*, ll. 17-18; *Al Aaraaf*, Part II, ll. 68 f., 72-74, 80-83, 134; the earlier *To Helen*, ll. 11-13; *The Sleeper*, ll. 45-47; and the general note on *A Dream within a Dream*.

of materials drawn from *Paradise Lost*. The temple of Nesace is evidently copied after Milton's Pandemonium; and the dome of this temple, "let down" "by linked light from Heaven," with its "window of one circular diamond" through which light is transmitted from the presence of God into this temple, appears to be compounded of Milton's mystic stairway leading down from the throne of God and the golden chain by which he represents this world as "linked" to the empyrean. The first line of the second part of *Al Aaraaf*,

High on a mountain of enamell'd head,

suggests the opening line of the second book of *Paradise Lost*:

High on a throne of royal state, etc.

I have pointed out in the notes on *Al Aaraaf* still other resemblances to Milton's epic,<sup>1</sup> and Poe himself acknowledges in his footnotes several slight obligations to Milton's minor poems.<sup>2</sup>

The influence of Moore appears most plainly in the catalogue of flowers near the beginning of the first part of *Al Aaraaf*, and is to be seen, also, in the story of Angelo and Ianthe in the concluding section of that poem. The description of the bed of flowers amidst which the queen of Al Aaraaf kneels while offering up her prayer to the Deity is based, in large part, on passages culled from *Lalla Rookh*, together with Moore's notes on them, the phrasing in some places being brought over almost *verbatim*.<sup>3</sup> Moore's note on the "Nelumbo bud,"—to give but a single example—"The Indians feign that Cupid was first seen floating down the Ganges on the Nymphæa Nelumbo" ("The Light of the Haram," ll. 587-592),—Poe reproduces in *Al Aaraaf* in the following couplet (Part I, ll. 78-79):

And the Nelumbo bud that floats for ever  
With Indian Cupid down the holy river,

<sup>1</sup> See the notes on *Al Aaraaf*, Part II, ll. 1-39, 11 f., 16, 20, 22 f., 31 f., 60 f., 67, 221-224.

<sup>2</sup> Cf. the notes on *Al Aaraaf*, Part I, l. 105; Part II, ll. 16, 181.

<sup>3</sup> See Stedman and Woodberry, X, p. 223.

and adds in a footnote: "It is a fiction of the Indians, that Cupid was first seen floating in one of these down the river Ganges." The story of Angelo and Ianthe is, I believe, an imitation of the first angel's story in *The Loves of the Angels*, though the parallelism between the two is mainly in situation and in mood, with only here and there a resemblance in phrase. Another example of borrowing from Moore is furnished by the early lyric *Evening Star*, which loosely paraphrases the first half of Moore's song *While Gazing on the Moon's Light*. And both *Tamerlane* and *Fairy-Land* may possibly owe something to the Irish poet.<sup>1</sup>

Poe's indebtedness to Coleridge, whom Professor Woodberry once declared to be "the guiding Genius of Poe's entire intellectual life,"<sup>2</sup> is mainly, so far as the poems are concerned, quite intangible, though not the less real. It is seen in the unconscious reproduction of his style and atmosphere rather than in the appropriation of his ideas or in the copying of his diction. As such it is discoverable in *The City in the Sea* especially, and also in *Bridal Ballad*, *Israfel*, *Fairy-Land*, and *The Sleeper*, and perhaps also in *The Raven* and *Annabel Lee*. In an even less palpable way Coleridge influenced Poe through supplying him with certain favorite poetical theories, first set forth by Poe in his *Letter to B*—, published as a preface to 1831, and later and more fully in *The Poetic Principle*<sup>3</sup>—theories which Poe applied in his own verses with notable consistency. Some of the critics<sup>4</sup> of Poe's

<sup>1</sup> See the notes on *Tamerlane*, ll. 75-76, and *Fairy-Land*, l. 33.

<sup>2</sup> Woodberry, *Edgar Allan Poe*, American Men of Letters Series, p. 93; the phrase "early" is substituted for "entire" in his revised *Life*, I, p. 177. See also an article "The New Poe" in the *Atlantic Monthly*, LXXVII, pp. 551 f., where it is asserted that "the effect of Coleridge's influence on Poe has never been properly estimated," and that he "transmitted a special and unique influence to him alone."

<sup>3</sup> See in this connection the introduction to F. C. Prescott's *Selections from the Critical Writings of Edgar Allan Poe*, pp. xxxii f.

<sup>4</sup> Their contention has the support of Stedman; see the Stedman-Woodberry edition of Poe's works, X, p. xxvi; but Professor C. Alphonso Smith (*Repetition and Parallelism in English Verse*, pp. 51 f.) suggests a direct indebtedness to the English ballad.

time held that the repetend as used in *The Raven* was a reflection of the influence of the *Rime of the Ancient Mariner*. And there are a few resemblances in phrase which point to a still more substantial indebtedness to Coleridge. The most striking of these is found in the much-discussed line in the briefer lyric *To Helen* (1831):

Like those Nicéan barks of yore,

which bears a manifest resemblance to a line of Coleridge's in his *Youth and Age* (1828):

Like those trim skiffs, unknown of yore.

Other verbal parallelisms are commented on in the notes on *Israfel* and *Fairy-Land*.<sup>1</sup>

To Shelley, Poe's indebtedness is distinctly less than his indebtedness to Coleridge; though, as in the case of Coleridge, the indebtedness is mainly impalpable,—a thing of color and mood and atmosphere. The poems most in the Shelleyan manner are *To One in Paradise* and *The City in the Sea* (which suggest Shelley's *Lines Written among the Euganean Hills*) and *Dream-Land* and the *Sonnet—To Silence* (which resemble parts of *Prometheus Unbound*). The closest parallel with Shelley that I have observed is that existing between a passage in *Dream-Land* (ll. 21-25, 27):

By the lakes that thus outspread  
 Their lone waters, lone and dead, —  
 Their sad waters, sad and chilly  
 With the snows of the lolling lily, —  
 By the mountains — near the river

. . . . .

By the grey woods, — by the swamp, —

<sup>1</sup> See the article of Professor James Routh in *Modern Language Notes*, XXIX, pp. 72-73, and the communication of Mr. H. T. Baker in the same journal, XXV, pp. 94-95.

and four lines from the second act of *Prometheus Unbound* (sc. i, ll. 203-206):

By the forests, lakes, and fountains  
Thro' the many-folded mountains;  
To the rents, and gulphs, and chasms,  
Where the Earth reposed from spasms.<sup>1</sup>

To Wordsworth, with whom he professed to have scant sympathy, Poe seems to have owed but little. There is an evident resemblance between two lines in *The Valley of Unrest*:

That palpitate like the chill seas  
Around the misty Hebrides,

and Wordsworth's magic lines in *The Solitary Reaper*:

Breaking the silence of the seas  
Among the farthest Hebrides;

a line in an early version of *Romance*,

Gone are the glory and the gloom,

suggests a couplet from the *Ode on Intimations of Immortality*:

Whither is fled the visionary gleam?  
Where is it now, the glory and the dream? —

and Wordsworth's "clouds of glory" appears in a rejected version of the lines *To* — — — — ("Not long ago," etc.). But each of these resemblances may be accidental. A more suspicious

<sup>1</sup> Certain lines in *Tamerlane* seem to affect the Shelleyan manner, as

The bodiless spirits of the storms,  
and  
As perfume of strange summer flowers;

and the following couplet in an early text of *Al Aaraaf*:

On the sweetest air doth float  
The most sad and solemn note,

is possibly a reminiscence of Shelley's line in the ode *To a Skylark*,

Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

parallel with Wordsworth occurs in the lines *To Sarah* (among the poems attributed to Poe), the opening stanza of which:

When melancholy and alone,  
I sit on some moss-covered stone  
Beside a murm'ring stream;  
I think I hear thy voice's sound  
In every tuneful thing around,  
Oh! what a pleasant dream,

seems to have been written under the influence of the initial stanza of Wordsworth's *Expostulation and Reply*:

Why, William, on that old grey stone,  
Thus for the length of half a day,  
Why, William, sit you thus alone,  
And dream your time away?

It is clear that Keats furnished the immediate suggestion of the *Sonnet — To Science*, the second half of which parallels fairly closely the opening lines of *Lamia*; and he may have suggested to Poe the identification of silence with the music of the spheres in *Al Aaraaf* (Part I, ll. 124-125):

A sound of silence on the startled ear  
Which dreamy poets name "the music of the sphere," —

which obviously resembles Keats's

Silence was music from the holy spheres.<sup>1</sup>

And he surely owed to Mrs. Browning the suggestion of several lines in *The Raven*. The thirteenth line of *The Raven* —

And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple curtain —  
was plainly inspired by Mrs. Browning's

With a murmurous stir uncertain, in the air the purple curtain;<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Endymion*, II, l. 675.

<sup>2</sup> *Lady Geraldine's Courtship*, l. 381.

and two other lines :

But the Raven still beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,<sup>1</sup>  
and  
Desolate yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted,<sup>2</sup>

were evidently influenced by Mrs. Browning's

Ever, evermore the while in a slow silence she kept smiling<sup>3</sup>  
and  
O'er the desolate sand-desert of my heart and life undone.<sup>4</sup>

Still other resemblances to Mrs. Browning's poem are pointed out in the notes on lines 33-34, 79-80, and 104-105 of *The Raven*; and it is not unlikely that certain of the metrical peculiarities of *The Raven* were prompted by Mrs. Browning's example.<sup>5</sup>

Tennyson appears to have exerted little influence on Poe, though several abortive accusations of plagiarism from his early poems have been brought, at one time or another, against the American poet.<sup>6</sup> Hood in his sonnet *Silence* probably set Poe about writing his own sonnet on the same subject, — though this sonnet, as already noted, resembles also a passage in *Prometheus Unbound*. Waller's line,

My joy, my grief, my hope, my fear,<sup>7</sup>

is perhaps the ultimate source of a line in *Israfel* :

Thy grief, thy joy, thy hate, thy love,

and Professor Trent has called attention to a parallel between some lines in Lovelace's *To Althea, from Prison* and the fourth stanza of *The Haunted Palace*.<sup>8</sup> In *Al Aaraaf* the poet borrows a simile

<sup>1</sup> *The Raven*, l. 67.

<sup>3</sup> *Lady Geraldine's Courtship*, l. 389.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, l. 87.

<sup>4</sup> *Ibid.*, l. 380.

<sup>5</sup> See the note on *The Raven*, ll. 1 f.

<sup>6</sup> See the *Athenæum*, March 20, 1875, p. 395; the *Spectator*, January 1, 1853; the *London Foreign Quarterly Review*, January, 1844; and the note prefixed to the "Poems Written in Youth" as republished in 1845.

<sup>7</sup> *On a Girdle*, l. 7.

<sup>8</sup> See the note on *The Haunted Palace*, l. 32.

from Marlowe, and a rhyme (confessedly) from Scott.<sup>1</sup> From Shakespeare, Poe seems to have borrowed nothing, though there are allusions here and there to well-known passages in his plays.<sup>2</sup> Quotations from Webster, and Peele, and Sir Thomas Wyatt are incorporated into the *Politian*,<sup>3</sup> and a line from Farquhar is imbedded in an early text of *The Valley of Unrest*.

To the French and other Continental writers, Poe apparently owed very little. The basic idea and one striking line of *Israfel* he probably borrowed from Béranger; the two epithets applied to the island of Zante (first in *Al Aaraaf* and again in the *Sonnet — To Zante*) he apparently took from Chateaubriand;<sup>4</sup> some of the material used in *The Coliseum* he perhaps found in Quevedo;<sup>5</sup> and he may, in common with Coleridge and Wordsworth and Scott, have owed something to Bürger.<sup>6</sup> From the *Odyssey* he borrowed three fine lines — perhaps translated by himself — for insertion in his *Politian*.<sup>7</sup>

And he was but little influenced by the American poets, — though here and there he might have taken a hint from one or another of them. He probably owed something, though but little, to the Georgia poet, Thomas Holley Chivers.<sup>8</sup> A line in *The City in the Sea* resembles one of N. P. Willis's early lines.<sup>9</sup> For one of his stanzas in *Ulalume* he probably took certain hints from

<sup>1</sup> See the note on *Al Aaraaf*, Part II, ll. 140-141.

<sup>2</sup> See the notes on *Politian*, II, l. 23; III, l. 23; *Al Aaraaf*, Part II, l. 60; *For Annie*, ll. 63 f.; and *The Bells*, l. 50.

<sup>3</sup> II, ll. 18-20; II, ll. 34-35; III, ll. 70 f.

<sup>4</sup> Cf. the Stedman-Woodberry edition of Poe's works, X, pp. 176-177. And see also pp. 185-186 of the same volume for the suggestion that *The Bells* owed something to Chateaubriand.

<sup>5</sup> See the note on lines 26-32 of *The Coliseum*.

<sup>6</sup> See the notes on *Lenore*. The claim of an indebtedness to Lucian in *Dream-Land*, made by F. L. Fairfield in *Scribner's Monthly*, X, p. 695, is plainly untenable; and so with the suggestion of Hutton (*Poe's Poems*, p. xlv) that he was indebted to Mangan (cf. C. A. Smith's *Repetition and Parallelism in English Verse*, p. 55).

<sup>7</sup> *Politian*, II, ll. 8-10.

<sup>8</sup> See for this much-discussed question, the introductory note on *The Raven*.

<sup>9</sup> Cf. the note on *The City in the Sea*, l. 9.



Thomas Buchanan Read's *Christine*.<sup>1</sup> A line in the later *To Helen* may have been suggested by one of Mrs. Sarah J. Hale's lines in her *Three Hours*, and another line in the same poem was possibly suggested by one of Henry B. Hirst's sonnets.<sup>2</sup> A line in *The Haunted Palace* is perhaps an echo of the refrain of G. P. Morris's *Near the Lake*.<sup>3</sup> And the title of *The Conqueror Worm* was apparently suggested, as Mr. Ingram has noted, by one of Spencer Wallace Cone's poems.<sup>4</sup>

That Poe's imitations of Moore and Byron reflect no credit on him goes without saying. In one or two instances, indeed — as in the paraphrasing of Moore in the first part of *Al Aaraaf* and the copying of Byron in *Spirits of the Dead* — Poe would seem to have exceeded the bounds of propriety; certainly he copied in these poems with an audacity such as he would not have permitted in another without vigorous protest.<sup>5</sup> But it is on the work of his middle and later periods that Poe's claims to originality must rest; and in these no indebtedness appears that is not amply repaid by him. There are few points on which Poe's critics are more completely agreed than on his extraordinary originality as poet.<sup>6</sup>

<sup>1</sup> See the note on *Ulalume*, ll. 56–60.

<sup>2</sup> Cf. the notes on *To Helen*, ll. 34–35 and 65–66.

<sup>3</sup> See the note on *The Haunted Palace*, l. 12.

<sup>4</sup> See the *London Bibliophile*, May, 1909, p. 135.

<sup>5</sup> Cf. his series of papers attacking Longfellow in the so-called "Longfellow War" (Harrison, XII, pp. 41 f.), which constitutes one of the most discreditable episodes in Poe's entire career.

<sup>6</sup> See further, on this point, pp. lvii–lviii, below. For Poe's influence on other poets and on his vogue, especially in foreign countries, see Edmund Gosse, *Questions at Issue*, p. 90; L. P. Betz, "Edgar Poe in der französischen Litteratur," *Studien zur vergleichenden Litteraturgeschichte der neueren Zeit*, 1902, pp. 16–82; C. H. Page, "Poe in France," the *New York Nation*, January 14, 1909 (LXXXVIII, pp. 32–34); Alcée Fortier, *The Book of the Poe Centenary*, ed. C. W. Kent and John S. Patton, pp. 41–72; Arthur Ransome, *Edgar Allan Poe: A Critical Study*, pp. 219–237; Georg Edward, *The Book of the Poe Centenary*, pp. 73–99; Abraham Yarmolinsky, "The Russian View of American Literature," the *New York Bookman*, September, 1916 (XLIV, pp. 44–46); and John De Lancey Ferguson, *American Literature in Spain*, pp. 55–86.

VI. THE CLASH OF THE CRITICS WITH RESPECT  
TO POE'S POEMS

About the worth of Poe's poems there has been a wide difference of opinion.<sup>1</sup> Emerson in a memorable conversation with Mr. William Dean Howells once dubbed Poe contemptuously the "jingle man."<sup>2</sup> The late Henry James, in an even more famous deliverance, has described Poe's poems as "very valueless verses," and in the same connection has declared that "an enthusiasm for Poe is the mark of a decidedly primitive stage of reflection."<sup>3</sup> Professor Barrett Wendell, in one of the earliest of his essays on American literature, pronounced Poe to be "fantastic and meretricious throughout";<sup>4</sup> and Professor Henry A. Beers, in a discussion of the romanticists of the nineteenth century, has placed Poe alongside of Baudelaire among the "false gods."<sup>5</sup> Mr. W. C. Brownell, one of the subtlest of our critics, asserts with emphasis that Poe's writings, whether poems or tales, "lack the elements not only of great, but of real, literature," and that "as literature" they are "essentially valueless."<sup>6</sup>

But Professor George Saintsbury—one of the foremost of living English critics—gives it as his opinion that Poe belongs to the

<sup>1</sup> The most important critical articles dealing with Poe as a poet are the chapter devoted to Poe by E. C. Stedman in his volume, *The Poets of America*, pp. 225-272; the essay by the same author prefixed to the tenth volume of the Stedman-Woodberry edition of Poe's works, pp. xiii-xxxv; the essay by Professor C. F. Richardson entitled "Edgar Allan Poe, World-Author," in his edition of the works of Poe, I, pp. ix-liii; the chapter devoted to Poe by Mr. J. M. Robertson in his *New Essays towards a Critical Method*, pp. 55-130; and an article by Mr. W. C. Brownell, "The Distinction of Poe's Genius," first published in *Scribner's Magazine*, January, 1909, and later in his volume, *American Prose Writers*, pp. 205-267. Important critical matter is also contained in the biographies of Poe, especially in those of Woodberry and Ingram.

<sup>2</sup> Howells, *Literary Friends and Acquaintance*, p. 63.

<sup>3</sup> *French Poets and Novelists* (London, 1878), p. 76.

<sup>4</sup> *Stelligeri and Other Essays concerning America*, p. 138.

<sup>5</sup> *A History of English Romanticism in the Nineteenth Century*, p. 300.

<sup>6</sup> *American Prose Masters*, p. 231.

"first order of poets."<sup>1</sup> One of Mr. Saintsbury's colleagues, Professor William Minto, as if in set defiance of the anathema pronounced against Poe's admirers by Henry James, declares that Poe appeals to the feelings "with a force that has never been surpassed."<sup>2</sup> And Stoddard, also, one of Poe's chief detractors, declares (I, p. x) that "unlike many poets, he affects all who are capable of being touched by poetry." Mr. J. M. Robertson, distinguished alike as statesman, philosopher, and critic, maintains that Poe "had a poetic quality of the highest kind."<sup>3</sup> Mr. Edmund Gosse, with something more of reserve, declares that Poe, had his range been less restricted, "must have been with the greatest poets"; and he speaks of the "perennial charm" of Poe's verses.<sup>4</sup> Swinburne wrote in 1872, in summing up the American achievement in literature to date: "Once as yet, and once only, has there sounded out of it all [the literature of America] one pure note of original song—worth singing, and echoed from the singing of no other man; a note of song neither wide nor deep, but utterly true, rich, clear, and native to the singer; the short exquisite music, subtle and simple and somber and sweet, of Edgar Poe."<sup>5</sup> In France, Gautier speaks of Poe as "ce singulier génie d'une individualité si rare, si tranchée, si exceptionnelle."<sup>6</sup> Jules Lemaitre, in a highly extravagant "dialogue of the dead," couples Poe's name with the names of Shakespeare and Plato! And Baudelaire's admiration of Poe extended almost to deification: it was one of the "everlasting rules" of his life, so he wrote shortly before his death, "to pray every morning to God, the Fountain of all strength and of all justice; to my father, to Mariette, and to Poe."<sup>7</sup> In Russia, according to a recent critic, Mr. A. Yarmolinsky,

<sup>1</sup> See the *Book of the Poe Centenary*, ed. Kent and Patton, p. 203.

<sup>2</sup> *Encyclopædia Britannica*, 9th edition, article on Poe.

<sup>3</sup> *New Essays towards a Critical Method*, p. 81.

<sup>4</sup> *Questions at Issue*, p. 89.

<sup>5</sup> *Under the Microscope*, p. 53.

<sup>6</sup> "Notice" of Baudelaire prefixed to the latter's *Fleurs du Mal*, p. 48.

<sup>7</sup> Esmé Stuart, "Charles Baudelaire and Edgar Poe: A Literary Affinity," *Nineteenth Century*, July, 1893, p. 78.

Poe "has come to be popularly identified . . . with the American literary genius in its highest achievements."<sup>1</sup> In America, Lowell pronounced Poe—even before the publication of *The Raven*—one of the few American geniuses.<sup>2</sup> And Professor C. H. Page has recorded the belief that Poe is "the only American poet . . . who can justly be said, in any strict and narrow use of the word, to have had genius."<sup>3</sup>

A like diversity of opinion prevails as to Poe's place among American poets. Tennyson is said to have accounted Poe "the most original American genius," and "not unworthy to stand beside Catullus, the most melodious of the Latins, and Heine, the most tuneful of the Germans."<sup>4</sup> According to Mr. Gosse (writing in 1893): "The posy of his still fresh and fragrant poems is larger than that of any other deceased American writer."<sup>5</sup> Mr. William Butler Yeats, in a letter to the celebrators of the Poe centenary at the University of Virginia, pronounces him "the greatest of American poets, and always and for all lands a great lyric poet."<sup>6</sup> Both Victor Hugo, a good many years ago, and the gifted Georg Brandes, in recent years, are also said to have claimed for him the foremost place among American poets.<sup>7</sup> Among American literary historians, Onderdonk holds that Poe is "unquestionably our greatest lyric poet";<sup>8</sup> and Newcomer writes, in his *History of American Literature*:<sup>9</sup> "If we had not come to demand so much of poetry, there could be little hesitation in ranking Poe's with the very greatest in any language." Mr. John Macy, speaks of our "tardy recognition of Poe's supremacy among American poets."<sup>10</sup> Mr. Charles Leonard Moore

<sup>1</sup> The New York *Bookman*, September, 1916 (XLIV, p. 44).

<sup>2</sup> See Lowell's article on Poe in *Graham's Magazine*, February, 1845.

<sup>3</sup> *The Chief American Poets*, p. 663.

<sup>4</sup> See the article of Professor Brander Matthews, on "Poe's Cosmopolitan Fame," in the *Century Magazine*, December, 1910 (LIX, p. 271).

<sup>5</sup> *Questions at Issue*, p. 8.

<sup>6</sup> *Book of the Poe Centenary*, p. 207.

<sup>7</sup> See Richardson, I, p. xvi, and *The Dial*, June 16, 1914.

<sup>8</sup> *A History of American Literature*, p. 238.

<sup>9</sup> P. 123.

<sup>10</sup> *Edgar Allan Poe*, p. 28.

boldly declares: "For myself, I have never doubted Poe's supremacy in American literature."<sup>1</sup> French critics, too, have, as a rule, from the beginning, given Poe a place above other American poets, though they have not all been blind to his faults.<sup>2</sup> Most American critics have been unwilling to concede to Poe so high a rating. "His narrowness of range, and the slender body of his poetic remains," says Stedman, "of themselves should make writers hesitate to pronounce him our greatest [poet]."<sup>3</sup> Richardson, in like manner, after granting that he is the "most broadly conspicuous of American writers," states that "to call him the greatest is impossible."<sup>4</sup> So, too, Professor W. P. Trent, though he holds that Poe is in some respects the first of American poets, maintains, with Stedman, that because of the fewness of his poems he cannot be ranked with "the greater poets."<sup>5</sup> And a similar view is taken by Professor Richard Burton.<sup>6</sup> Mr. Brownell, finally, declares that whatever greatness Poe may be allowed to possess as poet inheres in the quality of his verse; and that "its quality is, in general, hardly such as to place him very high up on the fairly populous slopes of Parnassus."<sup>7</sup>

In the matter of Poe's special qualities, there are, as must stand to reason, certain points on which the critics are substantially agreed. There is virtual agreement, first of all, that Poe displays in his poems extraordinary originality and individuality. "The utterance of Poe," writes Professor Wendell, "is as incontestably, as triumphantly, itself, as is the note of a song bird."<sup>8</sup> "If Poe is not an original author," says Professor Richardson, "none ever lived."<sup>9</sup> "The poetry of Poe was a new creation,"

<sup>1</sup> *The Dial*, November 16, 1909.

<sup>2</sup> See, for instance, Hennequin, *Écrivains français*, p. 148, and G. D. Morris, *Fenimore Cooper et Edgar Poe*, pp. 87 f. and *passim*.

<sup>3</sup> *Poets of America*, p. 227.

<sup>4</sup> *Works of Poe*, I, p. xxii.

<sup>5</sup> *History of American Literature*, p. 377.

<sup>6</sup> *Literary Leaders of America*, p. 72.

<sup>7</sup> *American Prose Masters*, p. 217.

<sup>8</sup> *Book of the Poe Centenary*, p. 132.

<sup>9</sup> *Works of Poe*, I, p. xxxvii.

writes Churton Collins; and then adds: "He stands absolutely alone."<sup>1</sup> According to Professor F. L. Pattee, "All that he wrote was distinctly his own, original in its melody and form, and permeated through and through with his peculiar personality."<sup>2</sup> And Mr. Brownell, though he charges, with Griswold, that "Poe pilaged and plagiarized freely," admits, nevertheless, that Poe was "extremely individual."<sup>3</sup> Henry James, too, in spite of his sweeping disparagement of Poe on other grounds, speaks of his "very original genius."<sup>4</sup> Newcomer hazards the opinion that Poe was perhaps the "least 'influenced' of all melodious poets since Spenser."<sup>5</sup>

There is little difference of opinion, also, as to Poe's superior gifts as melodist. "Without doubt," says Stedman, "a distinctive melody is the element in Poe's verse that first and last has told on every class of readers";<sup>6</sup> and to a correspondent in later years he described him as the "paragon of melodists."<sup>7</sup> "He possessed the two fundamental attributes of a poet, melody and imagination, in a supreme degree," writes Newcomer;<sup>8</sup> and Mr. Gosse speaks of his "unparalleled gifts of melodious invention."<sup>9</sup> An English editor, Skipsey,<sup>10</sup> declares: "In the specialty of melody, he excels Collins, and indeed all others except some two or three of the very greatest poets in the English tongue." Mr. Charles Leonard Moore claims that "in magic and melody he is overmatched among modern English poets by Coleridge, Keats, and Tennyson alone, and by them only in quantity, not in quality."<sup>11</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Studies in Poetry and Criticism*, p. 44.

<sup>2</sup> *History of American Literature*, p. 178.

<sup>3</sup> *American Prose Masters*, pp. 207-208.

<sup>4</sup> *French Poets and Novelists*, London, 1878 (p. 76).

<sup>5</sup> *American Literature*, p. 117.

<sup>6</sup> *Works of Poe*, ed. Stedman and Woodberry, X, p. xvi.

<sup>7</sup> *Life and Letters of Stedman*, II, p. 114.

<sup>8</sup> *American Literature*, p. 124.

<sup>9</sup> *Questions at Issue*, p. 89.

<sup>10</sup> *Poetical Works of Poe*, prefatory notice.

<sup>11</sup> *The Dial*, November 16, 1909.

There is essential agreement, too, as to Poe's excellence as artist, though it is conceded by all that he sometimes failed to conceal his art effectively. Professor Woodberry, for instance, speaks of the "exquisite construction" shown in his poems, but notes, with reference particularly to the later poems, that "if any one presses the charge of artifice home, it must be allowed just."<sup>1</sup> Stedman praises without stint the craftsmanship displayed in some of the poems of Poe's middle period, but admits that "we . . . are halted often throughout his later lyrics by the persistence of their metrical devices."<sup>2</sup> Collins declares "an artist more consummate never existed," but observes in the same connection that in certain of his poems "he reveled in the display of mere mechanical craftsmanship."<sup>3</sup> Griswold admits that Poe's verses "are constructed with wonderful ingenuity, and finished with consummate art," but complains, with characteristic severity, that there was in the construction of them "an absence of all impulse," an "absolute control of calculation and mechanism."<sup>4</sup> Mr. Brownell pronounces Poe "the solitary artist of our elder literature," but adds that at times he shows himself to be "the artist rather than the poet and the technician rather than the artist."<sup>5</sup> Mr. Lewis E. Gates, after setting forth a fantastic "inventory of Poe's workshop," remarks: "Masterly as is Poe's use of this poetical outfit, subtle as are his cadences and his sequences of tone-color, it is only rarely that he makes us forget the cleverness of his manipulation and wins us into accepting his moods and imagery with that unconscious and almost hypnotic subjection to his will which the true poet secures from his readers."<sup>6</sup> Mr. Robertson, in the midst of his praise of Poe, admits that both *Lenore* and *The Raven*, as well as *The Bells*, "have a certain

<sup>1</sup> *Life of Poe*, II, pp. 75, 170.

<sup>2</sup> *Poe's Works*, ed. Stedman and Woodberry, X, p. xxiv.

<sup>3</sup> *Studies in Poetry and Criticism*, p. 43.

<sup>4</sup> "Memoir," p. xlvi.

<sup>5</sup> *American Prose Masters*, pp. 208, 217.

<sup>6</sup> *Studies and Appreciations*, p. 110.

smell of the lamp, an air of compilation, a suspicion of the inorganic."<sup>1</sup> And Mr. Stebbing, after dwelling on the artistic excellence of most of the poems, remarks, apropos of the suggestion of artifice in *The Raven*: "With himself confirming the suspicion, it becomes at least practicable to persuade ourselves that we smell the sawdust and oil of the workshop."<sup>2</sup>

It is plain, too, that the volume of Poe's verse is small, and that the body of his verse of superior worth and significance is extremely small, amounting in all to scarcely more than a dozen poems and to not above fifteen hundred lines. It is equally plain that his range, whether of literary form or of subject-matter, is narrow, being confined, on the one hand, to the lyric, and, on the other, so far as his better poems are concerned, to a scant half dozen subjects. It is obvious, too, that most of his earlier poems and several of the later ones are either fragmentary or uneven, or both. And it is manifest that there is nothing of humor in Poe's verses.

On these three or four points there is pretty general agreement. But for the rest there is, again, the widest conflict of opinion. According to some of the critics, the poems of Poe are wanting both in substance and in depth. His verses are "empty of thought," says Mr. John Burroughs.<sup>3</sup> Mr. Brownell urges a similar objection.<sup>4</sup> And Henry James, in a revised edition of his essay on Baudelaire, in which he had originally spoken of Poe's verses as "valueless," substitutes for this phrase the almost equally astonishing epithet "superficial."<sup>5</sup> But there have always been those who have stood ready to defend Poe on this count. Professor W. B. Cairns holds that "it is not true . . . that thought is absent" from Poe's verses, but that each of the poems, with the exception of *The Bells*, "has a definite and sufficient content."<sup>6</sup> Mr. Charles Leonard Moore

<sup>1</sup> *New Essays*, p. 77.

<sup>2</sup> *Chaucer to Tennyson*, II, p. 205.

<sup>3</sup> *The Dial*, October 16, 1893.

<sup>4</sup> *American Prose Masters*, p. 231.

<sup>5</sup> *French Poets and Novelists* (London, 1893), p. 60.

<sup>6</sup> *History of American Literature*, p. 422.



declares that it is Poe's "superior weight of meaning which . . . enables him to overrun the boundaries of his own country and speech."<sup>1</sup> And Mr. Robertson, in commenting on Mr. James's charge of superficiality, exclaims: "When was verse so aspersed before?"<sup>2</sup>

By some of the critics, again, it has been objected that the matter of Poe's verse is too far removed from the things of ordinary life, that the poet dwelt too much in an ideal world; and by still others that his poems are without moral significance. "Poe wanted as a man," says Andrew Lang, "what his poetry also lacks; he wanted humanity."<sup>3</sup> "Life as we know it he scarcely touches at all," says Newcomer.<sup>4</sup> Duyckinck, a friend of Poe at one time, declared: "He lived entirely apart from the solidities and realities of life: was an abstraction; thought, wrote, and dealt solely in abstractions."<sup>5</sup> Of his alleged lack of wholesomeness and morality, Professor Brander Matthews writes: "There is no moral purpose, either explicit or implicit, to be discovered in his poetry," and, again: "His poems . . . lack not only moral purpose, but also spiritual meaning";<sup>6</sup> while Churton Collins declares that "of morality, or of anything pertaining to morality, he has nothing,"<sup>7</sup> and adds that his verses "never kindled a generous emotion or a noble thought."<sup>8</sup> Professor Richardson, on the other hand, protests that "it is an error to call Poe soul-less, non-ethical, pagan, a man of morbid taste, unrelated to the great problems of source, life, and destiny."<sup>9</sup> And Mr. Robertson says, with reference to the complaint that "Poe's poetry conveys no moral teachings or descriptions of life

<sup>1</sup> *The Dial*, November 16, 1909.

<sup>2</sup> *New Essays*, p. 76.

<sup>3</sup> *Poems of Poe*, ed. Lang, p. xiv.

<sup>4</sup> *American Literature*, p. 124.

<sup>5</sup> *Literary World*, January 26, 1850 (VI, p. 81).

<sup>6</sup> *Century Magazine*, December, 1910, p. 272.

<sup>7</sup> *Studies in Poetry and Criticism*, p. 42.

<sup>8</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 45.

<sup>9</sup> *Poe's Works*, I, pp. 1-li.

and scenery," that this "objection need only be conceived to be dismissed."<sup>1</sup> An anonymous contributor to the *British Quarterly Review*,<sup>2</sup> who writes with evident discrimination in most particulars, takes the extreme position that Poe's "ethical import is so unmistakably a part of his art, that . . . we must assert it is everywhere *burdened* by the *ethos*."

The critics have differed, too, as to the quality of Poe's imagination and as to the sincerity and spontaneity of his emotion. Professor Wendell, as already noted, pronounces poems and tales alike to be melodramatic.<sup>3</sup> Walt Whitman assigns to Poe an ultimate place "among the electric lights of imaginative literature, brilliant and dazzling, but with no heat."<sup>4</sup> Griswold objected that Poe's poems "evinced little genuine feeling";<sup>5</sup> and Lowell, in his famous characterization of the poet in his *Fable for Critics*, complained,—with evident allusion to the poems,—that "the heart somehow seems all squeezed out by the mind." Stoddard asserts that "there is nothing in Poe's poetry which indicates that it was written from the heart," that "there is a simulation of emotion in it, but the emotion is . . . imaginary."<sup>6</sup> And of *Ulalume*, which has been laid hold of oftener than any of the rest of the poems to illustrate this alleged defect, he says: "I can perceive no trace of grief in it, no intellectual sincerity, but a diseased determination to create the strange, the remote, and the terrible, and to exhaust ingenuity in order to do so." "No healthy mind," he goes on, "was ever impressed" by it.<sup>7</sup> But Professor Woodberry suggests that we perhaps have in *Ulalume* "the most spontaneous, the most unmistakably genuine utterance of Poe";<sup>8</sup> and Mr. Robertson asserts of *The City in the Sea*: "It cannot for a moment be

<sup>1</sup> *New Essays*, p. 81.

<sup>2</sup> July, 1875 (LXII, p. 212).

<sup>3</sup> *Stelligeri*, p. 138.

<sup>4</sup> *Whitman's Complete Prose Works* (Philadelphia, 1897), p. 157.

<sup>5</sup> "Memoir," p. xlviii.

<sup>6</sup> *Works of Poe*, I, p. viii.

<sup>7</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 149.

<sup>8</sup> *Life of Poe*, II, p. 235.

pretended of these verses, even by the sciolists of criticism, that they lack 'inspiration' and spontaneity of movement."<sup>1</sup> Churton Collins, after complaining of the excess of the mechanical in some of the poems, admits that "the fascination and witchery of much of Poe's poetry had its origin from mystic sources of genuine inspiration."<sup>2</sup>

By others, finally, it has been held that Poe relied too much at times on musical effects in verse, that, like Lanier, he attempted in language "feats that only the gamut can make possible." This view has been put forward by Stoddard<sup>3</sup> and by Professor W. C. Bronson<sup>4</sup> and Mr. Robertson,<sup>5</sup> among others; and *Ulalume*, again, in particular, has been instanced as giving exemplification of this fault. But Theodore Watts-Dunton, in his essay on "Poetry," in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, singles out this very poem to illustrate the skillful and legitimate employment of musical devices for poetic ends, and has no word of dispraise for Poe in this connection.<sup>6</sup>

This conflict of opinion, it may be added, is peculiar to no one period of the history of Poe criticism. During the poet's lifetime,

<sup>1</sup> *New Essays*, p. 87.

<sup>2</sup> *Studies in Poetry and Criticism*, p. 43.

<sup>3</sup> *Poe's Works*, I, pp. ix, 149.

<sup>4</sup> *A Short History of American Literature*, p. 167.

<sup>5</sup> *New Essays*, p. 87.

<sup>6</sup> It is interesting to observe that there has also been much difference of opinion as to the relative excellence of single poems. Popular opinion inclines to give first place to *The Raven*. But Poe, we can be sure, was well aware of the superior excellence, at least in the matter of poetic quality, of some of his early work. To a New England correspondent he wrote in 1848 that he considered *The Sleeper* "in the higher qualities" of poetry better than *The Raven*; and to Mrs. Richmond he declared in 1849 that he believed *For Annie* "much the best" of all his poems. Few students of Poe have subscribed to the popular verdict in favor of *The Raven*. Mallarmé preferred both *Ulalume* and *For Annie* to *The Raven*. Professor Page gives first place to *Ulalume*. Mr. Stebbing follows Poe in allotting first place to *For Annie*. Richardson holds that Poe never surpassed his early lyric *To Helen*. John Nichol and Mr. Ingram give first place to *Annabel Lee*. And both Stedman and Professor Woodberry declare *Israfel* to be the most precious of all the lyrics that Poe wrote.

certain of the critics, as Willis at the North and P. P. Cooke in the South, stood ever ready to sing his praises, while the New England school (with the exception of Lowell and a few others) were, on most points, arrayed against him. Since his death the pendulum has swung, slowly but steadily, towards a more favorable estimate; though there are still those who, with Mr. Brownell, can find little to commend in Poe beyond his artistry. Abroad, the estimate that has prevailed, especially in France, has been more favorable than that which has generally obtained in America.

If an explanation be sought of this extraordinary diversity of opinion, it will be found mainly in the world-old difference among critics as to the province and aims of poetry, the traditional clash between those who insist on the inculcation of moral ideas as the chief business of poetry and those who adhere to the doctrine of art for art's sake.<sup>1</sup> But it will be found in part in the fact that not a few of the critics — especially of the earlier critics — have allowed themselves to be influenced in their judgments by what they knew — or believed themselves to know — about the irregularities of Poe's life and character;<sup>2</sup> and in part, also, by the fact that a number of the critics have based their judgments of Poe, as most laymen do to-day, on only a few of the poems, the better-known *Raven* and *Bells* and *Annabel Lee*, ignoring such poems as *Israfel*, *The City in the Sea*, and *The Sleeper*, certainly as richly poetic as anything that Poe wrote.

<sup>1</sup> With Poe believing as he did that the sole province of poetry is beauty (see the *Letter to B*— and *The Poetic Principle*) and fitting his practice so consistently to his creed, it was inevitable that many of the critics should align themselves sharply against him, and equally inevitable that some should come strongly to his defense.

<sup>2</sup> Some, too, as Baudelaire, may have been influenced in the opposite direction by what they believed to be the injustice done Poe by Griswold and other early biographers.

## ABBREVIATIONS

- 1827: *Tamerlane and Other Poems*. By a Bostonian [Edgar A. Poe]. Boston, 1827.
- 1829: *Al Aaraaf, Tamerlane, and Minor Poems*. By Edgar A. Poe. Baltimore, 1829.
- 1831: *Poems*. By Edgar A. Poe. New York, 1831.
- 1845: *The Raven and Other Poems*. By Edgar A. Poe. New York, 1845.
- 1850: Poe's Poems in Vol. II. of *The Works of the Late Edgar Allan Poe*, ed. Rufus W. Griswold, New York, 1850.
- A. W. R.: *The American Whig Review* (New York).
- B. G. M.: *Burton's Gentleman's Magazine* (Philadelphia).
- B. J.: *The Broadway Journal* (New York).
- B. M.: *The Baltimore Museum*.
- Brownell: The chapter on Poe in W. C. Brownell's *American Prose Masters*, New York, 1909.
- Casket: *The Philadelphia Casket*.
- Critic: *The Critic* (London).
- Didier: *The Life and Poems of Edgar Allan Poe*, ed. E. L. Didier, revised edition, New York, 1879.
- E. M.: *The Evening Mirror* (New York).
- Examiner: *The Richmond Examiner*.
- F. O. U.: *The Flag of Our Union* (Boston).
- G. L. B.: *Godey's Lady's Book* (Philadelphia).
- Graham's: *Graham's Magazine* (Philadelphia).
- Griswold: *The Prose Writers of America*, ed. Rufus W. Griswold, Philadelphia, 1847, 1849, etc.
- Harrison: *The Complete Works of Edgar Allan Poe*, ed. James A. Harrison, New York [1902].
- H. J.: *The Home Journal* (New York).
- Ingram: *Edgar Allan Poe: His Life, Letters, and Opinions*. By John H. Ingram, revised and enlarged edition, London, 1891.

- L.E.:** *The Literary Emporium* (New York).
- Letters:** Vol. XVII of Harrison's edition of Poe's works.
- L.M.:** *Leaflets of Memory* (Philadelphia).
- L.W.:** *The Literary World* (New York).
- Markham:** The essay by Edwin Markham on "The Art and Genius of Poe" in Vol. I of the Cameo Edition of Poe's works, New York [1904].
- M.M.:** *The Missionary Memorial* (New York).
- Pioneer:** *The Pioneer* (Boston).
- P.J.:** *The Daily Journal* (Providence).
- P.P.A.:** *The Poets and Poetry of America*, ed. Rufus W. Griswold, Philadelphia, 1842, 1847, 1848, 1850, etc.
- Richardson:** *The Complete Works of Edgar Allan Poe*, ed. C. F. Richardson, New York [1902].
- Robertson:** The chapter on Poe in J. M. Robertson's *New Essays towards a Critical Method*, London, 1897.
- Sat. C.:** *The Saturday Courier* (Philadelphia).
- S.E.P.:** *The Saturday Evening Post* (Philadelphia).
- S.L.M.:** *The Southern Literary Messenger* (Richmond).
- S.M.:** *The Saturday Museum* (Philadelphia).
- S.M.V.:** *The Saturday Morning Visiter* (Baltimore).
- Stedman and Woodberry:** *The Works of Edgar Allan Poe*, ed. E. C. Stedman and George E. Woodberry, Chicago, 1894-1895; revised edition, New York, 1914.
- Stoddard:** *The Works of Edgar Allan Poe*, ed. R. H. Stoddard, New York, 1894.
- Tales (1840):** *Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque*. By Edgar A. Poe. Philadelphia, 1840.
- Tales (1845):** *Tales*. By Edgar A. Poe. New York, 1845.
- Tribune:** *The New York Tribune*.
- U.M.:** *The Union Magazine* (Philadelphia and New York).
- Weiss (Mrs.):** *The Home Life of Poe*. By Mrs. S. A. Weiss. New York, 1907.
- Whig:** *The Richmond Whig*.
- Whitty:** *The Complete Poems of Edgar Allan Poe*, ed. J. H. Whitty, Boston, 1911.
- Woodberry:** *The Life of Edgar Allan Poe*, revised edition. By George E. Woodberry, Boston, 1909.
- Yankee:** *The Boston Yankee and Literary Gazette*

# THE POEMS OF EDGAR ALLAN POE

## TEXT OF THE POEMS

### TAMERLANE

Kind solace in a dying hour!  
Such, father, is not (now) my theme —  
I will not madly deem that power  
Of Earth may shrive me of the sin  
Unearthly pride hath revell'd in — 5  
I have no time to dote or dream :

---

The text of 1827, inasmuch as it exhibits radical variations from the text adopted here (that of 1845), is reproduced in the footnotes in its entirety. Following this the variants for the rest of the printed texts are given. Italics are used in the footnotes to indicate the verbal variations from the adopted text (except that in the case of variants already in italics, a heavy-faced type is used). A list of the different volumes and periodicals in which each of the poems originally appeared is given in the Notes at the end of the volume.

### TEXT OF 1827

#### I.

*I have sent for thee, holy friar ;  
But 't was not with the drunken hope,  
Which is but agony of desire  
To shun the fate, with which to cope  
Is more than crime may dare to dream, 5  
That I have call'd thee at this hour :  
Such father is not my theme —  
Nor am I mad, to deem that power  
Of earth may shrive me of the sin  
Unearthly pride hath revell'd in — 10*

---

3 deem : *think* (1831).

You call it hope — that fire of fire !  
 It is but agony of desire :  
 If I *can* hope — oh, God ! I can —  
     Its fount is holier — more divine — 10  
 I would not call thee fool, old man,  
     But such is not a gift of thine.

Know thou the secret of a spirit  
     Bow'd from its wild pride into shame.  
 O yearning heart ! I did inherit 15  
     Thy withering portion with the fame,  
 The searing glory which hath shone  
 Amid the jewels of my throne,  
 Halo of Hell ! and with a pain  
 Not Hell shall make me fear again — 20  
 O craving heart, for the lost flowers  
 And sunshine of my summer hours !

---

I would not call thee fool, old man,  
 But *hope* is not a gift of thine ;  
 If I can hope (O God ! I can)  
*It falls from an eternal shrine.*

## II.

*The gay wall of this gaudy tower* 15  
*Grows dim around me — death is near.*  
*I had not thought, until this hour*  
*When passing from the earth, that ear*  
*Of any, were it not the shade*  
*Of one whom in life I made* 20  
*All mystery but a simple name,*  
*Might know the secret of a spirit*  
*Bow'd down in sorrow, and in shame. —*  
*Shame said'st thou ?*

*Aye I did inherit*  
*That hatred portion, with the fame,* 25  
*The worldly glory, which has shown*  
*A demon-light around my throne,*  
*Scorching my sear'd heart with a pain*  
 Not Hell shall make me fear again.



The undying voice of that dead time,  
 With its interminable chime,  
 Rings, in the spirit of a spell, 25  
 Upon thy emptiness — a knell.

I have not always been as now :  
 The fever'd diadem on my brow  
 I claim'd and won usurpingly —  
 Hath not the same fierce heirdom given 30  
 Rome to the Cæsar — this to me ?  
 The heritage of a kingly mind,  
 And a proud spirit which hath striven  
 Triumphantly with human kind.

On mountain soil I first drew life : 35  
 The mists of the Taglay have shed  
 Nightly their dews upon my head,  
 And, I believe, the winged strife

---

 III.

I have not always been as now — 30  
 The fever'd diadem on my brow  
 I claim'd and won usurpingly —  
*Aye* — the same *heritage* hath giv'n  
 Rome to the Cæsar — this to me ;  
 The *heirdom* of a kingly mind — 35  
 And a proud spirit, which hath striv'n  
 Triumphantly with human kind.

*In mountain air* I first drew life ;  
 The mists of the Taglay have shed  
 Nightly their dews *on my young* head ; 40  
 And *my brain drank their venom then,*  
*When after day of perilous* strife

---

26 After this line, 1831 inserts :

*Despair, the fabled vampire bat,  
 Hath long upon my bosom sat,  
 And I would rave, but that he flings  
 A calm from his unearthly wings.*

30 fierce : Omitted in 1831.

And tumult of the headlong air  
Have nestled in my very hair. 40

So late from Heaven — that dew — it fell  
(’Mid dreams of an unholy night)  
Upon me with the touch of Hell,  
While the red flashing of the light  
From clouds that hung, like banners, o’er, 45  
Appeared to my half-closing eye  
The pageantry of monarchy,  
And the deep trumpet-thunder’s roar  
Came hurriedly upon me, telling  
Of human battle, where my voice, 50  
My own voice, silly child! was swelling  
(O! how my spirit would rejoice,  
And leap within me at the cry)  
The battle-cry of Victory!

---

*With chamois, I would seize his den  
And slumber, in my pride of power,  
The infant monarch of the hour— 45  
For, with the mountain dew by night,  
My soul imbib’d unhallow’d feeling;  
And I would feel its essence stealing  
In dreams upon me — while the light  
Flashing from cloud that hover’d o’er, 50  
Would seem to my half closing eye  
The pageantry of monarchy!  
And the deep thunder’s echoing roar  
Came hurriedly upon me, telling  
Of war, and tumult, where my voice 55  
My own voice, silly child! was swelling  
(O how would my wild heart rejoice  
And leap within me at the cry)  
The battle-cry of victory!*

. . . . .

40 Have: *hath* (*Yankee*, 1831).

42 an: *one* (*Yankee*).

46 Appeared: *Seem’d then* (*Yankee*).

50 where my voice: *near me swelling* (*Yankee*).

- The rain came down upon my head 55  
 Unshelter'd — and the heavy wind  
 Rendered me mad and deaf and blind.  
 It was but man, I thought, who shed  
 Laurels upon me : and the rush,  
 The torrent of the chilly air 60  
 Gurgled within my ear the crush  
 Of empires — with the captive's prayer —  
 The hum of suitors — and the tone  
 Of flattery round a sovereign's throne.
- My passions, from that hapless hour, 65  
 Usurp'd a tyranny which men

## IV.

- The rain came down upon my head 60  
*But barely shelter'd — and the wind*  
*Pass'd quickly o'er me — but my mind*  
*Was mad'ning — for 't was man that shed*  
 Laurels upon me — and the rush,  
 The torrent of the chilly air 65  
 Gurgled *in my pleas'd ear the crash*  
 Of empires, with the captive's prayer,  
 The hum of suitors, the *mix'd* tone  
 Of flatt'ry round a sov'reign's throne.
- The storm had ceas'd — and I awoke —* 70  
*Its spirit cradled me to sleep,*  
*And as it pass'd me by, there broke*  
*Strange light upon me, tho' it were*  
*My soul in mystery to sleep :*  
*For I was not as I had been ;* 75  
*The child of Nature, without care,*  
*Or thought, save of the passing scene.—*

## V.

- My passions, from that hapless hour,  
 Usurp'd a tyranny, which men

57 *Was giantlike — so thou, my mind ! (Yankee, 1829, 1831).*

64 sovereign's throne : *sovereign-throne (Yankee).*

Have deem'd, since I have reach'd to power,  
 My innate nature — be it so :  
 But, father, there liv'd one who, then,  
 Then — in my boyhood — when their fire 70  
 Burn'd with a still intenser glow  
 (For passion must, with youth, expire)  
 E'en *then* who knew this iron heart  
 In woman's weakness had a part.

I have no words — alas! — to tell 75  
 The loveliness of loving well!

---

Have deem'd, since I have reach'd to power 80  
 My innate nature — be it so :  
 But, father, there liv'd one who, then —  
 Then, in my boyhood, when their fire  
 Burn'd with a still intenser glow ;  
 (For passion must with youth expire) 85  
 Ev'n *then*, who *deem'd* this iron heart  
 In woman's weakness had a part.

I have no words, alas! to tell  
 The loveliness of loving well!

---

73 this iron heart: *that as infinite* (1831).

74 *My soul — so was the weakness in it* (1831). After this line, 1831 inserts the following (subsequently used as a part of *The Lake: To —*):

|   |   |
|---|---|
| <i>For in those days it was my lot</i>                | <i>Yet that terror was not fright —</i>   |
| <i>To haunt of the wide world a spot</i>              | <i>But a tremulous delight —</i>          |
| <i>The which I could not love the less.</i>           | <i>A feeling not the jewell'd mine</i>    |
| <i>So lovely was the loneliness</i>                   | <i>Could ever bribe me to define,</i>     |
| <i>Of a wild lake with black rock bound,</i>          | <i>Nor love, Ada! tho' it were thine.</i> |
| <i>And the sultan-like pines that tower'd around!</i> | <i>How could I from that water bring</i>  |
| <i>But when the night had thrown her pall</i>         | <i>Solace to my imagining?</i>            |
| <i>Upon that spot as upon all,</i>                    | <i>My solitary soul — how make</i>        |
| <i>And the black wind murmur'd by,</i>                | <i>An Eden of that dim lake?</i>          |
| <i>In a dirge of melody ;</i>                         |   |
| <i>My infant spirit would awake</i>                   | <i>But then a gentler, calmer spell,</i>  |
| <i>To the terror of that lone lake.</i>               | <i>Like moonlight on my spirit fell.</i>  |

75 *And O! I have no words to tell* (1831).

Nor would I now attempt to trace  
 The more than beauty of a face  
 Whose lineaments, upon my mind,  
 Are — shadows on th' unstable wind : 80  
 Thus I remember having dwelt  
     Some page of early lore upon,  
 With loitering eye, till I have felt  
 The letters — with their meaning — melt  
     To fantasies — with none. 85

O, she was worthy of all love !  
 Love — as in infancy was mine —

---

Nor would I *dare* attempt to trace 90  
 The *breathing* beauty of a face,  
 Which *ev'n* to my *impassion'd* mind,  
 Leaves not its memory behind.  
 In *spring of life* have ye *ne'er* dwelt  
 Some *object of delight* upon, 95  
 With *steadfast* eye, till ye have felt  
 The *earth reel* — and the *vision gone* ?  
 And I have held to *mem'ry's* eye  
 One *object* — and but one — until  
 Its *very form* hath *pass'd* me by, 100  
 But left its *influence* with me still.

## VI.

'Tis not to thee that I should name —  
 Thou can'st not — would'st not dare to think  
 The magic empire of a flame  
 Which *ev'n* upon this *perilous brink* 105  
 Hath *fix'd* my soul, tho' *unforgiv'n*  
 By what it lost for *passion* — *Heav'n*.  
 I lov'd — and O, how *tenderly* !  
 Yes ! she worthy of all love !  
 Such as in infancy was mine 110

77 Nor would I: I will not (1831).

81 Thus I: I well (1831).

82 Some page: Pages (1831).

86 O, she was: Was she not (1831).

'T was such as angel minds above  
 Might envy ; her young heart the shrine  
 On which my every hope and thought  
 Were incense — then a goodly gift,  
 For they were childish and upright —  
 Pure — as her young example taught :  
 Why did I leave it, and, adrift,  
 Trust to the fire within, for light ?

We grew in age — and love — together —  
 Roaming the forest and the wild ;  
 My breast her shield in wintry weather —  
 And, when the friendly sunshine smil'd,  
 And she would mark the opening skies,  
*I saw no Heaven — but in her eyes.*

Young Love's first lesson is — the heart :  
 For 'mid that sunshine and those smiles,

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*Tho' then its passion could not be :*  
 'T was such as angel minds above  
 Might envy — her young heart the shrine  
 On which my ev'ry hope and thought  
 Were incense — then a goodly gift —  
 For they were childish, *without sin,*  
 Pure as her young examples taught ;  
 Why did I leave it and adrift,  
 Trust to the *fickle star* within

#### VII.

We grew in age, and love together,  
 Roaming the forest and the wild ;  
 My breast her shield in wintry weather,  
 And when the friendly sunshine smil'd  
 And she would mark the op'ning skies,  
 I saw no Heav'n, but in her eyes —  
*Ev'n childhood knows the human heart ;*  
 For *when, in* sunshine and *in* smiles,

When, from our little cares apart,  
 And laughing at her girlish wiles, 105  
 I'd throw me on her throbbing breast,  
 And pour my spirit out in tears —  
 There was no need to speak the rest —  
 No need to quiet any fears  
 Of her — who ask'd no reason why, 110  
 But turned on me her quiet eye !

Yet *more* than worthy of the love  
 My spirit struggled with, and strove,  
 When, on the mountain peak, alone,  
 Ambition lent it a new tone — 115

---

From *all* our little cares apart,  
 Laughing at her *half silly* wiles,  
 I'd throw me on her throbbing breast, 130  
 And pour my spirit out in tears,  
*She'd look up in my wilder'd eye —*  
 There was no need to speak the rest —  
 No need to quiet *her kind* fears —  
*She did not ask the reason why.* 135

*The hallow'd mem'ry of those years  
 Comes o'er me in these lonely hours,  
 And, with sweet loveliness, appears  
 As perfume of strange summer flow'rs ;  
 Of flow'rs which we have known before 140  
 In infancy, which seen, recall  
 To mind — not flow'rs alone — but more  
 Our earthly life, and love — and all.*

## VIII.

*Yes ! she was worthy of all love !  
 Ev'n such as from th' accursed time 145  
 My spirit with the tempest strove,  
 When on the mountain peak alone,  
 Ambition lent it a new tone,*

---

106 throw me on her throbbing: *lean upon her gentle* (1831).

110 her: *hers* (1831).

112-115 Omitted in 1831.

I had no being — but in thee :

The world, and all it did contain

In the earth — the air — the sea —

Its joy — its little lot of pain

That was new pleasure — the ideal,

120

Dim, vanities of dreams by night —

And dimmer nothings which were real —

(Shadows — and a more shadowy light !)

*And bade it first to dream of crime,*

*My phrenzy to her bosom taught :*

150

*We still were young : no purer thought*

*Dwell in a seraph's breast than thine ;*

*For passionate love is still divine :*

*I lov'd her as an angel might*

*With ray of the all living light*

155

*Which blazes upon Edis' shrine.*

*It is not surely sin to name,*

*With such as mine — that mystic flame,*

*I had no being but in thee !*

*The world with all its train of bright*

160

*And happy beauty (for to me*

*All was an undefin'd delight).*

*The world — its joy — its share of pain*

*Which I felt not — its bodied forms*

*Of varied being, which contain*

165

*The bodiless spirits of the storms,*

*The sunshine, and the calm — the ideal*

*And fleeting vanities of dreams,*

*Fearfully beautiful ! the real*

*Nothings of mid-day waking life —*

170

*Of an enchanted life, which seems,*

*Now as I look back, the strife*

*Of some ill demon, with a power*

*Which left me in an evil hour,*

*All that I felt, or saw, or thought,*

175

119 *Of pleasure or of pain (1831).*

120 *The good, the bad, the ideal (1831).*



Parted upon their misty wings,  
 And, so, confusedly, became 125  
 Thine image and — a name — a name!  
 Two separate — yet most intimate things.

I was ambitious — have you known  
 The passion, father? You have not:

---

*Crowding, confused became*  
*(With thine unearthly beauty fraught)*  
*Thou — and the nothing of a name.*

## IX.

*The passionate spirit which hath known,*  
*And deeply felt the silent tone* 180  
*Of its own self supremacy, —*  
*(I speak thus openly to thee,*  
*'T were folly now to veil a thought*  
*With which this aching, breast is fraught)*  
*The soul which feels its innate right —* 185  
*The mystic empire and high power*  
*Giv'n by the energetic might*  
*Of Genius, at its natal hour;*  
*Which knows [believe me at this time,*  
*When falsehood wore a ten-fold crime,* 190  
*There is a power in the high spirit*  
*To know the fate it will inherit]*  
*The soul, which knows such power, will still*  
*Find Pride the ruler of its will.*

*Yes! I was proud — and ye who know* 195  
*The magic of that meaning word,*  
*So oft perverted, will bestow*  
*Your scorn, perhaps, when ye have heard*  
*That the proud spirit had been broken,*  
*The proud heart burst in agony* 200  
*At one upbraiding word or token*  
*Of her that heart's idolatry —*  
 I was ambitious — have ye known  
 Its fiery passion? — ye have not —

A cottager, I mark'd a throne 130  
 Of half the world as all my own,  
     And murmur'd at such lowly lot —  
 But, just like any other dream,  
     Upon the vapor of the dew  
 My own had past, did not the beam 135  
     Of beauty which did while it thro'  
 The minute — the hour — the day — oppress  
 My mind with double loveliness.

We walk'd together on the crown 140  
 Of a high mountain which look'd down  
 Afar from its proud natural towers  
     Of rock and forest, on the hills —  
 The dwindled hills! begirt with bowers  
     And shouting with a thousand rills.

---

A cottager, I mark'd a throne 205  
 Of half the world, as all my own,  
 And murmur'd at such lowly lot!  
 But *it had pass'd me as a dream*  
*Which, of light step, flies with the dew,*  
*That kindling thought* — did not the beam 210  
 Of Beauty, which did *guide* it through  
 The *livelong summer* day, oppress  
 My mind with double loveliness —  
 . . . . .

## X.

We walk'd together on the crown 215  
 Of a high mountain, which look'd down  
 Afar from its proud natural towers  
 Of rock and forest, on the hills —  
 The dwindled hills, *whence amid* bowers  
*Her own fair hand had rear'd around,*  
*Gush'd shoutingly* a thousand rills, 220  
*Which as it were, in fairy bound*  
*Embrac'd two hamlets — those our own —*  
*Peacefully happy — yet alone —*  
 . . . . .

I spoke to her of power and pride, 145  
 But mystically — in such guise  
 That she might deem it nought beside  
 The moment's converse ; in her eyes  
 I read, perhaps too carelessly,  
 A mingled feeling with my own — 150  
 The flush on her bright cheek, to me  
 Seem'd to become a queenly throne  
 Too well that I should let it be  
 Light in the wilderness alone.

---

I spoke to her of power and pride —  
 But mystically, in such guise, 225  
 That she might deem it naught beside  
 The moment's converse, in her eyes  
 I read [perhaps too carelessly]  
 A mingled feeling with my own ;  
 The flush on her bright cheek, to me, 230  
 Seem'd to become a queenly throne  
 Too well, that I should let it be  
 A light in the *dark wild*, alone.

## XI.

*There — in that hour — a thought came o'er*  
*My mind, it had not known before —* 235  
*To leave her while we both were young, —*  
*To follow my high fate among*  
*The strife of nations, and redeem*  
*The idle words, which, as a dream*  
*Now sounded to her heedless ear —* 240  
*I held no doubt — I knew no fear*  
*Of peril in my wild career ;*  
*To gain an empire, and throw down*  
*As nuptial dowry — a queen's crown*  
*The only feeling which possess,* 245  
*With her own image, my fond breast —*

---

151 on her bright : *upon* her (1831).

152 to become : *fitted for* (1831).

I wrapp'd myself in grandeur then 155  
 And donn'd a visionary crown —  
 Yet it was not that Fantasy  
 Had thrown her mantle over me —  
 But that, among the rabble — men,  
 Lion ambition is chain'd down — 160  
 And crouches to a keeper's hand —  
 Not so in deserts where the grand —  
 The wild — the terrible conspire  
 With their own breath to fan his fire.

---

*Who, that had known the secret thought  
 Of a young peasant's bosom then,  
 Had deem'd him, in compassion, aught  
 But one, whom phantasy had led 250  
 Astray from reason — Among men  
 Ambition is chain'd down — nor fed  
 [As in the desert, where the grand,  
 The wild, the beautiful, conspire  
 With their own breath to fan its fire] 255  
 With thoughts such feeling can command;  
 Uncheck'd by sarcasm, and scorn  
 Of those, who hardly will conceive  
 That any should become "great," born  
 In their own sphere — will not believe 260  
 That they shall stoop in life to one  
 Whom daily they are wont to see  
 Familiarly — whom Fortune's sun  
 Hath ne'er shone dazlingly upon  
 Lowly — and of their own degree — 265*

## XII.

*I pictur'd to my fancy's eye  
 Her silent, deep astonishment,  
 When, a few fleeting years gone by,  
 (For short the time my high hope lent  
 To its most desperate intent,) 270  
 She might recall in him, whom Fame  
 Had gilded with a conqueror's name,*

*(With glory — such as might inspire  
 Perforce, a passing thought of one,  
 Whom she had deem'd in his own fire  
 275  
 Wither'd and blasted; who had gone  
 A traitor, violate of the truth  
 So plighted in his early youth,  
 Her own Alexis, who should plight  
 The love he plighted then — again,  
 280  
 And raise his infancy's delight,  
 The bride and queen of Tamerlane —*

## XIII.

*One noon of a bright summer's day  
 I pass'd from out the matted bow'r  
 285  
 Where in a deep, still slumber lay  
 My Ada. In that peaceful hour,  
 A silent gaze was my farewell.  
 I had no other solace — then  
 T' awake her, and a falsehood tell  
 Of a feign'd journey, were again  
 290  
 To trust the weakness of my heart  
 To her soft thrilling voice: To part  
 Thus, haply, while in sleep she dream'd  
 Of long delight, nor yet had deem'd  
 Awake, that I had held a thought  
 295  
 Of parting, were with madness fraught;  
 I knew not woman's heart, alas!  
 Tho' lov'd, and loving — let it pass. —*

## XIV.

*I went from out the matted bow'r,  
 And hurried madly on my way:  
 300  
 And felt, with ev'ry flying hour,  
 That bore me from my home, more gay;  
 There is of earth an agony  
 Which, ideal, still may be  
 The worst ill of mortality.  
 305  
 Tis bliss, in its own reality,  
 Too real, to his breast who lives  
 Not within himself but gives  
 A portion of his willing soul  
 To God, and to the great whole —  
 310  
 To him, whose loving spirit will dwell  
 With Nature, in her wild paths; tell*

Look round thee now on Samarcand! — 165  
 Is she not queen of Earth? her pride  
 Above all cities? in her hand  
 Their destinies? in all beside  
 Of glory which the world hath known  
 Stands she not nobly and alone? 170  
 Falling — her veriest stepping-stone  
 Shall form the pedestal of a throne —

---

*Of her wond'rous ways, and telling bless  
 Her overpow'ring loveliness!  
 A more than agony to him 315  
 Whose failing sight will grow dim  
 With its own living gaze upon  
 That loveliness around: the sun —  
 The blue sky — the misty light  
 Of the pale cloud therein, whose hue 320  
 Is grace to its heav'nly bed of blue;  
 Dim! tho' looking on all bright!  
 O God! when the thoughts that may not pass  
 Will burst upon him, and alas!  
 For the flight on Earth to Fancy giv'n, 325  
 There are no words — unless of Heav'n.*

## XV.

Look 'round thee now on Samarcand,  
 Is she not queen of earth? her pride  
 Above all cities? in her hand  
 Their destinies? *with* all beside 330  
 Of glory, which the world hath known?  
 Stands she not *proudly* and alone?

---

165-176 For these lines, 1831 substitutes the following:

*Say, holy father, breathes there yet  
 A rebel or a Bajazet?  
 How now! why tremble, man of gloom,  
 As if my words were the Simoom!  
 Why do the people bow the knee,  
 To the young Tamerlane — to me!*

And who her sovereign? Timour — he

Whom the astonished people saw

Striding o'er empires haughtily

A diadem'd outlaw!

175

O, human love! thou spirit given,

On Earth, of all we hope in Heaven!

Which fall'st into the soul like rain

Upon the Siroc-wither'd plain,

180

And, failing in thy power to bless,

But leav'st the heart a wilderness!

Idea! which bindest life around

With music of so strange a sound

And beauty of so wild a birth —

185

Farewell! for I have won the Earth.

And who her sov'reign? Timur he

Whom th' astonish'd earth hath seen,

*With victory, on victory,*

335

*Redoubling age! and more, I ween,*

*The Zinghis' yet re-echoing fame.*

*And now what has he? what! a name.*

*The sound of revelry by night*

*Comes o'er me, with the mingled voice*

340

*Of many with a breast as light,*

*As if 't were not the dying hour*

*Of one, in whom they did rejoice —*

*As in a leader, haply — Power*

*Its venom secretly imparts;*

345

*Nothing have I with human hearts.*

## XVI.

*When Fortune mark'd me for her own,*

*And my proud hopes had reach'd a throne*

*[It boots me not, good friar, to tell*

*A tale the world but knows to well,*

350

*How by what hidden deeds of might*

*I clamber'd to the tottering height,]*

When Hope, the eagle that tower'd, could see  
 No cliff beyond him in the sky,  
 His pinions were bent droopingly —  
 And homeward turn'd his soften'd eye. 190

'T was sunset : when the sun will part  
 There comes a sullenness of heart  
 To him who still would look upon  
 The glory of the summer sun.  
 That soul will hate the ev'ning mist 195  
 So often lovely, and will list  
 To the sound of the coming darkness (known  
 To those whose spirits harken) as one  
 Who, in a dream of night, *would* fly  
 But *cannot* from a danger nigh. 200

---

*I still was young : and well I ween  
 My spirit what it e'er had been.  
 My eyes were still on pomp and power, 355  
 My wilder'd heart was far away,  
 In vallies of the wild Taglay,  
 In mine own Ada's matted bow'r.  
 I dwelt not long in Samarcand  
 Ere, in a peasant's lovely guise, 360  
 I sought my long-abandon'd land,  
 By sunset did its mountains rise  
 In dusky grandeur to my eyes :  
 But as I wander'd on the way  
 My heart sunk with the sun's ray. 365  
 To him, who still would gaze upon  
 The glory of the summer sun,  
 There comes, when *that* sun will from him part,  
 A sullen hopelessness of heart.  
 That soul will hate the ev'ning mist 370  
 So often lovely, and will list  
 To the sound of the coming darkness [known  
 To those whose spirits hark'n] as one  
 Who in a dream of night would fly  
 But cannot from a danger nigh. 375*



What tho' the moon — the white moon —  
 Shed all the splendor of her noon,  
*Her* smile is chilly — and *her* beam,  
 In that time of dreariness, will seem  
 (So like you gather in your breath) 205  
 A portrait taken after death.  
 And boyhood is a summer sun  
 Whose waning is the dreariest one.  
 For all we live to know is known,  
 And all we seek to keep hath flown. 210  
 Let life, then, as the day-flower, fall  
 With the noon-day beauty — which is all.

I reach'd my home — my home no more —  
 For all had flown who made it so.

---

What though the moon — the *silvery* moon  
*Shine on his path, in her high noon ;*  
**Her** smile is chilly, and **her** beam  
 In that time of dreariness will seem  
*As the portrait of one after death ;* 380  
*A likeness taken when the breath*  
*Of young life, and the fire o' the eye,*  
*Had lately been but had pass'd by.*  
*'Tis thus when the lovely summer sun*  
*Of our boyhood, his course hath run :* 385  
 For all we live to know — is known ;  
 And all we seek to keep — hath flown ;  
 With the noon-day beauty, which is all.  
 Let life, then, as the day-flow'r, fall —  
*The transient, passionate day-flow'r,* 390  
*Withering at the ev'ning hour.*

## XVII.

I reach'd my home — my home no more —  
 For all *was* flown *that* made it so —

202 splendor: *beauty* (1831).

207-212 Omitted in 1831.

213-221 For these lines, 1831 substitutes the following:

I reach'd my home—*what home? above,* *Lonely, like me, the desert rose,*  
*My home — my hope — my early love,* *Bow'd down with its own glory grows.*

I pass'd from out its mossy door, 215  
 And, tho' my tread was soft and low,  
 A voice came from the threshold stone  
 Of one whom I had earlier known —  
 O, I defy thee, Hell, to show  
 On beds of fire that burn below, 220  
 An humbler heart — a deeper wo.

Father, I firmly do believe —  
 I *know* — for Death who comes for me  
 From regions of the blest afar,  
 Where there is nothing to deceive, 225  
 Hath left his iron gate ajar,  
 And rays of truth you cannot see  
 Are flashing thro' Eternity —  
 I do believe that Eblis hath  
 A snare in every human path — 230  
 Else how, when in the holy grove  
 I wandered of the idol, Love,  
 Who daily scents his snowy wings  
 With incense of burnt offerings

---

I pass'd from out its mossy door,  
*In vacant idleness of woe.* 395  
*There met me on its threshold stone*  
*A mountain hunter, I had known*  
*In childhood but he knew me not.*  
*Something he spoke of the old cot :*  
*It had seen better days, he said :* 400  
**There rose a fountain once, and there**  
*Full many a fair flow'r rais'd its head :*  
*But she who rear'd them was long dead,*  
*And in such follies had no part,*  
*What was there left me now ? despair —* 405  
*A kingdom for a broken — heart.*

From the most unpolluted things, 235  
 Whose pleasant bowers are yet so riven  
 Above with trellis'd rays from Heaven  
 No mote may shun — no tiniest fly —  
 The light'ning of his eagle eye —  
 How was it that Ambition crept, 240  
     Unseen, amid the revels there,  
 Till growing bold, he laughed and leapt  
     In the tangles of Love's very hair?

(1827)

## SONG

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

235 unpolluted: *undefiled* (*Yankee*, 1831).

243 very: *brilliant* (*Yankee*). After this line, 1831 adds the following lines (which are an imperfect draft of *A Dream within a Dream*):

*If my peace hath flown away  
 In a night — or in a day —  
 In a vision — or in none —  
 Is it, therefore, the less gone?  
 I was standing 'mid the roar  
 Of a wind-beaten shore,  
 And I held within my hand  
 Some particles of sand —  
 How bright! And yet to creep  
 Thro' my fingers to the deep!  
 My early hopes? no — they  
 Went gloriously away,  
 Like lightning from the sky —  
 Why in the battle did not I?*

Title *To* — — (1827, 1829).

1 thy: *the* (1827).

And in thine eye a kindling light 5  
 (Whatever it might be)  
 Was all on Earth my aching sight  
 Of Loveliness could see.

That blush, perhaps, was maiden shame —  
 As such it well may pass — 10  
 Though its glow hath raised a fiercer flame  
 In the breast of him, alas!

Who saw thee on that bridal day,  
 When that deep blush *would* come o'er thee,  
 Though happiness around thee lay, 15  
 The world all love before thee.

(1827)

## DREAMS

Oh! that my young life were a lasting dream!  
 My spirit not awak'ning till the beam  
 Of an Eternity should bring the morrow.  
 Yes! tho' that long dream were of hopeless sorrow,  
 'T were better than the cold reality 5  
 Of waking life, to him whose heart must be,  
 And hath been still, upon the lovely earth,  
 A chaos of deep passion, from his birth.  
 But should it be — that dream eternally  
 Continuing — as dreams have been to me 10  
 In my young boyhood — should it thus be giv'n,  
 'T were folly still to hope for higher Heav'n.  
 For I have revell'd, when the sun was bright  
 I' the summer sky, in dreams of living light

5 a: *the* (1827).6 *Of young passion free* (1827).7 aching: *chain'd* (1827), *fetter'd* (1829).8 could: *might* (1827).9 perhaps: *I ween* (1827).13 thee: *the* (1827).

## SPIRITS OF THE DEAD

23

And loveliness, — have left my very heart 15  
 In climes of mine imagining, apart  
 From mine own home, with beings that have been  
 Of mine own thought — what more could I have seen?  
 'T was once — and only once — and the wild hour  
 From my remembrance shall not pass — some pow'r 20  
 Or spell had bound me — 't was the chilly wind  
 Came o'er me in the night, and left behind  
 Its image on my spirit — or the moon  
 Shone on my slumbers in her lofty noon  
 Too coldly — or the stars — howe'er it was, 25  
 That dream was as that night-wind — let it pass.

*I have been* happy, tho' [but] in a dream.  
 I have been happy — and I love the theme:  
 Dreams! in their vivid coloring of life,  
 As in that fleeting, shadowy, misty strife 30  
 Of semblance with reality which brings  
 To the delirious eye, more lovely things  
 Of Paradise and Love — and all our own!  
 Than young Hope in his sunniest hour hath known.

(1827)

## SPIRITS OF THE DEAD

## I.

Thy soul shall find itself alone  
 'Mid dark thoughts of the gray tombstone —  
 Not one, of all the crowd, to pry  
 Into thine hour of secrecy.

## II.

Be silent in that solitude, 5  
 Which is not loneliness — for then

Title *Visit of the Dead* (1827).

2 *Alone of all on earth — unknown* (1827).

3 *The cause — but none are near to pry* (1827).

The spirits of the dead who stood  
 In life before thee are again  
 In death around thee — and their will  
 Shall overshadow thee : be still.

10

## III.

The night, tho' clear, shall frown —  
 And the stars shall look not down  
 From their high thrones in the heaven,  
 With light like Hope to mortals given —  
 But their red orbs, without beam,  
 To thy weariness shall seem  
 As a burning and a fever  
 Which would cling to thee for ever.

15

## IV.

Now are thoughts thou shalt not banish,  
 Now are visions ne'er to vanish ;  
 From thy spirit shall they pass  
 No more — like dew-drop from the grass.

20

## V.

The breeze — the breath of God — is still —  
 And the mist upon the hill,

- 
- 10 overshadow : *then* o'ershadow (1827).  
 11 The : *For* the (1827).  
 13 From their thrones, in the *dark* heav'n (1827).  
 16 weariness : *withering heart* (1827).  
 17 fever : *fever* (1827).  
 19 *But 't will leave thee, as each star* (1827).  
 20 *In the morning light afar* (1827).  
 21 *Will fly thee — and vanish* (1827).  
 22 *But its thought thou can'st not banish* (1827).  
 23 The breath of God *will be still* (1827).  
 24 mist : *wish* (1827).

EVENING STAR

25

Shadowy — shadowy — yet unbroken,  
 Is a symbol and a token —  
 How it hangs upon the trees,  
 A mystery of mysteries !

(1827)

EVENING STAR

'T was noontide of summer,  
 And mid-time of night ;  
 And stars, in their orbits,  
 Shone pale, thro' the light  
 Of the brighter, cold moon,  
 'Mid planets her slaves,  
 Herself in the Heavens,  
 Her beam on the waves.

5

I gaz'd a while  
 On her cold smile ;  
 Too cold — too cold for me.  
 There pass'd, as a shroud,  
 A fleecy cloud,

10

And I turn'd away to thee,  
 Proud Evening Star,  
 In thy glory afar,  
 And dearer thy beam shall be ;  
 For joy to my heart  
 Is the proud part

15

Thou bearest in Heav'n at night,  
 And more I admire  
 Thy distant fire  
 Than that colder, lowly light.

20

(1827)

25 *By that summer breeze unbrok'n (1827).*

26 *Shall charm thee — as a token (1827).*

27 *And a symbol which shall be (1827).*

28 *Secrecy in thee (1827).*

## A DREAM WITHIN A DREAM

Take this kiss upon the brow!  
 And, in parting from you now,  
 Thus much let me avow:  
 You are not wrong, who deem  
 That my days have been a dream; 5  
 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*?

The texts of 1827 and 1829 differ radically from the text of 1849, and hence are reproduced here in their entirety. The variants of the *Yankee* and 1831 are given at the foot of the page.

## IMITATION (1827)

*A dark unfathom'd tide  
 Of interminable pride —  
 A mystery, and a dream,  
 Should my early life seem;  
 I say that dream was fraught 5  
 With a wild, and waking thought  
 Of beings that have been,  
 Which my spirit hath not seen,  
 Had I let them pass me by,*

## To ——— (1829)

1.

*Should my early life seem,  
 [As well it might,] a dream —  
 Yet I build no faith upon  
 The king Napoleon — 5  
 I look not up afar 5  
 For my destiny in a star:*

2.

*In parting from you now  
 Thus much I will avow —  
 There are beings, and have been  
 Whom my spirit had not seen 10  
 Had I let them pass me by  
 With a dreaming eye —  
 If my peace hath fled away  
 In a night — or in a day —  
 In a vision — or in none — 15  
 Is it therefore the less gone? —*

Title Omitted in *Yankee* and in 1831 (where the poem is appended to *Tamerlane*), both these texts being fragmentary.

1-5 Omitted in *Yankee* and 1831.

6 Yet if Hope has: If *my peace hath* (*Yankee*, 1831).



*All* that we see or seem 10  
Is but a dream within a dream.

I stand amid the roar  
Of a surf-tormented shore,  
And I hold within my hand  
Grains of the golden sand — 15  
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? 20

---

|   |    |    |                                |
|---|----|----|--------------------------------|
| <i>With a dreaming eye!</i>               | 10 | 3. |                                |
| <i>Let none of earth inherit</i>          |    |    | I am standing 'mid the roar    |
| <i>That vision on my spirit;</i>          |    |    | Of a weather-beaten shore,     |
| <i>Those thoughts I would controul,</i>   |    |    | And I hold within my hand      |
| <i>As a spell upon his soul:</i>          |    |    | Some particles of sand — 20    |
| <i>For that bright hope at last</i>       | 15 |    | How few! and how they creep    |
| <i>And that light time have past,</i>     |    |    | Thro' my fingers to the deep!  |
| <i>And my worldly rest hath gone</i>      |    |    | My early hopes? no — they      |
| <i>With a sight as it pass'd on:</i>      |    |    | Went gloriously away,          |
| <i>I care not tho' it perish</i>          |    |    | Like lightning from the sky 25 |
| <i>With a thought I then did cherish.</i> | 20 |    | At once — and so will I.       |

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10, 11 Omitted in *Yankee* and 1831.

12 stand: *am standing* (*Yankee*), *was standing* (1831).

13 surf-tormented: *weatherbeaten* (*Yankee*), *wind-beaten* (1831).

14 hold: *held* (1831).

15 *Some particles* of sand (*Yankee*, 1831).

16 yet: *and* (*Yankee*); How bright! And yet to creep (1831).

18-24 *Yankee* substitutes the following:

*My early hopes? — No — they*  
*Went gloriously away,*  
*Like lightning from the sky*  
*At once — and so will I.*

1831 makes the same substitution, except that for the last of these four lines, it reads:

*Why in the battle did not I?*

O God! can I not save  
*One* from the pitiless wave?  
 Is *all* that we see or seem  
 But a dream within a dream?

(1827)

## STANZAS

How often we forget all time, when lone  
 Admiring Nature's universal throne;  
 Her woods — her wilds — her mountains — the intense  
 Reply of *HERS* to *OUR* intelligence!

## I.

In youth have I known one with whom the Earth,  
 In secret, communing held — as he with it,  
 In daylight, and in beauty from his birth:  
 Whose fervid, flick'ring torch of life was lit  
 From the sun and stars, whence he had drawn forth 5  
 A passionate light — such for his spirit was fit —  
 And yet that spirit knew not — in the hour  
 Of its own fervor — what had o'er it power.

## 4.

*So young! ah! no — not now —  
 Thou hast not seen my brow,  
 But they tell thee I am proud —  
 They lie — they lie aloud — 30  
 My bosom beats with shame  
 At the paltriness of name  
 With which they dare combine  
 A feeling such as mine —  
 Nor Stoic? I am not: 35  
 In the terror of my lot  
 I laugh to think how poor  
 That pleasure "to endure!"  
 What! shade of Zeno! — I!  
 Endure! — no — no — defy. 40*

## 2.

Perhaps it may be that my mind is wrought  
 To a fever by the moonbeam that hangs o'er, 10  
 But I will half believe that wild light fraught,  
 With more of sov'reignty than ancient lore  
 Hath ever told — or is it of a thought  
 The unembodied essence, and no more,  
 That with a quick'ning spell doth o'er us pass 15  
 As dew of the night-time, o'er the summer grass?

## 3.

Doth o'er us pass, when, as th' expanding eye  
 To the lov'd object — so the tear to the lid  
 Will start, which lately slept in apathy?  
 And yet it need not be — that object — hid 20  
 From us in life — but common — which doth lie  
 Each hour before us — but *then* only, bid  
 With a strange sound, as of a harp-string broken,  
 T' awake us — 'T is a symbol and a token

## 4.

Of what in other worlds shall be — and giv'n 25  
 In beauty by our God, to those alone  
 Who otherwise would fall from life and Heav'n,  
 Drawn by their heart's passion, and that tone,  
 That high tone of the spirit which hath striv'n,  
 Tho' not with Faith — with godliness — whose throne 30  
 With desp'rate energy 't hath beaten down;  
 Wearing its own deep feeling as a crown.

(1827)

## A DREAM

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

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

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

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

(1827)

Title Omitted in 1827.

1 1827 prefixes the following stanza:

*A wilder'd being from my birth  
 My spirit spurn'd control,  
 But now, abroad on the wide earth,  
 Where wand'rest thou my soul?*

5 Ah: *And* (1827, 1829).

13 storm and: *misty* (1827).

14 trembled from: *dimly shone* (1827).

"THE HAPPIEST DAY, THE HAPPIEST HOUR"

The happiest day, the happiest hour  
My sear'd and blighted heart hath known,  
The highest hope of pride and power,  
I feel hath flown.

Of power! said I? yes! such I ween; 5  
But they have vanish'd long, alas!  
The visions of my youth have been —  
But let them pass.

And, pride, what have I now with thee?  
Another brow may ev'n inherit 10  
The venom thou hast pour'd on me —  
Be still, my spirit!

The happiest day, the happiest hour  
Mine eyes shall see, have ever seen,  
The brightest glance of pride and power, 15  
I feel — have been :

But were that hope of pride and power  
Now offer'd, with the pain  
Ev'n *then* I felt — that brightest hour  
I would not live again : 20

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

(1827)

## THE LAKE: TO —

In spring of youth it was my lot  
 To haunt of the wide world a spot  
 The which I could not love the less —  
 So lovely was the loneliness  
 Of a wild lake, with black rock bound, 5  
 And the tall pines that towered around.

But when the Night had thrown her pall  
 Upon that spot, as upon all,  
 And the mystic wind went by  
 Murmuring in melody, 10  
 Then — ah, then — I would awake  
 To the terror of the lone lake.

Yet that terror was not fright,  
 But a tremulous delight —  
 A feeling not the jewelled mine 15  
 Could teach or bribe me to define —  
 Nor Love — although the Love were thine.

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Title *The Lake* (1827); omitted in 1831, the poem being incorporated in *Tamerlane* (after l. 74).

1 In spring of youth: In *youth's* spring (1827, 1829, *M.M.*), *For in those days* (1831).

2 world: *earth* (1827).

6 tall: *sultan-like* (1831).

9 mystic wind went: wind *would pass me* (1827), *black wind murmur'd* (1829, 1831), *ghastly wind went* (*M.M.*).

10 Murmuring in: In *its stilly* (1827), In *a dirge of* (1829, 1831), In *a dirge-like* (*M.M.*).

11 Then — ah, then, I: *My infant spirit* (1827, 1829, 1831).

12 the lone: *that lone* (1831, *M.M.*).

15 *And a feeling undefin'd* (1827).

16 Could teach or: *Should ever* (1829), *Could ever* (1831).

16, 17 *Springing from a darken'd mind* (1827).

17 were: *be* (1829); although the love: *Ada! tho' it* (1831).

Death was in that poisonous wave,  
 And in its gulf a fitting grave  
 For him who thence could solace bring 20  
 To his lone imagining,  
 Whose solitary soul could make  
 An Eden of that dim lake.

(1827)

## SONNET — TO SCIENCE

Science! true daughter of Old Time thou art!  
 Who alterest all things with thy peering eyes.  
 Why preyest thou thus upon the poet's heart,  
 Vulture, whose wings are dull realities?  
 How should he love thee? or how deem thee wise, 5  
 Who wouldst not leave him in his wandering  
 To seek for treasure in the jewelled skies,  
 Albeit he soared with an undaunted wing?  
 Hast thou not dragged Diana from her car,  
 And driven the Hamadryad from the wood 10

18 poisonous: *poison'd* (1827, 1829, *M. M.*).

18, 19 Omitted in 1831.

20 *How could I from that water bring* (1831).

21 lone: *dark* (1827); Solace to *my* imagining (1831).

22 Whose *wild'ring thought* could *even* make (1827); *My* solitary soul  
 — *how* make (1831).

Title Omitted in 1829, in 1831 (where the poem serves as a prelude to *Al Aaraaf*), and in *Graham's* (where it is prefixed to *The Island of the Fay*).  
 Entitled simply "Sonnet" in *S. E. P.*, *Casket*, *S. L. M.*

1 true: *meet* (1829, *S. E. P.*, *Casket*, 1831, *S. L. M.*).

2 peering: *piercing* (*S. E. P.*, *Casket*).

3 the: *thy* (*S. E. P.*, *Casket*).

5 should: *shall* (*S. E. P.*, *Casket*).

8 soared: *soar* (1829, *S. E. P.*, *Casket*, 1831, *S. L. M.*); he: *be* (*Graham's*).

To seek a shelter in some happier star?

Hast thou not torn the Naiad from her flood,  
The Elfin from the green grass, and from me  
The summer dream beneath the tamarind tree?

(1829)

## AL AARAAF

## PART I

O! NOTHING earthly save the ray  
(Thrown back from flowers) of Beauty's eye,  
As in those gardens where the day  
Springs from the gems of Circassy —

O! nothing earthly save the thrill 5  
Of melody in woodland rill —

Or (music of the passion-hearted)  
Joy's voice so peacefully departed  
That, like the murmur in the shell,  
Its echo dwelleth and will dwell — 10

11 *Hast thou not spoilt a story in each star?* (*Graham's*); a: *for* (*S. E. P., Casket*).

12 *The gentle Naiad from her fountain flood* (1829, 1831, *S. L. M.*); *The gentle Nais from the fountain flood* (*S. E. P., Casket*).

13 *green grass: greenwood* (*S. E. P., Casket*); *The elfin from the grass? the dainty fay* (*Graham's*).

14 *summer: summer's* (*S. E. P., Casket*); *tamarind tree: shrubbery* (1829, *S. E. P., Casket, 1831, S. L. M.*); *The witch, the sprite, the goblin — where are they?* (*Graham's*).

1-15 For these lines, 1831 substitutes the following:

*Mysterious star!*  
*Thou wert my dream*  
*All a long summer night —*  
*Be now my theme!*  
*By this clear stream,*  
*Of thee will I write;*  
*Meantime from afar*  
*Bathe me in light!*



Oh, nothing of the dross of ours —  
 Yet all the beauty — all the flowers  
 That list our Love, and deck our bowers —  
 Adorn yon world afar, afar —  
 The wandering star.

15

'T was a sweet time for Nesace — for there  
 Her world lay lolling on the golden air,  
 Near four bright suns — a temporary rest —  
 An oasis in desert of the blest.  
 Away — away — 'mid seas of rays that roll  
 Empyrean splendor o'er th' unchained soul —  
 The soul that scarce (the billows are so dense)  
 Can struggle to its destin'd eminence —

20

---

*Thy world has not the dross of ours,  
 Yet all the beauty — all the flowers  
 That list our love, or deck our bowers  
 In dreamy gardens, where do lie  
 Dreamy maidens all the day,  
 While the silver winds of Circassy  
 On violet couches faint away*

*Little — oh ! little dwells in thee  
 Like unto what on earth we see :  
 Beauty's eye is here the bluest  
 In the falsest and untruest —  
 On the sweetest air doth float  
 The most sad and solemn note —  
 If with thee be broken hearts,  
 Joy so peacefully departs,  
 That its echo still doth dwell,  
 Like the murmur in the shell.  
 Thou ! thy truest type of grief  
 Is the gently falling leaf —  
 Thou ! thy framing is so holy  
 Sorrow is not melancholy.*

11 Oh : *With* (1829).19 An oasis : *A garden-spot* (1829, 1831).

To distant spheres, from time to time, she rode,  
 And late to ours, the favor'd one of God — 25  
 But, now, the ruler of an anchor'd realm,  
 She throws aside the sceptre — leaves the helm,  
 And, amid incense and high spiritual hymns,  
 Laves in quadruple light her angel limbs.

Now happiest, loveliest in yon lovely Earth, 30  
 Whence sprang the "Idea of Beauty" into birth  
 (Falling in wreaths thro' many a startled star,  
 Like woman's hair 'mid pearls, until, afar,  
 It lit on hills Achaian, and there dwelt),  
 She look'd into Infinity — and knelt. 35  
 Rich clouds, for canopies, about her curled —  
 Fit emblems of the model of her world —  
 Seen but in beauty — not impeding sight  
 Of other beauty glittering thro' the light —  
 A wreath that twined each starry form around, 40  
 And all the opal'd air in color bound.

All hurriedly she knelt upon a bed  
 Of flowers: of lilies such as rear'd the head  
 On the fair Capo Deucato, and sprang  
 So eagerly around about to hang 45  
 Upon the flying footsteps of — deep pride —  
 Of her who lov'd a mortal — and so died.  
 The Sephalica, budding with young bees,  
 Uprear'd its purple stem around her knees:  
 And gemmy flower, of Trebizond misnam'd — 50  
 Inmate of highest stars, where erst it sham'd  
 All other loveliness: its honied dew  
 (The fabled nectar that the heathen knew)

Deliriously sweet, was dropp'd from Heaven,  
 And fell on gardens of the unforgiven 55  
 In Trebizond — and on a sunny flower  
 So like its own above, that, to this hour,  
 It still remaineth, torturing the bee  
 With madness, and unwonted reverie :  
 In Heaven, and all its environs, the leaf 60  
 And blossom of the fairy plant, in grief  
 Disconsolate linger — grief that hangs her head,  
 Repenting follies that full long have fled,  
 Heaving her white breast to the balmy air,  
 Like guilty beauty, chasten'd, and more fair : 65  
 Nyctanthes, too, as sacred as the light  
 She fears to perfume, perfuming the night :  
 And Clytia pondering between many a sun,  
 While pettish tears adown her petals run :  
 And that aspiring flower that sprang on Earth — 70  
 And died, ere scarce exalted into birth,  
 Bursting its odorous heart in spirit to wing  
 Its way to Heaven, from garden of a king :  
 And Valisnerian lotus thither flown  
 From struggling with the waters of the Rhone : 75  
 And thy most lovely purple perfume, Zante !  
 Isola d'oro ! — Fior di Levante !  
 And the Nelumbo bud that floats for ever  
 With Indian Cupid down the holy river —  
 Fair flowers, and fairy ! to whose care is given 80  
 To bear the Goddess' song, in odors, up to Heaven :

" Spirit ! that dwellest where,  
     In the deep sky,  
 The terrible and fair,  
     In beauty vie ! 85  
 Beyond the line of blue —  
     The boundary of the star

Which turneth at the view  
 Of thy barrier and thy bar —  
 Of the barrier overgone 90  
 By the comets who were cast  
 From their pride and from their throne,  
 To be drudges till the last —  
 To be carriers of fire  
 (The red fire of their heart) 95  
 With speed that may not tire  
 And with pain that shall not part —  
 Who livest — *that* we know —  
 In Eternity — we feel —  
 But the shadow of whose brow 100  
 What spirit shall reveal?  
 Tho' the beings whom thy Nesace,  
 Thy messenger, hath known,  
 Have dream'd for thy Infinity  
 A model of their own — 105  
 Thy will is done, oh, God!  
 The star hath ridden high  
 Thro' many a tempest, but she rode  
 Beneath thy burning eye;  
 And here, in thought, to thee — 110  
 In thought that can alone  
 Ascend thy empire and so be  
 A partner of thy throne —  
 By winged Fantasy,  
 My embassy is given, 115  
 Till secrecy shall knowledge be  
 In the environs of Heaven."

She ceas'd — and buried then her burning cheek  
 Abash'd, amid the lilies there, to seek

A shelter from the fervour of His eye ; 120  
 For the stars trembled at the Deity.  
 She stirr'd not — breath'd not — for a voice was there  
 How solemnly pervading the calm air !  
 A sound of silence on the startled ear  
 Which dreamy poets name " the music of the sphere." 125  
 Ours is a world of words : Quiet we call  
 " Silence " — which is the merest word of all.  
 All Nature speaks, and ev'n ideal things  
 Flap shadowy sounds from visionary wings —  
 But ah ! not so when, thus, in realms on high 130  
 The eternal voice of God is passing by ;  
 And the red winds are withering in the sky !

" What tho' in worlds which sightless cycles run,  
 Link'd to a little system and one sun —  
 Where all my love is folly, and the crowd 135  
 Still think my terrors but the thunder cloud,  
 The storm, the earthquake, and the ocean wrath  
 (Ah ! will they cross me in my angrier path ?) —  
 What tho' in worlds which own a single sun  
 The sands of Time grow dimmer as they run, 140  
 Yet thine is my resplendency, so given  
 To bear my secrets thro' the upper Heaven.  
 Leave tenantless thy crystal home, and fly,  
 With all thy train, athwart the moony sky —  
 Apart — like fire-flies in Sicilian night, 145  
 And wing to other worlds another light !  
 Divulge the secrets of thy embassy  
 To the proud orbs that twinkle — and so be

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125 — *Silence is the voice of God* — (*Yankee*).

127 merest : *veriest* (*S. M.*).

128 All : *Here* (*Yankee*, 1829, 1831, *S. M.*).

130 thus, in : in *the* (*Yankee*).

131 passing : *moving* (*Yankee*).

To ev'ry heart a barrier and a ban  
Lest the stars totter in the guilt of man!" 150

Up rose the maiden in the yellow night,  
The single-mooned eve! — on Earth we plight  
Our faith to one love — and one moon adore —  
The birth-place of young Beauty had no more.  
As sprang that yellow star from downy hours 155  
Up rose the maiden from her shrine of flowers,  
And bent o'er sheeny mountain and dim plain  
Her way — but left not yet her Therasæan reign.

## PART II

High on a mountain of enamell'd head —  
Such as the drowsy shepherd on his bed  
Of giant pasturage lying at his ease,  
Raising his heavy eyelid, starts and sees  
With many a mutter'd "hope to be forgiven," 5  
What time the moon is quadrated in Heaven —  
Of rosy head, that towering far away  
Into the sunlit ether, caught the ray  
Of sunken suns at eve — at noon of night,  
While the moon danc'd with the fair stranger light — 10  
Uprear'd upon such height arose a pile  
Of gorgeous columns on th' unburthen'd air,  
Flashing from Parian marble that twin smile  
Far down upon the wave that sparkled there,  
And nursled the young mountain in its lair. 15  
Of molten stars their pavement, such as fall  
Thro' the ebon air, besilvering the pall  
Of their own dissolution, while they die —  
Adorning then the dwellings of the sky.  
A dome, by linked light from Heaven let down, 20  
Sat gently on these columns as a crown —

A window of one circular diamond, there,  
 Look'd out above into the purple air,  
 And rays from God shot down that meteor chain  
 And hallow'd all the beauty twice again, 25  
 Save when, between th' Empyrean and that ring,  
 Some eager spirit flapp'd his dusky wing.  
 But on the pillars Seraph eyes have seen  
 The dimness of this world : that greyish green  
 That Nature loves the best for Beauty's grave 30  
 Lurk'd in each cornice, round each architrave —  
 And every sculptur'd cherub thereabout  
 That from his marble dwelling peeréd out,  
 Seem'd earthly in the shadow of his niche —  
 Achaian statues in a world so rich ! 35  
 Friezes from Tadmor and Persepolis,  
 From Balbec, and the stilly, clear abyss  
 Of beautiful Gomorrah ! O, the wave  
 Is now upon thee — but too late to save !

Sound loves to revel in a summer night : 40  
 Witness the murmur of the grey twilight  
 That stole upon the ear, in Eyraco,  
 Of many a wild star gazer long ago —  
 That stealeth ever on the ear of him  
 Who, musing, gazeth on the distance dim, 45

27 his: *a* (*Yankee*).

33 peeréd: *ventured* (*Yankee*, 1829).

37 the: *thy* (1831).

38 Of: *Too* (1831).

39 After this line, *Yankee* introduces the following lines :

*Far down within the crystal of the lake  
 Thy swollen pillars tremble — and so quake  
 The hearts of many wanderers who look in  
 Thy luridness of beauty — and of sin.*

40 in: *near* (1829, 1831).

And sees the darkness coming as a cloud —  
Is not its form — its voice — most palpable and loud?

But what is this? — it cometh — and it brings  
A music with it — 't is the rush of wings —  
A pause — and then a sweeping, falling strain, 50  
And Nesace is in her halls again.

From the wild energy of wanton haste  
Her cheeks were flushing, and her lips apart;  
And zone that clung around her gentle waist 55  
Had burst beneath the heaving of her heart.

Within the centre of that hall to breathe  
She paus'd and panted, Zante! all beneath,  
The fairy light that kiss'd her golden hair  
And long'd to rest, yet could but sparkle there!

Young flowers were whispering in melody 60  
To happy flowers that night — and tree to tree;  
Fountains were gushing music as they fell  
In many a star-lit grove, or moon-lit dell;  
Yet silence came upon material things —  
Fair flowers, bright waterfalls, and angel wings — 65  
And sound alone, that from the spirit sprang,  
Bore burthen to the charm the maiden sang:

“'Neath blue-bell or streamer —  
Or tufted wild spray  
That keeps from the dreamer 70  
The moonbeam away —  
Bright beings! that ponder,  
With half closing eyes,  
On the stars which your wonder  
Hath drawn from the skies, 75

53 cheeks were: *cheek was* (1829, 1831, *S.M.*).

56 that: *this* (*S.M.*).

58 fairy: *brilliant* (*S.M.*).



Till they glance thro' the shade, and  
     Come down to your brow  
 Like — eyes of the maiden  
     Who calls on you now —  
 Arise! from your dreaming 80  
     In violet bowers,  
 To duty beseeming  
     These star-litten hours —  
 And shake from your tresses,  
     Encumber'd with dew, 85  
 The breath of those kisses  
     That cumber them too  
 (O, how, without you, Love!  
     Could angels be blest?) —  
 Those kisses of true love 90  
     That lull'd ye to rest!  
 Up! — shake from your wing  
     Each hindering thing:  
 The dew of the night —  
     It would weigh down your flight; 95  
 And true love caresses —  
     O! leave them apart:  
 They are light on the tresses,  
     But lead on the heart.

" Ligeia! Ligeia! 100  
     My beautiful one!  
 Whose harshest idea  
     Will to melody run,  
 O! is it thy will  
     On the breezes to toss? 105  
 Or, capriciously still,  
     Like the lone Albatross,

92 wing: *wings* (*S.M.*).95 would: *will* (*S.M.*).93 Each; *All* (*S.M.*); thing: *things* (*S.M.*).99 lead: *hang* (1829, 1831).

- Incumbent on night  
 (As she on the air)  
 To keep watch with delight 110  
 On the harmony there?
- “Ligeia! wherever  
 Thy image may be,  
 No magic shall sever  
 Thy music from thee. 115  
 Thou hast bound many eyes  
 In a dreamy sleep —  
 But the strains still arise  
 Which *thy* vigilance keep :  
 The sound of the rain 120  
 Which leaps down to the flower,  
 And dances again  
 In the rhythm of the shower —  
 The murmur that springs  
 From the growing of grass 125  
 Are the music of things —  
 But are modell'd, alas! —  
 Away, then, my dearest,  
 O! hie thee away  
 To springs that lie clearest 130  
 Beneath the moon-ray —  
 To lone lake that smiles,  
 In its dream of deep rest,  
 At the many star-isles  
 That enjewel its breast — 135  
 Where wild flowers, creeping,  
 Have mingled their shade,  
 On its margin is sleeping  
 Full many a maid —

Some have left the cool glade, and 140  
 Have slept with the bee —  
 Arouse them, my maiden,  
 On moorland and lea —  
 Go! breathe on their slumber,  
 All softly in ear, 145  
 The musical number  
 They slumber'd to hear —  
 For what can awaken  
 An angel so soon,  
 Whose sleep hath been taken 150  
 Beneath the cold moon,  
 As the spell which no slumber  
 Of witchery may test,  
 The rhythmical number  
 Which lull'd him to rest? " 155

Spirits in wing, and angels to the view,  
 A thousand seraphs burst th' Empyrean thro',  
 Young dreams still hovering on their drowsy flight,  
 Seraphs in all but " Knowledge," the keen light  
 That fell, refracted, thro' thy bounds, afar, 160  
 O Death! from eye of God upon that star:  
 Sweet was that error — sweeter still that death —  
 Sweet was that error — ev'n with *us* the breath  
 Of Science dims the mirror of our joy —  
 To them 't were the Simoom, and would destroy — 165  
 For what (to them) availeth it to know  
 That Truth is Falsehood — or that Bliss is Woe?  
 Sweet was their death — with them to die was rife  
 With the last ecstasy of satiate life —  
 Beyond that death no immortality — 170  
 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!

What guilty spirit, in what shrubbery dim,  
 Heard not the stirring summons of that hymn? 175  
 But two: they fell: for Heaven no grace imparts  
 To those who hear not for their beating hearts.  
 A maiden-angel and her seraph-lover —  
 O! where (and ye may seek the wide skies over)  
 Was Love, the blind, near sober Duty known? 180  
 Unguided Love hath fallen — 'mid "tears of perfect moan."

He was a goodly spirit — he who fell:  
 A wanderer by moss-y-mantled well—  
 A gazer on the lights that shine above —  
 A dreamer in the moonbeam by his love: 185  
 What wonder? for each star is eye-like there,  
 And looks so sweetly down on Beauty's hair;  
 And they, and ev'ry mossy spring were holy  
 To his love-haunted heart and melancholy.  
 The night had found (to him a night of wo) 190  
 Upon a mountain crag, young Angelo —  
 Beetling it bends athwart the solemn sky,  
 And scowls on starry worlds that down beneath it lie.  
 Here sate he with his love — his dark eye bent  
 With eagle gaze along the firmament: 195  
 Now turn'd it upon her — but ever then  
 It trembled to the orb of EARTH again.

"Ianthe, dearest, see! how dim that ray!  
 How lovely 't is to look so far away!  
 She seemed not thus upon that autumn eve 200  
 I left her gorgeous halls — nor mourn'd to leave.  
 That eve — that eve — I should remember well —  
 The sun-ray dropp'd, in Lemnos, with a spell  
 On th' Arabesque carving of a gilded hall  
 Wherein I sate, and on the draped wall — 205

And on my eyelids — O the heavy light !  
 How drowsily it weigh'd them into night !  
 On flowers, before, and mist, and love they ran  
 With Persian Saadi in his Gulistan :  
 But O that light ! — I slumber'd — Death, the while, 210  
 Stole o'er my senses in that lovely isle  
 So softly that no single silken hair  
 Awoke that slept — or knew that he was there.

“ The last spot of Earth's orb I trod upon  
 Was a proud temple call'd the Parthenon. 215  
 More beauty clung around her column'd wall  
 Than ev'n thy glowing bosom beats withal,  
 And when old Time my wing did disenthral —  
 Thence sprang I — as the eagle from his tower,  
 And years I left behind me in an hour. 220  
 What time upon her airy bounds I hung,  
 One half the garden of her globe was flung,  
 Unrolling as a chart unto my view —  
 Tenantless cities of the desert too !  
 Ianthe, beauty crowded on me then, 225  
 And half I wish'd to be again of men.”

“ My Angelo ! and why of them to be ?  
 A brighter dwelling-place is here for thee,  
 And greener fields than in yon world above,  
 And woman's loveliness — and passionate love.” 230

“ But, list, Ianthe ! when the air so soft  
 Fail'd, as my pennon'd spirit leapt aloft,  
 Perhaps my brain grew dizzy — but the world  
 I left so late was into chaos hurl'd —  
 Sprang from her station, on the winds apart, 235  
 And roll'd, a flame, the fiery Heaven athwart.

Methought, my sweet one, then I ceased to soar,  
 And fell — not swiftly as I rose before,  
 But with a downward, tremulous motion thro'  
 Light, brazen rays, this golden star unto ! 240  
 Nor long the measure of my falling hours,  
 For nearest of all stars was thine to ours —  
 Dread star ! that came, amid a night of mirth,  
 A red Dædalion on the timid Earth."

" We came — and to thy Earth — but not to us 245  
 Be given our lady's bidding to discuss :  
 We came, my love ; around, above, below,  
 Gay fire-fly of the night we come and go,  
 Nor ask a reason save the angel-nod .  
*She* grants to us, as granted by her God — 250  
 But, Angelo, than thine grey Time unfurl'd  
 Never his fairy wing o'er fairier world !  
 Dim was its little disk, and angel eyes  
 Alone could see the phantom in the skies,  
 When first Al Aaraaf knew her course to be 255  
 Headlong thitherward o'er the starry sea —  
 But when its glory swell'd upon the sky,  
 As glowing Beauty's bust beneath man's eye,  
 We paus'd before the heritage of men,  
 And thy star trembled — as doth Beauty then ! " 260

Thus, in discourse, the lovers whiled away  
 The night that waned and waned and brought no day.  
 They fell : for Heaven to them no hope imparts  
 Who hear not for the beating of their hearts.

(1829)

## ROMANCE

Romance, who loves to nod and sing,  
 With drowsy head and folded wing,  
 Among the green leaves as they shake  
 Far down within some shadowy lake,  
 To me a painted paroquet 5  
 Hath been — a most familiar bird —  
 Taught me my alphabet to say,  
 To lisp my very earliest word,  
 While in the wild wood I did lie,  
 A child — with a most knowing eye. 10

---

Title *Preface* (1829), *Introduction* (1831).

10 After this line, 1831 inserts the following :

*Succeeding years, too wild for song,  
 Then roll'd like tropic storms along,  
 Where, tho' the garish lights that fly,  
 Dying along the troubled sky  
 Lay bare, thro' vistas thunder-riven,  
 The blackness of the general Heaven,  
 That very blackness yet doth fling  
 Light on the lightning's silver wing.*

*For, being an idle boy lang syne,  
 Who read Anacreon, and drank wine,  
 I early found Anacreon rhymes  
 Were almost passionate sometimes —  
 And by strange alchemy of brain  
 His pleasures always turn'd to pain —  
 His naivete to wild desire —  
 His wit to love — his wine to fire —  
 And so, being young and dipt in folly  
 I fell in love with melancholy,  
 And used to throw my earthly rest  
 And quiet all away in jest —  
 I could not love except where Death  
 Was mingling his with Beauty's breath —  
 Or Hymen, Time, and Destiny  
 Were stalking between her and me.*

Of late, eternal Condor years  
 So shake the very Heaven on high  
 With tumult as they thunder by,  
 I have no time for idle cares  
 Through gazing on the unquiet sky. 15  
 And when an hour with calmer wings  
 Its down upon my spirit flings —  
 That little time with lyre and rhyme  
 To while away — forbidden things!  
 My heart would feel to be a crime 20  
 Unless it trembled with the strings.

(1829)

- 
- 11 Of late: *O, then the* (1831).  
 12 shake: *shook* (1831); Heaven: *air* (1829), *Heavens* (1831, *B.J.*).  
 13 thunder: *thunder'd* (1831).  
 14 I *hardly* have had time for cares (1829), I *scarcely* have had time for cares (*S.M.*); have: *had* (1831).  
 16 And when: *Or if* (1831); wings: *wing* (1831).  
 17 upon: *did on* (1831); flings: *fling* (1831).  
 18 time: *hour* (1831).  
 19 things: *thing* (1831).  
 20 would feel: *half fear'd* (1831).  
 21 Unless it trembled: *Did it not tremble* (1829); strings: *string* (1831).  
 After this line, 1831 adds the following:

*But now my soul hath too much room —  
 Gone are the glory and the gloom —  
 The black hath mellow'd into grey,  
 And all the fires are fading away.*

*My draught of passion hath been deep —  
 I revell'd, and I now would sleep —  
 And after-drunkenness of soul  
 Succeeds the glories of the bowl —  
 An idle longing night and day  
 To dream my very life away.*

*But dreams — of those who dream as I,  
 Aspiringly, are damned, and die:  
 Yet should I swear I mean alone,  
 By notes so very shrilly blown,*



## TO —

The bowers whereat, in dreams, I see  
 The wantonest singing birds,  
 Are lips — and all thy melody  
 Of lip-begotten words.

Thine eyes, in Heaven of heart enshrined, 5  
 Then desolately fall,  
 O, God! on my funereal mind  
 Like starlight on a pall.

Thy heart — *thy* heart! — I wake and sigh,  
 And sleep to dream till day 10  
 Of the truth that gold can never buy —  
 Of the baubles that it may.

(1829)

## TO THE RIVER —

Fair river! in thy bright, clear flow  
 Of crystal, wandering water,  
 Thou art an emblem of the glow  
 Of beauty — the unhidden heart —  
 The playful mazziness of art 5  
 In old Alberto's daughter ;

---

*To break upon Time's monotone,  
 While yet my vapid joy and grief  
 Are tintless of the yellow leaf —  
 Why not an imp the greybeard hath,  
 Will shake his shadow in my path —  
 And even the greybeard will o'erlook  
 Connivingly my dreaming-book.*

Title To — — (1829).

11 the: Omitted in 1831.

12 baubles: *trifles* (1829).

2 crystal, wandering: *labyrinth-like* (1829, *B. G. M.*).

But when within thy wave she looks —  
 Which glistens then, and trembles —  
 Why, then, the prettiest of brooks  
 Her worshipper resembles ;  
 For in his heart, as in thy stream,  
 Her image deeply lies —  
 His heart which trembles at the beam  
 Of her soul-searching eyes.

10

(1829)

TO —

I heed not that my earthly lot  
 Hath — little of Earth in it —  
 That years of love have been forgot  
 In the hatred of a minute : —  
 I mourn not that the desolate  
 Are happier, sweet, than I,  
 But that *you* sorrow for *my* fate  
 Who am a passer by.

5

(1829)

11 his: *my* (1829, *B. G. M.*, *B. J.*).13 His: *The* (1829, *B. G. M.*, *B. J.*).14 Of her soul-searching: *The scrutiny of her* (1829, *B. G. M.*).Title *To M*— (1829).1 I heed: *O! I care* (1829).4 hatred: *fever* (1829).5 mourn: *heed* (1829).7 sorrow for: *meddle with* (1829).

8 After this line, 1829 adds the following (the poem being divided into stanzas in that edition):

3

*It is not that my founts of bliss  
 Are gushing — strange! with tears —  
 Or that the thrill of a single kiss  
 Hath palsied many years —*

## FAIRY-LAND

Dim vales — and shadowy floods —  
 And cloudy-looking woods,  
 Whose forms we can't discover  
 For the tears that drip all over :

## 4

*'Tis not that the flowers of twenty springs  
 Which have wither'd as they rose  
 Lie dead on my heart-strings  
 With the weight of an age of snows.*

## 5

*Nor that the grass — O! may it thrive!  
 On my grave is growing or grown —  
 But that, while I am dead yet alive  
 I cannot be, lady, alone.*

1 In 1831 the following forty lines are prefixed to *Fairy-Land* :

*Sit down beside me, Isabel,  
 Here, dearest, where the moonbeam fell  
 Just now so fairy-like and well.  
 Now thou art dress'd for paradise!  
 I am star-stricken with thine eyes!  
 My soul is lolling on thy sighs!  
 Thy hair is lifted by the moon  
 Like flowers by the low breath of June!  
 Sit down, sit down — how came we here?  
 Or is it all but a dream, my dear?*

*You know that most enormous flower —  
 That rose — that what d'ye call it — that hung  
 Up like a dog-star in this bower —  
 To-day (the wind blew, and) it swung  
 So impudently in my face,  
 So like a thing alive you know,  
 I tore it from its pride of place  
 And shook it into pieces — so  
 Be all ingratitude requited.  
 The winds ran off with it delighted,  
 And, thro' the opening left, as soon  
 As she threw off her cloak, yon moon  
 Has sent a ray down with a tune.*

Huge moons there wax and wane —  
 Again — again — again —  
 Every moment of the night —  
 Forever changing places —  
 And they put out the star-light  
 With the breath from their pale faces.  
 About twelve by the moon-dial,

5

10

---

*And this ray is a fairy ray —  
 Did you not say so, Isabel?  
 How fantastically it fell  
 With a spiral twist and a swell,  
 And over the wet grass rippled away  
 With a tinkling like a bell!  
 In my own country all the way  
 We can discover a moon ray  
 Which thro' some tatter'd curtain pries  
 Into the darkness of a room,  
 Is by (the very source of gloom)  
 The motes, and dust, and flies,  
 On which it trembles and lies  
 Like joy upon sorrow!  
 O, when will come the morrow?  
 Isabel, do you not fear  
 The night and the wonders here?*

5 there: *see!* (1831).

9 And: *How* (1831).

11-28 For these lines, 1831 substitutes the following:

*Lo! one is coming down  
 With its centre on the crown  
 Of a mountain's eminence!  
 Down — still down — and down —  
 Now deep shall be — O deep!  
 The passion of our sleep!  
 For that wide circumference  
 In easy drapery falls  
 Drowsily over halls —  
 Over ruin'd walls —  
 Over waterfalls,  
 (Silent waterfalls!)  
 O'er the strange woods — o'er the sea —  
 Alas! over the sea!*

One more filmy than the rest  
 (A kind which, upon trial,  
 They have found to be the best)  
 Comes down — still down — and down 15  
 With its centre on the crown  
 Of a mountain's eminence,  
 While its wide circumference  
 In easy drapery falls  
 Over hamlets, over halls, 20  
 Wherever they may be —  
 O'er the strange woods — o'er the sea —  
 Over spirits on the wing —  
 Over every drowsy thing —  
 And buries them up quite 25  
 In a labyrinth of light —  
 And then, how deep! — O, deep,  
 Is the passion of their sleep!  
 In the morning they arise,  
 And their moony covering 30  
 Is soaring in the skies,  
 With the tempests as they toss,  
 Like — almost any thing —  
 Or a yellow Albatross.  
 They use that moon no more 35  
 For the same end as before,  
 Videlicet, a tent —  
 Which I think extravagant:  
 Its atomies, however,  
 Into a shower dis sever, 40  
 Of which those butterflies  
 Of Earth, who seek the skies,

---

13 kind: *sort* (1829, *B. G. M.*).

20 over: *and rich* (1829, *B. G. M.*).

29-46 Omitted in 1831.

And so come down again  
 (Never-contented things !)  
 Have brought a specimen  
 Upon their quivering wings. 45

(1829)

## TO HELEN

Helen, thy beauty is to me  
 Like those Nicéan barks of yore,  
 That gently, o'er a perfumed sea,  
 The weary, way-worn wanderer bore  
 To his own native shore. 5

On desperate seas long wont to roam,  
 Thy hyacinth hair, thy classic face,  
 Thy Naiad airs have brought me home  
 To the glory that was Greece  
 And the grandeur that was Rome. 10

Lo! in yon brilliant window-niche  
 How statue-like I see thee stand,  
 The agate lamp within thy hand!  
 Ah, Psyche, from the regions which  
 Are Holy Land! 15

(1831)

---

44 Never-contented: *The unbelieving* (1829, *B. G. M.*).

9 glory that was: *beauty of fair* (1831, *S. L. M.*).

10 And: *To* (*Graham's* [1841]); that was: *of old* (1831, *S. L. M.*).

11 yon brilliant: *that little* (1831, *S. L. M.*), *that shadowy* (*Graham's* [1841]).

13 agate lamp: *folded scroll* (1831, *S. L. M.*, *Graham's* [1841]).

## ISRAFEL

And the angel Israfel, whose heart-strings are a lute, and who has the sweetest voice of all God's creatures. — KORAN.

In Heaven a spirit doth dwell  
 " Whose heart-strings are a lute " ;  
 None sing so wildly well  
 As the angel Israfel,  
 And the giddy stars (so legends tell), 5  
 Ceasing their hymns, attend the spell  
 Of his voice, all mute.

Tottering above  
 In her highest noon,  
 The enamoured moon 10  
 Blushes with love,  
 While, to listen, the red levin  
 (With the rapid Pleiads, even,  
 Which were seven,)  
 Pauses in Heaven. 15

And they say (the starry choir  
 And the other listening things)  
 That Israfeli's fire

---

**Motto** " And the angel Israfel who has the sweetest voice of all God's creatures. — KORAN " (1831, *S. L. M.*) ; " And the angel Israfel, or *Israfeli*, whose heartstrings are a lute, and who is the *most musical* of all God's creatures. — KORAN " (*Graham's*). In *B. J.* the passage is credited to " *Salé's Koran.* "

3 wildly: *wild* — *so* (1831, *S. L. M.*).

5-7 And the giddy stars *are* mute (1831, *S. L. M.*).

13, 14 Omitted in 1831 and *S. L. M.*

15 Transposed in *Graham's* so as to follow line 12.

17 the other: *all* the (1831, *S. L. M.*).

Is owing to that lyre  
 By which he sits and sings — 20  
 The trembling living wire  
 Of those unusual strings.

But the skies that angel trod,  
 Where deep thoughts are a duty,  
 Where Love's a grown-up God, 25  
 Where the Houris glances are  
 Imbued with all the beauty  
 Which we worship in a star.

Therefore, thou art not wrong,  
 Israfeeli, who despisest 30  
 An unimpassioned song;  
 To thee the laurels belong,  
 Best bard, because the wisest!  
 Merrily live, and long!

The ecstasies above 35  
 With thy burning measures suit —

19 owing to: *due unto* (Graham's).

20, 21 Omitted in 1831 and *S.L.M.*

21 The: *That* (Graham's); wire: *lyre* (Graham's).

22 Of: *With* (1831, *S.L.M.*, Graham's).

23 skies: *Heavens* (1831, *S.L.M.*, Graham's).

25 Where: *And* (*S.M.*, *B.J.*); Love's a grown-up: Love is a *grown* (1831, *S.L.M.*, Graham's).

26 Where: *And* (*S.M.*, *B.J.*); the: omitted in 1831, *S.L.M.*, and *Graham's*. After this line, 1831 inserts the following line:

— *Stay! turn thine eyes afar!*

28 a: *yon* (1831), *the* (Graham's). After this line, *Graham's* inserts the line:

*The more lovely, the more far!*

29 Thou art not, therefore, wrong (1831, *S.L.M.*, *Graham's*, *S.M.*, *B.J.*).

34 Omitted in 1831 and *S.L.M.*



Thy grief, thy joy, thy hate, thy love,  
 With the fervour of thy lute —  
 Well may the stars be mute !

Yes, Heaven is thine ; but this 40  
 Is a world of sweets and sour ;  
 Our flowers are merely — flowers,  
 And the shadow of thy perfect bliss  
 Is the sunshine of ours.

If I could dwell 45  
 Where Israfel  
 Hath dwelt, and he where I,  
 He might not sing so wildly well  
 A mortal melody,  
 While a bolder note than this might swell 50  
 From my lyre within the sky.

(1831)

## THE CITY IN THE SEA

Lo ! Death has reared himself a throne  
 In a strange city lying alone  
 Far down within the dim West,  
 Where the good and the bad and the worst and the best  
 Have gone to their eternal rest. 5

37 Thy grief — *if any* — thy love (1831, *S.L.M.*).

43 *perfect*: Omitted in 1831, *S.L.M.*, and *Graham's*.

45 could: *did* (1831, *S.L.M.*, *Graham's*).

45, 46 Printed as one line in 1831 and *S.L.M.*

48 might: *would* (1831, *S.L.M.*); so wildly: *one half as* (1831, *S.L.M.*), *one half so* (*Graham's*).

49 *One half as passionately* (1831, *S.L.M.*), *One half so passionately* (*Graham's*).

50 *And a stormier note than this would swell* (1831); *And a loftier note than this would swell* (*S.L.M.*).

Title *The Doomed City* (1831), *The City of Sin* (*S.L.M.*), *The City in the Sea. A Prophecy* (*A.W.R.*).

1 has: *hath* (1831).

3 *Far off in a region unblest* (*A.W.R.*).

2 lying: *all* (1831, *S.L.M.*).

4 Where: *And* (1831).

There shrines and palaces and towers  
 (Time-eaten towers that tremble not!)  
 Resemble nothing that is ours.  
 Around, by lifting winds forgot,  
 Resignedly beneath the sky 10  
 The melancholy waters lie.

No rays from the holy heaven come down  
 On the long night-time of that town;  
 But light from out the lurid sea  
 Streams up the turrets silently — 15  
 Gleams up the pinnacles far and free —  
 Up domes — up spires — up kingly halls —  
 Up fanes — up Babylon-like walls —  
 Up shadowy long-forgotten bowers  
 Of sculptured ivy and stone flowers — 20  
 Up many and many a marvellous shrine

7 Transposed to precede line 9 (1831, *S. L. M.*).

8 *Are — not like anything of ours* (1831, *S. L. M.*). After this line, 1831 and *S. L. M.* insert the following:

*O! no — O! no — ours never loom  
 To heaven with that ungodly gloom!*

11 After this line, 1831 inserts the following:

*A heaven that God doth not contemn  
 With stars is like a diadem —  
 We liken our ladies' eyes to them —  
 But there! that everlasting pall!  
 It would be mockery to call  
 Such dreariness a heaven at all.*

12 *Yet tho' no holy rays come down* (1831); No holy rays from heaven come down (*S. L. M.*).

14 Light from the lurid, *deep* sea (1831).

16 Omitted in 1831 and *S. L. M.*

17, 18 Transposed to follow line 20 in 1831 and *S. L. M.*

19 shadowy: *thrones — up* (1831, *S. L. M.*).

21 and many a marvellous: a *melancholy* (1831, *S. L. M.*).

Whose wreathéd friezes intertwine  
The viol, the violet, and the vine.

Resignedly beneath the sky  
The melancholy waters lie. 25  
So blend the turrets and shadows there  
That all seem pendulous in air,  
While from a proud tower in the town  
Death looks gigantically down.

There open fanes and gaping graves 30  
Yawn level with the luminous waves ;  
But not the riches there that lie  
In each idol's diamond eye —  
Not the gaily-jewelled dead  
Tempt the waters from their bed ; 35  
For no ripples curl, alas !  
Along that wilderness of glass —  
No swellings tell that winds may be  
Upon some far-off happier sea —

22 wreathéd friezes : *entablatures* (1831, *S. L. M.*).

23 For this line, 1831 and *S. L. M.* substitute the following :

The *mask* — the viol — and the vine.

24, 25 Omitted in 1831 and *S. L. M.*

25 The melancholy : *Around the mournful* (*A. W. R.*).

26-29 Transposed to follow line 39 (1831, *S. L. M.*).

28 a proud tower in : *the high towers of* (1831, *S. L. M.*).

28-35 Omitted in *A. W. R.*

30 fanes and gaping : *temples — open* (1831, *S. L. M.*).

31 For this line, 1831 and *S. L. M.* substitute the following :

*Are on a level with the waves.*

36 For no : *No murmuring* (*A. W. R.*).

38 tell : *hint* (1831, *S. L. M.*).

39 some : *a* (1831, *S. L. M.*, *A. W. R.*).

No heavings hint that winds have been 40  
On seas less hideously serene.

But lo, a stir is in the air!  
The wave — there is a movement there!  
As if the towers had thrust aside,  
In slightly sinking, the dull tide — 45  
As if their tops had feebly given  
A void within the filmy Heaven.  
The waves have now a redder glow —  
The hours are breathing faint and low —  
And when, amid no earthly moans, 50  
Down, down that town shall settle hence,  
Hell, rising from a thousand thrones,  
Shall do it reverence.

(1831)

40, 41 Omitted in 1831 and *S. L. M.*

41 For this line, *A. W. R.* substitutes the following:

*On oceans not so sad-serene.*

43 movement: *ripple* (1831, *S. L. M.*).

44 thrust: *thrown* (1831, *S. L. M.*).

46 For this line, 1831 and *S. L. M.* substitute the following:

*As if the turret-tops had given.*

47 void within: *vacuum in* (1831, *S. L. M.*).

49 The *very* hours are breathing low (1831, *S. L. M.*).

52 Hell, rising: *All Hades* (*S. L. M.*).

53 1831 and *S. L. M.* add the following:

*And Death to some more happy clime  
Shall give his undivided time.*

## THE SLEEPER

At midnight, in the month of June,  
 I stand beneath the mystic moon.  
 An opiate vapor, dewy, dim,  
 Exhales from out her golden rim,  
 And softly dripping, drop by drop, 5  
 Upon the quiet mountain top,  
 Steals drowsily and musically  
 Into the universal valley.  
 The rosemary nods upon the grave;  
 The lily lolls upon the wave; 10  
 Wrapping the fog about its breast,  
 The ruin moulders into rest;  
 Looking like Lethe, see! the lake

---

The text of *Irene*, inasmuch as it differs widely from the later versions of *The Sleeper*, is given here in its entirety, the edition of 1831 being followed. The variants of *S.L.M.* from 1831 are given in brackets at the end. The variants for all other texts are given at the foot of the page.

## IRENE

'Tis now (so sings the soaring moon) Till thoughts and locks are left, alas!  
 A ne'er-to-be untangled mass.  
 Midnight in the sweet month of June,  
 An influence dewy, drowsy, dim,  
 When winged visions love to lie Is dripping from that golden rim; 10  
 Lazily upon beauty's eye, Grey towers are mouldering into rest,  
 Or worse — upon her brow to dance 5 Wrapping the fog around their breast:  
 In panoply of old romance, Looking like Lethe, see! the lake

[1, 2 For these two lines, *S.L.M.* reads:

I stand beneath the *soaring* moon  
 At midnight in the month of June.

3-8 Omitted in *S.L.M.*

10 that: *you* (*S.L.M.*.)]

---

Title *Irene* (1831, *S.L.M.*).

11 fog: *mist* (*P.P.A.*).

A conscious slumber seems to take,  
 And would not, for the world, awake. 15  
 All Beauty sleeps! — and lo! where lies  
 Irene, with her Destinies!

Oh, lady bright! can it be right —  
 This window open to the night?

---

A conscious slumber seems to take,  
 And would not for the world awake: 15  
 The rosemary *sleeps* upon the grave —  
 The lily lolls upon the wave —  
*And million bright pines to and fro,*  
*Are rocking lullabies as they go,*  
*To the lone oak that reels with bliss,* 20  
*Nodding above the dim abyss.*

All beauty sleeps: and lo! where lies  
 With casement open to the skies,  
 Irene, with her destinies!  
*Thus hums the moon within her ear,* 25  
 "O lady sweet! how camest thou here?  
 "Strange are thine eyelids — strange thy dress!  
 "And strange thy glorious length of tress!  
 "Sure thou art come o'er far-off seas,  
 "A wonder to *our desert trees!*  
 "Some gentle wind hath thought it right 30  
 "To open thy window to the night,

[18 *bright pines*: cedars (*S. L. M.*).

20 *reels with bliss*: nodding hangs (*S. L. M.*).

21 *Above yon cataract of Serangs.* (*S. L. M.*)

25 For this line, *S. L. M.* substitutes the following:

*And hark the sounds so low yet clear,*  
*(Like music of another sphere)*  
*Which steal within the slumberer's ear,*  
*Or so appear — or so appear!*

---

16 After this line, all texts save that of the Lorimer Graham copy insert a line: *With casement open to the skies* (1831, *S. L. M.*, *P. P. A.*), *Her casement open to the skies* (*S. M.*, *B. J.*, 1845).

17 with: *and* (*P. P. A.*).

19 window: *lattice* (*P. P. A.*, *S. M.*).

The wanton airs, from the tree-top, 20,  
 Laughingly through the lattice drop —  
 The bodiless airs, a wizard rout,  
 Flit through thy chamber in and out,  
 And wave the curtain canopy  
 So fitfully — so fearfully — 25  
 Above the closed and fringed lid  
 'Neath which thy slumb'ring soul lies hid,  
 That, o'er the floor and down the wall,  
 Like ghosts the shadows rise and fall!  
 Oh, lady dear, hast thou no fear? 30  
 Why and what art thou dreaming here?  
 Sure thou art come o'er far-off seas,  
 A wonder to these garden trees!  
 Strange is thy pallor! strange thy dress!  
 Strange, above all, thy length of tress, 35  
 And this all solemn silentness!

---

" *And wanton airs from the tree-top*      *The lady sleeps: the dead all sleep—*  
 " *Laughingly thro' the lattice drop,*      *At least as long as Love doth weep:*  
 " *And wave this crimson canopy* 35      *Entranc'd, the spirit loves to lie*  
 " *Like a banner o'er thy dreaming eye!*      *As long—as tears on Memory's eye:*  
 " *Lady, awake! lady awake!*      *But when a week or two go by,* 45  
 " *For the holy Jesus' sake!*      *And the light laughter chokes the sigh,*  
 " *For strangely—fearfully in this hall*      *Indignant from the tomb doth take*  
 " *My tinted shadows rise and fall!"* 40      *Its way to some remember'd lake,*

[35 After this line, *S. L. M.* inserts the line:

So fitfully, so fearfully.

36 *Like: As (S. L. M.).*

36 After this line, *S. L. M.* inserts the following:

That o'er the floor, and down the wall,  
 Like ghosts the shadows rise and fall —  
 Then, for thine own all radiant sake.

37 *Lady, awake! awake! awake! (S. L. M.).*

38-59 Omitted in *S. L. M.*]

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20, 21 Omitted in *P. P. A.* and *S. M.*      33 these: *our (P. P. A.).*

35 *Stranger thy glorious length of tress (P. P. A.).*

The lady sleeps! Oh, may her sleep,  
 Which is enduring, so be deep!  
 Heaven have her in its sacred keep!  
 This chamber changed for one more holy, 40  
 This bed for one more melancholy,  
 I pray to God that she may lie  
 Forever with unopened eye,  
 While the pale sheeted ghosts go by!

My love, she sleeps! Oh, may her sleep, 45  
 As it is lasting, so be deep!  
 Soft may the worms about her creep!

---

*Where oft — in life — with friends — it went*  
*To bathe in the pure element,* 50  
*And there, from the untrodden grass,*  
*Wreathing for its transparent brow*  
*Those flowers that say (ah hear them now!)*  
*To the night-winds as they pass,*  
 "Ai! ai! alas! — alas!" 55  
*Pores for a moment, ere it go,*  
*On the clear waters there that flow,*  
*Then sinks within (weigh'd down by wo)*  
*Th' uncertain, shadowy heaven below.*

The lady sleeps: oh! may her sleep 60  
 As it is lasting so be deep —  
 No icy worms about her creep:  
 I pray to God that she may lie  
 Forever with *as calm an eye,*  
 That chamber chang'd for one more holy — 65  
 That bed for one more melancholy.

---

39 For this line, *P.P.A.* substitutes line 47.

40 chamber: *bed*, being (*P.P.A.*).

41 bed: *room* (*P.P.A.*).

43 unopened: *unclosed* (*P.P.A.*).

44 Omitted in *P.P.A.*; pale: *dim* (*S.M., B.J., 1845*).

47 For this line, *P.P.A.* substitutes line 39.



Far in the forest, dim and old,  
 For her may some tall vault unfold —  
 Some vault that oft hath flung its black 50  
 And wingéd pannels fluttering back,  
 Triumphant, o'er the crested palls  
 Of her grand family funerals —

Some sepulchre, remote, alone,  
 Against whose portal she hath thrown, 55  
 In childhood, many an idle stone —  
 Some tomb from out whose sounding door  
 She ne'er shall force an echo more,  
 Thrilling to think, poor child of sin!  
 It was the dead who groaned within. 60

(1831)

---

Far in the forest, dim and old,  
 For her may some tall vault unfold,  
 Against whose *sounding door* she hath thrown,  
 In childhood many an idle stone — 70  
 Some *tomb, which* oft hath flung its black  
 And *vampyre-winged* pannels back,  
*Flutt'ring* triumphant o'er the palls  
 Of her *old* family funerals.

[72 *vampyre-winged*: *vampire-wing-like* (S. L. M).]

---

49 vault: *tomb* (P. P. A.).

50 vault: *tomb* (P. P. A.).

51 wingéd: *winglike* (P. P. A.).

57 tomb: *vault* (P. P. A.).

59 Thrilling: *Nor thrill* (P. P. A.).

## LENORE

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

The text of *A Pæan*, inasmuch as it differs markedly from later versions of *Lenore*, is presented here in its entirety, the text of 1831 being followed. The variations from the *Southern Literary Messenger* are given in the bracketed footnotes. Below it is given the *Pioneer* text, which is in verbal agreement, except in line 4, with the text of the *Saturday Museum*.

## A PÆAN (1831)

I.

*How shall* the burial rite be read?  
 The solemn song be sung?  
*The requiem* for the loveliest dead,  
 That ever died so young?

II.

*Her friends are gazing on her,* 5  
*And on her gaudy bier,*  
*And weep! — oh! to dishonor*  
*Dead beauty with a tear!*

[8 *Dead: Her (S. L. M.)*.]

LENORE (*Pioneer*)

Ah, broken is the golden bowl!  
 The spirit flown forever!  
 Let the bell toll! — A saintly soul  
*Glides down* the Stygian river!  
 And let the burial rite be read — 5  
 The funeral song be sung —  
 A dirge for the *most lovely* dead  
 That ever died so young!  
 And, Guy De Vere,  
 Hast *thou* no tear? 10  
 Weep now or nevermore!  
 See, on yon drear  
 And rigid bier,  
 Low lies thy love Lenore!

[4 *Glides down: floats on (S. M.)*.]

Title *A Pæan* (1831, *S. L. M.*).

Come, let the burial rite be read—the funeral song be sung!— 5  
 An anthem for the queenliest dead that ever died so young—  
 A dirge for her the doubly dead in that she died so young.

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

And, when she fell in feeble health, ye blessed her—that she died:—  
 How *shall* the ritual, then, be read—the requiem how be sung 10  
 By you—by yours, the evil eye,—by yours, the slanderous tongue  
 That did to death the innocence that died, and died so young?”

[A PÆAN (1831)]

III.

*They* loved her for her wealth—  
 And *they* hated her for her pride— 10  
*But* she grew in feeble health,  
 And *they* love her—that she died.

IV.

*They tell me (while they speak  
 Of her “costly broider’d pall”)  
 That my voice is growing weak— 15  
 That I should not sing at all—*

[LENORE (*Pioneer*)]

“*Yon heir, whose cheeks of pallid hue 15  
 With tears are streaming wet,  
 Sees only, through  
 Their crocodile dew,  
 A vacant coronet—  
 False friends!* ye loved her for her wealth 20  
 And hated her for her pride,  
 And, when she fell in feeble health,  
 Ye blessed her—that she died.  
 How shall the ritual, then, be read?  
 The requiem how be sung 25  
 For her most wrong’d of all the dead  
 That ever died so young?”

5 Come: *Ah* (*Graham's*).

7 A: Omitted in *B.J.*

8 ye hated: hated (all other versions).

*Peccavimus*; yet rave not thus! but let a Sabbath song  
 Go up to God so solemnly the dead may feel no wrong!  
 The sweet Lenore hath gone before, with Hope that flew beside, 15  
 Leaving thee wild for the dear child that should have been thy bride—  
 For her, the fair and debonair, that now so lowly lies,  
 The life upon her yellow hair, but not within her eyes—  
 The life still there upon her hair, the death upon her eyes.

[A PÆAN (1831)]

## V.

*Or that my tone should be  
 Tun'd to such solemn song  
 So mournfully — so mournfully,  
 That the dead may feel no wrong.* 20

## VII.

*Of the dead — dead who lies 25  
 All perfum'd there,  
 With the death upon her eyes,  
 And the life upon her hair.*

## VI.

*But she is gone above,  
 With young Hope at her side,  
 And I am drunk with love  
 Of the dead, who is my bride.—*

## VIII.

*Thus on the coffin loud and long  
 I strike — the murmur sent 30  
 Through the gray chambers to my song,  
 Shall be the accompaniment.*

[26 *perfum'd there*: *motionless* (S. L. M.).

28 *her hair*: *each tress* (S. L. M.).

29-32 S. L. M. omits.]

[LENORE (*Pioneer*)]

**Peccavimus!**

*But rave not thus!*

*And let the solemn song*

Go up to God so *mournfully* that she may feel no wrong! 30

The sweet Lenore

Hath "gone before"

*With young hope at her side,*

*And thou art wild*

For the dear child

That should have been thy bride —

For her, the fair

And debonair,

That now so lowly lies — 40

The life *still there*

Upon her hair,

The death upon her eyes.

"Avaunt! — avaunt! to friends from fiends the indignant ghost is  
riven — 20

From Hell unto a high estate within the utmost Heaven —  
From moan and groan to a golden throne beside the King of  
Heaven: —

[A PÆAN (1831)]

## IX.

## X.

|  |  |
|--|--|
| <p><i>Thou dieds't in thy life's June —<br/>But thou did'st not die too fair:<br/>Thou did'st not die too soon, 35<br/>Nor with too calm an air.</i></p> | <p><i>From more than fiends on earth,<br/>Thy life and love are riven,<br/>To join the untainted mirth<br/>Of more than thrones in heaven — 40</i></p> |
|--|--|

[33, 34 *S. L. M.* substitutes the following:

*In June she died — in June  
Of life — beloved, and fair.*

35 *Thou did'st: But she did (S. L. M.).*

38 *Helen, thy soul is riven (S. L. M.).*

39 *untainted: all-hallowed (S. L. M.).*

[LENORE (*Pioneer*)]

"Avaunt! — to-night  
My heart is light — 45  
No dirge will I upraise,  
But waft the angel on her flight  
With a Pæan of old days!  
Let no bell toll!  
Lest her *sweet* soul, 50  
Amid its hallow'd mirth,  
Should catch the note  
As it doth float  
Up from the damned earth —  
To friends *above*, from fiends *below*, 55  
th' indignant ghost is riven —  
From *grief* and moan  
To a *gold* throne  
Beside the King of Heaven!"

20 Avaunt! — avaunt! to friends from fiends: To friends *above*, from fiends *below* (*Graham's, B. J., 1845, P. P. A.*).

20-26 *Graham's, B. J., 1845, and P. P. A.* transpose these lines so that the sequence becomes 25, 26, 23, 24, 20, 21, 22.

21 within the utmost: *far up* within the (all other texts).

22 moan: *grief* (all other texts except *B. J.* and *Graham's*).

Let *no* bell toll, then, lest her soul, amid its hallowed mirth, 23  
 Should catch the note as it doth float up from the damnéd Earth!  
 And I — to-night my heart is light: — no dirge will I upraise,  
 But waft the angel on her flight with a Pæan of old days!"

(1831)

## THE VALLEY OF UNREST

Once it smiled a silent dell  
 Where the people did not dwell;  
 They had gone unto the wars,  
 Trusting to the mild-eyed stars,

[A PÆAN (1831)]

## XI.

Therefore, to thee this night  
 I will no requiem raise,  
 But waft thee on thy flight  
 With a Pæan of old days.

The text of *The Valley Nis* differs radically from later versions of *The Valley of Unrest*, and hence is given here in its entirety, the edition of 1831 being followed. The variations of the *Southern Literary Messenger* are given at the end in brackets.

## THE VALLEY NIS

|   |   |                                       |    |
|---|---|---------------------------------------|----|
| <i>Far away — far away —</i>            |   | <i>Something about Satan's dart —</i> |    |
| <i>Far away — as far at least</i>       |   | <i>Something about angel wings —</i>  |    |
| <i>Lies that valley as the day</i>      |   | <i>Much about a broken heart —</i>    |    |
| <i>Down within the golden east —</i>    |   | <i>All about unhappy things :</i>     |    |
| <i>All things lovely — are not they</i> | 5 | <i>But "the valley Nis" at best</i>   | 15 |
| <i>Far away — far away ?</i>            |   | <i>Means "the valley of unrest."</i>  |    |

|  |    |                                       |    |
|--|----|---------------------------------------|----|
| <i>It is called the valley Nis.</i>    |    | Once it smiled a silent dell          |    |
| <i>And a Syriac tale there is</i>      |    | Where the people did not dwell,       |    |
| <i>Thereabout which Time hath said</i> |    | Having gone unto the wars —           |    |
| <i>Shall not be interpreted.</i>       | 10 | <i>And the sly, mysterious stars,</i> | 20 |

[6 *Far away*: One and all, too (S. L. M.).]

23 then: Omitted in *Graham's, B.J., 1845, P.P.A.*; *sweet* is inserted before "soul" by *Graham's, B.J., 1845, and P.P.A.*

25 And I: *Avaunt* (*Graham's, B.J., 1845, P.P.A.*).

Title *The Valley Nis* (1831, S. L. M.).

Nightly, from their azure towers, 5  
 To keep watch above the flowers,  
 In the midst of which all day  
 The red sun-light lazily lay.  
*Now* each visitor shall confess  
 The sad valley's restlessness. 10  
 Nothing there is motionless —  
 Nothing save the airs that brood  
 Over the magic solitude.

---

|  |    |   |
|--|----|---|
| <p><i>With a visage full of meaning</i><br/> <i>O'er the unguarded flowers were leaning:</i><br/> <i>Or the sun ray dripp'd all red</i><br/> <i>Thro' the tulips overhead,</i><br/> <i>Then grew paler as it fell</i><br/> <i>On the quiet Asphodel.</i></p> | 25 | <p><i>Now the unhappy shall confess</i><br/> <i>Nothing there is motionless:</i><br/> <i>Helen, like thy human eye</i><br/> <i>There the uneasy violets lie —</i> 30<br/> <i>There the reedy grass doth wave</i><br/> <i>Over the old forgotten grave —</i></p> |
|--|----|---|

[24 *the: tall* (*S.L.M.*).

27-46 For these lines *S.L.M.* substitutes the following :

Now each visiter shall confess  
 Nothing there is motionless :  
 Nothing save the airs that brood  
 O'er the *enchanted* solitude,  
*Save the airs with pinions furled*  
*That slumber o'er that valley-world.*  
 No wind in Heaven, and lo ! the trees  
*Do roll like seas, in Northern breeze,*  
 Around the *stormy* Hebrides —  
 No wind in Heaven, and clouds *do fly,*  
*Rustling everlastingly,*  
*Thro' the terror-stricken sky,*  
*Rolling, like a waterfall,*  
*O'er th' horizon's fiery wall —*  
*And Helen, like thy human eye,*  
*Low crouched on Earth, some violets lie,*  
*And, nearer Heaven, some lilies wave*  
*All banner-like, above a grave.*  
*And one by one, from out their tops*  
 Eternal dews come down in drops,  
*Ah, one by one, from off their stems*  
*Eternal dews come down in gems !]*

Ah, by no wind are stirred those trees  
 That palpitate like the chill seas 15  
 Around the misty Hebrides!  
 Ah, by no wind those clouds are driven  
 That rustle through the unquiet Heaven  
 Uneasily, from morn till even,  
 Over the violets there that lie 20  
 In myriad types of the human eye —  
 Over the lilies there that wave  
 And weep above a nameless grave!  
 They wave: — from out their fragrant tops  
 Eternal dews come down in drops. 25  
 They weep: — from off their delicate stems  
 Perennial tears descend in gems.

(1831)

---

*One by one from the tree top  
 There the eternal dews do drop —  
 There the vague and dreamy trees 35  
 Do roll like seas in northern breeze  
 Around the stormy Hebrides —  
 There the gorgeous clouds do fly,  
 Rustling everlastingly,  
 Through the terror-stricken sky, 40  
 Rolling like a waterfall  
 O'er th' horizon's fiery wall —  
 There the moon doth shine by night  
 With a most unsteady light —  
 There the sun doth reel by day 45  
 "Over the hills and far away."*

---

18 rustle: *rustles* (A. W. R.).

19 Uneasily: *Unceasingly* (A. W. R., B. J.).

27 A. W. R. adds the following lines:

*They wave; they weep; and the tears, as they well  
 From the depth of each pallid lily-bell,  
 Give a trickle and a tinkle and a knell.*



## 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 5  
 (Thirst for the springs of lore that in thee lie),  
 I kneel, an altered and an humble man,  
 Amid thy shadows, and so drink within  
 My very soul thy grandeur, gloom, and glory!

Vastness! and Age! and Memories of Eld! 10  
 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 15  
 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 20  
 Waved to the wind, now wave the reed and thistle!

**Title** The Coliseum. *A Prize Poem (S.L.M., S.E.P.), Coliseum (P.P.A.).*

**8** Amid: *Within (P.P.A.).*

**11** *S.L.M.* inserts after this line:

*Gaunt vestibules! and phantom-peopled aisles!*

**20** gilded: *yellow (S.L.M.).*

**21** *S.L.M.* inserts after this line the following:

*Here, where on ivory couch the Cæsar sate,  
 On bed of moss lies gloating the fowl adder.*

*P.P.A.* makes a similar insertion, but reads *golden throne* instead of *ivory couch*.

Here, where on golden throne the monarch lolled,  
 Glides, spectre-like, unto his marble home,  
 Lit by the wan light of the hornéd moon,  
 The swift and silent lizard of the stones ! 25

But stay ! these walls — these ivy-clad arcades —  
 These mouldering plinths — these sad and blackened shafts —  
 These vague entablatures — this crumbling frieze —  
 These shattered cornices — this wreck — this ruin —  
 These stones — alas ! these gray stones — are they all — 30  
 All of the famed and the colossal left  
 By the corrosive Hours to Fate and me ?

“ Not all ” — the Echoes answer me — “ not all !  
 Prophetic sounds and loud, arise forever  
 From us, and from all Ruin, unto the wise, 35  
 As melody from Memnon to the Sun.  
 We rule the hearts of mightiest men — we rule  
 With a despotic sway all giant minds.  
 We are not impotent — we pallid stones.  
 Not all our power is gone — not all our fame — 40  
 Not all the magic of our high renown —  
 Not all the wonder that encircles us —  
 Not all the mysteries that in us lie —  
 Not all the memories that hang upon  
 And cling around about us as a garment, 45  
 Clothing us in a robe of more than glory.”

(1833)

26 These *crumbling* walls : these *tottering* arcades (S.L.M.) ; But *hold !*  
 — these *dark*, these *perishing* arcades (P.P.A.).

28 *crumbling* : *broken* (S.L.M., P.P.A.).

31 *famed* : *great* (S.L.M.), *grand* (S.E.P.), *proud* (P.P.A.).

35 *unto* : *to* (P.P.A.).

36 *melody* : *in old days* (S.L.M.).

39 *impotent* : *desolate* (S.L.M.).

## TO ONE IN PARADISE

Thou wast that all to me, love,  
 For which my soul did pine —  
 A green isle in the sea, love,  
 A fountain and a shrine,  
 All wreathed with fairy fruits and flowers, 5  
 And all the flowers were mine.

Ah, dream too bright to last!  
 Ah, starry Hope! that didst arise  
 But to be overcast!  
 A voice from out the Future cries, 10  
 "On! on!" — but o'er the Past  
 (Dim gulf!) my spirit hovering lies  
 Mute, motionless, aghast!

For, alas! alas! with me  
 The light of Life is o'er! 15  
 No more — no more — no more —  
 (Such language holds the solemn sea

---

**Title** *To Ianthe in Heaven* (*B. G. M.*); omitted in *G. L. B.*, *S. L. M.*, *Tales* [1840], *B. J.* [June 7, 1845], the poem in these editions being incorporated in *The Assiguation*.

**1** that all: *all that* (all other texts save *G. L. B.*, *S. L. M.*, *B. G. M.*, and *B. J.* [June 7, 1845]).

**5** with fairy fruits and: *round* with *wild* (*G. L. B.*), *around about* with (*S. L. M.*, *B. G. M.*, *Tales* [1840]).

**6** all the flowers: the flowers — *they* all (*S. L. M.*, *B. G. M.*, *Tales* [1840]).

**7** *But the dream — it could not last* (*G. L. B.*, *S. L. M.*, *B. G. M.*, *Tales* [1840]).

**8** Ah: *Oh* (*S. M.*); *Young hope! thou didst arise* (*G. L. B.*); *And the star of Hope did rise* (*S. L. M.*, *B. G. M.*, *Tales* [1840]).

**11** "On! on!" — but: *Onward! while* (*G. L. B.*, *S. L. M.*, *B. G. M.*, *Tales* [1840]), *Onward!* — but (*B. J.* [June 7, 1845]).

**15** The light of Life: *Ambition — all* (*G. L. B.*, *S. L. M.*, *B. G. M.*, *Tales* [1840]).

**16** Omitted in *B. J.* [May 10, 1845].

**17** solemn: *breaking* (*G. L. B.*).

To the sands upon the shore)  
 Shall bloom the thunder-blasted tree,  
 Or the stricken eagle soar! 20

And all my days are trances,  
 And all my nightly dreams  
 Are where thy grey eye glances,  
 And where thy footstep gleams —  
 In what ethereal dances, 25  
 By what eternal streams.  
(1834)

## HYMN

At morn — at noon — at twilight dim —  
 Maria! thou hast heard my hymn!  
 In joy and wo — in good and ill —  
 Mother of God, be with me still!

21 And: *Now* (*B.J.* [June 7, 1845]); days: *hours* (*G.L.B.*, *S.L.M.*, *B.G.M.*, *Tales* [1840], *B.J.* [June 7, 1845]).

23 grey: *dark* (all other texts).

26 what: *far* (*G.L.B.*); eternal: *Italian* (*G.L.B.*, *S.L.M.*, *Tales* [1840], *B.J.* [June 7, 1845]). After this line, *S.L.M.*, *Tales* [1840], and *B.J.* [June 7, 1845] add the following:

*Alas! for that accursed time  
 They bore thee o'er the billow,  
 From Love to titled age and crime,  
 And an unholy pillow —  
 From me, and from our misty clime,  
 Where weeps the silver willow!*

*G.L.B.* has the same, except that it reads *me* for *Love* in line 3, and *Love* for *me* in line 5.

Title *Catholic Hymn* (*B.J.*, 1845); without title in *S.L.M.*, *B.G.M.*, and *Tales* [1840], being there incorporated in the story *Morella*.

1 *S.L.M.* prefixes the following lines:

*Sancta Maria! turn thine eyes  
 Upon the sinner's sacrifice  
 Of fervent prayer, and humble love,  
 From thy holy throne above.*

*B.G.M.* and *Tales* [1840] make a similar addition, but read *a* for *the* in the second line.

When the Hours flew brightly by, 5  
 And not a cloud obscured the sky,  
 My soul, lest it should truant be,  
 Thy grace did guide to thine and thee ;  
 Now, when storms of Fate o'ercast  
 Darkly my Present and my Past, 10  
 Let my Future radiant shine  
 With sweet hopes of thee and thine !

(1835)

## TO F—

Beloved ! amid the earnest woes  
 That crowd around my earthly path —  
 (Drear path, alas ! where grows  
 Not even one lonely rose) —  
 My soul at least a solace hath 5  
 In dreams of thee, and therein knows  
 An Eden of bland repose.

And thus thy memory is to me  
 Like some enchanted far-off isle  
 In some tumultuous sea — 10

5 the: *my* (*S.L.M., B.G.M., Tales* [1840]); brightly: *gently* (*S.L.M., B.G.M., Tales* [1840]).

6 And *no storms were in the sky* (*S.L.M., B.G.M., Tales* [1840]).

8 grace: *love* (*S.L.M., B.G.M., Tales* [1840]).

9 storms: *clouds* (*S.L.M., B.G.M., Tales* [1840]).

10 Darkly: *All* (*S.L.M., B.G.M., Tales* [1840]).

Title *To Mary* (*S.L.M.*), *To One Departed* (*Graham's, S.M.*). The order of the stanzas is inverted in *Graham's* and *S.M.*

1 *Mary, amid the cares — the woes* (*S.L.M.*); *For 'mid the earnest cares and woes* (*Graham's, S.M.*).

2 That crowd: *Crowding* (*S.L.M.*).

3 Drear: *Sad* (*S.L.M., Graham's, S.M.*).

7 bland: *sweet* (*S.L.M.*).

8 And thus: *Seraph* (*Graham's, S.M.*).

Some ocean throbbing far and free  
 With storms — but where meanwhile  
 Serenest skies continually  
 Just o'er that one bright island smile.

(1835)

TO F——s S. O——d

Thou wouldst be loved? — then let thy heart  
 From its present pathway part not!  
 Being everything which now thou art,  
 Be nothing which thou art not.  
 So with the world thy gentle ways,  
 Thy grace, thy more than beauty,  
 Shall be an endless theme of praise,  
 And love — a simple duty.

5

(1835)

## SCENES FROM "POLITIAN"

## AN UNPUBLISHED DRAMA

## I.

ROME. *A hall in a palace.* ALESSANDRA and CASTIGLIONE

ALESSANDRA. Thou art sad, Castiglione.

CASTIGLIONE.

Sad! — not I.

Oh, I'm the happiest, happiest man in Rome!

A few days more, thou knowest, my Alessandra,

Will make thee mine. Oh, I am very happy!

11 Some lake beset as lake can be (*S.L.M.*); Some ocean vexed as it may be (*Graham's, S.M.*).

Title *Lines Written in an Album* (*S.L.M.*), To —— (*B.G.M.*), To F—— (*B.J.*). Printed as two quatrains in *S.L.M.*

1 *Eliza!* — let thy generous heart (*S.L.M.*); *Fair maiden*, let thy generous heart (*B.G.M.*). 5-8 Omitted in *B.J.*

6 grace, thy more than: *unassuming* (*S.L.M., B.G.M.*).

7 Shall be an endless: *And truth* shall be a (*S.L.M.*), *Thy truth* — shall be a (*B.G.M.*).

8 *Forever* — and love a duty (*S.L.M., B.G.M.*).

Title *Scenes from an Unpublished Drama* (*S.L.M.*).

ALESSANDRA. Methinks thou hast a singular way of showing 5  
 Thy happiness! — what ails thee, cousin of mine?  
 Why didst thou sigh so deeply?

CASTIGLIONE. Did I sigh?  
 I was not conscious of it. It is a fashion,  
 A silly — a most silly fashion I have  
 When I am *very* happy. Did I sigh? [Sighing] 10

ALESSANDRA. Thou didst. Thou art not well. Thou hast  
 indulged  
 Too much of late, and I am vexed to see it.  
 Late hours and wine, Castiglione, — these  
 Will ruin thee! thou art already altered —  
 Thy looks are haggard — nothing so wears away 15  
 The constitution as late hours and wine.

CASTIGLIONE. [Musings] Nothing, fair cousin, nothing — not  
 even deep sorrow —  
 Wears it away like evil hours and wine.  
 I will amend.

ALESSANDRA. Do it! I would have thee drop  
 Thy riotous company, too — fellows low-born — 20  
 Ill suit the like with old Di Broglio's heir  
 And Alessandra's husband.

CASTIGLIONE. I will drop them.  
 ALESSANDRA. Thou wilt — thou must. Attend thou also more  
 To thy dress and equipage — they are over plain  
 For thy lofty rank and fashion — much depends 25  
 Upon appearances.

CASTIGLIONE. I'll see to it.  
 ALESSANDRA. Then see to it! — pay more attention, sir,  
 To a becoming carriage — much thou wantest  
 In dignity.

CASTIGLIONE. Much, much, oh much I want  
 In proper dignity.

ALESSANDRA. [*Haughtily*] Thou mockest me, sir! 30

CASTIGLIONE. [*Abstractedly*] Sweet, gentle Lalage!

ALESSANDRA. Heard I aright?

I speak to him — he speaks of Lalage!

Sir Count! [*places her hand on his shoulder*] what art thou dreaming? he's not well!

What ails thee, sir?

CASTIGLIONE. [*Starting*] Cousin! fair cousin! — madam!

I crave thy pardon — indeed I am not well. 35

Your hand from off my shoulder, if you please —

This air is most oppressive! — Madam — the Duke!

*Enter DI BROGLIO*

DI BROGLIO. My son, I've news for thee! — hey? — what's the matter? [*Observing ALESSANDRA*]

I' the pouts? Kiss her, Castiglione! kiss her,

You dog! and make it up, I say, this minute! 40

I've news for you both. Politian is expected

Hourly in Rome — Politian, Earl of Leicester!

We'll have him at the wedding. 'Tis his first visit

To the imperial city.

ALESSANDRA. What! Politian

Of Britain, Earl of Leicester?

DI BROGLIO. The same, my love. 45

We'll have him at the wedding. A man quite young

In years, but grey in fame. I have not seen him,

But Rumor speaks of him as of a prodigy

Pre-eminent in arts and arms, and wealth,

And high descent. We'll have him at the wedding. 50

ALESSANDRA. I have heard much of this Politian.

Gay, volatile, and giddy — is he not?

And little given to thinking.

DI BROGLIO. Far from it, love.

No branch, they say, of all philosophy



So deep abstruse he has not mastered it. 55  
 Learned as few are learned.

ALESSANDRA. 'T is very strange!  
 I have known men have seen Politian  
 And sought his company. They speak of him  
 As of one who entered madly into life,  
 Drinking the cup of pleasure to the dregs. 60

CASTIGLIONE. Ridiculous! Now *I* have seen Politian  
 And know him well — nor learned nor mirthful he.  
 He is a dreamer and a man shut out  
 From common passions.

DI BROGLIO. Children, we disagree.  
 Let us go forth and taste the fragrant air 65  
 Of the garden. Did I dream, or did I hear  
 Politian was a *melancholy* man? [Exeunt]

## II.

*A lady's apartment, with a window open and looking into a garden.*

LALAGE, *in deep mourning, reading at a table on which lie some books and a hand mirror. In the background, JACINTA (a servant maid) leans carelessly upon a chair.*

LALAGE. Jacinta! is it thou?

JACINTA. [Pretly] Yes, Ma'am, I'm here.

LALAGE. I did not know, Jacinta, you were in waiting.  
 Sit down! — let not my presence trouble you —  
 Sit down! — for I am humble, most humble.

JACINTA. [Aside] 'T is time. 5

[JACINTA seats herself in a sidelong manner upon the chair, resting her elbows upon the back, and regarding her mistress with a contemptuous look. LALAGE continues to read]

LALAGE. "It in another climate," so he said,  
 "Bore a bright golden flower, but not i' this soil!"  
 [Pauses — turns over some leaves, and resumes]

" No lingering winters there, nor snow, nor shower —  
 But Ocean ever to refresh mankind  
 Breathes the shrill spirit of the western wind." 10  
 Oh, beautiful! — most beautiful! — how like  
 To what my fevered soul doth dream of Heaven!  
 O happy land! [*Pauses*] She died! — the maiden died!  
 O still more happy maiden who couldst die!  
 Jacinta!

[*JACINTA returns no answer, and LALAGE presently resumes*]

Again! — a similar tale 15  
 Told of a beauteous dame beyond the sea!  
 Thus speaketh one Ferdinand in the words of the play—  
 " She died full young " — one Bossola answers him —  
 " I think not so — her infelicity  
 Seemed to have years too many " — Ah, luckless lady! 20  
 Jacinta! [*Still no answer*]

Here 's a far sterner story

But like — oh, very like in its despair —  
 Of that Egyptian queen, winning so easily  
 A thousand hearts — losing at length her own.  
 She died. Thus endeth the history — and her maids 25  
 Lean over her and weep — two gentle maids  
 With gentle names — Eiros and Charmion!  
 Rainbow and Dove! — Jacinta!

JACINTA. [*Pettishly*] Madam, what *is* it?

LALAGE. Wilt thou, my good Jacinta, be so kind  
 As go down in the library and bring me 30  
 The Holy Evangelists.

JACINTA. Pshaw! [*Exit*]

LALAGE. If there be balm  
 For the wounded spirit in Gilead it is there!  
 Dew in the night-time of my bitter trouble  
 Will there be found — " dew sweeter far than that  
 Which hangs like chains of pearl on Hermon hill." 35

[*Re-enter JACINTA, and throws a volume on the table*]

JACINTA. There, ma'am, 's the book. Indeeds he is very troublesome. [*Aside*]

LALAGE. [*Astonished*] What didst thou say, Jacinta? Have I done aught

To grieve thee or to vex thee? — I am sorry.

For thou hast served me long and ever been

Trustworthy and respectful. [*Resumes her reading*]

JACINTA. I can't believe 40

She has any more jewels — no — no — she gave me all. [*Aside*]

LALAGE. What didst thou say, Jacinta? Now I bethink me

Thou hast not spoken lately of thy wedding.

How fares good Ugo? — and when is it to be?

Can I do aught? — is there no farther aid 45

Thou needest, Jacinta?

JACINTA. "Is there no *farther* aid!"

That's meant for me. [*Aside*] I'm sure, Madam, you need not

Be always throwing those jewels in my teeth.

LALAGE. Jewels! Jacinta, — now indeed, Jacinta,

I thought not of the jewels.

JACINTA. Oh! perhaps not! 50

But then I might have sworn it. After all,

There's Ugo says the ring is only paste,

For he's sure the Count Castiglione never

Would have given a real diamond to such as you;

And at the best I'm certain, Madam, you cannot 55

Have use for jewels *now*. But I might have sworn it. [*Exit*]

[LALAGE *bursts into tears and leans her head upon the table*  
— *after a short pause raises it*]

LALAGE. Poor Lalage! — and is it come to this?

Thy servant maid! — but courage! — 't is but a viper

Whom thou hast cherished to sting thee to the soul!

[*Taking up the mirror*]

Ha! here at least 's a friend — too much a friend 60

In earlier days — a friend will not deceive thee.

Fair mirror and true! now tell me (for thou canst)

A tale — a pretty tale — and heed thou not  
 Though it be rife with woe. It answers me.  
 It speaks of sunken eyes, and wasted cheeks, 65  
 And Beauty long deceased — remembers me  
 Of Joy departed — Hope, the Seraph Hope,  
 Inurned and entombed! — now, in a tone  
 Low, sad, and solemn, but most audible.  
 Whispers of early grave untimely yawning 70  
 For ruined maid. Fair mirror and true! thou liest not!  
*Thou* hast no end to gain — no heart to break —  
 Castiglione lied who said he loved —  
 Thou true — he false! — false! — false!

[*While she speaks, a MONK enters her apartment, and approaches unobserved*]

MONK. Refuge thou hast,  
 Sweet daughter! in Heaven. Think of eternal things! 75  
 Give up thy soul to penitence, and pray!

LALAGE. [*Arising hurriedly*] I cannot pray! — My soul is at  
 war with God!  
 The frightful sounds of merriment below  
 Disturb my senses — go! I cannot pray —  
 The sweet airs from the garden worry me! 80  
 Thy presence grieves me — go! — thy priestly raiment  
 Fills me with dread — thy ebony crucifix  
 With horror and awe!

MONK. Think of thy precious soul!

LALAGE. Think of my early days! — think of my father  
 And mother in Heaven! think of our quiet home, 85  
 And the rivulet that ran before the door!  
 Think of my little sisters! — think of them!  
 And think of me! — think of my trusting love  
 And confidence — his vows — my ruin — think — think  
 Of my unspeakable misery! — begone! 90  
 Yet stay! yet stay! — what was it thou saidst of prayer

And penitence? Didst thou not speak of faith  
And vows before the throne?

MONK. I did.

LALAGE. 'T is well.

There *is* a vow were fitting should be made —

A sacred vow, imperative, and urgent, 95

A solemn vow!

MONK. Daughter, this zeal is well!

LALAGE. Father, this zeal is anything but well!

Hast thou a crucifix fit for this thing?

A crucifix whereon to register

This sacred vow? [*He hands her his own*]

Not that — Oh! no! — no! — no —! [*Shuddering*]

Not that! Not that — I tell thee, holy man, 101

Thy raiments and thy ebony cross affright me!

Stand back! I have a crucifix myself, —

I have a crucifix! Methinks 't were fitting.

The deed — the vow — the symbol of the deed — 105

And the deed's register should tally, father!

[*Draws a cross-handled dagger and raises it on high*]

Behold the cross wherewith a vow like mine

Is written in Heaven!

MONK. Thy words are madness, daughter,

And speak a purpose unholy — thy lips are livid —

Thine eyes are wild — tempt not the wrath divine! 110

Pause ere too late! — oh, be not — be not rash!

Swear not the oath — oh, swear it not!

LALAGE. 'T is sworn!

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99 This sacred vow: *A* vow — *a* vow (*S.L.M.*), *A pious* vow (*B.J.*).

## III.

*An apartment in a palace.* POLITIAN and BALDAZZAR

BALDAZZAR. — Arouse thee now, Politian !  
 Thou must not — nay indeed, indeed, thou shalt not —  
 Give way unto these humors. Be thyself !  
 Shake off the idle fancies that beset thee,  
 And live, for now thou diest !

POLITIAN. Not so, Baldazzar ! 5  
*Surely* I live.

BALDAZZAR. Politian, it doth grieve me  
 To see thee thus.

POLITIAN. Baldazzar, it doth grieve me  
 To give thee cause for grief, my honored friend.  
 Command me, sir ! what wouldst thou have me do ?  
 At thy behest thou wilt shake off that nature 10  
 Which from my forefathers I did inherit,  
 Which with my mother's milk I did imbibe,  
 And be no more Politian, but some other.  
 Command me, sir !

BALDAZZAR. To the field then — to the field —  
 To the senate or the field.

POLITIAN. Alas ! alas ! 15  
 There is an imp would follow me even there !  
 There is an imp *hath* followed me even there !  
 There is — what voice was that ?

BALDAZZAR. I heard it not.  
 I heard not any voice except thine own,  
 And the echo of thine own.

POLITIAN. Then I but dreamed. 20

BALDAZZAR. Give not thy soul to dreams : the camp — the court  
 Befit thee — Fame awaits thee — Glory calls —  
 And her, the trumpet-tongued, thou wilt not hear

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**Stage Directions** *S. L. M.* inserts *ROME* at beginning, and *his friend* at the end. 6 *Surely* I live : *I live* — I live (*S. L. M.*).

In hearkening to imaginary sounds  
And phantom voices.

POLITIAN.                   It *is* a phantom voice!                   25  
Didst thou not hear it *then*?

BALDAZZAR.                   I heard it not.

POLITIAN. Thou heardst it not! — Baldazzar speak no more  
To me, Politian, of thy camps and courts.  
Oh! I am sick, sick, sick, even unto death,  
Of the hollow and high-sounding vanities                   30  
Of the populous Earth! Bear with me yet awhile!  
We have been boys together — school-fellows —  
And now are friends — yet shall not be so long —  
For in the eternal city thou shalt do me  
A kind and gentle office, and a Power —                   35  
A Power august, benignant and supreme —  
Shall then absolve thee of all farther duties  
Unto thy friend.

BALDAZZAR. Thou speakest a fearful riddle  
I *will* not understand.

POLITIAN.                   Yet now as Fate                   40  
Approaches, and the Hours are breathing low,  
The sands of Time are changed to golden grains,  
And dazzle me, Baldazzar. Alas! alas!  
I *cannot* die, having within my heart  
So keen a relish for the beautiful  
As hath been kindled within it. Methinks the air                   45  
Is calmer now than it was wont to be —  
Rich melodies are floating in the winds —  
A rarer loveliness bedecks the earth —  
And with a holier lustre the quiet moon  
Sitteth in heaven. — Hist! hist! thou canst not say                   50  
Thou hearest not *now*, Baldazzar?

BALDAZZAR.                   Indeed I hear not.

POLITIAN. Not hear it! — listen now! listen! — the faintest sound  
And yet the sweetest that ear ever heard!

A lady's voice! — and sorrow in the tone!  
 Baldazzar, it oppresses me like a spell! 55  
 Again! — again! — how solemnly it falls  
 Into my heart of hearts! that eloquent voice  
 Surely I never heard — yet it were well  
 Had I *but* heard it with its thrilling tones  
 In earlier days!

BALDAZZAR. I myself hear it now. 60  
 Be still! — the voice, if I mistake not greatly,  
 Proceeds from yonder lattice — which you may see  
 Very plainly through the window — it belongs,  
 Does it not? unto this palace of the Duke.  
 The singer is undoubtedly beneath 65  
 The roof of his Excellency — and perhaps  
 Is even that Alessandra of whom he spoke  
 As the betrothed of Castiglione,  
 His son and heir.

POLITIAN. Be still! — it comes again!

VOICE. [*Very faintly*]

“And is thy heart so strong 70  
 As for to leave me thus  
 Who hath loved thee so long  
 In wealth and wo among?  
 And is thy heart so strong  
 As for to leave me thus? 75  
 Say nay — say nay!”

BALDAZZAR. The song is English, and I have oft heard it  
 In merry England — never so plaintively —  
 Hist! hist! it comes again!

VOICE. [*More loudly*]

“Is it so strong  
 As for to leave me thus 80

57 that eloquent voice: that voice — *that voice* (S.L.M.).

58 Surely I: I surely (S.L.M.). 63 it: *that lattice* (S.L.M.).



Who hath loved thee so long  
 In wealth and wo among?  
 And is thy heart so strong  
 As for to leave me thus?

Say nay — say nay!" 85

BALDAZZAR. 'T is hushed and all is still!

POLITIAN. All *is not* still.

BALDAZZAR. Let us go down.

POLITIAN. Go down, Baldazzar, go!

BALDAZZAR. The hour is growing late — the Duke awaits us, —  
 Thy presence is expected in the hall  
 Below. What ails thee, Earl Politian? 90

VOICE. [*Distinctly*]

"Who hath loved thee so long,  
 In wealth and wo among,  
 And is thy heart so strong?  
 Say nay — say nay!"

BALDAZZAR. Let us descend! — 't is time. Politian, give 95  
 These fancies to the wind. Remember, pray,  
 Your bearing lately savored much of rudeness  
 Unto the Duke. Arouse thee! and remember!

POLITIAN. Remember? I do. Lead on! I *do* remember.

[*Going*]

Let us descend. Believe me, I would give, 100  
 Freely would give the broad lands of my earldom  
 To look upon the face hidden by yon lattice —  
 "To gaze upon that veiled face, and hear  
 Once more that silent tongue."

BALDAZZAR. Let me beg you, sir,  
 Descend with me — the Duke may be offended. 105  
 Let us go down, I pray you.

VOICE. [*Loudly*] "Say nay — say nay!"

POLITIAN. [*Aside*] 'T is strange! — 't is very strange — me-  
thought the voice

Chimed in with my desires and bade me stay!

[*Approaching the window*]

Sweet voice! I heed thee, and will surely stay.

Now be this Fancy, by Heaven, or be it Fate, 110

Still will I not descend. Baldazzar, make

Apology unto the Duke for me;

I go not down to-night.

BALDAZZAR. Your lordship's pleasure

Shall be attended to. Good-night, Politian.

POLITIAN. Good-night, my friend, good-night. 115

#### IV.

*The gardens of a palace — Moonlight.* LALAGE and POLITIAN

LALAGE. And dost thou speak of love

To *me*, Politian? — dost thou speak of love

To Lalage? — ah, wo — ah, wo is me!

This mockery is most cruel — most cruel indeed!

POLITIAN. Weep not! oh, sob not thus! — thy bitter tears 5

Will madden me. Oh, mourn not, Lalage —

Be comforted! I know — I know it all,

And *still* I speak of love. Look at me, brightest

And beautiful Lalage! — turn here thine eyes!

Thou askest me if I could speak of love, 10

Knowing what I know, and seeing what I have seen.

Thou askest me that — and thus I answer thee —

Thus on my bended knee I answer thee. [*Kneeling*]

Sweet Lalage, *I love thee — love thee — love thee;*

Thro' good and ill — thro' weal and woe I *love thee.* 15

Not mother, with her first-born on her knee,

5 sob: *weep* (S. L. M.).

6 mourn: *weep* (S. L. M.).

9 turn here thine eyes: *and listen to me!* (S. L. M.).

Thrills with intenser love than I for thee.  
 Not on God's altar, in any time or clime,  
 Burned there a holier fire than burneth now  
 Within my spirit for *thee*. And do I love? [Arising] 20  
 Even for thy woes I love thee — even for thy woes —  
 Thy beauty and thy woes.

LALAGE. Alas, proud Earl,  
 Thou dost forget thyself, remembering me!  
 How, in thy father's halls, among the maidens  
 Pure and reproachless, of thy princely line, 25  
 Could the dishonored Lalage abide?  
 Thy wife, and with a tainted memory —  
 My seared and blighted name, how would it tally  
 With the ancestral honors of thy house,  
 And with thy glory?

POLITIAN. Speak not to me of glory! 30  
 I hate — I loathe the name; I do abhor  
 The unsatisfactory and ideal thing.  
 Art thou not Lalage and I Politian?  
 Do I not love — art thou not beautiful —  
 What need we more? Ha! glory! — now speak not of it: 35  
 By all I hold most sacred and most solemn —  
 By all my wishes now — my fears hereafter —  
 By all I scorn on earth and hope in heaven  
 There is no deed I would more glory in,  
 Than in thy cause to scoff at this same glory 40  
 And trample it under foot. What matters it —  
 What matters it, my fairest, and my best,  
 That we go down unhonored and forgotten  
 Into the dust — so we descend together.  
 Descend together — and then — and then perchance — 45

LALAGE. Why dost thou pause, Politian?

POLITIAN. And then perchance  
*Arise* together, Lalage, and roam  
 The stary and quiet dwellings of the blest,  
 And still —

LALAGE. Why dost thou pause, Politian?

POLITIAN. And still *together* — *together*.

LALAGE. Now, Earl of Leicester! 50  
 Thou *lovest* me, and in my heart of hearts  
 I feel thou lovest me truly.

POLITIAN. Oh, Lalage! [*Throwing himself upon his knee*]  
 And lovest thou *me*?

LALAGE. Hist! hush! within the gloom  
 Of yonder trees methought a figure past —  
 A spectral figure, solemn, and slow, and noiseless — 55  
 Like the grim shadow Conscience, solemn and noiseless.

[*Walks across and returns*]

I was mistaken — 't was but a giant bough  
 Stirred by the autumn wind. Politian!

POLITIAN. My Lalage — my love! why art thou moved?  
 Why dost thou turn so pale? Not Conscience' self, 60  
 Far less a shadow which thou likenest to it,  
 Should shake the firm spirit thus. But the night wind  
 Is chilly — and these melancholy boughs  
 Throw over all things a gloom.

LALAGE. Politian!  
 Thou speakest to me of love. Knowest thou the land 65  
 With which all tongues are busy — a land new found —  
 Miraculously found by one of Genoa —  
 A thousand leagues within the golden west?  
 A fairy land of flowers, and fruit, and sunshine,  
 And crystal lakes, and over-arching forests, 70  
 And mountains, around whose towering summits the winds  
 Of Heaven untrammelled flow — which air to breathe  
 Is Happiness now, and will be Freedom hereafter  
 In days that are to come?

POLITIAN. O, wilt thou — wilt thou  
 Fly to that Paradise — my Lalage, wilt thou 75  
 Fly thither with me? There Care shall be forgotten,  
 And Sorrow shall be no more, and Eros be all.  
 And life shall then be mine, for I will live  
 For thee, and in thine eyes — and thou shalt be  
 No more a mourner — but the radiant Joys 80  
 Shall wait upon thee, and the angel Hope  
 Attend thee ever; and I will kneel to thee  
 And worship thee, and call thee my beloved,  
 My own, my beautiful, my love, my wife,  
 My all; — oh, wilt thou — wilt thou, Lalage, 85  
 Fly thither with me?

LALAGE. A deed is to be done —  
 Castiglione lives!

POLITIAN. And he shall die! [Exit]

LALAGE. [After a pause] And — he — shall — die! — alas!  
 Castiglione die? Who spoke the words?  
 Where am I? — what was it he said? — Politian! 90  
 Thou *art* not gone — thou art not *gone*, Politian.  
 I *feel* thou art not gone — yet dare not look,  
 Lest I behold thee not; thou *couldst* not go  
 With those words upon thy lips — O, speak to me!  
 And let me hear thy voice — one word — one word, 95  
 To say thou art not gone, — one little sentence,  
 To say how thou dost scorn — how thou dost hate  
 My womanly weakness. Ha! ha! thou *art* not gone —  
 O speak to me! I *knew* thou wouldst not go!  
 I knew thou wouldst not, couldst not, *durst* not go. 100  
 Villain, thou *art* not gone — thou mockest me!  
 And thus I clutch thee — thus! — He is gone, he is gone —  
 Gone — gone. Where am I? — 't is well — 't is very well!  
 So that the blade be keen — the blow be sure,  
 'T is well, 't is *very* well — alas! alas! [Exit] 105

## V.

*The suburbs. POLITIAN alone*

POLITIAN. This weakness grows upon me. I am faint,  
 And much I fear me ill — it will not do  
 To die ere I have lived! — Stay — stay thy hand,  
 O Azrael, yet awhile! — Prince of the Powers  
 Of Darkness and the Tomb, O pity me! 5  
 O pity me! let me not perish now,  
 In the budding of my Paradisal Hope!  
 Give me to live yet — yet a little while:  
 'Tis I who pray for life — I who so late  
 Demanded but to die! — what sayeth the Count? 10

*Enter BALDAZZAR*

BALDAZZAR. That knowing no cause of quarrel or of feud  
 Between the Earl Politian and himself,  
 He doth decline your cartel.

POLITIAN. *What* didst thou say?  
 What answer was it you brought me, good Baldazzar?  
 With what excessive fragrance the zephyr comes 15  
 Laden from yonder bowers! — a fairer day,  
 Or one more worthy Italy, methinks  
 No mortal eyes have seen! — *what* said the Count?

BALDAZZAR. That he, Castiglione, not being aware  
 Of any feud existing, or any cause 20  
 Of quarrel between your lordship and himself  
 Cannot accept the challenge.

POLITIAN. It is most true —  
 All this is very true. When saw you, sir,  
 When saw you now, Baldazzar, in the frigid  
 Ungenial Britain which we left so lately, 25

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7 In the budding of my *hopes* — *give me to live* (*S. L. M.*).

A heaven so calm as this — so utterly free  
From the evil taint of clouds? — and he did *say*?

BALDAZZAR. No more, my lord, than I have told you, sir :  
The Count Castiglione will not fight,  
Having no cause for quarrel.

POLITIAN. Now this is true — 30  
All very true. Thou art my friend, Baldazzar,  
And I have not forgotten it — thou 'lt do me  
A piece of service ; wilt thou go back and say  
Unto this man, that I, the Earl of Leicester,  
Hold him a villain? — thus much, I prythee, say 35  
Unto the Count — it is exceeding just  
He should have cause for quarrel.

BALDAZZAR. My lord! — my friend! —

POLITIAN. [*Aside*] 'T is he — he comes himself! [*Aloud*] Thou  
reasonest well.  
I know what thou wouldst say — not send the message —  
Well! — I will think of it — I will not send it. 40  
Now prythee, leave me — hither doth come a person  
With whom affairs of a most private nature  
I would adjust.

BALDAZZAR. I go — to-morrow we meet,  
Do we not? — at the Vatican.

POLITIAN. At the Vatican. [*Exit BALDAZZAR*]

*Enter CASTIGLIONE*

CASTIGLIONE. The Earl of Leicester here ! 45

POLITIAN. I *am* the Earl of Leicester, and thou seest,  
Dost thou not? that I am here.

---

44 After this line, *S. L. M.* inserts :

*If that we meet at all, it were as well  
That I should meet him in the Vatican —  
In the Vatican — within the holy walls  
Of the Vatican.*

CASTIGLIONE. My lord, some strange,  
 Some singular mistake — misunderstanding —  
 Hath without doubt arisen : thou hast been urged  
 Thereby, in heat of anger, to address 50  
 Some words most unaccountable, in writing,  
 To me, Castiglione ; the bearer being  
 Baldazzar, Duke of Surrey. I am aware  
 Of nothing which might warrant thee in this thing,  
 Having given thee no offence. Ha ! — am I right? 55  
 'T was a mistake ? — undoubtedly — we all  
 Do err at times.

POLITIAN. Draw, villain, and prate no more !

CASTIGLIONE. Ha ! — draw ? — and villain ? have at thee then  
 at once,  
 Proud Earl ! [Draws]

POLITIAN. [Drawing] Thus to the expiatory tomb,  
 Untimely sepulchre, I do devote thee 60  
 In the name of Lalage !

CASTIGLIONE. [*Letting fall his sword and recoiling to the  
 extremity of the stage*]

Of Lalage !

Hold off — thy sacred hand — avaunt I say !  
 Avaunt — I will not fight thee — indeed I dare not.

POLITIAN. Thou wilt not fight with me didst say, Sir Count ?  
 Shall I be baffled thus ? — now this is well. 65  
 Didst say thou *darest* not ? Ha !

CASTIGLIONE. I dare not — dare not —  
 Hold off thy hand — with that beloved name  
 So fresh upon thy lips I will not fight thee —  
 I cannot — dare not.

58 then at once : *have at thee then* (S. L. M.).

61 Stage Directions *Letting fall : dropping* (S. L. M.).

62 Hold off — *hold off* thy hand ! — Avaunt I say ! (S. L. M.).

63 indeed I dare not : I dare not — *dare not* (S. L. M.).

65 After this line S. L. M. inserts :

*Exceeding well ! — thou dar'st not fight with me ?*



POLITIAN. Now by my halidom  
I do believe thee! — coward, I do believe thee! 70

CASTIGLIONE. Ha! — coward! — this may not be!

[*Clutches his sword and staggers towards POLITIAN, but his purpose is changed before reaching him, and he falls upon his knee at the feet of the Earl*]

Alas! my lord,

It is — it is — most true. In such a cause  
I am the veriest coward. O pity me!

POLITIAN. [*Greatly softened*] Alas! — I do — indeed I pity thee.

CASTIGLIONE. And Lalage —

POLITIAN. *Scoundrel! — arise and die!* 75

CASTIGLIONE. It needeth not be — thus — thus — O let me die

Thus on my bended knee. It were most fitting  
That in this deep humiliation I perish.

For in the fight I will not raise a hand

Against thee, Earl of Leicester. Strike thou home — 80  
[*Baring his bosom*]

Here is no let or hindrance to thy weapon —  
Strike home. I *will not* fight thee.

POLITIAN. Now 's Death and Hell!

Am I not — am I not sorely — grievously tempted

To take thee at thy word? But mark me, sir:

Think not to fly me thus. Do thou prepare 85

For public insult in the streets — before

The eyes of the citizens. I 'll follow thee —

Like an avenging spirit I 'll follow thee,

70 After this line *S. L. M.* inserts:

*Thou daarest not!*

71 Alas! my lord: Alas! *alas!* (*S. L. M.*).

73 I am — *I am* — a coward. O pity me! (*S. L. M.*).

Even unto death. Before those whom thou lovest —  
 Before all Rome, I 'll taunt thee, villain — I 'll taunt thee, 90  
 Dost hear? with *cowardice* — thou *wilt not* fight me?  
 Thou liest! thou *shalt!* [Exit]

CASTIGLIONE. Now this indeed is just!  
 Most righteous, and most just, avenging Heaven!

(1835-1836)

## BRIDAL BALLAD

The ring is on my hand,  
 And the wreath is on my brow;  
 Satins and jewels grand  
 Are all at my command,  
 And I am happy now. 5

And my lord he loves me well;  
 But, when first he breathed his vow,  
 I felt my bosom swell —  
 For the words rang as a knell,  
 And the voice seemed *his* who fell 10  
 In the battle down the dell,  
 And who is happy now.

But he spoke to re-assure me,  
 And he kissed my pallid brow,

93 Now this indeed is just!: Now this — *now this* is just (*S. L. M.*).

Title *Ballad* (*S. L. M.*, *S. E. P.*), *Song of the Newly-Wedded* (*S. M.*).

3 After this line, *S. L. M.* inserts the following:

*And many a rood of land.*

6 He *has loved me long and well* (*S. L. M.*, *S. E. P.*).

7 But, when first: *And*, when (*S. L. M.*), *But*, when (*S. E. P.*).

9 rang as a knell: *were his who fell* (*S. L. M.*); as: *like* (*S. E. P.*, *B. J.*).

10 Omitted in *S. L. M.*

13 But: *And* (*S. L. M.*).

While a reverie came o'er me, 15  
 And to the church-yard bore me,  
 And I sighed to him before me  
 (Thinking him dead D'Elormie),  
 " Oh, I am happy now ! "

And thus the words were spoken, 20  
 And this the plighted vow ;  
 And, though my faith be broken,  
 And, though my heart be broken,  
 Here is a ring as token  
 That I am happy now ! — 25  
 Behold the golden token  
 That *proves* me happy now !

Would God I could awaken !  
 For I dream I know not how,

15 While: *But* (*S. L. M.*).

18 Omitted in *S. L. M.*

19 After this line, *S. L. M.* inserts the following :

*And thus they said I plighted  
 An irrequocable vow —  
 And my friends are all delighted  
 That his love I have requited —  
 And my mind is much benighted  
 If I am not happy now !*

*Lo ! the ring is on my hand,  
 And the wreath is on my brow —  
 Satins and jewels grand,  
 And many a rood of land,  
 Are all at my command,  
 And I must be happy now !*

20 *I have spoken — I have spoken* (*S. L. M.*), *It was spoken — it was spoken* (*S. E. P.*).

21 *They have registered the vow* (*S. L. M.*), *Quick they registered the vow* (*S. E. P.*).

24, 25 First inserted in the text in the Lorimer Graham copy of 1845.

And my soul is sorely shaken  
 Lest an evil step be taken, —  
 Lest the dead who is forsaken  
 May not be happy now.

30

(1837)

## SONNET — TO ZANTE

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

5

10

(1837)

## THE HAUNTED PALACE

In the greenest of our valleys  
 By good angels tenanted,  
 Once a fair and stately palace —  
 Radiant palace — reared its head.

32 Lest: *And* (*S. L. M., S. E. P.*).

Title [of *The Haunted Palace*] Omitted in *B. G. M., Tales* [1840], *Tales* [1845], and *Griswold* [1847], the poem in each instance being printed as a part of *The Fall of the House of Usher*.

4 Radiant: *snow-white* (*B. M., B. G. M., Tales* [1840], *P. P. A.*).

- In the monarch Thought's dominion, 5  
 It stood there !  
 Never seraph spread a pinion  
 Over fabric half so fair !
- Banners yellow, glorious, golden,  
 On its roof did float and flow 10  
 (This — all this — was in the olden  
 Time long ago),  
 And every gentle air that dallied,  
 In that sweet day,  
 Along the ramparts plumed and pallid, 15  
 A wingéd odor went away.
- Wanderers in that happy valley,  
 Through two luminous windows, saw  
 Spirits moving musically,  
 To a lute's well-tuned law, 20  
 Round about a throne where, sitting,  
 Porphyrogene !  
 In state his glory well befitting,  
 The ruler of the realm was seen.
- And all with pearl and ruby glowing 25  
 Was the fair palace door,  
 Through which came flowing, flowing, flowing,  
 And sparkling evermore,  
 A troop of Echoes, whose sweet duty  
 Was but to sing, 30  
 In voices of surpassing beauty,  
 The wit and wisdom of their king.

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7 a: *his* (B. M.).

17 Wanderers: *All wanderers* (B. M.).

24 ruler: *sovereign* (B. M., B. G. M., *Tales* [1840]).

29 sweet: *sole* (B. G. M.).

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

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

(1839)

## SONNET — SILENCE

There are some qualities — some incorporate things,  
 That have a double life, which thus is made  
 A type of that twin entity which springs  
 From matter and light, evinced in solid and shade.  
 There is a two-fold *Silence* — sea and shore —  
 Body and soul. One dwells in lonely places,  
 Newly with grass o'ergrown; some solemn graces,  
 Some human memories and tearful lore,  
 Render him terrorless: his name's "No More."

45 ghastly rapid: rapid ghastly (*B.M.*, *B.G.M.*, *Tales* [1840], *P.P.A.*, *Tales* [1845], *Griswold* [1847]).

Title *Silence*. *A Sonnet* (*B.G.M.*).

2 which thus is: *life aptly* (*B.G.M.*, *S.M.*).

3 A: *The* (*B.G.M.*, *S.M.*).

He is the corporate Silence: dread him not! 10  
 No power hath he of evil in himself;  
 But should some urgent fate (untimely lot!)  
 Bring thee to meet his shadow (nameless elf,  
 That haunteth the lone regions where hath trod  
 No foot of man), commend thyself to God! 15  
 (1840)

## THE CONQUEROR WORM

Lo! 't is a gala night  
 Within the lonesome latter years!  
 An angel throng, bewinged, bedight  
 In veils, and drowned in tears,  
 Sit in a theatre, to see 5  
 A play of hopes and fears,  
 While the orchestra breathes fitfully  
 The music of the spheres.

Mimes, in the form of God on high,  
 Mutter and mumble low, 10  
 And hither and thither fly —  
 Mere puppets they, who come and go  
 At bidding of vast formless things  
 That shift the scenery to and fro,  
 Flapping from out their Condor wings 15  
 Invisible Wo!

That motley drama — oh, be sure  
 It shall not be forgot!  
 With its Phantom chased for evermore  
 By a crowd that seize it not, 20

14 That haunteth: *Who haunteth (B. G. M.)*; lone: *dim (B. G. M.)*.

Title Omitted in *B. J.* [September 27, 1845], the poem being there printed as a part of *Ligeia*.

3 An angel: *A mystic (Graham's, S. M., B. J. [May 24, 1845])*.

13 formless: *shadowy (Graham's)*.

Through a circle that ever returneth in  
 To the self-same spot,  
 And much of Madness, and more of Sin,  
 And Horror the soul of the plot.

But see, amid the mimic rout, 25  
 A crawling shape intrude!  
 A blood-red thing that writhes from out  
 The scenic solitude!  
 It writhes! — it writhes! — with mortal pangs  
 The mimes become its food, 30  
 And seraphs sob at vermin fangs  
 In human gore imbued.

Out — out are the lights — out all!  
 And, over each quivering form,  
 The curtain, a funeral pall, 35  
 Comes down with the rush of a storm,  
 While the angels, all pallid and wan,  
 Uprising, unveiling, affirm  
 That the play is the tragedy, "Man,"  
 And its hero, the Conqueror Worm. 40

(1843)

31 And seraphs: And *the* seraphs (*B. J.* [September 27, 1845]), And *the* angels (all texts save *B. J.* [September 27, 1845] and the Lorimer Graham copy of 1845).

34 quivering: *dying* (*Graham's*).

37 While: *And* (all texts save the Lorimer Graham copy); angels: *seraphs* (*Graham's*); pallid: *haggard* (*Graham's*).

40 And: Omitted in *Graham's*, *S. M.*, *B. J.* [May 24, 1845], *P. P. A.* [1847].



## DREAM-LAND

By a route obscure and lonely,  
 Haunted by ill angels only,  
 Where an Eidolon, named NIGHT,  
 On a black throne reigns upright,  
 I have reached these lands but newly 5  
 From an ultimate dim Thule —  
 From a wild weird clime that lieth, sublime,  
 Out of SPACE — out of TIME.

Bottomless vales and boundless floods,  
 And chasms, and caves, and Titan woods, 10  
 With forms that no man can discover  
 For the tears that drip all over ;  
 Mountains toppling evermore  
 Into seas without a shore ;  
 Seas that restlessly aspire, 15  
 Surging, unto skies of fire ;  
 Lakes that endlessly outspread  
 Their lone waters, lone and dead, —  
 Their still waters, still and chilly  
 With the snows of the lolling lily. 20

By the lakes that thus outspread  
 Their lone waters, lone and dead, —  
 Their sad waters, sad and chilly  
 With the snows of the lolling lily, —  
 By the mountains — near the river 25  
 Murmuring lowly, murmuring ever, —

12 tears : *dews* (all other texts).

13 Mountains : *Fountains* (B.J.).

20 *Graham's* repeats after this line the first six lines of the poem, with the following changes : *my home* instead of "these lands" in line 5, and *this* for "an" in line 6.

25 mountains : *mountain* (*Graham's*, B.J.).

By the grey woods, — by the swamp  
 Where the toad and the newt encamp, —  
 By the dismal tarns and pools  
     Where dwell the Ghouls, — 30  
 By each spot the most unholy —  
 In each nook most melancholy, —  
 There the traveller meets, aghast,  
 Sheeted Memories of the Past —  
 Shrouded forms that start and sigh 35  
 As they pass the wanderer by —  
 White-robed forms of friends long given,  
 In agony, to the Earth — and Heaven.

For the heart whose woes are legion  
 'T is a peaceful, soothing region — 40  
 For the spirit that walks in shadow  
 'T is — oh, 't is an Eldorado !  
 But the traveller, travelling through it,  
 May not — dare not openly view it ;  
 Never its mysteries are exposed 45  
 To the weak human eye unclosed ;  
 So wills its King, who hath forbid  
 The uplifting of the fringed lid ;  
 And thus the sad Soul that here passes  
 Beholds it but through darkened glasses. 50

By a route obscure and lonely,  
 Haunted by ill angels only,

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38 Earth: *worms* (*Graham's, B.J.*). After this line *Graham's* repeats the first six lines of the poem, with the following changes: *journeyed home* for "reached these lands" in line 5, and *this* for "an" in line 6.

42 'T is — oh, 't is: *O! it is* (*Examiner*).

46 unclosed: *enclosed* (*B.J.*).

47 its: *the* (*Graham's, B.J.*).

50 Beholds: *Beyond* (*Examiner*).

Where an Eidolon, named NIGHT,  
 On a black throne reigns upright,  
 I have wandered home but newly  
 From this ultimate dim Thule. 55

(1844)

## 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.  
 "T is some visitor," I muttered, "tapping at my chamber door — 5  
 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 — 10

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, 15  
 "T is some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door —  
 Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door; —  
 This it is and nothing more."

9 sought: *tried* (all other texts save 1845, *Sat. C.*, *S.L.M.* [1848], and 1850).

11 name: *named* (*S.L.M.* [1848]).

18 This. *That* (*S.L.M.* [1845], *L.E.*, *Sat. C.*); This it is: *Only this* (*S.L.M.* [1848]).

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,  
 "Sir," said I, "or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore; 20  
 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, 25  
 Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before;  
 But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,  
 And the only word there spoken was the whispered word,  
 "Lenore?"

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

Merely this, and nothing more. 30

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,  
 Soon again I heard a tapping somewhat 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; — 35  
 'T is 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;

26 mortal: *mortals* (1850).

27 stillness: *darkness* (all other texts except Lorimer Graham copy of 1845 and 1850).

31 Back: *Then* (all other texts except 1845, *Sat. C.*, 1845 [Lorimer Graham copy] and 1850).

32 again I heard: I heard again (all others except 1845 [Lorimer Graham copy] and 1850; somewhat: *something* (1850)).

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 — 40

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, 45

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; 50  
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 the placid bust, spoke only 55  
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.  
Nothing farther 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." 60

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39 a minute: *an instant* (all others save Lorimer Graham copy of 1845, 1850, and *Graham's* [which substitutes *a moment*]).

43 ebony: *ebon* (*S. L. M.* [1848]).

51 living human: *sublunary* (*A. W. R.*, *S. L. M.* [1845], *Tribune*).

55 the placid: *that placid* (*Graham's*, 1850).

60 Then the bird said: *Quoth the raven* (*E. M.*, *A. W. R.*, *S. L. M.* [1845]).

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,  
 "Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only stock and store  
 Caught from some unhappy master whom unmerciful Disaster  
 Followed fast and followed faster till his songs one burden bore—  
 Till the dirges of his Hope that melancholy burden bore 65  
 Of 'Never — nevermore.'"

But the Raven still beguiling my sad fancy 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 — 70  
 What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore  
 Meant in croaking "Nevermore."

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing  
 To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core;  
 This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining 75  
 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 79  
 Swung by seraphim whose foot-falls tinkled on the tufted floor.

61 Startled: *Wondering* (*A. W. R., S. L. M.* [1845]).

64 till his songs one burden bore: *so, when Hope he would adjure* (*E. M., A. W. R., S. L. M.* [1845]); songs: *song* (*Critic*).

65 *Stern Despair returned, instead of the sweet Hope he dared adjure* (*E. M., A. W. R., S. L. M.* [1845]); that: *the* (*B. J., Tribune, Critic, P. P. A.*).

66 *That sad answer, 'Nevermore'* (*E. M., A. W. R., S. L. M.* [1845]); of '*Nevermore*' — of '*Nevermore*' (*B. J., Critic, L. E., P. P. A., S. L. M.* [1848]); *Nevermore—ah, nevermore* (*Tribune*).

67 my sad fancy: *all my sad soul* (all other texts save the Lorimer Graham copy of 1845, which substitutes "*all my fancy*").

73 This: *Thus* (*Critic*).

80 seraphim whose: *angels whose faint* (all others except 1845 [Lorimer Graham copy] and 1850).

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

Respite — respite and nepenthe from thy memories of Lenore ;  
Quaff, oh, quaff this kind nepenthe and forget this lost Lenore !"

Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

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

85

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."

90

"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."

96

"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!"

101

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 !

108

(1845)

## EULALIE — A SONG

I dwelt alone  
 In a world of moan,  
 And my soul was a stagnant tide,  
 Till the fair and gentle Eulalie became my blushing bride —  
 Till the yellow-haired young Eulalie became my smiling bride. 5

Ah, less — less bright  
 The stars of the night  
 Than the eyes of the radiant girl!  
 And never a flake  
 That the vapor can make 10  
 With the moon-tints of purple and pearl,  
 Can vie with the modest Eulalie's most unregarded curl —  
 Can compare with the bright-eyed Eulalie's most humble and  
 careless curl.

Now Doubt — now Pain  
 Come never again,  
 For her soul gives me sigh for sigh,  
 And all day long  
 Shines, bright and strong,  
 Astarte within the sky,  
 While ever to her dear Eulalie upturns her matron eye — 20  
 While ever to her young Eulalie upturns her violet eye.

(1845)

105 demon's: *demon* (all others except 1845, *Sat. C.*, *Graham's*, *S. L. M.* [1848], and 1850).

11 moon-tints: *morn-tints* (*A. W. R.*). 20 While: *And* (*A. W. R.*, *B. J.*).

17 And: *While* (*A. W. R.*, *B. J.*). 21 While: *And* (*A. W. R.*, *B. J.*).



## A VALENTINE

For her these lines are penned, whose luminous eyes,  
     Brightly expressive as the twins of Lœda,  
 Shall find her own sweet name that, nestling, lies  
     Upon this page, enwrapped from every reader.  
 Search narrowly this rhyme, which holds a treasure      5  
     Divine — a talisman — an amulet  
 That must be worn at heart. Search well the measure ;  
     The words — the letters themselves. Do not forget  
 The trivialest point, or you may lose your labor.  
     And yet there is in this no Gordian knot      10  
 Which one might not undo without a sabre,  
     If one could merely understand the plot.  
 Enwritten upon this page whereon are peering  
     Such eager eyes, there lies, I say, *perdu*,  
 A well-known name, oft uttered in the hearing      15  
     Of poets, by poets ; as the name is a poet's, too.

---

Title *To Her Whose Name is Written Below* (E.M.), A Valentine.  
 To — — — (U.M.).

1 these lines are : *this rhyme is* (U.M., 1850).

2 Brightly : *Bright and* (E.M.) ; twins : *stars* (E.M.).

4 this : *the* (U.M., 1850).

5 this rhyme, which holds : *these words which hold* (E.M.), *the lines ! — they hold* (U.M., 1850).

8 letters themselves : *syllables* (U.M., 1850).

9 trivialest : *smallest* (E.M.).

12 understand : *comprehend* (E.M., U.M., 1850).

13 Upon *the open page on which* are peering (E.M.) ; Enwritten upon *the leaf where now* are peering (U.M., 1850).

14 Such *sweet eyes now*, there lies, I say, *perdu* (E.M.) ; Eyes *scintillating soul*, there lie *perdus* (U.M., 1850).

15 A well-known name : A *musical name* (E.M.), *Three eloquent words* (U.M., 1850).

16 as : *for* (E.M.).

Its letters, although naturally lying —

Like the knight Pinto (Mendez Ferdinando) —

Still form a synonym for truth. Cease trying! 19

You will not read the riddle though you do the best you *can* do.

(1846)

TO M. L. S.—

Of all who hail thy presence as the morning —

Of all to whom thine absence is the night —

The blotting utterly from out high heaven

The sacred sun — of all who, weeping, bless thee

Hourly for hope — for life — ah! above all, 5

For the resurrection of deep-buried faith

In Truth, in Virtue, in Humanity —

Of all who, on Despair's unhallowed bed

Lying down to die, have suddenly arisen

At thy soft-murmured words, " Let there be light ! " 10

At the soft-murmured words that were fulfilled

In the seraphic glancing of thine eyes —

Of all who owe thee most — whose gratitude

Nearest resembles worship — oh, remember

The truest — the most fervently devoted, 15

And think that these weak lines are written by him —

By him who, as he pens them, thrills to think

His spirit is communing with an angel's.

(1847)

17 *In common sequence set, the letters lying (E.M.).*

18-20 Instead of these lines, *E.M.* has the following:

*Compose a sound delighting all to hear—  
Ah, this you'd have no trouble in describing  
Were you not something of a dunce, my dear:—  
And now I leave these riddles to their seer.*

## ULALUME — A BALLAD

The skies they were ashen and sober ;  
     The leaves they were crispéd and sere —  
     The leaves they were withering and sere :  
 It was night, in the lonesome October  
     Of my most immemorial year : 5  
 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, 10  
     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 15  
 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, 20  
     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 !) — 25

---

**Title** *To* — — —. *Ulalume: A Ballad (A. W. R., P. P. A.), Ulalume (1850).*

**1** they: Omitted in *P. J.*

**13** *L. W.* inserts *the* before " days."

We noted not the dim lake of Auber  
 (Though once we had journeyed down here) —  
 We remembered not the dank tarn of Auber,  
 Nor the ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir.

And now, as the night was senescent 30  
 And star-dials pointed to morn —  
 As the star-dials hinted of morn —  
 At the end of our path a liquescent  
 And nebulous lustre was born,  
 Out of which a miraculous crescent 35  
 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 — 40  
 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 — 45  
 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." 50

But Psyche, uplifting her finger,  
 Said: "Sadly this star I mistrust —  
 Her pallor I strangely mistrust:

28 We: Omitted by *P.J.*, *P.P.A.*, and 1850.

31 And: *As* (*P.J.*).

32 As: *And* (*P.J.*).

40 an: *on* (*H.J.*).

51 uplifting: *uplifted* (*P.J.*).

Ah, hasten! — ah, let us not linger!  
 Ah, fly! — let us fly! — for we must.” 55  
 In terror she spoke, letting sink her  
 Wings till they trailed in the dust —  
 In agony sobbed, letting sink her  
 Plumes till they trailed in the dust —  
 Till they sorrowfully trailed in the dust. 60

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: — 65  
 See! — it flickers up the sky through the night!  
 Ah, we safely may trust to its gleaming,  
 And be sure it will lead us aright —  
 We surely may trust to a gleaming,  
 That cannot but guide us aright, 70  
 Since it flickers up to Heaven through the night.”

Thus I pacified Psyche and kissed her,  
 And tempted her out of her gloom —  
 And conquered her scruples and gloom;  
 And we passed to the end of the vista, 75  
 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! — 80  
 ’Tis the vault of thy lost Ulalume! ”

54 Ah: *Oh* (all others); ah: *oh* (all others).

55 Ah: *Oh* (all others).

57 Wings: *Plumes* (*P.J.*); till: *until* (1850).

59 Plumes: *Wings* (*P.J.*).

69 surely: *safely* (all others).

76 But: *And* (*A.W.R., H.J.*); were: *we* (*P.J.*).

Then my heart it grew ashen and sober  
 As the leaves that were crispéd and sere —  
 As the leaves that were withering and sere ;  
 And I cried : " It was surely October 85  
 On *this* very night of last year  
 That I journeyed — I journeyed down here ! —  
 That I brought a dread burden down here —  
 On this night of all nights in the year,  
 Ah, what demon hath tempted me here ? 90  
 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."

Said we, then — the two, then : " Ah, can it 95  
 Have been that the woodlandish ghouls —  
 The pitiful, the merciful ghouls —  
 To bar up our way and to ban it  
 From the secret that lies in these wolds —  
 From the thing that lies hidden in these wolds — 100  
 Have drawn up the spectre of a planet  
 From the limbo of lunary souls —  
 This sinfully scintillant planet  
 From the Hell of the planetary souls ? "

(1847)

90 Ah: *Oh* (*A. W. R., H. J., P. J., L. W.*); hath: *has* (all others except *P. P. A.*).

94 This: *In the* (*A. W. R., H. J., L. W., P. P. A.*).

95-104 Omitted by *P. J.* and 1850.

101 Have: *Had* (*A. W. R., H. J.*).

## AN ENIGMA

"Seldom we find," says Solomon Don Dunce,  
 "Half an idea in the profoundest sonnet.  
 Through all the flimsy things we see at once  
 As easily as through a Naples bonnet —  
 Trash of all trash! — how *can* a lady don it? 5  
 Yet heavier far than your Petrarchan stuff —  
 Owl-downy nonsense that the faintest puff  
 Twirls into trunk-paper the while you con it."  
 And, veritably, Sol is right enough.  
 The general tuckermanities are arrant 10  
 Bubbles — ephemeral and *so* transparent —  
 But *this* is, now, — you may depend upon it —  
 Stable, opaque, immortal — all by dint  
 Of the dear names that lie concealed within 't.

(1848)

TO — — —

Not long ago, the writer of these lines,  
 In the mad pride of intellectuality,  
 Maintained "the power of words" — denied that ever  
 A thought arose within the human brain  
 Beyond the utterance of the human tongue; 5  
 And now, as if in mockery of that boast,  
 Two words — two foreign soft dissyllables —  
 Italian tones made only to be murmured  
 By angels dreaming in the moonlit "dew  
 That hangs like chains of pearl on Hermon hill" — 10  
 Have stirred from out the abysses of his heart,  
 Unthought-like thoughts that are the souls of thought,

Title *Sonnet* (U.M.).

10 tuckermanities: *Petrarchanities* (U.M.).

Title To — — — (1850).

Richer, far wilder, far diviner visions  
 Than even the seraph harper, Israfel,  
 Who has "the sweetest voice of all God's creatures," 15  
 Could hope to utter. And I! my spells are broken.  
 The pen falls powerless from my shivering hand.  
 With thy dear name as text, though bidden by thee,  
 I cannot write — I cannot speak or think,  
 Alas, I cannot feel; for 't is not feeling, 20  
 This standing motionless upon the golden  
 Threshold of the wide-open gate of dreams,  
 Gazing, entranced, adown the gorgeous vista,  
 And thrilling as I see upon the right,  
 Upon the left, and all the way along 25  
 Amid empurpled vapors, far away  
 To where the prospect terminates — *thee only*.

(1848)

## 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!  
 5  
 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,  
 10  
 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.

26 empurpled: *unpurpled* (1850).

Title The Bells.— *A Song* (*U.M.* [December, 1849]).



## II.

|  |                      |
|--|----------------------|
| Hear the mellow wedding bells —<br>Golden bells!   | 15                   |
| What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!<br>Through the balmy air of night<br>How they ring out their delight! —<br>From the molten-golden notes,<br>And all in tune,<br>What a liquid ditty floats<br>To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats<br>On the moon!<br>Oh, from out the sounding cells,<br>What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!<br>How it swells!<br>How it dwells<br>On the Future! — how it tells<br>Of the rapture that impels<br>To the swinging and the ringing<br>Of the bells, bells, bells —<br>Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,<br>Bells, bells, bells —<br>To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells! | 20<br>25<br>30<br>35 |

The text printed in the *Union Magazine* for December, 1849, inasmuch as it differs radically from the final text, is given here in its entirety:

THE BELLS. — *A Song*

|   |   |
|---|---|
| <i>The bells!</i> — hear the bells!<br><i>The merry</i> wedding bells!<br><i>The little</i> silver bells!<br><i>How fairy-like</i> a melody there swells<br><i>From the silver</i> tinkling cells    5<br><i>Of the</i> bells, bells, bells!<br>Of the bells! | <i>The bells!</i> — ah, the bells!<br><i>The heavy</i> iron bells!<br>Hear the tolling of the bells!    10<br>Hear the knells!<br><i>How horrible</i> a monody there floats<br>From their throats —<br><i>From their deep-toned</i> throats!<br><i>How I shudder</i> at the notes    15<br><i>From the melancholy</i> throats<br>Of the bells, bells, bells —<br>Of the bells — |
|---|---|



## IV.

- Hear the tolling of the bells —  
 Iron bells ! 70
- What a world of solemn thought their monody compels !  
 In the silence of the night,  
 How we shiver with affright  
 At the melancholy menace of their tone ! 75  
 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, 80  
 All alone,  
 And who tolling, tolling, tolling,  
 In that muffled monotone,  
 Feel a glory in so rolling  
 On the human heart a stone — 85  
 They are neither man nor woman —  
 They are neither brute nor human —  
 They are Ghouls : —  
 And their king it is who tolls : —  
 And he rolls, rolls, rolls, 90  
 Rolls  
 A pæan from the bells !  
 And his merry bosom swells  
 With the pæan of the bells !  
 And he dances, and he yells ; 95  
 Keeping time, time, time,  
 In a sort of Runic rhyme,  
 To the pæan of the bells —  
 Of the bells : —  
 Keeping time, time, time, 100  
 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, 105  
 As he knells, knells, knells,  
 In a happy Runic rhyme,  
 To the rolling of the bells —  
 Of the bells, bells, bells : —  
 To the tolling of the bells — 110  
 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,  
 Bells, bells, bells —  
 To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

(1849)

## 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, 5  
 There fell a silvery-silken veil of light,  
 With quietude, and sultriness, and slumber,  
 Upon the upturn'd faces of a thousand  
 Roses that grew in an enchanted garden,  
 Where no wind dared to stir, unless on tiptoe — 10  
 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 15  
 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

Title *To* — — — (U. M., P. P. A.).

5 precipitate : *precipitant* (U. M.).

18 saw : *see* (U. M.).

Fell on the upturn'd faces of the roses,  
And on thine own, upturn'd — alas, in sorrow ! 20

Was it not Fate that, on this July midnight —  
Was it not Fate (whose name is also Sorrow)  
That bade me pause before that garden-gate,  
To breathe the incense of those slumbering roses ?  
No footstep stirred : the hated world all slept, 25  
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 !) 30  
The pearly lustre of the moon went out :  
The mossy banks and the meandering paths,  
The happy flowers and the repining trees,  
Were seen no more : the very roses' odors  
Died in the arms of the adoring airs. 35

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 — 40  
Saw only them until the moon went down.

What wild heart-histories seemed to lie enwritten  
Upon those crystalline, celestial spheres !  
How dark a wo ! yet how sublime a hope !  
How silently serene a sea of pride ! 45  
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 ;

---

26-28 *U.M.* and *P.P.A.* omit the second half of line 26, all of line 27,  
and the first half of line 28.

And thou, a ghost, amid the entombing trees 50  
 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. 55  
 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. 60  
 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 65  
 Venuses, unextinguished by the sun !

(1848)

## ELDORADO

Gaily bedight,  
 A gallant knight,  
 In sunshine and in shadow,  
 Had journeyed long,  
 Singing a song, 5  
 In search of Eldorado.

But he grew old —  
 This knight so bold —  
 And o'er his heart a shadow  
 Fell as he found 10  
 No spot of ground  
 That looked like Eldorado.

And, as his strength  
 Failed him at length,  
 He met a pilgrim shadow — 15  
 "Shadow," said he,  
 "Where can it be —  
 This land of Eldorado?"

"Over the Mountains  
 Of the Moon, 20  
 Down the Valley of the Shadow,  
 Ride, boldly ride,"  
 The shade replied, —  
 "If you seek for Eldorado!"

(1849)

## FOR ANNIE

Thank Heaven! the crisis,  
 The danger, is past,  
 And the lingering illness  
 Is over at last —  
 And the fever called "Living" 5  
 Is conquered at last.

Sadly, I know  
 I am shorn of my strength,  
 And no muscle I move  
 As I lie at full length — 10  
 But no matter! — I feel  
 I am better at length.

And I rest so composedly,  
 Now, in my bed,

That any beholder  
 Might fancy me dead —  
 Might start at beholding me,  
 Thinking me dead. 15

The moaning and groaning,  
 The sighing and sobbing, 20  
 Are quieted now,  
 With that horrible throbbing  
 At heart: — ah, that horrible,  
 Horrible throbbing!

The sickness — the nausea — 25  
 The pitiless pain —  
 Have ceased, with the fever  
 That maddened my brain —  
 With the fever called "Living"  
 That burned in my brain. 30

And oh! of all tortures  
*That* torture the worst  
 Has abated — the terrible  
 Torture of thirst  
 For the naphthaline river 35  
 Of Passion accurst: —  
 I have drank of a water  
 That quenches all thirst: —

Of a water that flows,  
 With a lullaby sound, 40

18 *F. O. U.* transposes the fifth stanza (lines 25-30) to follow this line.

22 With that: *F. O. U.* substitutes *and the*, and transposes to the end of line 21.

23 ah: *O (F. O. U.)*.

31 oh: *ah (F. O. U.)*.

36 Passion: *glory (F. O. U.)*.



From a spring but a very few  
 Feet under ground —  
 From a cavern not very far  
 Down under ground.

And ah! let it never  
 Be foolishly said 45  
 That my room it is gloomy  
 And narrow my bed ;  
 For man never slept  
 In a different bed — 50  
 And, to *sleep*, you must slumber  
 In just such a bed.

My tantalized spirit  
 Here blandly reposes,  
 Forgetting, or never 55  
 Regretting, its roses —  
 Its old agitations  
 Of myrtles and roses :

For now, while so quietly  
 Lying, it fancies 60  
 A holier odor  
 About it, of pansies —  
 A rosemary odor,  
 Commingled with pansies —  
 With rue and the beautiful 65  
 Puritan pansies.

And so it lies happily,  
 Bathing in many

---

41 spring but: *fountain* (*F. O. U.*).

46 Be: Transposed to the end of line 45 in *F. O. U.*

A dream of the truth  
 And the beauty of Annie — 70  
 Drowned in a bath  
 Of the tresses of Annie.

She tenderly kissed me,  
 She fondly caressed,  
 And then I fell gently 75  
 To sleep on her breast —  
 Deeply to sleep  
 From the heaven of her breast.

When the light was extinguished,  
 She covered me warm, 80  
 And she prayed to the angels  
 To keep me from harm —  
 To the queen of the angels  
 To shield me from harm.

And I lie so composedly, 85  
 Now, in my bed  
 (Knowing her love),  
 That you fancy me dead —  
 And I rest so contentedly,  
 Now, in my bed 90  
 (With her love at my breast),  
 That you fancy me dead —  
 That you shudder to look at me,  
 Thinking me dead : —

But my heart it is brighter 95  
 Than all of the many

---

69 truth : *love* (*F. O. U.*).

78 From the : Transposed to end of line 77 in *F. O. U.*

Stars in the sky,  
 For it sparkles with Annie —  
 It glows with the light  
 Of the love of my Annie — 100  
 With the thought of the light  
 Of the eyes of my Annie.

(1849)

## TO MY MOTHER

Because I feel that, in the Heavens above,  
 The angels, whispering to one another,  
 Can find, among their burning terms of love,  
 None so devotional as that of "Mother,"  
 Therefore by that dear name I long have called you — 5  
 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 10  
 Are mother to the one I loved so dearly,  
 And thus are dearer than the mother I knew  
 By that infinity with which my wife  
 Was dearer to my soul than its soul-life.

(1849)

97 in: *of* (F. O. U., H. J.); sky: *heaven* (F. O. U.).

99 light: *fire* (F. O. U.).

Title *Sonnet* — To My Mother (F. O. U., L. M.).

1 I feel that: the angels (L. M.).

2 The angels, whispering to: *Devoutly singing unto* (L. M.).

3 among: *amid* (L. M.).

5 dear: *sweet* (F. O. U., L. M.).

7 And fill: *Filling* (L. M.); Death: *God* (L. M.).

11 one: *dead* (L. M.).

12 Are thus *more precious* than the *one* I knew (L. M.).

## 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 5  
 Than to love and be loved by me.

*She* was a child and *I* 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 — 10  
 With a love that the wingéd 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 by night 15  
 Chilling my Annabel Lee ;  
 So that her highborn kinsmen came  
 And bore her away from me,  
 To shut her up in a sepulchre  
 In this kingdom by the sea. 20

The angels, not half so happy in Heaven,  
 Went envying her and me : —  
 Yes ! that was the reason (as all men know,  
 In this kingdom by the sea)

---

Title Annabel Lee. *A Ballad* (U.M.).

7 "*She*" and "*I*" are interchanged in the *Tribune*, P.P.A., and 1850.

15 by night: *chilling* (*Tribune*, U.M., P.P.A., 1850).

16 Chilling my: *My beautiful* (*Tribune*, U.M., P.P.A., 1850).

17 kinsmen: *kinsman* (U.M., 1850).

That the wind came out of the cloud, chilling 25  
 And killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love  
 Of those who were older than we —  
 Of many far wiser than we —  
 And neither the angels in Heaven above 30  
 Nor the demons down under the sea,  
 Can ever dissever my soul from the soul  
 Of the beautiful Annabel Lee : —

For the moon never beams without bringing me dreams  
 Of the beautiful Annabel Lee ; 35  
 And the stars never rise but I see the bright eyes  
 Of the beautiful Annabel Lee ;  
 And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side  
 Of my darling, my darling, my life and my bride,  
 In her sepulchre there by the sea — 40  
 In her tomb by the side of the sea.

(1849)

25 chilling: *by night* (*Tribune, U.M., P.P.A., 1850*).

26 And: *Chilling and* (*Tribune, U.M., P.P.A., 1850*).

36 see: *feel* (*Tribune, U.M., P.P.A., 1850*).

40 her: *the* (1850).

41 side of the: *sounding* (*Tribune, U.M., P.P.A., 1850*).

## UNCOLLECTED VERSES

### ELIZABETH

Elizabeth, it surely is most fit  
[Logic and common usage so commanding]  
In thy own book that *first* thy name be writ,  
Zeno and other sages notwithstanding ;  
And *I* have other reasons for so doing 5  
Besides my innate love of contradiction ;  
Each poet — *if* a poet — in pursuing  
The muses thro' their bowers of Truth or Fiction,  
Has studied very little of his part,  
Read nothing, written less — in short 's a fool 10  
Endued with neither soul, nor sense, nor art,  
Being ignorant of one important rule,  
Employed in even the theses of the school —  
Called — I forget the heathenish Greek name —  
[Called anything, its meaning is the same] 15  
" Always write *first* things uppermost in the heart."

### AN ACROSTIC

Elizabeth, it is in vain you say,  
" Love not " — thou sayest it in so sweet a way.  
In vain those words from thee or L. E. L.,  
Xanthippe's talents had enforced so well.  
Ah ! if that language from thy heart arise, 5  
Breathe it less gently forth,— and veil thine eyes.  
Endymion, recollect, when Luna tried  
To cure his love, was cured of all beside —  
His folly — pride — and passion — for he died.

## LATIN HYMN

A thousand, a thousand, a thousand,  
 A thousand, a thousand, a thousand,  
 We, with one warrior, have slain!  
 A thousand, a thousand, a thousand, a thousand,  
 Sing a thousand over again! 5  
     Soho! — let us sing  
     Long life to our king,  
 Who knocked over a thousand so fine!  
     Soho! — let us roar,  
     He has given us more 10  
     Red gallons of gore  
 Than all Syria can furnish of wine!

## SONG OF TRIUMPH

Who is king but Epiphanes?  
     Say — do you know?  
 Who is king but Epiphanes?  
     Bravo! — bravo!  
 There is none but Epiphanes, 5  
     No — there is none:  
 So tear down the temples,  
     And put out the sun!

---

8 [*Song of Triumph*] *S. L. M.* and 1840 repeat after this line the first four lines of the poem.

## POEMS ATTRIBUTED TO POE

### ALONE

From childhood's hour I have not been  
As others were — I have not seen  
As others saw — I could not bring  
My passions from a common spring —  
From the same source I have not taken 5  
My sorrow — I could not awaken  
My heart to joy at the same tone —  
And all I lov'd — *I* lov'd alone.  
*Then* — in my childhood — in the dawn  
Of a most stormy life — was drawn 10  
From ev'ry depth of good and ill  
The mystery which binds me still —  
From the torrent, or the fountain —  
From the red cliff of the mountain —  
From the sun that round me roll'd 15  
In its autumn tint of gold —  
From the lightning in the sky  
As it pass'd me flying by —  
From the thunder, and the storm —  
And the cloud that took the form 20  
(When the rest of Heaven was blue)  
Of a demon in my view.

### A WEST POINT LAMPOON

As for Locke, he is all in my eye ;  
May the d——l right soon for his soul call.  
He never was known to lie —  
In bed at a reveille roll-call.



John Locke was a notable name ; 5  
 Joe Locke is a greater : in short,  
 The former was well known to fame,  
 But the latter 's well known " to report."

LINES TO LOUISA

Flow softly — gently — vital stream ;  
 Ye crimson life-drops, stay ;  
 Indulge me with this pleasing dream  
 Thro' an eternal day.

See — see — my soul, her agony ! 5  
 See how her eye-balls glare !  
 Those shrieks, delightful harmony,  
 Proclaim her deep despair.

Rise — rise — infernal spirits, rise,  
 Swift dart across her brain ; 10  
 Thou Horror with blood-chilling cries  
 Lead on thy hideous train.

O, feast my soul, revenge is sweet ;  
 Louisa, take my scorn, —  
 Curs'd was the hour that saw us meet, 15  
 The hour when we were born.

TO SARAH

When melancholy and alone,  
 I sit on some moss-covered stone  
 Beside a murm'ring stream ;  
 I think I hear thy voice's sound  
 In every tuneful thing around, 5  
 Oh ! what a pleasant dream.

The silvery streamlet gurgling on,  
 The mock-bird chirping on the thorn,  
     Remind me, love, of thee.  
 They seem to whisper thoughts of love,                   10  
 As thou didst when the stars above  
     Witnessed thy vows to me ;—

The gentle zephyr floating by,  
 In chorus to my pensive sigh,  
     Recalls the hour of bliss,                                   15  
 When from thy balmy lips I drew  
 Fragrance as sweet as Hermia's dew,  
     And left the first fond kiss.

In such an hour, when are forgot,  
 The world, its cares, and my own lot,                   20  
     Thou seemest then to be  
 A gentle guardian spirit given  
 To guide my wandering thoughts to heaven,  
     If they should stray from thee.

#### BALLAD

They have giv'n her to another —  
 They have sever'd ev'ry vow ;  
 They have giv'n her to another,  
 And my heart is lonely now ;  
 They remember'd not our parting —                   5  
 They remember'd not our tears,  
 They have sever'd in one fatal hour  
 The tenderness of years.  
     Oh ! was it weal to leave me ?  
     Thou couldst not so deceive me ;                   10  
     Lang and sairly shall I grieve thee,  
     Lost, lost Rosabel !

They have giv'n thee to another —  
 Thou art now his gentle bride ;  
 Had I lov'd thee as a brother, 15  
 I might see thee by his side ;  
 But *I know with gold they won thee*,  
 And thy trusting heart beguil'd ;  
 Thy *mother*, too, did shun me,  
 For she knew I lov'd her child. 20  
     Oh ! was it weal to leave me ?  
     Thou couldst not so deceive me ;  
     Lang and sairly shall I grieve thee,  
     Lost, lost Rosabel !

They have giv'n her to another — 25  
 She will love him, so they say ;  
 If her mem'ry do not chide her,  
 Oh ! perhaps, perhaps she may ;  
 But I know that she hath spoken  
 What she never can forget ; 30  
 And tho' my poor heart be broken,  
 It will love her, love her yet.  
     Oh ! was it weal to leave me ?  
     Thou couldst not so deceive me ;  
     Lang and sairly shall I grieve thee, 35  
     Lost, lost Rosabel !

## FRAGMENT OF A CAMPAIGN SONG

See the White Eagle soaring aloft to the sky,  
 Wakening the broad welkin with his loud battle cry ;  
 Then here 's the White Eagle, full daring is he,  
 As he sails on his pinions o'er valley and sea.



By that river, ever flowing, 25  
 With heaven's light upon her glowing,  
 Sometimes comes she to me, showing  
     Things past and to come.  
 And we wander on, caressing,  
 While the mute earth sheds her blessing, 30  
 Happy in that dim possessing,  
     Spirits in the gloom !

Were it not for that dim meeting,  
 Were it not for that dark greeting,  
 Its own core my wild heart eating, 35  
     Soon would turn to clay.  
 Now along that lonely river,  
 Lonely do I wander ever,  
 Where the nightly blossoms shiver, —  
     Dark and sad as they ! 40

## THE DIVINE RIGHT OF KINGS

The only king by right divine  
 Is Ellen King, and were she mine  
 I'd strive for liberty no more,  
 But hug the glorious chains I wore.

Her bosom is an ivory throne, 5  
 Where tyrant virtue reigns alone ;  
 No subject vice dare interfere,  
 To check the power that governs here.

O ! would she deign to rule my fate,  
 I'd worship Kings and kingly state, 10  
 And hold this maxim all life long,  
 The King — *my* King — can do no wrong.

## STANZAS

Lady ! I would that verse of mine  
 Could fling, all lavishly and free,  
 Prophetic tones from every line,  
 Of health, joy, peace, in store for thee.

Thine should be length of happy days, 5  
 Enduring joys and fleeting cares,  
 Virtues that challenge envy's praise,  
 By rivals loved, and mourned by heirs.

Thy life's free course should ever roam  
 Beyond this bounded earthly clime, 10  
 No billow breaking into foam  
 Upon the rock-girt shore of Time.

The gladness of a gentle heart,  
 Pure as the wishes breathed in prayer,  
 Which has in others' joys a part, 15  
 While in its own all others share.

The fullness of a cultured mind,  
 Stored with the wealth of bard and sage,  
 Which Error's glitter cannot blind,  
 Lustrous in youth, undimmed in age ; 20

The grandeur of a guileless soul,  
 With wisdom, virtue, feeling fraught,  
 Gliding serenely to its goal,  
 Beneath the eternal sky of Thought : —

These should be thine, to guard and shield, 25  
 And this the life thy spirit live,  
 Blest with all bliss that earth can yield,  
 Bright with all hopes that Heaven can give.

## GRATITUDE

To —

As turns the eye to bless the hand that led its infant years,  
As list'ning still for that sweet voice which every tone endears,  
So I to thee, through mental power, would each remembrance trace,  
And bless the hand that led me on to fonts of lasting grace.  
As sailor on the billowy deep hath seen some light afar, 5  
And shunned the rock that lies between his pathway and the star,  
So hast thou been o'er stormy wave to me, 'mid sorrow's night,  
A beacon true whose glory spreads afar its rays of light.  
As flow sweet sounds of melody from strings drawn out by skill,  
As roll its wavelets o'er the soul and all its chambers fill, 10  
So came the words of holy truth endued with wisdom's zeal,  
So fell their impress on my heart and stamped it with their seal.

As runs the rivulet its course and swifter as it flows,  
Still murmuring of the hidden depths where first its waters rose,  
So evermore as life glides on expanding far and wide, 15  
Will turn the heart to where at first was ope'd its holiest tide.  
As pours the captive bird its song to him who sets it free,  
So flows my breath in song of praise in gratitude to thee.  
As o'er the earth the sun reflects its rays of living light,  
So thou by thy pure rays of thought art power to mental sight. 20





## NOTES<sup>1</sup>

### TAMERLANE (1)

(1827; *Yankee*, December, 1829 (in part); 1829; 1831; 1845)

(TEXT: 1845)

**Date of Composition.** *Tamerlane* is the first of the poems in 1827, and it is also given the initial position in the group of "Poems Written in Youth" in the collective edition of 1845; but whether or not it is the earliest of Poe's poems it is impossible to say. Poe claims in the preface of 1827 that "the greater part" of the poems published in that edition "were written in the year 1821-2." It is barely possible that *Tamerlane* was originally conceived as early as this — when Poe was a child of twelve or thirteen — but that it had reached at that time a stage approximating that in which we first find it is highly improbable. Poe was notoriously reckless in his citation of dates, and he took delight in mystifying his public. In the light of all the circumstances now known to us, it seems unlikely that the poem was written before 1826.

**Text.** The text of *Tamerlane* followed in the present edition (save for sundry corrections pointed out in the notes) is that of 1845. This text is based on that of 1829, from which it differs verbally in only one line (57). The text of 1831 is also based on 1829, but departs from it in the omission of some forty lines, in the addition of about fifty lines, and in the introduction of numerous verbal changes. Among the added passages in 1831 are imperfect drafts of *A Dream within a Dream* and *The Lake: To —*, both published as separate items in 1827 and 1829. The text of 1827 is much fuller than the later versions and for this reason has been reproduced in the footnotes of the present edition in its entirety. A manuscript copy of the poem once in the possession of L. A. Wilmer (see Stedman and Woodberry, X, pp. 199-208) represents a stage intermediate between the texts of 1827 and 1829.

<sup>1</sup> The figures in parenthesis after the titles of the poems refer to pages of the text.

**Sources.** The plot of the poem follows in broad outline the life-story of the famous Tartar warrior, Tamerlane, and on this is grafted a fanciful love story. Just how Poe's attention was first drawn to the subject we have no way of telling. While at school in London, he had probably come to know something of the part played by Tamerlane in history; and either then or after his return to Richmond in 1820, he may also have become acquainted with some of the literary versions of the Tamerlane story, which included, besides Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*, plays by Nicholas Rowe and Monk Lewis; though it is plain that he owed nothing to them, save, possibly, the mere suggestion of his theme. It may be, too, that he had seen some one of these plays presented on the stage. Rowe's play was acted in London annually down to the year 1815 (see Sir Sidney Lee's article on Rowe in the *Dictionary of National Biography*); and a piece entitled *Timour the Tartar* (probably based on Monk Lewis's melodrama) was acted in Baltimore as late as 1829 (see the *Baltimore Gazette* of November 7, 1829).

The love story which Poe weaves into his plot appears to be a reflection of his own love affair with Miss Sarah Elmira Royster, of Richmond. Miss Royster has herself given a brief account of her relations with the poet in some reminiscences furnished Mr. J. H. Ingram and published by him in *Appleton's Journal*, May, 1878 (new series, IV, pp. 428-429). According to this account she first became closely associated with the poet in 1824 or early in 1825, and he was a frequent visitor at her home during the year 1825. Before he left for the University of Virginia in February, 1826, she became engaged to him. But the poet's letters to her from Charlottesville were intercepted by her father, who was opposed to the marriage; and before Poe's return to Richmond in December, 1826, she had engaged herself to another suitor, Mr. A. B. Shelton, whom she subsequently married. The date of her marriage is uncertain, but she associates it with her seventeenth year, or 1827. She died in 1888, at the age of seventy-eight years. Poe perhaps refers to her disloyalty to him also in several other poems, especially in *Song* ("I saw thee on thy bridal day"), and in *Bridal Ballad*, and perhaps also in *To One in Paradise*. See also the notes on *To Sarah* and *Ballad* among the Poems Attributed to Poe.

For the model of his poem in matters of style and mood and structure, Poe went to Byron. Stedman has called attention to the parallelism with Byron's *Giaour*, of which he declares *Tamerlane* is a "manifest adumbration" (see Stedman and Woodberry, X, p. xx); and there is an equally obvious parallelism with *Manfred*, especially with Act III. It

should be added that the parallelism with *The Giaour* is closest with the second half of that poem (ll. 917 f.). The general subject of Poe's indebtedness to Byron — an indebtedness that is discoverable on nearly every page of the volume of 1827 — has been discussed above, in the Introduction (pp. xliv-xlv).

That Poe was aware of the imperfections of his poem — its feebleness, its obscurity, its bareness and brokenness of style, and its utter want of originality — may be taken for granted. In the preface of 1827 he confesses that the poem has "many faults"; and in a note in 1845 (p. 55) he refers to *Tamerlane* along with other early poems as "the crude compositions of my earliest boyhood." The text of 1827 is clearer and more coherent than the later versions, but it is at the same time more diffuse and more halting in its rhythm.

Poe's notes, which appeared only in the text of 1827, are reprinted in the present edition along with the editor's notes, obvious errors in spelling and punctuation being corrected.

1 (1827) "I have sent for thee, holy friar. Of the history of Tamerlane little is known; and with that little I have taken the full liberty of a poet. — That he was descended from the family of Zinghis Khan is more than probable — but he is vulgarly supposed to have been the son of a shepherd, and to have raised himself to the throne by his own address. He died in the year 1405, in the time of Pope Innocent VII.

"How I shall account for giving him 'a friar' as a death-bed confessor, I cannot exactly determine. He wanted some one to listen to his tale — and why not a friar? It does not pass the bounds of possibility — quite sufficient for my purpose — and I have at least good authority on my side for such innovations." — POE.

[The punctuation of the poet's comments is both inconsistent and inaccurate. In the foregoing paragraph, for instance, Poe placed a comma after "friar" and a dash after "confessor"; and in quoting from his text the line on which his comment is made, he omitted the comma before "holy." Such errors are so frequent as to make it seem superfluous to call attention to all of them.]

1-12 Cf. Byron's *Manfred*, III, i, ll. 66-78:

Old man! there is no power in holy men,  
Nor charm in prayer, nor purifying form  
Of penitence, nor outward look, nor fast,  
Nor agony — nor, greater than all these,  
The innate tortures of that deep despair,  
Which is remorse without the fear of hell,

But all in all sufficient to itself  
 Would make a hell of heaven — can exorcise  
 From out the unbounded spirit the quick sense  
 Of its own sins, wrongs, sufferance, and revenge  
 Upon itself; there is no future pang  
 Can deal that justice on the self-condemn'd  
 He deals on his own soul.

Cf. also *The Giaour*, ll. 389 f.

**2** The line furnishes one of many examples of the poet's abuse of the dash. The present editor has retained, however, in his basal text, the pointing of his originals except (1) where it was obviously incorrect, or (2) where it had the effect of obscuring the poet's meaning, or (3) where it was plainly at variance with present-day usage.

**5** *revell'd*. Poe pretty consistently abbreviates the *-ed* where it is not syllabic, even though (as here) he ran no risk of being mispronounced.

**7** (1827) A lame line. The defect is remedied in later editions (see line 2) by the insertion of "now" after "not."

**9** *If I can hope — oh, God! I can*. Apparently to be construed as ironical. In 1845 "oh" is spelled with a capital and is without a comma before the vocative which follows.

**12** *such*. The reference is faulty, the antecedent being the idea contained in line 9. The corresponding passage in the text of 1827 is perfectly clear.

**18** *jewels*. Spelled with a capital in the original.

**21, 22** The note of regret occasioned by the recollection of a happy youth sounds almost constantly throughout Poe's earlier verses. It is possible that it is entirely conventional and insincere, but it is difficult not to believe that it genuinely reflects the poet's feelings. Poe's life in London and perhaps for some time after his return to Richmond must have been comparatively happy or, at least, happy in comparison with the year (1826) spent at college in Charlottesville, or the half-year that intervened between his leaving Charlottesville and the publication of his poems.

**25** (1827) *hatred*. An obvious misprint for "hated." Other false spellings that appear in the text of 1827 are "shown" for "shone" (l. 26), "crash" for "crush" (l. 66), "sleep" for "steep" (l. 74), "lovli-ness" (ll. 89, 138), "can'st" and "would'st" (l. 103), "dwell" for "dwelt" (l. 152), "wore" for "were" (l. 190), "to" for "too" (l. 351), "vallies" (l. 357), "lisp" for "list" (l. 371), "trancient" (l. 390).

**39** (1827) "*The mists of the Taglay have shed, &c.*" The mountains of Belur Taglay are a branch of the Imaus, in the southern part of

Independent Tartary. — They are celebrated for the singular wildness and beauty of their valleys." — POE.

[In the original, "the Taglay" is printed in italics, "Imaus" is spelled "Immaus," "valleys" is spelled "vallies," and a comma is inserted after "wildness."]

**41** So late from Heaven — that dew — it fell. An extremely broken line, which finds nothing corresponding to it in 1827.

**57** Rendered me mad and deaf and blind. The only line in which the 1845 text of *Tamerlane* presents a different reading from that of 1829. The text of 1829 reads: "Was giantlike — so thou my mind!"

**59** I have substituted a comma for the dash with which this line ends in 1845.

**59, 60** Improperly indented in 1845.

**72, 73** (1827) there broke Strange light upon me. In several of his earlier pieces Poe adverts to a supernatural revelation that had been granted him; see also line 123, and, in particular, *Dreams*, ll. 19 f., and *Stanzas*, ll. 6 f.

**75, 76** Possibly an echo of a passage in Moore's *The Loves of the Angels*, ll. 122-124 (a poem which served as a partial source of *Al Araaf*):

'T is not in words to tell the power,  
The despotism, that from that hour  
Passion held o'er me.

**81-85** Cf. Wordsworth's poetic account of his "obstinate questioning Of sense and outward things" in his *Intimations of Immortality*, ll. 142-148, and see, also, his prose comment on the *Intimations*: "Many times when going to school have I grasped at wall or a tree to recall myself from this abyss of idealism to the reality." See also in this connection the notes on *Stanzas*.

**88, 89** 'T was such as angel minds above Might envy. Cf. *Anna-bel Lee*, ll. 21-22:

The angels, not half so happy in heaven,  
Went envying her and me.

**93** example. In 1827 (l. 117) erroneously printed "examples."

**94-97** (1827) See the note on lines 81-85 (1845), the corresponding lines to these. The parallel with Wordsworth is even closer here than there.

**97** In 1845 a comma is wrongly inserted after "forest."

**102-107** (1827) The sentence is badly involved. The object of "name" (102) appears to be "empire" (104), "can'st" and "would'st" (103) being correlative. "Heav'n" (107) is appositive to "what" (107). The idea expressed in the passage suggests that developed more fully in *Stanzas*, ll. 25-32.

**103** The text of 1845 has a comma after "sunshine."

**109** (1827) The line is corrupt, "was" having fallen out before "worthy." See line 144 (1827).

**111** Both in his poems and in his tales, Poe makes a good deal of the eyes. See, for the poems, *To the River* —, l. 14; *Al Aaraaf*, Part II, l. 78; *Eulalie*, ll. 6-8, 20, 21; *To M. L. S.* —, l. 12; the second *To Helen*, ll. 37-47; *A Valentine*, ll. 1-2; *For Annie*, l. 102; *Annabel Lee*, l. 36.

**116** I had no being — but in thee. Cf. Byron's *The Dream*, l. 51:

He had no breath, no being, but in hers.

**118** In the earth — the air — the sea. Poe's references to nature are infrequent and are almost invariably either vague or perfunctory (see the notes on *Evening Star*). The corresponding passage in the text of 1827 (ll. 166-167) is less comprehensive, but more picturesque. See, for other passages in *Tamerlane* in which nature plays a part, lines 139-143, 253-255, and 318-321 (text of 1827 in each instance).

**120-127** The passage is obscure, but apparently the poet means to say that in his idealizing he was confronted by the image of his love, on the one hand, and his dreams of glory — a name — (in which his love was to share), on the other. This interpretation is supported by the text of 1827 (ll. 167-178).

**121** Dim, vanities. Both sense and meter seem to favor the omission of the comma, but it is retained in each of the editions in which the words occur (1829, 1831, 1845), and is at least a possible reading.

**123** a more shadowy light! See the note on lines 72-73 (1827).

**133** But, just like any other dream. An uncommonly pedestrian line, even for Poe's earliest period.

**136-143** (1827) Cf. *Stanzas*, ll. 17-25, and the introductory note on that poem.

**139** f. Cf., for a similar situation, *Al Aaraaf*, Part II, ll. 191 f.

**149** I have substituted a comma for the dash with which this line ends in 1845.

**151, 152** (1827) "no purer thought Dwelt in a seraph's breast than thine. I must beg the reader's pardon for making Tamerlane, a Tartar of the fourteenth century, speak in the same language as a Boston

gentleman of the nineteenth: but of the Tartar mythology we have little information." — POE.

[Poe corrects in his note the misspelling "dwell" (for "dwelt") which appears in the text of 1827, but prints "seraphs" in italics.]

153 (1827) still. Probably the archaic use in the sense of "ever," as in *Dreams*, l. 7.

156 (1827) "Which blazes upon Edis' shrine. A deity presiding over virtuous love, upon whose imaginary altar a sacred fire was continually blazing." — POE.

165 round. Spelled "'round" in 1845.

191 f. Cf. the opening lines of Byron's *Monody on the Death of the Right Hon. R. B. Sheridan*:

When the last sunshine of expiring day  
In summer's twilight weeps itself away,  
Who hath not felt the softness of the hour  
Sink on the heart, as dew along the flower?  
With a pure feeling which absorbs and awes  
While Nature makes that melancholy pause,  
Her breathing moment on the bridge where Time  
Of light and darkness forms an arch sublime,  
Who hath not shared that calm so still and deep,  
The voiceless thought which would not speak but weep.

194 (1827) Professor Harrison (I, p. 68) calls attention to the parallel with Cardinal Newman's well-known line in his *Lead, Kindly Light*: "Pride ruled my will," etc.

197 See Poe's note, below, on lines 372-373 of the 1827 edition.

201 What tho' the moon — the white moon. The word "white" must be given the time of two syllables. Poe was fond of the prolonged monosyllable; see, for other examples, *The Haunted Palace*, l. 12 ("time"), l. 40 ("old"); *Lenore* (text of 1843), l. 58 ("gold"). I have inserted a necessary dash at the end of this line.

202 noon. See the note on *Al Aaraaf*, Part II, l. 9.

203 Her smile is chilly. The moon is spoken of as cold or as unsympathetic also in *Dreams*, l. 25, *Evening Star*, ll. 5 f., and *Al Aaraaf*, Part II, l. 151. — Cf. Lowell's comment on the coldness — the "chilly polish" — of the moon, especially on winter nights, in *A Good Word for Winter* (Riverside edition, III, p. 289).

209 The comma at the end of this line is omitted in 1845.

210 I have substituted a period for the dash with which this line ends in 1845.

213-215 Possibly an echo of *Don Juan*, Canto III, stanza lii, ll. 1-4 :

He entered in the house — his home no more,  
For without hearts there is no home ; — and felt  
The solitude of passing his own door  
Without a welcome.

229 Eblis. See Sale's note (" Preliminary Discourse " on the Koran, Philadelphia, 1856, p. 52): " The devil, whom Mohammed named Eblis, for his despair, was once one of those angels who are nearest to God's presence, called Azazil, and fell, according to the doctrine of the Koran (chap. ii), for refusing to pay homage to Adam at the command of God."

243 Cf. *Lycidas*, l. 69 :

Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair :

and Lovelace's *To Althea, from Prison*, ll. 1-8 :

When love with unconfined wings  
Hovers within my gates, —  
And my divine Althea brings  
To whisper at the grates ;  
When I lie tangled in her hair  
And fettered to her eye  
The birds that wanton in the air,  
Know no such liberty.

The edition of 1831 appends to the poem an imperfect draft of *A Dream within a Dream*.

258-260 (1827) " who hardly will conceive That any should become ' great,' born In their own sphere. Although Tamerlane speaks this, it is not the less true. It is a matter of the greatest difficulty to make the generality of mankind believe that one with whom they are upon terms of intimacy, shall be called, in the world, a ' great man.' The reason is evident. There are few great men. Their actions are consequently viewed by the mass of the people thro' the medium of distance. — The prominent parts of their character are alone noted ; and those properties which are minute and common to every one, not being observed, seem to have no connection with a great character.

" Who ever read the private memorials, correspondence, &c., which have become so common in our time, without wondering that ' great men ' should act and think ' so abominably ' ? " — POE.



[In 1827 the word "born," in the second line of the poet's comment, is erroneously repeated, and the restrictive clauses in the fourth and ninth lines are set off by commas.]

Whitty (pp. 285-286) cites this passage in support of the authenticity of the lines entitled *The Great Man* (printed in his edition of the poems, p. 143).

279 (1827) "Her own Alexis, who should plight, &c. That Tamerlane acquir'd his renown under a feigned name is not entirely a fiction." — POE.

The names "Alexis" and "Ada" (l. 286, 1827) appeared only in the earliest text of *Tamerlane*. Alexis (variant "Alexius") was the name adopted by a line of Byzantine emperors in the time of the Crusades, and also of several emperors of Trebizond in the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries.

304, 306, 307, 310, 316 (1827) All either lame or cacophonous lines. This section seems to have been less carefully revised than any other in the poem.

310-314 (1827) One of the most explicit references to God and his relation to the universe to be found in Poe's writings. See on Poe's religious beliefs, the introductory note on *Hymn*.

327 (1827) "Look 'round thee now on Samarcand. I believe it was after the battle of Angora that Tamerlane made Samarcand his residence. It became for a time the seat of learning and the arts." — POE.

[In the original, "Angora" is spelled "Angoria."]

333 (1827) "And who her sov'reign? Timur, &c. He was called Timur Bek as well as Tamerlane." — POE.

337 (1827) "The Zinghis' yet re-echoing fame. The conquests of Tamerlane far exceeded those of Zinghis Khan. He boasted to have two thirds of the world at his command." — POE.

339 (1827) **The sound of revelry by night.** Cf. Byron's famous line, "There was a sound of revelry by night" (*Childe Harold*, Canto III, stanza xxi, l. 1). The line does not appear in any subsequent edition.

371 (1827) **lisp.** Evidently a typographical error for "list."

372, 373 (1827) "the sound of the coming darkness [known To those whose spirits hark'n]. I have often fancied that I could distinctly hear the sound of the darkness, as it steals over the horizon — a foolish fancy perhaps, but not more unintelligible than to see music —

"The mind the music breathing from her face." — POE.

[See, for a similar comment, the note on *Al Aaraaf*, Part II, l. 47. — In quoting from his text Poe erroneously capitalizes "the" and substitutes marks of parenthesis for the brackets. — The passage quoted by Poe in elucidation of his comment is from Byron's *The Bride of Abydos*, Canto I, stanza vi, l. 22.]

389 (1827) "Let life, then, as the day-flow'r, fall. There is a flow'r (I have never known its botanic name), vulgarly called the day flower. It blooms beautifully in the day-light, but withers towards evening, and by night its leaves appear totally shrivelled and dead. I have forgotten, however, to mention in the text, that it lives again in the morning. If it will not flourish in Tartary, I must be forgiven for carrying it thither." — POE.

The day-flower is also alluded to by Moore, in *Evenings in Greece*, I, ll. 444-446:

And delicate as those day-flow'rs,  
Which, while they last, make up, in light  
And sweetness, what they want in hours.

The botanical name of the species is *Commelina*.

#### SONG (21)

(1827; 1829; *Broadway Journal*, September 20, 1845; 1845)

(TEXT: *Broadway Journal*)

The poem apparently refers to the marriage of Miss Royster. Whether or not Poe was actually present at the wedding has not been established; but it has been held that he was in Richmond on the day of the marriage, and that he actually appeared, unexpectedly to all, at the home of Miss Royster while the wedding party was in progress (see E. M. Alfriend in the *Literary Era*, VIII, p. 489).

The text follows the *Broadway Journal* (which is identical with 1845) except in the punctuation of the initial line, which in the original is followed by a dash.

1 Cf. a line from Mrs. Osgood's drama *Elfrida*, — "I saw her on her bridal day, my liege," — quoted by Poe in a review of her poems (Harrison, XIII, p. 109). Whitty (p. 271) cites a similar line, "I saw her on the bridal day," from a poem printed in the *Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post* for 1826.

## DREAMS (22)

(1827)

(TEXT: 1827)

One of four poems published only in the volume of 1827. It was omitted in later editions—partly, we may imagine, because of its personal nature, partly because of its evident crudities. The poet's harping on his disappointed ambitions and his unhappy lot points to 1826 or 1827 as the year of composition.

The text of the poem as published in 1827 is imperfect both in the phrasing and in the pointing (see the notes on lines 2, 13, 14, 16, 25, 27). It has been corrected in the present edition with the aid of a manuscript of the poem, of which the present editor has courteously been permitted to avail himself by its owner, Mr. J. P. Morgan, of New York City.

2 In 1827 a comma is erroneously placed after "awak'ning."

7 still. With the meaning of "ever" (which is the reading of the Morgan MS.).

9-18 The passage refers perhaps to the time of Poe's love-making with Miss Royster, but more probably to the period preceding his estrangement from Mr. Allan.

13 In the interest of clearness, I have inserted a comma after "revell'd."

14 In 1827 a comma is erroneously placed after "light."

16 In *climes of mine imagining*. In the text of 1827, this is misprinted "Inclines of my imaginary." The present reading is that of the Morgan MS. of the poem.

17, 18 with beings that have been Of mine own thought. Cf. the 1827 text of *A Dream within a Dream*, ll. 6-7:

... and waking thought  
Of beings that have been.

Both passages are perhaps echoes of Byron's *The Dream*, ll. 19-21:

The mind can make  
Substance, and people planets of its own  
With beings brighter than have been.

Cf. also the similar passage from *Childe Harold*, Canto III, stanza xiv, ll. 1-3:

Like the Chaldean, he could watch the stars,  
Till he had peopled them with beings bright  
As their own beams.

19-26 This experience of the poet—which he interprets to be a sort of divine revelation of the gift of genius—is dwelt on in *Stanzas*, and is mentioned also in *Tamerlane*, l. 73. See in this connection Professor Woodberry's comments on the poet's dreaming faculty and on the significance of this mood (*Life of Poe*, I, pp. 43-44).

23, 24 See *Tamerlane*, l. 203, and the note thereon.

25 In the original the comma is omitted after "was."

27 **I have been happy, tho' [but] in a dream.** The word "but" was omitted in 1827, but is inserted here on the authority of the Morgan MS.

29 coloring. Spelled "colouring" in 1827. In the Lorimer Graham copy of 1845, however, Poe deletes the *u* in several similar spellings.

#### SPIRITS OF THE DEAD (23)

(1827; 1829; *Burton's Gentleman's Magazine*, July, 1839)

(TEXT: *Burton's Gentleman's Magazine*)

*Spirits of the Dead* is the earliest of a group of seven poems in which Poe deals with the realm of departed spirits (see for others of this group the introductory note on *The City in the Sea*). Here the situation is apparently that of the abode of the wicked after death.

The poem was evidently suggested by Byron's well-known incantation at the end of the first scene of the initial act of *Manfred*, from which several passages are paraphrased (see the notes on lines 1-2, 11 f., 15-16, 19-20, 23-26). Byron's incantation is said to have reference to Lady Byron and to have been written shortly after his "last fruitless attempt at reconciliation" with her. It is possible that *Spirits of the Dead* was inspired, similarly, by Poe's resentment against Miss Royster.

A manuscript version of the poem—not, however, in Poe's handwriting, though obviously authentic—is described by Stedman and Woodberry (X, p. 226). The text followed here is that of *Burton's Gentleman's Magazine*, save for the following corrections in punctuation: the substitution of a colon for a dash at the end of line 4, the omission of a comma after line 12, the substitution of a comma and

a semicolon respectively after lines 19 and 20, the insertion of a comma after line 24, and the omission of a dash after line 28.

The poem is omitted in 1831 and in 1845, but for what reason it is difficult to surmise. No other poem in the edition of 1827 possesses larger merit. "Such imaginings," says Professor Woodberry (I, p. 45), in commenting on lines 12-21, "might well portend in poetry a genius as original as was Blake's in art."

1, 2 Cf. *Manfred*, I, i, ll. 205-206:

By a power to thee unknown,  
Thou canst never be alone.

The parallel is even closer with the 1827 version of the lines:

Thy soul shall find itself alone —  
Alone of all on earth — unknown.

5, 6 that solitude Which is not loneliness. Cf. *Childe Harold*, Canto III, stanza xc, l. 2: "In solitude, where we are *least* alone"; and see the discussion of the proverb "Never less alone than when alone," in *Modern Language Notes*, XXIV, pp. 54 f., 123, 226; XXV, pp. 28 f., 96; XXVI, p. 232; the New York *Nation*, XCVI, p. 256, —where parallels are cited from Shakespeare, Browne, Milton, Cowley, Rogers, and others, and the saying is traced as far back as Cicero. To the parallels adduced in these articles should be added Wordsworth's "Solitude to her Is blithe society" (*Characteristics of a Child Three Years Old*, ll. 12-13).

5-10 Cf. *Dream-Land*, ll. 31-38.

11 f. See *Manfred*, I, i, ll. 228-229:

And to thee shall Night deny  
All the quiet of her sky.

15, 16 Cf. *Tamerlane*, ll. 203-204.

17 fever. The text of 1827 has "ferver." The same mistake appears in the 1827 version of *Stanzas*, l. 10.

19, 20 A close paraphrase of Byron's lines from his incantation in *Manfred* (I, ii, ll. 204-205):

There are shades which will not vanish,  
There are thoughts thou canst not banish.

22 dew-drop. Perhaps a misprint for "dew-drops" (the reading adopted by Stedman and Woodberry and by Harrison), though both 1829 and *Burton's* retain the reading here adopted.

23 A similar situation is found in *The City in the Sea*, ll. 38 f., and in *The Valley of Unrest*, ll. 11 f.

23-26 Cf. *Manfred*, I, i, ll. 199-203 :

[When] the silent leaves are still  
In the shadow of the hill,  
Shall my soul be upon thine  
With a power and with a sign.

24 **mist.** The reading of 1827, "wish," is plainly a typographical error.

26 **a symbol and a token.** The same collocation appears in *Stanzas*, l. 24.

#### EVENING STAR (25)

(1827)

(TEXT: 1827)

*Evening Star* is noteworthy as being one of the few poems in which Poe deals with nature. Other poems in which nature plays a part are *Tamerlane* (especially lines 166 f. and 310 f. of the edition of 1827), *The Lake: To —*, *To the River —*, *Al Aaraaf, Politian* (scene iv, ll. 45-50), and the later *To Helen*. In each of these, except possibly the last, the treatment is mainly conventional; and it is almost invariably abstract, the moon, the stars, the heavens, the sea, and the wind being the objects most frequently mentioned. The only flowers that are referred to specifically more than once are the lily (mentioned five times), the rose (mentioned four times), the violet (mentioned three times), and the hyacinth and ivy (each mentioned twice); and the only birds that are mentioned more than once are the eagle, the albatross, and the condor (the first mentioned four times, and the other two twice).

The impulse to the writing of the poem came, apparently, from one of Moore's *Irish Melodies*, "While Gazing on the Moon's Light," the first stanza of which Poe parallels fairly closely in lines 5-23. Moore's poem begins as follows :

While gazing on the moon's light,  
A moment from her smile I turn'd,  
To look at orbs, that, more bright,  
In lone and distant glory burn'd.  
But *too* far  
Each proud star,

For me to feel its warming flame ;  
 Much more dear  
 That mild sphere,  
 Which near our planet smiling came.

5 cold moon. See the note on *Tamerlane*, l. 203.

11 I have substituted a period for the dash which 1827 erroneously places at the end of the line.

22 Followed by a comma in 1827.

#### A DREAM WITHIN A DREAM (26)

(1827; *Yankee*, December, 1829 (in part); 1829; 1831 (appended to *Tamerlane*); *Flag of Our Union*, March 31, 1849)

(TEXT: *Flag of Our Union*)

In its earliest form, this poem is entitled *Imitation*, —in acknowledgment, perhaps, of its indebtedness to Byron (see the notes on lines 6, 7, 9–10). In 1829, it bears the title *To — — —* (though to whom it was addressed is unknown). The excerpt printed by John Neal in the *Yankee* comprises only lines 13–26 (of the 1829 text). The 1831 version, which comprises the same lines as the excerpt in the *Yankee*, is appended to *Tamerlane*. The poem was first given its present title in 1849, in the text published in the *Flag of Our Union*. Poe also contemplated republishing the poem in the fall of 1849, and the proofs made for that purpose still exist (see Whitty, p. ix). This version, which is entitled *To — —*, exhibits two slight variations from the text adopted here (see the notes on lines 1 and 4). A manuscript copy of the last fifteen lines of the poem, sent Mrs. Richmond in 1849 and entitled *For Annie*, also exists; see the facsimile reproduction printed in the London *Bookman*, January, 1909, p. 190.

The date of composition is uncertain: the poem was perhaps written several years before it was first published (see the note on lines 11–14). But whether written then or later, it is probable that it was revised to some extent after the poet left the Allan home in 1827 (see lines 11–20 of the 1827 text).

In the course of its several republishings, the poem underwent sweeping changes, no line of the original version being preserved unaltered in the final text. Because of the radical departure made from the two earliest versions of the poem — the texts of 1827 and 1829 — these

two versions have been reproduced in their entirety in the footnotes of the present edition.

The lyric is manifestly autobiographical, especially in its earlier forms. In *Imitation* the poet harps anew on his youthful pride, on his dream habit, and on his disappointed ambitions. In the text of 1829 he writes in much the same vein, though there is connoted now something of desperation, and of defiance as well.

1 **the.** The *Examiner* proof sheets (see Whitty, p. 123) substitute "thy"; but this clashes with "you" in the next line, and hence is perhaps a printer's error.

3 In the original a dash stands at the end of this line.

4 **who.** Here again the *Examiner* text, which substitutes "to" for "who," has an inferior reading. The retention of the comma before "to" in this version tends to confirm the suspicion that this reading is due to typographical error.

6 (1827) **waking thought.** Byron has the same locution in *The Dream*, l. 7:

They leave a weight upon our waking thoughts.

7 (1827) **Of beings that have been.** Cf. Byron's *The Dream*, l. 21:

With beings brighter than have been, etc.

See also Poe's *Dreams*, ll. 17-18.

8 (1827) **hath.** Apparently an error for "had." Cf. the corresponding line (11) in the text of 1829.

9, 10 (1827) Cf. *Manfred*, I, i, ll. 212-213:

Though thou seest me not pass by,  
Thou shalt feel me with thine eye.

11 **a dream within a dream.** Cf. Coleridge's *Recollections of Love*, l. 22:

A dream remembered in a dream.

The phrase first appeared in Poe's poem in 1849.

11-14 (1827) The poet did not entirely relinquish the hope of succeeding to all or a part of Mr. Allan's fortune until after the latter's death in 1834, when it was found that he had left him nothing. But Allan must have made it reasonably clear by 1827 or earlier that he did not intend to make Poe his heir; see his letter of November 1, 1824, to W. H. Poe (p. xiv, above) and Mrs. Weiss, p. 29.



13 **surf-tormented.** In 1829 Poe used the phrase "weatherbeaten"; which gave way in 1831 to "wind-beaten"; and this, in turn, was discarded for the present reading.

13-26 (1829) The *Yankee* and 1831 reproduce only this segment of the poem.

15 Cf. *Politian*, III, l. 41 :

The sands of Time are changed to golden grains.

18 (1827) **sight.** A typographical error for "sigh."

26 (1829) The poet more than once contemplated suicide. See the note on *The Lake: To* —, ll. 19-23.

### STANZAS (28)

(1827)

(TEXT: 1827)

This poem gives us Poe's fullest deliverance on a mysterious experience of his youth to which he several times alludes in his earlier verses; namely, the enjoyment, under the influence of solitude and communion with nature, of some mystical and highly exalted mood, which renders him insensible, for the time being, to the realities of the material world, and which he interprets as a token of divine favor of some sort — a revelation to him of secrets that are ordinarily denied to mortals. This experience is akin to that which Wordsworth records of himself in his note on the *Intimations of Immortality*, ll. 142 f., and is hinted at in the passage from Byron used as motto for the present poem. See also Wordsworth's *Tintern Abbey*, ll. 41 f.; Tennyson's *The Ancient Sage*, ll. 229-239, and *In Memoriam*, xcv, ll. 33-48; Lowell's *Letters*, ed. Norton, I, p. 140; and the passage quoted below from Dickens's *Oliver Twist*; and for further analogues and a general discussion of similar "trance experiences," cf. the article on "Mysticism," by A. S. Pringle-Pattison in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*.

The poem is one of the most broken and incoherent that Poe wrote, and is correspondingly difficult of interpretation. It may have been written several years before publication, though it was probably not composed before 1823, since Byron's *The Island*, from which its motto is taken, was published in that year.

**Title.** In 1827 the poem is without title. The title adopted here was first used by Stedman and Woodberry (X, p. 122).

**Motto.** From Byron's *The Island*, Canto II, stanza xvi, ll. 13-16.

**1 In youth have I known one.** The reference is to the poet himself. See the initial lines of *The Lake: To* —, and compare *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, Canto III, stanza iii, l. 1 :

In my youth's summer I did sing of One.

**2 In secret.** The phrase is without punctuation in the original.

**5 forth.** Made to rhyme with "Earth." In his earlier verses Poe has few inexact rhymes; though in his later work he not infrequently adopted a cockney rhyme for the sake of its ludicrous or fantastic effect.

**6 A passionate light.** Cf. *Dreams*, ll. 19f., and *Tamerlane*, l. 73 (1827) and 123 (1845); and see the general note, above. — **such for his spirit was fit.** The inversion is awkward. As a rule Poe was admirably direct in his word-order. "Few things have greater tendency than inversion," he writes in one of his *Marginalia* (Harrison, XVI, p. 154), "to render verse feeble and ineffective. In most cases where a line is spoken of as 'forcible,' the force may be referred to directness of expression."

**7** In the original the dash is placed after "knew."

**9-16** The poet offers several alternative explanations of the "passionate light" of the opening stanza. Perhaps, he says, it was merely the influence of the moon (ll. 9-10), — though he believes it to possess a much deeper significance than anything of which even the ancients have written; or, again, it is possibly "the unembodied essence of a thought" with its "quickenning spell" — a thought such as may come to one suddenly and unexpectedly while contemplating some simple and familiar object.

**10 fever.** Ingram's correction for "ferver" of the original. Shepherd (in his reprint of *Tamerlane*, p. 14) holds that we cannot be sure that "ferver" was not an error for "fervor"; but the sense calls for "fever," and the spelling "ferver" also lends support to it. The error came about, in all likelihood, in the printing — under the influence, perhaps, of "fervor" in line 8. A similar mistake was made in the 1827 version of *Spirits of the Dead*, l. 17.

**11 that wild light.** The "passionate light" of line 6.

**14** The comma after "more" was omitted in 1827.

**17-25** Cf. *Tamerlane* (1827), ll. 140-143, the motto from Byron, and the general note above. See also *Childe Harold*, Canto IV, stanza xxiii :

But ever and anon of griefs subdued  
 There comes a token like a scorpion's sting,  
 Scarce seen, but with fresh bitterness imbued;  
 And slight withal may be the things which bring  
 Back on the heart the weight which it would fling  
 Aside for ever: it may be a sound —  
 A tone of music — summer's eve — or spring —  
 A flower — the wind — the ocean — which shall wound,  
 Striking the electric chain wherewith we are darkly bound.

And note the following passage from *Oliver Twist* (chap. xxx):

The boy stirred and smiled in his sleep, as though these marks of pity and compassion had awakened some pleasant dream of a love and affection he had never known; as a strain of gentle music, or the rippling of water in a silent place, or the odour of a flower, or even the mention of a familiar word, will sometimes call up sudden dim remembrances of scenes that never were in this life, which vanish like a breath, and which some brief memory of a happier existence, long gone by, would seem to have awakened, for no voluntary exertion of the mind can ever recall them.

**20 that object.** Inclosed in parentheses in 1827. The dash following "object" has been inserted by the present editor.

**24** A period is placed at the end of the line in 1827.

**24-32** The poet, having endeavored in the second and third stanzas to account for the mystic experience which he mentions in the first stanza, now endeavors to explain its significance. This experience he interprets as symbolic of conditions supramundane and as an evidence of the interposition on the part of the Deity in behalf of one who, in virtue of the depth of his passion, might otherwise fall away from faith and godliness.

**27, 29** The present editor has inserted a comma at the end of each of these lines.

**28 Drawn by their heart's passion.** It was for the same reason that Angelo (in *Al Aaraaf*, Part II, ll. 176-177) failed to attain to heaven. See also *Tamerlane* (1827), ll. 102 f.:

'T is not to thee that I should name —  
 . . . . .  
 The magic empire of a flame  
 Which ev'n upon this perilous brink  
 Hath fix'd my soul, tho' unforgiv'n  
 By what it lost for passion — Heav'n.

## A DREAM (30)

(1827; 1829; *Broadway Journal*, August 16, 1845; 1845)(TEXT: *Broadway Journal*)

This poem was evidently written in the spring or summer of 1827, after Poe had run away from the home of his foster-father in Richmond. The third and fourth lines of a stanza originally prefixed to the poem (see the footnotes, p. 30, above) make specific reference to the poet's state of mind at this time.

In 1827 the poem is without title. The text of the *Broadway Journal* — which is followed in the present edition — is identical with that of 1845.

2 (1827) **My spirit spurn'd control.** This confession of the poet falls in very well with Mr. Allan's description of the youthful Poe in his letter to William Henry Poe of November 1, 1824 (see the Introduction, p. xiv).

3, 4 **But a waking dream of life and light Hath left me broken-hearted.** Perhaps Poe meant that his Richmond friends should find in these lines some evidence of relenting on his part. Ingram has suggested (p. 45) that Poe may have had a similar purpose in view when he adopted as the motto of the 1827 volume a couplet from Cowper (*Tirocinium*, ll. 444-445):

Young heads are giddy, and young hearts are warm,  
And make mistakes for manhood to reform.

16 To be scanned, apparently, as a trimeter, "day-star" being given the time of two iambs.

## "THE HAPPIEST DAY, THE HAPPIEST HOUR" (31)

(1827)

(TEXT: 1827)

Probably written in 1827 after Poe had left Richmond (see especially the last two stanzas). The poem is without title in 1827, and is marred by a number of errors in punctuation.

1 The original has a dash after "day." Other errors in punctuation — corrected in the present edition — occur in lines 3 (the insertion of a

comma after "pride"), 5 (the omission of all pointing after "ween"), 6 (the omission of the comma after "long"), 12 (the omission of the comma after "still"), 13 (the use of a dash after "day"), 14 (the use of a dash after "see" and the omission of the comma after "seen"), 15 (the omission of the comma after "power"), 21 (the omission of the comma after "alloy"), 22 (the use of a dash after "flutter'd").

**2 My sear'd and blighted heart.** Cf. *Politian*, IV, l. 28: "My seared and blighted name."

**5 Of power! said I?** This echoing of the emphatic word from the preceding stanza suggests the melodious repetition with which Coleridge begins the second and the fourth stanzas of his *Youth and Age*; there can be no actual connection between the two poems, however, since *Youth and Age* (though begun in 1823) was not published until 1828.

**10, 11** A reference, perhaps, to Poe's fear that another would succeed to the position that he had held in the Allan household (see also *A Dream within a Dream*, ll. 11-14, text of 1827).

**23 An essence — powerful to destroy.** Cf. Byron's *Manfred*, I, i, l. 233:

An essence which hath strength to kill.

#### THE LAKE: TO — (32)

(1827; 1829; 1831 (incorporated in *Tamerlane*); *Missionary Memorial* for 1846 (published in 1845); 1845)

(TEXT: 1845)

The tone of these lines and the hint of suicide (in line 19) would indicate that this poem was written shortly before publication — perhaps in the spring of 1827.

The text of 1845 was left unchanged in the Lorimer Graham copy of that edition, and evidently represents Poe's latest revision (see the variants for lines 1, 9, 10, 12, 18). The *Missionary Memorial* (a New York annual), although it bears the date 1846 on its title-page, was published in the fall of 1845. Its preface is dated "October, 1845," and it was noticed in the *New Mirror* of November 22, 1845. Poe read his last proofs on the volume of 1845 about the middle of October (see Harrison, XIII, p. 31). A manuscript copy of the poem, representing a stage midway between 1827 and 1829, is described by Stedman and Woodberry, X, p. 226.

Ingram (p. 49) expresses the opinion that *The Lake* is the best of the pieces contained in the volume of 1827; and Woodberry (I. p. 44) observes that it shares with *Spirits of the Dead* the distinction of being the only pieces in the volume that have Poe's "peculiar touch." It is one of the few poems in which Poe makes anything of nature (see the notes on *Evening Star*).

**Title.** The subtitle was first added in 1829. In both 1829 and 1845 a dash separates title and subtitle.

1 (1827) In youth's spring it was my lot. Compare *Childe Harold*, Canto III, stanza iii, l. 1:

In my youth's summer I did sing of One.

5 a wild lake. It is unlikely that Poe had in mind any particular lake. There is no lake near Richmond that answers to the description that he gives. Professor Kent suggests (Harrison, VII, p. xii) that he perhaps had reference to some lake in the hills of Scotland or in Switzerland. The poet was in Scotland in the fall of 1815, but it is reasonably certain that he was never on the Continent (see the *Sewanee Review*, April, 1912 (pp. 204-205)).

5 f. The situation here and in the concluding stanza suggests the scene in *Manfred* (I, ii, ll. 1 f.), in which the hero of that poem is represented as meditating suicide.

10 I have substituted a comma for the dash with which the line ends in 1845.

11 I have inserted a comma after "ah" and a dash after "then."

18, 19 Cf. *Manfred*, I, ii, l. 103:

Such would have been for me a fitting tomb.

19-23 Poe, if we may believe his own statements, did actually attempt suicide on one occasion in the fall of 1848; see his letter of November 16, 1848, to Mrs. Richmond (*Letters*, p. 313); and see also a letter of September 11, 1835, to J. P. Kennedy (*Letters*, p. 17).

21 In 1845 this line is followed by a dash.

23 dim lake. Cf. Moore's lyric beginning, "I wish I was by that dim lake," of which Poe says in his *Poetic Principle*: "In the compass of the English language I can call to mind no poem more profoundly — more weirdly *imaginative*, in the best sense."

## SONNET—TO SCIENCE (33)

(1829; *Saturday Evening Post*, September 11, 1830; *Philadelphia Casket*, October, 1830; 1831; *Southern Literary Messenger*, May, 1836; *Graham's Magazine*, June, 1841; *Broadway Journal*, July 2, 1845; 1845)

(TEXT: 1845)

Probably composed in the spring or summer of 1829. The changes made in the poem were comparatively few. The variations exhibited by the *Saturday Evening Post* and by the *Casket* (which merely copies the text of the *Post*) can hardly be chargeable to the poet, and it may be that the poem was printed by them without his authorization. The *Casket* of May, 1831, copied three of Poe's early poems, including this, from the edition of 1831, making acknowledgment to that volume.

The sonnet is Poe's protest against the "subtleties which would make poetry a study — not a passion," a remonstrance against the confounding of poetry with metaphysics. He touches again on this theme in *Al Aaraaf*, Part II, ll. 163-164:

Ev'n with *us* the breath  
Of Science dims the mirror of our joy;

and he dwells on the subject in his *Letter to B*— (see the Appendix of this volume). Here, after complaining of Wordsworth's insistence on the metaphysical in poetry, he expresses the conviction that "learning has little to do with the imagination," and cites as an illustration Coleridge, who, he holds, "goes wrong by reason of his very profundity." He then proceeds, with Coleridge's famous differentiation between poetry and science in mind, to formulate a definition of poetry to square with these opinions.

"A poem," he says, echoing in part Coleridge's famous statement (*Biographia Literaria*, chap. xiv), "in my opinion, is opposed to a work of science by having, for its *immediate* object, pleasure, not truth; to romance, by having for its object an *indefinite* instead of a *definite* pleasure, being a poem only so far as this object is attained; romance presenting perceptible images with definite, poetry with *indefinite* sensations, to which end music is an *essential*, since the comprehension of sweet sound is our most indefinite conception. Music, when combined with a pleasurable idea, is poetry; music without the idea is simply music; the idea without the music is prose from its very definitiveness."

Poe's theorizing on the subject was, doubtless, prompted by his reading of Coleridge; but the immediate impulse to the writing of this sonnet seems to have come from Keats, whose *Lamia* it echoes in its closing lines (see Bronson's *American Poems*, p. 566). Cf. with lines 9-14 the opening lines of *Lamia*:

Upon a time, before the faery broods  
Drove Nymph and Satyr from the prosperous woods,  
Before King Oberon's bright diadem,  
Sceptre, and mantle, clasp'd with dewy gem,  
Frighted away the Dryads and the Fauns  
From rushes green, and brakes, and cowslip'd lawns;

and see also *Lamia*, II, ll. 229-238:

Do not all charms fly  
At the mere touch of cold philosophy?  
There was an awful rainbow once in heaven:  
We know her woof, her texture: she is given  
In the dull catalogue of common things.  
Philosophy will clip an Angel's wings,  
Conquer all mysteries by rule and line,  
Empty the haunted air, and gnomed mine —  
Unweave a rainbow, as it erewhile made  
The tender-person'd *Lamia* melt into a shade.

The relation of poetry to science had also been discussed by Leigh Hunt in his review of Keats's volume of 1820 (reprinted in the Astor Edition of Keats, pp. 617 f.) and by Macaulay in his essay on Milton. See also Moore's *The Loves of the Angels* (ll. 547 f., 658 f.), Wordsworth's *A Poet's Epitaph* (ll. 18-20) and his *Preface to the Lyrical Ballads*, Emerson's *Forbearance*, Aldrich's *Realism*, and Sidney Lanier's *The English Novel* (pp. 27 f.).

8 *he*. *Graham's*, by a misprint, has "be."

9 In 1845 this line is followed by an interrogation point.

11 *some happier star*. A reference apparently to *Al Aaraaf*, which Poe represents as being the birthplace of the idea of Beauty.

12 *Naiad*. The reading "Nais" in the *Post* and the *Casket* is doubtless traceable to typographical error. The variant readings exhibited by these two texts in lines 2, 3, 11, 12, 13 are probably to be explained in the same way.



## AL AARAAF (34)

(*Yankee*, December, 1829 (in part); 1829; 1831; Philadelphia *Saturday Museum*, March 4, 1843 (in part); 1845)

(TEXT: 1845)

**Date of Composition.** *Al Araaf* was probably begun while Poe was in the army (1827-1829); apparently it had been completed by May, 1829, when it was submitted to William Wirt for his criticism (see the fragment of an unpublished letter of Wirt's to Poe, of date May 11, 1829, now preserved in the "Griswold Papers" in the Boston Public Library). In the *Broadway Journal* of November 22, 1845, Poe avers that he wrote the poem when he was only ten years old; and in a letter to John Neal published in the Boston *Yankee* in December, 1829, he declares that most of the volume of 1829, in which *Al Araaf* is the leading poem, was written before he was fifteen, that is, before 1824. But aside from the circumstantial evidence that tells so strongly against these statements, there is the evidence of the poem itself, which is a much maturer performance than anything in the volume of 1827. It would be difficult to believe that the Poe who composed the halting verses of 1827 could have written the song of Nesace in the second part of *Al Araaf*. Partial confutation of Poe's statement is also had from one of his footnotes, the excerpt from Sumner's comments on Milton's *Christian Doctrine* (see the note on Part I, l. 105, below): Sumner's edition of the *Christian Doctrine* did not appear until 1825.

**Text.** The excerpts of the poem published in the *Yankee* (comprising lines 126-132 of Part I, and 15-39 of Part II) in December, 1829, differ but little from the corresponding passage in 1829 (published towards the end of December). The only noteworthy variation of later texts is seen in 1831, which expands the first fifteen lines into twenty-nine. The excerpts printed in the *Saturday Museum* in 1843 include the following lines: Part I, 66-67, 70-79, 82-101, 126-129; Part II, 20-21, 24-27, 52-59, 68-135 (see Stedman and Woodberry, X, p. 217). The text of the poems published in the *Saturday Museum* I have not seen. For the variants exhibited by that periodical I have relied on Stedman and Woodberry.

The text followed in the present edition is that of 1845 (except for slight revisions noted below).

**Meaning and Worth.** The title of the poem is drawn from the Koran, *Al Araaf* being the name which the Mohammedans give to the realm

of departed spirits intermediate between heaven and hell. Poe probably used Sale's translation, with his "Preliminary Discourse" which was subsequently to furnish him with material for his *Israfel*. In a footnote on chapter seven of the Koran (entitled *Al Arâf*), Sale describes Al Aaraaf as "a sort of purgatory for those who, though they deserve not to be sent to hell, yet have not merits sufficient to gain them immediate admittance into paradise, and will be tantalized here for a certain time (?) with a bare view of the felicity of that place." And in his "Preliminary Discourse" on the Koran he has this, further, to say :

The Mohammedan writers greatly differ as to the persons who are to be found on al Arâf. Some imagine it to be a sort of *limbo*, for the patriarchs and prophets, or for the martyrs and those who have been most eminent for sanctity, among whom they say there will be also angels in the form of men. Others place here such whose good and evil works are so equal that they exactly counterpoise each other and therefore deserve neither reward nor punishment; and these, they say, will on the last day be admitted into paradise, after they shall have performed an act of adoration, which will be imputed to them as a merit, and will make the scale of their good works to overbalance. Others suppose this intermediate space will be a receptacle for those who have gone to war, without their parents' leave, and therein suffered martyrdom; being excluded paradise for their disobedience, and escaping hell because they are martyrs. The breadth of this partition wall cannot be supposed to be exceeding great, since not only those who shall stand thereon will hold conference with the inhabitants both of paradise and hell, but the blessed and the damned themselves will also be able to talk to one another.—"Preliminary Discourse" on the Koran, Philadelphia, 1856, p. 68.

Poe's conception of Al Aaraaf, it will be observed (see especially his note on Part II, l. 173), is not entirely in accord with any of these views, but it is nearest to that given by Sale in his footnote; it is probable that so much of it, at least, as concerns the presence of sorrow in Al Aaraaf and the fate of those who inhabit it—the part, indeed, which is most significant for Poe's conception—is an independent elaboration of Sale's note, made by the poet in the interest of his story.

Original with Poe, too, no doubt, is the identification of Al Aaraaf with the star discovered by the Swedish astronomer, Tycho Brahe; see the first of Poe's explanatory notes, below.

The poet represents this star as peopled partly by the spirits of certain mortals who, in accordance with the Mohammedan tradition, were not good enough for heaven, but were too good for hell, and partly by certain angels who had dwelt from the beginning in Al

Aaraaf and are devotees of some of the nobler passions, as love and beauty, but who are without the supreme knowledge possessed by the angels in heaven.

The central idea of the poem seems to be the divineness of beauty — a happy anticipation of Lanier's doctrine of the "holiness of beauty." There is also the subsidiary idea (more specifically dealt with in the *Sonnet — To Science*) that knowledge may incapacitate one for the full appreciation of beauty. And in the story with which the poem concludes, the idea is developed that love may sometimes blind one to the beautiful in its diviner aspects.

*Al Aaraaf* is the most formless and the most fragmentary of all of Poe's poems. The concluding episode, in particular, is imperfectly fused with the rest, and the poem as a whole is loosely knit together and without any well-defined middle or end. Evidently the poet became entangled in the maze of ideas and images that his fancy had conjured up, and found it difficult to contrive a way out. The contrast with his later work in the matter of structural unity and in directness and lucidity is marked.

Because of its obscurity the poem has scarcely received justice at the hands of the critics and commentators on Poe, most of whom have either ignored it altogether or have dwelt on its imperfections to the exclusion of all else. Stoddard, for example (I, p. 34), speaks of it as "a boy's poem, ambitious but uninteresting"; Stedman (in the Stedman-Woodberry edition of Poe, X, p. xx) describes it as "unintelligible"; and Professor Kent (the Harrison edition of Poe, VII, p. xvii) queries whether it is not, possibly, "a mere exercise in metrical manipulation, with no higher purpose than beauty of sound," or perhaps a "huge hoax," in which the poet challenges "the wits to vain attempts at solving that which has no solution." But that the poem, in spite of its many defects, is not without real merit will be apparent on a careful examination of it. The idea at base is essentially poetic, some of the descriptive passages are genuinely picturesque, and the lyrical passages are melodious throughout, the apostrophe to Ligeia in the second half of the poem being one of the most musical things that Poe ever wrote. The poem marked a notable advance over anything the poet had previously done, and proved, once and for all, as Professor Woodberry has justly observed (I, p. 64), that its "author had a poetic faculty."

**Sources.** For the basic idea of his poem and for most of his materials Poe relied on his own invention; in so far as he borrowed from others, his chief indebtednesses were to Sale and to Milton and

to Moore. From Sale he borrowed the idea of his setting in its larger aspects; from Milton he took the suggestion of much of the imagery in the second half of the poem; and Moore furnished him with the catalogue of flowers near the beginning of his poem and with the model for the story of Angelo and lanthe, with which the poem concludes. *Paradise Lost* was the chief of Milton's poems on which he drew (see the notes on Part I, l. 115; Part II, ll. 1-39); and *Lalla Rookh* and *The Loves of the Angels* were the chief among Moore's poems (see the notes on Part I, ll. 48, 55 f., 66, 78, 118-121; Part II, ll. 159 f., 182-264). There are also echoes of Byron (see the notes on Part I, ll. 98-99, and Part II, ll. 68 f.), and perhaps also of Keats (see Part I, ll. 124-125) and of Marlowe (see Part I, ll. 64-65).

For a careful and accurate analysis of the poem, see an article by Professor W. B. Cairns, "Some Notes on Poe's 'Al Araaf,'" in *Modern Philology* for May, 1915 (XIII, pp. 35-44); see also Woodberry, l. pp. 60-65, and J. P. Fruit's *The Mind and Art of Poe's Poetry*, pp. 23-32.

As a usual Poe prefixed to the poem in 1829 a line from Milton's *Comus* (l. 122),

What has night to do with sleep?

and after this came a "dedication" from the lyric *A Song of Sack* (l. 36), which Poe attributes to Cleveland,

Who drinks the deepest?—here 's to him.

In 1831 the second of these lines was omitted, and both lines were omitted in 1845.

The notes with which Poe decked out his poem appear in all three editions (1829, 1831, 1845), in each of them being printed at the bottom of the page. In the present edition they have been printed along with the editor's notes.

**Title.** On the title Poe has this note in the editions of 1829 and 1831: "A star was discovered by Tycho Brahe which burst forth, in a moment, with a splendor surpassing that of Jupiter—then gradually faded away and became invisible to the naked eye." The same note appears in the edition of 1845, but it is there changed so as to read as follows: "A star was discovered by Tycho Brahe which appeared suddenly in the heavens—attained, in a few days, a brilliancy surpassing that of Jupiter—then as suddenly disappeared, and has never been seen since." In 1831 (p. 83) the title is erroneously spelled "Al Araaf."

**I, 1-15** Instead of these lines, 1831 has a passage of twenty-nine lines (see the footnotes to the text); but in 1845 Poe returned to the text of 1829.

**I, 9** The comma before "like" does not appear in 1845.

**I, 16 Nesace.** To be accented, as the scansion establishes, as a trisyllable and with the stress on the first and last syllables. The name was perhaps derived from "Nausikaa" (a Latin form of which is *Nausicae*); or perhaps it was coined, as my friend and colleague, Professor R. H. Griffith, has suggested to me, out of the word "Seneca" (see the second note on Part I, l. 158).

**I, 17 lolling.** A favorite word with Poe; see the note on *The Sleeper*, l. 10.

**I, 20, 21** (1831) Compare Shelley's ode *To a Skylark*, l. 90:

Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

**I, 22-25** (1831) See Poe's note on Part II, l. 173.

**I, 26 an anchor'd realm.** Not this earth, but Al Aaraaf, which is now anchored to the earth. See Part I, ll. 30 f., 143, 158; also Part II, l. 242, where it is stated that Al Aaraaf is the "nearest of all stars" to the earth.

**I, 29 quadruple light.** In line 18 Al Aaraaf is described as being "near four bright suns."

**I, 30 yon lovely Earth.** The reference is to Al Aaraaf.

**I, 31, 34** In accordance with the custom of his day, Poe placed a comma before the parenthesis, and omitted the comma after it.

**I, 43, 44 . . . of lilies such as rear'd the head On the fair Capo Deucato.** The reference is to the scented lilies which are said to grow in Leucadia and especially about the cliffs from which Sappho is alleged to have thrown herself into the sea. There is an account, to which Poe was probably indebted, in Moore's *Evenings in Greece*, ll. 131 f., 147 f. (see the note on line 44).

**I, 44 On the fair Capo Deucato.** "On Santa Maura—olim Deucadia."—POE.

Poe's note was apparently suggested by one of Moore's notes on *Evenings in Greece* (touching the passage, referred to in the preceding note, in which he mentions Leucadia): "Now Santa Maura—the island from whose cliffs Sappho leaped into the sea."

Deucadia is the modern Leucas. In a school edition of Fénelon's *Télémaque* (ed. Le Brun, Philadelphia, Barrington & Haswell, no date) I find in the glossary (p. 413) *Leucate* described as "cap de l'Épire, nommé aujourd'hui, *il Capo Ducato*."

I, 47 Of her who lov'd a mortal. "Sappho." — POE.

I, 48 The Sephalica, budding with young bees. Suggested by a passage in *Lalla Rookh*, "The Veiled Prophet of Khorassan," Part II, ll. 155-159:

. . . the still sound  
Of falling waters, lulling as the song  
Of Indian bees at sunset, when they throng  
Around the fragrant Nilica, and deep  
In its blue blossoms hum themselves to sleep.

In a footnote Moore quotes Sir W. Jones to the effect that the Nilica is the same as the Sephalica.

I, 50 And gemmy flower, of Trebizond misnam'd. "This flower is much noticed by Lewenhoeck and Tournefort. The bee, feeding upon its blossom, becomes intoxicated." (POE.) See lines 55 f., and the note thereon, for Poe's indebtedness here to Moore.

The poet is apparently playing upon the tradition of the asphodel (see line 53). Milton relates a similar tradition of the amaranth, which Poe may also have had in mind; see *Paradise Lost*, III, ll. 353-357:

Immortal amarant, a flower which once  
In Paradise, fast by the Tree of Life,  
Began to bloom, but, soon for Man's offence  
To Heaven removed where first it grew, there grows  
And flowers aloft, shading the Fount of Life.

I, 50-56 In a review of the poems of William W. Lord, in the *Broadway Journal* for May 24, 1845, Poe quotes these lines (perhaps from memory) in a form slightly different from that which appears here (see Harrison, XII, p. 156).

I, 55 f. Cf. *Lalla Rookh*, "The Fire-Worshippers," Part I, ll. 46-49:

Ev'n as those bees of Trebizond,  
Which, from the sunniest flowers that glad  
With their pure smile the gardens round,  
Draw venom forth that drives men mad!

Moore quotes against this from Tournefort (*Voyage into the Levant* (London, 1791), III, pp. 66 f.): "There is a kind of Rhododendros about Trebizond, whose flowers the bee feeds upon, and the honey thence drives people mad."

I, 57 The comma after "hour" does not appear in the original.

I, 64, 65 See the note on Part II, l. 217, for a possible indebtedness here to Marlowe.

**I, 66 Nyctanthes.** Cf. *Lalla Rookh*, "The Veiled Prophet of Khorassan," Part II, ll. 441-443 :

. . . the sweet night-flower,  
When darkness brings its weeping glories out,  
And spreads its sighs like frankincense about.

Moore explains in a footnote that the night-flower is the "sorrowful nyctanthes." He mentions the Nyctanthes again in a footnote on "The Fire-Worshippers" (introduction to Part IV). — In the original the comma is omitted after "Nyctanthes."

**I, 68 "Clytia** — The Chrysanthemum Peruvianum, or, to employ a better-known term, the turnsol — which turns continually towards the sun, covers itself, like Peru, the country from which it comes, with dewy clouds which cool and refresh its flowers during the most violent heat of the day. — *B. de St. Pierre.*" — POE.

**70** "There is cultivated in the king's garden at Paris, a species of serpentine aloes without prickles, whose large and beautiful flower exhales a strong odour of the vanilla, during the time of its expansion, which is very short. It does not glow till towards the month of July — you then perceive it gradually open its petals — expand them — fade and die. — *St. Pierre.*" — POE.

**I, 74** "There is found, in the Rhone, a beautiful lily of the Valisnerian kind. Its stem will stretch to the length of three or four feet — thus preserving its head above water in the swellings of the river." (POE.) — **Valisnerian.** Poe's spelling of "Vallisnerian."

**I, 76** "The Hyacinth." — POE.

"Zante" is the Italian name for Greek *Zacynthus*, which is said to have had its origin in *Hyacinthus*. See the introductory note on *Sonnet — To Zante*. See also the note below on Part II, ll. 57-58.

**I, 77** Later utilized by the poet as the concluding line of his *Sonnet — To Zante*. See the note on that line for Professor Woodberry's suggestion as to an indebtedness to Chateaubriand.

**I, 78** "It is a fiction of the Indians, that Cupid was first seen floating in one of these down the river Ganges — and that he still loves the cradle of his childhood." (POE.) Cf. *Lalla Rookh*, "The Light of the Haram," ll. 587-592 :

He little knew how well the boy  
Can float upon a goblet's streams,  
Lighting them with his smile of joy :—  
As bards have seen him in their dreams,  
Down the blue Ganges laughing glide  
Upon a rosy lotus wreath ;—



upon which Moore has this note: "The Indians feign that Cupid was first seen floating down the Ganges on the Nymphæa Nelumbo. — See *Pennant*."

I, 81 "And golden vials full of odors, which are the prayers of the saints. — *Rev. St. John*." (POE.) In 1829 Poe adds after "*St. John*" the reference "5, 8." Cf. Longfellow's *Evangeline*, ll. 1031-1033:

The manifold flowers of the garden  
Poured out their souls in odors, that were their prayers and confessions  
Unto the night.

I, 89 **thy barrier and thy bar.** The point beyond which the star Al Araaf cannot go in its approach to God and heaven.

I, 91 f. Apparently the reference is to the expulsion from heaven of Lucifer and his angels, because of their presumption in opposing God and his decrees (*Paradise Lost*, Books I, V, VI). But see also the note on line 94.

I, 92 Poe erroneously inserted a comma after "pride" and omitted the comma after "throne."

I, 94 **To be carriers of fire.** Here there appears to be contamination, for the nonce, with the myth of Prometheus.

I, 98, 99 **who livest — that we know — In Eternity — we feel.** Cf. Byron's *Manfred*, III, iv, ll. 125-126:

Thou hast no power upon me, *that* I feel;  
Thou never shalt possess me, *that* I know.

I, 100, 101 As Professor Cairns has suggested (*Modern Philology*, XIII, p. 38), this is only a "rhetorical question."

I, 103 The original is without pointing after "messenger."

I, 105 **A model of their own.**

"The Humanitarians held that God was to be understood as having really a human form. — *Vide Clarke's Sermons*, vol. i, page 26, fol. edit.

"The drift of Milton's argument leads him to employ language which would appear, at first sight, to verge upon their doctrine; but it will be seen immediately, that he guards himself against the charge of having adopted one of the most ignorant errors of the dark ages of the church. — *Dr. Sumner's Notes on Milton's Christian Doctrine*.

"This opinion, in spite of many testimonies to the contrary, could never have been very general. Andeus, a Syrian of Mesopotamia, was condemned for the opinion, as heretical. He lived in the beginning of the fourth century. His disciples were called Anthropomorphites. — *Vide Du Pin*.



"Among Milton's minor poems are these lines:—

"Dicite, sacrorum præsidēs nemorum Deæ, &c.  
 Quis ille primus cujus ex imagine  
 Natura solers finxit humanum genus,  
 Eternus, incorruptus, æquævus polo,  
 Unusque et universus, exemplar Dei? — And afterwards,  
 Non, cui profundum Cæcitas lumen dedit,  
 Dirçæus augur vidit hunc alto sinu, &c." — POE.

[The second of the foregoing passages quoted by Poe is to be found in one of Sumner's notes on the second chapter of *The Christian Doctrine*. The first of these passages also is taken from the same note, Sumner giving there the reference, which Poe copies from him, to Clarke's *Sermons*. Poe later used the first three paragraphs of this note in an article, "A Few Words about Brainard," in *Graham's Magazine*, February, 1842 (see Harrison, XI, p. 21, note).

The passage from Milton is from his *De Idea Platonica Quemadmodum Aristoteles Intellexit*, ll. 1, 7-10, 25-26. These lines are rendered by Cowper as follows:

Ye sister powers, who o'er the sacred groves  
 Preside . . .  
 . . . inform us who is He,  
 That great original by nature chosen  
 To be the archetype of human kind,  
 Unchangeable, immortal, with the poles  
 Themselves coeval, one, yet everywhere,  
 An image of the god who gave him being?  
 . . . . .  
 Never the Theban seer, whose blindness proved  
 His best illumination, him beheld  
 In secret vision.

I have taken the liberty of correcting the punctuation in the passage quoted from Milton and also of correcting the spelling of "Anthropomorphites" (printed in all these texts "Anthropmorphites"). Two other misspellings ("Summers'" for "Sumner's" in 1831, and "angur" for "augur" (last line) in 1829 and 1831) Poe corrected in 1845.]

I, 106 oh. Spelled with a capital in 1845.

I, 114 By winged Fantasy. As a footnote to this line Poe quotes the following from Goethe's *Meine Göttin* (1780):

Seltsamen Tochter Jovis,  
 Seinem Schosskinde,  
 Der Phantasie.

[In the original the commas are omitted after the first and second lines.]  
Poe used the passage later as the motto of his *Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque*, Philadelphia, 1840.

I, 115 **embassy**. Message. Probably suggested by *Paradise Lost*, Book III, l. 658.

I, 116 See lines 142, 147, below, and Part II, l. 159.

I, 118-121 Cf. Moore's *The Loves of the Angels* (text of 1823), ll. 1656 f.:

Often, when from the Almighty brow  
A lustre came too bright to bear,  
And all the seraph ranks would bow  
Their heads beneath their wings, nor dare  
To look upon the effulgence there.

See also *Loves of the Angels*, ll. 932 f. (first cited in this connection by Professor Cairns, *Modern Philology*, XIII, p. 42, note):

Exhausted, breathless, as she said  
These burning words, her languid head  
Upon the altar's steps she cast,  
As if that brain-throb were its last —  
Till, startled by the breathing, nigh,  
Of lips, that echoed back her sigh,  
Sudden her brow again she rais'd.

I, 118 This line and the initial lines of most of the verse-paragraphs in the second part of the poem are without indentation in 1845.

I, 122-124 In *Spirits of the Dead*, l. 23, the breeze is spoken of as the "breath of God."

I, 124, 125 An echo, perhaps, of Keats's *Endymion*, II, l. 675:

Silence was music from the holy spheres.

I, 125 Here the poet has inadvertently fallen into a line of six stresses.

I, 126, 127 Used by Poe as the motto of his *Silence. A Fable*, in the version published in the *Baltimore Book* for 1838.

I, 127 "Silence." A favorite theme with Poe. See the introductory note on *Sonnet—Silence*.—the merest word of all. Byron, in a passage in *Manfred* (III, i, ll. 9-11), holds philosophy to be the "merest word":

If that I did not know philosophy  
To be of all our vanities the motliest,  
The merest word that ever fooled the ear.

**I, 128 All Nature speaks.** See Part II, ll. 60-61, and also Part II, l. 124, with Poe's note. Shelley writes in *Prometheus Unbound* (IV, i, l. 257) of "The music of the living grass and air"; and Huxley in a passage in his essay on "Protoplasm" suggests that "the wonderful noontday silence of a tropical forest is, after all, due only to the dullness of our hearing; and could our ears catch the murmur of these tiny Maelstroms, as they whirl in the innumerable myriads of living cells which constitute each tree, we should be stunned, as with the roar of a great city." Cf. also Mrs. Osgood's lines in *An Exhortation*:

Canst hear the fragrant grass grow up to God,  
With low, perpetual chant of praise and prayer.

**I, 128, 129** In a letter to John Neal (December 29, 1829) sent with a copy of the volume of 1829 shortly after its appearance (see Woodberry, I, p. 369), Poe expresses the opinion that these two lines are the "best lines for sound" in all that volume.

**I, 133** "Sightless — too small to be seen. — *Legge*." — POE.

**I, 134 one sun.** Al Aaraaf is represented in line 18 as being "Near four bright suns." Like the earth, however, it knew only one moon; see line 154.

**134, 135** In 1845 a comma is inserted after "system" and after "folly."

**I, 135 f.** Cf. the closing lines of *Sonnet — Silence* for a similar idea. Poe is pursuing his notion that man has erred in conceiving of God as anthropomorphic and in picturing him and his attributes in terms of the material universe.

**137, 138** In 1845 the dash which now ends line 138 was placed at the end of line 137.

**I, 145 like fire-flies in Sicilian night.** "I have often noticed a peculiar movement of the fire-flies; — they will collect in a body and fly off, from a common centre, into innumerable radii." — POE.

[The texts of 1829 and 1831 have "fire-fly" instead of "fire-flies."]

**I, 150 the guilt of man.** Just what Poe means is not entirely clear; apparently he has reference, in part, to the error of man in conceiving of God as anthropomorphic (see the note on line 105) and hence of conceiving of his attributes in terms of the material universe (see lines 135 f.), but mainly to his error in ignoring the fact that the Deity reveals himself in beauty as well as in power, love, etc. — what I take to be the central theme of the poem.

**I, 158** but left not yet her Therasæan reign. That is, she did not leave Al Aaraaf at once to execute the commission which has been given her: before setting out, she must first collect her bands of angels. In Part II, l. 51, we learn of her return to her temple (which she had left before the beginning of the story—see Part I, l. 27). The attempt to collect together her angels furnishes the basis for the action of Part II. Poe manages the transition from the first to the second part rather clumsily. — **Therasæan.** “Therasæa, or Therasea, the island mentioned by Seneca, which, in a moment, arose from the sea to the eyes of astonished mariners.” — POE.

[The passage to which Poe refers is to be found in Seneca’s *Quæstionum Naturalium Libri Septem*, VI, § xxi.]

**II, 1-39** This passage is in several ways reminiscent of *Paradise Lost*. The opening line appears to have been suggested by the initial line of Book II of *Paradise Lost*. The lines immediately following resemble, both in content and in style, Milton’s famous simile applied to Satan on first beholding the wonders of the terrestrial world (*Paradise Lost*, III, ll. 542 f.). The general description of Nesace’s palace, with its gorgeous columns (ll. 11 f.), was probably suggested by Milton’s account of the building of Pandemonium (*Paradise Lost*, I, ll. 710 f.); and the “window of one circular diamond,” through which a “meteor chain” of light was admitted from the throne of God (ll. 24 f.), may well have been suggested originally by the golden stairway which Milton represents as let down on occasion from the environs of heaven to the roof of the world, or by the aperture through which this stairway passed (*Paradise Lost*, III, ll. 501 f.). See, for further particulars, the notes on these several passages.

**II, 1** High on a mountain of enamell’d head. Cf. *Paradise Lost*, II, l. 1: “High on a throne of royal state,” etc.

5 The comma with which this line closes has been inserted by the present editor.

**II, 9** noon of night. Cf. *Tamerlane*, l. 202; *Dreams*, l. 24; *Evening Star*, l. 2; *Israfel*, l. 9.

**II, 11 f.** Suggested, probably, by *Paradise Lost*, I, ll. 710 f.; see also the note below on lines 31 f. and the note above on Part II, ll. 1-39.

**II, 16** Poe, in a footnote, quotes the following from Milton’s ode *On the Death of a Fair Infant Dying of a Cough*, ll. 43-44:

Some star which, from the ruin’d roof  
Of shak’d Olympus, by mischance, did fall.

[He takes certain liberties with his text, substituting "did" for "didst" in the second line, and also changing slightly the spelling and the punctuation. See on the general subject of "Poe's Quotations, Book-titles, and Footnotes," the Stedman-Woodberry edition of Poe, IV, pp. 289-294.]

Poe might also have cited in this connection Milton's "bright sea . . . Of jasper, or of liquid pearl" (*Paradise Lost*, III, ll. 518-519), which occurs in a passage already mentioned (note on lines 1-39), and another famous passage in the same book (III, ll. 362-364) describing the floor of heaven:

Now in loose garlands, thick thrown off, the bright  
Pavement, that like a sea of jasper shone,  
Impurpled with celestial roses, smiled.

**II, 20 linked light.** Neal, in a curious note on the excerpt containing this line in the *Yankee and Boston Literary Gazette* (December, 1829), objected to this collocation. "The idea of linked light," he says, "is beautiful; but, the moment you *read* it aloud, the beauty is gone. To say link-ed light would be queer enough, notwithstanding Moore's 'wreath-ed shell'; but to say link'd-light would spoil the rhythm." Poe must have chuckled over Neal's comment.

The idea underlying Poe's image was perhaps suggested by Milton; cf. *Paradise Lost*, II, ll. 1004 f.:

Another world  
Hung o'er my realm, linked in a golden chain  
To that side Heaven from whence your legions fell.

**II, 22 f.** The "window of one circular diamond," through which light was admitted from the throne of God, was probably suggested by the stairway which Milton describes in *Paradise Lost* (III, ll. 503 f.) as leading from the throne of God down to the gate of heaven and thence to this earth and the Garden of Eden.

**II, 31 f.** Cf. the following passage in Milton's description of Pandemonium (*Paradise Lost*, I, ll. 713 f.):

Built like a temple, where pilasters round  
Were set, and Doric pillars overlaid  
With golden architrave; nor did there want  
Cornice or frieze, with bossy sculptures graven.  
The roof was fretted gold. Not Babylon  
Nor great Alcairo such magnificence  
Equalled in all their glories.

**II, 35** Achaian. Spelled "Archaian" in 1829 and in the *Yankee*.

**II, 36** "Voltaire, in speaking of Persepolis, says, 'Je connois bien l'admiration qu'inspirent ces ruines — mais un palais érigé au pied d'une chaîne des rochers stériles — peut-il être un chef d'œuvre des arts!'" — POE.

[In 1829 Poe adds: "*Voilà les argumens de M. Voltaire.*" In 1845 *stériles* is spelled *sterils*. The entire note is omitted in 1831.]

**II, 36, 37** Tadmor, Persepolis, Balbec. The ruins of Balbec are briefly described in *Lalla Rookh* in "Paradise and the Peri" (ll. 383–387). Mention is also made, near the beginning of "Paradise and the Peri" (in a note on line 58), of the ruins of Persepolis. Poe brings all these names into juxtaposition in a passage in his *MS. Found in a Bottle* (Harrison, II, p. 13): "fallen columns at Balbec, and Tadmor, and Persepolis."

**II, 38** "'O, the wave —' Ula Deguisi is the Turkish appellation; but, on its own shores, it is called Bahar Loth, or Almotanah. There were undoubtedly more than two cities engulfed in the 'dead sea.' In the valley of Siddim were five — Adrah, Zeboin, Zoar, Sodom, and Gomorrah. Stephen of Byzantium mentions eight, and Strabo thirteen (engulfed), — but the last is out of all reason.

"It is said (Tacitus, Strabo, Josephus, Daniel of St. Saba, Nau, Maundrell, Troilo, D'Arvieux) that after an excessive drought, the vestiges of columns, walls, &c., are seen above the surface. At *any* season, such remains may be discovered by looking down into the transparent lake, and at such distances as would argue the existence of many settlements in the space now usurped by the 'Asphaltites.'" — POE.

[I have altered Poe's punctuation to accord with present-day usage, and have also revised the spelling and the pointing of the phrase quoted at the beginning of the poet's comment so as to make it accord with the text from which it is drawn.]

**II, 39** After this line, the *Yankee* introduces four lines that do not appear elsewhere; see the variorum footnotes.

**II, 42** "Eyraco — Chaldea." — POE.

**II, 42, 43** Cf. *The Coliseum*, ll. 15–16:

O charms more potent than the rapt Chaldee  
Ever drew down from out the quiet stars!

**II, 47** "I have often thought I could distinctly hear the sound of the darkness as it stole over the horizon." — POE.

[Poe has a similar note on *Tamerlane*, ll. 372-373 (1827).]

**II, 51** **And Nesace is in her halls again.** That is, she has returned from the point at which we first saw her at the opening of the poem — her "shrine of flowers" (Part I, ll. 26 f.). She has not as yet started on her journey to "the proud orbs that twinkle," to execute God's command; she must first arouse her train of spirits (now asleep), who are to accompany her (see Part I, l. 158).

**II, 54 zone.** Girdle.

**II, 57, 58** The passage is not clear. "Zanthe" appears to be the object of "beneath" and in apposition with "light." See, in this connection, a letter of Poe's to John Neal (Harrison, VII, p. 260) in which he states that in his description of Nesace's temple he has "supposed many of the lost sculptures of this world to have flown (in spirit) to Al Aaraaf." But see, also, Part I, l. 76, where Zante is one of Nesace's fairy attendants, a spirit representing the hyacinth.

**II, 60** "Fairies use flowers for their charactery. — *Merry Wives of Windsor*." — POE.

[The quotation is from *Merry Wives*, V, v, l. 70.]

**II, 60 f.** The passage is vaguely suggestive of the immortal scene in the fourth book of *Paradise Lost* (ll. 598 f.) describing the coming in of Evening in Paradise.

**II, 65, 66** The commas after "waterfalls," "alone," and "sprang" have been inserted by the present editor.

**II, 67 charm.** Used in its etymological sense (Latin *carmen*) of "song." Milton employs the word in the same sense in *Paradise Lost*, IV, l. 642, in a passage following the one just referred to as having possibly influenced lines 60 f.

**II, 68 f.** Stoddard (I, pp. 31-32) notes that this lyric resembles in its movement the "Song of the Soldiers" in Byron's *The Deformed Transformed*, I, ii, beginning:

The black bands came over  
The Alps and the snow.

The resemblance seems to me to be closer still to another of Byron's lyrics, in the same poem, — the Stranger's incantation (I, i), beginning:

Beautiful shadow  
Of Thetis's boy!  
Who sleeps in the meadow  
Whose grass grows o'er Troy.

Except for the first line this has quite the same movement as Poe's poem and has, besides, much of its silver quality. Byron adopted the same measure, also, in the first of the Stranger's incantations in *The Deformed Transformed*, which appears to have influenced a later passage of Poe's lyric (see the note, below, on lines 80-83).

**II, 70 from the dreamer.** In 1845 the phrase is set off by commas.

**II, 71** "In Scripture is this passage — 'The sun shall not harm thee by day, nor the moon by night.' It is perhaps not generally known that the moon, in Egypt, has the effect of producing blindness to those who sleep with the face exposed to its rays, to which circumstance the passage evidently alludes." — POE.

[The scriptural passage quoted is Psalms cxxi, 6. The Authorized Version reads "smite" instead of "harm," as quoted by Poe.]

**II, 72, 74** Cf. Byron's lines (*Childe Harold*, Canto III, stanza xiv, ll. 1-3):

Like the Chaldean, he could watch the stars,  
Till he had peopled them with beings bright  
As their own beams.

**II, 76 shade, and.** See, on this grotesque ending, Poe's note as to the ending "glade, and," ll. 140-141, below.

**II, 80-83** Cf. the first of the Stranger's incantations (ll. 1-4) in Byron's *The Deformed Transformed*:

Shadows of beauty!  
Shadows of power!  
Rise to your duty —  
This is the hour!

**II, 82** That is, to accompany her on her journey to other worlds, in accordance with God's command to divulge to them the secrets of her "embassy" and to warn them against the error into which man had fallen (see Part I, ll. 147 f.).

**II, 84, 85** The commas after "tresses" and "dew" do not appear in the original editions, although the passage is clearly parenthetical.

**II, 86, 87** In anticipation of the idea developed in the story of Ianthe and Angelo (ll. 173 f.), who fell because of the intensity of their love for each other. See also line 99, below.

**II, 87** The dash which ended this line in 1845 has been transposed to follow line 89.

**II, 88, 89** In *Israfel* we are told that in heaven Love is a "grown-up God."



**II, 100** In 1845 the quotation marks introducing this line and line 112 are omitted. — **Ligeia**. Happily characterized by Professor Woodberry (I, p. 62) as "the personified harmony of nature." The name was appropriately taken from that of one of the Sirens (sometimes spelled "Ligea"—as in *Comus*, l. 880). It is to be pronounced with a soft *g*, and rhymes with "idea." Poe used the name again as the title of one of the best of his stories.

**II, 107** "The albatross is said to sleep on the wing." — POE.

See *Lalla Rookh*, "The Fire-Worshippers," Part II, ll. 203-206:

Oft the sleeping albatross  
Struck the wild ruins with her wing,  
And from her cloud-rocked slumbering  
Started;

and Moore's note on the passage: "These birds sleep in the air." Shelley has the same idea in his *Lines written in the Bay of Lerici*, ll. 4-6:

And like an albatross asleep,  
Balanced on her wings of light,  
Hovered in the purple night.

**II, 117 dreamy.** The word has the time of three syllables (see the note on *Tamerlane*, l. 201). In the text published in the *Saturday Museum*, "deep" is inserted before "dreamy."

**II, 119** I have substituted a colon for the dash with which this line closes in 1845.

**II, 124** "I met with this idea in an old English tale, which I am now unable to obtain and quote from memory:—'The verie essence and, as it were, springehead and origine of all musiche is the verie pleasaunte sounde which the trees of the forest do make when they growe.'" — POE.

[I do not know the source of Poe's quotation: perhaps his reference to another source than himself is fictitious; but it is possible that he had in mind a passage in Sale's "Preliminary Discourse" (p. 71) on the Koran, describing the sensual enjoyments of the Mohammedan paradise (a passage which subsequently furnished him the motto of his *Israfil*). This passage runs as follows (the words bearing upon the present situation being put in italics):

Lest any of the senses should want their proper delight, we are told the ear will there be entertained, not only with the ravishing songs of the angel *Israfil*, who has the most melodious voice of all God's creatures,

and of the daughters of paradise; but *even the trees themselves will celebrate the divine praises with a harmony exceeding whatever mortals have heard; to which will be joined the sound of the bells hanging on the trees, which will be put in motion by the wind proceeding from the throne of God, so often as the blessed wish for music.*]

II, 127 are modell'd. That is (to borrow the words of Professor J. P. Fruit, *The Mind and Art of Poe's Poetry*, p. 28), "are to be regarded as but earthly imitations of their divine prototypes." Professor Fruit cites in this connection parallel passages from Plato's *Gorgias* and *Phædo*.

II, 128 The comma after "then" is omitted in 1845.

II, 134 star-isles. Cf. Byron's *The Island*, Canto II, stanza xi, ll. 13-15:

The sea-spread net, the lightly-launched canoe,  
Which stemmed the studded archipelago,  
O'er whose blue bosom rose the starry isles;

and *The Siege of Corinth*, xi, ll. 3-5:

Blue roll the waters, blue the sky  
Spreads like an ocean hung on high,  
Bespangled with those isles of light.

See also Campbell's *The Pleasures of Hope*, Part II, ll. 206-207:

Thy seraph eye shall count the starry train,  
Like distant isles embosom'd in the main.

II, 140, 141 "The wild bee will not sleep in the shade if there be moonlight.

"The rhyme in this verse, as in one about sixty lines before, has an appearance of affectation. It is, however, imitated from Sir W. Scott, or rather from Claud Halcro — in whose mouth I admired its effect:

"O! were there an island,  
Tho' ever so wild  
Where woman might smile, and  
No man be beguil'd, &c." — POE.

See the note on line 76, above.

[The lines quoted from Scott are from the twelfth chapter of *The Pirate*.]

II, 142 The comma after "them" is omitted in 1845.

II, 151 cold moon. See the note on *Tamerlane*, l. 203.

**II, 158** I have substituted a comma for the dash with which this line ends in 1845.

**II, 159 f.** Poe seems to say that the inhabitants of Al Aaraaf possessed all the attributes of the angels of heaven except knowledge (cf. also Part I, l. 116); supreme knowledge was denied those who chose Al Aaraaf. Its keen light was transmitted to them only indirectly, imperfectly. It was well for them, however, continues the poet (ll. 162 f.) that they did not possess the knowledge of the angels; since such knowledge, in Al Aaraaf, would have meant annihilation to those that possessed it. So likewise with us (on earth), adds Poe, even "the breath" of knowledge "dims the mirror of our joy."

Poe develops much the same idea in his *Sonnet — To Science*, which both in 1829 and in 1831 served as a sort of motto for *Al Aaraaf*, being influenced there, as I have endeavored to show in the notes, by Keats. The idea here may have been suggested to him by a passage in the preface to Moore's *The Loves of the Angels* (text of 1823) and by ll. 664 f. of that poem :

. . . that wish to *know*,  
Sad, fatal zeal, so sure of woe;  
Which, though from Heaven all pure it came,  
Yet stained, misused, brought sin and shame  
On her, on me, on all below!

**II, 162** The reference is to the death that admitted to Al Aaraaf (instead of to heaven or hell), not to the death (with its consequent annihilation) that followed upon the indulgence in the "less holy pleasures" of Al Aaraaf.

**II, 168** The reference is still (as in line 162) to the death which admitted into Al Aaraaf, not the ultimate death of erring ones in Al Aaraaf.

**II, 170-173** On Poe's religious views, see the notes on *Hymn*.

**II, 173** "With the Arabians there is a medium between Heaven and Hell, where men suffer no punishment, but yet do not attain that tranquil and even happiness which they suppose to be characteristic of heavenly enjoyment.

"Un no rompido sueno —  
Un dia puro — alegre — libre  
Quiera —  
Libre de amor — de zelo —  
De odio — de esperanza — de rezelo." — *Luis Ponce de Leon*.

"Sorrow is not excluded from 'Al Aaraaf,' but it is that sorrow which the living love to cherish for the dead, and which, in some minds, resembles the delirium of opium. The passionate excitement of Love and the buoyancy of spirit attendant upon intoxication are its less holy pleasures—the price of which, to those souls who make choice of 'Al Aaraaf' as their residence after life, is final death and annihilation." — POE.

See the introductory note, above, containing Sale's comments on Al Aaraaf.

[The quotation from Luis Ponce de Leon is to be found in his *Poesias*, "Libro primero" (ed. R. Fernandez, Madrid, 1790), p. 2, where it reads as follows (Poe, as usual, garbling his text):

Un no rompido sueño,  
Un dia puro, alegre, libre quiero :

[then follow eleven lines which Poe skips]

Libre de amor, de zelo,  
De odio, de esperanzas, de rezelo.

(An uninterrupted sleep, a day pure, joyful, free, seek [ye]—free from love, from zeal, from hate, from hope, from jealousy.)]

**II, 174** This line clearly introduces a new stage in the story, and hence has been indented in the present edition.

**II, 176 they fell.** That is, Angelo and Ianthe, inasmuch as their passionate love for each other rendered them deaf to Nesace's summons, are condemned to death and annihilation (see Poe's note on line 173, above).

**II, 176, 177** Repeated with slight variations in the last two lines of the poem.

**II, 178 A maiden-angel and her seraph-lover.** Ianthe, apparently, was native to Al Aaraaf; Angelo (the seraph-lover) had dwelt before death on this earth.

**II, 180** See lines 86–87, above.

**II, 181** 'mid "tears of perfect moan."

"There be tears of perfect moan  
Wept for thee in Helicon." — *Milton.* — POE.

[The lines are from Milton's *An Epitaph on the Marchioness of Winchester* (ll. 55–56). Poe substitutes "There" for "Here" in the first line.]

**II, 181-264** The episode of Ianthe and Angelo is introduced, evidently, to exemplify one of the central truths which the poet wishes to teach; namely, that even so worthy a passion as love may hinder one's appreciation of the beautiful.

The model for his story Poe found in the "First Angel's Story" in Moore's *The Loves of the Angels* (1823). The analogy between the two is obvious, both in the setting in time and place and in the narrative which Angelo tells of his death and his passage thereafter to Al Aaraaf.

The situation which Poe depicts in his dialogue between the angel lovers was a favorite one with him; see, for instance, his *Eiros and Charmion* and his *Colloquy of Monos and Una*.

**II, 191** See *Tamerlane*, ll. 139 f., and the note thereon. A similar situation appears in Moore's *The Loves of the Angels*, ll. 21 f., 167 f.

**II, 204** An unusually clumsy line. Poe wrote John Neal in 1829 that much correcting of the meter of *Al Aaraaf* remained to be done (see Woodberry, I, p. 369).

**II, 210 f.** Perhaps a reminiscence of *The Loves of the Angels*, ll. 496 f.:

Can you forget how gradual stole  
The fresh-awakened breath of soul  
Throughout her perfect form?

**II, 215** A full stop has been substituted for the dash with which this line closes in 1845.—the **Parthenon**. "It was entire in 1687—the most elevated spot in Athens."—POE.

**II, 217**

"Shadowing more beauty in their airy brows  
Than have the white breasts of the Queen of Love.  
*Marlowe.*"—POE.

[The passage is from *Doctor Faustus*, I, ll. 126-127. Poe follows the text of the edition of 1616. The second of the two lines is echoed, apparently, in lines 64-65 of Part I of *Al Aaraaf*.]

**II, 221-224** The passage is Miltonic; cf. *Paradise Lost*, III, 418 f., 543 f.

**II, 226** See also lines 243 f., below. This note of regret finds its counterpart in *The Loves of the Angels*, ll. 167 f.

**II, 228** A comma has been substituted for the dash with which this line ends in the original.

**II, 229** yon world above. That is, this earth; see line 238, below.

**II, 232** pennon'd. "Pennon—for pinion.—*Milton.*"—POE.

[Poe has reference, probably, to *Paradise Lost*, II, l. 933.]

II, 237 I have inserted a comma after "soar."

II, 237-239 So with Satan in his journey up from the gates of hell to the rim of the world (*Paradise Lost*, II, 927 f.). It is in his account of Satan's journey that Milton uses the word "pennons" (meaning "pinions"), touched on in the preceding note.

II, 244 *Dædalion*. Poe's misspelling of the adjective "Dædalian," used here as a substantive. The word is derived from Dædalus, and has reference to the fabled flight of Dædalus with Icarus to the earth, and possibly also, in the present instance, to the gifts of Dædalus as artificer. (See Gayley's *Classic Myths*, p. 256.)

II, 245 *thy Earth*. That is, this world; Ianthe, apparently, had dwelt always in Al Aaraaf (as did the houris in Aidenn).

II, 253-256 In quoting these lines in 1848 in his essay, *The Rationale of Verse* (Harrison, XIV, p. 235), Poe altered line 255 to read: "When first the phantom's course was found to be"; and in the next line substituted "hitherward" for "thitherward."

II, 257 *its glory*. That is, of this world, "the heritage of men."

II, 260 *thy star trembled — as doth Beauty then*. That is, the earth trembled (at the sight of Al Aaraaf) as does Beauty when "beneath man's eye" (l. 257).

II, 262 *The night that waned and waned and brought no day*. Cf. Byron's *Darkness*, l. 6:

Morn came and went — and came, and brought no day.

II, 263, 264 Repeated, with slight changes, from lines 176-177, above.

#### ROMANCE (49)

(1829; 1831; Philadelphia *Saturday Museum*, March 4, 1843; *Broadway Journal*, August 30, 1845; 1845)

(TEXT: 1845)

*Romance* in its later and final forms closely approximates the form in which it was first published (1829). But in the edition of 1831 the poem is much enlarged, being more than trebled in length. The added passages are largely personal in nature — a fact which probably explains their omission in subsequent editions. Among the omitted passages is one containing the earliest known allusion to Poe's fondness for drink;

see line 20 (text of 1831). The date of composition is uncertain, but both diction and mood point to a period shortly after the publication of the volume of 1827.

The impulse to the writing of the poem came, perhaps, from Byron's ode *To Romance*, in which the English poet, unlike his American disciple, professed to abjure romance and to swear allegiance thenceforward to truth.

In a letter to John Neal (see Woodberry, I, p. 369) Poe expresses the opinion that *Romance* is the "best thing" in every respect except "sound" in the volume of 1829, and then adds — in a strain of extravagant self-praise such as was unusual with him — that he was "certain" that the five lines beginning the second stanza ("Of late, eternal Condor years," etc.) had "never been surpassed."

7, 8 The present editor has substituted a comma for a dash at the end of line 7 and has inserted a comma at the end of line 8.

11 **Condor years.** Cf. the phrase "Condor wings" in *The Conqueror Worm*, l. 15.

14 According to Whitty (p. 268), this line was revised, in a copy of 1829 presented to his cousin, Miss Herring, so as to read, "I have time for no idle cares."

21 Cf. *Israfel*, ll. 16-22.

34 (1831) **between.** To be accented on the first syllable; as, also, in *Al'Aaraaf*, Part I, l. 68. Cf. Wordsworth's *She was a Phantom of Delight*, l. 24:

A Traveller between life and death.

47 (1831) **Gone are the glory and the gloom.** Possibly an echo of Wordsworth's *Ode on Intimations of Immortality*, ll. 56-57:

Whither is fled the visionary gleam?  
Where is it now, the glory and the dream?—

though Moore has the same collocation in *The Loves of the Angels* (text of 1823), ll. 1180-1181:

Or, if they did, their gloom was gone,  
Their darkness put a glory on!

58-66 (1831) For another early passage in which the poet testifies to his faith in himself, see the letter to Neal of December 29, 1829 (quoted in part above and reprinted in its entirety by Harrison, VII, pp. 259-260).

TO — (51)

(1829; *Broadway Journal*, September 20, 1845; 1845)(TEXT: *Broadway Journal*)

These lines refer, perhaps, to Miss Royster and her rejection of the poet (see the account given above in the introductory note on *Tamerlane*). The fact that Poe placed the poem, in the edition of 1829, immediately after the lines entitled *Song* (beginning "I saw thee on thy bridal day"), which are also thought to refer to Miss Royster, tends to support this theory.

1-3 That is, the bowers appear (in his dreams) to be vocal, to be the medium or instrument of the bird's appeal to the ear. The conceit is a daring one. But cf. Lanier's *Sunrise*, ll. 54-57:

My gossip, the owl, — is it thou  
That out of the leaves of the low-hanging bough,  
As I pass to the beach, art stirred?  
Dumb woods, have ye uttered a bird?

also his *The Dying Words of Stonewall Jackson*, ll. 5-6:

And so the Day, about to yield his breath,  
Utters the stars unto the listening Night;

and *Symphony*, l. 97:

As if a rose might somehow be a throat.

3, 4 all thy melody Of lip-begotten words. That is, all thy melody is that of lip-begotten words — is utterly ungentle.

4, 8 In 1845 a dash appears at the end of each of these lines.

5 The comma after "enshrined" has been inserted by the present editor.

11, 12 Perhaps an allusion to a theory Poe may have held, that Mr. Shelton's wealth gave him some advantage over the poet in the eyes of Miss Royster; though Miss Royster declared in later years that the opposition to her marriage was solely because of her youth (*Appleton's Magazine*, new series, IV, p. 429). At the time of his death, in 1844, Mr. Shelton was worth about fifty thousand dollars, as is indicated by the fact that his wife, as executrix, was required to give bond of a



hundred thousand dollars. (The will of A. B. Shelton, filed August 5, 1844, is preserved in the Henrico County clerk's office at Richmond, Virginia. Among other interesting items in this will is the following clause: "If my wife shall marry again then immediately upon the happening of that event I do hereby revoke and annul the appointment aforesaid of her as my executrix.")

## TO THE RIVER — (51)

(1829; *Burton's Gentleman's Magazine*, August, 1839; *Philadelphia Saturday Museum*, March 4, 1843; *Broadway Journal*, September 6, 1845; 1845)

(TEXT: 1845)

One of the few pieces in the edition of 1829 which appear to be entirely impersonal. The lines were evidently written as a mere *jeu d'esprit*, perhaps under the influence of Byron's *Stanzas to the Po* (1824). The second stanza of Byron's poem —

What if thy deep and ample stream should be  
A mirror of my heart, where she may read  
The thousand thoughts I now betray to thee,  
Wild as thy wave, and headlong as thy speed! —

finds a fairly close parallel in Poe's second stanza.

A manuscript version of the poem, bearing the title "In an Album" (see Whitty, p. 278), and said to antedate the first publication of the poem (1829), is described in the Stedman-Woodberry edition of Poe, X, p. 230. It exhibits two variant readings not elsewhere found: "Thy pretty self" for "Her worshipper" in line 10, and "lightly" for "deeply" in line 12.

There is no means of determining the date of the poem other than that furnished by the date of first publication.

**3 emblem.** For Poe's use of symbolism see an article by Federico Olivero, "Symbolism in Poe's Poetry," in the *Westminster Review* for August, 1913 (CLXXX, pp. 201-207).

**6 Alberto's daughter.** Evidently a conventional lady-love.

**7-14** Cf. the less elaborate — but no less audacious — conceit in the preceding poem (ll. 1-3); and note the parallel with Byron's *Stanzas to the Po* pointed out above.

TO — (52)

(1829; 1850)

(TEXT: 1850)

In its earliest printed version (1829), this poem is entitled *To M—*. Who "M—" was, is not known. She was not the poet's early Baltimore sweetheart, Mary Devereaux, since the love affair with her belongs to a period subsequent to his dismissal from West Point (see the account of Augustus Van Cleef in *Harper's Monthly*, LXXVIII, pp. 634 f., and an article by the present editor in the *Dial* of February 17, 1916). It is barely possible that the lady referred to is Mrs. Clemm, whose given name was Maria; but the allusions in lines 6 and 20 are against this supposition.

The text of 1829 is both fuller and clearer than that of Griswold's edition, adopted here. The poem was not included in 1845, presumably because of its personal nature; but why it was excluded from 1831 is not clear.

Griswold based his text on a manuscript of the poem left among Poe's effects (see the facsimile by Woodberry, II, opposite page 328). Another manuscript, bearing the title "Alone" and almost undecipherable (see Woodberry, II, p. 412), is preserved among the Wilmer MSS. This version approximates the text of 1829 (see Stedman and Woodberry, X, pp. 193-194).

The mention of the poet's age in line 13 (text of 1829) is probably to be interpreted as conventional, but lines 4 and 8 virtually establish the date of the poem as later than the spring of 1827.

3, 4 A quarrel between Poe and his foster-father, John Allan, over the poet's gambling debts made at the University of Virginia, preceded the latter's departure from the Allan home in the spring of 1827. See the letter of Colonel Thomas H. Ellis published in the *Richmond (Va.) Standard* for May 7, 1881.

7 (1829) **meddle with**. The phrase displays an infelicity exceptional with Poe, even in his early years.

## FAIRY-LAND (53)

(*Yankee*, September, 1829 (in part); 1829; 1831; *Burton's Gentleman's Magazine*, August, 1839; *Broadway Journal*, October 4, 1845; 1845)

(TEXT: 1845)

The excerpts from *Fairy-Land* (ll. 1-4, 19-28) in the Boston *Yankee* of September, 1829, are in a note "To Correspondents" by the editor, John Neal, to whom Poe subsequently dedicated *Tamerlane* as re-published in the volume of 1829. At some time in the summer or early autumn of 1829, Poe offered the poem to N. P. Willis for the *American Monthly Review*, of which he was then editor. Willis, in publicly announcing the rejection of the poem (*American Monthly*, November, 1829, I, pp. 586-587), dilates on the pleasure he experiences in seeing rejected manuscripts of "bad poetry burning within the fender," and represents himself as witnessing the destruction of a manuscript of the present poem under such circumstances, and as catching four lines of the poem (35-38)—a marked passage—as the manuscript finally "flashes up in a broad blaze."

The text of 1831 prefixes to the poem forty lines—highly fantastic in nature—that are omitted in all subsequent versions; and reduces the rest of the poem to twenty-four lines. Neal refers to the poem in *The Yankee* of December, 1829, as if it then bore the title "Heaven," but it is unlikely that Poe had originally authorized the use of this title.

*Fairy-Land* is not without originality, but appears to have been influenced by both Moore and Shelley. In a footnote on line 33 of the earliest edition, Poe enters the comment: "Plagiarism—see the works of Thomas Moore—passim." He refers here possibly to a somewhat similar passage in *Lalla Rookh* ("The Fire-Worshippers," Part II, l. 203), in which the albatross is mentioned (see line 34 of *Fairy-Land*); but it is more likely that the reference is to another passage in *Lalla Rookh* ("The Light of the Haram," ll. 170 f., 292 f.), in which Moore attempts a description of fairy-land. The resemblance, however, is not close, and, in any case, involves nothing of plagiarism. The resemblance is closer to some of Shelley's lyrics in the second act of *Prometheus Unbound*—in particular, to the song of the "Echoes" in scene i (which pretty clearly influenced the third stanza of *Dream-Land*), first "Semichorus of Spirits" in scene ii, and the "Song of Spirits" in scene iii.

Much the same theme is treated also in *Dream-Land* (where the poet again uses some of the phrasing employed here), and in the group of poems — including *Al Araaf*, *The City in the Sea*, etc. — in which Poe deals with the world of departed spirits.

Professor Woodberry holds (I, p. 65) that *Fairy-Land* is "the only one of the new poems [in 1829] which bears the mark of [Poe's] originality," and adds that "there is a unique character in [the] imagery that makes it linger in the memory when the crudities of its expression are forgotten." Stoddard (I, p. 34) pronounces the poem "the best of the minor poems" in 1829. Neal describes it as "nonsense," but "rather exquisite nonsense." Willis, in the passage already alluded to in the *American Monthly Review*, I, p. 587, speaks of it as "some sickly rhymes." Professor James Routh (*Modern Language Notes*, XXIX, pp. 72-73) queries whether the poem was not intended in part as a burlesque of Coleridge.

As published in *Burton's Magazine*, the following note — probably written by Poe, though it is unsigned — is prefixed to the poem:

"The Fairyland of our companion is not orthodox. His description differs from all received accounts of the country — but our readers will pardon the extravagance for the vigor of the delineation."

The text followed in the present edition is that of 1845 save for the insertion of a colon at the end of line 4, of a comma after line 11, and of a comma after "Videlicet" in line 37.

1-4 Repeated with verbal variations in *Dream-Land*, ll. 9-12:

Bottomless vales and boundless floods,  
And chasms, and caves, and Titan woods,  
With forms that no man can discover  
For the tears that drip all over.

These opening lines are also paralleled in situation and atmosphere by the first stanza of *The Sleeper*, and by lines 25-27 of *The Valley of Unrest*.

6 (1831) lolling. See the note on *The Sleeper*, l. 10.

12 (1831) that what d' ye call it. Perhaps introduced because of its grotesqueness. Cf. Gay's farce *The What-d' ye Call-it* and Milton's bastard sonnet, *On the New Forcers of Conscience under the Long Parliament*, l. 12:

By shallow Edwards and Scotch What-d' ye-call!

15 Comes down — still down — and down. With this line and those immediately following it, cf. the "Song of Spirits" in Shelley's *Prometheus Unbound*, II, iii, with its refrain of "Down, down!"

22-24 An early example of Poe's use of parallelism.

33 On this line in the text of 1829 Poe makes the following extraordinary comment: "Plagiarism—see the works of Thomas Moore—passim—[*Edr.*]" There is no reason to doubt that the note proceeds from Poe himself.

TO HELEN (56)

(1831; *Southern Literary Messenger*, March, 1836; *Graham's Magazine*, September, 1841; *Philadelphia Saturday Museum*, March 4, 1843; *Graham's Magazine*, February, 1845; 1845)

(TEXT: 1845)

*To Helen* is the best-known of Poe's early poems, though it was omitted, strangely enough, by Griswold (1850). It was inspired, if we may believe Poe's own statement, by his love for Mrs. Jane Stith Stanard, a lady of Richmond, who had shown him certain kindly attentions on the occasion of a visit to her home while he was a boy (see *Letters*, pp. 294, 300, 422, 424, 427 f.). This lady, whom Poe describes in one of his letters to Mrs. Whitman (*ibid.*, p. 294) as "the first purely ideal love of my soul," and in a letter to Mrs. Shew (*ibid.*, p. 300) as "the truest, tenderest of this world's most womanly souls, and an angel to my forlorn and darkened nature," died on April 28, 1824, leaving the poet a disconsolate worshipper of her memory; and "for months after her decease"—so he assured Mrs. Whitman (see her volume, *Edgar Poe and his Critics*, p. 49)—"it was his habit to visit nightly the cemetery" where she was buried. Mrs. Clemm, in a letter to Mrs. Whitman (*Century Magazine*, January, 1909 (LXXVII, p. 448)), has also testified to his devotion to her. But both Professor Woodberry (I, p. 29) and Mrs. Weiss (p. 39), it should be stated, reject the accounts of the midnight visits to Mrs. Stanard's grave; and it may be that tradition is not to be relied on as to this particular. A pencil sketch of Mrs. Stanard stood above the poet's desk as late as 1846, according to Mrs. Weiss (p. 122, note).

The poem was written, so Lowell states in his sketch of Poe,—and this sketch passed through Poe's hands before going to the press (see Woodberry, II, p. 103),—when the poet was only fourteen years old, or about a year before Mrs. Stanard's death. This account, however, is hardly to be credited. That Poe should have omitted the poem, from both 1827 and 1829 had it been completed when these volumes

were published is highly improbable; the style and finish of the poem, even in the inferior form of 1831, also tell against so early a date. It is worthy of note, too, that Coleridge's *Youth and Age*, which perhaps influenced one line of the poem (see the note on line 2), was not published until 1828.

*To Helen* has been praised without stint by the critics. According to Professor Richardson (l. p. lii), it is the "most perfect" of Poe's poems; Edward Hutton asserts that it is "the most precise and the most serene" of all his lyrics (*Poe's Poems*, p. xi); and Edwin Markham (l. pp. xxx-xxxii) declares that "Poe never surpassed the serene exaltation and divine poise" that it exhibits, and adds that it belongs "with the deathless lyrics, with 'Tears, Idle Tears,' 'Rose Aylmer,' and the rest." Mr. J. M. Robertson (*New Essays*, pp. 81-82) avers that it is "one of the most ripely perfect and spiritually charming poems ever written," and adds that "Merely to credit these verses with 'Horatian elegance,' as some admiring critics have done, is to render them scant justice. They have not only Horace's fastidiousness of touch (with perhaps the single reservation of the unluckily hackneyed 'classic face') but the transfiguring ærial charm of pure poetry, which is not in Horace's line." Lowell, in his sketch of Poe (reprinted by Harrison, l. pp. 367-383), makes these comments: "There is a little dimness in the filling up, but the grace and symmetry of the outline are such as few poets ever attain. There is a smack of ambrosia about it. . . . All is limpid and serene, with a pleasant dash of the Greek Helicon in it. The melody of the whole, too, is remarkable. . . . It seems simple, like a Greek column, because of its perfection." Stedman (*Poets of America*, p. 241) notes that there is some "confusion of imagery," but adds that this is "wholly forgotten in the delight afforded by melody, lyrical perfection, sweet and classic grace."

1 *Helen*. Mrs. Stanard's given names were "Jane Stith." Poe is said to have disliked the name "Jane," and for this reason to have substituted "Helen." The name "Helen" appears also in the 1831 version of *The Valley of Unrist* and in the 1836 edition of *Lenore (A Pezan)*.

2 Like those Nicéan barks of yore. Cf. Coleridge's *Youth and Age*, l. 12:

Like those trim skiffs, unknown of yore —

which Poe perhaps had more or less vaguely in mind. *Youth and Age*, though first drafted in 1823, was not published till 1828, appearing then both in *The Bijou* and *The Literary Souvenir* (see the *Works*

of Coleridge, Globe edition, pp. 639 f.). In *The Bijou* of 1828 appeared also Southey's lines, *Imitation from the Persian*, from which Poe quoted two verses as a motto for his minor poems in 1829; hence there is good reason for believing that Poe was acquainted with Coleridge's poem.

**Nicéan.** On this epithet Professor W. P. Trent (*The Raven, The Fall of the House of Usher, and Other Poems and Tales by Poe*, p. 24, note) suggests that by "the weary, wayworn wanderer" Poe perhaps meant Ulysses, and that on that supposition "Nicéan" was Poe's substitution for "Phæacian." Professor C. W. Kent (*Poems by Poe*, p. 134) holds that the "Nicéan barks" were "the ships of Alexander the Great." Professor F. V. N. Painter (*Poets of the South*, p. 217) suggests that the reference is to "the ancient Ligurian town of Nicæa, now Nice, in France."

A theory quite different from these, however, was proposed a good many years ago by W. M. Rossetti (*Notes and Queries*, 6th series, XI, pp. 323-324, 1885). Rossetti suggests that "Nicéan" is Poe's misspelling of "Nyseian," and compares Milton's "Nyseian isle" (*Paradise Lost*, IV, l. 275), the reference being to the legend of Bacchus according to which he was conveyed in youth to the island of Nysa (off the coast of Libya). Poe alludes, according to Rossetti's theory, to "that period in the youth of Bacchus when he was conveyed back from the island to 'his own native shore,' Amalthea's Horn; or perhaps to some still later period when, having started from Nysa, and effected his renowned conquests, he finally visited, in the same barks wherein he and his companions had left Nysa, his natal home, Amalthea's Horn. The 'perfumed sea' would refer to the fragrance diffused from paradisaical Nysa over the sea which intervenes between that island and Amalthea's Horn."

The question is one that it is obviously impossible to settle with any definitiveness; but the view of Rossetti seems to be the most plausible of those so far proposed. Poe — if we accept this view — found his adjective, perhaps, in Milton's epic, as Rossetti suggests; perhaps, in the source on which Milton had drawn, Diodorus Siculus (*Bibliotheca*, III, §§ 66-74).

**6-10** Professor Henry A. Beers (*A History of English Romanticism in the Eighteenth Century*, p. 202, note) calls attention to the resemblance between this stanza and the following lines from Thomas Warton's *Verses on Sir Joshua Reynolds' Painted Window*:

No more the sacred window's round disgrace,  
 But yield to Grecian groups the shining space . . .  
 Thy powerful hand has broke the Gothic chain,  
 And brought my bosom back to truth again.

Professor E. E. Hale (*Stories and Poems by Poe*, New York, 1904, p. xviii) notes the parallel with Swinburne's *Song for the Centenary of Walter Savage Landor*, stanza xvii, ll. 7-8:

And through the trumpet of a child of Rome  
 Rang the pure music of the flutes of Greece;

and an anonymous reviewer in the *Southern Literary Messenger* for June, 1857, p. 479, has pointed out the resemblance to a passage in Gerald Massey's *A Poor Man's Wife*:

In her worshipful presence, transfigured I stand,  
 And the poor man's English home  
 She lights with the Beauty of Greece the grand,  
 And the glory of regallest Rome.

Cf. also with lines 9-10, one of Kipling's couplets:

Ho, we revel in our chains  
 O'er the sorrow that was Spain's,

from his *The Last Chantey* (ll. 43-44).

**7 hyacinth hair.** Cf. *The Assigination* (Harrison, II, p. 111): "Her hair . . . clustered . . . round and round her classical head, in curls like those of the young hyacinth"; and *Ligeia* (*ibid.*, II, p. 250): "The raven-black, the glossy, the luxuriant and naturally-curling tresses, setting forth the full force of the Homeric epithet 'hyacinthine.'" Verity takes Milton to use the word (*Paradise Lost*, IV, l. 301) to mean "A dark colour, perhaps deep brown" (see his edition of *Paradise Lost*, p. 461). Professor Kent (*Poems by Poe*, p. 134) suggests that the poet perhaps has "no reference to the color or curly nature of her hair but to its beauty, in memory of the beauty of Hyacinthus."

**9** The line closes with a comma in 1845.

**9, 10** These lines are probably as well known and as frequently quoted as any that Poe ever wrote. Edwin Markham (I, p. xxx) pronounces them to be "two mighty lines that compress into a brief space all the rich, high magnificence of dead centuries." Robertson (p. 82) holds that they are "reserved for immortality." And Mr. C. L. Moore (in the *Dial* of November 16, 1909) declares that they bear "the seal of ultimate



perfection." The critics have not failed to point out the marvelous improvement the lines underwent in the course of Poe's several revisions.

11-13 Reminiscent perhaps of two well-known passages from Byron :

Within a window'd niche of that high hall  
Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain

(*Childe Harold*, Canto III, stanza xxiii, ll. 1-2),

and

The Niobe of nations! there she stands,  
Childless and crownless, in her voiceless woe,  
An empty urn within her withered hands

(*Ibid.*, Canto IV, stanza lxxix, ll. 1-3).

15 **Holy Land.** Spelled "Holy-Land" in 1845.

#### ISRAFEL (57)

(1831; *Southern Literary Messenger*, August, 1836; *Graham's Magazine*, October, 1841; *Philadelphia Saturday Museum*, March 4, 1843; *Broadway Journal*, July 26, 1845; 1845)

(TEXT: Lorimer Graham copy of 1845)

In *Israfel* Poe gives us, as in *Al Aaraaf*, a partial expression of his poetic creed. In *Al Aaraaf* he had sung of the "holiness of beauty"; here he proclaims the belief that the true poet will write from his heart, that his numbers will be melodious, and that he will be informed with a superior wisdom. In the concluding stanza there is also the hint that the poet's success will be conditioned, to some extent, on his environment.

The angel Israfel is described in Sale's "Preliminary Discourse" on the Koran (§ iv) as being one of the four angels who stand highest in God's favor and as having "the most melodious voice of all God's creatures." Sale's words — "the angel Israfil, who has the most melodious voice of all God's creatures" — Poe used as the motto of his poem, garbling his text, as usual, and interpolating in later texts the clause "whose heartstrings are a lute."

These words, "whose heartstrings are a lute," which give expression to the central idea of the poem, were probably suggested to Poe by two lines (41-42) in Béranger's *Le Refus* :

Son cœur est un luth suspendu ;  
Sitôt qu'on le touche, il résonne, —

lines used by Poe in 1839 as the motto of his story *The Fall of the House of Usher* (see the *Dial* of November 16, 1909, pp. 374-375). *Le Refus* was called forth by an offer made to Béranger by the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, General François Sébastiani, of a pension in acknowledgment of his services in behalf of the people in the Revolution of July, 1830. Béranger promptly declined the pension, but the precise date at which the lines touching his declination were published I have been unable to discover; another brief poem — *A mes amis devenus ministres* — by Béranger relating to M. Sébastiani was published in *Le Figaro* in January, 1831, and it is probable that *Le Refus* was published either then or in some other Parisian journal about the same time. *Israfil* was first published in the volume of 1831 (which came from the press in April or May of that year).

The poem must have been composed — if my theory as to its indebtedness to Béranger is correct — in January or February, 1831.

The changes made by Poe in republishing his lyric were few, but some of them were extremely happy. The initial stanza, for instance, originally only five lines in length, ended weakly with the line, "And the giddy stars are mute"; line 25 at first read "Where Love is a grown god"; and the fine line (37), "Thy grief, thy joy, thy hate, thy love," read quite tamely in the earliest version, "Thy grief — if any — thy love."

In its melody and in other lyric qualities, *Israfil* will impress most readers as being one of the rarest of Poe's poems; and the critics, almost without exception, have given it warm praise. Here, says Professor Woodberry (I, p. 82), "rings out the lyric burst, the first pure song of the poet, the notes most clear and liquid and soaring of all he ever sang." Mr. J. M. Robertson (p. 209) holds that *Israfil* is "one of the choicest of melodies — a thing we remember like an air of Schubert's"; and Professor Trent (*The Raven*, etc., p. 22, note) declares that "it may be doubted whether even in the lyrics of Shelley, . . . there is to be found any more complete expression of the highest poetic rapture than is contained in several of these stanzas." But none of the critics have been more enthusiastic in their praise than the late E. C. Stedman (*Poets of America*, p. 248). "Of all [Poe's] lyrics," says Stedman, "is not this the most lyrical, — not only charged with music, but with light? For once, and in his freest hour of youth, Poe got above the sepulchres and mists, even beyond the pale-faced moon, and visited the empyrean. There is joy in this carol, and the radiance of the skies, and ecstatic possession of the gift of song." And then he adds: "If I had any claim to make up a 'Parnassus,' not perhaps of

the most famous English lyrics, but of those which appeal strongly to my own poetic sense, and could select but one of Poe's, I confess that I should choose 'Israfel,' for pure music, for exaltation, and for its original, satisfying quality of rhythmic art."

Professor Richardson, on the other hand (*History of American Literature*, II, p. 111), with a want of sympathy such as he displays nowhere else in his comments on Poe, speaks of "the trashy verses on 'Israfel,' which form so absurd a contrast to the lovely text from the Koran which inspired their thought."

**Motto.** Printed in 1845 at the foot of the page. Drawn originally, as noted above, from Sale's "Preliminary Discourse" on the Koran (§ iv), though Poe takes various liberties with his text. Sale's words are "The angel Israfil, who has the most melodious voice of all God's creatures." Poe in 1831 and in 1836 wrote: "And the angel Israfel who has the sweetest voice of all God's creatures." In 1841 he changed this to read: "And the angel Israfel, or Israfeli, whose heartstrings are a lute, and who is the most musical of all God's creatures." And in subsequent texts it was made to read: "And the angel Israfel, whose heartstrings are a lute, and who has the sweetest voice of all God's creatures." Poe gives credit to the Koran in each instance, except in the *Broadway Journal* (where he credits it to "Sale's Koran"). Sale's words are also quoted by Moore in a note on *Lalla Rookh* ("The Fire-Worshippers," Part IV, l. 419), and Professor Woodberry suggests (I, p. 180, note) that Poe merely copied from Moore. This may have been the case, but that Poe had an early first-hand acquaintance with Sale is pretty well established by his notes on *Al Aaraaf*.

**1 spirit.** To be pronounced as one syllable. Cf. also *Politian*, IV, l. 20, and V, l. 88.

**2 "Whose heartstrings are a lute."** See the note, above, as to Poe's probable indebtedness to Béranger's *Le Refus*.

**3 None sing so wildly well.** P. P. Cooke in the *Southern Literary Messenger* for April, 1846 (XII, p. 200), calls attention to the similarity of this line to Byron's line (*The Bride of Abydos*, Canto II, stanza xxviii, l. 41): "He sings so wild and well"; but expresses the opinion that Poe's indebtedness (if any) involves "an unconscious appropriation."

**3-7** Mr. Harry T. Baker (*Modern Language Notes*, XXV, pp. 94-95) suggests a possible connection between these lines and the lines in *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner* (ll. 365-366):

And now it is an angel's song,  
That makes the heavens be mute.

5 I have taken the liberty of inserting a necessary comma at the end of this line.

8-15 Markham (p. xxxv) objects that this stanza "jars upon the high harmony of the song." The word "even," he observes, makes "an ineffectual rhyme; and the remark concerning 'the enamored moon' blushing with love has the ring of sentimentality instead of sentiment."

9 Cf. the note on *Al Aaraaf*, Part II, l. 9.

11 Cf. Aldrich's *The Demon Lover*, ll. 11 f.:

Blushing with love,  
In the white moonshine  
Lie in my arms,  
So, safe from alarms,  
Imogene.

13, 14 Poems devoted to the "lost Pleiad" have been written by Mrs. Hemans, "L.E.L.," Simms, Stoddard, and Stedman among others.

23 **But the skies that angel trod.** The order is inverted: "skies" is the object of "trod," and "that" is a demonstrative. (See, for Poe's attitude toward inversion, the note on *Stanzas*, l. 6.)

25, 26 In the original each of these lines closes with a dash.

26 **Houri glances.** According to Mohammedan traditions, the houris are the beautiful black-eyed nymphs that inhabit paradise. "the enjoyment of whose company," to quote Sale's "Preliminary Discourse" on the Koran (§ iv), "will be a principal felicity of the faithful." They are said (according to Sale) to have been "created, not of clay, as mortal women are, but of pure musk," and to dwell in pavilions of pearls.

29 **Therefore.** Inasmuch as this is the way of heaven.

32 **To thee the laurels belong.** Cf. Longfellow's *Wapentake* (1877), l. 12:

Therefore to thee the laurel-leaves belong.

33 **Best bard, because the wisest!** Wisest (I take it) not in possessing more of knowledge than other bards, but in knowing more of the "deep thoughts," the love, and the beauty of heaven. Both in *Al Aaraaf* and in *Sonnet — To Science* Poe takes the position that science is hostile to poetry and to the full appreciation of the beautiful.

37 **Thy grief, thy joy, thy hate, thy love.** Cf. Waller's lines *On a Girdle*, l. 7:

My joy, my grief, my hope, my love.

45-51 Cf. the closing stanza of Shelley's *To a Skylark* (1820):

Teach me half the gladness  
That thy brain must know,  
Such harmonious madness  
From my lips would flow,  
The world should listen then — as I am listening now.

#### THE CITY IN THE SEA (59)

(1831; *Southern Literary Messenger*, August, 1836; *American Whig Review*, April, 1845; *Broadway Journal*, August 30, 1845; 1845)

(TEXT: 1845)

*The City in the Sea* is the most notable of a group of seven poems in which Poe deals with the world of spirits, the rest of the group being *Spirits of the Dead*, *Al Aaraaf*, *Fairy-Land*, *The Valley of Unrest*, *Sonnet — Silence*, and *Dream-Land*. He also treats this theme in several of his tales, in particular in *Silence. A Fable* and in *Shadow. A Parable*. In the present poem, in *Spirits of the Dead*, in *The Valley of Unrest*, and incidentally in *Sonnet — Silence*, he deals with the place of departed spirits, with what is variously known in Christian tradition as Hades, or Sheol, or Purgatory. In *Al Aaraaf* he deals with a region corresponding to the Mohammedan paradise, or to Paradise (or Abraham's Bosom) in Christian tradition. In *Fairy-Land* he is concerned, as the title implies, with the realm of fairies; and in *Dream-Land* ostensibly with the land of dreams.

In all these he is careful to present his images vaguely, and he is constantly ringing the changes on his fundamental conception. There is, however, no one of the poems mentioned — nor of the tales — that does not possess some *motif* in common with one or more of the rest. The notion of the stillness of the winds, for instance (see lines 38-41 of the present poem), recurs also in *Spirits of the Dead*, in *The Valley of Unrest*, and in *Silence. A Fable*; and that of the calmness of the waters (see lines 24 f. of the present poem) appears also in *The Sleeper*; while both *motifs* recur in *Dream-Land*. In *The Valley of Unrest*, on the other hand, and in *Silence. A Fable*, the seas are pictured as ceaselessly in motion. The skies are, as a rule, pictured as darkened (as in the present poem and in *Spirits of the Dead*), and such of the luminaries as are visible as being "without beam" (*Spirits of the Dead*) or "pale"

(*Fairy-Land*); but in *Silence. A Fable* the moon is "crimson in color," in *Spirits of the Dead* the stars (though "without beam") are "red-orbed," and in *Dream-Land* the skies are "of fire." In *Spirits of the Dead* all is shrouded in mist; and in *The Sleeper, Fairy-Land, Dream-Land, The Valley of Unrest, and Silence. A Fable*, the "everlasting dews" are falling from trees and flowers or from the moon. The lily (suggested perhaps by the asphodel of the Elysian Fields) is prominent in *The Valley of Unrest, The Sleeper, Dream-Land, and Silence. A Fable*; and shrouded forms are represented as passing to and fro in *Spirits of the Dead, The Sleeper, and Dream-Land*.

That Poe's conception in *The City in the Sea* is that of the wicked dead is indicated by the atmosphere of gloom which pervades the "doomed city," and is plainly implied also in the closing lines of the poem and in the title adopted in 1836 — *The City of Sin*. (See, however, the note on line 4.) More specifically, the situation with which the poet has to do here is that of the "City of Death" (which he identifies symbolically, as did Isaiah and the apostle John, with the city of Babylon), and in particular with this city shortly before the day of the last judgment.

In the images that he conjures up, Poe was evidently influenced by Byron's account of the end of the world in his poem *Darkness*; and in a less degree, by Shelley's *Lines written among the Euganean Hills* (see W. L. Weber, *Selections from the Southern Poets*, p. 195). It is also reasonably clear that he owed certain hints to the Scriptures — in particular, to Isaiah and Revelation. From Byron's poem he apparently drew the suggestion of most of his landscape effects — his conception of the lurid waters contrasting with the darkness of the heavens, and of the stillness of the winds accompanied by the supreme calm upon the sea (cf. the notes on lines 12-13, 30-41). An indebtedness to Shelley is apparent in lines 12-29 (with which the third and fourth sections of Shelley's poem are to be compared) and in the general idea of the destruction of a gloriously beautiful "city in the sea." To Isaiah and to Revelation he was indebted, probably, for the idea of the City of Death, and for its identification with the city of Babylon, and also perhaps for some of the minor details (see an article entitled "E. A. Poe: An Unnoticed Plagiarism," in the *London Academy* for June 25, 1910, pp. 612-613, and the comments, below, on lines 18, 23, 37, 50-51, 52-53).

Despite these "influences," however, *The City in the Sea* is one of the most original of Poe's poems; and it is likewise one of his most imaginative. E. C. Stedman (*Poets of America*, p. 242) expresses the opinion

that it is superior to *The Raven* in the matter of imagination; Professor Richard Burton declares (*Literary Leaders of America*, p. 85) that there are "few greater poems of mood and picture . . . in all literature"; and Edwin Markham (I, pp. xxxv f.) observes that although "Browning in 'Abt Vogler,' Coleridge in 'Kubla Khan,' have built up fair imaginations of tower and dome and minaret, . . . the wizardry of Poe in his 'City in the Sea' has left us the most rare, the most mysterious, of all such ethereal structures. . . . Never before," he adds, "has the 'palpable obscure' been bodied forth with a more cunning and gloomy imagination."

**Title.** The title was repeatedly changed. It first read *The Doomed City* (1831); this presently gave way to *The City of Sin* (1836); and this, in turn, to *The City in the Sea. A Prophecy* (*American Review*, 1845). The present title was first adopted in the *Broadway Journal*.

**4** This clashes with the interpretation that I have proposed above; namely, that the "city in the sea" is the abode of wicked spirits (only) after death. That the governing idea, however, is that of the abiding-place of the wicked dead is not only indicated (as I have already noted) by the title adopted in 1836, but by the association, symbolically, of the "city in the sea" with Babylon.

**9 lifting winds.** Professor A. G. Newcomer (*Poe: Poems and Tales*, p. 300) calls attention to the parallel with N. P. Willis's *Absalom* (1827), ll. 5-7:

The willow leaves,  
With a soft cheek upon the lulling tide,  
Forgot the lifting winds.

**9-12** Professor Woodberry comments (I, p. 82): "The melodious monotone, the justness of touch in lines like these, are as artistic as the idea is poetic."

**12, 13** Cf. Byron's *Darkness*, ll. 2-4:

And the stars  
Did wander darkling in the eternal space,  
Rayless, and pathless.

**12-29** It is in these lines that the analogy with Shelley's *Lines written among the Euganean Hills* is plainest.

**18 Babylon-like walls.** See the quotation from Revelation xvi, in the note on lines 50-51; also Revelation xvii and xviii and Isaiah xiv, in which Babylon is represented as the type of the wicked city.

**23 viol.** A stringed instrument similar to the violin; here apparently one of the sculptured monuments of the marvelous shrines

mentioned in line 21. The word may have been suggested to Poe by Isaiah xiv, 11: "Thy pomp is brought down to the grave, and the noise of thy viols" (see the *London Academy*, June 25, 1910, p. 613).

30-41 Cf. Byron's *Darkness*, ll. 73-81:

The rivers, lakes, and ocean all stood still,  
And nothing stirred within their silent depths;  
Ships sailorless lay rotting on the sea,  
And their masts fell down piecemeal; as they dropped  
They slept on the abyss without a surge—  
The waves were dead; the tides were in their grave,  
The Moon, their mistress, had expired before  
The winds were withered in the stagnant air,  
And the clouds perished.

37 Cf. Revelation iv, 6: "And before the throne there was a sea of glass like unto crystal"; also Revelation xv, 2: "And I saw as it were a sea of glass mingled with fire." See also *Spirits of the Dead*, l. 23, and *The Valley of Unrest*, ll. 11 f.

39 far-off happier sea. See *The Sleeper*, l. 32: "far-off seas"; and *To F*—, ll. 9-10:

Like some enchanted far-off isle  
In some tumultuous sea.

49 The hours are breathing faint and low. So also in *Politian*, III, l. 40: "the Hours are breathing low." Shelley in *The Indian Serenade* has the line (3):

When the winds are breathing low.

50, 51 Cf. Revelation xvi, 18-19:

And there were voices, and thunders, and lightnings; and there was a great earthquake, such as was not since men were upon the earth, so mighty an earthquake, and so great. And the great city was divided into three parts, and the cities of the nations fell; and great Babylon came in remembrance before God, to give unto her the cup of the wine of the fierceness of his wrath.

Note also Revelation xx, 14: "And death and hell were cast into the lake of fire."

52, 53 Probably a reminiscence of Isaiah xiv, 9: "Hell from beneath is moved for thee to meet thee at thy coming: it stirreth up the dead for thee, even all the chief ones of the earth; it hath raised up from their thrones all the kings of the nations."



## THE SLEEPER (63)

(1831; *Southern Literary Messenger*, May, 1836; Griswold's *Poets and Poetry of America*, 1842; Philadelphia *Saturday Museum*, March 4, 1843; *Broadway Journal*, May 3, 1845; 1845)

(TEXT: Lorimer Graham copy of 1845)

*The Sleeper*, by reason of its fundamental situation and of its atmosphere, associates itself with the group of poems in which Poe deals with the world of shades (see the general note on *The City in the Sea*). The setting, however, is not that, apparently, of the grave or of the place of shadows, but of the death-chamber, in which the body has lain for some time and from which it is soon to be removed to its last resting-place. About this picture the poet has thrown an atmosphere much the same as that which invests his spirit world as depicted in other poems belonging to this group. The analogy is closest with *The Valley of Unrest* and *Dream-Land*.

*The Sleeper*, also, belongs with the more famous group of poems, in which the poet treats of the death of a beautiful woman — or, more precisely, with the grief of a bereaved lover for his dead lady. Others of this group are *Lenore*, *To One in Paradise*, *The Raven*, *Ulalume*, and *Annabel Lee*; and *Tamerlane* and the *Sonnet* — *To Zante* make incidental use of the same theme. To the same *genre*, also, belong *Bridal Ballad* and *For Annie*, in which the lover is represented as dead.

How far these poems actually reflect the poet's own experiences and sorrows it is impossible to say. Suggestions are made in the general notes on each as to the possible autobiographical allusions contained in them. For the present poem it has been suggested (by R. H. Stoddard in *Harper's Monthly*, XLV, p. 559, 1872) that the poet refers to Mrs. Jane Stith Stanard, who had also been the inspiration, according to Poe's account, of the earlier lines *To Helen*. There is nothing in the content and spirit of the poem to contradict this view; and it is in keeping with a statement made by Poe (in a letter written, apparently, in 1845 — see *Letters*, p. 207) that he wrote the lines when "quite a boy." It should be added, however, that there is nothing to show that the poem was not written in memory of the first Mrs. Allan (see the notes on *Lenore*). And there is, again, of course, the possibility that the poet merely refers to an ideal love.

In 1831 and in the *Messenger* (1836) *The Sleeper* is entitled *Irene*. The present title was substituted in 1842. The changes made in the body of the poem were, as the footnotes make evident, both numerous and varied.

The text here adopted — that of the Lorimer Graham copy of 1845 — differs slightly from all earlier versions. The same text is preserved in some proofs intended by Poe for publication in the *Richmond Examiner* in 1849 (see Whitty, p. viii). There is also a manuscript copy of the poem, now in the possession of Captain William Gordon McCabe, of Richmond, Virginia, which bears the title *Irene the Dead* (see Whitty, p. 207).

In one of his letters (Harrison, XVII, p. 207) Poe expresses the opinion that *The Sleeper* is "in the higher qualities of poetry" superior to *The Raven*; and a similar view has been expressed by J. T. Trowbridge in *My Own Story* (1902, p. 184): "Poe's *Sleeper*, — the most strikingly beautiful of all the productions of that aberrant genius."

**Title.** In 1845 followed by a colon. In the present edition all end punctuation with mid-page titles is omitted.

**10 lolls.** The word occurs also in *Al Araaf*, Part I, l. 17; *Fairy-Land* (1831), l. 6; *Coliseum*, l. 22; and *Dream-Land*, ll. 20, 24. Margaret Fuller, in her review of Poe's poems (1845) in the *New York Tribune* of November 26, 1845 (reprinted in her *Life Without and Life Within*, p. 91), complains of Poe's use of the word here. "This word lolls," she says, "presents a vulgar image to our thought." It is also objected to by an anonymous contributor to *The Talisman and Odd Fellows' Magazine* of September, 1846, who speaks of Poe as "the tomahawk man," "the Comanche of literature . . . who uses the word *loll* on nearly every page."

**18-36** In 1831 these lines are represented as being "hummed" by the moon; see lines 25 f. of that text.

**26 fringed lid.** Cf. *The Tempest*, I, ii, l. 407:

The fringed curtains of thine eye advance.

**35 thy length of tress.** Cf. *Lenore* (1831), l. 28.

**37, 38** (1831) These lines suggest Porphyro's passionate words in Keats's *The Eve of St. Agnes*, ll. 276-278:

And now, my love, my seraph fair, awake!  
Thou art my heaven, and I thine eremite:  
Open thine eyes, for meek St. Agnes' sake.

**37-44** Instead of these lines, there appeared in 1831 (*Irene*, ll. 41 f.) a passage which gives the reason for the poet's prayer that the sleep of his loved one may be deep as well as enduring; the dead sleep, so holds the poet, only so long as their loved ones on earth continue to grieve for them. This idea is more fully developed in a gruesome passage in *The Premature Burial* (Harrison, V, p. 267):

I looked; and the unseen figure . . . had caused to be thrown open the graves of all mankind; . . . so that I could see into the innermost recesses, and there view the shrouded bodies in their sad and solemn slumbers with the worm. But, alas! the real sleepers were fewer, by many millions, than those who slumbered not at all; and there was a feeble struggling; and there was a general sad unrest; and from out the depths of the countless pits there came a melancholy rustling from the garments of the buried. And of those who seemed tranquilly to repose, I saw that a vast number had changed, in a greater or less degree, the rigid and uneasy position in which they had originally been entombed.

**43 unopened eye.** Griswold, in his *Poets and Poetry of America* (1842), printed this "uncloséd eye." Poe protested against this in one of his letters to Griswold (*Letters*, p. 203), but the error remained uncorrected in all subsequent editions.

**45-47** Cf. Shelley's *Rosalind and Helen*, ll. 345-347:

And the crawling worms were cradling her  
To a sleep more deep and so more sweet  
Than a baby's rocked on its nurse's knee;

see also Byron's *Giaour*, ll. 945-948:

It is as if the dead could feel  
The icy worm around them steal,  
And shudder, as the reptiles creep  
To revel o'er their rotting sleep,—

which is so close in one line to the earlier (1831) form of line 47:

No icy worms about her creep,

as to beget the suspicion that Poe wrote with his Byron in mind.

**48-59** (1831) The passage is reminiscent of *The Lake: To —*, especially of the last stanza of that poem.

**54 f.** Cf. *Lenore* (1831), ll. 29-31.

## LENORE (68)

(1831; *Southern Literary Messenger*, January, 1836; *Pioneer*, February, 1843; *Philadelphia Saturday Museum*, March 4, 1843; *Graham's Magazine*, February, 1845; *Broadway Journal*, August 16, 1845; 1845; *Richmond Whig*, September 18, 1849; Griswold's *Poets and Poetry of America*, 10th edition)

(TEXT: *Richmond Whig*)

Entitled *A Pæan* in 1831 and in the *Southern Literary Messenger* (1836). These two earlier versions adopt a short ballad stanza, while the text published in Lowell's *Pioneer* is printed in an odelike stanza (see the footnotes of this edition). The present stanza-form was first adopted in the text published in *Graham's Magazine* (in Lowell's sketch of Poe) in February, 1845, the manuscript of which was sent to the printers in October, 1844, at about the time that *The Raven* may be presumed to have been completed (see Woodberry, II, pp. 100, 103-104). In Griswold's *Poets and Poetry of America*, 10th edition (which appeared in December, 1849), the poem is broken up into half-lines. Whether or not Poe authorized this variation is uncertain, though it is known that he gave his approval to a similar variation in the stanza of *The Raven*. In addition to the changes in title and in stanza-form, the poem underwent numerous alterations of other sorts in the course of its half-dozen revampings, and was immensely improved, especially in tone and finish.

The text here adopted, that of the *Richmond Whig*, appeared in that paper during Poe's last visit to Richmond in the summer of 1849. The text published by Griswold in his poetical anthology was probably based on a manuscript sent him by the poet in 1849 before setting out for Richmond. Besides these late texts, there is also a late version preserved in proof sheets intended for publication in the *Richmond Examiner* (Whitty, p. viii); and there are autographic revisions in the Lorimer Graham copy of 1845.

The poem was probably written in 1830. Poe declares in one of his late reviews (Griswold, III, p. 211) that it was "first published in 1830," but his memory as to dates was not to be relied on.

To whom Poe refers in *Lenore* — or whether he refers to anyone in particular — it is impossible to say. Ingram holds (p. 27), as does also Mrs. Weiss (p. 122, note), that the poem was written in memory of Mrs. Stanard; and this view is supported by the fact that Poe, in

line 38 of the text published in the *Southern Literary Messenger* (1836), gives to his heroine the name "Helen" (cf. the notes on the earlier lines *To Helen*). Professor Harrison suggests (I, p. 95) that the poem "may be in its first draft a memorial dirge in memory of the first Mrs. Allan" — a view that has the support of several lines (9, 13-15, 35-36) in the text of 1836, as well as of certain lines (15-19) in the *Pioneer* version of 1843; and is further supported by the fact that Mrs. Allan died shortly before the poem was written. But J. M. Daniel makes the statement in an article on Poe (*Southern Literary Messenger*, March, 1850, XVI, p. 177) that Poe declared to him shortly before his death that Mrs. Shelton was the "original of his Lenore." This falls in with the theory that I have advanced below in the interpretation of *Bridal Ballad* and *Sonnet — To Zante*. But it should be borne in mind that Daniel was not a trustworthy witness; and that Poe at the time that he is reported to have made this statement to Daniel was paying suit to Mrs. Shelton. It should be noted, too, that in the tale *Eleonora* Poe's heroine, from whom the story takes its name, is plainly none other than his wife.

The name "Lenore" first appeared in the poem in 1843. It was perhaps suggested to Poe by Bürger, whose ballad *Lenore* has to do with a situation resembling in some respects that of Poe's poem, and was widely popular in England during the first quarter of Poe's century (see Beers, *A History of English Romanticism in the Eighteenth Century*, p. 392, note, and A. Brandl, "Lenore in England," in E. Schmidt's *Characteristiken*, pp. 244 f., Berlin, 1886). Poe refers to Bürger's ballad in two of his reviews printed in the *Southern Literary Messenger* in 1836 (Harrison, IX, pp. 173, 202).

T. W. Higginson in his *Life of Longfellow* (p. 269) declares that the poem in its 1843 version is "perhaps the first piece of lyric measure in our literature"; and in his *Short Studies of American Authors* (p. 15) he writes: "Never in American literature, I think, was such a fountain of melody flung into the air as when 'Lenore' first appeared in 'The Pioneer'; and never did fountain so drop downward as when Poe rearranged it in its present form." But Professor Richardson (p. xxx) complains of the "Beautiful Snow arrangement" of the *Pioneer* version; and Professor Fruit, also, defends the adoption of the long-line stanza (*Mind and Art of Poe's Poetry*, p. 101).

1 broken is the golden bowl. Cf. Ecclesiastes xii, 6.

3 Guy De Vere. Not in the versions of 1831 and 1836. Possibly suggested (see the query of Professor Kent, *Poe's Poems*, p. 145) by

Tennyson's "Lady Clara Vere de Vere" (1832); possibly by J. P. Ward's novel *De Vere*, though the family name "De Vere" was doubtless well known in Poe's time.

8 The second "ye" appears for the first time in the *Whig*; it injures, I think, the rhythm, and is perhaps traceable to a typographical error.

8-12 The reply of Guy De Vere, the lover, to Lenore's false friends. — The comma after "wealth" was inserted by the present editor; and so also with the comma after the second "yours" in line 11 and the comma before "and" in line 12.

9 in feeble health. This phrase, Markham (I, p. xxix) holds to be an "inexcusable blemish, a bald phrase of the prose man . . . a mud-ball stuck upon the radiant front of the rainbow."

10-12 Poe in a vitriolic notice of his one-time friend, H. B. Hirst, apparently not printed in Poe's lifetime, but published by Griswold (III, pp. 209 f.), calls attention to what he pronounces a plagiarism from these lines in Hirst's *The Penance of Roland*.

13 The reading of 1845 and of the Lorimer Graham copy—"Peccavimus; but rave not thus! and let a Sabbath song"—seems to me superior to the reading of the *Whig*.

15-19 (*Pioneer*) Possibly an allusion to Mrs. Allan (see the introductory note, above).

20 Avaunt!—avaunt! to friends from fiends. The Lorimer Graham reading—"Avaunt! avaunt! from fiends below"—is both simpler and more euphonious.

25, 26 These lines were imitated by W. W. Lord in his *Niagara* (see Harrison, XII, 156):

They, albeit with inward pain,  
Who sought to sing thy dirge, must sing thy Pæan!

They are perhaps echoed, also, by T. B. Aldrich, in his *Ode on the Unveiling of the Shaver Memorial* (ll. 44-45):

A pæan, not a knell,  
For heroes dying so!

and by Lowell in his *Harvard Commemoration Ode*, ll. 242-244:

I sweep them for a pæan, but they wane  
Again and yet again  
Into a dirge, and die away, in pain.

26 Pæan. Spelled "Pæan" in the original.

**55, 56** (*Pioneer*) Printed in the *Pioneer* (by an obvious error of the press) as one line.

**58** (*Pioneer*) gold. For Poe's use of a monosyllable with dissyllabic value, see the note on *Tamerlane*, l. 201.

### THE VALLEY OF UNREST (72)

(1831; *Southern Literary Messenger*, February, 1836; *American Whig Review*, April, 1845; *Broadway Journal*, September 6, 1845; 1845)

(TEXT: 1845)

*The Valley of Unrest* is one of the group of poems in which Poe deals with the place of departed spirits (see the general note on *The City in the Sea*). The situation here is apparently that of the temporary abiding-place of the wicked after death, though the poet is careful not to make this explicit. The nearest analogues are *The City in the Sea* and *Silence. A Fable* (Harrison, II, pp. 220-224). An interesting partial parallel is furnished by a passage in *The Unparalleled Adventure of Hans Phaal* (*ibid.*, II, p. 80).

In its earliest form (1831) and in the revised text published in the *Southern Literary Messenger* (1836), the poem is much fuller than in the later versions (see the footnotes, in which the text of 1831 is given in its entirety). There is no clue to the date of the poem other than that afforded by the date of first publication.

**7** (1831) **Nis**. Perhaps suggested to Poe by the word "sin" (cf. the inverted spelling in "Bedlo" (that is, "Oldeb") in *A Tale of the Ragged Mountains*, and note that *The City in the Sea* was at one time entitled *The City of Sin*). The word *nīs* is to be found in the Hebrew text of Jeremiah xlviii, 44, so I am informed by a gifted orientalist, but is there corrected in the margin to *nās*. "Nis" also occurs in Norse mythology. But there is scant likelihood that Poe was acquainted with the word in either of these uses.

**8** (1831) a **Syriac tale**. A bit of mystification on Poe's part, I suspect. If he actually has reference to some tale, it is probably to some scriptural narrative, though I am unable to identify it with any scriptural story.

**9** **visitor**. Spelled "visiter" in the original texts.

**15, 16** Poe declares in one of his letters (Harrison, XVII, p. 207) that these lines are "the two best lines" in the poem. It seems not

improbable that they were suggested by Wordsworth's well-known lines in *The Solitary Reaper*:

Breaking the silence of the seas  
Among the farthest Hebrides.

The idea of the "palpitating seas" Poe has also in his *Silence. A Fable*, in the following passage (Harrison, II, p. 220): "The waters of the river have a saffron and a sickly hue; and they flow not onwards to the sea, but palpitate forever and forever beneath the red eye of the sun with a tumultuous and convulsive motion."

18 rustle. The reading of the *American Review*, "rustles," is evidently a misprint.

25 Eternal dews come down in drops. See *The Sleeper*, ll. 3 f., *Dream-Land*, ll. 12 f., and *Fairy-Land*, l. 4.

27 The fantastic lines with which the poem concludes in the *American Review* (1845):

They wave; they weep; and the tears, as they well  
From the depth of each pallid lily-bell,  
Give a trickle and a tinkle and a knell,

find a parallel in *Fairy-Land*, ll. 24 f. (1831).

29 (1831) Helen. The poetic name adopted by Poe for Mrs. Jane Stith Stanard; see the notes on the earlier lines *To Helen*.

46 (1831) The quotation is from Farquhar's *The Recruiting Officer*, III, scene iii.

#### THE COLISEUM (75)

(*Saturday Morning Visiter*, 1833; *Southern Literary Messenger*, August, 1835; *Saturday Evening Post*, June 12, 1841; Griswold's *Poets and Poetry of America*, first edition, 1842; *Philadelphia Saturday Museum*, March 4, 1843; *Broadway Journal*, July 12, 1845; 1845)

(TEXT: 1845)

*The Coliseum* appears to have been the first of Poe's poems to be published after the publication of the volume of 1831. It was submitted in 1833 to the Baltimore *Saturday Morning Visiter* in competition for a prize of fifty dollars offered by that paper, and is said to have been published in *The Visiter* in the same year (Stedman and Woodberry, X, p. 177). Along with the poem, Poe had submitted a number of his tales in competition for a prize of one hundred dollars. The larger prize



was awarded to Poe's *MS. Found in a Bottle*, and the other prize would have been awarded to *The Coliseum* except that the judges deemed it best not to give both prizes to the same competitor. Their decision was announced in the *Visiter* of October 12, 1833 (see a statement reprinted in part in the *Southern Literary Messenger* for August, 1835, I, p. 716). A detailed account of the deliberations of the judges, by one of their number, General J. H. B. Latrobe, appears in the *Edgar Allan Poe Memorial Volume*, ed. Miss S. S. Rice, Baltimore, 1877, pp. 57-62 (reproduced in part by Harrison, I, pp. 102 f.); a briefer account of the matter is given by J. H. Hewitt (editor of the *Visiter* at the time the prizes were offered and winner of the prize for the best poem) in his *Shadows on the Wall*, pp. 155 f. Hewitt reprints in the same connection a garbled version of *The Coliseum* — drawn, however, not from the *Visiter*, but from some later text of the poem. All files of the *Visiter* for 1833 appear to have been lost.

The poem at one time constituted a part of Poe's drama, *Politian*, appearing there as a soliloquy uttered by the hero. A facsimile of a part of this version, comprising lines 1-9, is given by Ingram in the *London Bibliophile*, May, 1909, p. 136.

Byron's influence is plainly discernible in Poe's lines (see the notes on lines 1-2, 17, 21, 30). There are reminiscences also, apparently, of Quevedo's sonnet, *Rome in Ruins* (see the note on lines 26-32).

The poem furnishes the earliest known example of Poe's use of blank verse and at the same time his most successful use of it. The verse of *Politian* is comparatively unimpressive, and that of the later blank verse pieces (*To M. L. S—*, *To — — — —*, and *To Helen*) is little better. Some of the lines in *The Coliseum*, however — as the opening lines of the second section :

Vastness! and Age! and Memories of Eld!  
Silence! and Desolation! and dim Night!  
I feel ye now — I feel ye in your strength —

possess a genuine dignity and something of eloquence as well.

1 reliquary. Receptacle.

1, 2 Cf. *Childe Harold*, Canto IV, stanza cxxviii, ll. 7-8:

This long-explored but still exhaustless mine  
Of contemplation.

5, 6 In accordance with the custom of his day, Poe placed a comma at the end of the first of these lines, and also at the end of the second but inside the parenthesis.

9 Cf. the note on line 46.

13 The only reference to the Christ in Poe's poems.

15 The star-gazing Chaldeans are also alluded to in *Al Aaraaf*, Part II, l. 42.

17 Here, where a hero fell. Byron thrice introduces a line with the collocation "here, where," in his description of the Coliseum in *Childe Harold* (Canto IV, stanza cxlii); and in both *Childe Harold* and *Manfred* he alludes to the gladiatorial combats that took place in the Coliseum.

21 The two verses inserted after this line in the text of the *Southern Literary Messenger*:

Here where on ivory couch the Cæsar sate,  
Oh bed of moss lies gloating the foul adder,

were perhaps suggested by the following passage from *Manfred* (III, iv, ll. 22 f.):

Where the Cæsars dwelt,  
And dwell the tuneless birds of night, amidst  
A grove which springs through levelled battlements,  
And twines its roots with the imperial hearths,  
Ivy usurps the laurel's place of growth.

24 wan light. Spelled "wanlight" in 1845.

26-30 These lines may have been vaguely influenced by a passage in Gaunt's famous speech in Shakespeare's *Richard II*, II, i, ll. 40-60.

26-32 Possibly written by way of protest against one of Byron's lines in allusion to the Coliseum (*Childe Harold*, Canto IV, stanza cxlv, l. 8):

Rome and her Ruin past Redemption's skill;

or against the sentiment of the opening lines of Quevedo's *Rome in Ruins*:

Pilgrim! in vain thou seekst in Rome for Rome!  
Alas! the Queen of Nations is no more!  
Dust are her towers that proudly frowned of yore,  
And her stern hills themselves have built their tomb—

lines which Poe quoted in one of his reviews in the *Southern Literary Messenger* in 1836 (Harrison, VIII, p. 140), copying a translation in the *American Monthly Magazine* of December, 1833 (II, p. 224).

30 gray. Repeated, perhaps, because of its symbolical import. Byron had applied the same epithet to the walls of the Coliseum (*Childe Harold*, Canto IV, stanza cxliv).

31 In the original a comma is erroneously inserted after "found."

34-46 In the original, quotation marks appear before each of these lines.

36 **As melody from Memnon to the Sun.** For the traditions associated with Memnon and for allusions to Memnon's statue, see Gayley's *Classic Myths*, pp. 179 f., 512. To Professor Gayley's list of allusions may be added the following: Byron's *Don Juan*, Canto XIII, stanza lxiv; Tennyson's *The Palace of Art*, l. 171, and *The Princess*, Book III, l. 117; Mrs. Browning's *An Essay on Mind*, l. 841, and her sonnet, *Futurity*, l. 14; Bayard Taylor's *To the Nile*, l. 18; Mrs. S. H. Whitman's *The Portrait*, l. 4; and Simms's *Charlemont*, p. 306.

46 **a robe of more than glory.** Possibly an allusion to Wordsworth's "trailing clouds of glory."

#### TO ONE IN PARADISE (77)

(*Godey's Lady's Book*, January, 1834; *Southern Literary Messenger*, July, 1835; *Burton's Gentleman's Magazine*, July, 1839; *Tales*, 1840; Philadelphia *Saturday Museum*, March 4, 1843; *Broadway Journal*, May 10, 1845; *Broadway Journal*, June 7, 1845; 1845)

(TEXT: Lorimer Graham copy of 1845)

This poem was composed not later than 1833, since it formed a part of Poe's story, *The Visionary* (later entitled *The Assig nation*), as published in *Godey's Lady's Book* in January, 1834. It is possible that it refers to Miss Royster, she being conceived of symbolically as dead (see the general note on *Bridal Ballad*)—a view that is supported especially by a rejected final stanza (given above in the textual footnotes). A slightly garbled text of the poem was published in the London *Spectator* of January 1, 1853, and there attributed to Tennyson, Poe at the same time being charged with theft of the lines from Tennyson. But Tennyson replied in a letter of January 20, 1853, to the *Spectator*, vindicating Poe.

**Title.** In *Burton's Magazine* (1839) the title is *To Ianthé in Heaven*. The name "Ianthé" had previously been used in *Al Aaraaf*.

**1 that all.** The reading also of *Godey's* (1834), the *Southern Literary Messenger* (1835), and *Burton's*, but rejected in all subsequent versions save the second of the texts printed in the *Broadway Journal* (June 7, 1845) and the Lorimer Graham copy of 1845.

The text of the poem printed in the *Spectator* of January 1, 1853, and there attributed to Tennyson (see above), omits the word "that,"

with the result that the line is made unmetrical. There are other crudities in that text — enough, I think, to establish it as unauthentic. It was probably a carelessly made copy of one of the earlier versions.

3 A green isle in the sea. Cf. the *Sonnet — To Zante*, and the opening lines of Shelley's *Lines written among the Euganean Hills*:

Many a green isle needs must be  
In the deep wide sea of misery.

16 No more. The collocation appears also in the *Sonnet — To Zante* (ll. 8-11) and in the *Sonnet — Silence* (l. 9). It is perhaps, as Fruit suggests (p. 55), "the germinal form" of the 'Nevermore' of *The Raven*. But see the note on *The Raven*, l. 48.

21-26 One of Poe's most sonorous stanzas. The melodious effect is secured in part by the use of the repetend, in part by the skillful employment of liquids and nasals.

23 grey. It is open to question whether Poe gained anything by his substitution, in the Lorimer Graham text, of this word for the epithet "dark" found in all other texts.

25, 26 In what ethereal dances, By what eternal streams. Professor Richardson (p. xxvii) pronounces these two lines to be "perfect in every detail of thought and expression" and "as inherently and perennially lovely as Wordsworth's

And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore, —

because in both cases the utterly poetic conception is phrased in the only words that seem exquisitely fit." The last line was much improved by the substitution, in the later versions, of the word "eternal" for the "Italian" of the earlier versions.

#### HYMN (78)

(*Southern Literary Messenger*, April, 1835; *Burton's Gentleman's Magazine*, November, 1839; *Tales*, 1840; *Broadway Journal*, August 16, 1845; 1845)

(TEXT: Lorimer Graham copy of 1845)

*Hymn* was written not later than 1834. *Morella*, of which it originally formed a part, was evidently one of the sixteen tales sent to Carey and Lea in the autumn of 1834 (see Woodberry, II, p. 401), and it is not improbable that it was one of the six tales submitted in the

Baltimore *Saturday Visiter's* contest in 1833 (see the description of an early manuscript of this tale in Catalogue No. 17 of the Rosenbach Company, Philadelphia, 1913, p. 106). The poem first appeared as a separate item in the *Broadway Journal* of August 16, 1845. As incorporated in *Morella* (in 1835, 1839, and 1840), it is divided into stanzas of four lines each, including a stanza at the beginning, which was subsequently dropped (see above, p. 78), and is without title. In the *Broadway Journal* and in 1845 it is entitled *Catholic Hymn*. In the Lorimer Graham copy (which furnishes the text followed in this edition) the word "Catholic" is stricken out.

In no other poem does Poe strike so distinctly the religious note. The Deity is not infrequently referred to in his poems, but always in colorless terms; and the Christ is mentioned only once (in *The Coliseum*, l. 13), and the Virgin Mary only twice (here and in *For Annie*, l. 83). In Poe's tales and in his critical writings, allusions to the Deity are more frequent, and in *Eureka* there are several passages in which Poe discusses, in set terms, the relation between God and his creatures. In one of these passages he declares that "The Universe is a plot of God" (Harrison, XVI, p. 292), a sentiment not unworthy of Emerson, Poe's antithesis in most regards. See for other striking passages in *Eureka*, Harrison, XVI, pp. 254 f., 311, 313 f.; and see also in this connection a letter of July 2, 1844, to Lowell (Woodberry, II, pp. 92 f.). According to Mrs. Weiss (p. 32) the poet, though a believer in a Supreme Being, "had no faith in the doctrine of the Divinity of Christ."

As to Poe's religious practice, such evidence as we have is conflicting. His early Baltimore sweetheart, Miss Devereaux, asserts that "he scoffed at everything sacred, and never went to church" (*Harper's Monthly*, LXXVIII, p. 636). But Mrs. Shew, in her diary (see Ingram, pp. 333-334), mentions having attended a midnight service with him in New York, in 1847, on which occasion, she says, he followed the ritual "like a churchman." Mrs. Weiss also tells of seeing him at church in Richmond in 1849 (the *New York Independent*, LVII, p. 446). Mrs. J. J. Moran, wife of the physician who attended him in his last illness, relates that she discussed with him, shortly before he died, the matter of divine forgiveness in the hereafter (Harrison, I, p. 337); and Dr. Moran himself testifies that his last words were, "Lord, help my poor soul." There is a tradition that he was baptized soon after being adopted by the Allans at the home of a neighbor of the Allans, a Mr. John Richard (*Richmond Standard*, May 7, 1881), and it is said that he was confirmed at some time in youth as a member of the

Episcopal Church (Mrs. Weiss, p. 31). He doubtless attended in his youth the church to which the Allans belonged in Richmond, the old Monumental Church on Broad Street. For an extended discussion of his religion, accurate in the main, but unsympathetic, see A. H. Strong, *American Poets and their Theology*, pp. 159-206.

4 **Mother of God, be with us still!** The line suggests Kipling's line in *The Recessional*:

Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet.

TO F—— (79)

(*Southern Literary Messenger*, July, 1835; *Graham's Magazine*, March, 1842; *Philadelphia Saturday Museum*, March 4, 1843; *Broadway Journal*, April 26, 1845; 1845)

(TEXT: 1845)

*To F——* is one of three poems addressed by Poe to Mrs. Frances Sargent Osgood, the other two being the lines *To F——s S. O——d* and *A Valentine*. A fourth poem complimentary to Mrs. Osgood, *Impromptu: To Kate Carol*, and apparently written by Poe, is included in the present volume among the Poems Attributed to Poe.

Though addressed to Mrs. Osgood in 1845, the poem was originally dedicated to another. As first published, in July, 1835, it was entitled *To Mary*; and as republished in 1842 (*Graham's*) and again in 1843 (*Saturday Museum*) it bore the title *To One Departed*.

To whom the poet refers in these earlier versions is not clear. Professor Kent suggests (*Poe's Poems*, p. 135) that "Mary" of the text of 1835 was possibly Eliza White, daughter of the proprietor of the *Southern Literary Messenger*; and the same view has been taken by others. But Poe did not reach Richmond to enter upon his editorial connection with the *Messenger* until after July 20, 1835 (see *Letters*, pp. 10 f.), and the issue of the *Messenger* in which the lines appeared must have been published before that time: in any event, it is improbable that he was acquainted with Miss White at the time the lines were written. Professor Woodberry suggests (II, p. 414) that the lady referred to was Poe's "Baltimore Mary," to whom, according to her account, he dedicated a "poem of six or eight verses" that was published in a Baltimore paper early in the thirties (see *Harper's Monthly*, LXXVIII, p. 638); though he notes in the same connection

(II, p. 415) that the lines *To* —— (“I heed not that my earthly lot”) were, in the edition of 1829, entitled *To M*——. It should also be noted that the lines said to have been addressed to the “Baltimore Mary” are described by her as “very severe” and as complaining of “fickleness and inconstancy”—a description which does not apply to the present poem. Mr. Charles Marshall Graves, in his *Selected Poems and Tales of Poe*, p. 146, expresses the belief that the reference is to “Miss Mary Winfree, of Chesterfield, Virginia, who rejected [Poe’s] proffered love”—a lady to whom no other reference is made by Poe’s editors and biographers.

It is even more difficult to say whom Poe refers to in the texts of 1842 and 1843, both entitled *To One Departed*. Is the reference to Mrs. Allan? or to Mrs. Stanard?—or is it, perhaps, to Miss Royster (see the notes on *Bridal Ballad*)? The poet’s “Baltimore Mary” lived until after the death of Mrs. Poe in 1847 (see Woodberry, II, p. 225).

Mrs. Osgood, to whom Poe dedicated the poem in its final form, was born in Boston in 1815 (the year is sometimes given as 1811). In 1835 she married S. S. Osgood, an artist of note (who was later to paint one of the best-known portraits of Poe), and together they spent the next four years in England. Returning to America, they settled, in 1840, in New York, where Mrs. Osgood at once became prominent in social and literary circles. She began to write verses at an early age, and some of these were published before her marriage. Her first volume of poems, *A Wreath of Wild Flowers from New England*, appeared in London in 1838. This was followed by *The Casket of Fate* (1839), *Poems* (1846), *A Letter about Lions* (1849), and a collective edition of her poems in 1850. Among other works variously accredited to her are: *The Snowdrop*; *A New Year’s Gift for Children* (Providence, 1842); *The Language of Gems*; *Puss in Boots*; *Cries of New York*; *The Rose: Sketches in Verse*; and *The Happy Release, or The Triumph of Love* (a drama). She also edited *The Poetry of Flowers and Flowers of Poetry* (New York, 1841), and *The Floral Offering* (Philadelphia, 1847). She died May 12, 1850. A memorial volume—*The Memorial written by Friends of the Late Mrs. Osgood*—from which most of the information here given is taken, was edited by Mrs. Mary E. Hewett and published shortly after Mrs. Osgood’s death (New York, 1851) and again in 1854 under the title *Laurel Leaves*. The poem of this volume (a brief life-sketch) was written by R. W. Griswold, to whom Mrs. Osgood had dedicated the edition of her poems published in 1850.

Poe's first meeting with Mrs. Osgood took place in the spring of 1845, and a warm friendship at once sprang up between them. They not only addressed verses to each other, but exchanged letters freely, and met often both at Poe's home and at social gatherings, Mrs. Poe approving their intimacy. But misunderstandings presently arose, and all intercourse between the two came abruptly to an end in the spring or early summer of 1846 (see the Introduction, pp. xxiii-xxiv). They did not meet after this, but they continued friends, Poe letting slip no opportunity to praise her verses, and she continuing to publish verses in praise of him up to the year of her death. See, for her own account of their friendship, the letter to Griswold printed in the latter's "Memoir," pp. lii f.; and see also Woodberry, II, pp. 178 f.; Ingram, pp. 286 f.; Griswold's *Correspondence*, pp. 256-257; and for Mrs. Osgood's verses about Poe, her *Poems* (1850), pp. 451 f. and *passim*.

1 f. The two stanzas appear in inverted order in *Graham's Magazine* and the *Saturday Museum*.

The mood of the opening stanza is much the same as that which prevails in the volumes of 1827 and 1829.

8-14 Cf. the *Sonnet* — *To Zante*.

9 Like some enchanted far-off isle. In one of his letters to "Outis" in the course of the "Longfellow War" (Harrison, XII, pp. 88, 89), Poe charges Longfellow with having imitated this line in his poem *Seaweed* (l. 31):

From the far-off isles enchanted.

TO F—S S. O—D (80)

(*Southern Literary Messenger*, September, 1835; *Burton's Gentleman's Magazine*, August, 1839; *Broadway Journal*, September 13, 1845; 1845)

(TEXT: 1845)

These lines, like the preceding, though dedicated to Mrs. Osgood in 1845, were originally addressed to another — referred to by the poet as "Eliza." According to Ingram (p. 105) and Woodberry (II, p. 180), this lady was Eliza White (see the notes on *To F—*); but Whitty (p. 222) has advanced the theory that she was none other than Virginia Clemm, Poe's cousin and child-wife, whose second name was Eliza. This theory is not unplausible, but it should also be noted that another



cousin of Poe's to whom he had made love, Miss Herring, of Baltimore, bore the name Eliza, and that the lines may, accordingly, have been addressed to her (see, above, p. 136, for two acrostics devoted to Miss Herring).

The poem, as printed in the *Broadway Journal*, September 13, 1845, appears to have been published in answer to Mrs. Osgood's *Echo-Song*, evidently referring to Poe, which had been printed in the *Broadway Journal* of the preceding week.

Mrs. Osgood's lines begin as follows :

I know a noble heart that beats  
 For one it loves how "wildly well" !  
 I only know for *whom* it beats ;  
 But I must never tell !  
                   Never tell !  
 Hush ! hark ! how Echo soft repeats, —  
                   Ah ! never tell !

In 1835 the poem was printed as two quatrains.

**Title.** In 1835, *Lines written in an Album* ; in 1839, *To —* ; and in September, 1845 (*Broadway Journal*), *To F—*.

**3 which now thou art.** Byron uses the same collocation in the dedication of *Childe Harold*, l. 10 :

Ah ! may'st thou ever be what now thou art.

5-8 Omitted in the *Broadway Journal* text (September 13, 1845).

8 Cf. Browning's *The Guardian Angel*, l. 34 :

And knowing this, is love, and love is duty.

#### SCENES FROM "POLITIAN" (80)

(*Southern Literary Messenger*, December, 1835, and January, 1836; *Broadway Journal*, March 29, 1845 (in part); 1845)

(TEXT: Lorimer Graham copy of 1845)

**Date of Composition.** Ingram holds (p. 90) that *Politian* was probably begun as early as 1831; and Harrison (I, p. 111) and Whitty (p. 228) indorse this view. Woodberry in his revised life of Poe is silent as to the date of composition, but in the earlier edition of this work (p. 70) he suggests that Poe perhaps devoted the summer of 1834 to his play.

J. P. Kennedy, in a letter to White, proprietor of the *Southern Literary Messenger*, in April, 1835, mentions the fact that Poe was then "at work upon a tragedy" (Woodberry, I, p. 110). *The Coliseum*, which formed a part of the manuscript version of the play (it appears as a soliloquy uttered by Politian in Act IV) was written in 1833 or earlier, but it does not follow that the play was written so early as this.

**Text.** The text here followed is verbally the same as that of 1845 (Lorimer Graham copy), but the spelling, indentation, pointing, and type (especially of the stage directions) have been altered to accord with more modern usage. The excerpts printed in the *Broadway Journal* (March 29, 1845) are all taken from the second scene.

An early manuscript of the play, once owned by Mrs. Lewis and later by Mr. J. H. Ingram, is now in the possession of Mr. J. P. Morgan, of New York City. This manuscript contains scenes not published by Poe amounting to upwards of six hundred lines, but is incomplete. The first "scene" of the play, as published, is the third scene of Act I in the manuscript version; the second scene (as printed) is the first scene of Act II in the manuscript; the third scene is scene iii of the second act; the fourth and fifth scenes as published belong to the third act; most of the fourth act is missing; and the fifth act apparently was never written. (See for further particulars the description given by Ingram in *The Southern Magazine*, November, 1875, pp. 588 f.; also a brief article in the *New York Nation*, September 5, 1907 (LXXXV, pp. 205-206).) Parts of the play not published by Poe are given by Ingram in *The Southern Magazine (l.c.)* and in a note on *Politian* in his *Poetical Works of Poe*, New York [1888], pp. 96-99.

**Source.** The plot of *Politian*, as Ingram has pointed out (*Southern Magazine*, XVII, pp. 588 f.), is based on a sensational tragedy enacted in Kentucky in 1825 and the following year, the killing of Colonel Solomon P. Sharp, Attorney General of Kentucky, by Jeroboam O. Beauchamp (whose wife had been betrayed by Sharp), and the trial and conviction of Beauchamp, followed by the suicide of Beauchamp's wife and the attempted suicide of Beauchamp himself on the day set for his hanging, lengthy accounts of which appeared in the newspapers of the day. The same incidents supplied Chivers with the plot of his drama, *Conrad and Eudora* (1834), furnished Charles Fenno Hoffman with the plot of his prose romance, *Greyslaer*, and gave Simms the materials for two of his romances, *Beauchampe* (1842) and *Charlemont* (1856). Professor W. P. Trent (*Life of Simms*, p. 119) also mentions a poem on the subject by Isaac Starr Classon, Professor H. G. Shearin has

called attention to two folk songs growing out of the tragedy which are now current in the mountain regions of Kentucky (see *A Syllabus of Kentucky Folk-Songs*, Lexington, 1911, pp. 16, 19), and Dr. E. C. Perrow calls attention to a ballad on the subject current in the mountains of North Carolina (see the *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, XXVIII, pp. 166-168). The story is also related by Hoffman in his *Winter in the West* (1834), and by Mary E. Macmichael, in a tale entitled *The Kentucky Tragedy*, in *Burton's Magazine* for April, 1838 (II, pp. 265-271). Poe comments on the story and the literary employments of it in *Beauchampe and Greyslaer* in a notice of Hoffman in the *Literati* (Harrison, XV, p. 119), but mentions in that connection neither Chivers's drama nor his own, though he remarks, significantly, that the incidents of the actual event "might be better woven into a tragedy." Poe probably drew upon newspaper accounts for his plot, the newspapers of the day having been full of the story at the time of its occurrence. A comparison of Poe's play with Chivers's brings out no verbal parallels between the two, nor any incidents common to the two that are not also to be found in the original story.

Most of the names of his *dramatis personæ* Poe found in Italian history. "Politian" will be recognized at once as the name of the well-known Florentine poet and scholar, Angelo Poliziano; "Alessandra" was the given name of Politian's friend, Alessandra Scala; and "Baldazzar" and "Castiglione" the given name and the surname, respectively, of the author of the famous *Book of the Courtyer*, Baldassare Castiglione. "Di Broglio" is apparently an Italianized form of "De Broglie," a name prominent in French politics at the time Poe was writing his drama. "Jacinta" was perhaps suggested by the princess Jacinto, who plays the part of a page to her lover in R. M. Bird's *Calavar*, a novel reviewed by Poe in the *Southern Literary Messenger* (I, p. 315) early in 1835 (though the name "Jacinta" also occurs in Shirley's play *The Example*). "Benito" figures as a servant in Dryden's *The Assignment*. "Lalage" was perhaps suggested by Horace.

None of Poe's critics have claimed for *Politian* any extraordinary excellence. The play is confessedly fragmentary, and so much of it as is printed is merely a series of detached scenes; it is without either climax or catastrophe; it is slow of movement, and exhibits little of wit or of sprightly dialogue; and in the form in which we have it, it lacks clearness. But it scarcely deserves all the strictures that have been passed on it. Nichols, for instance (*American Literature*, p. 217), pronounces it the "stupidest fragment of a play that survives"; and

a reviewer in the London *Athenæum* of February 28, 1846 (p. 215), declares that "the excess of the puerile [contained in the play] amounts to imbecility." It is at least superior as poetry to *Tamerlane*; and in style and finish it is superior to parts of *Al Aaraaf*, though it contains nothing comparable to the lyrics in *Al Aaraaf*.

**Title.** The title adopted in the *Southern Literary Messenger* (December, 1835, January, 1836) is *Scenes from an Unpublished Drama*.

**Scene I.** This scene, which is the third scene of the first act in the manuscript version of the play, was the fourth scene published in the *Messenger*—the second, third, and fourth scenes (as now printed) having preceded it. The present order is plainly the natural one.

In the initial scene of the play, according to Ingram's description of the manuscript version, the information is brought out that Castiglione, who is now betrothed to Alessandra, his cousin, had at some time in the past betrayed Lalage, her friend. And in the following scene, Castiglione is pictured in a repentant mood, but being bantered by San Ozzo.

**I, 1 Alessandra.** Probably suggested by Alessandra Scala. Poe mentions both Politian and Alessandra Scala in his *Pinakidia* (first published in 1836; see Harrison, XIV, p. 65).—**Castiglione.** As pointed out above, this name was doubtless suggested to Poe by Baldassare Castiglione, author of the *Book of the Courtyer* (Venice, 1528). Castiglione was a stanch admirer of Politian, whom he mentions several times in the *Courtyer*.

**I, 21 Di Broglio.** The name was probably suggested by Victor de Broglie, who held the post of Minister of Foreign Affairs for France at the time *Politian* was published. He is mentioned by Poe in 1841 (see Harrison, X, p. 134) as among the men "playing important parts in the great drama of French affairs" at that time.

**I, 31 Lalage.** Chosen, perhaps, because of its etymological significance, *dulce loquens*; but probably suggested, as already noted, by Horace (*Odes*, I, xxii).

**Scene II.** This scene is the initial scene of Act II in the manuscript text of the play (according to Ingram's description). It is followed in the manuscript by a scene not published by Poe, but given by Ingram in a note on *Politian* (*Poetical Works of Poe* [New York, 1888], pp. 96f.). In this excerpt of the play, Di Broglio is represented as discussing with Castiglione Politian's melancholy, when Politian appears with Baldazzar, but Politian retires abruptly after receiving Di Broglio's welcome.

Excerpts from this scene, containing lines 6-28, 57-113, were reprinted by Poe in the *Broadway Journal* of March 29, 1845 (Harrison, XII, pp. 98 f.) in a foolish attempt to show that the play had been imitated by Longfellow in the *Spanish Student*, II, iv.

II, 6, 7 Incorrectly quoted from Milton's *Comus*, ll. 632-633 :

But in another country, as he said,  
Bore a bright golden flower, but not in this soil.

II, 8-10 From the *Odyssey*, IV, ll. 566-568. Possibly translated by the poet himself; possibly adapted from Cowper's translation (IV, ll. 682-685):

. . . no snow is there,  
No biting winter, and no drenching shower,  
But zephyr always gently from the sea  
Breathes on them, to refresh the happy race.

II, 15 f. The play referred to is Webster's *Duchess of Malfi*.

II, 18-20 From the *Duchess of Malfi*, IV, ii, ll. 261-263 :

She died young.  
I think not so : her infelicity  
Seemed to have years too many.

Poe erroneously inserts the word "full" before "young" in the first line.

II, 23 that Egyptian queen. Cleopatra.

II, 27 Eiros and Charmion. Attendants of Cleopatra in Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra*. The same characters appear also in one of Poe's "dialogues of the dead," *The Conversation of Eiros and Charmion* (1839).

II, 32 spirit. Pronounced as one syllable; as also in IV, ll. 20 and 62, and V, l. 88.

II, 31, 32 balm . . . in Gilead. See Jeremiah viii, 22. The same allusion occurs in *The Raven*, l. 89.

II, 34, 35 "dew sweeter far . . . Hermon hill." Slightly misquoted from Peele's drama, *David and Bethsabe*, ll. 46-47 :

Or let the dew be sweeter far than that  
That hangs, like chains of pearl, on Hermon Hill,

a passage based on Psalms cxxxiii, 3: "As the dew of Hermon and as the dew that descended upon the mountains of Zion." The passage from Peele is quoted again in *Tv* — — — ("Not long ago," etc.), ll. 9-10.

II, 46 "Is there no farther aid!" Both 1845 and the *Messenger* omit the quotation marks.

Scene III. This (according to Ingram) is the third scene of Act II in the manuscript text of *Politian*.

III, 1 Baldazzar. Accented throughout on the penult. By an interesting coincidence, both this name and "Politian" and "Alessandra" occur in George Eliot's *Romola*.

III, 22 Fame awaits thee — Glory calls. Possibly an echo of Moore's well-known line:

Go where glory waits thee.

III, 23 the trumpet-tongued. Cf. *Macbeth*, I, vii, l. 19. The phrase is without pointing in the original.

III, 40 the Hours are breathing low. Cf. *The City in the Sea*, l. 49:

The hours are breathing faint and low.

III, 41 The sands of Time are changed to golden grains. Cf. *A Dream within a Dream*, l. 15.

III, 45-50 The passage suggests the famous moonlight scene in the fifth act of *The Merchant of Venice*.

III, 57 heart of hearts. Cf. Wordsworth's *Ode on Intimations of Immortality*, l. 190:

Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might,

and *Hamlet*, III, ii, l. 68:

In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart.

Poe was fond of the phrase; he uses it again below, in IV, l. 51; and also in the sonnet *To my Mother*, l. 7—in each case adopting the Wordsworthian form.

III, 70 f. The lines are from Sir Thomas Wyatt's *An Earnest Suit to his Unkind Mistress Not to Forsake Him*, stanza ii. In the Aldine edition of Wyatt (pp. 108-109), the passage runs as follows:

And wilt thou leave me thus?

That hath lov'd thee so long?

In wealth and woe among:

And is thy heart so strong

As for to leave me thus?

Say nay! Say nay!

Poe, it will be observed, changes the order slightly, and garbles his original in still other particulars.

**III, 103, 104** The source whence these two lines are taken is unknown to me.

**III, 107** The word "voice" in the stage directions is erroneously printed outside of the parenthesis both in the *Messenger* text and in 1845. The words "Say nay! say nay!" are printed in 1845 in italics and without quotation marks.

**Scene IV.** This, the most spirited scene in the play, is the initial scene of Act III in the manuscript version. It is followed there by an unpublished scene which has to do mainly with "preparations for the wedding of Alessandra and Castiglione," and with "Jacinta's harsh treatment of Ugo" (Ingram).

**IV, 8** In the original a comma is inserted after "brightest."

**IV, 28** *My seared and blighted name.* Cf. the phrase, "My seared and blighted heart," in "*The Happiest Day, the Happiest Hour*," l. 2.

**IV, 30-45** The passage is much in the manner of some of Poe's juvenilia, and one line (38) is almost identical with line 178 of *Tamerlane*:

On Earth, of all we hope in Heaven!

**IV, 56** *the grim shadow Conscience.* The conflict between the evil self and the conscience furnishes the theme of one of the best of Poe's tales, *William Wilson*.

**IV, 62, 63** *the night wind Is chilly.* See *Dreams*, ll. 21-22:

't was the chilly wind  
Came o'er me in the night.

**Scene V.** This is the third scene of Act III in the manuscript text of the play (Ingram). Following this scene there is, says Ingram, a lacuna in the manuscript extending through line 37 of the second scene of the fourth act. Then follows the third scene of this act, in which *The Coliseum* appears as a soliloquy uttered by Politian; and with this the manuscript breaks abruptly off.

**V, 34** *the Earl of Leicester.* Ingram (*Southern Magazine*, XVII, p. 589) justly objects that the representing Politian as Earl of Leicester and Baldazzar as Duke of Surrey injures the *vraisemblance* of the play.

**V, 38** *Thou reasonest well.* Cf. Addison's *Cato*, IV, iv:

Plato, thou reasonest well.

**V, 44** After this line the *Messenger* text has three and a half lines which are omitted in 1845. In consequence of this omission the line has only three stresses.

## BRIDAL BALLAD (100)

(*Southern Literary Messenger*, January, 1837; *Saturday Evening Post*, July 31, 1841; *Philadelphia Saturday Museum*, March 4, 1843; *Broadway Journal*, August 2, 1845; 1845)

(TEXT: Lorimer Graham copy of 1845)

It is possible that *Bridal Ballad* refers to Miss Royster's marriage to Mr. Shelton and the bride's distress on learning that Poe had not been, as she supposed, disloyal to her. The reference to the death of the earlier lover (ll. 10-11) would, on this supposition, have to be explained as symbolical. Mrs. Shelton is said to have "created a scene in her household" on discovering that Poe's letters to her had been intercepted by her father, and Poe is said to have "upbraided her parents" for their treatment of him (see, for both traditions, Whitty, p. xxviii; and see also, in this connection, the reminiscences of E. M. Alfriend, *Literary Era*, VIII, p. 490).

The view here proposed as to the personal import of the poem is strengthened by a theory advanced by Professor Woodberry (II, p. 415); namely, that *Bridal Ballad* is a revised and improved version of a poem entitled *Ballad*, published in the *Southern Literary Messenger* for August, 1835. This poem as published in the *Messenger* is attributed to a lady; but Poe was notoriously fond of mystification—besides, there were practical reasons why any allusion to Mrs. Shelton at this time should not have been made explicit. *Ballad* contains one line—"And tho' my poor heart be broken"—which is identical, save for one word, with a line (23) of *Bridal Ballad*, and exhibits other fairly obvious resemblances to that poem, so that the theory of a connection with *Bridal Ballad* is entirely plausible. It is reproduced above (pp. 140-141) among the Poems Attributed to Poe.

3 This line and the line following it in the text of 1837—"And many a rood of land" (omitted in all other texts)—refer perhaps to the wealth of Mr. Shelton, which is said to have furnished one of the grounds for Miss Royster's rejection of Poe.

10, 11 The mention of the earlier lover's having died in battle—the one detail that is inconsistent with the supposition that the poem refers to Miss Royster—may not unreasonably be explained as a bit of symbolical mystification, the rejected poet representing himself as figuratively dead to Miss Royster.



18 **Thinking him dead D'Elormie.** First included in the poem in 1841. The name "D'Elormie" was perhaps suggested by G. P. R. James's novel *De L'Orme* (1836). Poe reviewed James's *Memoirs of Celebrated Women* in *Burton's Magazine* for July, 1839 (V, pp. 60-61), and mentioned James's *De L'Orme* in the heading of his review. In the next number of *Burton's* (V, p. 69), he introduced the name (adopting James's spelling) into his extravaganza, *The Man that was Used Up*. In 1845 the comma at the end of this line is inside the parenthesis.

19 After this line there appeared in the *Messenger* two other stanzas (see the footnotes), which were omitted in all subsequent editions. Of the first of these stanzas —

And thus they said I plighted  
 An irrevocable vow —  
 And my friends are all delighted  
 That his love I have requited —  
 And my mind is much benighted  
 If I am not happy now! —

Professor Woodberry remarks (in the first edition of his life of Poe, pp. 94-95) that it "perhaps marks the nadir of Poe's descent into the prosaic, tasteless, and absurd." The second of the omitted stanzas repeats, with slight verbal alterations, the opening stanza of the poem.

24 In the Lorimer Graham copy of 1845, Poe inserted a comma after "ring."

#### SONNET — TO ZANTE (102)

(*Southern Literary Messenger*, January, 1837; *Philadelphia Saturday Museum*, March 4, 1843; *Broadway Journal*, July 19, 1845; 1845)

(TEXT: 1845)

This sonnet was the last of Poe's poems to be published in the *Southern Literary Messenger* during the period of his connection with it as editor. It appeared in the issue in which his resignation as editor was announced (January, 1837), and may possibly have been intended by him as a farewell to Richmond, the home of his stormy youth and the scene of his love romance with Miss Royster.

The date of composition is uncertain. The repetition of a line from *Al Aaraaf* (see the note on lines 13-14) and the recurrence of the

notes of "entombed hope" and "departed bliss" point to some period in the twenties; but the poem also resembles *To One in Paradise*, and its manner clearly is not that of Poe's earliest volumes.

It is noteworthy that the sonnet, though several times republished, underwent no verbal revision. The text adopted here follows that of 1845, except for the omission of a comma after line 1 and the substitution of a comma for an exclamation mark at the end of line 2.

"Zante" is the modern form of the classic "Zacynthus." The name early caught Poe's fancy, as is evidenced by his use of it in *Al Aaraaf* (Part I, l. 76). The tradition that the island of Zante took its name from the hyacinth, and the Italian epithets which are applied to it—"Isola d'oro" and "Fior di Levante," incorporated into both this poem and *Al Aaraaf* (Part I, l. 77)—Poe probably borrowed (as is suggested by Stedman and Woodberry (X, pp. 176-177)) from a passage in Chateaubriand's *Itinéraire de Paris à Jerusalem* (Paris, no date), p. 15: "Je souscris à ses noms d'Isola d'oro, de Fior di Levante. Ce nom de fleur me rappelle que l'hyacinthe étoit originaire de l'île de Zante, et que cette île reçut son nom de la plante qu'elle avoit portée."

**2 Thy gentlest of all gentle names.** Among other melodious proper names used by the poet are "Lenore," "Ligeia," "Israfel," "Ianthé," "Eulalie," "Ulalume," "D'Elormie," and "Annabel Lee."

**3 f.** The poet's association of his early disappointments and sorrows with the island of Zante must be understood as a mere play of the fancy: he was never in Greece; nor is there any reason to believe that he was ever on the European mainland. His story of having run away from home shortly after leaving the University of Virginia "on a quixotic expedition to join the Greeks," has long since been shown to be mythical (see Woodberry, I, pp. 37, 365).

**7, 8 a maiden that is No more.** See the introductory note above and the notes on *Lenore* and *Bridal Ballad*.

**8 No more.** Cf. *To One in Paradise*, l. 16 (and the note thereon), and *Sonnet—Silence*, l. 9.

**13, 14** Cf. *Al Aaraaf*, Part I, ll. 76-77:

And thy most lovely purple perfume, Zante!  
Isola d'oro!—Fior di Levante!

and the passage quoted from Chateaubriand above.

## THE HAUNTED PALACE (102)

(*Baltimore Museum*, April, 1839; *Burton's Gentleman's Magazine*, September, 1839; *Tales*, 1840; *Griswold's Poets and Poetry of America*, 1842; *Philadelphia Saturday Museum*, March 4, 1843; *Graham's Magazine*, February, 1845; *Broadway Journal*, May 24, 1845 (in part); *Tales*, 1845; 1845; *Griswold's Prose Writers of America*, 1847)

(TEXT: Lorimer Graham copy of 1845)

Written, in all likelihood, during the dark days that followed Poe's leaving Richmond in 1837. It is noteworthy that his periods of greatest adversity were the periods most productive of verse. The text followed here, save for slight corrections, is that of the Lorimer Graham copy. The same text, except for one verbal substitution (see the note on line 42) and slight differences in punctuation, is preserved also in proof sheets made for the Richmond *Examiner* in 1849 (see Whitty, p. 225) and in an incomplete manuscript copy, now in the possession of Mrs. W. M. Griswold (see the facsimile given by Woodberry (I, opposite page 200)).

In *Burton's Magazine* (1839), in the *Tales* (1840 and 1845), and in *Griswold's Prose Writers of America* (1847), the poem is printed as a part of *The Fall of the House of Usher*, where it purports to be one of the "rhymed verbal improvisations" of the hero of that tale. It is there interpreted as evincing a consciousness on the part of Usher "of the tottering of his lofty reason upon her throne." See also a letter to Griswold in 1841 (Griswold's "Memoir," p. xxi), in which Poe states: "By 'The Haunted Palace' I mean to imply a mind haunted by phantoms—a disordered brain."

It was in connection with the foregoing statement as to the allegoric significance of his poem that Poe brought a charge against Longfellow of having "plagiarized" *The Beleaguered City* from *The Haunted Palace*. Griswold declared in his "Memoir" (p. xlvi) that Longfellow had shown him a "series of papers which constitute a demonstration" that *The Haunted Palace* was rather based on *The Beleaguered City*. But Longfellow, in a letter to Griswold called forth by this statement (*Letters*, pp. 406-407), denied that he had exhibited to Griswold any papers of such import. *The Haunted Palace* was first published in April, 1839, and *The Beleaguered City* not until November of the same year; but that there is no ground for holding Longfellow to be indebted to Poe is obvious enough upon comparing the two

poems. We have Longfellow's word, indeed (*Letters*, p. 407), that he had not seen Poe's poem at the time that his was published.

John Forster, in a review of Griswold's poetical anthology in the *Foreign Quarterly Review*, January, 1844, charged Poe with having imitated Tennyson in *The Haunted Palace*, implying, presumably, an indebtedness to Tennyson's *The Deserted House*; but one must feel that there is no more ground for such a charge than for Poe's charge against Longfellow. An anonymous contributor to the *Literary World* of September 28, 1850, calls attention to a parallel between Poe's poem and one of "Peter Pindar's" ballads, but admits that there is no reason for a charge of obliquity in this connection.

The critics have vied with one another in their praise of Poe's lyric. Lowell wrote in 1845 (*Graham's Magazine*, XXVI, p. 52): "We know no modern poet who might not have been justly proud" of *The Haunted Palace*. Stedman in his *Poets of America* (p. 247) pronounces it one of the "two poems which . . . represent [Poe's] highest range." Professor Woodberry declares (II, p. 174) that the poem "in intense, imaginative self-portraiture is scarcely excelled in literature." And Mr. Brownell, a critic not always prodigal of his praise of Poe, writes enthusiastically (p. 216): "The idea and inspiration of 'The Haunted Palace' . . . amply sustain the happy technical art that expresses them with not only admirable musical aptness, but with a beautiful fusion of restraint born of taste and ease springing from fulness that makes it an indisputable masterpiece."

Whether the poem is to be construed as in any sense autobiographical, we cannot be sure. Fruit holds (p. 51) that "it is designedly a piece of self-portraiture." Brownell, on the other hand, declares (p. 216) that it possesses "an objectivity that is exceptional in Poe." It is not probable, in our judgment, that Poe consciously depicted himself in the poem; though he may have subconsciously portrayed himself in the description that he gives of Roderick Usher, to whom he credits the poem in his tale. On the subject of a possible dementia in Poe, see the Introduction, p. xxiii, note.

3 Cf. *Childe Harold*, Canto II, stanzas v, vi:

Remove yon skull from out the scattered heaps:  
Is that a temple where a God may dwell?

. . . . .  
Look on its broken arch, its ruined wall,  
Its chambers desolate, and portals foul:  
Yes, this was once Ambition's airy hall,  
The Dome of Thought, the Palace of the Soul.

Cf. also a passage in the final chapter of *The Last Days of Pompeii*, imitated, perhaps, from the foregoing:

The skull was of so striking a conformation . . . that it has excited the constant speculation of every itinerant believer in the theories of Spurzheim who has gazed upon the ruined palace of the mind. Still, after the lapse of ages, the traveler may survey that airy hall within whose cunning galleries and elaborate chambers once thought, reasoned, dreamed, and sinned the soul of Arbaces the Egyptian.

[These two passages are placed in juxtaposition in an article in the *Southern Literary Messenger* of January, 1835, I, p. 250.]

5 I have substituted a comma for the dash with which this line ends in the original.

9-16 Cf. Stedman (*Poets of America*, p. 247): "The magic muse of Coleridge, in 'Kubla Khan,' or elsewhere, hardly went beyond such lines as these. . . . The conception of a 'Lost Mind' never has been so imaginatively treated, whether by poet or by painter."

10, 12 Poe, after the custom of his time, placed a comma after line 10, and also at the end of line 12, but inside the parenthesis.

12 **Time long ago.** The same words, in the order "Long time ago," are used by G. P. Morris as the refrain of his lyric, *Near the Lake*.

16 **odor.** The spelling of the Lorimer Graham copy.

22 **Porphyro gene.** Born to the purple, regal. Poe also uses the epithet, in its Latin form, *Porphyrogenitus*, in his *Marginalia* (Harrison, XVI, p. 61).

In all texts of the poem published during Poe's lifetime, this line was inclosed in parentheses; but in the Lorimer Graham copy of 1845, in the Griswold MS., and in the *Examiner* proof sheets (see Whitty, p. 38), the parentheses are stricken out.

27 The comma with which this line closes has been inserted by the present editor.

30-32 Professor Trent (*The Raven*, etc., p. 76, note) calls attention to the parallel with Lovelace's *To Althea, from Prison* (ll. 17-20):

When, like committed linnets, I  
With shriller throat shall sing  
The sweetness, mercy, majesty,  
And glories of my King.

36 The comma after "him" does not appear in the original.

42 **red-litten.** A late manuscript of the poem (see Woodberry, I, opposite page 200) and the *Examiner* proof sheets (see Whitty, p. 225) read "encrimsoned."

43, 47 The present editor has omitted the comma which, in 1845, follows the word "forms" in line 43, and has inserted a comma at the end of line 47.

45 **ghastly rapid.** Originally the order of these epithets was inverted; the gain that is made in bringing "rapid" into juxtaposition with "river" is obvious.

#### SONNET—SILENCE (104)

(*Burton's Gentleman's Magazine*, April, 1840; *Philadelphia Saturday Museum*, March 4, 1843; *Broadway Journal*, July 26, 1845; 1845)

(TEXT: 1845)

An irregular sonnet, but one of the most poetic of Poe's briefer poems.

The idea of Silence as symbolical of Death occurs frequently in Poe's writings. It is constant in the group of poems dealing with the world of shades (discussed above in the notes on *The City in the Sea*); and it also appears in several of the prose tales—noably, in *Silence. A Fable* and in *Shadow. A Parable*. It is idle to inquire how the idea first came to the poet; but in the special thrust given to it in the present poem he was probably influenced to some extent by Hood's sonnet on *Silence*, which Poe had published above his own initial in *Burton's Magazine* six months before the publication there of his own poem (see the article "Poe's 'Silence'" in the *New York Nation* of January 20, 1910). Hood's sonnet runs as follows:

There is a silence where hath been no sound,  
 There is a silence where no sound may be,  
 In the cold grave—under the deep, deep sea,  
 Or in wide desert where no life is found,  
 Which hath been mute, and still must sleep profound;  
 No voice is hush'd—no life treads silently,  
 But clouds and cloudy shadows wander free,  
 That never spoke, over the idle ground:  
 But in green ruins, in the desolate walls  
 Of antique palaces, where Man hath been,  
 Though the dun fox, or wild hyena, calls  
 And owls, that flit continually between,  
 Shriek to the echo, and the low winds moan,  
 There the true Silence is, self-conscious and alone.

Poe's sonnet also bears some resemblance to a passage in Shelley's *Prometheus Unbound* (I, i, ll. 195 f.):

For know there are two worlds of life and death :  
 One that which thou beholdest ; but the other  
 Is underneath the grave, where do inhabit  
 The shadows of all forms that think and live  
 Till death unite them and they part no more ;  
 Dreams and the light imaginings of men,  
 And all that faith creates or love desires,  
 Terrible, strange, sublime, and beauteous shapes.  
 There thou art, and dost hang, a writhing shade,  
 'Mid whirlwind-peopled mountains ; all the gods  
 Are there, and all the powers of nameless worlds,  
 Vast, sceptred phantoms ; heroes, men, and beasts ;  
 And Demogorgon, a tremendous gloom ;  
 And he, the supreme Tyrant, on his throne  
 Of burning gold.

The text here followed is identical with that of 1845 except that the comma in the closing line has been made to follow the parenthesis rather than to precede it. The poem was probably written shortly before publication.

5 a two-fold *Silence*. Cf. the opening line of the passage quoted above from *Prometheus Unbound*:

For know there are two worlds of life and death.

9 "No More." See the note on *To One in Paradise*, l. 16.

10 the corporate *Silence*. That is, I take it, the physical death, the death which we can perceive with the senses. His shadow (l. 13), incorporate *Silence*, is, then, to be construed as the tyrant that rules in the nether world, in which the spirits of the unrighteous remain till the Day of Judgment. Poe advances a similar idea in a review of Longfellow's *The Voices of the Night* (Harrison, X, pp. 73-75), in which, in commenting on a passage in Longfellow's *Hymn to the Night*, he differentiates between the corporate and the incorporate *Night*, using the terms as synonymous with "the personified" and "the absolute" *Night*.

15 For Poe's religious faith and practice see the notes on *Hymn*.

## THE CONQUEROR WORM (105)

(*Graham's Magazine*, January, 1843; Philadelphia *Saturday Museum*, March 4, 1843; *Broadway Journal*, May 24, 1845; *Broadway Journal*, September 27, 1845; 1845; Griswold's *Poets and Poetry of America*, 1847)

(TEXT: Lorimer Graham copy of 1845)

There is no tangible clue to the date of this poem beyond that furnished by the date of first publication — January, 1843. The theme was an old one with Poe, but had hitherto been treated either incidentally, as in *The Sleeper* (ll. 45–47), or in the abstract, as in the tales *Silence. A Fable* and *Shadow. A Parable*. The title was probably suggested, as Mr. Ingram has noted (London *Bibliophile*, May, 1909, p. 135), by a poem of Spencer Wallis Cone's, reviewed in *Burton's Magazine* (VI, p. 294) in June, 1840, while Poe was one of its editors. A stanza of this poem, quoted in the review in *Burton's*, runs as follows:

Lay him upon no bier,  
 But on his knightly shield;  
 The warrior's corpse uprear,  
 And bear him from the field.  
 Spread o'er his rigid form  
 The banner of his pride,  
 And let him meet the conqueror worm,  
 With his good sword by his side.

The poem was changed but little in the course of its several re-printings. The text of the Lorimer Graham copy of 1845 differs in only half a dozen lines from the earliest text, and none of the variations are of much moment. A text intended for publication in the Richmond *Examiner* in the fall of 1849 (see Whitty, p. 224) agrees verbally with the Lorimer Graham text. A manuscript copy sent to Griswold (presumably for use in his poetical anthology) belongs with the earlier texts (Whitty, p. 224). In the second of the two texts printed in the *Broadway Journal* (September 27, 1845), the poem appears as a part of the tale *Ligeia*. The present text follows that of the Lorimer Graham copy save for the insertion of a comma at the end of line 25 and after "hero" in line 40 and the omission of a comma at the end of line 19.

Opinion is divided as to the worth of the poem. Stedman holds (Stedman-Woodberry edition of Poe, X, p. xxviii) that *The Conqueror*



*Worm* "verges on the melodramatic"; and Mr. Brownell (p. 216) finds in it something of "staginess." Poe's contemporary and one-time friend, H. B. Hirst, in an article in the *Saturday Courier*, January 22, 1848, deploras the "Golgothian idiosyncrasy that produced" the poem. "We pity," he remarks, "the man who can write such things, and . . . we remember his story or poem precisely as we would recall a cancer or tumor under which we had suffered, with feelings of absolute pain, terror and horror, if not disgust." But Professor Woodberry (II, p. 39) pronounces *The Conqueror Worm* a "fine poem," and in the earlier edition of his life of Poe (p. 255) he spoke of it as possessing a "flawless art." Mr. Ingram (London *Bibliophile*, May, 1909, p. 135) declares it to be "Poe's most original poem." Professor Kent (*Poems by Poe*, p. 146) notes that the five stanzas of the poem "correspond roughly to the five acts of a play."

T. B. Aldrich has a not unclever imitation of *The Conqueror Worm* in his poem *The Tragedy. La Dame aux Camélias*. And Professor Henry A. Beers (*A History of English Romanticism in the Nineteenth Century*, p. 389, note) has called attention to a partial imitation of the poem in O'Shaughnessy's *The Fountain of Tears*. Compare with the opening stanza of Poe's poem the following stanza from O'Shaughnessy:

Very peaceful the place is, and solely  
 For piteous lamenting and sighing,  
 And those who come living or dying  
 Alike from their hopes and their fears:  
 Full of cypress-like shadows the place is,  
 And statues that cover their faces;  
 But out of the gloom springs the holy  
 And beautiful Fountain of Tears.

Professor Alcée Fortier (*The Book of the Poe Centenary*, ed. Kent and Patton, p. 55) suggests also a connection with one of Baudelaire's lyrics, *Le Mort Joyeux*.

**15** *Condor wings*. Cf. "Condor years," *Romance*, l. 11.

**16** *Invisible*. Possibly to be accented on the penult; cf. *Paradise Lost*, III, l. 586: "Shoots invisible virtue even to the Deep." It will be observed that the last line in each of the remaining stanzas has three stresses.

**39, 40** Mr. Brownell remarks (p. 216) that these two lines "are among the classics of the 'catching.'"

## DREAM-LAND (107)

(*Graham's Magazine*, June 1, 1844; *Broadway Journal*, June 28, 1845; 1845; *Richmond Examiner*, October 29, 1849)

(TEXT: Lorimer Graham copy of 1845)

By reason of its abundant use of repetition, *Dream-Land* associates itself with *The Raven*, *Eulalie*, and *Ulalume*, and so may have been written shortly before its first publication. But in theme and general situation it belongs rather with certain of the earlier poems — notably with *Spirits of the Dead*, *The Valley of Unrest*, and *Fairy-Land*, from each of which it borrows lesser details and occasional phrases, while from *Fairy-Land* it borrows (with slight modification) several entire lines (see the note on lines 9–12). Hence it may be that the poem was originally composed a number of years before it was printed.

The main sources of *Dream-Land* are to be found in the early lyrics just mentioned. And Poe may also have written with certain passages from *Prometheus Unbound* in mind (see the note on lines 21–25, 27). In an article published in *Scribner's Monthly* in October, 1875 (X, p. 695), the charge is made by F. G. Fairfield that the poem was copied from Lucian ("palpably paraphrases Lucian's 'Island of Sleep'"); but there is clearly no basis for the charge. By the "Island of Sleep" is, doubtless, meant (as Robertson has noted, p. 85) the "Isle of Dreams" in Lucian's *The True History* (see *The Works of Lucian Samosata*, translated by H. W. and F. G. Fowler, II, pp. 166–168).

The text of *Dream-Land* here followed is that of the Lorimer Graham copy of 1845 (except that corrections have been made in the punctuation of lines 18, 19, and 42). A slightly revised version appeared in the *Richmond Examiner* of October 29, 1849 (see Whitty, p. 217); but the *Examiner* text is marred by a misprint ("Beyond" for "Beholds") in line 50 and by an inferior reading (also traceable, perhaps, to typographical error) in line 42.

**3 an Eidolon, named NIGHT.** Apparently a personification of Night as symbolic of Death — as in *The Raven*, l. 47, and in *The Premature Burial* (Harrison, V, p. 267 and *passim*).

**6 Thule.** For the traditions that cluster about this word the student may consult the *Century Dictionary* or the *New English Dictionary*. The literary allusions to Thule are numberless.

**8 Out of SPACE — out of TIME.** The line is often cited as characterizing Poe's relation to his times. It is true that Poe was less influenced by his times than any other American writer of front rank. But it is a mistake to assume that he was wholly uninfluenced by his age. See the paper by Professor Barrett Wendell, "The Nationalism of Poe," in *The Book of the Poe Centenary*, ed. Kent and Patton, pp. 117-158; also an article by Professor C. A. Smith, "The Americanism of Poe," *ibid.*, pp. 159-179.

**9-12** Copied with slight verbal changes from *Fairy-Land*, ll. 1-4.

**12 tears.** The Lorimer Graham correction for "dews" of all other versions. This change makes the verse identical with line 4 of *Fairy-Land*.

**13** The reading of the *Broadway Journal* — "Fountains" for "Mountains" — is doubtless traceable to a printer's error, as is also the reading "enclosed" for "unclosed" in line 46.

**18, 19** Poe used a dash after the word "waters" in each of these lines.

**20 lolling lily.** See the note on *The Sleeper*, l. 10.

**21-25, 27** Cf. the song of the Echoes in the opening scene of the second act of Shelley's *Prometheus Unbound*:

By the forests, lakes, and fountains  
Thro' the many-folded mountains;  
To the rents, and gulphs, and chasms,  
Where the Earth reposed from spasms.

**30 the Ghouls.** Cf. *The Bells*, l. 88.

**33-38** The situation finds a parallel in *Spirits of the Dead*, ll. 7-9:

The spirits of the dead who stood  
In life before thee, are again  
In death around thee.

**42 'T is — oh, 't is.** The *Examiner* substitutes "O! it is" (see Whitty, p. 27). Poe omitted the comma after "oh."

**43-50** So also in *The Sleeper*, ll. 43-44, the lover prays that his lady may lie

Forever with unopened eye,  
While the pale sheeted ghosts go by!

**50 Beholds.** The *Examiner*, by an obvious misprint, substitutes "Beyond" (Whitty, p. 217).

## THE RAVEN (109)

(New York *Evening Mirror*, January 29, 1845; *American Whig Review*, February, 1845; *New York Tribune*, February 4, 1845; *Broadway Journal*, February 8, 1845; *Southern Literary Messenger*, March, 1845; *London Critic*, June 14, 1845; *Literary Emporium*, 1845; 1845; *Graham's Magazine*, April, 1846 (in part); *Philadelphia Saturday Courier*, July 25, 1846; *Griswold's Poets and Poetry of America* (8th edition), 1847; *Southern Literary Messenger*, January, 1848 (in part); *Richmond Examiner*, September 25, 1849; 1850)

(TEXT: *Richmond Examiner*)

**Date and Place of Composition.** Numerous theories have been advanced as to the time and the place of composition of *The Raven*. Mrs. Weiss declares (*Home Life of Poe*, p. 185) that Poe assured her during his last visit to Richmond that he began the poem more than ten years before it was published, and that he worked on it "at long intervals" during the years that intervened. Dr. William Elliot Griffis (*Home Journal*, November 5, 1884) records an account emanating from a Mrs. Barhyte to the effect that Poe mentioned the poem to her while on a visit to Saratoga Springs in the summer of 1842 and that he exhibited a manuscript copy of it to her on a visit to the same place during the following summer. This account falls in with the statement made by H. P. Rosenbach (*The American*, February 26, 1887), that Poe offered a manuscript of the poem to G. R. Graham in Philadelphia in the winter of 1843-1844 for publication in *Graham's Magazine*. There is also a well-authenticated tradition (see Harrison, I, pp. 224 f.) that Poe read a draft of *The Raven* to a Mrs. Brennan, a New York lady with whom the Poe family boarded, in the summer or autumn of 1844. And there is a story, recorded by F. G. Fairfield (*Scribner's Monthly*, October, 1875 (X, pp. 694-695)), romantic in the main, but apparently not all fiction, that Poe submitted the poem, in the summer of 1844, while it was in process of composition, to certain convivial companions in a tavern in Ann Street, New York, and that he profited by their "criticism and emendation." Fairfield also records a tradition, palpably inaccurate in some of its details, that Poe "dashed off" the poem at one sitting one night after ten o'clock.

It is not likely that Poe began *The Raven* so long as ten years before its publication, though the poem may have been incubating in his mind for several years before it was reduced to writing. The

evidence afforded by the poem itself of indebtedness to other works that appeared shortly before it was published — notably, to *Barnaby Rudge*, which began to appear in 1841, and to *Lady Geraldine's Courtship*, which first appeared early in 1844 (see below) — makes it all but certain that *The Raven* was not written before 1842; and circumstantial evidence, together with the traditions mentioned above, would indicate an even later date — either 1843 or 1844. And we can be reasonably certain that it was not completed before the middle of 1844.

**Text.** *The Raven* was first published in the *New York Evening Mirror* for January 29, 1845. It had been previously sold to the *American Whig Review*, and appeared in the February (1845) issue of that magazine; but that its publication in the *Mirror* preceded its publication in the *Whig Review* is evidenced both by the statement of Willis in the *Mirror* that it was there published "in advance of publication" in the *Whig Review* and by a similar statement — doubtless authorized by Poe — made in connection with the publishing of the poem in the *Southern Literary Messenger* for March, 1845. As published in the *American Whig Review* the poem is attributed to "—— Quarles" (a *nom de plume* not elsewhere adopted by the poet); but in the *Mirror* it is openly attributed to Poe.

The price paid for *The Raven* by the *American Whig Review* is said to have been only five dollars (see an article by David W. Holley in the *South* for November, 1875, quoted in part by Ingram in his commentary on *The Raven*, p. 24; but see also Mr. Ingram's statement, in his life of Poe, p. 221, that the price paid was ten dollars); and there is evidence that appears to be authentic that the poem had been declined by *Graham's Magazine* before being offered to the *American Whig Review* (see H. P. Rosenbach in the *American*, February 26, 1887 (XIII, p. 296)).

The poem is preserved, either in whole or in part, in no fewer than sixteen different forms, all apparently sanctioned by Poe. Of these, fifteen are mentioned above in the bibliographical list prefixed to these notes. The one not mentioned there is the important text of the Lorimer Graham copy of 1845, containing revisions in Poe's handwriting. The texts published in *Graham's Magazine* and in the *Southern Literary Messenger* in 1848 are incomplete, the one being incorporated in *The Philosophy of Composition*, the other in P. P. Cooke's sketch of Poe. The authenticity of the *Richmond Examiner* text is established by an editorial notice in which it is stated that the poem is there published "by the courtesy of Mr. Poe himself." That the text contained in

Cooke's article was duly authorized is established by a comparison of the variants. The authenticity of the texts appearing in the *Saturday Courier*, the *Literary Emporium*, the *London Critic*, and the *Broadway Journal* is established in the same way. The text of the *Saturday Courier* is further authenticated by a notice prefixed to the poem as published a second time in the *Courier* on November 3, 1849 (though this latter text is marred by printer's errors), in which the editor states: "The copy we give was revised and handed to us by the author himself, when we gave it on a previous occasion." An editorial notice also vouches for the authenticity of the text published in the *Southern Literary Messenger* in 1845. And a letter of Poe's to Griswold, of date April 19, 1845 (*Letters*, p. 202), authenticates the text published in the *Poets and Poetry of America* in 1847. The text of the *New York Tribune* is authenticated both by internal evidence and by a scrap of manuscript containing seven lines of the poem, sent to J. A. Shea at the time of its publication there (see Harrison, I, p. 218; and see, for the fact of Shea's connection with the *Tribune* at this time, the obituary notice of him in the *Tribune* of August 16, 1845).

The text adopted in the present edition is that of the *Richmond Examiner* of September 25, 1849 (with the correction of certain obvious errors in punctuation). The date and the circumstances of the publication of this text make it virtually certain that it represents Poe's latest revision. The only other texts that might possibly be thought of as representing a later revision are those of the Lorimer Graham copy of 1845 and the Griswold edition (1850). But the Lorimer Graham version (which exhibits only one verbal variant from the *Examiner* text—"all my sad soul" for "my sad fancy," in line 67) probably belongs to the late spring or summer of 1849—and it is unlikely that Poe made revisions in it after the publication of the *Examiner* version, though the volume remained in his hands until his departure for Baltimore ten days before his death. The text of Griswold (1850) presents something of a puzzle. It is clearly a late version, differing from the *Examiner* and the Lorimer Graham versions in only four lines. But the variant readings for two of these lines (26 and 32) are probably due to typographical error, and the readings adopted in the other two (55, 67) are in accord with readings adopted in earlier versions. It is proper to add, however, that Griswold not only had in his hands at the time of his editing of Poe's poems the Lorimer Graham volume (see Woodberry, II, p. 451) but also was acquainted with the fact that *The Raven* had appeared in the *Examiner* shortly before the poet died

(see Whitty, p. 199). Possibly Poe had sent Griswold a revised copy of the poem in the summer of 1849.

Of the remaining versions, the text of the *Whig Review* is farthest removed from that here adopted. The text of the *Southern Literary Messenger* follows the *Whig Review* except in one line (18). The text of the *Tribune* is also based on the *Whig Review*, but departs from it in lines 60, 61, 64, and 66. The *Broadway Journal* based its text on the *Mirror* version but introduced two variations (in lines 60 and 64). The *Critic* text was probably based on that of the *Broadway Journal*, but exhibits slight variations in lines 64 and 73 — both perhaps due to printer's errors. The text of Griswold's anthology likewise appears to have been based on that of the *Broadway Journal*. The texts of the *Literary Emporium* and the *Saturday Courier* are both close to the edition of 1845. The same holds true of the fragmentary texts included by Poe in *The Philosophy of Composition* in 1846 (comprising lines 39-40, 43-54, 91-96, 101-108), and by Cooke in his article in 1848 (comprising lines 1-6, 9-18, 37-108).

The variant readings exhibited by these several versions are comparatively few — much fewer, relatively, than in the case of most of the earlier poems. Altogether, only twenty-one lines, or about one in five, show any variation. Several of the texts differ in but a single reading. And typographical errors or editorial carelessness are responsible for some of the variant readings (see the notes on lines 11, 18, 26, 32). In the text preserved in Griswold's anthology, the poem is printed in short lines (each of the first five lines of the stanza being broken in two at the cæsura); and Poe also adopted this form in the excerpt of the poem printed in the *Broadway Journal* of May 24, 1845, and in brief passages quoted in a letter to Griswold of April 19, 1845 (*Letters*, p. 202), in which he gives his approval to this variation. (See also in this connection a letter of Griswold to the *New York Times* of November 19, 1855, in reply to a charge brought against him by R. S. Mackenzie in the *Times* of November 12, 1855, of having taken liberties with Poe's text in this regard.)

**Origin and Circumstances of Composition.** In his *Philosophy of Composition* (reprinted in the Appendix of this volume) Poe gives what purports to be a veracious account of the genesis of *The Raven*. After once he had conceived the purpose of writing the poem, the work of composition, he avers, "proceeded, step by step, to its completion with the precision and rigid consequence of a mathematical problem." The first thing decided on, he says, was the effect to be produced: this



must be a novel and a vivid one. Next he addressed himself to the matters of length and of tone or mood, and concluded that the length should be about a hundred lines and the mood that of sadness. He then set himself to contrive "some artistic piquancy which might serve . . . as a keynote in the construction of the poem," and finding this in a refrain, he then considered what should be the nature of his refrain, and presently hit upon the word "nevermore" as the most effective for his purpose. His next concern was to find some pretext for the repetition of the refrain, and this was provided by the introduction of a raven as one of the actors in his story. The next thing considered was the theme of the poem, and this, Poe determined, should be the grief of a devoted lover in consequence of the death of a beautiful woman, inasmuch as the most poetic of moods is that of sadness, and the saddest of themes is that of the "death of a beautiful woman." He then considered the matter of the climax of the poem, which he decided should come with the lover's final query and the bird's reply to it. With this, says the poet, the actual composition of the poem began.

Opinion has differed as to how far Poe's account is to be credited. Some have found in it a considerable element of truth. The poet Stedman, for instance — and his opinion is obviously entitled to very high respect — writes in his *Poets of America* (p. 246): "I have accepted his analysis of *The Raven* as more than half true." Professor C. F. Richardson, also (*American Literature*, II, p. 113), expresses the belief that "the genesis of the poem . . . is in the main truly described." And Professor Minto declares that "there is not the least occasion to doubt" that "the basis of *The Raven* was laid after the method which [Poe] describes" (*Fortnightly Review*, XXXIV, p. 77). On the other hand, there are some who have believed Poe's account to be a hoax (see, for instance, Brownell, p. 215); and Poe himself is said to have confessed this, in effect, in conversation with the Philadelphia poet, Thomas Buchanan Read (see Ingram, p. 223, and see also Mrs. Weiss, p. 185). But however much of truth or of falsity there may be in Poe's account, it is manifest that it does not tell the whole story. It is plain that the central theme of *The Raven* is but a variation on the old theme, dealt with in *Lenore* and *The Sleeper* and other early poems and in a half-dozen of the tales, of the grief of a lover who has been bereft of his mistress. It is plain, too, that Poe utilized certain hints that came to him from other writers — from the two already mentioned in the discussion of the date of the poem, Mrs. Browning and Dickens, assuredly, and not improbably also from others.



To Mrs. Browning, and specifically to her *Lady Geraldine's Courtship*, he was indebted evidently, as was pointed out not long after his death (see the *Southern Literary Messenger* for November, 1857), for the suggestion of his phrasing in several lines (see the notes on lines 13, 43, 79-80, 87, 104-105); and to one of Mrs. Browning's lines,

With a murmurous stir uncertain, in the air the purple curtain —  
(*Lady Geraldine's Courtship*, l. 381),

he is said to have admitted on one occasion that he owed the suggestion of "the whole process of the construction of his poem" (see Ingram, pp. 222-223). He was probably indebted to Mrs. Browning, also, in some degree, for the model of his stanza (see the note on lines 1 f.). Mrs. Browning had been praised by the poet in the columns of the *Evening Mirror* in 1844 (October 8 and December 7); and in the *Broadway Journal* of January 4 and 11, 1845, he had reviewed the volume in which *Lady Geraldine's Courtship* originally appeared, devoting several paragraphs to minute criticism of that poem (see Harrison, XII, pp. 16-20).

To Dickens we can be reasonably certain that Poe owed the suggestion of his raven, the prototype of this bird being almost surely the pet raven, "Grip," in *Barnaby Rudge*. As in the case of Mrs. Browning's poem, Poe had reviewed Dickens's novel before the appearance of *The Raven*, contributing an early notice to the *Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post* of May 1, 1841 (upon the publication of the opening chapters), and a lengthier notice to *Graham's Magazine* for February, 1842; and in the course of his second notice (Harrison, XI, p. 63) he had made the following significant observation as to a possible symbolic use to which the raven might have been put:

"The raven, too, intensely amusing as it is, might have been made, more than we now see it, a portion of the conception of the fantastic *Barnaby*. Its croakings might have been *prophetically* heard in the course of the drama. Its character might have performed, in regard to that of the idiot, much the same part as does, in music, the accompaniment in respect to the air."

Poe is careful to explain in the *Philosophy of Composition* that the raven is "emblematically" used in his poem.

Whether other sources were used in the composition of *The Raven* it is impossible to say with certainty. The suggestion was made by " " in the so-called "Longfellow War" (see Harrison, XII, pr f.) that the poem owed something, especially in its

atmosphere and in its use of the repetend, to *The Ancient Mariner*; and it would seem not improbable that Poe was subconsciously influenced by that poem, though he flouted the charge when it was first made. It is not improbable that he was also vaguely influenced by some of the lyrics of Thomas Holley Chivers, though Chivers, in his repeated charges of plagiarism against Poe, grossly exaggerated such indebtedness as there may be, and further discredited his case by flagrantly imitating and copying Poe in his own poems. (See, for the Poe-Chivers controversy, a series of articles contributed by Chivers to the *Waverley Magazine*, beginning with its issue of July 30, 1853; the booklet of Joel Benton, *In the Poe Circle*; Harrison, VII, pp. 266 f., XVII, p. 408; an article by A. G. Newcomer, "The Poe-Chivers Tradition Reëxamined," in the *Sewanee Review*, January, 1904 (XII, pp. 20 f.); and Woodberry, II, pp. 376 f.)

Other suggestions that have been made as to the origin of the poem — no one of which is entirely convincing — are (1) that it owed something to Albert Pike's *Isadore* (or *The Widowed Heart*), which appeared in the *New Mirror* for October 14, 1843 (see Ingram, pp. 223 f.); (2) that it borrowed the idea of "the character and adventure of the raven" from one of the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, published in *Blackwood's Magazine* in 1829 (see the *Southern Literary Messenger* for November, 1857 (XXIII, pp. 331 f.)); and (3) that it echoes at certain points two of Tennyson's juvenilia (see the *London Athenæum*, March 20, 1875, p. 395).

Among apocryphal accounts of the origin of the poem are (1) the legend, given currency by J. A. Joyce, and attributed to L. Penzoni, that *The Raven* was translated from an Italian poem written by Penzoni's father and said to have been published in the *Milan Art Journal* in 1809 (see Joyce, *Edgar Allan Poe*, pp. 207-218); (2) that it was originally suggested by a Chinese story by one Kia Yi (see the *London Academy*, June 22, 1901); (3) that it was based on a Persian poem (cf. Ingram's *The Raven*, etc., pp. 84-85); (4) that it was written in large part by Henry B. Hirst, with whom Poe was closely associated during his stay in Philadelphia (cf. Woodberry, II, p. 419); and (5) that it was written in its entirety by a Samuel Fenwick (see Ingram, *The Raven*, etc., p. 91).

**Critical Estimates.** The publication of *The Raven* made Poe, for the time being, famous. The poem was copied far and wide in the American press, and Mrs. Browning wrote from London that it had "produced a sensation" in England (*Letters*, p. 229). poem,"

says Woodberry (II, pp. 110-111), "ever established itself so immediately, so widely, and so imperishably in men's minds." It has been translated repeatedly into foreign languages, especially into French, and its popularity is still further attested by a host of parodies and imitations. It may safely be said that no other short poem of its time has given rise to so much discussion and controversy. Two separate treatises have been devoted to its history and interpretation: the one by J. H. Ingram (*The Raven: With Literary and Historical Commentary*, London, 1885); the other by Henry E. Legler (*Poe's Raven: Its Origin and Genesis*, Wausau, Wisconsin, 1907); and the list of briefer articles that have been written about it is well-nigh endless.

The critics, especially the poet-critics, have been lavish in their praise of the poem. Willis described it, in the notice accompanying it when first published in the *Mirror*, as "the most effective single example of 'fugitive poetry' ever published in this country; and unsurpassed in English poetry for subtle conception, masterly ingenuity of versification, and consistent sustaining of imaginative lift" (*sic*). Mrs. Browning wrote R. H. Horne in May, 1845 (*Letters*, p. 386): "I am of opinion that there is an uncommon force and effect in the poem"; and to Poe she wrote in April, 1846, that Robert Browning had been "struck much by the rhythm" of *The Raven* (*Letters*, p. 229). D. G. Rossetti, in a memorable statement, attributed to him by Hall Caine, confesses that he found in *The Raven* the suggestion of his *Blessed Damozel*, and adds in the same connection: "I saw that Poe had done the utmost it was possible to do with the grief of the lover on earth, and I determined to reverse the condition, and give utterance to the yearning of the loved one in heaven" (Hall Caine's *Recollections*, p. 284). Baudelaire, who made one of the earliest translations of *The Raven*, speaks (with apparent reference to the poem) of "cette extraordinaire élévation, cette exquise délicatesse, cet accent d'immortalité qu' Edgar Poe exige de la Muse." Stedman, in his admirable essay prefixed to the poems in the Stedman-Woodberry edition of Poe (X, pp. xxxii-xxxiii), praises its melody and its use of "refrain and repetends," and observes that "even the more critical [have] yielded to its quaintness and fantasy, and [have] accorded it a lasting place in literature." Edwin Markham asserts (I, p. xxxiv) that *The Raven* is "secure in its dark immortality" and "safe among the few remarkable poems of the world."

But from the beginning there have been those who recognized certain imperfections in the poem. Mrs. Browning complained of the

"fantasticalness" displayed in several of its lines (*Letters*, p. 386). Griswold, who freely conceded to Poe the gift of genius, objected to the poem's mechanical nature ("Memoir," p. xlvi). Stedman, also, maintains (*Poets of America*, p. 242) that the poem has artificial qualities, and declares that because of these he is unable to account *The Raven* Poe's "most poetical poem." Newcomer (*Poe: Poems and Tales*, p. 302) finds in *The Raven* "a shade of the melodramatic and the declamatory." J. M. Robertson, from among the more enthusiastic of Poe's admirers, admits (*New Essays*, p. 77) that there is a "certain smell of the lamp" about the poem, "an air of compilation, a suspicion of the inorganic," and adds (*ibid.*, p. 79) that "the admixture of simple oddity and the factitious rustling of the curtains" (in line 13) and "the falling of the shadow, which has no right to fall" (in line 106), are sufficient to take *The Raven* "out of the first rank of poetry." W. C. Brownell, among Poe's less enthusiastic critics, writes (p. 215): "It is not a moving poem. It has . . . a certain power, but it is such power as may be possessed by the incurable dilettante coldly caressing a morbid mood. . . . *The Raven* is in conception and execution exceptionally cold-blooded poetry."

Poe himself, it appears, was not blind to some of the defects in the poem. Mrs. Weiss avers (pp. 184 f.) that the poet admitted to her that there were a number of passages with which he was not satisfied; and in a letter, apparently to Eveleth (see Ingram, p. 222), he virtually concedes the justice of the criticism with respect to the "tinkling foot-falls" of line 80 (see the note on that line). It is in the same letter that Poe expresses the opinion, already adverted to, that "in the higher qualities of poetry" *The Sleeper* is superior to *The Raven*.

1 f. It is needless here to enter into an enumeration of the devices that Poe employs to give to *The Raven* its extraordinary melody; it will be proper, however, to point out that he had already made sporadic use of most of these devices in one or another of his earlier poems, though never before on so large a scale. His occasional use of parallelism and the repetend dates back to his West Point period (see his *Israfel*, *The Sleeper*, and the earlier lyric *To Helen*), and is marked in the closing stanza of *To One in Paradise* (1834), in several stanzas of *Bridal Ballad* (1837), and in the 1843 version of *Lenore*. The 1843 version of *Lenore* also exhibits much of phonetic syzygy. Poe's free use of internal rhyme was probably influenced, as suggested below, by Mrs. Browning (though the text of *Lenore* which Poe sent to *Graham's Magazine*,

in October, 1844 (see his letter to Lowell quoted by Woodberry, II, pp. 103 f.), makes liberal use of the same device), and he may have been influenced to some degree in his use of parallelism by Coleridge. Professor C. A. Smith, in a highly interesting chapter on Poe's use of repetition in his volume *Repetition and Parallelism in English Verse*, suggests (pp. 51 f.) the influence, also, of the English ballad.

For "the rhythm and metre" of *The Raven* Poe disclaims, in his *Philosophy of Composition*, any originality; the combination that he makes of lines into stanza, however, he holds to be entirely his own, declaring that "nothing even remotely approaching this combination [had] ever been attempted" before. It was this claim, in particular, that Chivers took exception to in his articles on *The Raven* (*Waverley Magazine*, July 30, 1853, etc.), in which he endeavored to show that Poe found in his lines *To Allegra Florence in Heaven* (reprinted by Harrison (VII, pp. 285-288)) the true and only source of the rhythm and the stanza that he adopts in *The Raven*.

It is possible that Poe was in some degree influenced by Chivers's lines (though it may be noted that no proof has ever been brought forward, beyond Chivers's own statement, that they had been published before *The Raven* appeared). It is much more likely that Poe owed the suggestion of his stanza to Mrs. Browning. The stanza adopted in the second division of *Lady Geraldine's Courtship*, the "Conclusion" (from which, as already shown, Poe borrowed certain of his phrases), has not only the trochaic movement of *The Raven* and its marked feminine end-rhymes, but has also, except in one stanza, pronounced internal rhymes—some of them highly grotesque—such as Poe affected in *The Raven*. The following stanza from Mrs. Browning's poem (ll. 377-380) will serve to make this clear:

"Eyes," he said, "now throbbing through me! are ye eyes that did undo me?  
Shining eyes, like antique jewels set in Parian statue-stone!  
Underneath that calm white forehead are ye ever burning torrid  
O'er the desolate sand-desert of my heart and life undone?"

By the side of this may be placed one of the stanzas quoted by Chivers to support his contention (*To Allegra Florence in Heaven*, stanza vii):

Holy angels now are bending to receive thy soul ascending  
Up to Heaven to joys unending, and to bliss which is divine;  
While thy pale, cold form is fading under Death's dark wings now shading  
Thee with gloom which is pervading this poor broken heart of mine!

That Poe was acquainted with Mrs. Browning's poem we know from his review in the *Broadway Journal* of January 11, 1845, in which the stanza quoted above is incorporated.

3, 4 In a review of W. W. Lord's *Poems* in the *Broadway Journal*, May 24, 1845 (Harrison, XII, p. 158), Poe, in citing these lines, substitutes "pondered" for "nodded" and "rapping" for "tapping" in line 3, and "tapping, tapping" for "rapping, rapping" in line 4; but these variations appear nowhere else and were doubtless due to carelessness in quoting.

5 visitor. Spelled "visiter" in the early texts of the poem, as appears to have been customary in Poe's time.

10 Lenore. The name had already been used by Poe in his poem *Lenore*, being first introduced there in 1843 in the text printed in Lowell's *Pioneer*. See the general note on that poem, where the statement of Daniel is cited that Poe assured him that Mrs. Shelton was the original of his Lenore. It has also been held that in the Lenore of *The Raven* Poe has reference to his wife, who had been stricken with consumption in 1841 or 1842, and whose recovery was despaired of for several years before her death in 1847.

11 The variant "named" for "name" in the *Messenger* (1848) is doubtless a typographical error; and so also with the reading "ebon" for "ebony" in line 43.

13 A reminiscence, clearly, of *Lady Geraldine's Courtship*, l. 381. It was to this line of Mrs. Browning's poem, indeed, that Poe is said to have admitted that he owed the suggestion of the mechanism of the poem (Ingram, pp. 222-223).

15 In the original this line is without end-punctuation. A comma is similarly omitted before a quotation in lines 48, 58, 60, 84, 90, 96, and 102. The *Examiner* text also omits the comma after "oh" in line 83, and inserts a meaningless comma after "bird" in line 68.

18 This it is. The reading of the *Southern Literary Messenger* (1848) — "Only this" — is perhaps due to inaccurate quotation on the part of Cooke.

20 "Sir," said I, "or Madam. This locution was objected to by Mrs. Browning in a letter to R. H. Horne (*Letters*, pp. 385-386) as being so "fantastical" as to be "ludicrous," unless there were "a specified insanity to justify the straws." Markham (I, p. xxxii) also complains of the passage and of others, — as "little relevancy bore" (l. 50), and "the fact is I was napping" (l. 21), — holding that they verge on the grotesque, though he admits that he would not wish them away.

Stedman, apropos of these and similar passages (*Poets of America*, p. 242), remarks: "Only genius can deal so closely with the grotesque, and make it add to the solemn beauty of structure an effect like that of the gargoyles seen by moonlight on the façade of Notre Dame."

**26 mortal.** The Griswold edition of Poe (1850) — by a typographical error, doubtless — reads "mortals."

**32 somewhat.** The reading of the Griswold edition — "something" — is probably an error due to haplography (cf. line 33).

**33, 34 that is; lattice; thereat is.** Cf. the similarly grotesque rhymes in *Lady Geraldine's Courtship*: "mercies," "self-curses" (l. 375); "forehead," "torrid" (l. 379); "while in," "smiling" (l. 389).

**38** As already noted, the raven was probably suggested by Dickens's *Barnaby Rudge*. Poe asserts in the *Philosophy of Composition* that the bird that he first thought of was a parrot. Mrs. Weiss declares (p. 185) that he assured her in 1849 that the bird first thought of was an owl.

**43** With this line and with line 67 compare *Lady Geraldine's Courtship*, l. 389 (repeated in line 397):

Ever, evermore the while in a slow silence she kept smiling.

**48 "Nevermore."** Poe declares in *The Philosophy of Composition* that the selection of this word as the key word of his refrain was arrived at through a process of coldly deliberate reasoning. He had, however, used the phrase "no more" as a refrain in 1834 in *To One in Paradise* (l. 16), and also in the *Sonnet — To Zante* (1837) and in the *Sonnet — Silence* (1840). It is reasonable to suppose, too, that he was acquainted with Shelley's use of "nevermore" in his lyric, *A Lament* (one stanza of which Chivers had quoted in a letter to Poe written conjecturally in 1842 — see the *Century Magazine*, XLIII, p. 440); and he may also have been aware of Lowell's use of it in his *Threnodia* (*Knickerbocker Magazine*, May, 1839). Chivers also had used the refrain in his *Sonnet on the Death of my Mother* (1837), and he contended vigorously in his article in the *Waverley Magazine*, July 30, 1853, that Poe had "stolen" the phrase from him. In a note on Chivers's poem as reprinted in the *United States Gazette* of August 1, 1839, occurs this comment, which may also have fallen under Poe's eye: "I think that Madame de Stael has said somewhere — perhaps in her *Corinne* — that the most musical words in the English language are 'no more.'"

**73 This.** The reading of the London *Critic*, "Thus," is perhaps a printer's error. The reading "Thus" also occurs in a text of the poem



in the Philadelphia *Saturday Courier* of November 3, 1849. This later text of the *Saturday Courier* also substitutes "as" for "while" in line 1 and "name" for "named" (as does the later *Messenger* text for 1848) in line 11.

79, 80 Mr. Ingram (*The Raven*, pp. 13 f.) notes the resemblance between these lines and *Lady Geraldine's Courtship*, l. 6:

And she treads the crimson carpet and she breathes the perfumed air.

80 **foot-falls tinkled.** The idea of the tinkling of footfalls on a tufted floor was objected to by Griswold in an article published in a Hartford periodical in the fall of 1848 (*Last Letters of Mrs. Whitman*, p. 43); Poe, in reply (Ingram, p. 222), admitted that he had "hesitated to use the term" when composing the poem. "I finally used it," he says, "because I saw that it had, in its first conception, been suggested to my mind by the sense of the *supernatural* with which it was, at the moment, filled. No human or physical foot could tinkle on a soft carpet, therefore the tinkling of feet would vividly convey the supernatural impression. This was the idea, and it is good within itself; but if it fails (as I fear it does) to make itself immediately and generally felt, according to my intention, then in so much is it badly conveyed, or expressed." J. M. Gambrill (*Selections from Poe*, p. 188) calls attention to the fact that Poe in his *Ligeia* speaks of "carpets of tufted gold." Brownell (p. 218) remarks: "Tinkling feet on a tufted carpet is nonsense, but it is not a false note in the verbal harmony of the artificial 'Raven.'" Whitty (p. 195) cites Thomas to the effect that Poe urged in defense of his figure the passage in Isaiah (iii. 16) in which the prophet represents the daughters of Zion as "making a tinkling with their feet."

85-90 According to Poe's account in the *Philosophy of Composition*, this stanza — containing the climax of the poem — was the first of the stanzas to be written.

87 Ingram (*The Raven*, p. 14) notes the similarity of this line to Mrs. Browning's line (*Lady Geraldine's Courtship*, l. 380):

O'er the desolate sand-desert of my heart and life undone.

89 Cf. Jeremiah viii. 22.

93 **Aidenn.** Poe's spelling of the Arabic *Aden* (English. *Eden*), one of the names of the Mohammedan paradise (see the Koran, chap. ix, and Sale's "Preliminary Discourse" on the Koran). Poe adopts the same spelling in his *Eiros and Charmion* (Harrison, IV, p. 2) and in his



essay, *The Power of Words* (*ibid.*, VI, p. 140). This spelling has been adopted also by two of Poe's admirers — John Henry Boner, in his *The Light of Aidenn* (*Poems of Boner*, 1903, p. 101), and Richard Hovey, in his lyric entitled *The South* (*Along the Trail*, p. 93).

**101 Take thy beak from out my heart.** Cf. the concluding paragraph of *The Philosophy of Composition* :

It will be observed that the words, "from out my heart," involve the first metaphorical expression in the poem. They, with the answer, "Nevermore," dispose the mind to seek a moral in all that has been previously narrated. The reader begins now to regard the Raven as emblematical — but it is not until the very last line of the very last stanza, that the intention of making him emblematical of *Mournful and Never-ending Remembrance* is permitted distinctly to be seen.

**104, 105** Ingram (*The Raven*, p. 14) notes the parallel here with *Lady Geraldine's Courtship*, ll. 377-378 :

"Eyes," he said, "now throbbing through me! are ye eyes that did undo me? Shining eyes, like antique jewels set in Parian statue-stone!"

**106** throws his shadow on the floor. In defending himself against the criticism that his image here "involves something of improbability," Poe urged in a letter quoted by Ingram (p. 222) that "For the purposes of poetry it is quite sufficient that a thing is possible, or at least that the improbability be not offensively glaring," and explains that his conception of the lamp was "that of the bracket candelabrum affixed against the wall, high up above the door and bust, as is often seen in the English palaces, and even in some of the better houses of New York." The same matter was discussed with Mrs. Weiss in the summer of 1849 (*Home Life of Poe*, p. 191).

#### EULALIE — A SONG (114)

(*American Whig Review*, July, 1845; *Broadway Journal*, August 9, 1845; 1845)

(TEXT: Lorimer Graham copy of 1845)

*Eulalie* was probably written shortly after the publication of *The Raven*, when Poe was naturally in exceptionally high spirits. No other one of his poems (save, possibly, *For Annie*) is so lightsome and so joyous in mood. The name "Eulalie," too, is finely in keeping with the spirit and movement of the poem.

The revisions made by the poet are extremely few, the text of the *Broadway Journal* differing from that of the *American Review* merely in the correction of a misprint (l. 11), and 1845 makes corrections in only three lines, each of them slight. The Lorimer Graham corrections extend only to spelling and punctuation. A manuscript of the poem, in Poe's best calligraphy, was recently discovered in an old album in the possession of the New York Public Library; it differs from the text of 1845 only in its pointing and in the omission of the subtitle, "A Song." On the back of this manuscript the following lines are written (in pencil and apparently in Poe's autograph):

Deep in earth my love is lying  
And I must weep alone.

Possibly the manuscript was copied in 1847 soon after the death of the poet's wife.

Ingram (pp. 226 f.) suggests that Poe was influenced to some extent in the composition of *Eulalie* by Albert Pike's *Isadore*, and cites in support of this suggestion certain verbal parallels between the two poems (see the notes on lines 8, 20). *Eulalie*, in turn, appears to have influenced A. M. Ide in a poem entitled *To Isadore*, published in the *Broadway Journal* of October 25, 1845 (cf. Harrison, VII, pp. 228 f.). The name "Eulalie" was also used by H. B. Hirst in the title of one of his poems, *Eulalie Vere* (published in his volume of poems, *The Coming of the Mammoth*, etc., in June, 1845), and by Mrs. Osgood in her poem *Eulalie* and as the refrain of her lines, *Low, My Lute — Breathe Low* (see her *Poems*, pp. 451-453, edition of 1850), both of which refer to Poe.

**Title.** Poe inserted a period after the word "Eulalie" in the Lorimer Graham copy, but this has been omitted in the present edition in the interest of consistency.

**6-8** For other references to the eyes — of which Poe made a good deal, especially in his later verses — see the note on *Tamerlane*, l. 111.

**8 the eyes of the radiant girl.** Ingram (p. 226) notes the parallel with Pike's *Isadore*, l. 38:

Thy sweet eyes radiant through their tears.

**11 moon-tints.** The reading "morn-tints," in the *American Whig Review*, is doubtless a typographical error.

**19 Astarte.** Here, I take it, the planet Venus. But in *Ulalume*, l. 37, Astarte plainly stands for the moon.

20 Ingram (p. 226) calls attention to the parallel with Pike's *Isadore*, ll. 41-42:

The moonlight struggled through the vines, and fell upon thy face,  
Which thou didst lovingly upturn with pure and trustful gaze.

21 Cf. Ide's *To Isadore* (*Broadway Journal*, October 25, 1845 (ll. 13-14)):

Thy violet eyes to me  
Upturned, did overflowing seem  
With the deep, untold delight  
Of Love's serenity.

#### A VALENTINE (115)

(New York *Evening Mirror*, February 21, 1846; *Sartain's Union Magazine*, March, 1849; *Flag of Our Union*, March 3, 1849; 1850)

(TEXT: *Flag of Our Union*)

This poem was written, in all likelihood, early in 1846. It was read at a valentine party at the home of Miss Anne Charlotte Lynch, in New York City, on the evening of February 14, 1846, and was first published, along with other verses read on the same occasion, in the *Evening Mirror* of February 21, 1846. By combining the first letter of the first line with the second letter of the second line and so on, the name *Frances Sargent Osgood* will be read out of the poem (cf. *An Enigma*, which enshrines in similar fashion the name of Mrs. Sarah Anna Lewis). For other poems addressed by Poe to Mrs. Osgood and for particulars as to their friendship, see the notes on *To F—*.

The texts of the poem published in *Sartain's Union Magazine* and the *Flag of Our Union* in 1849 seem to have appeared almost simultaneously. Whether Poe sold the poem to both periodicals (as is alleged by W. M. Griswold, *Passages from the Correspondence of R. W. Griswold*, p. 217), it is impossible now to say. The editor of the *Flag* published the following explanation of the matter, under the title "That Valentine by Poe," in the issue of his paper for March 17, 1849:

Having received a poem from our regular contributor, Edgar A. Poe, Esq., and having paid for the same as *original*, we were not a little surprised to see the poem appear in a *Sartain's Union Magazine* for March, uncredited, and as original, though in the table of contents on the cover

it is omitted. We at once addressed Mr. Poe, for an explanation, lest it should appear that we had taken the Valentine from the Magazine without credit. His answer to us is full and satisfactory. The said poem was written and handed to Mr. De Graw, a gentleman who proposed to start a Magazine in New York, but who gave up the project and started himself for California. Mr. Poe, learning of this, thought, of course, his composition was his own again, and sent it to us as one of his regular contributions for the *Flag*; and was himself as much surprised as we could be, to see it, not long afterwards, in the Magazine, though the publisher does not say there that it was written for his pages. It was doubtless handed by Mr. De Graw to Sartain, and published thus without any intent to wrong any one. We make this statement, as in duty bound to Mr. Poe, and ourselves.

In behalf of Poe it should also be stated that similar charges of double-dealing by him in the case of *The Bells* and *For Annie* (see the notes on these poems) have been disproved. And it is due to Poe to state, too, that, although the poem as published in the *Union Magazine* is there dated "Valentine's Eve, 1849," a manuscript copy of the poem (preserved among the Griswold Papers), which tallies verbally with that text except for the reading "these" for "the," in line 5, bears date "Valentine's Eve, 1848" (see the facsimile of this manuscript given by Woodberry (II, opposite page 182)). On the other hand, it is proper to note that the *Flag* text is nearer in several of its readings to the text of 1846 than is that of the *Union Magazine* (see the footnotes for lines 1, 4, 5, 8, 14, 15); and that Griswold, with both the *Flag* and the *Union* text before him, gave the preference to the latter. Possibly Poe kept no copy of the text sent to the *Union Magazine*, and revised the poem anew (on the basis of the *Mirror* text) when he sent it to the *Flag* in 1849.

In the *Flag* text, owing probably to an oversight of the printer, the alternate lines are not indented.

1 luminous eyes. Cf. *Ulalume*, l. 50, the later *To Helen*, ll. 51 f., and the note on line 2 of *Impromptu: To Kate Carol*; and for Poe's frequent mention of the eyes, see the note on *Tamerlane*, l. 111.

2 twins of Læda. Castor and Pollux; cf. Gayley's *Classic Myths*, pp. 242-245 and *passim*. Poe has the same allusion in his story *Ligeia* (Harrison, II, p. 252), where he describes his heroine's eyes as "twin stars of Leda." Cf. also H. B. Hirst's *Astarte*, ll. 10-12:

Thy argent eyes

(Twin planets swimming through love's lustrous skies)  
Are mirrored in my heart's serenest streams;

and Chivers's *Conrad and Eudora*, III, iii:

Thine azure lamps — twin born divinities.

**8** An unusually awkward line for Poe. The reading of the *Union Magazine* is smoother, but less precise.

**9** *trivialest*. The *Mirror* has "smallest," thus opening the way to the misspelling of Mrs. Osgood's second name in the anagram contained in that version. In consequence of the substitution of "trivialest" in the later texts, the line becomes an Alexandrine.

**12** *understand*. In this reading, it will be observed, the text of the *Flag of Our Union* stands alone, though in lines 1, 4, 5, 8, 14, 15, as already noted, it is nearer to the original version than is the text of the *Union Magazine*.

**14** *eyes . . . lies*. An inadvertent rhyme, which is avoided by the *Union Magazine* and Griswold.

*lies . . . perdu*. The idiom appears to have been a favorite with Poe; he uses it in two notices of Mrs. Osgood published in *Godey's* in 1846 (Harrison, XIII, p. 111; XV, p. 95) and also in an article about Mrs. Osgood in the *Southern Literary Messenger* in 1849 (Harrison, XIII, p. 176), as well as in a letter to Anthon in 1844 (*Letters*, p. 176).

**17** *naturally lying*. See for other puns in Poe's writings, Harrison, XII, p. 161; XIV, pp. 171, 172, 178, 179; XVI, pp. 46, 167; and see also the lines *Impromptu: To Kate Carol* (among the Poems Attributed to Poe).

**18** *Pinto (Mendez Ferdinando)*. Cf. a passage in one of Poe's reviews (Harrison, X, pp. 204-205): "the Munchausens and Ferdinand Mendez Pintos, who, telling incredible tales of lands of the South Pole or mountains in the moon," etc.; see also Congreve's *Love for Love*, II, i: "Ferdinand Mendez Pinto was but a type of thee, thou liar of the first magnitude!" Pinto, a Portuguese adventurer (1509-1583), traveled extensively in the East, and left an account of his travels in his *Perigrination* (published in 1614). Despite the tradition to the contrary, his accounts are now believed to have been, for the most part, veracious (see the article in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, 11th edition). The name "Pinto" was adopted by C. F. Briggs (an early colleague of Poe's in the conduct of the *Broadway Journal*, but in 1846 an avowed enemy of his) as a pen name in certain periodical publications in the forties; it is possible that Poe here intends a covert dig at him (see his

mention of him in this character in an article published by Griswold (III, pp. 35-37)).

18-20 In the *Mirror* there appeared instead of these lines the following four lines:

Compose a sound delighting all to hear —  
Ah, this you 'd have no trouble in descrying  
Were you not something of a dunce, my dear:  
And now I leave these riddles to their seer.

20 A line of seven stresses.

TO M. L. S. — (116)

(*Home Journal*, March 13, 1847; 1850)

(TEXT: *Home Journal*)

A tribute to Mrs. Marie Louise Shew, to whom, also, were addressed the lines *To* — — — (beginning: "Not long ago the writer of these lines") and an unpublished poem, now lost, *The Beautiful Physician* (see the article of J. H. Ingram, "Poe's Lost Poem," in the New York *Bookman*, XXVIII, pp. 452-454).

Mrs. Shew, a lady of New York, the daughter of a physician and not unskilled in medicine herself (Ingram, p. 330), had been introduced to the Poes in the late autumn or early winter of 1846 by Mrs. Gove, and had contributed more than anyone else outside of the family to their comforts during the last illness of Mrs. Poe in the winter of 1846-1847; and she had also nursed Poe during the serious illness that followed the death of his wife. The poet was deeply grateful to her, as sundry letters as well as the verses dedicated to her attest. His gratitude, it appears, soon ripened into love; and, his devotion presently becoming too ardent or too demonstrative, Mrs. Shew in the summer of 1848 broke off all relations with him. She was subsequently married to the Reverend Roland S. Houghton, and died September 3, 1877. Her papers relating to Poe, including a diary kept during the poet's illness in 1847 and a number of letters from him, she placed in the hands of Mr. Ingram, who reproduces them in large part in his *Life of Poe*, pp. 316 f. A portrait of Mrs. Shew is given by Didier in *The Poe Cult* (opposite page 273).

The only text of the poem published during Poe's lifetime is that of the *Home Journal* of March 13, 1847, which is followed here (except

that commas have been substituted for dashes after the words "Truth" and "Virtue" in line 7, and that double quotation marks have been used instead of single quotation marks in line 10). The text of Griswold (1850) differs from the present text only in the punctuation of line 10.

Whitty (p. 236) cites the variants exhibited by a manuscript copy addressed "To Mrs. M. L. S." and dated "February 14, 1847." The date of this manuscript enables us to determine with unusual exactitude the time of composition of the poem. Mrs. Poe died on January 30, 1847, and it is plain that the lines were not written until after her death.

As published in the *Home Journal*, the poem is preceded by the following editorial notice: "The following seems said over a hand clasped in the speaker's two. It is by Edgar A. Poe, and is evidently the pouring out of a very deep feeling of gratitude."

6, 7 In her diary (cf. Ingram, pp. 333 f.) Mrs. Shew writes of attending church services with Poe one evening during the year 1847; and Poe in his last letter to Mrs. Shew (Ingram, p. 364) credits her with having "renewed [his] hopes and faith in God . . . and in humanity."

12 For Poe's frequent mention of the eyes in his verses, see the note on *Tamerlane*, l. 111.

#### ULALUME—A BALLAD (117)

(*American Whig Review*, December, 1847; *Home Journal*, January 1, 1848; *Providence Journal*, November 22, 1848; *Literary World*, March 3, 1849; Griswold's *Poets and Poetry of America*, 10th edition; 1850)

(TEXT: Poe manuscript)

**Date of Composition.** The date of composition of *Ulalume* presents a difficult problem. Internal evidence clearly points to some period following the death of Mrs. Poe (January 30, 1847). Moreover, Mrs. Whitman, who avers that she talked with Poe about the circumstances under which the poem was written (see *Letters*, p. 426), got the impression that it was composed after Virginia's death; and in her book, *Edgar Poe and his Critics* (pp. 282-289), she states that it was written towards the end of 1847. A reference to the poem in a letter of Poe's of January 4, 1848 (*Letters*, p. 288), indicates that it was first offered

to the *Whig Review* at some time during the year of its publication there: for Poe says in the same letter that the poem had been given to Colton, the editor of the *Whig Review*, in exchange for *The Rationale of Verse*. Another letter (see *Letters*, p. 271) shows that *The Rationale of Verse* had originally been sent to Colton late in 1846, and that Poe expected it to appear there the following spring. Stoddard, who associates *Ulalume* with the year 1847, asserts (I, p. 150) that it had been rejected by the *Union Magazine* before being offered to the *American Review*.

But there is also evidence tending to show that the poem was written before 1847. Mrs. Mary Gove (later Mrs. Gove-Nichols) in some reminiscences of a visit at Fordham in the summer of 1846 (see the *Sixpenny Magazine* for February, 1863, as quoted by Woodberry (II, p. 436)) tells of having been requested by Mrs. Clemm on that occasion to intercede with the editor of the *Whig Review* in behalf of the publication there of a poem recently offered him by Poe—a poem which, Mrs. Gove says, she and the rest of her party read in conclave, and "could not make head or tail" out of. This poem, she adds, was published in the *Whig Review* "soon after." Now, *Ulalume*, although it was not published in the *Whig Review* till December, 1847, is the only poem of Poe's that was published in that magazine during the years 1846-1847; besides, Mrs. Gove's description of the poem she heard tallies very well with the impression that *Ulalume* might be supposed to have made upon one on first hearing it read. It is worthy of note, also, in this connection that Rosalie Poe, the poet's sister, declared to Mrs. Weiss (*Home Life of Poe*, p. 129) that she heard Poe read repeatedly in the summer of 1846 a poem which she identifies with *Annabel Lee*, but which it is more reasonable to believe was *Ulalume*.

The evidence in the case is thus seen to be almost hopelessly contradictory. It is possible that Mrs. Gove confused two visits at the Poe home a year apart (it is clear that she gives some details inaccurately); but she associates her visit quite definitely with a period prior to the death of Mrs. Poe, and she gives a highly circumstantial account. On the other hand, it is difficult not to believe that *Ulalume* echoes the poet's grief following the death of his wife. The discrepancies in the evidence appear to be irreconcilable except on the theory, already suggested by Professor Woodberry (II, p. 439), that *Ulalume* was originally begun in the summer of 1846 or earlier, and recast in the spring or summer of 1847.



**Text.** The manuscript of *Ulalume* followed in the present edition (save for revisions in punctuation) was written by the poet about a month before his death and presented by him to Miss Susan Ingram of Virginia. It is now in the possession of Mr. J. P. Morgan of New York City, by whose courtesy we have been permitted to use it here. The same text, except for variations in the pointing and for the substitution of "a" for the second "the" in line 75, is preserved in revised proof sheets intended for publication in the *Richmond Examiner* in the autumn of 1849 (see Whitty, pp. ix, 82 f., 244).

As printed in the *Whig Review* the poem bore as a part of its title the superscription *To* — — — —, the rest of the title being subjoined to this dedication. The *Home Journal* omits this dedicatory superscription, but except for this (and the misprint "on" for "an" in line 40) follows the text of the *Whig Review*. The text of the *Providence Journal* omits the tenth stanza, introduces several verbal changes (in lines 28, 57, 59, 76, 90), and is marred by serious typographical errors (in lines 1, 31, 32, 51, 76). The *Literary World* follows the *Whig Review* except for the suppression of the dedication and for slight changes in three lines — 13 (due to typographical error?), 76, 101. The text of Griswold's anthology agrees with the Ingram MS. except in line 28 (where it follows the *Providence Journal*). The text of Griswold's edition (1850) reverts to the text of the *Providence Journal* in omitting the tenth stanza, but it departs from that text in simplifying the title, in making slight changes in lines 57 and 59, and in correcting the typographical errors.

What authority Griswold had for the text adopted in his edition (1850) is not clear. Perhaps he followed a manuscript found among Poe's papers, perhaps he used a revised clipping of the text published in the *Providence Journal*. It is plain, though, that the text of his edition does not represent Poe's latest revision. The text adopted by Griswold in his anthology (published in December, 1849) was probably based on a manuscript sent him by Poe in the spring or summer of 1849. The tenth stanza, omitted in the *Providence Journal* and in 1850, was said by Mrs. Whitman (Stoddard, I, p. 150) to have been dropped at her suggestion, but by Miss Ingram to have been dropped because of its obscurity. Miss Ingram adds that the poet confessed to her that the poem "was scarcely clear to himself" (see her account in the *New York Herald*, February 19, 1905 — reproduced in part by Woodberry, II, pp. 329 f.).

In the *Whig Review* and in the *Home Journal*, the poem appeared anonymously. In the *Home Journal*, it is preceded by the following comment by Willis (under the strange caption, "Epicureanism of Language"):

We do not know how many readers we have who will enjoy as we do, the following exquisitely piquant and skilful exercise of rarity and niceness of language. It is a poem which we find in the *American Review*, full of beauty and oddity in sentiment and versification, but a curiosity, (and a delicious one, we think,) in its philologic flavor. Who is the author?

[Cf. in this connection Poe's letter to Willis of December 8, 1847 (Woodberry, II, p. 233).]

Willis's query called forth an article — entitled "Poe's Last Poem" and apparently by H. B. Hirst — in the Philadelphia *Saturday Courier* of January 22, 1848, in which *Ulalume* is copied from the *Whig Review* and is declared to be "undoubtedly" the work of Poe. "No other American poet," urges the writer of this article, "has the same command of language and power of versification: it is in no one else's vein — it is too *charnel* in its nature. . . . 'Ulalume' is a continuation of the same Golgothian idiosyncrasy that produced the 'Conqueror Worm.'"

The *Courier* article called forth, in turn, the republication of the poem in the Providence *Journal* (November 22, 1848), together with a notice — evidently inspired by Poe — in which *Ulalume* is formally accredited to him. This notice begins by quoting Willis's comment in the *Home Journal* (as above), and then proceeds as follows:

In copying the paragraph above from Willis' "Home Journal," the "Saturday Courier," of Philadelphia, gave the usual credit by appending the words, "*Home Journal, N. P. Willis.*" A Southern paper mistook the words, however, as a reply to the query just preceding — "Who is the author?" and thus, in reprinting the ballad, assigned it to the pen of Willis: — but, by way of rendering unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, we now correct the mistake — which would have been natural enough but for the wide difference of *style* between "Ulalume" and anything written by Willis. "Ulalume," although published anonymously in the "American Review," is known to be the composition of EDGAR A. POE.

It was this notice in the Providence *Journal* that Poe sent to Duyckinck in a letter of February 16, 1849 (*Letters*, p. 335), with a request that he copy it into the *Literary World*. Duyckinck reprinted the poem (but not according to the Providence *Journal*, as has already

been noted), and prefaced it, not with the words from the *Journal*, but with the following puff of his own (*Literary World*, March 3, 1849):

The following fascinating poem, which is from the pen of EDGAR A. POE, has been drifting about in the Newspapers under anonymous or mistaken imputation of authorship, — having been attributed to N. P. WILLIS. We now restore it to its proper owner. It originally appeared without name in the *American Review*. In peculiarity of versification, and a certain cold moonlight witchery, it has much of the power of the author's "Raven."

**Meaning.** *Ulalume* has proved very much of a riddle to the commentators. The interpretations that have been proposed differ widely. Edwin Markham holds (*Poe's Works*, I, p. xxxvii) that the poem "chronicles in symbol the collision between an ignoble passion and the memory of an ideal love." Professor W. P. Trent (*The Raven*, etc., p. 14, note) advances a similar theory, suggesting that the "miraculous crescent" of line 35 "is, perhaps, symbolical of some new love influence dawning on the poet's life." Professor F. L. Pattee, who gives an extended analysis of the poem in the *Chautauquan* of August, 1900 (XXXI, pp. 182-186), finds in the poem an expression of Poe's yearning after sympathy, after the companionship of some friend who could understand him; and suggests that it was Mrs. Shew who "gave Poe this vision of a new life." Professor Fruit, also (*The Mind and Art of Poe's Poetry*, p. 77), sees in the poem — in the mention of "Astarte's bediamonded crescent" — an allusion to Mrs. Shew.

But Mr. J. M. Robertson is unable to find in the poem any reference whatever to a new love. "The meaning of the poem," he declares (*New Essays*, pp. 89-90), "is this: the poet has fallen into a reverie in the darkness; and his brain . . . is carrying on a kind of dual consciousness, compounded of a perception of the blessed peace of the night and a vague, heavy sense of his abiding grief, which has for the moment drifted into the background. In this condition he does what probably most of us have done in connection with a minor trouble — dreamily asks himself, 'What was the shadow that was brooding on my mind, just a little while ago?' and then muses, 'If I have forgotten it, why should I wilfully revive my pain, instead of inhaling peace while I may?' . . . The Psyche is the obscure whisper of the tired heart, the suspended memory, that will not be wholly appeased with the beauty of the night and the stars; and the poet has but cast into a mystical dialogue the interplay of the waking and the half-sleeping sense, which goes on till some cypress, some symbol of the grave, flashes its deadly

message on the shrinking soul, and grief leaps into full supremacy." Professor E. E. Hale (*Stories and Poems by Poe*, p. xvi) also rejects the theory of an allusion to Mrs. Shew or to some other lady friend, holding that the "miraculous crescent" represents the poet's dream of "rest and peace in a vaguely perceived but lofty and beautiful ideal."

Mrs. Whitman, who claimed to have discussed with Poe the history and meaning of the poem (see *Letters*, pp. 426-427), held that it is "in its basis, although not in the precise correspondence of time, simply historical" (*Poe and his Critics*, p. 29). "Such," she declares, "was the poet's lonely midnight walk — such, amid the desolate memories and sceneries of the hour, was the new-born hope enkindled within his heart at sight of the morning star (*sic*)—

‘Astarte’s bediamonded crescent—’

coming up as the beautiful harbinger of love and happiness yet awaiting him in the untried future, and such the sudden transition of feeling, the boding dread, that supervened on discovering that which had at first been unnoted, that it shone, as if in mockery or in warning, directly over the sepulchre of the lost ‘Ualume.’”

Mr. Ingram (pp. 338-339) accepts Mrs. Whitman's interpretation; as does also the French translator of Poe's poems, Mallarmé (*Les Poèmes d'Edgar Poe*, p. 146). And Professor Woodberry (II, p. 232) appears to indorse the same general view. The poem, he says, "is autobiography translated into imagination, and speaking a new language"; and he quotes by way of gloss a passage from the reminiscences of C. C. Burr (*Nineteenth Century*, February, 1852 (V, pp. 19-33)): "Many times after the death of his beloved wife, was he found at the dead hour of a winter night, sitting beside her tomb almost frozen in the snow, where he had wandered from his bed, weeping and wailing." "This," remarks Mr. Woodberry, "is the figure that goes with the poem, like an illustration, interpreting it to the sense."

Obviously the interpretation that we shall make of the poem will depend to some extent upon the view that we adopt as to its date. If written in the summer of 1846, *Ualume* cannot have any reference to Mrs. Shew, for Poe did not meet her until the fall or winter of that year; besides, the rupture with Mrs. Shew did not come until 1848, six months after the poem was published; and Poe could scarcely have thought of her influence as malevolent (see the last stanza of the poem). It would be more reasonable to suppose (if we are to find in the poem any reference to a false or disappointed love—which seems to us

unnecessary) that the allusion was to Mrs. Osgood, against whom the poet appears to have felt resentment after her rupture with him in June, 1846. But whatever our conclusions as to the secondary import of the poem, we cannot escape the conclusion that the central reference is to the poet's wife, and that the poem is a reflection of the grief occasioned either by her death or by the anticipation of her death (or by both).

**Critical Estimates.** In their estimates of *Ulalume* the critics have differed more widely, if possible, than in its interpretation. The poet Stoddard — to quote first the least sympathetic of the critics — writes of the poem (in his biographical sketch of Poe (I, p. 149)) as follows :

The mood of mind in which it was conceived was no doubt an imaginative one, but it was not, I think, on the hither side of the boundary between sense and madness. I can perceive no touch of grief in it, no intellectual sincerity, but a diseased determination to create the strange, the remote, and the terrible, and to exhaust ingenuity in order to do so. No healthy mind was ever impressed by "Ulalume," and no musical sense was ever gratified with its measure.

Mr. W. C. Brownell (pp. 216-217), though he holds, at variance with Stoddard, that there is something of sincerity in the poem, declares that "the apparatus of repetend and empty assonance . . . tries the reader's nerves," and that: "Even here one feels the aptness of Emerson's bland reference to [the poet] . . . as the 'jingle man,' and notes the artist rather than the poet and the technician rather than the artist." Andrew Lang (*Poems of Poe*, p. xxiv) holds that the poem "attracts or repels by mere sounds as vacant as possible of meaning." And Mr. J. M. Robertson (p. 87), who defends the poem against most of Stoddard's strictures, nevertheless concedes that it "trenches too far on pure mysticism for entire artistic success," and that it is "marked by an undue subordination of meaning to music."

Professor Curtis Hidden Page (*Chief American Poets*, p. 659) states it as his belief that *Ulalume* is Poe's "greatest poem." And Professor Woodberry (II, pp. 234-235), after noting obvious blemishes, as the slowness of movement, the "jarring discords, cockney rhymes," etc., declares that "The criticism that finds in the ballad . . . merely a whimsical experiment in words has little to go on." "It is more likely," he adds, "that . . . we have, in this poem, the most spontaneous, the most unmistakably genuine utterance of Poe, the most clearly self-portraying work of his hand." Stedman (Stedman and Woodberry, X, p. xxxiii), declares that the poem is "by no means a caprice of grotesque sound

and phraseology"; and elsewhere he says (*Poets of America*, p. 246): "It is so strange, so unlike anything that preceded it, so vague and yet so full of meaning, that of itself it might establish a new method. To me it seems an improvisation, such as a violinist might play upon the instrument which had become his one thing of worth after the death of a companion had left him alone with his own soul." Mallarmé indorses the opinion of Mrs. Whitman, that it is "perhaps the most original and the most strangely suggestive of all Poe's poems" (*Les Poèmes d'Edgar Poe*, p. 146).

With regard to Poe's use of the repetend in *Ulalume*, Theodore Watts-Dunton writes in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* (s. v. "Poetry"):

The poet's object in that remarkable *tour de force* was to express dull and hopeless gloom in the same way that the mere musician would have expressed it—that is to say, by monotonous reiterations, by hollow and dreadful reverberations of gloomy sounds—though as an artist whose vehicle was articulate speech he was obliged to add gloomy ideas, in order to give to his work the intellectual coherence necessary for its existence as a poem. He evidently set out to do this, and he did it, and "Ulalume" properly intoned would produce something like the same effect upon a listener knowing no word of English that it produces upon us.

**Sources, Imitations, etc.** *Ulalume* is obviously one of the most original poems that Poe wrote. But H. B. Hirst, in his article in the *Saturday Courier* of January 22, 1848, denies to the poem anything of originality whatever. The "leading idea" of the poem, he declares, was taken from T. Buchanan Read's *Christine* (see the note on lines 56-60), while the suggestion of certain lines came from his own poem, *Endymion* (see the notes on lines 30-38). Another contemporary, J. A. Tinnon, endeavored to show (*Graham's Magazine*, February, 1851 (XXXVIII, pp. 120-122)) that "the ideas clearly suggestive of every part [of the poem] may be found in Byron's 'Manfred.'" But the sole agreement between Poe's poem and Byron's appears to be in the use of the name "Astarte." Something more of plausibility attaches to the suggestion of Professor W. C. Bronson (*History of American Literature*, p. 169, note) that the "metrical movement" of *Ulalume* may have been influenced by one of the songs in *Prometheus Unbound* (Act II, end of scene iv).

The poem belongs to the well-known and ancient narrative *genre* of the dialogue (or debate) between the body and the soul. This *genre* was extremely popular in the Middle Ages, and one example of it is preserved in Old English. Among other examples in American poetry

are Whittier's *My Soul and I*, Whitman's *Darest thou now, O Soul*, and Mr. Clinton Scollard's *Soul to Body*. (See for the vogue of the soul and body poem in the Middle Ages, G. Kleinert's *Ueber den Streit zwischen Leib und Seele*, Halle, 1880, and T. Batiouchkof, "Le Débat de l'âme et du corps," *Romania*, 1891, pp. 1 f., 513 f.)

Parodies of the poem have been written by Bret Harte in his *The Willows*, and by Thomas Hood (the younger) in some verses which he entitles *Ravings*.

**Title.** The title *Ulalume* was perhaps suggested to Poe by the Latin *ululare* (to wail); though it may also owe something to the word "Eulalie," — "Ulalume" connoting grief and gloom, while "Eulalie" suggests lightness and joy. It is possible, too, that the final syllable was influenced by the word "gloom."

In the *Whig Review*, the title includes a dedicatory ascription "To — — —"; but to whom Poe meant to refer, we can only conjecture: not to his wife, apparently, for although she was christened "Virginia Elizabeth," the second of her given names was usually dropped; and it could hardly have been to Mrs. Shew, and certainly not to her if *Ulalume* was written in 1846. Possibly it was meant for Mrs. Osgood, to whom Poe had addressed *A Valentine* in February, 1846.

1 The omission of the word "they" in the text of the *Providence Journal* is doubtless to be traced to typographical error, and so also with the variants of the *Journal* text in lines 31, 32, 51, 76.

2, 3 *sere, sere.* Professor C. A. Smith (*Repetition and Parallelism in English Verse*, p. 49) notes that the perfect rhyme here "is not felt to be a blemish, because the second 'sere' receives much less emphasis than the first."

4 **October.** As is pointed out above, *Ulalume* was written, not in the autumn, but in the spring or summer (either of 1846 or of 1847). The word "October" is used, in all likelihood, because of its connotation of sadness and of its sonorousness (see in this connection *Letters*, p. 427).

5 **my most immemorial year.** The epithet "immemorial" refers with equal aptness to 1846 and to 1847. On January 30, 1847, Mrs. Poe died, and following her death Poe was extremely ill for several months; though by the summer he had recovered both health and spirits, and by the autumn he had come to resume very much the manner of life that had characterized the period preceding his wife's death. The year 1846 was made memorable by a serious and prolonged illness during the first half of the year, which incapacitated the poet for all work of any moment; by his rupture with Mrs. Osgood; by the publication



of the *Literati* and the loss, in consequence, of many of his friends; and by the public revelation toward the end of the year of his poverty. Throughout the year 1846, moreover, the poet was oppressed by the inevitable approach of his wife's death.

**6 Auber.** Perhaps coined by Poe. There is a district in France called "Aube." And there was a French composer of operas, Daniel François Auber (1782-1871), whose name was probably known to Poe. It will be observed that "Auber" is made to rhyme with "October."

**7 Weir.** Like "Auber," a "myth-name." It may have been suggested either by the common noun or by the well-known family name.

In the original this line ends with a colon. The punctuation of the original has been departed from in about a dozen other lines, the most noteworthy changes being the substitution of colons for dashes before the quotations in lines 30, 52, 61, 78, 80, 85, 95.

**13** The insertion of "the" before "days" in the text printed in the *Literary World* was in all probability traceable to typographical error.

**14 scoriac.** Neither the Century Dictionary nor the New English Dictionary cites an earlier use of this word. Poe uses the word "scoria" in his *Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym* (Harrison, III, p. 231).

**16 Yaanek.** Another myth-name. The word was suggested to Poe, I suspect, by the Asiatic "Janik" or "Yanik," a district in Trebizond.

**30-38** It was this stanza that H. B. Hirst, Poe's Philadelphia satellite, accused the poet of having plagiarized from one of the stanzas of his *Endymion* (see the *Saturday Courier*, January 22, 1848). The absurdity of the accusation is demonstrated by Poe in his reply to Hirst (Harrison, XIII, p. 211). The nineteenth stanza of Hirst's poem runs thus:

Slowly Endymion bent, the light Elysian  
 Flooding his figure. Kneeling on one knee  
 He loosed his sandals, lea  
 And lake and woodland glittering on his vision,  
 A fairy land, all bright and beautiful,  
 With Venus at her full.

**33 our.** Poe, by a slip of the memory, doubtless, substitutes "my" for "our" in his citation of this stanza in his reply to Hirst, mentioned above (Harrison, XIII, p. 212).

**34 nebulous lustre.** See the introductory note, above, for the various interpretations that have been proposed.

**37 Astarte's.** Astarte, identified in *Eulalie* (l. 19) with the planet Venus, is here identified with the moon. Cf. *Paradise Lost*, I, l. 439;

Astarte, queen of heaven, with crescent horns.



**39 She is warmer than Dian.** With the Phœnicians, Astarte was the goddess of love and the counterpart of Baal. Diana, among the Romans, was the chaste goddess of the moon.

**41 She revels in a region of sighs.** An exceptionally lame line for Poe's later years. Ransome (*Edgar Allan Poe, A Critical Study*, p. 139) cites the line as an example of "an apparent deafness or bluntness" exhibited occasionally by the poet.

**42 dry on.** Robertson (p. 88) finds in this a flaw, and remarks that, as a rhyme-word for "Dian" and "Lion," it "is truly an exhaustion of ingenuity." But Bishop Newton has the rhyme "rely on," "Sion" in his hymn, *Glorious Things of Thee are Spoken*, ll. 24, 26.

**43 where the worm never dies.** Cf. Isaiah lxvi, 24, and the echoes of this passage in Mark ix, 44, 46, 48.

**50 luminous eyes.** A favorite collocation with Poe: cf. *A Valentine*, l. 1, and the poet's pen-picture of Mrs. Osgood in the *Literati* (Harrison, XV, p. 104). For other references to the eyes, see the note on *Tamerlane*, l. 111.

**56-60** With these lines are to be compared the following stanzas of T. B. Read's *Christine* (ll. 21-24), itself a palpable imitation of *Locksley Hall*:

Then my weary soul went from me, and it walked the world alone,  
O'er a wide and brazen desert, in a hot and brazen zone!

There it walked and trailed its pinions, slowly trailed them in the sands,  
With its hopeless eyes fixed blindly, with its hopeless folded hands.

These stanzas, says H. B. Hirst in his article in the *Saturday Courier* (January 22, 1848), gave to Poe the "leading idea" of his poem. The parallel with Read's lines is evident; but Hirst plainly exaggerates its importance.

**57 till.** Griswold's reading — "until" — is probably a typographical error.

**75 the.** The *Examiner* proof sheets, according to Whitty's text, substitute "a" for the second "the"; this obviously gives an inferior reading, and may well be attributable to a printer's error.

**95-104** Omitted by Griswold (1850) and the *Providence Journal*. See, for the suggested explanations of this, the prefatory note above.

**103 sinfully scintillant.** Cf. the note on line 39.

## AN ENIGMA (121)

*(Sartain's Union Magazine, March, 1848; 1850)*

(TEXT: 1850)

Written in the autumn of 1847 (see Poe's letter of November 27, 1847, to Mrs. Lewis (*Letters*, p. 286)). The text here adopted — that of Griswold (1850) — differs from the text of the *Union Magazine* only in the title and in the reading "tuckermanities" for "Petrarchanities" in line 10. What authority Griswold had for his text is not clear; perhaps he followed a manuscript sent to Mrs. Lewis in 1847, perhaps he used a revised clipping or some other manuscript found among Poe's papers or in the possession of Mrs. Lewis.

The poem — one of Poe's least creditable performances — was inspired by his friendship for Mrs. Estelle Anna Lewis, a poetess, first of Baltimore, and later of Brooklyn, whose name (or, rather, the name, Sarah Anna Lewis, adopted in her volume, *Records of the Heart*) is to be read out of the poem by juxtaposing the first letter of the first line, with the second letter of the second line, and so on. At what time Poe and Mrs. Lewis became acquainted is uncertain, but the two families were closely associated during the last year of the poet's life, and it was perhaps through Mrs. Lewis that Poe's wish was conveyed to Griswold that he should serve as his literary executor (Woodberry, II, p. 450). When Griswold's "Memoir" appeared, Mrs. Lewis sided with Griswold (see her letter of September 20, 1850 (*Letters*, pp. 415-416)); but she subsequently took Mrs. Clemm to live with her, and demonstrated in other ways her loyalty to the poet. Poe published an extravagant encomium of her writings in the *Democratic Review* of August, 1848, and followed this up by a longer notice in the *Southern Literary Messenger* for the following month; and he also wrote still other notices in praise of her. See, for further details, Woodberry, II, pp. 308 f. and *passim*; Ingram, pp. 413 f., 447 f.; Harrison, I, pp. 300 f., XIII, pp. 155 f., 215 f., XVII, pp. 286, 359 f., 415 f.; *Griswold's Correspondence*, p. 252; Miss Ticknor's *Poe's Helen*; and an interesting article by Ingram, "Edgar Allan Poe and 'Stella,'" in the *Albany Review*, I, pp. 417-423. The bibliographers mention the following works by Mrs. Lewis: *Sappho of Lesbos*; *Records of the Heart*; *Child of the Sea*; *Myths of the Minstrel*; *Helémeh, or the Fall of the Montezuma*.

4, 8 *bonnet*, *con it*. Lowell adopts the same rhyme in a sonnet, *To Miss Norton* (1869), a *jeu d'esprit*, the suggestion of which he credits to Lope de Vega's sonnet beginning, "Un soneto me manda hacer Violante." Poe perhaps wrote with Lope de Vega's sonnet in mind; and Lowell doubtless knew Poe's sonnet.

10 *tuckermanities*. The reference is to Henry T. Tuckerman, poet, critic, and biographer of Poe's friend, John Pendleton Kennedy. Poe had publicly expressed his disapproval of Tuckerman as early as 1841, in the following passage in his *Autography* (Harrison, XV, p. 217): "He is a *correct* writer so far as mere English is concerned, but an insufferably tedious and dull one." See also some uncomplimentary remarks in a letter of December 25, 1842 (Woodberry, I, pp. 347 f.), from which it appears that Tuckerman, like Kennedy, had at some time objected to the extravagant in Poe's writings. There is also a slighting reference to Tuckerman in a letter quoted by Griswold (I, p. xlv): "I cannot write any more for the Milliner's Book [*i.e.*, *Godey's*], where T——n prints his feeble and *very* quietly made dilutions of other people's reviews"; and Poe also takes a fling at him in the opening paragraph of his tale, *The Angel of the Odd*. Tuckerman had declined Poe's tale, *The Tell-Tale Heart*, when offered to him for the *Boston Miscellany* in 1842 (*Letters*, p. 125).

Instead of "tuckermanities," the *Union Magazine* has "Petrarchanities." Tuckerman published an article on Petrarch in the *American Whig Review* for May, 1845 (pp. 468 f.), and he also contributed sonnets about the same time to the *Democratic Review*.

TO — — — (121)

(*Columbian Magazine*, March, 1848; 1850)

(TEXT: *Columbian Magazine*)

Inspired, like the lines *To M. L. S——*, by Mrs. Marie Louise Shew. See for the friendship of Poe with Mrs. Shew the general note on *To M. L. S——*. The poem was probably written not long before publication.

The text of Griswold agrees with that of the *Columbian Magazine* (adopted here) save for slight differences in punctuation, the omission of the third dash in the title, and the misprint "unpurpled" for "empurpled" in line 26; but Poe sent Mrs. Shew a manuscript copy of

the poem which differs in several interesting particulars from the published text. This text, which bears the title *To Marie Louise*, introduces several lines after the first half of line 16 (see Stedman and Woodberry, X, pp. 194-195).

1-3 Not long ago . . . Maintained "the power of words." The reference is to Poe's article *The Power of Words*, first published in the *Democratic Review* for June, 1845, and later in the *Broadway Journal* of October 25, 1845 (see Harrison, VI, pp. 139 f.).

7 two foreign soft dissyllables. The given names of Mrs. Shew, "Marie Louise."

9, 10 "dew That hangs . . . on Hermon hill." Misquoted from a passage in Peele's *David and Bethsabe* (based on Psalms cxxxiii, 3). The same quotation occurs in *Politian*, II, ll. 34-35.

15 "the sweetest voice of all God's creatures." A part of the quotation from Sale's "Preliminary Discourse" on the Koran, used as the motto of *Israfil* (see the notes on *Israfil*).

20-27 Professor F. L. Pattee (*Chautauquan*, XXXI, p. 186) cites this passage in support of his theory that the fourth stanza of *Ulalume* has reference to Mrs. Shew.

26 empurpled vapors. The reading of the manuscript version described above, "the clouds of glory," is possibly a reminiscence of Wordsworth's *Intimations of Immortality*.

#### THE BELLS (122)

(*Union Magazine*, November, 1849; *Union Magazine*, December, 1849)

(TEXT: *Union Magazine*, November, 1849)

**Text and Circumstances of Composition.** The evolution of *The Bells* has a highly interesting history. The poem had perhaps been vaguely germinating in Poe's mind for a number of years before it was reduced to writing (see the suggestion of Woodberry (II, p. 259) and a statement made by Poe's friend Thomas and repeated by Whitty, p. 233); but the earliest written draft of it was made during the summer of 1848, when the poet was on a visit at the home of Mrs. M. L. Shew, in New York City. Mrs. Shew declares that she herself suggested the subject and was responsible for two lines of this draft (see her account as given by Ingram, pp. 361 f.). A second draft—perhaps that published in the *Union Magazine* in December, 1849—was written on February 6,

1849 (*Letters*, p. 331). A third draft—probably that of the Morgan MS. described below—was written, it appears (see Woodberry, II, p. 308), at Lowell, Massachusetts, late in May, 1849. And a fourth draft (or, more precisely, revision) was made shortly after this and sent to the *Union Magazine*. And it was in this form, evidently, that the poem was published in the *Union Magazine* in November, 1849.

In a note accompanying the second draft of the poem as published in the *Union Magazine* in December, 1849, John Sartain, the proprietor of that magazine, gives the following particulars concerning the submission of the poem to him:

EDGAR A. POE. The singular poem of Mr. Poe's, called "The Bells," which we published in our last Number, has been very extensively copied. There is a curious piece of literary history connected with this poem, which we may as well give now as at any other time. It illustrates the gradual development of an idea in the mind of a man of original genius. This poem came into our possession about a year since. It then consisted of *eighteen lines!* . . .

About six months after this, we received the poem enlarged and altered nearly to its present size and form, and about three months since the author sent another alteration and enlargement, in which condition the poem was left at the time of his death.

In a further account, in his *Reminiscences of a Very Old Man* (p. 220), Sartain states that the total amount paid for the several drafts of the poem was forty-five dollars. In an earlier account (*Lippincott's Magazine*, March, 1889 (p. 411)) he disposes of the invidious allegation of Stoddard (*ibid.*, January, 1889 (p. 112)) that *The Bells* was "sold thrice, and paid for every time."

In the original draft made at Mrs. Shew's suggestion, the poem ran to only seventeen lines. In the earliest of the texts sent to Sartain (reproduced in the footnotes of the present edition from Ingram's article in the *London Bibliophile*, May, 1909), it numbered eighteen lines. In the final text sent to Sartain—that published in November, 1849, and followed in the present edition—it runs to 112 lines.

Besides the three versions (the Shew MS. and the two printed versions) already mentioned, there is a late revision of the poem preserved in proof sheets intended for publication in the *Richmond Examiner* in the fall of 1849 (see Whitty, p. 230); and there is also a manuscript copy of the poem (lacking the last fourteen lines), now in the possession of Mr. J. P. Morgan of New York City (reproduced in facsimile by Gill (opposite page 206) and in part by Woodberry (II, opposite page 258)

and by Ingram in the London *Bibliophile* for May, 1909 (pp. 129 f.)). The *Examiner* proof sheets exhibit one verbal variant from the *Union* text — "Yes" for "Yet" in line 61 — and also several variations in punctuation. The Morgan MS., which evidently antedates the text first published in the *Union Magazine*, falls in with the *Examiner* proof sheets in reading "Yes" for "Yet," and it also agrees with it, as a rule, in punctuation; but it exhibits several verbal variants that appear in neither the *Union* text nor the *Examiner* proof sheets (see the notes on lines 56, 80, 88).

Sources. Professor Woodberry holds (II, p. 259) that Poe probably drew the original suggestion of *The Bells* from a passage in Chateaubriand's *Génie du Christianisme* (Paris, 1836), III, p. 43. This passage runs as follows:

Il nous semble que si nous étions poète, nous ne dédaignerions point cette cloche agitée par les fantômes dans la vieille chapelle de la forêt, ni celle qu'une religieuse frayer balançoit dans nos campagnes pour écarter le tonnerre, ni celle qu'on sonnoit la nuit, dans certains ports de mer, pour diriger le pilote à travers les écueils. Les carillons des cloches, au milieu de nos fêtes, sembloient augmenter l'allégresse publique; dans des calamités, au contraire, ces mêmes bruits devenoient terribles. Les cheveux dressent encore sur la tête au souvenir de ces jours de meurtre et de féu, retentissant des clameurs du tocsin. Qui de nous a perdu la mémoire de ces hurlements, de ces cris aigus, entrecoupés de silences, durant lesquels on distinguoit de rares coups de fusil, quelque voix lamentable et solitaire, et surtout le bourdonnement de la cloche d'alarme, ou le son de l'horloge qui frappoit tranquillement l'heure écoulée?

F. W. Thomas states in his reminiscences (see Whitty, p. 233) that Poe told him that Dickens's *Chimes* furnished the "final inspiration" of *The Bells*. The poet may have drawn certain hints, also, from a poem entitled *Bells* published in the *New York Mirror* of March 19, 1836 (and republished in the *Richmond Enquirer* of March 24, 1836, while Poe was editing the *Southern Literary Messenger*). The initial stanza of this poem runs thus:

The distant bells! the distant bells!  
 I hear them faint and low,  
 And Fancy, with her magic spells,  
 Is waken'd by their flow;  
 The billowy sounds so deeply fraught  
 With memories of the past,  
 Stir many a sad and pleasing thought,  
 As on the breeze they're cast.

The remaining stanzas begin as follows :

"The school-day bell! the school-day bell!"

"The merry bells! the merry bells!"

"The vesper bell! the vesper bell!"

"The Sabbath bells! the Sabbath bells!"

"The tolling bell! the tolling bell!"

Among other poems on bells published in Poe's time — the subject seems to have been much in vogue — are the following: (1) a translation of Schiller's *Song of the Bell* in the *Democratic Review*, March, 1845; (2) *The Song of the Bell* in *Littell's Living Age*, December 12, 1846; (3) T. B. Read's *Bells*, in his *Poems*, published at Philadelphia, 1847 (pp. 111 f.); and (4) *The Merry Sleigh Bell* in the *Union Magazine* of March, 1848. There was also an essay dealing with the fascination of the sound of bells in the *Home Journal*, February 13, 1847; and Hawthorne had dealt with the subject in one of his descriptive sketches, *A Bell's Biography* (1837). Most of these, doubtless, fell under Poe's eye, and some of them may have exercised some influence on him.

**Critical Estimates.** *The Bells* has been praised without stint for its onomatopoeic effects. Professor Harrison (I, p. 287) compares it with Southey's *Lodore* and Hugo's *Les Djinns*, to Poe's advantage in each case. Edwin Markham (I, p. xxxvi) holds that it is "the finest example in our language of the suggestive power of rhyme and of the echo of sound to sense." According to Professor Newcomer (*Poe: Poems and Tales*, p. 304), "*The Bells* has made all other onomatopoeic poems in our literature seem cheap in comparison." Stoddard declares (I, p. 172): "If I were called upon to express my opinion of Poe as a poetic artist, I should say that 'The Bells' was the most perfect example of his 'power of words,' if not, indeed, the most perfect example of that kind of power in all poetic literature." In the popular estimation the poem is rated above all other poems by Poe, save *The Raven*; but although it contains highly imaginative passages and is not without emotion and must always be accounted remarkable for its onomatopoeic qualities, it is obvious that it is — even more notably than *The Raven* — an artificial production.

**11 tintinnabulation.** Perhaps a coinage of Poe's out of Latin *tintinnabulum*; no earlier example of its use is recorded by either the Oxford Dictionary or the Century Dictionary. Whitty (p. 233) quotes a passage from Poulson's *Daily Advertiser* concerning bells







## TO HELEN (126)

(*Union Magazine*, November, 1848; 1850)

(TEXT: 1850)

This poem is addressed to Mrs. Sarah Helen Whitman, the poetess, of Providence, Rhode Island. It was written at some time during the first half of the year 1848 (see Woodberry, II, pp. 374 f., and *Last Letters of Edgar Allan Poe to Sarah Helen Whitman*, ed. Harrison, p. 40) in response to a poem of Mrs. Whitman's (*The Raven*), which had been read at a valentine party in New York on February 14, 1848, and published in the *Home Journal* of March 18, 1848. The text of Griswold's edition, which is followed here, contains two lines not found in the *Union* text (see the note on lines 26-28). Griswold's authority for these was probably some corrected clipping found among Poe's papers, though he may have used some manuscript which had been sent by Poe to Mrs. Whitman.

Poe's love affair with Mrs. Whitman furnishes one of the most romantic episodes in his very romantic career. The two first met in September, 1848, but if Poe's own account may be believed, he had cherished in secret an affection for Mrs. Whitman for several years; *To Helen*, indeed, purports to refer to the occasion of his first seeing her in the summer of 1845. Poe proposed marriage, it seems, on his first visit to Mrs. Whitman's home, and pressed his suit with extreme ardor. In November she consented to an engagement, with the understanding that Poe should abstain from the use of intoxicants. Late in December Poe went on to Providence for the marriage, the banns were duly read, and a clergyman was engaged to perform the ceremony; but on the day before that appointed for the wedding Mrs. Whitman was informed that the poet had violated his pledge to her, and she at once broke off the engagement. They did not meet after this. Excellent summaries of the entire episode are given by Ingram, pp. 366 f., and Woodberry, II, pp. 267 f.; and a detailed account is given by Caroline Ticknor in her volume, *Poe's Helen* (New York, 1916). See also Professor Harrison's "The Romance of Poe and Mrs. Whitman" (in the *Century Magazine* of January, 1909 (LXXVII, pp. 440 f.)) and the volume of Mrs. Whitman's letters already mentioned. Mrs. Whitman herself published in 1860 a book, *Edgar Poe and his Critics*, devoted largely to a defense of Poe against Griswold and others.

Mrs. Whitman's maiden name was Power. She was born January 19, 1803, at Providence, Rhode Island. In 1828 she married John Winslow Whitman, a lawyer of Boston, who died in 1833. She contributed verses to a number of the magazines of Poe's day, and was favorably known to Horace Greeley, George William Curtis, Mrs. Osgood, Miss Lynch, and other writers of the time. She died June 27, 1878. A collective edition of her poems, including a number inspired by Poe, was published at Boston in 1879.

*To Helen* is notable among Poe's poems for its vivid picture of nature. See, for other poems in which nature plays a part, the introductory note on *Evening Star*.

**Title.** In the *Union Magazine*, simply *To ——— ——— ———*, and so also in the text printed by Griswold in the *New York Tribune* (evening edition) of October 9, 1849, and in the 10th edition of his anthology. It is possible that the title which Griswold gives in his edition (1850) is not authentic, but Griswold is, I believe, entitled to the benefit of any doubt. He perhaps used a corrected clipping found among Poe's papers, or, possibly, a manuscript that Poe had sent Mrs. Whitman.

1 f. Cf. Griswold's "Memoir," p. xlv :

His name was now [that is, late in 1848] frequently associated with that of one of the most brilliant women of New England, and it was publicly announced that they were to be married. He had first seen her on his way from Boston, when he visited that city to deliver a poem before the Lyceum there. Restless, near the midnight, he wandered from his hotel near where she lived, until he saw her walking in a garden. He related the incident afterward in one of his most exquisite poems, worthy of himself, of her, and of the most exalted passion.

Griswold is in error in assigning the incident with which the poem deals to the autumn of 1845 (the precise date of the Boston engagement was October 16); the time referred to was evidently that of his visit to Providence with Mrs. Osgood in the summer of 1845 (see the *Last Letters of Poe to Mrs. Whitman*, p. 8). Poe, it will be noted (lines 3 and 21), associates the incident with the month of July; and that his trip to Providence was actually made in that month is proved by Chivers's account of his relations with Poe in 1845 (see "The Poe-Chivers Papers," *Century Magazine*, January, 1903 (LXV, p. 443)). According to Miss Ticknor (*Poe's Helen*, pp. 3-5, 61), Mrs. Whitman averred that Griswold was also in error in interpreting the poem as referring literally to the poet's glimpse of her in her rose garden.

**21, 22** I have omitted the comma after "Fate" in each line, and also — in accordance with present usage — the comma after "Sorrow."

**26-28** (Oh, Heaven! — oh, God! . . . Save only thee and me.) This passage first appeared in Griswold's edition of Poe (1850). According to Ingram (*Poetical Works of Poe* (New York, 1888), p. 53), the lines were omitted in the *Union Magazine* "contrary to the knowledge or desire of Poe." But Mr. Whitty (p. 237) expresses doubts as to their genuineness.

**28** In the original the mark of parenthesis is erroneously placed at the end of the preceding line.

**34, 35** the very roses' odors Died in the arms of the adoring airs. In an article signed "C. M." (Caroline May?) in the *Home Journal* of November 25, 1848, Poe is charged with having "boldly plagiarized" this idea from a line of Mrs. S. J. Hale's *Three Hours* (Philadelphia, 1848, p. 37):

The sound, it died in the arms of night.

(See for Poe's comment, the *Last Letters of Poe and Mrs. Whitman*, pp. 40, 42.)

**37-66** Poe makes a good deal of the eyes (see the note on *Tamerlane*, l. 111). Nowhere else, however, does he dwell on the eyes at such length as here.

**51-56** Imitated by Baudelaire in his sonnet, *Le Flambeau Vivant*, ll. 1, 6-7:

Ils marchent devant moi, ces Yeux pleins de lumières . . .  
Ils conduisent mes pas dans le route de Beau ;  
Ils sont mes serviteurs et je suis leur esclave.

**59, 60** Stoddard (I, p. 162) objects to what he calls the "refrain principle" in these and other lines of the poem on the ground that they do violence to the dignity of blank verse.

**61** In 1850, the comma is printed inside the parenthesis.

**65, 66** Cf. H. B. Hirst's sonnet *Astarte* (ll. 10-11):

thy argent eyes  
(Twin planets swimming through love's lustrous skies).

The sonnet was quoted by Poe in his review of Hirst's *The Coming of the Mammoth*, etc., in 1845 (Harrison, XII, pp. 179-180).

## ELDORADO (128)

(Flag of Our Union, April 21, 1849; 1850)

(TEXT: 1850)

This poem, though commonly spoken of as Poe's last poem, was evidently written in the late winter or early spring of 1849. Like the tale *Von Kempelen and his Discovery*, it is a product of the "gold-excitement" of '49 and one of many evidences of Poe's interest in contemporary matters. The name "Eldorado" was being freely applied to the California gold-regions at the time (cf. a statement in *Holden's Magazine* for February, 1849 (p. 126): "This word [Eldorado] is in everybody's mouth just now"). Lowell had used it as the title of an article dealing with the gold-regions published in the *Anti-Slavery Standard* in 1848, a part of which was quoted in the *Literary World* of January 6, 1849; and in the *Literary World* for February 10, 1849, appeared a poem, *Gold Seeking*, which began with an allusion to the "El Dorado" myth. Bayard Taylor was to publish during the following year his volume of travels in California under the title *El Dorado*.

The "El Dorado" myth is said to have had its origin in the tradition of a gilded king who dwelt in one of the Guianas. The epithet "El Dorado" was presently transferred, so the story runs, to the city which this king made his capital, a city of marvelous wealth and splendor (see A. F. A. Bandelier, *The Gilded One, El Dorado*, New York, 1893). The legend was accepted as true by Sir Walter Raleigh, who went on an expedition to the Guianas in 1595-1596 in search of El Dorado; but, not finding it, contented himself with publishing accounts of it that he had gathered, among them the letters of certain Spaniards who professed to have authentic evidence concerning it (see Raleigh's *Voyages to Guiana* (Edinburgh, 1820), pp. 8 f., 24 f., 102 f.). El Dorado is mentioned by Milton in one of his magical catalogues of names in *Paradise Lost* (XI, l. 411), and by Voltaire in his *Candide* (chap. xviii). Poe had alluded to the myth in *Dream-Land* and in his *Letter to B*—.

The poem is finely emblematic of Poe's own faith and aspirations, and, it may be added, also of his life. In a stirring essay entitled "Our Heritage of Idealism" (*Sewanee Review*, April, 1912 (XX, pp. 235 f.)), Professor C. Alphonso Smith has used the poem to exemplify Poe's "quest of the ideal"; and in the same connection he has brought

out the parallelism with Whittier's *Vanishers*, Emerson's *Forerunners*, and the opening lines of Lowell's *L'Envoi*.

In style the poem is remarkably simple and finished and spontaneous, and it possesses a "light-hearted lilt" (Newcomer, p. 304) that sets it quite apart from anything else that Poe wrote in his closing years.

The Griswold text reproduces the text of the *Flag of Our Union* except for slight corrections in the punctuation.

**Title.** Both the *Flag of Our Union* and Griswold print the title as one word, though Poe spelled it as two words in *Dream-Land* and in the *Letter to B*—.

#### FOR ANNIE (129)

(*Flag of Our Union*, April 28, 1849; *Home Journal*, April 28, 1849; 1850)

(TEXT: 1850)

"Annie" was Mrs. Annie Richmond of Lowell, Massachusetts. Poe first met her in the autumn of 1848 on a visit to Lowell (see Ingram, p. 388), and they soon became warm friends. A partial record of their friendship is preserved in a number of letters that have survived (see *Letters*, pp. 312 f. and *passim*, and Ingram, pp. 392 f.). Poe also introduced Mrs. Richmond into one of his prose sketches, *Landor's Cottage* (Harrison, VI, pp. 268 f.).

*For Annie* was probably written in February or March, 1849. Poe sent a copy of it to Mrs. Richmond on March 23, 1849 (see *Letters*, p. 343).

The earliest printed text of the poem is that of the *Flag of Our Union* for April 28, 1849. A revised draft appeared in the *Home Journal* of the same date. But that the *Flag* appeared in advance of the *Home Journal* is indicated both by a letter of Poe's to Mrs. Richmond, in which he complains that the *Flag* "so misprinted" his lines that he was "resolved to have a true copy" (*Letters*, pp. 346, 351), and by an editorial notice in the *Flag* for May 12, 1849, in which the *Home Journal* is called to account for copying the poem "without a word of credit." At some time during the summer or early autumn of 1849, Poe sent Griswold a manuscript copy for use with the tenth edition of his *Poets and Poetry of America* (*Letters*, p. 346). The same text was followed by Griswold in his edition of Poe (1850). A text exhibiting one verbal variant ("But" for "And," in line 45) is preserved in some proof sheets made for the Richmond

*Examiner* in the fall of 1849 (see Whitty, pp. viii, 240 f.). There is also an imperfect manuscript version (see the facsimile given by Ingram in the London *Bibliophile* for May, 1909 (p. 134)) which agrees in the main with the version printed in the *Flag* and which would seem to make Poe responsible for most of the "misprints" that he complains of in that text. The text here adopted is that of Griswold (1850) with slight corrections in punctuation.

In his letter to Willis asking that he reprint the poem in the *Home Journal* (*Letters*, p. 351), Poe had requested that he "say something on these lines" if they pleased him. Willis responded with the following editorial note prefixed to the poem:

#### ODD POEM!

The following exquisite specimen of the *private property in words* has been sent us by a friend, and we are glad to be able to add it to the scrap-book of singularities in literature which so many of our fair readers, doubtless, have upon the table. Poe certainly has that gift of nature, which an abstract man should be most proud of—a type of mind different from all others without being less truthful in its perceptions for that difference: and though (to use two long words) this kind of *idiosyncrasy* is necessarily *idiosyncratic*, and, from want of sympathy, cannot be largely popular, it is as valuable as rarity in anything else, and to be admired by connoisseurs proportionately. Money (to tell a useless truth) could not be better laid out for the honor of this period of American literature—neither by the government, by a society, nor by an individual—than in giving Edgar Poe a competent annuity, on condition that he should never write except upon impulse, never dilute his thoughts for the magazines, and never publish anything till it had been written a year. And this *because* the threatening dropsy of our country's literature is its copying the gregariousness which prevails in everything else, while Mr. Poe is not only peculiar in himself, but unsusceptible of imitation. We have Bulwers by hundreds, Mrs. Hemanses by thousands, Byrons common as shirt-collars, every kind of writer "by the lot," and less of *individualesque genius* than any other country in the world. This extends to other things as well. Horace Greeley is a national jewel (we think) from being humbly yet fearlessly *individualesque* in politics and conduct. What is commonly understood by *eccentricity* is but a trashy copy of what we mean. The reader's mind will easily pick out instances of the true *individualesque* in every walk of life, and as a mere suggestion we here leave it—proceeding to give Mr. Poe's verses.

In sending a manuscript of the poem to Mrs. Richmond in March, 1849, Poe wrote her: "I think the lines 'For Annie' . . . much the best I have ever written" (*Letters*, p. 344). In this judgment he has been sustained by at least one of his critics, William Stebbing, who writes (in his *The Poets: Chaucer to Tennyson*, II, p. 203): "I am inclined to rank it highest in Poe's poetic work. Nothing surpasses it in soaring fancy, or equals it in ideas and spiritual power." Stedman also praises it: "For repose, and for delicate and unstudied melody," he says (*Poets of America*, p. 246), "it is one of Poe's truest poems." And Madame Blanc remarks (*Revue des deux Mondes*, May 1, 1886, p. 105): "*For Annie* est le plus tendre de tous les poèmes de Poe." Robertson (p. 90) pronounces the poem "a wonderful lullaby," and adds (p. 92) that it possesses "that crowning quality of emotional plenitude which with perfection of form, makes great poetry as distinguished from fine verse." But some of the critics find little to praise in *For Annie*. Professor Woodberry, for instance, in the earlier edition of his life of Poe (p. 328), alludes to the poem as "the ghoulish lines 'To Annie'"; Markham inquires, in commenting on lines 39 f. (I, p. xxxvi): "What can we say severe enough of the poetry of such verses as these?"; Newcomer, also, asserts (*American Literature*, p. 124) that certain stanzas are "very sorry trash"; and Richardson (*American Literature*, II, p. 112) characterizes the fifth and sixth stanzas as "doggerel."

The conception underlying the poem is by no means a new one, but it is treated with extraordinary vividness of detail. The poet represents himself as lying in the tomb, after death, and rejoicing in the release from trials and disappointments and sorrows of this life, and exulting in the dream of "Annie's" love. (See the note on line 5 for certain parallels to this fundamental idea.)

1, 2 The punctuation of Griswold is misleading; I have substituted a comma for the dash printed by him after "crisis," and have inserted a comma after "danger."

5 the fever called "Living." The idea was a favorite one with Shelley; cf. *Prometheus Unbound*, III, iii, ll. 111-114:

Death is the veil which those who live call life:  
They sleep, and it is lifted;

*Sonnet*, beginning

Lift not the painted veil which those who live  
Call Life;

and *Adonais*, ll. 343-344:

Peace, peace! he is not dead, he doth not sleep —  
He hath awakened from the dream of life.

See also *Adonais*, ll. 352 f., 460 f.: *Prometheus Unbound*, III, iv, l. 190; and compare Milton's sonnet, *On the Religious Memory of Mrs. Catherine Thomson*, ll. 1-4:

When Faith and Love, which parted from thee never,  
Had ripen'd thy just soul to dwell with God,  
Meekly thou didst resign this earthy load  
Of Death, call'd Life, which us from Life doth sever.

Cf. also a passage in Poe's *Mesmeric Revelation* (Harrison, V, p. 250): "There are two bodies — the rudimental and the complete; corresponding with the two conditions of the worm and the butterfly. What we call 'death' is but the painful metamorphosis. Our present incarnation is progressive, preparatory, temporary. Our future is perfected, ultimate, immortal. The ultimate life is the full design."

**16 Might fancy me dead.** This would seem at first to involve a contradiction, but, taken in connection with the opening stanza, it is consistent enough: to the eye the lover appears to be dead (and the "painful metamorphosis called death" has been passed), but according to the poet's conception he has now passed into a happier and truer life.

**39 f.** See the comment of Edwin Markham quoted above in the introductory note.

**45 And.** The *Examiner* proof sheets read "But" (see Whitty, p. 240), the only verbal variation of that text from Griswold.

**56** In the interest of clearness I have inserted a comma after "Regretting."

**63, 64 A rosemary odor, Commingled with pansies.** A reference to Ophelia's words (*Hamlet*, IV, v, ll. 156 f.): "There 's rosemary, that 's for remembrance; pray you, love, remember; and there is pansies, that 's for thoughts." Cf. also Shelley's *Remembrance*, ll. 17-20:

Lilies for a bridal bed —  
Roses for a matron's head —  
Violets for a maiden dead —  
Pansies let *my* flowers be.

**66 Puritan pansies.** Echoed by Gerald Massey (as noted in the *Southern Literary Messenger* for June, 1857 (p. 479)) in his *Craig-crook Castle*:



The Pansies, pretty little puritans,  
Came peeping up with merry Elvish eyes.

75 f. According to a letter to Mrs. Richmond, written November 16, 1848 (see Ingram, p. 393), Poe had exacted of Mrs. Richmond, on one of his visits to Lowell, a promise that she would "under all circumstances . . . come to [him] on [his] bed of death."

83 the queen of the angels. A reference, evidently, to the Virgin Mary (cf. the apostrophe to Mary in the lines entitled *Hymn* and the mention of "high-born kinsmen" in *Annabel Lee*, l. 17).

86, 90 The comma that follows each of these lines in 1850 I have transferred to the end of the parenthesis in the following lines.

88 See the note on line 16.

90 In the interest of consistency (see l. 86) I have inserted a comma after "Now."

#### TO MY MOTHER (133)

(*Flag of Our Union*, July 7, 1849; *Leaflets of Memory*, 1850: 1850)

(TEXT: 1850)

In a letter to Mrs. Richmond, without date but written not earlier than April 28 nor later than June 9, 1849 (*Letters*, p. 346), Poe states: "The *Flag* has two of my articles yet—'A Sonnet to my Mother' and 'Landor's Cottage.'" *Landor's Cottage* had been sent to the *Flag* at some time in March or April, 1849 (see *Letters*, pp. 343-344). It is probable that the present poem was sent about the same time, and that it was written towards the end of the preceding winter or in the early spring.

The text printed in the *Flag* (July 7, 1849) was followed by Griswold except for one verbal change—the substitution of "dear" for "sweet" in line 5—and the omission of the word "Sonnet" in the title. The text published in *Leaflets of Memory* (a Philadelphia annual edited by Dr. Reynall Coates) evidently represents a revision of the *Flag* text. Poe probably left the manuscript of the poem with the editor of the *Leaflets* when he passed through Philadelphia on his way to Richmond in July, 1849. The *Leaflets* appeared at some time before November 17, 1849 (see the review of it in the *Literary World* of that date). The poem was copied from that volume in the *Union Magazine* of December, 1849, and also in the *Southern Literary Messenger* of

the same month, being published in both magazines not as an original contribution but in the editorial section. A text identical with that of the *Leaflets*, save for a slight difference in spelling, is preserved in proof sheets made for the Richmond *Examiner* in the fall of 1849 (Whitty, p. 241). Griswold in following the *Flag* text so closely acted, perhaps, without authority; but the *Leaflets* text could not have been unknown to him (appearing, as it did, not alone in the *Leaflets* but in the two magazines just mentioned); the one variation that appears in his text would seem, moreover, to furnish of itself confirmation of its authenticity. The balance of evidence appears to be in Griswold's favor, and his text has accordingly been followed in this edition.

The subject and inspiration of the poem is obviously the poet's own aunt and mother-in-law, Mrs. Maria Clemm. The assertion that she sustained the relation of mother to the poet is supported by the testimony of all who knew her. The testimony of no one on this point is fuller or more eloquent than that of N. P. Willis, in whose office Poe was employed as assistant editor of the *Mirror* for several months in 1844-1845 and with whom Poe was in more or less constant communication during the last five years of his life. Willis's tribute to Mrs. Clemm (published in his notice of Poe's death in the *Home Journal* of October 13, 1849) is in part as follows:

Our first knowledge of Mr. Poe's removal to this city [New York] was by a call which we received from a lady who introduced herself to us as the mother of his wife. She was in search of employment for him, and she excused her errand by mentioning that he was ill. . . . The countenance of this lady, made beautiful and saintly with an evidently complete giving up of her life to privation and sorrowful tenderness, her gentle and mournful voice urging its plea, her long-forgotten but habitually and unconsciously refined manners, and her appealing and yet appreciative mention of her son, disclosed at once the presence of one of those angels upon earth that women in adversity can be. . . . Winter after winter, for years, the most touching sight to us, in this whole city, has been that tireless minister to genius, thinly and insufficiently clad, going from office to office with a poem, or an article on some literary subject, to sell — sometimes simply pleading in a broken voice that he was ill, and begging for him — mentioning nothing but that "he was ill," whatever might be the reason for his writing nothing; and never, amid all her tears and recitals of distress, suffering one syllable to escape her lips that could convey a doubt of him, or a complaint, or a lessening of pride in his genius and good intentions. Her daughter died, a year and a half since, but she did not desert him. She continued his ministering angel, — living with him — caring for him — guarding him against exposure, and, when he was carried away by

temptation, amid grief and the loneliness of feelings unreplied to, and awoke from his self-abandonment prostrated in destitution and suffering, *begging* for him still. If woman's devotion, born with a first love, and fed with human passion, hallow its object, as it is allowed to do, what does not a devotion like this — pure, disinterested, and holy as the watch of an invisible spirit — say for him who inspired it?

**5 dear.** Both the *Flag* and *Leaflets of Memory* read "sweet."

**7 heart of hearts.** Cf. the note on *Politian*, III, l. 57.

#### ANNABEL LEE (134)

(New York *Tribune*, October 9, 1849; *Southern Literary Messenger*, November, 1849; Griswold's *Poets and Poetry of America*, 10th edition, 1850; *Union Magazine*, January, 1850; 1850)

.(TEXT: *Southern Literary Messenger*)

**Date of Composition.** *Annabel Lee* was written, we can be reasonably sure, in the late winter or spring of 1849. In a letter to Mrs. Richmond (*Letters*, pp. 345-346), undated, but belonging to some date between April 28 and June 9, 1849 (see the allusions to *For Annie* and *Landon's Cottage*), Poe speaks of the poem as though it had been recently written: "I have written a ballad called 'Annabel Lee,' which I will send you soon." Griswold reports that Poe assured him "just before he left New York" in June, 1849, that *Annabel Lee* "was the last thing he had written" (see the "Ludwig" article, reprinted by Harrison (I, p. 357)). To like effect is the testimony of John M. Daniel, who saw a good deal of Poe during the summer of 1849 (cf. the *Southern Literary Messenger*, XVI, p. 185). And Sartain understood the poem to have been the last that Poe wrote (see the *Union Magazine*, VI, p. 99). The only testimony conflicting with this view is that of Rosalie Poe (reported by Mrs. Weiss, p. 129), who declares that she "repeatedly heard" Poe read *Annabel Lee* in the summer of 1846, and of an unnamed correspondent of Professor Harrison, who asserts that he heard Poe recite parts of *Annabel Lee* in a lecture at Richmond in the summer of 1848 (Harrison, I, p. 312). But Rosalie Poe probably refers (as suggested above) to *Ulalume*, or possibly to *Eulalie*; and the statement of Professor Harrison's correspondent obviously relates to the summer of 1849, since Poe did not lecture in Richmond in 1848.

**Text.** The text adopted is that of the *Southern Literary Messenger* (November, 1849), which follows (except for an insignificant change in

punctuation) an autograph copy given by Poe to John R. Thompson (editor of the *Messenger*) on "the day before he left Richmond" in September, 1849 (*Southern Literary Messenger*, XV, p. 696). This text, then, has an incontestable claim to finality. Thompson reprinted the poem after the same copy in the *Messenger* of February, 1854 (XX, pp. 124-125), taking pains to vouch for the accuracy of his former statement. The manuscript followed by him is reproduced in facsimile by Woodberry (II, opposite page 352).

The *New York Tribune* text was published in the evening edition of that paper — as a part of Griswold's famous sketch of Poe (signed "Ludwig") — on October 9, 1849, two days after the poet's death. It is based on a manuscript sent to Griswold in June, 1849 (see *Letters*, pp. 346-347), for use in the forthcoming (10th) edition of his *Poets and Poetry of America*, which appeared in December, 1849. All subsequent editions of this work reproduce the poem as it appeared in the tenth edition. Griswold used the same manuscript, presumably, for his edition of Poe's poems (1850), but he there allowed two errors to slip in: "kinsman" for "kinsmen" in line 17 (perhaps under the influence of the *Union Magazine*) and "the" for "her" in line 40.

The text of the *Union Magazine*, published in January, 1850, is based on a manuscript (now in the library of Mr. J. P. Morgan) which Sartain claimed (*Union Magazine*, January, 1850 (VI, p. 99)) Poe had sold to him "a short time before his decease." Poe had perhaps left the manuscript with Sartain when he passed through Philadelphia on his way to Richmond in July, 1849 (see Woodberry's account of this visit to Philadelphia (II, pp. 309-313)), but some doubt is thrown on the accuracy of Sartain's statement that he had "bought and paid for" the poem by a notation on the back of the manuscript to the effect that the price paid was only five dollars (see Whitty, p. 243): Poe in his letter to Griswold (*Letters*, pp. 346-347) had suggested to Griswold that he dispose of the poem to Graham or to Godey for fifty dollars. The *Union* text, as Whitty has pointed out (p. 243), does not follow the manuscript faithfully, printing "kinsman" for "kinsmen" in line 17, and disregarding Poe's punctuation and type.

Poe had also submitted a copy of the poem (closely following the copy given Thompson) to the Richmond *Examiner* for publication in that paper, and the revised proofs made for this purpose are still in existence (see Whitty, pp. viii-x, 242).

**Source and Inspiration.** Mrs. Whitman believed that *Annabel Lee* was written in response to her poem, *Stanzas for Music*, published in

the *Metropolitan Magazine* for February, 1849, and was a "veiled expression" of Poe's "undying remembrance" of her (see the *Century Magazine*, January, 1909 (LXXVII, p. 447)). By others it has been held to refer to Mrs. Shelton (J. J. Moran, *A Defence of Edgar Allan Poe*, p. 32), to Poe's "Baltimore Mary" (the *Green Mountain Gem* as cited by Woodberry (I, p. 376)), and to no one in particular (Mrs. Weiss, p. 129). But the view universally held to-day among students of Poe is that *Annabel Lee* was written in memory of Virginia Clemm, the poet's child-wife. The best contemporary comment on the point is that of Mrs. Osgood, who wrote Griswold shortly after Poe's death (Griswold's *Memoir*, p. liii):

I believe she [Virginia Clemm] was the only woman whom he ever truly loved; and this is evidenced by the exquisite pathos of the little poem lately written, called *Annabel Lee*, of which she was the subject. . . . I have heard it said that it was intended to illustrate a late love affair of the author; but they who believe this, have in their dullness, evidently misunderstood or missed the beautiful meaning latent in the most lovely of all its verses — where he says,

"A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling  
My beautiful *Annabel Lee*,  
So that her *high-born kinsmen* came,  
And bore her away from me."

There seems a strange and almost profane disregard of the sacred purity and spiritual tenderness of this delicious ballad, in thus overlooking the allusion to the *kindred angels* and the heavenly *Father* of the lost and loved and forgotten wife.

A fairly close prose analogue of the poem is furnished by Poe's *Eleonora*, in which the reference is unmistakably to the poet's wife. The parallelism between the two has been brought out in detail by Professor Wightman F. Melton in the *South Atlantic Quarterly*, April, 1912 (XI, pp. 175 f.).

On the relations sustained by Poe to his wife, see Mrs. Weiss, *passim*; Woodberry, II, p. 440; and an article by P. A. Bruce, "Did Edgar Allan Poe Love his Wife?" in the *Richmond Times-Dispatch* of January 7, 1912. Mrs. Weiss contends that the marriage was one of convenience; and Professor Woodberry inclines to accept this view. But Mr. Bruce holds that the poet's affection for his wife was deep and genuine, and quotes at length from those who knew the Poe family in support of this view.

**Estimates of the Critics.** Among the critics Stoddard is the only one who has spoken in dispraise of the poem. "It is difficult to believe," he writes in his sketch of Poe (I, p. viii), "that he [the poet] was in earnest when he penned the jingling melodies of *Annabel Lee*, for to be in earnest with work like that would betray a disordered intellect"; and, again (*ibid.*, I, p. 172): "If 'Annabel Lee' and 'For Annie' possess any merit other than attaches to melodious jingle, I have not been able to discover it." But Stedman — whose sympathy with Poe was unailing — declares that *Annabel Lee* is "the simplest of Poe's melodies, and the most likely to please the common ear," and notes that it must have been written with greater spontaneity than was usual with the poet (cf. his *Poets of America*, p. 247). Professor Woodberry, also, pronounces it "the simplest and sweetest of Poe's ballads" (II, 351). And Nichol holds (*American Literature*, pp. 165, 219) that it is not only "the finest" of his lyrics, but that it displays the poet's passion "at the whitest heat."

**Title.** The title was perhaps suggested, in part, by the word "Eulalie" — in part, perhaps, by the name of the poet's friend "Annie" (Mrs. Richmond). The second half of the title may also have been influenced by P. P. Cooke's lyric, *Rosalie Lee*, which Poe was accustomed to recite in his lecture on "The Poets and Poetry of America"; and the first half, possibly, by a poem, *The Ladye Annabel*, by another of the poet's friends, George Lippard.

**2 In a kingdom by the sea.** The phrase possibly owes something to the title of Uhland's lyric, *The Castle by the Sea*. Longfellow's translation of this poem was printed in the Philadelphia *Saturday Courier* of October 7, 1843. Another translation, with the same title, was published in the *Southern Literary Messenger* for March, 1849 (XV, pp. 147-148).

**17 kinsmen.** The *Union Magazine*, by an atrocious typographical error, printed "kinsman" for "kinsmen"; and this error was copied by Griswold in his edition of Poe's poems. The allusion is clearly to the "angels . . . in Heaven" (l. 21).

**21, 22** Cf. *Tamerlane*, ll. 88-89:

'T was such as angel minds above  
Might envy.

**22** In the original the line closes with a semicolon. -

**41 by the side of the sea.** The reading of the *Union Magazine* and of the Griswold texts, "by the sounding sea," would seem to give

to the poem a more sonorous ending. It may have been rejected because of its similarity to a line in Mrs. Osgood's *The Life Voyage*, "Beside the sounding sea" (see *Graham's Magazine*, November, 1842 (XXI, p. 265)).

## ELIZABETH (136)

One of two acrostics addressed by Poe to his Baltimore cousin, Elizabeth Rebecca Herring, and preserved in a manuscript page torn from an album belonging to her, in which it was originally written. The text follows this manuscript save for slight corrections in punctuation and spelling. The lines were probably written in 1830 or 1831.

Miss Herring, whose given names the first letters of the several lines of the poem spell out, was the daughter of Eliza Poe, paternal aunt of the poet, and Henry Herring (see *Letters*, p. 14). According to the records of St. Paul's Church, Baltimore, she was born October 13, 1815. She was married—according to the records of Christ Church, Baltimore, and the marriage records of the same city—on December 2, 1834, to Andrew Turner Tutt. Poe's love affair with her belongs, apparently, to the years 1829–1831. A volume of the 1829 edition of the poems presented to her by the poet and bearing on one of the flyleaves the words "For my Cousin Elizabeth" is in the possession of Mr. George H. Richmond, of New York City.

The lines were doubtless an improvisation, and were not included by the poet in any edition of his works.

**4 Zeno.** "It was a saying of this philosopher that 'one's own name should never appear in one's own book.'" — POE.

**7 pursuing.** Spelled "persuing" in the manuscript.

**14** For a similar anacoluthon, see *Fairy-Land*, l. 33. What "Greek name" Poe alludes to I am unable to say.

## AN ACROSTIC (136)

This, also, is an acrostic to the poet's cousin, Elizabeth Herring, written in her autograph album about 1830 or a little later. The present text follows Poe's manuscript except for several necessary changes in the pointing, the addition of a title, and a correction in spelling.

**3 L. E. L.** The signature of Letitia E. Landon (1802–1838), whose verses were published broadcast in the periodical press of both England and America in the third and fourth decades of last century.

**4 Xanthippe's.** Spelled "Zantippe's" in the original.

## LATIN HYMN (137)

(*Southern Literary Messenger*, March, 1836; *Tales*, 1840; *Broadway Journal*, December 6, 1845 (in each instance, incorporated in the tale *Four Beasts in One*))

(TEXT: *Broadway Journal*)

A free translation of the following Latin song :

Mille, mille, mille,  
 Mille, mille, mille,  
 Decollavimus, unus homo !  
 Mille, mille, mille, mille, decollavimus !  
 Mille, mille, mille !  
 Vivat qui mille mille occidit !  
 Tantum vini habet nemo  
 Quantum sanguinis effudit !

Poe gives the Latin original along with his translation in his story *Four Beasts in One* (Harrison, II, p. 209). In a footnote he makes the following comment on the poem: "Flavius Vopiscus says that the hymn here introduced, was sung by the rabble upon the occasion of Aurelian, in the Sarmatic war, having slain with his own hand nine hundred and fifty of the enemy." The lines, with insignificant variations from the text as given by Poe, are to be found in *Flavii Vopisci Aurelianus*, Tauchnitz edition of *Scriptores Historiæ Augustæ* (Leipzig, 1884), II, p. 152.

Poe was perhaps influenced in the rhythm of his translation by Dryden's *Alexander's Feast*.

The title is taken from the context.

## SONG OF TRIUMPH (137)

(*Southern Literary Messenger*, March, 1836; *Tales*, 1840; *Broadway Journal*, December 6, 1845 (in each, printed as a part of the tale *Four Beasts in One*))

(TEXT: *Broadway Journal*)

This poem, like the *Latin Hymn*, was not published by Poe in any edition of his poems, but only as a part of the story *Four Beasts in One*. In the *Southern Literary Messenger* and in *Tales* (1840) the first four lines of the poem are repeated after line 8. The date of composition was probably 1832 or 1833.



## ALONE (138)

These lines were first attributed to Poe by E. L. Didier, who declares that they were found in an autograph album belonging to a Mrs. Balderston of Baltimore and that they bear Poe's signature (*The Poe Cult*, p. 270). They were reproduced in facsimile in *Scribner's Monthly* for September, 1875 (X, p. 608), being there supplied with a title (which is adopted here) and a fictitious date. The original manuscript is not in Poe's hand; but the poem is clearly in Poe's early manner. It is accepted as genuine by Stedman and Woodberry (X, p. 138), by Stoddard (I, p. 35), by Harrison (XVI, p. 378), and by Whitty (p. 135). If the work of Poe, it was probably written in 1829 or 1830. The text here followed is that of the *Scribner's* facsimile (with slight corrections in punctuation).

## A WEST POINT LAMPOON (138)

This bit of doggerel is attributed to Poe by H. B. Hirst in his sketch of Poe in the Philadelphia *Saturday Museum* (February 25, 1843), and also by T. W. Gibson, one of his fellow-cadets at West Point, in *Harper's Monthly*, November, 1867 (XXXV, pp. 754 f.), and by W. F. Gill in his life of Poe (p. 53). Hirst's sketch was made up from materials furnished him by the poet (see Woodberry, II, p. 5), and almost surely passed under Poe's eye before publication.

1 **Locke.** Assistant Instructor of Tactics at West Point in 1830-1831.

## LINES TO LOUISA (139)

These verses were first attributed to Poe by J. H. Whitty (New York *Sun*, November 21, 1915), who gives them the title *Life's Vital Stream*. The original manuscript of the lines was found in 1909 among the welter of old papers in the Ellis-Allan collection (once in the possession of the partner of Poe's foster-father), now the property of the Library of Congress. Mr. Whitty holds that they are in Poe's autograph, but of this I do not feel that we can be certain: some of the capital letters resemble Poe's, but others are unlike any autograph of his that has been preserved; and both the form adopted and the paper used — a dingy scrap, torn perhaps from some office-book — are against the supposition that the lines are his. If Poe's, it is possible that the verses

refer to the second Mrs. Allan (one of whose given names was "Louisa"); and on that supposition they must have been written in 1831 or thereabouts. But Mr. Whitty suggests 1827 as their probable date.

The punctuation of the original is very crude. The present editor has inserted the periods at the end of lines 4, 12, and 16; the comma after "shrieks" in line 7 and after "soul" in line 13; and the semicolon at the end of line 13. With other lines the pointing is scarcely legible.

The lines appear to have been influenced by Pope's *The Dying Christian to his Soul*.

3 life-drops. Written as two words in the original. So also with "eye-balls" in line 6 and "blood-chilling" in line 11.

9 hideous. Spelled "hidious" in the original.

#### TO SARAH (139)

Published above the signature "Sylvio" in the *Southern Literary Messenger* of August, 1835. First assigned to Poe by Whitty (pp. 142, 286), on the basis of "a memorandum left by Poe in the 'Duane' copy of the *Messenger*." "Sarah" is presumably Miss Sarah Elmira Royster, of Richmond (see the introductory note on *Tamerlane*). The lines, if the work of Poe, were perhaps composed while he was a student at the University of Virginia in 1826. In both style and mood the poem is unlike Poe's fully authenticated work.

1-3 Cf. the opening stanza of Wordsworth's *Expostulation and Reply* (1798):

Why, William, on that old grey stone,  
Thus for the length of half a day,  
Why, William, sit you thus alone,  
And dream your time away?

In his *Letter to B*—Poe had expressed his disapproval of Wordsworth, and Briggs wrote Lowell in 1845: "He does not read Wordsworth, and knows nothing about him" (Woodberry, II, p. 146). But Poe appears to have echoed certain lines of Wordsworth in some of his early verses (see *Romance* [text of 1831], l. 47; *The Valley of Unrest*, ll. 15-16; and *The Coliseum*, l. 46). And while he objected to Wordsworth's didacticism, his references to him in his critical writings are not invariably disparaging.

17 *Hermia's dew*. An error for "Hermon's dew"; see the note on *Politian*, II, ll. 34-35.

## BALLAD (140)

First published in the *Southern Literary Messenger* of August, 1835 (I, pp. 705-706), and there preceded by the following letter :

MR. WHITE :

The subjoined copy of an old Scotch ballad, contains so much of the beauty and genuine spirit of by-gone poetry, that I have determined to risk a frown from the fair lady by whom the copy was furnished, in submitting it for publication. The ladies sometimes violate their promises — may I not for once assume their privilege, in presenting to the readers of the *Messenger* this "legend of the olden time," although *I promised not?* Relying on the kind heart of the lady for forgiveness for *this breach of promise*, I have anticipated the pardon in sending you the lines, which I have never as yet seen in print.

SIDNEY.

The poem was first associated with Poe by Stedman and Woodberry (X, p. 161); and Professor Woodberry suggests (*Life*, II, p. 415) that it was "probably the first draft" of *Bridal Ballad* (published in the *Messenger* of January, 1837). In this view he is almost surely correct. One line of the poem (31) reappears, with the omission of a single word, in *Bridal Ballad*, and the two are otherwise strikingly similar in diction and meter and atmosphere, as well as in theme.

The poem, if the work of Poe, probably has reference to Miss Royster's marriage to Mr. Shelton (see the notes on *Tamerlane* and the lines *To Sarah*). In none of the fully authenticated poems is there mention of the leave-taking between the poet and Miss Royster (on his departure, supposedly, for the University), nor of the attitude of Miss Royster's mother to the poet — though there is a possible allusion in *Bridal Ballad* (see the note on line 3 of that poem) to the influence exerted by Mr. Shelton's wealth in determining the issue of his suit.

1-4 Cf. the fourth stanza of the 1837 version of *Bridal Ballad* (reproduced in the note on *Bridal Ballad*, l. 19).

31 Identical with line 23 of *Bridal Ballad* except that the latter omits "poor" before "heart."

## FRAGMENT OF A CAMPAIGN SONG (141)

Attributed to Poe by Gabriel Harrison, in an article published in the *New York Times Saturday Review* of March 4, 1899, from which the present text is copied (save for the addition of a title). Harrison states that the lines were composed by Poe on a visit to New York in the

winter of 1843-1844, and that there were all together five stanzas and a chorus. Poe was a Whig in politics, and at times displayed an active interest in political affairs, especially in 1842-1843, when he was endeavoring to secure an appointment to a position in the Philadelphia custom house. The "White Eagle" was the name of a political club of which Harrison was president at the time.

### IMPROMPTU (142)

TO KATE CAROL

Published in the *Broadway Journal* of April 26, 1845, under the heading "Editorial Miscellany"; and first attributed to Poe by J. H. Whitty (pp. 147, 287). "Kate Carol" was one of the pen-names under which Mrs. Osgood wrote (cf. Griswold's statement in *Laurel Leaves*, the second edition of *The Memorial* in honor of Mrs. Osgood, p. 22, note, and articles by her under that signature in *Labree's Illustrated Magazine* and the *Union Magazine* in 1847). That Poe composed the lines is highly probable. At the time of their publication he was writing the bulk (if not all) of the editorial miscellany in the *Broadway Journal*, and he was publishing about this time other verses to Mrs. Osgood (see the notes on *To F——* and *To F——s S. O——d*); and Mrs. Osgood had recently contributed verses to the *Broadway Journal* that were apparently meant for Poe (*Love's Reply*, in the issue of April 12, 1845).

2 those pure orbs. Cf. *A Valentine*, ll. 1-2:

For her these lines are penned, whose luminous eyes,  
Brightly expressive as the twins of Lœda;

and see also Poe's description of Mrs. Osgood's eyes in his sketch of her in the *Literati* (Harrison, XV, p. 104): "Eyes of a clear, luminous gray, large, and with a singular capacity of expression."

4 For Poe's weakness for punning, see the note on *A Valentine*, l. 17.

### THE DEPARTED (142)

Printed in the *Broadway Journal* of July 12, 1845 (II, p. 7), and there signed "L." Attributed to Poe by Thomas Holley Chivers in the *Waverley Magazine* of July 30, 1853 (p. 73). The lines resemble more the work of Chivers or Ide or Hirst than that of Poe. The

signature "L" appears nowhere else in the *Broadway Journal*, but is appended to an article, "Our Magazine Literature," in the *New World* of March 11, 1843, which is assigned to Poe by W. M. Griswold (*Correspondence of R. W. Griswold*, p. 118). Poe, it may be added, had published in the *Broadway Journal* a number of tales over the signature "Littleton Barry" (or "Barry Littleton"). On the other hand, it should be noted that there were articles in other periodicals of the time signed "L" that are clearly not Poe's (see poems in the *Weekly Mirror* for October 26, and November 23, 1844, and in *Graham's Magazine* for December, 1845). Obviously the evidence on which the lines were assigned to Poe is extremely flimsy. Chivers contended that the lines are an imitation of his poem *To Allegra Florence in Heaven*, which he held also furnished the original suggestion of the meter and the style of *The Raven*.

#### THE DIVINE RIGHT OF KINGS (143)

Published above the signature "P." in *Graham's Magazine* for October, 1845. Attributed to Poe by J. H. Whitty in the *New York Sun* of November 21, 1915 (see also a revision of this article in the *New York Nation* of January 27, 1916). The grounds given by Mr. Whitty for assigning the lines to Poe are, first, the presence of the initial "P." and, second, the fact that, in a copy of *Graham's Magazine* (for 1845-1846) once owned by Mrs. F. S. Osgood, the signature affixed to the poem is expanded—in a handwriting which Mr. Whitty believes to be Mrs. Osgood's—so as to read "E. A. Poe." The lines refer, according to Mr. Whitty's theory, to Mrs. Osgood, who wrote at one time, so Mr. Whitty declares, under the pen-name "Ellen." The verses are obviously not in Poe's usual manner.

#### STANZAS (144)

First published in *Graham's Magazine* for December, 1845, being there subscribed with the initial "P." Assigned to Poe by Mr. Whitty, on evidence similar to that advanced in support of the authenticity of *The Divine Right of Kings* (*New York Sun*, November 21, 1915). If Poe's, the lines doubtless refer to Mrs. Osgood, to whom the poet addressed *A Valentine* (see pp. 115-116, above) in February, 1846.

## GRATITUDE (145)

To —

Published in *The Symposia* of Providence, Rhode Island, January 27, 1848, and there signed "E. A. P." (cf. Whitty, p. 286). First attributed to Poe by J. H. Whitty, who suggests that the poem was inspired by Mrs. Whitman. The fact that it bears Poe's initials furnishes evidence in favor of its authenticity that cannot be ignored, though the style of the poem furnishes equally strong evidence against Poe's authorship. It is possible that the lines were written by some other versifier who happened to have the same initials as Poe; or that Poe's initials were affixed to the lines by way of hoax. If written by Poe, it is possible that they refer to Mrs. Shew; though the final line, with its reference to spiritualistic influences, and the fact that the lines were published at Providence may be held to favor the supposition that they refer to Mrs. Whitman. The text here printed is that of Whitty (pp. 144-145).

## APPENDIX

### COLLATION OF THE EDITIONS PUBLISHED BY POE

1827

**Tamerlane/and/Other Poems./By a Bostonian.**

Young heads are giddy, and young hearts are warm,  
And make mistakes for manhood to reform. COWPER.

Boston:/Calvin F. S. Thomas . . . Printer./1827.

18 mo.: pp. 40. P. 1: title (as above). P. 2: blank. Pp. 3-4: Preface. Pp. 5-21: *Tamerlane*. P. 22: blank. P. 23: Fugitive Pieces (half-title). P. 24: blank. P. 25: *To* — — — ("I saw thee on the bridal day"). Pp. 26-27: *Dreams*. Pp. 27-28: *Visit of the Dead*. Pp. 28-29: *Evening Star*. Pp. 29-30: *Imitation* (later known as *A Dream within a Dream*). Pp. 30-32: *Stanzas* (without title). Pp. 32-33: *A Dream* (without title). Pp. 33-34: "*The Happiest Day — The Happiest Hour*" (without title). P. 34: *The Lake*. P. 35: Notes (half-title). P. 36: blank. Pp. 37-40: Notes.

[This little volume probably came from the press in May or June, 1827. It is mentioned in the *United States Review and Literary Gazette* (Boston) for August, 1827, as among recent publications; and it is also mentioned in a similar list in the *North American Review* of October, 1827. Apparently no one condescended to review it; though it was paid the compliment of being listed in Samuel Kettell's "Catalogue of American Poetry" in his *Specimens of American Literature* (Boston, 1829), III, p. 405. The couplet quoted from Cowper on the title-page is from his *Tirocinium*, ll. 444-445, and apparently was meant to imply something of remorse on the part of the poet for his recent conduct. No copy of 1827 is to be found in any of the public libraries of America, though a copy is owned by the British Museum. A reprint of the volume, with preface by R. H. Shepherd, was published at London in 1884; and a second reprint was published at Greenwich, Connecticut, in 1905.]

1829

## Al Aaraaf, / Tamerlane, / and / Minor Poems.

By Edgar A. Poe. / Baltimore : / Hatch &amp; Dunning. / 1829.

Octavo: pp. 72. P. 1: title (as above). P. 2: [Copy Right Secured.] / [Matchett & Woods, printers.]. P. 3:

Entiendes, Fabio, lo que voi diciendo?  
Toma, si, lo entendio:— Mientes, Fabio.

P. 4: blank. P. 5: *Al Aaraaf* (half-title). P. 6: What has night to do with sleep? / COMUS. P. 7: Dedication. / Who drinks the deepest? — here's to him. / CLEVELAND. P. 8: blank. P. 9: "A star was discovered by Tycho Brahe which burst forth, in a moment, with a splendor surpassing that of Jupiter — then gradually faded away and became invisible to the naked eye." P. 10: blank. P. 11: *Sonnet — To Science* (without title). P. 12: blank. Pp. 13–21: *Al Aaraaf*, Part I. P. 22: blank. P. 23: *Al Aaraaf* (half-title). P. 24: blank. Pp. 25–38: *Al Aaraaf*, Part II. P. 39: *Tamerlane* (half-title). P. 40: Advertisement. / This Poem was printed for publication in Boston, in the year / 1827, but suppressed through circumstances of a private nature. / P. 41: To / John Neal / This Poem / Is / Respectfully Dedicated. P. 42: blank. Pp. 43–54: *Tamerlane*. P. 55: Miscellaneous Poems (half-title). P. 56:

My nothingness — my wants —  
My sins — and my contrition —

SOUTHEY E PERSIS.

And some flowers — *but no bays.*

MILTON.

P. 57: *Preface* (later known as *Romance*). P. 58: blank. Pp. 59–60: *To — —* (later known as *A Dream within a Dream*). P. 61: *To — —* (later known as *Song*). P. 62: *To — —* ("The bowers whereat," etc.). P. 63: *To the River — —*. Pp. 64–65: *The Lake — To — —*. Pp. 65–66: *Spirits of the Dead*. P. 67: *A Dream*. Pp. 68–69: *To M — —*. Pp. 69–71: *Fairyland*. P. 72: blank.

[The edition of 1829 appeared in December, 1829, probably towards the end of the month, but not later than December 29, as appears from a letter of that date to John Neal (cf. Woodberry, I, p. 369). It was mentioned by Neal in the December issue of the *Yankee and Boston Literary Gazette* (p. 295) as "about to be published." It is said to have been noticed, also,



but unfavorably, in the Baltimore *Minerva and Emerald* (cf. J. H. Hewitt's *Shadows on the Wall*, p. 41). The Spanish quotation on page 3 I have been unable to place. The verse quoted from *Comus* (on page 6) is line 122 of that poem. The line attributed to Cleveland (on page 7) is from a poem entitled *A Song of Sack* (l. 36), which was included in the edition of Cleveland's poems published in 1687, but which Professor J. M. Berdan (editor of *Poems of John Cleveland*, New York, 1903) informs me is not now believed to be the work of Cleveland. The quotation from Southey (on page 56) is from his poem entitled *Imitation from the Persian*, first published (with commas where Poe has dashes) in the *Bijou* for 1828 (p. 98). The passage on the same page, attributed to Milton, is misquoted from his *Epitaph on the Marchioness of Winchester* (l. 57); it reads in the original, "And some flowers and some bays." A copy of the edition of 1829 is to be found in the Peabody Institute at Baltimore, and another in the Library of Yale University.]

## 1831

*Poems*/by/Edgar A. Poe./Tout le Monde a Raison. — Rochefoucault./Second Edition./New York:/Published by Elam Bliss./1831.

12 mo.: pp. 124. P. 1: *Poems* (half-title). P. 2: blank. P. 3: title (as above). P. 4: Henry Mason, Printer, 64 Nassau Street, New York. P. 5: To/The U.S. Corps of Cadets/This Volume/Is Respectfully Dedicated. P. 6: blank. P. 7: Contents./Dedication./Letter to Mr. ——. /Introduction. /To Helen. /Israfel. /The Doomed City. /Fairylan-land. /Irene. /A Pæan. /The Valley Nis. /Al Aaraaf. /Tamerlane (half-titles, in two columns). P. 8: blank. P. 9: Letter. P. 10: blank. P. 11:

Tell wit how much it wrangles  
In fickle points of niceness —  
Tell wisdom it entangles  
Itself in overwiseness.

*Sir Walter Raleigh.*

P. 12: blank. Pp. 13–29: Letter to Mr. ——. P. 30: blank. P. 31: Introduction (half-title). P. 32: blank. Pp. 33–36: Introduction (later known as *Romance*). P. 37: *Helen* (half-title). P. 38: blank. P. 39: *To Helen*. P. 40: blank. P. 41: *Israfel* (half-title). P. 42: blank. Pp. 43–45: *Israfel*. P. 46: blank. P. 47: *The Doomed City* (half-title). P. 48: blank. Pp. 49–51: *The Doomed City*. P. 52: blank. P. 53: *Fairylan-land* (half-title). P. 54: blank. Pp. 55–58: *Fairy-Land*. P. 59: *Irene* (half-title). P. 60: blank. Pp. 61–64: *Irene* (later known as *The Sleeper*). P. 65: *A Pæan* (half-title). P. 66: blank. Pp. 67–70: *A Pæan* (later known as *Lenore*). P. 71: *Valley Nis*

(half-title). P. 72: blank. Pp. 73-75: *The Valley Vis.* P. 76: blank. P. 77: *Al Araaf* (half-title). P. 78: What has night to do with sleep? — COMUS. P. 79: A star was discovered by Tycho Brahe which burst forth, in a moment, with a splendor surpassing that of Jupiter — then gradually faded away, and became invisible to the naked eye. P. 80: blank. P. 81: *Sonnet — To Science* (without title). P. 82: blank. Pp. 83-92: *Al Araaf (sic)*/Part First. P. 93: *Al Araaf* (half-title). P. 94: blank. Pp. 95-108: *Al Araaf*/Part Second. P. 109: *Tamerlane* (half-title). P. 110: blank. Pp. 111-124: *Tamerlane*.

[This volume came from the press, in all likelihood, in April, 1831. It is dedicated to the West Point Cadets, and the *Letter to B—*, which serves as a preface (see pp. 311 f., below), is superscribed "West Point, —, 1831." Poe was officially dismissed from the Academy on March 6, and he was in New York City on March 10, and in Baltimore on May 6 (see Woodberry, I, pp. 79 f., 88). According to the West Point tradition he left the Academy before the volume appeared, though he had raised subscriptions for it prior to his leaving (see Woodberry, I, p. 78, and T. W. Gibson in *Harper's Monthly*, November, 1867 (XXXV, pp. 754 f.)). The volume was reviewed in the New York *Mirror* of May 7, 1831, and again, briefly, in Atkinson's *Philadelphia Casket* for May, 1831 (out about May 15). The quotation (p. 11) from Sir Walter Raleigh is from his poem *The Lie*, ll. 43-46 (Aldine edition, p. 25), Poe substituting the words "fickle," "it," and "itself" for "tickle," "she," and "herself" in lines 2, 3, and 4 of the original. The quotation from Rochefoucauld I have not been able to identify. A copy of the edition of 1831 is owned by the John Hay Memorial Library at Providence, Rhode Island.]

## 1845

*The Raven and Other Poems.* By Edgar A. Poe. New York: Wiley and Putnam, 161 Broadway. 1845.

12 mo.: pp. viii + 92. P. i: Wiley and Putnam's Library of American Books. *The Raven and Other Poems* (half-title). P. ii: blank. P. iii: title (as above). P. iv: Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1845, by Edgar A. Poe, In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York. T. B. Smith, Stereotyper, 216 William Street. P. v: To the Noblest of her Sex — To the Author of "The Drama of Exile" — To Miss Elizabeth Barrett Barrett, of England, I Dedicate This Volume, With the Most Enthusiastic Admiration And with the Most Sincere Esteem. E. A. P. P. vi: blank. P. vii: Preface (see below, p. 310). P. viii: Contents (the first nineteen titles falling under this general

heading, and the remaining eleven under the subtitle "Poems Written in Youth"). Pp. 1-5: *The Raven*. P. 6: *The Valley of Unrest*. Pp. 7-8: *Bridal Ballad*. Pp. 9-11: *The Sleeper*. Pp. 12-13: *The Coliseum*. Pp. 14-15: *Lenore*. P. 15: *Catholic Hymn*. Pp. 16-17: *Israfel*. Pp. 18-20: *Dream-Land*. P. 20: *Sonnet — To Zante*. Pp. 21-22: *The City in the Sea*. P. 23: *To One in Paradise*. P. 24: *Eulalie — A Song*. P. 25: *To F——s S. O——d*, and *To F——*. P. 26: *Sonnet — Silence*. Pp. 27-28: *The Conqueror Worm*. Pp. 29-30: *The Haunted Palace*. Pp. 31-51: *Scenes from "Politian"; An Unpublished Drama*. P. 52: blank. P. 53: Poems Written in Youth (half-title). P. 54: blank. P. 55: *Sonnet — To Science*. Pp. 56-73: *Al Aaraaf*. Pp. 74-82: *Tamerlane*. P. 83: *A Dream*. P. 84: *Romance*. Pp. 85-86: *Fairy-Land*. P. 87: *To ——* ("The bowers whereat, in dreams, I see"). P. 88: *To the River ——*. P. 89: *The Lake — To ——*. P. 90: *Song*. P. 91: *To Helen*. P. 92: blank.

[The volume was reprinted by Wiley and Putnam in London in 1846. The American edition came from the press about November 15, 1845. In a letter of this date to Chivers (see the *Century Magazine*, LXV, p. 547) Poe wrote that he was sending him a copy of his poems. It was announced as "on hand for notice" in the *Broadway Journal* of November 22, 1845, and was advertised as on sale in the *Baltimore Saturday Visitor* of the same date (the selling price being thirty-one cents). The last proofs were read, so Poe stated in the *Broadway Journal* of December 13, 1845 (see Harrison, XIII, p. 31), on October 15. The copy went to the printers about the middle of September (Harrison, XVII, pp. 215-216). It was noticed in the *New York Tribune* of November 26, 1845 (by Margaret Fuller), in the *New York Mirror* of November 29, 1845; in the *Democratic Review* (briefly) for December, 1845; in the *Brook Farm Harbinger* of December 6, 1845; in the *Knickerbocker Magazine* for January, 1846; and in the *London Literary Gazette*, March 14, 1846. The volume is not especially rare. For the dedication (to Mrs. Browning) and for the preface, see pp. 310-311.]

## PREFACES AND PREFATORY NOTICES

### PREFACE OF THE EDITION OF 1827

The greater part of the Poems which compose this little volume, were written in the year 1821-2, when the author had not completed his fourteenth year. They were of course not intended for publication; why they are now published concerns no one but himself. Of the smaller pieces very little need be said: they perhaps savour too much

of Egotism; but they were written by one too young to have any knowledge of the world but from his own breast.

In Tamerlane, he has endeavoured to expose the folly of even *risking* the best feelings of the heart at the shrine of Ambition. He is conscious that in this there are many faults, (besides that of the general character of the poem) which he flatters himself he could, with little trouble, have corrected, but unlike many of his predecessors, has been too fond of his early productions to amend them in his *old age*.

He will not say that he is indifferent as to the success of these Poems — it might stimulate him to other attempts — but he can safely assert that failure will not at all influence him in a resolution already adopted. This is challenging criticism — let it be so. *Nos hæc novimus esse nihil.*

#### DEDICATION OF THE EDITION OF 1845

To the Noblest of her Sex —  
 To the Author of  
 "The Drama of Exile" —  
 To Miss Elizabeth Barrett Barrett,  
 Of England,  
 I Dedicate This Volume,  
 With the Most Enthusiastic Admiration  
 And with the Most Sincere Esteem.

E. A. P.

#### PREFACE OF THE EDITION OF 1845

These trifles are collected and republished chiefly with a view to their redemption from the many improvements to which they have been subjected while going "the rounds of the press." I am naturally anxious that if what I have written is to circulate at all, it should circulate as I wrote it.<sup>1</sup> In defence of my own taste, nevertheless, it is incumbent on me to say that I think nothing in this volume of much value to the public, or very creditable to myself. Events not to be controlled have prevented me from making, at any time, any serious effort in what, under happier circumstances, would have been the field

<sup>1</sup> The reading of the Lorimer Graham copy, the text here adopted. The original reading was as follows: "If what I have written is to circulate at all, I am naturally anxious that it should circulate as I wrote it."

of my choice. With me poetry has been not a purpose, but a passion; and the passions should be held in reverence; they must not—they cannot at will be excited, with an eye to the paltry compensations, or the more paltry commendations, of mankind.

E. A. P.

### LETTER TO B——<sup>1</sup>

It has been said that a good critique on a poem may be written by one who is no poet himself. This, according to *your* idea and *mine* of poetry, I feel to be false—the less poetical the critic, the less just the

<sup>1</sup> From the *Southern Literary Messenger* for July, 1836 (with slight revisions in punctuation and spelling). Originally published as the preface of 1831.

The text of 1831 is entitled *Letter to Mr. ——*, and is introduced by the following paragraph:

West Point, —— 1831.

Dear B——.

Believing only a portion of my former volume to be worthy a second edition—that small portion I thought it as well to include in the present book as to republish by itself. I have, therefore, herein combined *Al Aaraaf* and *Tamerlane* with other Poems hitherto unprinted. Nor have I hesitated to insert from the "Minor Poems," now omitted, whole lines, and even passages, to the end that being placed in a fairer light, and the trash shaken from them in which they were imbedded, they may have some chance of being seen by posterity.

In the *Messenger* text the following editorial comment (perhaps by Poe) is printed as a footnote on the article:

These detached passages form part of the preface to a small volume printed some years ago for private circulation. They have vigor and much originality—but of course we shall not be called upon to endorse all the writer's opinions.—*Ed.*

"B——," according to Harrison (VII, p. xxxv, note), is "a fictitious personage." Cullum (*Harper's Monthly*, XLV, p. 561, note) holds that "B——" is Poe's abbreviation for Bulwer, and that he meant to dedicate his volume to the novelist. It seems more likely, however, that Poe refers to Elam Bliss, the publisher of his volume. The article was headed in 1831 (as we have already noted) *Letter to Mr. ——*. Bliss was a patron of letters who enjoyed the confidence of more than one of the early poets. He was the publisher of the 1832 edition of Bryant's Poems, and of several gift-books (including *The Talisman*, 1828–1830, *The American Landscape*, 1830, and *Miscellanies*, 1833) to which Bryant contributed; and he published in 1825, with E. White, the *New York Review and Athenæum Magazine*, a journal which was merged in 1826 with the *United States Literary Gazette*.

critique, and the converse. On this account, and because there are but few B——'s in the world, I would be as much ashamed of the world's good opinion as proud of your own. Another than yourself might here observe, "Shakespeare is in possession of the world's good opinion, and yet Shakespeare is the greatest of poets. It appears then that the world judge correctly, why should you be ashamed of their favorable judgment?" The difficulty lies in the interpretation of the word "judgment" or "opinion." The opinion is the world's, truly, but it may be called theirs as a man would call a book his, having bought it; he did not write the book, but it is his; they did not originate the opinion, but it is theirs. A fool, for example, thinks Shakespeare a great poet — yet the fool has never read Shakespeare. But the fool's neighbor, who is a step higher on the Andes of the mind, whose head (that is to say, his more exalted thought) is too far above the fool to be seen or understood, but whose feet (by which I mean his every-day actions) are sufficiently near to be discerned, and by means of which that superiority is ascertained, which *but* for them would never have been discovered — this neighbor asserts that Shakespeare is a great poet — the fool believes him, and it is henceforward his *opinion*. This neighbor's opinion has, in like manner, been adopted from one above *him*, and so, ascendingly, to a few gifted individuals, who kneel around the summit, beholding, face to face, the master spirit who stands upon the pinnacle. \* \* \* \*

You are aware of the great barrier in the path of an American writer. He is read, if at all, in preference to the combined and established wit of the world. I say established: for it is with literature as with law or empire — an established name is an estate in tenure, or a throne in possession. Besides, one might suppose that books, like their authors, improve by travel — their having crossed the sea is, with us, so great a distinction. Our antiquaries abandon time for distance; our very fops glance from the binding to the bottom of the title-page, where the mystic characters which spell London, Paris, or Genoa, are precisely so many letters of recommendation.

\* \* \* \* \*

I mentioned just now a vulgar error as regards criticism. I think the notion that no poet can form a correct estimate of his own writings is another. I remarked before, that in proportion to the poetical talent, would be the justice of a critique upon poetry. Therefore, a bad poet would, I grant, make a false critique, and his self-love would infallibly bias his little judgment in his favor; but a poet who is indeed a poet,

could not, I think, fail of making a just critique. Whatever should be deducted on the score of self-love, might be replaced on account of his intimate acquaintance with the subject; in short, we have more instances of false criticism than of just, where one's own writings are the test, simply because we have more bad poets than good. There are of course many objections to what I say: Milton is a great example of the contrary; but his opinion with respect to the *Paradise Regained*, is by no means fairly ascertained. By what trivial circumstances men are often led to assert what they do not really believe! Perhaps an inadvertent word has descended to posterity. But, in fact, the *Paradise Regained* is little, if at all, inferior to the *Paradise Lost*, and is only supposed so to be, because men do not like epics, whatever they may say to the contrary, and reading those of Milton in their natural order, are too much wearied with the first to derive any pleasure from the second.

I dare say Milton preferred *Comus* to either — if so — justly. \* \* \*

As I am speaking of poetry, it will not be amiss to touch slightly upon the most singular heresy in its modern history — the heresy of what is called very foolishly, the Lake School. Some years ago I might have been induced, by an occasion like the present, to attempt a formal refutation of their doctrine; at present it would be a work of supererogation. The wise must bow to the wisdom of such men as Coleridge and Southey, but being wise, have laughed at poetical theories so prosaically exemplified.

Aristotle, with singular assurance, has declared poetry the most philosophical of all writing<sup>1</sup> — but it required a Wordsworth to pronounce it the most metaphysical. He seems to think that the end of poetry is, or should be, instruction — yet it is a truism that the end of our existence is happiness; if so, the end of every separate part of our existence — every thing connected with our existence should be still happiness. Therefore the end of instruction should be happiness; and happiness is another name for pleasure; — therefore the end of instruction should be pleasure: yet we see the above mentioned opinion implies precisely the reverse.

To proceed: *ceteris paribus*, he who pleases, is of more importance to his fellow men than he who instructs, since utility is happiness, and pleasure is the end already obtained which instruction is merely the means of obtaining.

<sup>1</sup> Spoudiotaton kai philosophikotaton genos. — POE.

[The passage is inaccurately quoted from Aristotle's *Poetics*, ix, 3.]



I see no reason, then, why our metaphysical poets should plume themselves so much on the utility of their works, unless indeed they refer to instruction with eternity in view; in which case, sincere respect for their piety would not allow me to express my contempt for their judgment; contempt which it would be difficult to conceal, since their writings are professedly to be understood by the few, and it is the many who stand in need of salvation. In such case I should no doubt be tempted to think of the devil in *Melmoth*, who labors indefatigably through three octavo volumes, to accomplish the destruction of one or two souls, while any common devil would have demolished one or two thousand.

\* \* \* \* \*

Against the subtleties which would make poetry a study—not a passion—it becomes the metaphysician to reason—but the poet to protest. Yet Wordsworth and Coleridge are men in years; the one imbued in contemplation from his childhood, the other a giant in intellect and learning. The diffidence, then, with which I venture to dispute their authority, would be overwhelming, did I not feel, from the bottom of my heart, that learning has little to do with the imagination—intellect with the passions—or age with poetry. \* \*

Trifles, like straws, upon the surface flow,  
He who would search for pearls must dive below,<sup>1</sup>

are lines which have done much mischief. As regards the greater truths, men oftener err by seeking them at the bottom than at the top; the depth lies in the huge abysses where wisdom is sought—not in the palpable palaces where she is found. The ancients were not always right in hiding the goddess in a well: witness the light which Bacon has thrown upon philosophy; witness the principles of our divine faith—that moral mechanism by which the simplicity of a child may overbalance the wisdom of a man.<sup>2</sup>

We see an instance of Coleridge's liability to err, in his *Biographia Literaria*—professedly his literary life and opinions, but, in fact, a treatise *de omni scibili et quibusdam aliis*. He goes wrong by reason of his very profundity, and of his error we have a natural type in the

<sup>1</sup> From the prologue of Dryden's *All for Love*, ll. 25–26.

<sup>2</sup> After this line, 1831 inserts the following paragraph:

Poetry, above all things, is a beautiful painting whose tints, to minute inspection, are confusion worse confounded, but start boldly out to the cursory glance of the connoisseur.



contemplation of a star. He who regards it directly and intensely sees, it is true, the star, but it is the star without a ray — while he who surveys it less inquisitively is conscious of all for which the star is useful to us below — its brilliancy and its beauty.

\* \* \* \* \*

As to Wordsworth, I have no faith in him. That he had, in youth, the feelings of a poet I believe — for there are glimpses of extreme delicacy in his writings — (and delicacy is the poet's own kingdom — his *El Dorado*) — but they have the appearance of a better day recollected; and glimpses, at best, are little evidence of present poetic fire — we know that a few straggling flowers spring up daily in the crevices of the glacier.<sup>1</sup>

He was to blame in wearing away his youth in contemplation with the end of poetizing in his manhood. With the increase of his judgment the light which should make it apparent has faded away. His judgment consequently is too correct. This may not be understood, — but the old Goths of Germany would have understood it, who used to debate matters of importance to their State twice, once when drunk, and once when sober — sober that they might not be deficient in formality — drunk lest they should be destitute of vigor.

The long wordy discussions by which he tries to reason us into admiration of his poetry, speak very little in his favor: they are full of such assertions as this (I have opened one of his volumes at random): "Of genius the only proof is the act of doing well what is worthy to be done, and what was never done before"<sup>2</sup> — indeed! then it follows that in doing what is *un*worthy to be done, or what *has* been done before, no genius can be evinced: yet the picking of pockets is an unworthy act, pockets have been picked time immemorial, and Barrington, the pick-pocket, in point of genius, would have thought hard of a comparison with William Wordsworth, the poet.

Again — in estimating the merit of certain poems, whether they be Ossian's or M'Pherson's, can surely be of little consequence, yet, in order to prove their worthlessness, Mr. W. has expended many pages in the controversy. *Tantæne animis?* Can great minds descend to such absurdity? But worse still: that he may bear down every argument in favor of these poems, he triumphantly drags forward a passage,

<sup>1</sup> For "glacier" 1831 reads "avalanche."

<sup>2</sup> From Wordsworth's *Essay Supplementary to the Preface* (Prose Works, ed. Knight, II, p. 251).

in his abomination of which he expects the reader to sympathize. It is the beginning of the epic poem *Temora*. "The blue waves of Ullin roll in light; the green hills are covered with day; trees shake their dusky heads in the breeze." And this—this gorgeous, yet simple imagery, where all is alive and panting with immortality<sup>1</sup>—this, William Wordsworth, the author of *Peter Bell*, has *selected* for his contempt.<sup>2</sup> We shall see what better he, in his own person, has to offer. Imprimis:

And now she 's at the pony's head,  
 And now she 's at the pony's tail,  
 On that side now, and now on this,  
 And almost stifled her with bliss—  
 A few sad tears does Betty shed,  
 She pats the pony where or when  
 She knows not: happy Betty Foy!  
 O Johnny! never mind the Doctor!

Secondly:

The dew was falling fast, the — stars began to blink,  
 I heard a voice; it said — drink, pretty creature, drink;  
 And, looking o'er the hedge, be — fore me I espied  
 A snow-white mountain lamb, with a — maiden at its side.  
 No other sheep were near, the lamb was all alone,  
 And by a slender cord was — tether'd to a stone.<sup>3</sup>

Now, we have no doubt this is all true; we *will* believe it, indeed, we will, Mr. W. Is it sympathy for the sheep you wish to excite? I love a sheep from the bottom of my heart.

\* \* \* \* \*

But there *are* occasions, dear B——, there are occasions when even Wordsworth is reasonable. Even Stamboul, it is said, shall have an end, and the most unlucky blunders must come to a conclusion. Here is an extract from his preface —

"Those who have been accustomed to the phraseology of modern writers, if they persist in reading this book to a conclusion (*impossible!*) will, no doubt, have to struggle with feelings of awkwardness; (ha! ha! ha!) they will look round for poetry (ha! ha! ha! ha!) and will

<sup>1</sup> After the word "immortality," 1831 inserts the following: "than which earth has nothing more grand, nor paradise more beautiful."

<sup>2</sup> For the phrase "for his contempt," 1831 substitutes: "to dignify with his imperial contempt."

<sup>3</sup> The first of these passages is from Wordsworth's *The Idiot Boy*, ll. 382-386, 392-393, 397; the second is from his *The Pet Lamb* (slightly garbled), ll. 1-6.

be induced to inquire by what species of courtesy these attempts have been permitted to assume that title." Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!

Yet let not Mr. W. despair; he has given immortality to a wagon, and the bee Sophocles has transmitted to eternity<sup>1</sup> a sore toe, and dignified a tragedy with a chorus of turkeys.

\* \* \* \* \*

Of Coleridge I cannot speak but with reverence. His towering intellect! his gigantic power! He is one more evidence of the fact<sup>2</sup> "que la plupart des sectes ont raison dans une bonne partie de ce qu'elles avancent, mais non pas en ce qu'elles nient." He has<sup>3</sup> imprisoned his own conceptions by the barrier he has erected against those of others. It is lamentable to think that such a mind should be buried in metaphysics, and, like the Nyctanthes, waste its perfume upon the night alone. In reading his<sup>4</sup> poetry I tremble — like one who stands upon a volcano, conscious, from the very darkness bursting from the crater, of the fire and the light that are weltering below.

\* \* \* \* \*

What is Poetry? — Poetry! that Proteus-like idea, with as many appellations as the nine-titled Corcyra! Give me, I demanded of a scholar some time ago, give me a definition of poetry. "Très-volontiers," — and he proceeded to his library, brought me a Dr. Johnson, and overwhelmed me with a definition. Shade of the immortal Shakespeare! I imagined to myself the scowl of your spiritual eye upon the profanity of that scurrilous Ursa Major. Think of poetry, dear B——, think of poetry, and then think of — Dr. Samuel Johnson! Think of all that is airy and fairy-like, and then of all that is hideous and unwieldy; think of his huge bulk, the Elephant! and then — and then think of the *Tempest* — the *Midsummer Night's Dream* — Prospero — Oberon — and Titania!

\* \* \* \* \*

A poem, in my opinion, is opposed to a work of science by having, for its *immediate* object, pleasure, not truth; to romance, by having for its object an *indefinite* instead of a *definite* pleasure, being a poem only so far as this object is attained; romance presenting perceptible images

<sup>1</sup> Instead of "transmitted to eternity," 1831 has "eternalized."

<sup>2</sup> For this clause 1831 substitutes: "To use an author quoted by himself, 'J'ai trouvé souvent.'"

<sup>3</sup> Before the words "He has," 1831 inserts: "and, to employ his own language."

<sup>4</sup> Instead of "his," 1831 reads "that man's."

with definite, poetry with *indefinite* sensations, to which end music is an *essential*, since the comprehension of sweet sound is our most indefinite conception. Music, when combined with a pleasurable idea, is poetry; music without the idea is simply music; the idea without the music is prose from its very definitiveness.

What was meant by the invective against him who had no music in his soul?

\* \* \* \* \*

To sum up this long rigmarole, I have, dear B——, what you no doubt perceive, for the metaphysical poets, *as* poets, the most sovereign contempt. That they have followers proves nothing —

No Indian prince has to his palace  
More followers than a thief to the gallows.<sup>1</sup>

## THE PHILOSOPHY OF COMPOSITION <sup>2</sup>

CHARLES DICKENS, in a note now lying before me, alluding to an examination I once made of the mechanism of *Barnaby Rudge*, says — “By the way, are you aware that Godwin wrote his *Caleb Williams* backwards? He first involved his hero in a web of difficulties, forming the second volume, and then, for the first, cast about him for some mode of accounting for what had been done.”

I cannot think this the *precise* mode of procedure on the part of Godwin — and indeed what he himself acknowledges is not altogether in accordance with Mr. Dickens’ idea — but the author of *Caleb Williams* was too good an artist not to perceive the advantage derivable from at least a somewhat similar process. Nothing is more clear than that every plot, worth the name, must be elaborated to its *dénouement* before anything be attempted with the pen. It is only with the *dénouement* constantly in view that we can give a plot its indispensable air of consequence, or causation, by making the incidents, and especially the tone at all points, tend to the development of the intention.

There is a radical error, I think, in the usual mode of constructing a story. Either history affords a thesis — or one is suggested by an incident of the day — or, at best, the author sets himself to work in

<sup>1</sup> The source of these lines I have been unable to discover.

<sup>2</sup> Reprinted from Griswold’s edition of Poe’s Works, II, pp. 259–270 (with slight revisions in spelling and punctuation).

the combination of striking events to form merely the basis of his narrative—designing, generally, to fill in with description, dialogue, or aurtorial comment, whatever crevices of fact, or action, may, from page to page, render themselves apparent.

I prefer commencing with the consideration of an *effect*. Keeping originality *always* in view—for he is false to himself who ventures to dispense with so obvious and so easily attainable a source of interest—I say to myself, in the first place: “Of the innumerable effects, or impressions, of which the heart, the intellect, or (more generally) the soul is susceptible, what one shall I, on the present occasion, select?” Having chosen a novel, first, and, secondly, a vivid effect, I consider whether it can be best wrought by incident or tone—whether by ordinary incidents and peculiar tone, or the converse, or by peculiarity both of incident and tone—afterward looking about me (or rather within) for such combinations of event, or tone, as shall best aid me in the construction of the effect.

I have often thought how interesting a magazine paper might be written by any author who would—that is to say, who could—detail, step by step, the processes by which any one of his compositions attained its ultimate point of completion. Why such a paper has never been given to the world, I am much at a loss to say—but, perhaps, the aurtorial vanity has had more to do with the omission than any one other cause. Most writers—poets in especial—prefer having it understood that they compose by a species of fine frenzy—an ecstatic intuition—and would positively shudder at letting the public take a peep behind the scenes, at the elaborate and vacillating crudities of thought—at the true purposes seized only at the last moment—at the innumerable glimpses of idea that arrived not at the maturity of full view—at the fully matured fancies discarded in despair as unmanageable—at the cautious selections and rejections—at the painful erasures and interpolations—in a word, at the wheels and pinions—the tackle for scene-shifting—the step-ladders and demon-traps—the cock’s feathers, the red paint and the black patches, which, in ninety-nine cases out of the hundred, constitute the properties of the literary *histrion*.

I am aware, on the other hand, that the case is by no means common, in which an author is at all in condition to retrace the steps by which his conclusions have been attained. In general, suggestions, having arisen pell-mell, are pursued and forgotten in a similar manner.

For my own part, I have neither sympathy with the repugnance alluded to, nor, at any time, the least difficulty in recalling to mind

the progressive steps of any of my compositions; and, since the interest of an analysis, or reconstruction, such as I have considered a *desideratum*, is quite independent of any real or fancied interest in the thing analysed, it will not be regarded as a breach of decorum on my part to show the *modus operandi* by which some one of my own works was 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 referrible either to accident or intuition — that the work proceeded, step by step, to its completion with the precision and rigid consequence of a mathematical problem.

Let us dismiss, as irrelevant to the poem, *per se*, the circumstance — or say the necessity — which, in the first place, gave rise to the intention of composing a poem that should suit at once the popular and the critical taste.

We commence, then, with this intention.

The initial consideration was that of extent. If any literary work is too long to be read at one sitting, we must be content to dispense with the immensely important effect derivable from unity of impression — for, if two sittings be required, the affairs of the world interfere, and everything like totality is at once destroyed. But since, *ceteris paribus*, no poet can afford to dispense with *any thing* that may advance his design, it but remains to be seen whether there is, in extent, any advantage to counterbalance the loss of unity which attends it. Here I say no, at once. What we term a long poem is, in fact, merely a succession of brief ones — that is to say, of brief poetical effects. It is needless to demonstrate that a poem is such, only inasmuch as it intensely excites, by elevating, the soul; and all intense excitements are, through a psychal necessity, brief. For this reason, at least one half of the *Paradise Lost* is essentially prose — a succession of poetical excitements interspersed, *inevitably*, with corresponding depressions — the whole being deprived, through the extremeness of its length, of the vastly important artistic element, totality, or unity, of effect.

It appears evident, then, that there is a distinct limit, as regards length, to all works of literary art — the limit of a single sitting — and that, although in certain classes of prose composition, such as *Robinson Crusoe* (demanding no unity), this limit may be advantageously overpassed, it can never properly be overpassed in a poem. Within this limit, the extent of a poem may be made to bear mathematical relation to its merit — in other words, to the excitement or elevation — again, in other words, to the degree of the true poetical effect which it is

capable of inducing; for it is clear that the brevity must be in direct ratio of the intensity of the intended effect:—this, with one proviso—that a certain degree of duration is absolutely requisite for the production of any effect at all.

Holding in view these considerations, as well as that degree of excitement which I deemed not above the popular, while not below the critical, taste, I reached at once what I conceived the proper *length* for my intended poem—a length of about one hundred lines. It is, in fact, a hundred and eight.

My next thought concerned the choice of an impression, or effect, to be conveyed; and here I may as well observe that, throughout the construction, I kept steadily in view the design of rendering the work *universally* appreciable. I should be carried too far out of my immediate topic were I to demonstrate a point upon which I have repeatedly insisted, and which, with the poetical, stands not in the slightest need of demonstration—the point, I mean, that Beauty is the sole legitimate province of the poem. A few words, however, in elucidation of my real meaning, which some of my friends have evinced a disposition to misrepresent. That pleasure which is at once the most intense, the most elevating, and the most pure, is, I believe, found in the contemplation of the beautiful. When, indeed, men speak of Beauty, they mean, precisely, not a quality, as is supposed, but an effect—they refer, in short, just to that intense and pure elevation of *soul*—*not* of intellect, or of heart—upon which I have commented, and which is experienced in consequence of contemplating “the beautiful.” Now I designate Beauty as the province of the poem, merely because it is an obvious rule of Art that effects should be made to spring from direct causes—that objects should be attained through means best adapted for their attainment—no one as yet having been weak enough to deny that the peculiar elevation alluded to is *most readily* attained in the poem. Now the object, Truth, or the satisfaction of the intellect, and the object, Passion, or the excitement of the heart, are, although attainable to a certain extent in poetry, far more readily attainable in prose. Truth, in fact, demands a precision, and Passion a *homeliness* (the truly passionate will comprehend me) which are absolutely antagonistic to that Beauty which, I maintain, is the excitement, or pleasurable elevation, of the soul. It by no means follows from anything here said that passion, or even truth, may not be introduced, and even profitably introduced, into a poem—for they may serve in elucidation, or aid the general effect, as do discords in



music, by contrast—but the true artist will always contrive, first, to tone them into proper subservience to the predominant aim, and, secondly, to enveil them, as far as possible, in that Beauty which is the atmosphere and the essence of the poem.

Regarding, then, Beauty as my province, my next question referred to the *tone* of its highest manifestation—and all experience has shown that this tone is one of *sadness*. Beauty of whatever kind, in its supreme development, invariably excites the sensitive soul to tears. Melancholy is thus the most legitimate of all the poetical tones.

The length, the province, and the tone being thus determined, I betook myself to ordinary induction, with the view of obtaining some artistic piquancy which might serve me as a key-note in the construction of the poem—some pivot upon which the whole structure might turn. In carefully thinking over all the usual artistic effects—or more properly *points*, in the theatrical sense—I did not fail to perceive immediately that no one had been so universally employed as that of the *refrain*. The universality of its employment sufficed to assure me of its intrinsic value, and spared me the necessity of submitting it to analysis. I considered it, however, with regard to its susceptibility of improvement, and soon saw it to be in a primitive condition. As commonly used, the *refrain*, or burden, not only is limited to lyric verse, but depends for its impression upon the force of monotone—both in sound and thought. The pleasure is deduced solely from the sense of identity—of repetition. I resolved to diversify, and so heighten, the effect, by adhering, in general, to the monotone of sound, while I continually varied that of thought: that is to say, I determined to produce continuously novel effects, by the variation of *the application* of the *refrain*—the *refrain* itself remaining, for the most part, unvaried.

These points being settled, I next bethought me of the *nature* of my *refrain*. Since its application was to be repeatedly varied, it was clear that the *refrain* itself must be brief, for there would have been an insurmountable difficulty in frequent variations of application in any sentence of length. In proportion to the brevity of the sentence, would, of course, be the facility of the variation. This led me at once to a single word as the best *refrain*.

The question now arose as to the *character* of the word. Having made up my mind to a *refrain*, the division of the poem into stanzas was, of course, a corollary: the *refrain* forming the close to each stanza. That such a close, to have force, must be sonorous and susceptible of protracted emphasis, admitted no doubt; and these considerations



inevitably led me to the long *o* as the most sonorous vowel in connection with *r* as the most producible consonant.

The sound of the *refrain* being thus determined, it became necessary to select a word embodying this sound, and at the same time in the fullest possible keeping with that melancholy which I had predetermined as the tone of the poem. In such a search it would have been absolutely impossible to overlook the word "Nevermore." In fact, it was the very first which presented itself.

The next *desideratum* was a pretext for the continuous use of the one word "Nevermore." In observing the difficulty which I at once found in inventing a sufficiently plausible reason for its continuous repetition, I did not fail to perceive that this difficulty arose solely from the pre-assumption that the word was to be so continuously or monotonously spoken by a *human* being — I did not fail to perceive, in short, that the difficulty lay in the reconciliation of this monotony with the exercise of reason on the part of the creature repeating the word. Here, then, immediately arose 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*, as equally capable of speech, and infinitely more in keeping with the intended *tone*.

I had now gone so far as the conception of a *Raven* — the bird of ill-omen — monotonously repeating the one word "Nevermore" at the conclusion of each stanza, in a poem of melancholy tone, and in length about one hundred lines. Now, never losing sight of the object *supremeness*, or perfection, at all points, I asked myself: "Of all melancholy topics what, according to the *universal* understanding of mankind, is the *most* melancholy?" Death — was the obvious reply. "And when," I said, "is this most melancholy of topics most poetical?" From what I have already explained at some length, the answer, here also, is obvious — "When it most closely allies itself to *Beauty*: the death, then, of a beautiful woman is, unquestionably, the most poetical topic in the world — and equally is it beyond doubt that the lips best suited for such topic are those of a bereaved lover."

I had now to combine the two ideas, of a lover lamenting his deceased mistress and a *Raven* continuously repeating the word "Nevermore." — I had to combine these, bearing in mind my design of varying, at every turn, the *application* of the word repeated; but the only intelligible mode of such combination is that of imagining the *Raven* employing the word in answer to the queries of the lover. And here it was that I saw at once the opportunity afforded for the effect on which I had been

depending — that is to say, the effect of the *variation of application*. I saw that I could make the first query propounded by the lover — the first query to which the Raven should reply "Nevermore" — that I could make this first query a commonplace one — the second less so — the third still less, and so on — until at length the lover, startled from his original *nonchalance* by the melancholy character of the word itself — by its frequent repetition — and by a consideration of the ominous reputation of the fowl that uttered it — is at length excited to superstition, and wildly propounds queries of a far different character — queries whose solution he has passionately at heart — propounds them half in superstition and half in that species of despair which delights in self-torture — propounds them not altogether because he believes in the prophetic or demoniac character of the bird (which, reason assures him, is merely repeating a lesson learned by rote), but because he experiences a frenzied pleasure in so modelling his questions as to receive from the *expected* "Nevermore" the most delicious because the most intolerable of sorrow. Perceiving the opportunity thus afforded me, or, more strictly, thus forced upon me in the progress of the construction, I first established in mind the climax, or concluding query — that query to which "Nevermore" should be in the last place an answer — that query in reply to which this word "Nevermore" should involve the utmost conceivable amount of sorrow and despair.

Here, then, the poem may be said to have its beginning — at the end, where all works of art should begin; for it was here, at this point of my preconsiderations, that I first put pen to paper in the composition of the stanza: —

"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."

I composed this stanza, at this point, first that, by establishing the climax, I might the better vary and graduate, as regards seriousness and importance, the preceding queries of the lover, and, secondly, that I might definitely settle the rhythm, the metre, and the length and general arrangement of the stanza, as well as graduate the stanzas which were to precede, so that none of them might surpass this in rhythmical effect. Had I been able, in the subsequent composition, to construct

more vigorous stanzas, I should, without scruple, have purposely enfeebled them, so as not to interfere with the climacteric effect.

And here I may as well say a few words of the versification. My first object (as usual) was originality. The extent to which this has been neglected, in versification, is one of the most unaccountable things in the world. Admitting that there is little possibility of variety in mere *rhythm*, it is still clear that the possible varieties of metre and stanza are absolutely infinite — and yet, *for centuries, no man, in verse, has ever done, or ever seemed to think of doing, an original thing.* The fact is, that originality (unless in minds of very unusual force) is by no means a matter, as some suppose, of impulse or intuition. In general, to be found, it must be elaborately sought, and although a positive merit of the highest class, demands in its attainment less of invention than negation.

Of course, I pretend to no originality in either the rhythm or metre of the *Raven*. The former is trochaic — the latter is octameter acatalectic, alternating with heptameter catalectic repeated in the *refrain* of the fifth verse, and terminating with tetrameter catalectic. Less pedantically — the feet employed throughout (trochees) consist of a long syllable followed by a short: the first line of the stanza consists of eight of these feet — the second of seven and a half (in effect two-thirds) — the third of eight — the fourth of seven and a half — the fifth the same — the sixth three and a half. Now, each of these lines, taken individually, has been employed before, and what originality the *Raven* has, is in their *combination into stanza*; nothing even remotely approaching this combination has ever been attempted. The effect of this originality of combination is aided by other unusual, and some altogether novel effects, arising from an extension of the application of the principles of rhyme and alliteration.

The next point to be considered was the mode of bringing together the lover and the Raven — and the first branch of this consideration was the *locale*. For this the most natural suggestion might seem to be a forest, or the fields — but it has always appeared to me that a close *circumscription of space* is absolutely necessary to the effect of insulated incident — it has the force of a frame to a picture. It has an indisputable moral power in keeping concentrated the attention, and, of course, must not be confounded with mere unity of place.

I determined, then, to place the lover in his chamber — in a chamber rendered sacred to him by memories of her who had frequented it. The room is represented as richly furnished — this in mere pursuance of the

ideas I have already explained on the subject of Beauty, as the sole true poetical thesis.

The *locale* being thus determined, I had now to introduce the bird — and the thought of introducing him through the window was inevitable. The idea of making the lover suppose, in the first instance, that the flapping of the wings of the bird against the shutter, is a “tapping” at the door, originated in a wish to increase, by prolonging, the reader’s curiosity, and in a desire to admit the incidental effect arising from the lover’s throwing open the door, finding all dark, and thence adopting the half-fancy that it was the spirit of his mistress that knocked.

I made the night tempestuous, first, to account for the Raven’s seeking admission, and, secondly, for the effect of contrast with the (physical) serenity within the chamber.

I made the bird alight on the bust of Pallas, also for the effect of contrast between the marble and the plumage — it being understood that the bust was absolutely *suggested* by the bird — the bust of *Pallas* being chosen, first, as most in keeping with the scholarship of the lover, and, secondly, for the sonorousness of the word, Pallas, itself.

About the middle of the poem, also, I have availed myself of the force of contrast, with a view of deepening the ultimate impression. For example, an air of the fantastic — approaching as nearly to the ludicrous as was admissible — is given to the Raven’s entrance. He comes in “with many a flirt and flutter.”

Not the *least obeisance made he* — not a moment stopped or stayed he,  
*But with mien of lord or lady*, perched above my chamber door.

In the two stanzas which follow, the design is more obviously carried out:—

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 blest with seeing bird above his chamber door —*  
*Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber door,*  
 With such name as “Nevermore.”

The effect of the *dénouement* being thus provided for, I immediately drop the fantastic for a tone of the most profound seriousness—this tone commencing in the stanza directly following the one last quoted, with the line,

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

From this epoch the lover no longer jests — no longer sees anything even of the fantastic in the Raven's demeanor. He speaks of him as a "grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore," and feels the "fiery eyes" burning into his "bosom's core." This revolution of thought, or fancy, on the lover's part, is intended to induce a similar one on the part of the reader — to bring the mind into a proper frame for the *dénouement* — which is now brought about as rapidly and as *directly* as possible.

With the *dénouement* proper — with the Raven's reply, "Nevermore," to the lover's final demand if he shall meet his mistress in another world — the poem, in its obvious phase, that of a simple narrative, may be said to have its completion. So far, everything is within the limits of the accountable — of the real. A raven, having learned by rote the single word "Nevermore," and having escaped from the custody of its owner, is driven at midnight, through the violence of a storm, to seek admission at a window from which a light still gleams — the chamber-window of a student, occupied half in poring over a volume, half in dreaming of a beloved mistress deceased. The casement being thrown open at the fluttering of the bird's wings, the bird itself perches on the most convenient seat out of the immediate reach of the student, who, amused by the incident and the oddity of the visitor's demeanor, demands of it, in jest and without looking for a reply, its name. The raven, addressed, answers with its customary word, "Nevermore" — a word which finds immediate echo in the melancholy heart of the student, who, giving utterance aloud to certain thoughts suggested by the occasion, is again startled by the fowl's repetition of "Nevermore." The student now guesses the state of the case, but is impelled, as I have before explained, by the human thirst for self-torture, and in part by superstition, to propound such queries to the bird as will bring him, the lover, the most of the luxury of sorrow, through the anticipated answer "Nevermore." With the indulgence, to the extreme, of this self-torture, the narration, in what I have termed its first or obvious phase, has a natural termination, and so far there has been no overstepping of the limits of the real.

But in subjects so handled, however skilfully, or with however vivid an array of incident, there is always a certain hardness or nakedness, which repels the artistical eye. Two things are invariably required — first, some amount of complexity, or more properly, adaptation; and, secondly, some amount of suggestiveness — some undercurrent, however indefinite, of meaning. It is this latter, in especial, which imparts to a work of art so much of that *richness* (to borrow from colloquy a forcible term) which we are too fond of confounding with *the ideal*. It is the *excess* of the suggested meaning — it is the rendering this the upper instead of the under current of the theme — which turns into prose (and that of the very flattest kind) the so-called poetry of the so-called transcendentalists.

Holding these opinions, I added the two concluding stanzas of the poem.— their suggestiveness being thus made to pervade all the narrative which has preceded them. The undercurrent of meaning is rendered first apparent in the lines :

“Take thy beak from out *my heart*, and take thy form from off my door!”  
Quoth the Raven, “Nevermore!”

It will be observed that the words, “from out my heart,” involve the first metaphorical expression in the poem. They, with the answer, “Nevermore,” dispose the mind to seek a moral in all that has been previously narrated. The reader begins now to regard the Raven as emblematical — but it is not until the very last line of the very last stanza, that the intention of making him emblematical of *Mournful and Never-ending Remembrance* is permitted distinctly to be seen :

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 lamplight o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor;  
And my soul *from out that shadow* that lies floating on the floor  
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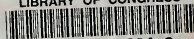
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