

girl in the black serge costume, sitting in such immovable earnestness through it all.

"She? Oh, no. We are not quite intense enough for her. Because I give dinners, and go to balls,—and spar with my husband, religiously,—Miss Irving thinks I have no place in serious thought. Good-by! So glad you were not bored by our impromptu duel. Sunday afternoons, remember! And you will let me send you a ticket for my box at the opera on Wednesday?"

"Did you tell me you had never met this Madame Stauffer until last evening, when I did?" Strémof asked Gordon, as the two men got into their hansom at the door.

"Never."

"And may I venture to ask whether you did not, until then, know of her relation to Miss Irving?"

"They were friends in Miss Irving's college-days, but they have not met in years."

"Well, my dear friend, if you will permit me, I must felicitate you upon a conquest," said Strémof, gaily. "The little lady asks nothing better than to test, through you, the practical value of a head to her household."

"Absurd!" said Gordon. "Don't make me feel any more of an ass than I already do, after holding forth seriously on that theme in a drawing-room."

"But you did not convince Miss Irving," went on the audacious fellow. "Her face, as I watched it, was cold; her eye shone clear as polished steel."

"This club where we shall next stop —" began Gordon in a manner that admitted of no further trifling; and on he went, to fulfil his duty of cicerone, with a description that was cut short only by the stopping of the cab.

(To be continued.)

Constance Cary Harrison.

POE IN THE SOUTH.¹

SELECTIONS FROM THE CORRESPONDENCE OF EDGAR ALLAN POE.

EDITED BY GEORGE E. WOODBERRY.



O piece of biography in the annals of literature has so unenviable a reputation as that memoir which Dr. Rufus W. Griswold, acting as Poe's literary executor, prefixed to the first complete edition of his works. Its authenticity

has been attacked from the time of its appearance, and no words of oburgation have been too harsh to characterize the man who penned it; at the same time very little of its substance has ever been invalidated. The papers on which it was based passed into the hands of Griswold's own executor, and have never been seen by any of Poe's later biographers. They have recently come, by inheritance, into the possession of Griswold's son, William M. Griswold of Cambridge, Mass., by whose permission the following account of them, with extracts, is given, in anticipation of their publication in full under his own editorship. It falls to his part to show in detail how they affect the reputation of his father as a biographer; but a word or two, in general, must be said here of their bearing on the original memoir.

The delicacy of Griswold's task was well understood at the time. A writer in "Holden's Magazine," in 1849 (said to be C. F. Briggs,

¹ The pictures on pages 580 and 582 were drawn by Albert E. Sterner, and are from the forthcoming complete edition of Poe's works to be published by Messrs. Stone & Kimball.

Poe's co-editor in the "Broadway Journal"), stated it very plainly:

A biography of Mr. Poe is soon to be published, with his collected writings, under the supervision of Rev. Rufus W. Griswold; but it will be a long while, if ever, before the naked character of the sad poet will be exposed to public gaze. There is a generous disposition on the part of those who knew him intimately to bury his failings, or rather personal characteristics, in the shade of forgetfulness; while nothing is dwelt upon but his literary productions.

He was a psychological phenomenon, and more good than harm would result from a clear, unprejudiced analysis of his character. But when will any one be found bold enough to incur the risk of an imputation of evil motives, by making such a revelation as the task demands?

The weightiest statement in respect to the actual work done by Griswold in the memoir is that of Mr. J. C. Derby, in "Fifty Years among Authors, Books, and Publishers," as follows:

The most important of all of Mr. Redfield's publications, however, were the works of Edgar Allan Poe. It was also through Mr. Griswold that he was induced to undertake the publication of Poe's works, now one of the most popular authors of the day. Dr. Griswold had offered the works to nearly all the leading publishers, who declined to undertake the publication. He finally persuaded Mr. Redfield to try the experiment of issuing two volumes first, which were published and had a fair sale—then the third, and finally the fourth, volume were added to complete the

works. The sale reached about fifteen hundred sets every year.

Mr. Redfield thinks great injustice has been done by certain critics to Rev. Dr. Griswold, in reflecting upon him as Poe's biographer. In a recent letter to me [Derby] he says:

"Griswold never received a cent for his labors. Poe named him as his literary executor shortly before he died, although they had quarreled not long before. Griswold's labor was no joke. Few men would have undertaken it with no hope of reward. It is fashionable nowadays to throw mud at him. Knowing, as I did, both of the men, and knowing, also, how assiduously Griswold labored to say everything he could in the biography in Poe's favor, it is very annoying to read these things. The matter of the biography was all read over to me, talked and discussed before printing, and I *know* he did his best to 'set down naught in malice.' He was obliged, as he thought, to state the facts in all cases, and he did state them, favorably as he could to Poe. I *know* he tried to do so. Now he is accused everywhere, by people who know nothing about it, of vilely slandering Poe. I had a better opportunity than any one else to know all about it, and I know he did not."

Griswold has not lacked other defenders, who were well acquainted with both men. In writing a biography of Poe some years ago, the present writer had occasion to investigate the charges made against Griswold. The result was a conviction that the documents he quoted were genuine, and that the impression he gave of Poe's character and career was just, while his errors were due to Poe's own falsehoods. The question of Griswold's discretion in his memoir is governed by the fact that Poe's defects and troubles were notorious at the time, and could not be concealed; the question of Griswold's motives is more difficult, but is now more easily to be judged. It is also fair to Griswold to add that the characterization he gave is that which has uniformly prevailed in tradition in the best informed literary circles in this country.

As will be seen, these papers fully vindicate Griswold's veracity in essentials, and sustain Redfield's view of his temper; it must also be allowed that, so far as he from blackening Poe's memory, he might easily have made a worse use of his opportunity had he been actuated by malice. It would seem that Griswold discharged his duty under his own conception of the difficulties and necessities of his task, with entire fidelity and honesty of purpose. It is a gratification that such tardy justice can be done to a man who has so long been vilified, though mainly by English writers, without sound critical grounds. Poe did not make a mistake in his choice. Griswold was by far the best man in the country to do the editorial work, which was, all things considered, the most important matter; and as regards the memoir, he is to be charged at most with errors

of judgment and lack of tact in stating unpleasant truths.

These papers yield no information in respect to the early years of Poe. A memorandum in his own hand, sent to Griswold, March 29, 1841, as the basis of a biographical sketch of himself, fastens upon Poe direct responsibility for that tissue of positive falsehoods and ungenerous misstatements which he intended to have pass as a true narrative of his youth up to the time of his final breach with Mr. Allan of Richmond, the gentleman who adopted him as a child. This story has already been sufficiently exposed. A letter from William Wirt, May 11, 1829, declining to advise him in respect to a poem, perhaps "Al Araaf," affords the earliest example of his habit of appealing to well-known literary men for counsel and recognition. The new material substantially begins with the correspondence between Poe, Kennedy, his first patron, and White, his first employer, which covers the period of his connection with the "Southern Literary Messenger," of which White was then editor. The manuscripts here followed are either originals or copies sent to Griswold to be used in his memoir. The letters tell their own story. At the time when they begin Poe had already in 1833 won his first success by taking the prize offered by the Baltimore "Saturday Visitor" for an original tale, and had thus interested Kennedy, the leading literary man of his vicinity, in his fortunes; but by the next spring, the death of Mr. Allan, who left him nothing, had thrown him permanently upon his own resources for support, and he was very poor, dejected, and in need of friendship.

POE TO KENNEDY.

BALTIMORE, November, 1834.

DEAR SIR: I have a favor to beg of you which I thought it better to ask in writing, because, sincerely, I had not courage to ask it in person. I am indeed too well aware that I have no claim whatever to your attention, and that even the manner of my introduction to your notice was at the best equivocal. Since the day you first saw me, my situation in life has altered materially. At that time I looked forward to the inheritance of a large fortune, and, in the mean time, was in receipt of an annuity for my support. This was allowed me by a gentleman of Virginia (Mr. Jno. Allan) who adopted me at the age of two years (both my parents being dead), and who, until lately, always treated me with the affection of a father. But a second marriage on his part, and I dare say many follies on my own, at length ended in a quarrel between us. He is now dead, and has left me nothing. I am thrown entirely upon my own resources, with no profession and very few friends. Worse than all this, I am at length penniless. Indeed, no circumstances less urgent would have induced me to risk your friend-

ship by troubling you with my distresses. But I could not help thinking that if my situation was stated — as you could state it — to Carey & Lea, they might be led to aid me with a small sum in consideration of my MS. now in their hands. This would relieve my immediate wants, and I could then look forward more confidently to better days. At all events receive the assurance of my gratitude for what you have already done.

Most respectfully, your obedient servant,
EDGAR ALLAN POE.

[NOTE BY MR. KENNEDY: This refers to the volume of tales sent to Carey & Lea — “Tales of the Arabesque,” &c., — being two series submitted for the prize, for which one was chosen, and two others at my suggestion sent to Carey & Lea. — J. P. K.]

The volume was “Tales of the Folio Club,” and was not published. The “Tales of the Arabesque,” etc., was a later book, issued in 1840.

KENNEDY TO POE.

BALTIMORE, December 22, 1834.

DEAR SIR: I have received your note, and should sooner have apprised you of what I had done, but that Carey's letter only reached me a few days ago as I was stepping into a carriage to go to Annapolis, whence I returned only a day or two since.

I requested Carey immediately upon the receipt of your first letter to do something for you as speedily as he might find an opportunity, and to make some advance on your book. His answer let me know that he would go on to publish, but the expectation of any profit from the undertaking he considered doubtful — not from want of merit in the production, but because small books of detached tales, however well written, seldom yield a sum sufficient to enable the bookseller to purchase a copyright. He recommended, however, that I should allow him to sell some of the tales to the publishers of the annuals. My reply was that I thought you would not object to this if the right to publish the same tale was reserved for the volume. He has accordingly sold one of the tales to Miss Leslie for the “Souvenir,” at a dollar a page, I think with the reservation above mentioned — and has remitted me a draft for fifteen dollars which I will hand over to you as soon as you call upon me, which I hope you will do as soon as you can make it convenient. If the other tales can be sold in the same way, you will get more for the work than by an exclusive publication.

Yours truly,
JOHN P. KENNEDY.

POE TO KENNEDY.

Sunday, March 15, 1835.

DEAR SIR: In the paper which will be handed you with this note is an advertisement to which I most anxiously submit your attention. It relates to the appointment of a teacher in a Public School, and I have marked it with a cross so that you may readily perceive it. In my present circumstances such a situation would be most desirable, and if your interest could obtain it for me, I

would always remember your kindness with the deepest gratitude. Have I any hope? Your reply to this would greatly oblige. The 18th is fixed on for the decision of the commissioners, and the advertisement has only this moment caught my eye. This will excuse my obtruding the matter on your attention to-day.

Very respectfully,
E. A. POE.

The following was partly printed with unimportant variation in the “Life of Kennedy.”

POE TO KENNEDY.

Sunday, March 15, 1835.

DEAR SIR: Your kind invitation to dinner to-day has wounded me to the quick. I cannot come — and for reasons of the most humiliating nature — my personal appearance. You may conceive my deep mortification in making this disclosure to you — but it was necessary. If you will be my friend so far as to loan me \$20, I will call on you to-morrow — otherwise it will be impossible, and I must submit to my fate. Sincerely yours,

E. A. POE.

POE TO WHITE.

BALTIMORE, May 30, 1835.

MR. T. W. WHITE,

DEAR SIR: I duly rec^d through Mr. Kennedy your favour of the 20th enclosing \$5: and an order for \$4.94. I assure you it was very welcome. Miscarriages of double letters are by no means unfrequent just now, but yours, at least, came safely to hand. Had I reflected a moment, I should have acknowledged the rec^d before. I suppose you have heard about Wm. Gwynn Jones of this place, late editor of the “Gazette.” He was detected in purloining letters from the office, to which the clerks were in the habit of admitting him familiarly. He acknowledged the theft of more than \$2000 in this way at different times. He probably took even more than that, and I am quite sure that on the part of the clerks themselves advantage was taken of his arrest to embezzle double that sum. I have been a loser myself to a small amount.

I have not seen Mr. Kennedy for some days, having been too unwell to go abroad. When I saw him last he assured me his book would reach Richmond in time for your next number, and under this assurance, I thought it useless to make such extracts from the book as I wished — thinking you could please yourself in this matter. I cannot imagine what delays its publication, for it has been some time ready for issue. . . . [The omitted passage was printed by Griswold.]

I read the article in the “Compiler” relating to the “Confessions of a Poet,” but there is no necessity of giving it a reply. The book is silly enough of itself, without the aid of any controversy concerning it. In your private ear, however, I may say a word or two. The writer “I” founds his opinion that I have not read the book simply upon one fact — that I disagree with him concerning it. I have looked over his article two or three times attentively, and can see no other reason ad-

duced by him. If this is a good reason one way, it is equally good another—ergo—*he* has not read the book because he disagrees with me. Neither of us having read it, then, it is better to say no more about it.

But seriously I *have* read it from beginning to end, and was very much amused at it. My opinion concerning it is pretty much the opinion of the press at large. I have heard no person offer one serious word in its defense.

My notice of your "Messenger" in the "Republican" was, I am afraid, too brief for your views. But I could command no greater space in its editorial columns. I have often wondered at your preferring to insert such notices in the "Republican." It is a paper by no means in the hands of the first people here. Would not the "American" suit as well? Its columns are equally at your service. . . . [The omitted passage was printed by Griswold.]

The high compliment of Judge Tucker is rendered doubly flattering to me by my knowledge of his literary character. Very sincerely yours,
EDGAR A. POE.

POE TO WHITE.

BALTIMORE, June 12, 1835.

MR. T. W. WHITE,

MY DEAR SIR: I take the opportunity of sending this MS. by private hand. Your letter of June 8th I rec^d yesterday morning, together with the magazines. In reply to your kind enquiries after my health, I am glad to say that I have entirely recovered—although Dr. Buckler, no longer than 3 weeks ago, assured me that nothing but a sea voyage would save me. I will do my best to please you in relation to Marshall's Washington if you will send it on. By what time would you wish the MS. of the Review?

I suppose you have received Mr. Calvert's communication. He will prove a valuable correspondent. I will send you on the "American" & "Republican" as soon as the *critiques* come out. What I can do farther to aid the circulation of your magazine I will gladly do—but I must insist on your not sending me any remuneration for services of this nature. They are a pleasure to me, and no trouble whatever. Very sincerely,
EDGAR A. POE.

I congratulate you upon obtaining the services of Mr. S. He has a high reputation for talent.

POE TO WHITE.

BALTIMORE, June 22, 1835.

MY DEAR SIR: I rec^d your letter of the 18th yesterday, and this morning your reprint of the "Messenger" No. 3. While I entirely agree with you and with many of your correspondents in your opinion of this number (it being in fact one of the very best issued), I cannot help entertaining a doubt whether it would be of any advantage to you to have the public attention called to this its second appearance by any detailed notice in the papers. There would be an air of irregularity about it—as the first edition was issued so

long ago—which might even have a prejudicial effect. For indeed the veriest trifles—the mere semblance of anything unusual or *outré*—will frequently have a pernicious influence in cases similar to this; and you must be aware that of all the delicate things in the world the character of a young Periodical is the most easily injured. Besides it is undeniable that the public will not think of judging you by the appearance, or the merit, of your Magazine in November. Its *present* character, whether that be good or bad, is all that will influence them. I would therefore look zealously to the future, letting the past take care of itself. Adopting this view of the case, I thought it best to delay doing anything until I should hear further from you—being fully assured that a little reflection will enable you to see the matter in the same light as myself. One important objection to what you proposed is the insuperable dislike entertained by the Daily Editors to notice any but the most recent publications. And although I dare say that I could, if you insist upon it, overcome the aversion in the present case, still it would be trifling to no purpose with your interest in that quarter. If, however, you disagree with me in these opinions, I will undoubtedly (upon hearing from you) do as you desire. Of course the remarks I now make will equally apply to any other of the back numbers.

Many of the contributors to No. 3 are familiarly known to me—most of them I have seen occasionally. Charles B. Shaw, the author of the "Alleghany Levels" [?] is an old acquaintance, and a most estimable and talented man. I cannot say with truth that I had any knowledge of your son. I read the Lines to his memory in No. 9 and was much struck with an air of tenderness and unaffected simplicity which pervades them. The verses immediately following, and from the same pen, gave evidence of fine poetic feeling in the writer. I will pay especial attention to what you suggested in relation to the punctuation &c. of my future MSS. . . . [The omitted passage was printed by Griswold.]

Immediately after putting my last letter to you in the P. O. I called upon Mr. Wood as you desired—but the Magazine was then completed. Very sincerely yours,
EDGAR A. POE.

I have heard it suggested that a lighter-faced type in the headings of your various articles would improve the appearance of the "Messenger." Do you not think so likewise? Who is the author of the "Doom"?

POE TO WHITE.

BALTIMORE, July 20, 1835.

MY DEAR SIR: I duly rec^d both your letters (July 14th and 16th), together with the \$20. I am indeed grieved to hear that your health has not been improved by your trip. I agree with you in thinking that too close attention to business has been instrumental in causing your sickness.

I saw the "Martinsburg Gazette" by accident at Mr. Kennedy's—but he is now out of town and will not be back till the fall, and I know not where to procure a copy of the paper. It merely spoke of the "Messenger" in general terms of com-

mendation. Have you seen the "Young Men's Paper"—and the N. Y. "Evening Star"? As might be supposed, I am highly gratified with Mr. Pleasant's notice, and especially with Paulding's. What Mr. Pleasant says in relation to the commencement of "Hans Phaal" is judicious. That part of the Tale is faulty indeed—so much so that I had often thought of remodeling it entirely. I will take care and have the Letter inserted in all the Baltimore papers.

Herewith I send you a "Baltimore Visiter" of October 12th, 1833. It contains a highly complimentary letter from Mr. Kennedy, Mr. Latrobe, and Dr. Miller, of Baltimore, in relation to myself. The "Tales of the Folio Club" have only been partially published as yet. "Lionizing" was one of them. If you could in any manner contrive to have this letter copied into any of the Richmond Papers it would greatly advance a particular object which I have in view. If you could find an excuse for printing it in the "Messenger," it would be still better. You might observe that as many contradictory opinions had been formed in relation to my Tales, and especially to "Lionizing," you took the liberty of copying the Letter of the Baltimore Committee. One fact I would wish particularly noticed. The "Visiter" offered two Premiums—one for the best Tale & one for the best Poem—*both* of which were awarded to me. The award was, however, altered, and the Premium for Poetry awarded to the second best, in consideration of my having obtained the higher prize. This Mr. Kennedy and Mr. Latrobe told me themselves. I know you will do me this favor if you can—the manner of doing it I leave altogether to yourself.

I have taken much pains to procure you the Ink. Only one person in Baltimore had it—and he not for sale. As a great favor I obtained a pound at the price of \$1.50. It is mixed with Linseed oil prepared after a particular fashion, which renders it expensive. I shall go down to the Steamboat as soon as I finish this letter, and if I get an opportunity of sending it I will do so.

It gives me the greatest pain to hear that my Review will not appear in No. 11. I cannot imagine what circumstances you allude to as preventing you from publishing. The Death of the Chief Justice, so far from rendering the Review useless, is the very thing to attract public notice to the Article. I really wish you would consider this matter more maturely, and if possible insert it in No. 11. Look over "Hans Phaal" and the Literary Notices by me in No. 10, and see if you have not miscalculated the sum due me. There are thirty-four columns in all. "Hans Phaal" cost me nearly a fortnight's hard labour, and was written especially for the "Messenger." I will not, however, sin so egregiously again in sending you a long article. I will confine myself to three or four pages. Very sincerely yours,

EDGAR A. POE.

POE TO KENNEDY.

RICHMOND, September 11, 1835.

DEAR SIR: . . . [The omitted letter, to which the following is a postscript, was printed in the

"Life of Kennedy."] Mr. White desires me to say that if you could send him any contribution for the "Messenger" it would serve him most effectually. I would consider it a personal favor if you could do so without incommoding yourself. I will write you more fully hereafter. I see "The Gift" [Miss Leslie's Annual for 1836] is out. They have published "The MS. found in a Bottle" (the prize tale you will remember), although I not only told Mr. Carey myself that it had been published, but wrote to him to that effect after my return to Baltimore, and sent him another tale in place of it ("Epimanes"). I cannot understand why they have published it, or why they have *not* published either "Siope" ["Silence"] or "Epimanes" ["Four Beasts"].

Mr. White is willing to publish my "Tales of the Folio Club"—that is, to *print* them. Would you oblige me by ascertaining from Carey & Lea whether they would, in that case, appear nominally as the publishers, the books, when printed, being sent to them, as in the case of [Kennedy's] "H[orse] S[hoe] Robinson"? Have you seen the [Locke's] "Discoveries in the Moon"? Do you not think it altogether suggested by "Hans Phaal"? It is very singular, but when I first purposed writing a Tale concerning the Moon, the idea of Telescopic discoveries suggested itself to me, but I afterwards abandoned it. I had, however, spoken of it freely, and from little incidents and apparently trivial remarks in those "Discoveries," I am convinced the idea was stolen from myself.

Yours most sincerely,

EDGAR A. POE.

KENNEDY TO POE.

BALTIMORE, September 19, 1835.

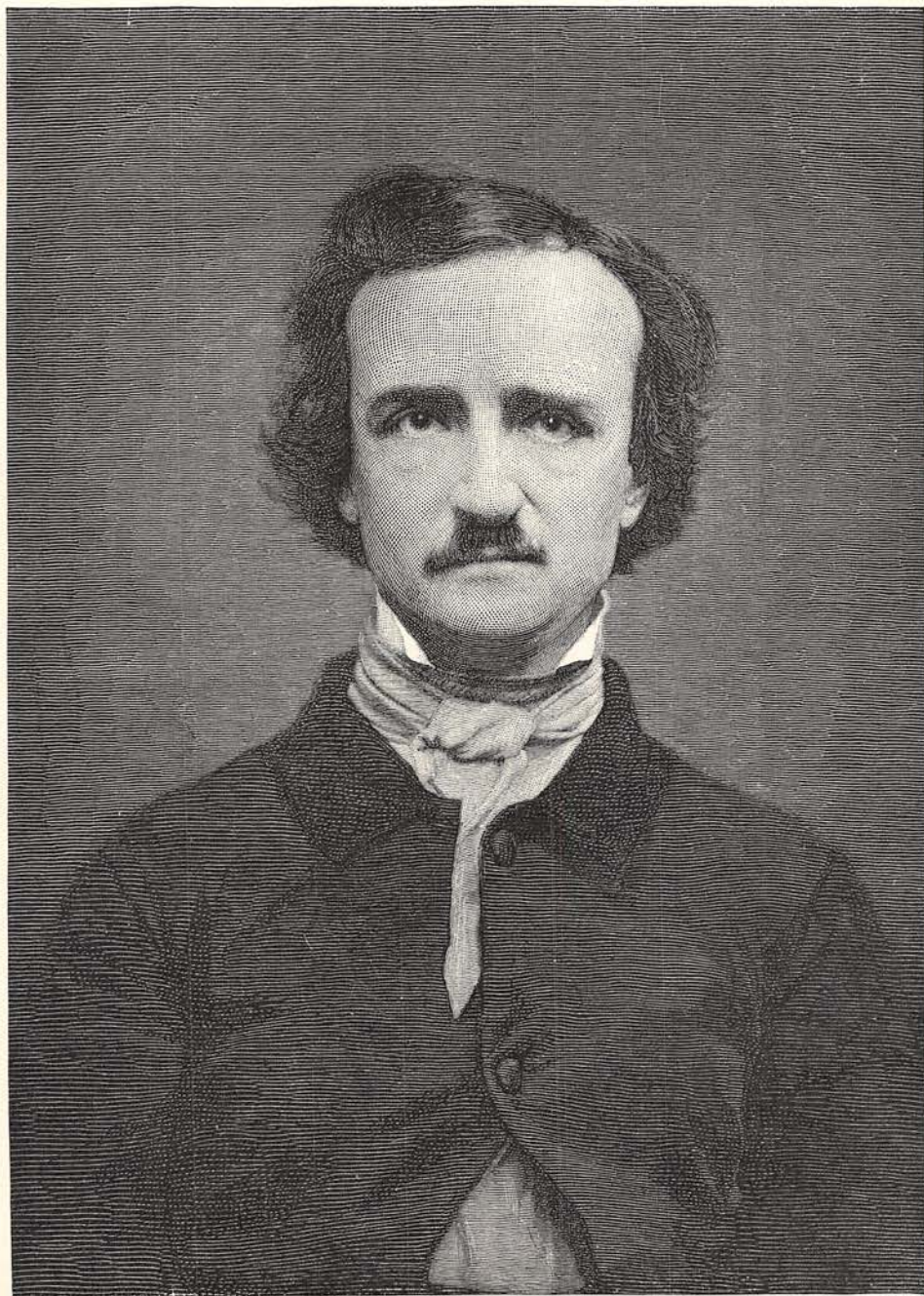
MY DEAR POE: . . . [The omitted passage was printed by Griswold.] Can't you write some farces after the manner of the French Vaudevilles? If you can (and I think you can), you may turn them to excellent account by selling them to the managers in New York. I wish you would give your thoughts to this suggestion. More than yourself have remarked the coincidence between "Hans Phaal" & the "Lunar Discoveries," and I perceive that in New York they are republishing "Hans" for the sake of comparison. Say to White that I am over head in business, and can promise never a line to living man. I wish he would send me the "Richmond Whig" containing the reply to the defense of Capt. Reed. Tell him so.

I will write to Carey & Lea to know if they will allow you to publish the "Tales of the Folio Club" in their name. Of course you will understand that if they do not print them they will not be required to be at the risk of the printing expenses. I suppose you mean that White shall take that risk upon himself, and look for his indemnity to the sale. My own opinion is that White could publish them as advantageously as Carey.

Write to me frequently, and believe me very truly yours,

JOHN P. KENNEDY.

Part of the following important letter was paraphrased and printed by Griswold.



ENGRAVED BY T. COLE, FROM A DAGUERRETYPE.

REPRINTED FROM THIS MAGAZINE FOR MAY, 1880.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

WHITE TO POE.

RICHMOND, September 29, 1835.

DEAR EDGAR: Would that it were in my power to unbosom myself to you in language such as I could on the present occasion wish myself master of. I cannot do it—and therefore must be content to speak to you in my plain way. That you are sincere in all your promises I firmly believe. But, Edgar, when you once again tread these streets, I have my fears that your resolve would fall through, and that you would again sip the juice, even till it stole away your senses. Rely on your own strength, and you are gone! Look to your Maker for help, and you are safe! How much I regretted parting with you is unknown to any one on this earth except myself. I was attached to you—and am still—and willingly would I say return, if I did not dread the hour of separation very shortly again.

If you could make yourself contented to take up your quarters in my family or in any other private family where liquor is not used, I should think there were hopes of you. But if you go to a tavern, or to any other place where it is used at table, you are not safe. I speak from experience.

You have fine talents, Edgar—and you ought to have them respected as well as yourself. Learn to respect yourself, and you will very soon find that you are respected. Separate yourself from the bottle, and bottle-companions, for ever! Tell me if you can and will do so, and let me hear that it is your fixed purpose never to yield to temptation. If you should come to Richmond again, and again should be an assistant in my office, it must be especially understood by us that all engagements on my part would be dissolved, the moment you get drunk. No man is safe that drinks before breakfast. No man can do so and attend to business properly.

I have thought over the matter seriously about the autograph article, and have come to the conclusion that it will be best to omit it in its present dress. I should not be at all surprised, were I to send it out, to hear that Cooper had sued me for a libel. The form containing it has been ready for press three days—and I have been just as many days deciding the question. I am your true friend,
T. W. WHITE.

POE TO KENNEDY.

RICHMOND, January 22, 1836.

DEAR SIR: Although I have never yet acknowledged the receipt of your letter of advice some months ago, it was not without great influence upon me. I have since then fought the enemy manfully, and am now in every respect comfortable and happy. I know you will be pleased to hear this. My health is better than for years past, my mind is fully occupied, my pecuniary difficulties have vanished. I have a fair prospect of future success—in a word all is right. I shall never forget to whom all this happiness is, in a great degree, to be attributed. I know that without your timely aid I should have sunk under my trials. Mr. White is very liberal, and besides my salary

of \$520 pays me liberally for extra work, so that I receive nearly \$800. Next year, that is, at the commencement of the second volume, I am to get \$1000. Besides this, I receive from Publishers nearly all new publications. My friends in Richmond have received me with open arms, and my reputation is extending—especially in the South. Contrast all this with those circumstances of absolute despair in which you found me, and you will see how great reason I have to be grateful to God—and to yourself.

Some matters in relation to the death of Mrs. Caroline Clemm, who resided at Mount Prospect, four miles from Baltimore, render it necessary for me to apply to an attorney, and I have thought it probable you would be kind enough to advise me . . . [so starred in the copy]. I should be glad to have your opinion in regard to my Editorial course in the "Messenger." How do you like my Critical Notices? I have understood (from the Preface to your Third Edition of "Horseshoe") that you are engaged in another work. If so, can you not send me on a copy in advance of the publication. Remember me to your family, and believe me with the highest respect and esteem,

Yours very truly,
EDGAR A. POE.

KENNEDY TO POE.

BALTIMORE, February 9, 1836.

MY DEAR POE: . . . [The omitted passage refers to the Mrs. Caroline Clemm affair.] I am greatly rejoiced at your success not only in Richmond but everywhere. My predictions have been more than fulfilled in regard to the public favour for your literary enterprises. Let me beg you to set down this praise at its value. As nothing but an incentive to the utmost care and labour for improvement. You are strong enough now to be criticised. Your fault is your love of the extravagant. Pray beware of it. You find a hundred intense writers for one *natural* one. Some of your *bizarrerries* have been mistaken for satire—and admired too in that character. *They* deserved it, but *you* did not, for you did not intend them so. I like your grotesque—it is of the very best stamp; and I am sure you will do wonders for yourself in the comic—I mean the *serio-tragicomic*. Do you easily keep pace with the demands of the magazine? Avoid, by all means, the appearance of flagging. I like the critical notices very well. By the by, I wish you would tell White that he never sent me the November number.

Your letter assures me that you have entirely conquered your late despondency. I am rejoiced at this. You have a pleasant and prosperous career before you, if you subdue this brooding and boding inclination of your mind. Be cheerful; rise early, work methodically—I mean at appointed hours. Take regular recreation every day. Frequent the best company only. Be rigidly temperate both in body and mind—and I will ensure you at a moderate premium all the success and comfort you want. Will you do me a piece of business? . . . [The omitted passage refers to the recovery of a portrait.] Yours truly,

JOHN P. KENNEDY.

POE TO KENNEDY.

RICHMOND, February 11, 1836.

DEAR SIR: I received your kind letter of the 9th about an hour ago. . . . [The omitted passage refers to the portrait mentioned.]

You are nearly, but not altogether right in relation to the satire of some of my Tales. Most of them were intended for half-banter, half-satire — although I might not have fully acknowledged this to be their aim even to myself. "Lionizing" and "Loss of Breath" were satires properly speaking — at least so meant — the one of the rage for Lions, and the facility of becoming one, the other of the extravagancies of "Blackwood." I find no difficulty in keeping pace with the demands of the magazine. In the February number, which is now in the binder's hands, are no less than forty pages of Editorial — perhaps this is a little *de trop*. There was no November number issued. Mr. W. has increased my salary since I wrote \$104 for the present year. This is being liberal beyond my expectations. He is exceedingly kind in every respect. You did not reply to my query touching the "new work." But I do not mean to be inquisitive. . . . [The omitted passage refers to Kennedy's seal.] Most sincerely yours,

EDGAR A. POE.

WHITE TO POE.

January 17, 1837.

MR. POE: If it be possible, without breaking in on any previous arrangement, I will get more than the 1st portion of "Pym" in — though I much fear that will be impossible. If I had read even ten lines of Magruder's manuscript it would have saved me the expense of putting it in type. It is all words [illegible]. He will have to live a little longer in the world before he can write well enough to please the readers of the magazine. Touching Cary's piece, gratitude to him for pecuniary assistance obliges me to insert it.

You are certainly as well aware as I am, that the last \$20 I advanced to you was in consideration of what you were to write for me by the piece. I also made you a promise on Saturday that I would do something more for you to-day — and I never make even a promise without intending to perform it — and though it is entirely out of my power to send you up anything this morning, yet I will do something more sure, before night or early to-morrow — if I have to borrow it from my friends. Truly yours,

T. W. W.

The next persons of literary reputation to befriend Poe after Kennedy were Beverly Tucker of Virginia, the author of "The Partizan Leader," and John K. Paulding of New York. Their interest was called out by Poe's work in the magazine. The letters of Tucker are long and leisurely, and are here abridged by the omission of the less personal passages in which the ways of publishers and the decay of taste are the prominent topics. Those of Paulding are more fully given, as the matter is of bio-

graphical interest. There are also letters from Mrs. Sigourney and others, belonging to this period, but space does not permit their insertion.

TUCKER TO WHITE.

WILLIAMSBURG, Nov. 29, 1835.

MY DEAR SIR: . . . I am much flattered by Mr. Poe's opinion of my lines. . . . He will take this and other suggestions of mine kindly. I am interested in him, and am glad he has found a position in which his pursuit of fame may be neither retarded, nor, what is worse, hurried by necessity. His history, as I have heard it, reminds me of Coleridge's; with the example of Coleridge's virtues and success before him, he can need no other guide. Yet a companion by the way to hint that "more haste makes less speed" may not be amiss. Will he admit me to this office? Without the title of his genius, I am old enough to be his father (if I do not mistake his filiation, I remember his beautiful mother when a girl), and I presume I have had advantages the want of which he feels. Now, if by aiding you, I can aid him too to disencumber himself of the clogs that have impeded his progress, I shall kill two birds with one stone. Let me tell you then why in the critique I prepared for Green, I said nothing of his Tale. ["MS. Found in a Bottle."] It was because I thought that had been already praised as much as was good for him. And why? Because I am sure no man ever attained to that distinction to which Mr. P. may fairly aspire *by extravagance*. He is made for better things than to cater for the depraved taste of the literary vulgar, the most disgusting and impertinent of all vulgarians. Besides, I was disappointed in the tale; not because of the praises I had heard (for I make light of such things), but because Mr. P. had taught me to expect from him something more than the mere *physique* of the horrible. I had expected that the author of "Morella" on board the Flying Dutchman would have found a Dutch tongue in his head, would have thawed the silence of his shipmates, and have extracted from them a tale of thrilling interest, of the causes of that awful spell which has driven and still drives their ship careering safely through the innumerable horrors he has described. Cannot he rescue her yet from her perils, and send us another bottle full of intelligence of her escape, and of her former history? Cannot he, by way of episode, get himself sent on board of some fated ship, with letters from the spellbound mariners to their friends at home? Imaginations of this sort flocked to my mind as soon as I found him on her decks, and hence I was disappointed. I do not propose that he should work up these materials. He can do better in following the lead of his own fancy. But let him remember that fancy must be servant, not mistress. It must be made the minister of higher faculties. . . .

Now one word more. If Mr. P. takes well what I have said, he shall have as much more of it whenever occasion calls for it. If not, his silence alone will effectually rebuke my impertinence.

Yours truly,

B. T.

TUCKER TO POE.

WILLIAMSBURG, December 5, 1835.

DEAR SIR: Your letter has just been received, and deserves my thanks. So far from needing apology, it has been taken as a favour, and I have been congratulating myself on the success of my attempt to draw you into correspondence. It is more creditable to your candour than to my criticism that you have taken it so kindly. . . .

Respectfully, and with the best wishes,

Your obedient servant,

[Signature torn off.]

TUCKER TO WHITE.

WILLIAMSBURG, January 26, 1836.

MY DEAR SIR: . . . Last night I received a letter from Mr. P. by which I learn that you may not feel as much confidence in his capacity for the duties of his station, as is necessary for your mutual comfort. This doubt he attributes in part to what must have been a misconstruction by you of one of my letters. That I have not admired all Mr. P's productions, as much as some others, and that his writings are not so much to my taste as they would be were I (as would to God I were) as young as he, I do not deny. Thus much I expressed, and this so freely as to show that, had I meant more, I would have said more. You only know me on paper, but I think you can read this point in my character at the distance of sixty miles. I was equally sincere, I assure you, in what I said in his praise. . . . I do not agree with the reading (or rather the writing and printing) public in admiring Mrs. Sigourney & Co., or any of our native poets except Halleck. In this I know I shall stand condemned. But I appeal from contemporaneous and reciprocal puffing to the impartial judgment of posterity. Let that pass. I only mention this to say that Mr. P's review of the writings of a leash of these ladies, in your last number, is a specimen of criticism, which for niceness of discrimination, delicacy of expression, and all that shows familiarity with the art, may well compare with any I have ever seen. . . .

Mr. P. is young, and I thought him rash. I expressed this full as strongly as I thought it. I now repeat it, and apply to him the caution given by the God of Poets and Critics to his son when he permitted him to guide the Chariot that lights the world.

"Parce, puer, stimulis, et fortiter utere loris."

. . . I write this letter at his request. . . .

[Signature torn off.]

PAULDING TO WHITE.

January (?) 1836.]

. . . [The body of the letter relates to his own affairs.]

P. S. Your Publication is decidedly superior to any Periodical in the United States, and Mr. Poe as decidedly the best of all our young writers. I don't know but that I might add all our old ones, with one or two exceptions, among which, I assure you, I don't include myself. . . .

NEW YORK, March 3, 1836.

DEAR SIR: I duly received the Book containing the Tales by Mr. Poe heretofore published in the "Messenger," and have delayed writing to you on the subject until I could communicate the final decision of the Messrs. Harpers as to their republication. By the way, you are entirely mistaken in your idea of my influence over these gentlemen in the transactions of their business. They have a Reader, by whose judgment they are guided in their publications, and like all other traders are governed by their anticipations of profit or loss, rather than any intrinsic merit of a work or its author. I have no influence in this respect, and indeed ought to have none, for my taste does not exactly conform to that of the Public at present. I placed the work in their hands, giving my opinion of it, which was such as I believe I have heretofore expressed to you more than once, leaving them to their own decision.

The[y] have finally declined republishing it for the following reasons: They say that the stories have so recently appeared before the Public in the "Messenger" that they would be no novelty—but most especially they object that there is a degree of obscurity in their application, which will prevent ordinary readers from comprehending their drift, and consequently from enjoying the fine satire they convey. It requires a degree of familiarity with various kinds of knowledge which they do not possess, to enable them to relish the joke; the dish is too refined for them to banquet on. They desire me, however, to state to Mr. Poe that if he will lower himself a little to the ordinary comprehension of the generality of readers, and prepare a series of original Tales, or a single work, and send them to the Publishers, previous to their appearance in the "Messenger," they will make such arrangements with him as will be liberal and satisfactory.

I regret this decision of the Harpers, though I have not opposed it, because I do not wish to lead them into any measure that might be accompanied by a loss, and felt as I would feel for myself in a similar case. I would not press a work of my own on them, nor do I think Mr. Poe would be gratified at my doing so with one of his.

I hope Mr. Poe will pardon me if the interest I feel in his success should prompt me to take this occasion to suggest to him to apply his fine humor, and his extensive acquirements, to more familiar subjects of satire; to the faults and foibles of our own people, their peculiarities of habits and manners, and above all to the ridiculous affectations and extravagancies of the fashionable English Literature of the day, which we copy with such admirable success and servility. His quiz on Willis, and the Burlesque of "Blackwood," were not only capital, but what is more, were understood by all. For Satire to be relished, it is necessary that it should be leveled at something with which readers are familiar. My own experience has taught me this, in the failure of some efforts of my own formerly.

Be good enough to let me know what disposition I shall make of the work. I am respectfully,
Your friend and Servant, J. K. PAULDING.

Harper & Brothers formally declined the volume of tales in a letter to Poe, June, 1836, on the same grounds alleged above.

PAULDING TO POE.

NEW YORK, March 17, 1836.

DEAR SIR: In compliance with your wishes it would afford me much pleasure to have proposed the publication of your book to some one respectable Bookseller of this city. But the truth is, there is only one other who publishes anything but School Books, religious works, and the like, and with him I am not on terms that would make it agreeable to me to make any proposition of this nature, either in my own behalf or that of another. I have therefore placed your work in the hands of Messrs. Harpers, to forward with a Box of Books they are sending to Richmond in a few days, and I hope it will come safely to hand.

I think it would be worth your while, if other engagements permit, to undertake a Tale in a couple of volumes, for that is the magical number. There is a great dearth of good writers at present both in England and this country, while the number of readers and purchasers of books is daily increasing, so that the demand is greater than the supply, in mercantile phrase. Not one work in ten published in England will bear republication here. You would be surprised at their [illegible] mediocrity. I am of opinion that a work of yours would at least bring you a handsome remuneration, though it might not repay your labors, or meet its merits. Should you write such a work, your best way will be to forward the MS. directly to the Harpers, who will be, I presume, governed by the judgment of their Reader, who, from long experience, can tell almost to a certainty what will succeed. I am destitute of this valuable instinct, and my opinion counts for nothing with publishers. In other respects you may command my good offices. I am Dr. Sir,

Your friend and Serv't,

J. K. PAULDING.

Poe left the "Messenger" about January 1, 1837, and arrived in New York at some time before June, as appears from a letter addressed to him in that city by Dr. Charles Anthon.

ANTHON TO POE.

NEW YORK, June 1, 1837.

DEAR SIR: I owe you an apology for not having answered your letter of the 27th sooner, but I was occupied at the time with matters that admitted of no delay, and was compelled therefore to lay your communication on the table for a day or two. I hope you will find what is written below satisfactory. Do not wait to pay me a formal visit, but call and introduce yourself. Yours truly,

CHAS. ANTHON.

"What is written below," it is interesting to discover, is that passage of Hebrew learning in

criticism of Dr. Keith's interpretation of some verses in Isaiah and Ezekiel, which Poe was accustomed to reprint as his own from the time of its first appearance in his review of Stephen's "Travels," where he inserted it textually as it here stands in MS. In 1838 he published "The Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym" through Harper & Brothers, who wrote to him in respect to the printed English edition, February 20, 1839, when he was already settled in Philadelphia. No other document of this period remains, except a letter from James E. Heath, the author of "Edgehill," which is a natural pendant to the preceding White correspondence, and illustrates sharply the suspicion with which Poe usually regarded those who had once been his benefactors. The omitted portion contains a criticism of the then recently published "Fall of the House of Usher," which Poe had sent to the writer.

HEATH TO POE.

RICHMOND, September 12, 1839.

DEAR SIR: . . . I have had a conversation with White since the receipt of your letter, and took the liberty to hint to him your convictions of an unfriendly feeling manifested on his part towards you. I am happy to inform you that he disclaims the existence of any unkind feeling; on the contrary, professes that your prosperity and happiness would yield him pleasure. He is not aware of having spoken or written anything with a design to injure you, or anything more in censure or disparagement, than what he has said to you in person, when you resided here. I am inclined to think that you entirely mistake the man, if you suppose that a particle of malignity lurks in his composition. My long acquaintance with him justifies me in saying that I have known few men more disposed to cherish kindly and benevolent feelings towards their fellow-men than himself. He informs me that he will with pleasure admit a notice of the "Gentleman's Magazine" [on which Poe was then employed] in the "Messenger," and if possible in the October number. . . .

It gives me sincere pleasure to understand that your own good sense and the influence of high and noble motives have enabled you to overcome a seductive and dangerous besetment, which too often prostrates the wisest and best by its fatal grasp. The cultivation of such high intellectual powers as you possess cannot fail to earn for you a solid reputation in the literary world. In the department of criticism especially, I know few who can claim to be your superior in this country. Your dissecting knife if vigorously employed would serve to rid us of much of that silly trash and sickly *sentimentality* with which puerile and conceited authors, and gain-seeking booksellers are continually poisoning our intellectual food. I hope in relation to all such you will continue to wield your mace without "fear, favor, or affection." I subscribe myself sincerely your well-wisher.

[Signature cut out.]

POE IN PHILADELPHIA.¹

SELECTIONS FROM THE CORRESPONDENCE OF EDGAR ALLAN POE.

EDITED BY GEORGE E. WOODBERRY.

POE removed from New York to Philadelphia in the summer of 1838. He worked for the booksellers, the magazines, annuals, and newspapers, and won repute by the tales of "The Fall of the House of Usher," "Ligeia," and "William Wilson." He published early in 1839 a manual of conchology, pirating the text, and at the end of the year the two volumes of the "Tales of the Arabesque and Grotesque." In May, 1839, he was engaged by William E. Burton as assistant editor of "The Gentleman's Magazine," and held the post until June, 1840, when the two parted under circumstances of mutual vexation. The only public reason given by Burton occurs on the cover of "The Gentleman's Magazine" for September, 1840: "Our friend at Portland may rest assured that we were ignorant of the non-transmission of his numbers. His name was erased from our list by the person whose 'infirmities' have caused us much annoyance."

This bears out the statement of C. J. Alexander, the publisher of the magazine, that Poe's habits were one cause of the difficulty. The matter is fully dealt with in the biographies. Poe was anxious to have a magazine of his own, and planned "The Penn Magazine," which was announced to appear on January 1, 1841. The scheme had been growing in his mind for a year. Lack of funds prevented its realization. Meanwhile George R. Graham had bought "The

Gentleman's Magazine" in October, 1840, and merged it with his own periodical "The Casket"; and having had dealings with Poe in connection with other publications, he offered him a share in the editorship of the new "Graham's Magazine," which he accepted, as was

announced February 20, 1841. Poe remained with Graham until April 1, 1842, when the May number was prepared, and was succeeded in his chair by Griswold, who was offered the post April 20, and had accepted it by May 1. During his connection with "Graham's" Poe had not abandoned his plan of "The Penn Magazine," but in the latter half of 1841 had hoped to persuade Graham to abandon the present magazine, and join him in the new venture. The reasons for his leaving "Graham's" were of the same nature

as those which had occasioned his previous changes of editorial employment, but he remained on terms of intercourse with both Graham and Griswold. He at once advertised "The Penn Magazine," and solicited subscribers and funds; but when he at last succeeded in making a contract with Thomas C. Clarke, owner of the Philadelphia "Saturday Museum," about January 1, 1843, it was decided to call the new magazine "The Stylus." In the interest of this plan his biography by Hirst, with his likeness, was published in the "Saturday Museum" of March 4, 1843, with the announcement of "The Stylus"; but this scheme also failed. During these years he had made an effort to obtain employment in some government office, and had given some public lectures. Early in 1844 he left



ENGRAVED BY H. G. TIETZE. FROM A DAGUERRETYPE OWNED BY MR. THOMAS J. MCKEE.

EDGAR A. POE.

¹ The picture on page 727 was drawn by Albert E. Sterner, and is from the forthcoming complete edition of Poe's works to be published by Messrs. Stone & Kimball.

Philadelphia, and removed once more to New York.

The facts thus briefly stated are necessary to the understanding of the following letters, which are one of the main sources of his biography for this period. The first important letter contains Burton's offer of the assistant editorship of "The Gentleman's Magazine."

BURTON TO POE.

PHILADELPHIA, May 10, 1839.

EDGAR A. POE, Esq.

MY DEAR SIR: I have given your proposal a fair consideration. I wish to form some such engagement as that which you have proposed, and know of no one more likely to suit my views than yourself. The expenses of the Magazine are already woefully heavy; more so than my circulation warrants. I am certain that my expenditure exceeds that of any publication now extant, including the monthlies which are double in price. Competition is high — new claimants are daily rising. I am therefore compelled to give expensive plates, thicker paper, and better printing than my antagonists, or allow them to win the goal. My contributors cost me something handsome, and the losses upon credit, exchange, etc., are becoming frequent and serious. I mention this list of difficulties as some slight reason why I do not close with your offer, which is indubitably liberal, without any delay.

Shall we say ten dollars per week for the remaining portion of this year? Should we remain together, which I see no reason to negative, your proposition shall be in force for 1840. A month's notice to be given on either side previous to a separation.

Two hours a day, except occasionally, will, I believe, be sufficient for all required, except in the production of any article of your own. At all events you could easily find time for any other light avocation — supposing that you did not exercise your talents in behalf of any publication interfering with the prospects of the G. M.

I shall dine at home to-day at 3. If you will cut your mutton with me, good. If not, write or see me at your leisure. I am, my dear Sir, your obdt. Servt.,

W. E. BURTON.

Poe had through life the habit of sending his better tales and poems to distinguished literary men, and soliciting thereby their attention. One or two instances of this have been mentioned. He kept the replies, and was thus enabled to append to Hirst's biography of him in the Philadelphia "Saturday Museum" a long list of encomiums, in addition to such as had been publicly made. The following letter from Washington Irving was written in acknowledgment of "William Wilson," which had followed the "House of Usher," as a means of introduction, and the substance of it, much altered and somewhat garbled, appeared in the list referred to, and affords a striking instance of how Poe dealt with such correspondence.

IRVING TO POE.

NEWBURG, November 6, 1839.

DEAR SIR: The magazine you were so kind as to send me, being directed to New York, instead of Tarrytown, did not reach me for some time. This, together with an unfortunate habit of procrastination, must plead my apology for the tardiness of my reply. I have read your little tale of "William Wilson" with much pleasure. It is managed in a highly picturesque style, and the singular and mysterious interest is well sustained throughout. I repeat what I have said in regard to a previous production, which you did me the favor to send me, that I cannot but think a series of articles of like style and merit would be extremely well received by the public.

I could add for your private ear, that I think the last tale much the best, in regard to style. It is simpler. In your first you have been too anxious to present your picture vividly to the eye, or too distrustful of your effect, and have laid on too much coloring. It is erring on the best side — the side of luxuriance. That tale might be improved by relieving the style from some of the epithets. There is no danger of destroying its graphic effect, which is powerful. With best wishes for your success, I am, my dear sir, yours respectfully,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

Philip Pendleton Cooke was another author to whom Poe introduced himself by means of a tale. On September 16, 1839, Cooke wrote a long and most appreciative letter in answer, with interesting criticism; but there is room here only for Poe's reply.

POE TO COOKE.

PHILADELPHIA, September 21, 1839.

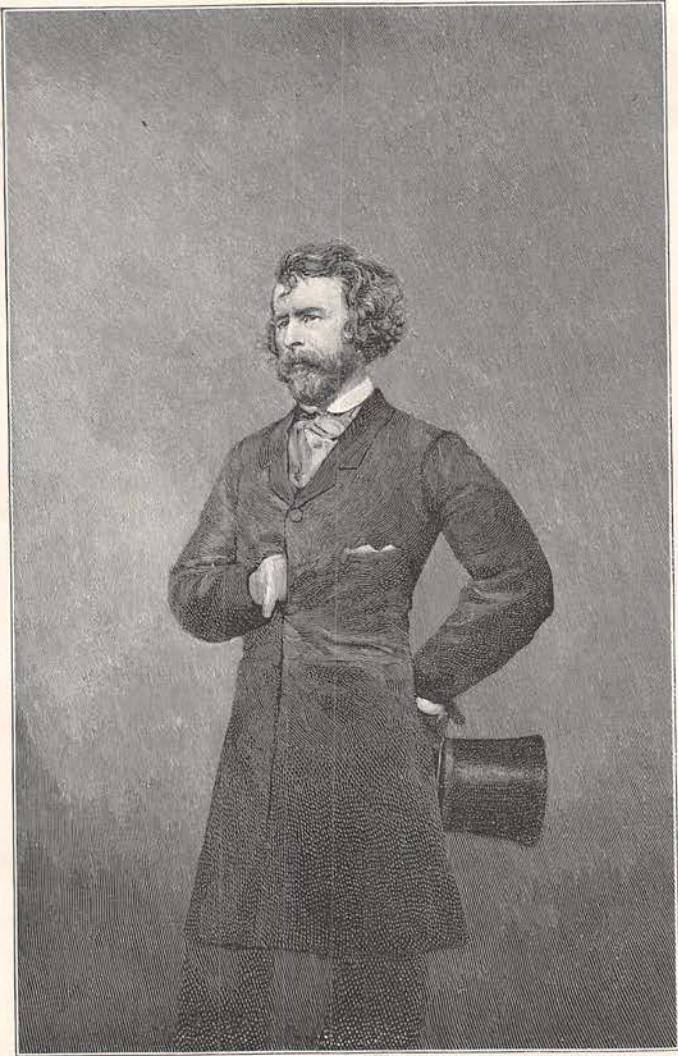
MY DEAR SIR: I received your letter this morning — and read it with more pleasure than I can well express. You wrong me, indeed, in supposing that I meant one word of mere flattery in what I said. I have an inveterate habit of speaking the truth — and had I not valued your opinion more highly than that of any man in America I should not have written you as I did.

I say that I read your letter with delight. In fact I am aware of no delight greater than that of feeling one's self appreciated (in such wild matters as "Ligeia") by those in whose judgment one has faith. You read my most intimate spirit "like a book," and with the single exception of D'Israeli, I have had communication with no other person who does. Willis had a glimpse of it — Judge Tucker saw about one half way through — but your ideas are the very echo of my own. I am very far from meaning to flatter — I am flattered and honored. Beside me is now lying a letter from Washington Irving in which he speaks with enthusiasm of a late tale of mine, "The Fall of the House of Usher," — and in which he promises to make his opinion public, upon the first opportunity, — but from the bottom of my heart I assure you, I regard his best word as but dust in the balance when weighed with those discrim-



DRAWN BY ALBERT E. STERNER.

LIGEIA.



ENGRAVED BY R. G. TIETZE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY M. B. BRADY, OWNED BY MR. PETER GILSEY.

NATHANIEL P. WILLIS.

inating opinions of your own, which teach me that you feel and perceive.

Touching "Ligeia" you are right—all right—throughout. The *gradual* perception of the fact that Ligeia lives again in the person of Rowena is a far loftier and more thrilling idea than the one I have embodied. It offers in my opinion, the widest possible scope to the imagination—it might be rendered even sublime. And this idea was mine—had I never written before I should have adopted it—but then there is "Morella." Do you remember there the *gradual* conviction on the part of the parent that the spirit of the first Morella tenanted the person of the second? It was necessary, since "Morella" was written, to modify "Ligeia." I was forced to be content with a sudden half-consciousness, on the part of the narrator, that Ligeia stood before him. One point I have not fully carried out—I should have inti-

mated that the *will* did not perfect its intention—there should have been a relapse—a final one—and Ligeia (who had only succeeded in so much as to convey an idea of the truth to the narrator) should be at length entombed as Rowena—the bodily alterations having gradually faded away.

But since "Morella" is upon record I will suffer "Ligeia" to remain as it is. Your word that it is "intelligible" suffices—and your commentary sustains your word. As for the mob—let them talk on. I should be grieved if I thought they comprehended me here. The "saith Verulam" shall be put right—your "impertinence" is quite pertinent.

I send the "Gentleman's Magazine" (July, August, September). Do not think of subscribing. The criticisms are not worth your notice. Of course I pay no attention to them—for there are two of us.

It is not pleasant to be taxed with the twaddle of other people, or to let other people be taxed with ours. Therefore for the present I remain upon my oars — merely penning an occasional paragraph, without care. The critiques, such as they are, are all mine in the July number and all mine in the August and September with the exception of the three first in each — which are by Burton. As soon as Fate allows I will have a Magazine of my own — and will endeavor to kick up a dust. Do you ever see the “Pittsburg Examiner” (a New Monthly)? I wrote a Review of “Tortosa,” at some length in the July number. In the October number of the “Gentleman’s Magazine,” I will have “William Wilson” from “The Gift” for 1840. This tale I think you will like — it is perhaps the best, although not the last, I have done. During the autumn I will publish all in two volumes — and now I have done with my egotism.

It makes me laugh to hear you speaking about “romantic young persons” as of a race with whom, for the future, you have nothing to do. You need not attempt to shake off or to banter off Romance. It is an evil you will never get rid of to the end of your days. It is a part of yourself — a portion of your soul. Age will only mellow it a little, and give it a holier tone. I will give your contributions a hearty welcome, and the choicest position in the magazine. Sincerely yours,

EDGAR A. POE.

The correspondence thus begun was continued in a friendly spirit for some years, and a later example is given.

A single letter of Poe to Longfellow was written to solicit his assistance in the magazine projected by Poe in connection with Graham, in 1841, to which reference has been made. It is of the nature of a circular letter, and is nearly the same as a letter to Kennedy, June 22, 1841. The editor has also seen elsewhere a letter of the same tenor to Cooper, the novelist. Longfellow never exhibited toward Poe so appreciative a feeling as did his other contemporaries, and the bitterness with which Poe attacked him at a later period may be partly accounted for on this ground. The letter which follows is an excellent example of the business side of Poe’s capacity for literature :

POE TO LONGFELLOW.

PHILADELPHIA, June 22, 1841.

DEAR SIR: Your letter of the 19th May was received. I regret to find my anticipations confirmed, and that you cannot make it convenient to accept Mr. Graham’s proposition. Will you now pardon me for making another?

I need not call your attention to the signs of the times in respect to magazine literature. You will admit that the tendency of the age lies in this way — so far at least as regards the lighter letters. The brief, the terse, the condensed, and the easily circulated will take place of the diffuse, the ponderous, and the inaccessible. Even our

reviews (*lucus a non lucendo*) are found too massive for the taste of the day: I do not mean for the taste of the tasteless, but for that of the few. In the mean time the finest minds of Europe are beginning to lend their spirit to magazines. In this country, unhappily, we have not any journal of the class which either can afford to offer pecuniary inducement to the highest talent, or which would be, in all respects, a fitting vehicle for its thoughts. In the supply of this deficiency there would be a point gained; and in the hope of at least partially supplying it, Mr. Graham and myself propose to establish a monthly Magazine.

The amplest funds will be embarked in the undertaking. The work will be an octavo of 96 pages. The paper will be of excellent quality — possibly finer than that upon which your “Hyperion” was printed. The type will be new (always new), clear, and bold, with distinct face. The matter will be disposed in a single column. The printing will be done upon a hand-press in the best manner. There will be a broad margin. There will be no engravings, except occasional woodcuts (by Adams) when demanded in obvious illustration of the text; and, when so required, they will be worked in with the type — not upon separate pages as in “Arcturus.” The stitching will be done in the French style, permitting the book to lie fully open. Upon the cover, and throughout, the endeavour will be to preserve the greatest purity of taste consistent with decision and force. The price will be five dollars.

The chief feature in the literary department will be that of contributions from the most distinguished pens (of America) exclusively; or if this plan cannot be wholly carried out, we propose, at least, to make arrangements (if possible) with yourself, Mr. Irving, Mr. Cooper, Mr. Paulding, Mr. Bryant, Mr. Halleck, Mr. Willis, and one or two others. In fact, our ability to make these arrangements is a condition without which the Magazine will not go into operation; and my object in writing you this letter is to ascertain how far I may look to yourself for aid.

In your former note you spoke of present engagements. The proposed journal will not be commenced until January 1, 1842.

It would be desirable that you should agree to furnish one paper each month, — prose or poetry, absolute or serial, — and of such length as you might deem proper. Should illustrations be desired by you, these will be engraved at our expense, from designs at your own, superintended by yourself. We leave the matter of terms, as before, to your own decision. The sums agreed upon would be paid as you might suggest. It would be necessary that our agreement should be made for one year — during which period you should be pledged not to write for any other (American) Magazine.

With this letter I despatch one of the same tenor to each of the gentlemen before named. If you cannot consent to an unconditional reply, will you be kind enough to say whether you will write for us upon condition that we succeed in our engagements with the others — specifying what others. With high respect, your obedient,

EDGAR A. POE.

The earliest letter of Willis to Poe, in these papers, is in reply to a request for contributions to "Graham's," but there had been previous correspondence.

WILLIS TO POE.

GLENMARY, November 30, 1841.

MY DEAR SIR: You cannot have received my letter written in answer to yours some time since (say a month ago) in which I stated that I was under contract to Mr. Godey to write for no other periodical in Philadelphia than the "Lady's Book," for one year — 1842. I said also that if he were willing, I should be very happy to send you *poetry* (he bargaining for *prose*), but that without his consent I could do nothing. From a very handsome notice of "Graham's Magazine" which I saw in the "Lady's Book," I presumed Godey and Graham were the best of friends and would manage it between them. Still, I do not understand your request — for the "Lady Jane" will be published (all they agreed for — 100 stanzas) in their own paper before January 1, and, of course, any extract would not be original. Any periodical is at liberty to copy, for though Wilson has taken out a copyright, I should always consider copying it too much of a compliment to be resented.

Mr. Godey has been very liberal with me, and pays me quite enough for the exclusive use of my name in Philadelphia, and I can do nothing unless you procure his written agreement to it, of course. I am very sorry to refuse any thing to a writer whom I so much admire as yourself, and to a magazine as good as "Graham's." But you will acknowledge I am "in a tight place."

Begging my compliments to Mr. Graham, I remain, yours very truly. N. P. WILLIS.

Did you ever send me the magazine containing my autograph? I have never seen it.

The two following letters from Dickens, which are published by the kind permission of his only surviving literary executor, Miss Hogarth, are self-explanatory. He is said to have been much impressed by Poe's prophetic analysis of the plot of "Barnaby Rudge," which appeared in the Philadelphia "Saturday Evening Post," May 1, 1841; but no other connection between the two writers is known.

DICKENS TO POE.

UNITED STATES HOTEL, March 6, 1842.

MY DEAR SIR: I shall be very glad to see you whenever you will do me the favor to call. I think I am more likely to be in the way between half-past eleven and twelve, than at any other time. I have glanced over the books you have been so kind as to send me, and more particularly at the papers to which you called my attention. I have the greater pleasure in expressing my desire to see you on this account. Apropos of the "construction" of "Caleb Williams," do you know that Godwin wrote it *backwards*, — the last vol-

ume first, — and that when he had produced the hunting down of Caleb, and the catastrophe, he waited for months, casting about for a means of accounting for what he had done? Faithfully yours always,
CHARLES DICKENS.

DICKENS TO POE.

LONDON, 1 DEVONSHIRE TERRACE,
YORK GATE, REGENT'S PARK,
November 27, 1842.

DEAR SIR: By some strange accident (I presume it must have been through some mistake on the part of Mr. Putnam in the great quantity of business he had to arrange for me), I have never been able to find among my papers, since I came to England, the letter you wrote to me at New York. But I read it there, and think I am correct in believing that it charged me with no other mission than that which you had already entrusted to me by word of mouth. Believe me that it never, for a moment, escaped my recollection; and that I have done all in my power to bring it to a successful issue — I regret to say, in vain.

I should have forwarded you the accompanying letter from Mr. Moxon before now, but that I have delayed doing so in the hope that some other channel for the publication of our book on this side of the water would present itself to me. I am, however, unable to report any success. I have mentioned it to publishers with whom I have influence, but they have, one and all, declined the venture. And the only consolation I can give you is that I do not believe any collection of detached pieces by an unknown writer, even though he were an Englishman, would be at all likely to find a publisher in this metropolis just now.

Do not for a moment suppose that I have ever thought of you but with a pleasant recollection; and that I am not at all times prepared to forward your views in this country, if I can. Faithfully yours,
CHARLES DICKENS.

The most important correspondence of Poe in the Philadelphia period, besides that with Lowell and Snodgrass of Baltimore, was conducted with Frederick William Thomas, and it is noticeable for the element of comradery which is seldom met with in the letters of his other correspondents. Thomas continued faithful to the end, and was plainly attached to Poe. At the time the correspondence begins he was living in St. Louis, but soon removed to Washington, where he was in the employ of the Government. He was the author of "Clinton Bradshaw," "Howard Pinckney," "East and West," and other minor writings, and was interested in the magazine literature of the day. His letters are too many and too voluminous to publish in full; their topics were the things of the day; but in all that concerns Poe the writer was genuinely in earnest, and he took pains to serve him. The praise and encouragement he gave Poe were unstinted; he endeavored to aid him by obtaining newspaper advertisement of his various

schemes for a magazine, and by urging him to renewed efforts to start it, as plan after plan failed; and in particular he tried hard to obtain a government appointment for him. The history of this last scheme is here fully told. But only the entire text of Thomas's letters would do justice to his devotion to Poe's interests, and his constant and affectionate personal feeling. Dow, whose name often occurs in the correspondence, was a friend of Poe and Thomas, and a magazine writer of the time. The series here given covers the biographical data. Thomas's first letter was dated August 24, 1840. The first letter of importance is the following:

POE TO THOMAS.

PHILADELPHIA, November 23, 1840.

MY DEAR THOMAS: I only received yours of the sixth about an hour ago, having been out of town for the last ten days. Believe me, I was very glad to hear from you — for in truth I had given you up. I did not get the [St. Louis] "Bulletin" you sent, but saw the notice at the Exchange. The "Bulletin" has always been very kind to me, and I am at a loss to know who edits it — will you let me into this secret when you write again? Neither did "Howard Pinckney" come to hand. Upon receipt of your letter, just now, I called at Congress Hall — but no books. Mr. Bateman had been there, and gone, forgetting to leave them. I shall get them on his return. Meantime, and long ago, I have read the novel, with its predecessors. I like "Howard P[inckney]" very well — better than "E[ast] and W[est]," and not nearly so well as "C[linton] B[radshaw]." You give yourself up to your own nature (which is a noble one, upon my soul) in "Clinton Bradshaw"; but in "Howard Pinckney" you abandon the broad rough road for the dainty by-paths of authorism. In the former you are interested in what you write, and write to please, pleasantly; in the latter, having gained a name, you write to maintain it, and the effort becomes apparent. This consciousness of reputation leads you so frequently into those literary and other disquisitions about which we quarreled at Studevant's. If you would send the public opinion to the devil, forgetting that a public existed, and write from the natural promptings of your own spirit, you would do wonders. In a word, *abandon* is wanting in "Howard Pinckney," — and when I say this you must know that I mean a high compliment — for they to whom this very *abandon* may be safely suggested are very few indeed, and belong to the loftier class of writers. I would say more of "Howard Pinckney," but nothing in the shape of criticism can be well said *in petto*, and I intend to speak fully of the novel in the first number of the "Penn Magazine" — which I am happy to say will appear in January. I may just observe now, however, that I pitied you when I saw the blunders, typographical and Frostigraphical — although to do Frost justice, I do not think he looked at the proofs at all.

Thank you a thousand times for your good

wishes and kind offers. I shall wait anxiously for the promised article. I should like to have it, if possible, in the first sheet, which goes to press early in December. But I know that I may depend upon you, and therefore say no more upon this head. For the rest, your own experience and friendship will suggest the modes by which you may serve me in St. Louis. Perhaps you may be able to have the accompanying "Prospectus" (which you will see differs from the first) inserted once or twice in some of the city papers — if you can accomplish this without trouble I shall be greatly obliged to you. Have you heard that that illustrious graduate of St. John's College, Cambridge (Billy Barlow [Burton]), has sold his magazine to Graham, of the "Casket"?

Mrs. Clemm and Virginia unite with me in the kindest remembrance to yourself and sister — with whom your conversation (always turning upon the "one loved name") has already made us all so well acquainted. How long will it be before I see you again? Write immediately.

Yours most truly, E. A. P.

THOMAS TO POE.

WASHINGTON, May 20, 1841.

. . . How would you like to be an office-holder here at \$1500 per year payable monthly by Uncle Sam, who, however slack he may be to his general creditors, pays his officials with due punctuality? How would you like it? You stroll to your office a little after nine in the morning leisurely, and you stroll from it a little after two in the afternoon homeward to dinner and return no more that day. If, during office hours, you have anything to do, it is an agreeable relaxation from the monotonous laziness of the day. You have on your desk everything in the writing line in apple-pie order, and if you choose to lucubrate in a literary way why you can lucubrate.

Come on and apply for a clerkship; you can follow literature here as well as where you are — and think of the money to be made by it — "Think of that, Master Brook," as Sir John sayeth. Write to me, if you love me, on the reception of this . . .

My kindest regards to your mother and wife.

Your friend, F. W. THOMAS.

THOMAS TO POE.

WASHINGTON, July 1, 1841.

MY DEAR POE: Yours of June 26 [printed by Stoddard] I received yesterday. I trust, my dear friend, that you can obtain an appointment. President Tyler I have not even seen except in passing in his carriage — never having called at the White House since the death of Harrison, except to see the sons of the President, and then they were not in. Could n't you slip on here, and see the President yourself? Or if you would prefer it, I will see him for you. But perhaps your application had better be made through some one who has influence with the executive. I have heard you say that J. P. Kennedy had a regard for you. He is here a Congressman, and would serve you — would he not?

Your friend,
F. W. THOMAS.

The reply to the preceding is printed by Stoddard.

THOMAS TO POE.

WASHINGTON, August 30, 1841.

MY DEAR POE: . . . I wrote you that I saw Kennedy, and that he expressed his willingness to aid you in any way in his power. Since, I have conversed with the President's sons about you; they think the President will be able and willing to give you a situation, but they say, and I felt the truth of the remark before it was made, that at the present crisis, when everything is "hurly-burly," it would be of no avail to apply to him. He is much perplexed, as you may suppose, amidst the conflicting parties, the anticipated cabinet break up, &c. As soon as times get a little more quiet I will wait on the President myself, and write you of the interview.

Your cryptography makes quite a talk here. Hampton tells me he had quite a demand for your August number containing it.

Your friend, F. W. THOMAS.

ROBERT TYLER TO POE.

WHITE HOUSE, March 31, 1842.

MY DEAR SIR: I have received your letter in which you express your belief that Judge Blythe will appoint you to a situation in the Custom House, provided you have a reiteration of my former recommendations of you. It gives me pleasure to say to you that it would gratify me *very sensibly* to see you appointed by Judge Blythe. I am satisfied that no one is more competent, or would be more satisfactory in the discharge of any duty connected with the office. Believe me, my dear sir, truly yours, [Signature cut out].

THOMAS TO POE.

WASHINGTON, May 21, 1842.

MY DEAR POE: I fear you have been reproaching me with neglect in not answering yours of March 13 before. If you have, you have done me injustice.

I knew it would be of no avail to submit your proposition to Robert Tyler, with regard to any pecuniary aid which he might extend to your undertaking, as he has nothing but his salary of \$1500, and his situation requires more than its expenditure. In a literary point of view he would gladly aid you, but his time is so taken up with political and other matters that his contributions would be few and far between.

I therefore thought I could aid you better by interesting him in you personally, without your appearing, as it were, personally in the matter. In consequence I took occasion to speak of you to him frequently in a way that friendship and a profound respect for your genius and acquisitions dictated. He thinks of you as highly as I do.

Last night I was speaking of you, and took occasion to suggest that a situation in the Custom House, Philadelphia, might be acceptable to you, as Lamb (Charles) had held a somewhat

similar appointment, etc, etc, and as it would leave you leisure to pursue your literary pursuits. Robert replied that he felt confident that such a situation could be obtained for you in the course of two or three months at farthest, as certain vacancies would then occur.

What say you to such a plan? Official life is not laborious—and a situation that would suit you and place you beyond the necessity of employing your pen, he says he can obtain for you there.

Let me hear from you as soon as convenient upon this subject.

I assure you, Poe, that not an occasion has offered when in the remotest way I thought I could serve you, that I did not avail myself of it—but I would not write upon mere conjectures that something available was about to occur. So my motives must be an apology, my friend, for my long silence.

Besides, I could not obtain for you, and I have tried repeatedly, Clay's report on the copyright question. I may be yet successful. If I had obtained it I might have written sooner—having that to write about.

Yes, I saw Dickens, but only at the dinner which a few of us gave him here—I liked him very much, though. You certainly exhibited great sagacity in your criticism on "Barnaby Rudge." I have not yet read it—but I mean to do so, and then read your criticism, which I have put by for that purpose.

Somebody told me, for I have not seen it in print, that you and Graham had parted company. Is it so? . . . Your friend, F. W. THOMAS.

POE TO THOMAS.

PHILADELPHIA, May 25, 1842.

MY DEAR THOMAS: Through an accident I have only just now received yours of the 21st. Believe me, I never dreamed of doubting your friendship, or of reproaching you for your silence. I knew you had good reasons for it; and, in this matter, I feel that you have acted for me more judiciously, by far, than I should have done for myself. You have shown yourself, from the first hour of our acquaintance, that *rara avis in terris*—"a true friend." Nor am I the man to be unmindful of your kindness.

What you say respecting a situation in the Custom House here gives me new life. Nothing could more precisely meet my views. Could I obtain such an appointment, I would be enabled thoroughly to carry out all my ambitious projects. It would relieve me of all care as regards a mere subsistence, and thus allow me time for thought, which, in fact, is action. I repeat that I would ask for nothing farther or better than a situation such as you mention. If the salary will barely enable me to live I shall be content. Will you say as much for me to Mr. Tyler, and express to him my sincere gratitude for the interest he takes in my welfare?

The report of my having parted company with Graham is correct; although in the forthcoming June number there is no announcement to that effect; nor had the papers any authority for the statement made. My duties ceased with the May

number. I shall continue to contribute occasionally. Griswold succeeds me. My reason for resigning was disgust with the namby-pamby character of the Magazine—a character which it was impossible to eradicate. I allude to the contemptible pictures, fashion-plates, music, and love-tales. The salary, moreover, did not pay me for the labour which I was forced to bestow. With Graham, who is really a very gentlemanly, although an exceedingly weak, man, I had no misunderstanding. I am rejoiced to say that my dear little wife is much better, and I have strong hope of her ultimate recovery. She desires her kindest regards—as also Mrs. Clemm.

I have moved from the old place—but should you pay an unexpected visit to Philadelphia, you will find my address at Graham's. I would give the world to shake you by the hand; and have a thousand things to talk about which would not come within the compass of a letter. Write immediately upon receipt of this, if possible, and do let me know something of yourself, your own doings and prospects: see how excellent an example of egotism I set you. Here is a letter nearly every word of which is about myself or my individual affairs. You saw White—little Tom. I am anxious to know what he said about things in general. He is a *character* if ever one was. God bless you—

EDGAR A. POE.

A letter of Poe to Thomas, September 12, 1842, is printed by Stoddard.

POE TO THOMAS.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. [21], 1842.

MY DEAR THOMAS: I am afraid you will think that I keep my promises but indifferently well, since I failed to make my appearance at Congress Hall on Sunday, and I now, therefore, write to apologize. The will to be with you was not wanting—but, upon reaching home on Saturday night, I was taken with a severe chill and fever—the latter keeping me company all next day. I found myself too ill to venture out, but, nevertheless, would have done so had I been able to obtain the consent of all parties. As it was, I was quite in a quandary, for we kept no servant and no messenger could be procured in the neighborhood. I contented myself with the reflection that you would not think it necessary to wait for me very long after nine o'clock, and that you were not quite so implacable in your resentments as myself. I was much in hope that you would have made my way out in the afternoon. Virginia and Mrs. C[lemm] were much grieved at not being able to bid you farewell.

I perceive by Du Solle's paper that you saw him. He announced your presence in the city on Sunday in very handsome terms. I am about going on a pilgrimage this morning, to hunt up a copy of "Clinton Bradshaw," and will send it to you as soon as procured. Excuse the brevity of this letter, for I am still very unwell, and believe me most gratefully and sincerely your friend,

EDGAR A. POE.

The following letter is from a copy of the original in the possession of C. W. Frederickson, Esq., and was not among those originally in the papers furnished to Griswold.

POE TO THOMAS.

PHILADELPHIA, November 19, 1842.

MY DEAR FRIEND: Your letter of the 14th gave me new hope—only to be dashed to the ground. On the day of its receipt, some of the papers announced four removals and appointments. Among the latter I observed the name—Pogue. Upon inquiry among those behind the curtain, I soon found that no such person as—Pogue had any expectation of an appointment, and that the name was a misprint or rather a misunderstanding of the reporters, who had heard *my own* name spoken of at the Custom House. I waited two days, without calling on Mr. Smith, as he had twice told me that "he would send for me, when he wished to swear me in." To-day, however, hearing nothing from him, I called. I asked him if he had no good news for me yet. He replied, "No, I am instructed to make no more removals." At this, being much astonished, I mentioned that I had heard, through a friend, from Mr. Rob Tyler, that he was requested to appoint me. At these words he said roughly—"From *whom* did you say?" I replied, from Mr. Robert Tyler. I wish you could have seen the scoundrel,—for scoundrel, my dear Thomas, in your private ear, *he is*,—"From *Robert Tyler!*" says he—"Hem! I have received orders from *President Tyler* to make no more appointments, and shall make none." Immediately afterward, he acknowledged that he had made one appointment *since* these instructions.

Mr. Smith has excited the thorough disgust of every Tyler man here. He is a Whig of the worst stamp, and will appoint none but Whigs if he can possibly avoid it. People here laugh at the idea of his being a Tyler man. He is notoriously not such. As for me, he has treated me most shamefully. In my case, there was no need of any political shuffling or lying. I proffered my willingness to postpone my claims to those of political claimants, but he told me, upon my first interview after the election, that if I would call on the fourth day he would swear me in. I called and he was not at home. On the next day I called again and saw him, when he told me that he would send a messenger for me when ready: this without even inquiring my place of residence, showing that he had, from the first, no design of appointing me. Well, I waited nearly a month, when, finding nearly all the appointments made, I again called. He did not even ask me to be seated—scarcely spoke—muttered the words "I will *send* for you, Mr. Poe"—and that was all. My next and last interview was to-day—as I have just described. The whole *manner* of the man, from the first, convinced me that he would not appoint me if he could help it. Hence the uneasiness I expressed to you when here. Now, my dear Thomas, this insult is not *to me*, so much as to your friend Mr. Robert Tyler, who was so kind as to promise, and who requested, my appointment.

It seems to me that the only way to serve me *now* is to lay the matter once again before Mr. Tyler, and, if possible through him, to procure a few lines from the *President*, directing Mr. Smith to give me the place. With these credentials he would scarcely again refuse. But I leave all to your better judgment.

You can have no idea of the low ruffians and boobies—men, too, without a shadow of political influence or *caste*—who have received office over my head. If Smith had the feelings of a gentleman, he would have perceived that, from the very character of my claim,—by which I mean my *want* of claim,—he should have made my appointment an early one. It was a gratuitous favor intended me by Mr. Rob Tyler, and he (Smith) has done *his* best to deprive this favor of all its grace by delay. I could have forgiven all but the innumerable and altogether *unnecessary* falsehoods with which he insulted my common sense day after day.

I would write more, my dear Thomas, but my heart is too heavy. You have felt the misery of hope deferred, and will feel for me. Believe me ever your true friend,
EDGAR A. POE.

Write soon, and if possible relieve my suspense. You cannot imagine the trouble I am in, and have been in for the past two months—unable to enter into any literary arrangements, or in fact to do anything, being in hourly expectation of getting the place.

THOMAS TO POE.

WASHINGTON, February 1, 1843.

MY DEAR POE: You judged rightly I did not write to you [while] waiting “for some definite action of Congress on Smith’s case.” I feel most anxious (?) in the matter for you, my friend. About the biography. [Poe desired Thomas to write the sketch of him afterward done by Hirst] I duly received your notes, and determined at the earliest moment to take it in hand. Congress is now, you know, in session, and my labors at the department are terrible while it continues. There (?) I have set myself about writing out the notes, and there (?) I have been taken off. It would be a labor of love with me, Poe, as you know, and let who will do it now, some of these days I will do it better unless they do it d—d well. I could not do it until Congress adjourns, and not speedily then—I am so much occupied. I therefore think it best to send you the MS. as you request, but I do it with regret. I should be most glad to greet you in the capital. Come on if possible.

Yes, I saw the “Saturday Museum” in Mr. Robert Tyler’s room, and happened to light upon the article in which we are mentioned. I read that portion of it to him, and shall take care that he is not misinformed on the subject. I remember Mr. Hirst.

Why the d—I did you not give me an inkling of what your good luck is. I was at a party last night, and came to the department rather dull, but when I opened your letter, and read, “In high spirits, Yours truly, E. A. Poe,” I rose to “high spirits” myself. I assure you, Poe, that nothing gives me greater pleasure than to know that you are well

and doing well. Remember me most affectionately to your mother and lady, and believe me truly your friend,
F. W. THOMAS.

POE TO THOMAS.

PHILADELPHIA, February 25, 1843.

MY DEAR THOMAS: Herewith I forward a “Saturday Museum” containing a Biography and caricature, both of myself. I am ugly enough, God knows, but not *quite* so bad as that. The biographer is H. W. Hirst of this city. I put into his hands your package, as returned, and he has taken the liberty of stating his indebtedness for memoranda to yourself—a slight extension of the truth for which I pray you to excuse him. He is a warm friend of yours by the by—and a warm friend is a matter of moment at all times, but especially in this age of lukewarmness. I have also been guilty of an indiscretion [in the Hirst biography] in quoting from a private letter of yours to myself—I could not forego the temptation of letting the world know how well you thought of me.

On the outside of the paper you will see a Prospectus of “The Stylus”—my old “Penn” revived and remodeled under better auspices. I am anxious to hear your opinion of it. I have managed *at last* to secure, I think, the great object—a partner [T. C. Clarke, owner of the “Saturday Museum”] possessing ample capital, and, at the same time, so little self-esteem as to allow me entire control of the editorial conduct. He gives me, also, a half interest, and is to furnish funds for all the business operations—I agreeing to supply, for the first year, the literary matter. This will puzzle me no little, but I must do my best—write as much as possible myself, under my own name and pseudonyms, and hope for the casual aid of my friends, until the first stage of infancy is surpassed. The articles of copartnership have been signed and sealed for some weeks, and I should have written you before, informing you of my good luck, but that I was in hope of sending you, at the same time, a specimen-sheet. Some little delay has occurred in getting it out on account of paper. In the mean time, all arrangements are progressing with spirit. We shall make the most magnificent magazine, as regards externals, ever seen. The finest paper, bold type, in single column, and superb wood-engravings in the manner of the French illustrated edition of “Gil Blas” by Gigoux, or “Robinson Crusoe” by Grandville.

There are three objects I would give a great deal to accomplish. Of the first I have some hope, but of the two last exceedingly little, unless you aid me. In the first place, I wish an article from yourself for my opening number; in the second, one from Mr. Rob Tyler; in the third, one from Judge Upshur. If I could get all this, I should be made, but I despair. Judge Upshur wrote some things for “The Messenger” during my editorship, and if I could get him interested in the scheme he *might*, by good management, be induced to give me an article, I care not how brief, or on what subject, *with his name*. It would be worth to me at least \$500, and give me *caste* at once. I think him, as a reasoner, as a speaker,

and as a writer, absolutely unsurpassed. I have the *very highest* opinion of his abilities. There is no man in America from whom I so strongly covet an article. Is it procurable?

In a few weeks, at farthest, I hope to take you by the hand. In the mean time write, and let me know how you come on. About a week since I enclosed an introductory letter to yourself in one to a friend of mine (Professor Wyatt) now in Washington. I presume you have seen him. He is much of a gentleman, and I think you will be pleased with him.

Virginia and Mrs. Clemm beg to be remembered. Truly your friend, EDGAR A. POE.

P. S. Smith not rejected yet! Ah, if I could only get the inspectorship, or something similar, *now*—how completely it would put me out of all difficulty.

Early in March Poe went to Washington to make a personal appeal for office. The visit became a "speer." The story of it has been partly told by Gill, who prints a letter from Poe to Clarke, March 11, and one from Dow to Clarke, March 12. The following letter was used by the present editor, who had received a manuscript copy of it from another source, in his biography of Poe, but the letter was not printed. The note attached to it by Thomas relieves somewhat the impression it might otherwise make.

POE TO THOMAS AND DOW.

PHILADELPHIA, March 16, 1843.

MY DEAR THOMAS AND DOW: I arrived here in perfect safety, and *sober*, about half-past four last evening—nothing occurring on the road of any consequence. I shaved and breakfasted in Baltimore, and lunched on the Susquehanna, and by the time I got to Philadelphia felt quite decent. Mrs. Clemm was expecting me at the car-office. I went immediately home, took a warm bath and supper, and then went to Clarke's [his partner in "The Stylus"]. I never saw a man in my life more surprised to see another. He thought by Dow's epistle that I must not only be dead but buried, and would as soon have thought of seeing his great-great-grandmother. He received me, therefore, very cordially, and made light of the matter. I told him what had been agreed upon—that I was a little sick, and that Dow, knowing I had been, in times past, given to spreering upon an extensive scale, had become unduly alarmed etc., etc.—that when I found he had written, I thought it best to come home. He said my trip had improved me, and that he had never *seen me looking so well!*—and I don't believe I ever did. This morning I took medicine, and, as it is a snowy day will avail myself of the excuse to stay at home—so that by to-morrow I shall be *really* as well as ever. Virginia's health is about the same; but her distress of mind had been even more than I had anticipated. She desires her *kindest* remembrances to both of you—as also does Mrs. C.

Clarke, it appears, wrote to Dow, who must have received the letter this morning. Please re-

inclose the letter to me, here, so that I may know how to guide myself. And, Thomas, do write immediately as proposed. If *possible*, enclose a line from Rob Tyler—but I fear under the circumstances, it is not so. I blame no one but myself.

The letter which I looked for, and which I wished returned, is not on its way—reason, no money forthcoming—Lowell had not yet sent it. He is ill in New York, of ophthalmia. Immediately upon receipt of it, or before, I will forward the money you were both so kind as to lend, which is eight to Dow, and three and a half to Thomas. What a confounded business I have got myself into, attempting to write a letter to two people at once!

However, this is for Dow. My dear fellow, thank you a thousand times for your kindness and great forbearance, and don't say a word about the cloak turned inside out, or other peccadilloes of that nature. Also, express to your wife my deep regret for the vexation I must have occasioned her. Send me, also, if you can, the letter to Blythe. Call, also, at the barber's shop just above Fuller's and pay for me a levy which I believe I owe. And now, God bless you, for a nobler fellow never lived.

And this is for Thomas. My dear friend, forgive me my petulance and don't believe I think all I said. Believe me, I am very grateful to you for your many attentions and forbearances, and the time will never come when I shall forget either them or you. Remember me most kindly to Dr. Lacey—also to the Don, whose mustachios I do admire after all, and who has about the finest figure I ever beheld—also to Dr. Frailey. Please express my regret to Mr. Fuller for making such a fool of myself in his house, and say to him (if you think it necessary) that I should not have got half so drunk on his excellent port wine but for the rummy coffee with which I was forced to wash it down. I would be glad, too, if you would take an opportunity of saying to Mr. Rob Tyler that if he *can* look over matters and get me the inspectorship, I will join the Washingtonians forthwith. I am as serious as a judge—and much [more] so than many. I think it would be a feather in Mr. Tyler's cap to save from the perils of mint julep—and "Port wines"—a young man of whom all the world thinks so well and who thinks so remarkably well of himself. And now, my dear friends, good-by, and believe me most truly yours,
EDGAR A. POE.

Upon getting here I found numerous letters of subscribers to my magazine—for which no canvass has yet been made. This was unexpected and cheering. Did you say, Dow, that Commodore Elliot had desired me to put down his name? Is it so, or did I dream it? At all events, when you see him, present my respects and thanks. Thomas, you will remember that Dr. Lacey wished me to put him down—but I don't know his first name—please let me have it.

[NOTE BY THOMAS: This letter explains itself. While his friends were trying to get Poe a place he came on to Washington in the way he mentions. He was soon quite sick, and while he

was so Dow wrote to one of his friends in Philadelphia about him! Poor fellow. A place had been promised his friends for him, and in that state of suspense which is so trying to all men, and particularly to men of imagination, he presented himself in Washington certainly not in a way to advance his interests. I have seen a great deal of Poe, and it was his excessive and at times marked sociability [?] which forced him into his "frolics," rather than any mere morbid appetite for drink, but if he took but one glass of weak wine or beer or cider, the Rubicon of the cup had been passed with him, and it almost always ended in excess and sickness. But he fought against the propensity as hard as ever Coleridge fought against it, and I am inclined to believe, after his sad experience and suffering, if he could have gotten office with a fixed salary, beyond the need of literary labour, that he would have redeemed himself, at least at this time. The accounts of his derelictions in this respect after I knew him were very much exaggerated. I have seen men who drank bottles of wine to Poe's wine-glasses who yet escaped all imputations of intemperance. His was one of those temperaments whose only safety is in total abstinence. He suffered terribly after any indiscretion. And, after all, what Byron said of Sheridan was truer of Poe:

. . . Ah, little do they know
That what to them seemed vice might be but woe.

And, moreover, there is a great deal of heart-ache in the jestings of this letter. T.]

THOMAS TO POE.

WASHINGTON, March 27, 1843.

MY DEAR FRIEND: Yours of the 10th I duly received. I would have answered it immediately, but my desk got so behindhand during my illness, when you were here, that every moment of my time has been engaged in bringing it up.

Dow's epistle, I suppose, astounded your folks. He tells me that he mentions a conversation with me in it. Our friend Dow, you know, is an imaginative man, and he thought that you, as we say in the West, had "[word illegible] for high timber." I have had a hearty laugh at him for his fears. I am glad to learn that you are well.

I rejoice to know that your wife is better. I cannot leave the office at present to see Robert Tyler, as you suggest, to get a line from him. But this I can tell you, that the President yesterday asked me many questions about you, and spoke of you kindly. John Tyler, who was by, told the President that he wished he would give you an office in Philadelphia, and before he could reply a servant entered and called him out. John had heard of your frolic from a man who saw you in it, but I made light of the matter when he mentioned it to me, and he seemed to think nothing of it himself. He seems to feel a deep interest in you — Robert was not by. I feel satisfied that I can get you something from his pen for your Magazine. He lately made a speech here on St. Patrick's day, which has won for him great applause — you will find it in the "Intelligencer" of this morning. Read it and tell me what you think

of it. I write in the greatest haste, and have not your letter by me, so reply to it from memory. Write as soon as you get this. Be of good cheer. I trust to see you an official yet. In the greatest haste, Yours truly,
F. W. THOMAS.

The other letters of this series belong to a later period.

A second frequent correspondent of Poe in those years was John Tomlin of Jackson, Tennessee, a magazine-writer of no lasting note, but warm in his friendly feeling to Poe. His letters are of slight interest in themselves, but among them is that in which he incloses the letter of L. A. Wilmer, author of the "Quacks of Helicon," which caused a rupture of one of Poe's oldest friendships, already noticed by his biographers. It is interesting to see what Wilmer actually said, for Poe never forgave him.

TOMLIN TO POE.

JACKSON, TENNESSEE, September 10, 1843.

DEAR SIR: My friendship for you, and nothing else, has prevailed on me to enclose you the letter of L. A. Wilmer, Esquire. But I much fear that in doing it I have violated somewhat the rules that govern correspondence in such matters. Believing, however, that your great good sense will but protect my honor in this transaction, I remain with affectionate regard, Yours ever,
JNO. TOMLIN.

WILMER TO TOMLIN.

PHILADELPHIA, May 20, 1843.

DEAR SIR: . . . Literary affairs are at a very low ebb in this city at present.

Edgar A. Poe (you know him by character, no doubt, if not personally) has become one of the strangest of our literati. He and I are old friends — have known each other from boyhood, and it gives me inexpressible pain to notice the vagaries to which he has lately become subject. Poor fellow! he is not a teetotaller by any means, and I fear he is going headlong to destruction, moral, physical, and intellectual. . . . Your obliged and sincere friend, L. A. WILMER.

TOMLIN TO POE.

JACKSON, TENNESSEE, February 23, 1844.

DEAR SIR: I have had no letter from you since I sent you the libellous letter of L. A. Wilmer. Did you inflict on him a chastisement equal to the injury he designed, by the publication of such slanders? Previous to the reception of that letter, I had entertained a good opinion of the "Quacks of Helicon" man, and it had been brought about in a great measure by your review of the book. In his former letters, he not only spoke kindly of you, but seemed disposed to become your advocate against the *littérateurs* of Philadelphia. I hope that you will forgive him, and that he will go and "sin no more." Your review of "Orion" in the February or March number of "Graham's," I have read with much pleasure. The article is one of great ability. I know of no writer whose success

in life would give me more sincere pleasure than that of yourself.

Hoping soon to hear from you, I remain ever,
Your friend,
JNO. TOMLIN.

The following letter is the only one which connects Poe with his relatives during this period.

WILLIAM POE TO POE.

BALTIMORE, June 15, 1843.

DEAR EDGAR: I wrote you on the 15th ulto. since which time I have received nothing from you; mine was in answer to a letter received giving an account of your many recent reverses, and I fear it was in a style not relished by you, but in great sincerity of feeling for you and yours I wrote it, and the reason why I presumed to be so free in my expressions was in consequence of the great friendship I feel for you, and interest I take in your welfare, and therefore hoped to hear again from you, and of your wife's being better, and your recovery from the sickness and despondency you were suffering when you last wrote. I still write from the same motives. I observed in the "Baltimore Sun" newspaper in an editorial that you have again lately been successful in having awarded to

you a prize of \$100 by the "Dollar Newspaper" for a tale called the "Gold Bug," which gave me much pleasure, and hope it came in time to relieve you from some of your pecuniary wants. Ought you ever to give up in despair when you have such resources as your well-stored mind to apply to? Let me entreat you then to persevere, for I hope the time is not far distant when a change will take place in your affairs and place you beyond want in this world.

Will you write to me freely, and let me know what are your prospects in getting out "The Stylus," and how your wife is, and Mrs. Clemm—how is she? It would give me pleasure to hear from her. There is one thing I am anxious to caution you against, and which has been a great enemy to our family,—I hope, however, in your case, it may prove unnecessary,—"a too free use of the Bottle." Too many, and especially literary characters, have sought to drown their sorrows and disappointments by this means, but in vain, and only, when it has been too late, discovered it to be a deeper source of misery. But enough of this, say you, and so say I: therefore, hoping this may find you in better spirits and better prospects of future happiness, I subscribe myself,
Yours affectionately,
WILLIAM POE.

"THE WHIRLIGIG OF TIME."

By the Author of "Their Exits and Their Entrances," etc.



RS. Outton entered the room, and slowly crossed to the fireplace. The lamps were lighted, but there was not enough light to enable her to see the face of the clock until she stood upon the black bear-

skin rug that lay across the hearth. When at length she could distinguish the position of the hands upon the dial, she gave a slight, impatient toss of the head, and reaching around the corner of the mantel, touched the button of the electric bell with a short, decided gesture.

The door was opened almost immediately, and the servant appeared.

"Is Mr. Outton in?" she asked quickly.

"Yes, madam," answered the man; "he came in half an hour ago."

"It is twenty-five minutes to eight," she continued, half to herself. Then she added, "You need not serve dinner. I will ring."

The servant departed, and Mrs. Outton took up the evening paper, which lay out-streep upon the table. She glanced at the list of deaths and marriages, and read the prognostications as to the weather for the following day; the account of a meeting for the purpose of advancing the cause of Woman Suffrage failed

to interest her, but she finished an article about the prospects of the opera for the coming season. Then she put down the sheet, and again glanced at the gilded timepiece. She was about to rise, when, once more, the door was opened, and a figure appeared in the brighter light that shone from the hall beyond.

"Sidney!" she exclaimed reproachfully.

"I know—I know I'm late," he said contritely.

"You say 'I know—I know,'" she went on, "just as if that were an excuse for your being late instead of the very best reason why you should n't be. Strange that people," she continued meditatively, "and especially husbands, when they say that they *know* a thing, always seem to think that they have met every objection—done everything that the occasion demands, and are then clearly convinced that they should be immediately pardoned on the spot."

"But," began Outton, "as there is n't any one dining here to-night, and I had a match at pool on at the club—"

"But there is some one," she interrupted.

"I did n't know," continued Outton; "you said this morning—"

"How many times have you said in the morning that there would n't be any one, and



FROM A DAGUERRETYPE OWNED BY MR. ROBERT LEE TRAYLOR.
EDGAR ALLAN POE.¹

POE IN NEW YORK.

SELECTIONS FROM THE CORRESPONDENCE OF EDGAR ALLAN POE.

EDITED BY GEORGE E. WOODBERRY.



POE removed to New York from Philadelphia in the early spring of 1844. He had no regular employment until the fall, when he was taken on the staff of the "Evening Mirror," edited by Willis. In February, 1845, Lowell's life of Poe was published in "Graham's," and the same month saw the publication of "The Raven." In March Poe became co-editor, with C. F. Briggs, of "The Broadway Journal"; in July he became sole editor, and in October proprietor, of this periodical, which expired in January, 1846. He never again held an editorial position, but strove to

live by contributing to as many magazines and papers as would publish his writings. In June, 1846, he was attacked by Thomas Dunn English in the "Evening Mirror," and brought a suit for libel, which he won in February, 1847. He was very poor during that winter, and aid for him was publicly solicited in the press. On January 30, 1847, his wife died. During his life in New York a prominent feature in his career was his friendship with several women, and after his wife's death these friendships took the form of proposals for marriage in two cases, those of Mrs. Whitman of Providence, and Mrs. Shelton of Richmond. These facts sufficiently explain the remaining correspondence in its general aspect.

¹ This daguerreotype, made by Pratt of Richmond, was presented by Poe, a short time before his death, to Mrs. Sarah Elmira (Royster) Shelton, whom he had engaged to marry. It is believed to be his last portrait. The portrait of Poe in the September number, from the daguerreotype made by Chilton and owned by Mr. Thomas J. McKee, so closely resembles that printed

with Hirst's Biography in the "Philadelphia Saturday Museum," March 4, 1843, as to suggest that the latter, though very rude in execution, was copied from it, and to place its authenticity beyond doubt. Both portraits, as well as Mr. Sterner's picture on p. 856, will appear in the forthcoming complete edition of Poe to be published by Stone & Kimball.

The first letter of importance is an appeal for aid to his old correspondent, Dr. Charles Anthon of Columbia College.

POE TO ANTHON.

June, 1844.

MY DEAR SIR: Many years have elapsed since my last communication with you, and perhaps you will be surprised at receiving a letter from me now—if not positively vexed at receiving one of so great a length and of such a character. But I trust to your goodness of heart for a patient hearing at the least.

You will have already seen that, as usual, I have a favor to solicit. You have, indeed, been to me in many respects a good genius and a friend, but the request I have to make now is one of vital interest to myself—so much so that upon your granting it, or refusing it, depends, I feel, much if not all of the prosperity, and even comfort, of my future life.

I cannot flatter myself that you have felt sufficient interest in me to have followed in any respect my literary career since the period at which you first did me the honor to address me a note while editor of the "Southern Messenger." A few words of explanation on this point will therefore be necessary here.

As I am well aware that your course of reading lies entirely out of the track of our lighter literature, and as I take it for granted, therefore, that none of the papers in question have met your eye, I have thought it advisable to send you with this letter a single tale as a specimen. This will no doubt put you in mind of the trick of the Skolastikos—but I could not think of troubling you with more than one. I do not think it my best tale, but it is perhaps the best in its particular vein. Variety has been one of my chief aims.

In lieu of the rest, I venture to place in your hands the published opinions of many of my contemporaries [appended to Hirst's "Life of Poe"]. I will not deny that I have been careful to collect and preserve them. They include, as you will see, the warm commendations of a great number of very eminent men, and of these commendations I should be at a loss to understand why I have not a right to be proud.

Before quitting the "Messenger" I saw, or fancied I saw, through a long and dim vista, the brilliant field for ambition which a Magazine of bold and noble aims presented to him who should successfully establish it in America. I perceived that the country, from its very constitution, could not fail of affording in a few years a larger proportionate amount of readers than any upon the earth. I perceived that the whole energetic, busy spirit of the age tended wholly to Magazine literature—to the curt, the terse, the well-timed, and the readily diffused, in preference to the old forms of the verbose and ponderous and the inaccessible. I knew from personal experience that lying *perdu* among the innumerable plantations in our vast Southern and Western countries were a host of well-educated men peculiarly devoid of prejudice, who would gladly lend their influence to a really vigorous journal, provided

the right means were taken of bringing it fairly within the very limited scope of their observation.

Now, I knew, it is true, that some scores of journals had failed (for, indeed, I looked upon the best success of the best of them as failure), but then I easily traced the causes of their failure in the impotency of their conductors, who made no scruple of basing their rules of action altogether upon what had been customarily done instead of what was now before them to do, in the greatly changed and constantly changing condition of things.

In short, I could see no real reason why a Magazine, if worthy the name, could not be made to circulate among 20,000 subscribers, embracing the best intellect and education of the land. This was a thought which stimulated my fancy and my ambition. The influence of such a journal would be vast indeed, and I dreamed of honestly employing that influence in the sacred cause of the beautiful, the just, and the true.

Even in a pecuniary view, the object was a magnificent one. The journal I proposed would be a large octavo of 128 pages, printed with bold type, single column, on the finest paper; and disdaining everything of what is termed "embellishment" with the exception of an occasional portrait of a literary man, or some well-engraved wood-design in obvious illustration of the text. Of such a journal I had cautiously estimated the expenses. Could I circulate 20,000 copies at \$5, the cost would be about \$30,000, estimating all contingencies at the highest rate. There would be a balance of \$70,000 per annum.

But not to trust too implicitly to a *priori* reasonings, and at the same time to make myself thoroughly master of all details which might avail me concerning the mere business of publication, I entered a few steps into the field of experiment. I joined the "Messenger," as you know, which was then in its second year with 700 subscribers, and the general outcry was that because a Magazine had never succeeded south of the Potomac, therefore a Magazine never could succeed. Yet, in spite of this, and in despite of the wretched taste of its proprietor, which hampered and controlled me at all points, I increased the circulation in fifteen months to 5500 subscribers paying an annual profit of \$10,000 when I left it. This number was never exceeded by the journal, which rapidly went down, and may now be said to be extinct. Of "Graham's Magazine" you have no doubt heard. It had been in existence under the name of the "Casket" for eight years when I became its editor, with a subscription list of about 5000. In about eighteen months afterward, its circulation amounted to no less than 50,000—astonishing as this may appear. At this period I left it. It is now two years since, and the number of subscribers is now *not more* than 25,000—but possibly very much less. In three years it will be extinct. The nature of this journal, however, was such that even its 50,000 subscribers could not make it very profitable to its proprietor. Its price was \$3, but not only were its expenses immense, owing to the employment of absurd steel plates and other extravagances, which tell not at all, but recourse was had to innumerable agents,

who received it at a discount of no less than fifty per cent., and whose frequent dishonesty occasioned enormous loss. But if 50,000 can be obtained for a \$3 Magazine among a class of readers who really read little, why may not 50,000 be procured for a \$5 journal among the true and permanent readers of the land?

Holding steadily in view my ultimate purpose,—to found a Magazine of my own, or in which at least I might have a proprietary right,—it has been my constant endeavour in the mean time, not so much to establish a reputation great in itself as one of that particular character which should best further my special objects, and draw attention to my exertions as Editor of a Magazine. Thus I have written no books, and have been so far essentially a Magazinst [illegible] bearing, not only willingly but cheerfully, sad poverty and the thousand consequent contumelies and other ills which the condition of the mere Magazinst entails upon him in America, where, more than in any other region upon the face of the globe, to be poor is to be despised.

The one great difficulty resulting from this course is unless the journalist collects his various articles he is liable to be grossly misconceived and misjudged by men of whose good opinion he would be proud, but who see, perhaps, only a paper here and there, by accident—often only one of his mere extravaganzas, written to supply a particular demand. He loses, too, whatever merit may be his due on the score of *versatility*—a point which can only be estimated by collection of his various articles in volume form and all together. This is indeed a serious difficulty—to seek a remedy for which is my object in writing you this letter.

Setting aside, for the present, my criticisms, poems, and miscellanies (sufficiently numerous), my tales, a great number of which might be termed fantasy pieces, are in number sixty-six. They would make, perhaps, five of the ordinary novel-volumes. I have them prepared in every respect for the press; but, alas, I have no money, nor that influence which would enable me to get a publisher—although I seek *no* pecuniary remuneration. My sole immediate object is the furtherance of my ultimate one. I believe that if I could get my tales fairly before the public, and thus have an opportunity of eliciting foreign as well as native opinion respecting them, I should by their means be in a far more advantageous position than at present in regard to the establishment of a Magazine. In a word, I believe that the publication of the work would lead forthwith either directly through my own exertion, or indirectly with the aid of a publisher, to the establishment of the journal I hold in view.

It is very true that I have no claims upon your attention, not even that of personal acquaintance. But I have reached a crisis of my life in which I sadly stand in need of aid, and without being able to say why,—unless it is that I so earnestly desire your friendship,—I have always felt a half-hope that, if I appealed to you, you would prove my friend. I know that you have unbounded influence with the Harpers, and I know that if you would exert it in my behalf you could procure me the publication I desire.

VOL. XLVIII.—108-109.

ANTHON TO POE.

NEW YORK, November 2, 1844.

DEAR SIR: I have called upon the Harpers, as you requested, and have cheerfully exerted with them what influence I possess, but without accomplishing anything of importance. They have *complaints* against you, grounded on certain movements of yours, when they acted as your publishers some years ago; and appear very little inclined at present to enter upon the matter which you have so much at heart. However, they have retained, for a second and more careful perusal, the letter which you sent to me, and have promised that, if they should see fit to come to terms with you, they will address a note to you forthwith. Of course, if you should not hear from them, their silence must be construed into a declining of your proposal. My *own advice* to you is to call in person at their store, and talk over the matter with them. I am *very sure* that such a step on your part will remove many of the difficulties which at present obstruct your way.

You do me injustice by supposing that I am a stranger to your productions. I subscribed to the "Messenger" solely because you were connected with it, and I have since that period read and, as a matter of course, admired very many of your other pieces. The Harpers also entertain, as I heard from their own lips, the highest opinion of your talents, but—I remain very sincerely, Your friend and well-wisher,

CHARLES ANTHON.

P. S. The MSS. which you were kind enough to send can be obtained by you at any time on calling at my residence. C. A.

The letters of Richard Hengist Horne, whose poem "Orion" had been enthusiastically noticed by Poe, are of interest in themselves, and also because they furnished the means of communication with Mrs. Browning, then Miss Barrett, to whom Poe dedicated his collected poems in 1845. The first was written when Poe had just come to New York, and concerns a tale, "The Spectacles," which Poe had sent Horne to have published in London. Horne's account of the matter is printed in the "Poe Memorial" volume.

LONDON, April 16, 1844.

MY DEAR SIR: I have received your letter this morning, and shall feel now and at all times happy in forwarding your views here so far as I am able, in these matters of literary engagement. Just at this time, however, and probably for some months to come, I shall not be *likely* to have the power. If you have seen the "New Spirit of the Age," you will readily understand that a great many critics here and some authors are far from pleased with me. The attacks and jeers in magazines and newspapers (though several have treated me very fairly) are nearly all written by friends of the angry parties or influenced by them. Perhaps I may say a word on this point in the Second Edition now preparing. I mention this to show you *why*

I can do so little at present. I need not say to an American that when the storm has blown over, those trees that are not blown down nor injured look all the fresher among the wrecks. I dare say I shall be able to do what you wish before long. I should prefer to do this so that you are fairly remunerated; but if the parties are *not* in a "paying condition," then I will put you in direct communication with them to arrange the matter yourself.

I could most probably obtain the insertion of the article you have sent in "Jerrold's Illuminated Magazine." Jerrold has always spoken and written very handsomely and eloquently about me, and there would be no difficulty. But—I fear this magazine is not doing at all well. I tell you this *in confidence*. They have a large but inadequate circulation. The remuneration would be scarcely worth having—ten guineas a sheet is poor pay for such a page! And now, perhaps, they do not even give that. I will see. My impression, however, is that for the reasons stated previously, I shall not at *present* be able to assist you in the way I could best wish.

Your name is well known to me in the critical literature of America, although I have not seen any American magazine for some months. I have ordered the last two numbers of "Graham's Magazine," but have not received them from my booksellers. I am very grateful for the noble and generous terms in which you speak of my works.

I have written you a business-like, and not a very "spiritual," letter, you will think. Still, as you are kind enough to give me credit for some things of the latter kind, it seemed best at this distance to reply to your wishes practically. I am, dear sir,

Yours truly,
R. H. HORNE.
HORNE TO POE.

LONDON, April 27, 1844.

MY DEAR SIR: When I replied to your letter (which I did by the next post of the day on which I received it) I had not seen the number of "Graham's" for March, containing the review of "Orion." Mr. C. Matthews, of New York, had been so good as to inform me there would be a review; and he, at the same time, mentioned that he had sent me a copy of the magazine in question. My friend Miss E. B. Barrett also sent me a note to the same effect. But owing, no doubt, to some forgetfulness on the part of the booksellers who were to forward it, the magazine never reached me, nor was it at Wiley and Putnam's when I called the other day. Your MS. of "The Spectacles" is safely lodged in my iron chest with my own MSS. till I find a favorable opportunity for its use.

I have carefully read and considered the review of "Orion" in the magazine. It would be uncandid in me to appear to agree to all the objections; and, amidst such high praise, so independently and courageously awarded, it would be ungrateful in me to offer any self-justificatory remark on any such objections. I shall, therefore, only observe that there are *some* objections from which I can *derive advantage* in the way of

revision—which is more than I can say of any of the critiques written on this side of the water. One passage, in particular, I will mention. It is that which occurs at p. 103. "Star-rays that first"—needlessly obscure, as you truly say. For, in fact, I *did* allude to Sleep, as the antecedent—and it should have been printed with a capital letter. What I meant by the passage, if rendered in prose, would be something like this: "The God Sleep, lying in his cave by the old divine sea, feeleth the star-rays upon his eyelids at times; and then his sleep is not perfect, and he dreams, or for a brief interval awakes. Without which awaking he would never have known surprise, nor hope, nor useful action. Because (your poet herein bewitched by a theory he fancies original) we are never *surprised* at anything, however wonderful, in a dream; neither do we *hope*; nor do we perform any action with an idea of its being at all useful." A pretty condition, you see, my imagination had got into while writing this passage. The explanation, if it does not make you angry, will, I think, greatly amuse you.

Are there any of my works which you do not possess, and would like to have? I shall be very happy to request your acceptance of any, if you will let me know how to send them. It strikes me (from some remarks of yours on versification and rhythm) that you do not know my introduction to "Chaucer Modernized." Do you? Would any American bookseller like to reprint "Orion," do you think? If so, I would willingly superintend the sheets, by a slight revision in some half dozen places, and would write a brief Introduction or Preface addressed to the American Public; and certainly I should at the same time be too happy to express my obligations to the boldness and handsomeness of American criticism. I am, dear sir,

Your obliged,

R. H. HORNE.

P. S. In the remark I have made at the close of my letter, as to a reprint of "Orion" by an American bookseller, I forgot to say that I was not particular as to terms; and if they would give me nothing, I was still ready to give them the thing I proposed.

HORNE TO POE.

LONDON, May 17, 1845.

MY DEAR SIR: After so long a delay of my last letter to you, I am at all events glad to hear that it reached you—or rather that you, in diving among the shoals at the Post-Office, had contrived to fish it up. But matters do not seem to mend in this respect; for your present letter of the date of January 25, 1845, only reached my house at the latter end of April. In short, we might as well correspond from Calcutta, as far as time is concerned. However, I am glad that the letters reach their destination at all, and so that none are lost we must be patient.

I have only just returned from a nine months' absence in Germany. I principally resided, during this time, in the Rhine Provinces. I take the earliest opportunity of thanking you for all attentions.

As I thought your letter to me contained more of the bright side of criticism than the "Broadway

Journal," I sent it to my friend Miss Barrett. She returned it with a note — half of which I tear off, and send you (*confidentially*) that you may see in what a good and noble spirit she receives the critique — in which, as you say, the shadows do certainly predominate. Well, for my own part, I think a work should be judged of [by] its merits *chiefly* — since faults and imperfections are certain to be found in all works, but the highest merits only in a few. Therefore the highest merits seem to me to be naturally the first and main points to be considered. Miss Barrett has read the "Raven," and says she thinks there is a fine lyrical melody in it. When I tell you that this lady "says" you will be so good as understand that I mean "writes" — for although I have corresponded with Miss Barrett these five or six years, I have never seen her to this day. Nor have I been *nearer* to doing so than talking with her father and sisters.

I am of the same opinion as Miss Barrett about the "Raven"; and it also seems to me that the poet intends to represent a very painful condition [of] mind, as of an imagination that was liable to topple over into some delirium, or an abyss of melancholy, from the continuity of one unvaried emotion.

Tennyson I have not seen nor heard from yet, since my return. It is curious that you should ask me for the opinions of the only two poets with whom I am especially intimate. Most of the others I am acquainted with, but am not upon such terms of intellectual sympathy and friendship, as with Miss Barrett and Tennyson. But I do not at this moment know where Tennyson is.

You mention that an American publisher would probably like to reprint "Orion," and I therefore send a copy for that purpose, or probability. I also send a copy in which I have written your name, together with a copy of "Gregory VII," and two copies of "Introductory Comments" (to the second edition of the "New Spirit of the Age") of which I beg your acceptance. Of "Chaucer Modernized" I do not possess any other copy than the one in my own library, and I believe it is out of print; but if you would like to have a copy of Schlegel's lectures on "Dramatic Literature" (to which I wrote an introduction to the second edition), I shall be happy to forward you the volume, and any others of my own you would like to have — that is, if I have copies of them. "Cosmo de' Medici," for instance, I could send you. I have made no revision of "Orion" for the proposed new edition. The fact is, I have not time, and *moreover* am hardly disposed to do much to it, after so many editions. I had rather write (almost) another long poem. I shall be happy to send you a short poem or two for your magazine, directly it is established, or for the first number, if there be time for you to let me know. I am, dear sir, Yours truly,

R. H. HORNE.

MRS. BROWNING TO HORNE.¹

58 WIMPOLE ST., May 12, 1845.

You will certainly think me mad, dear Mr.

¹ Permission to use these letters has been granted by Mr. R. B. Browning.—EDITOR.

Horne for treading upon my own heels (room for the [illegible], in another letter. But I am uncomfortable about my message to Mr. Poe, lest it should not be grateful enough in the sound of it. Will you tell him what is quite the truth, that in my own opinion he has dealt with me most generously, and that I thank him for his candour as for a part of his kindness. Will you tell him also that he has given my father pleasure, which is giving it to *me* more than twice. Also the review is very ably written — and the reviewer has so obviously and thoroughly *read* my poems, as to be a wonder among critics. Will you tell Mr. Poe this, or to this effect, dear Mr. Horne, all but part of the last sentence, which peradventure may be somewhat superfluous. I heard from dear Miss Mitford this morning, and she talks delightfully of taking lodgings in London soon; of coming not for a day only, nor for a week only [end of sheet].

MRS. BROWNING TO POE.

5 WIMPOLE ST., April, 1846.

DEAR SIR: Receiving a book from you seems to authorize or at least encourage me to try to express what I have felt long before — my sense of the high honor you have done me in [illegible] your country and of mine, of the dedication of your poems. It is too great a distinction, conferred by a hand of too liberal a generosity. I wish for my own sake I were worthy of it. But I may endeavour, by future work, to justify a little what I cannot deserve anywise, now. For it, meanwhile, I may be grateful — because gratitude is the virtue of the humblest.

After which imperfect acknowledgment of my personal obligation may I thank you as another reader would thank you for this vivid writing, this power which is felt! Your "Raven" has produced a sensation, a "fit horror," here in England. Some of my friends are taken by the fear of it and some by the music. I hear of persons haunted by the "Nevermore," and one acquaintance of mine who has the misfortune of possessing a "bust of Pallas" never can bear to look at it in the twilight. I think you will like to be told that our great poet, Mr. Browning, the author of "Paracelsus," and the "Bells and Pomegranates," was struck much by the rhythm of that poem.

Then there is a tale of yours ["The Case of M. Valdemar"] which I do not find in this volume, but which is going the round of the newspapers, about mesmerism, throwing us all into "most admired disorder," and dreadful doubts as to whether "it can be true," as the children say of ghost stories. The certain thing in the tale in question is the power of the writer, and the faculty he has of making horrible improbabilities seem near and familiar.

And now will you permit me, dear Mr. Poe, as one who though a stranger is grateful to you, and has the right of esteeming you though unseen by your eyes — will you permit me to remain very truly yours always,

ELIZABETH BARRETT BARRETT.

HAWTHORNE TO POE.

SALEM, June 17, 1846.

MY DEAR SIR: I presume the publishers will have sent you a copy of "Mosses from an Old Manse" — the latest (and probably the last) collection of my tales and sketches. I have read your occasional notices of my productions with great interest — not so much because your judgment was, upon the whole, favorable, as because it seemed to be given in earnest. I care for nothing but the truth; and shall always much more readily accept a harsh truth, in regard to my writings, than a sugared falsehood.

I confess, however, that I admire you rather as a writer of tales than as a critic upon them. I might often — and often do — dissent from your opinions in the latter capacity, but could never fail to recognize your force and originality in the former. Yours very truly,

NATH. HAWTHORNE.

At this time Poe was contributing his papers, "The Literati," to "Godey's Lady's Book," and he sent to the editor his reply to Thomas Dunn English's attack, which had been drawn out by Poe's criticism on the latter in that magazine. Godey refused to print the reply in the "Lady's Book," but published it in the Philadelphia "Times." The following letter was partly printed by Griswold, but is here given entire.

POE TO GODEY.

NEW YORK, July 16, 1846.

MY DEAR SIR: I regret that you published my "Reply" in "The Times." I should have found no difficulty in getting it printed here in a *respectable* paper and gratis. However, as I have the game in my own hands, I shall not stop to complain about trifles.

I am rather ashamed that, knowing me to be as poor as I am, you should have thought it advisable to make the demand *on me* of the \$10. I confess that I thought better of you — but let it go — it is the way of the world.

The man or men who told you that there was anything wrong in the *tone* of my "Reply" were either my enemies, or your enemies, or asses. When you see them, tell them so from me. I have never written an article upon which I more confidently depend for *literary* reputation than that "Reply." Its merit lay in being *precisely* adapted to its purpose. In this city I have had upon it the favorable judgments of the best men. All the error about it was yours. You should have done as I requested — published it in the "Book." It is of no use to conceive a plan if you have to depend upon another for its execution.

Please distribute twenty or thirty copies of the "Reply" in Philadelphia, and send me the balance through Harnden.

What paper, or papers, have copied E.'s attack?

I have put this matter in the hands of a com-

petent attorney, and you shall see the result. Your charge, \$10, will of course be brought before the court as an item when I speak of damages.

In perfect good feeling, Yours truly,
POE.

It *would* be as well to address your letters to West Farms. Please put "Miss Lynch" in the next number. I enclose the "Reveill " article. I presume that, ere this, you have seen the highly flattering notices of the "Picayune," and the "Charleston Courier."

The following, from W. G. Simms, the novelist, and P. P. Cooke, his old correspondent, illustrate again the appreciation of Poe by Southern writers of distinction.

SIMMS TO POE.

NEW YORK, July 30, 1846.

DEAR SIR: I received your note a week ago, and proceeded at once to answer it, but being in daily expectation of a newspaper from the South, to which, in a letter, I had communicated a paragraph concerning the matter which you had suggested in a previous letter, I determined to wait until I could enclose it to you. It has been delayed somewhat longer than I had anticipated, and has in part caused my delay to answer you. I now send it you, and trust that it will answer the desired purpose; though I must frankly say that I scarcely see the necessity of noticing the sort of scandal to which you refer. I note with regret the very desponding character of your last letter. I surely need not tell you how deeply and sincerely I deplore the misfortunes which attend you — the more so as I see no process for your relief and extrication, but such as must result from your own decision and resolve. No friend can well help you in the struggle which is before you. Money, no doubt, can be procured; but this is not altogether what you require. Sympathy may soothe the hurts of self-esteem, and make a man temporarily forgetful of his assailants; but in what degree will this avail, and for how long, in the protracted warfare of twenty or thirty years? You are still a very young man, and one too largely and too variously endowed not to entertain the conviction as your friends entertain it — of a long and manful struggle with, and a final victory over, fortune. But this warfare the world requires you to carry on with your own unassisted powers. It is only in your manly resolution to use these powers after a legitimate fashion, that it will countenance your claims to its regards and sympathy; and I need n't tell you how rigid and exacting it has ever been in the case of the poetical genius, or, indeed, the genius of any order. Suffer me to tell you frankly, taking the privileges of a true friend, that you are now perhaps in the most perilous period of your career — just in that position — just at that time of life — when a false step becomes a capital error — when a single leading mistake is fatal in its consequences. You are no longer a boy. "At thirty wise or never." You

must subdue your impulses; and in particular, let me exhort you to discard all associations with men, whatever their talents, whom you cannot esteem as men. Pardon me for presuming thus to counsel one whose great natural and acquired resources should make him rather the teacher of others. But I obey a law of my own nature, and it is because of my sympathies that I speak. Do not suppose yourself abandoned by the worthy and honorable among your friends. They will be glad to give you welcome *if you will suffer them*. They will rejoice — I know their feelings and hear their language — to countenance your return to that community — that moral province in society — of which, let me say to you respectfully and regretfully, you have been, according to all reports, but too heedlessly, and perhaps too scornfully, indifferent. Remain in obscurity for a while. You have a young wife, — I am told a suffering and an interesting one, — let me entreat you to cherish her, and to cast away those pleasures which are not worthy of your mind, and to trample those temptations under foot which degrade your person, and make it familiar to the mouth of vulgar jest. You may [do] all this by a little circumspection. It is still within your power. Your resources from literature are probably much greater than mine. I am sure they are quite as great. You can increase them so that they shall be ample for all your legitimate desires; but you must learn the worldling's lesson of prudence — a lesson, let me add, which the literary world has but too frequently and unwisely disparaged. It may seem to you very impertinent, — in most cases it is impertinent — that he who gives nothing else should presume to give counsel. But one gives that which he can most spare, and you must not esteem me indifferent to a condition which I can in no other way assist. I have never been regardless of your genius, even when I knew nothing of your person. It is some years since I counseled Mr. Godey to obtain the contributions of your pen. He will tell you this. I hear that you reproach him. But how can you expect a Magazine proprietor to encourage contributions which embroil him with all his neighbors? These broils do you no good — vex your temper, destroy your peace of mind, and hurt your reputation. You have abundant resources upon which to draw, even were there no Grub Street in Gotham. Change your tactics, and begin a new series of papers with your publisher. The printed matter which I send you might be quoted by Godey, and might be ascribed to me. But, surely, I need not say to you that, to a Southern man, the annoyance of being mixed up in a squabble with persons whom he does not know, and does not care to know, — and from whom no Alexandrine process of cutting loose would be permitted by society, — would be an intolerable grievance. I submit to frequent injuries and misrepresentations, content — though annoyed by the [illegible] — that the viper should amuse himself upon the file, at the expense of his own teeth. As a man, as a writer, I shall always be solicitous of your reputation and success. You have but to resolve on taking and asserting your position, equally in the social and the literary world, and your way is clear, your path is easy, and you will

find true friends enough to sympathize in your triumphs. Very sincerely though sorrowfully,

Your friend and ser'vt,

W. GILMORE SIMMS.

P. S. If I could I should have been to see you. But I have been, and am still, drudging in the hands of the printers, kept busily employed night and day. Besides, my arrangements are to hurry back to the South where I have a sick family. A very few days will turn my feet in that direction.

COOKE TO POE.

August 4, 1846.

MY DEAR SIR: . . . You propose that I shall take up your memoir where Lowell drops it, and carry it on to the present date of your publications. I will do so, if my long delay has not thrown the work into the hands of some other friend, with entire pleasure. I, however, have not "Graham's Magazine" for February, 1845, and if you still wish me to continue the memoir you must send that number to me. I some months ago procured your Tales and Poems, and have read them collectively with great pleasure. That is a wonderful poem ending —

Hell rising from a thousand thrones
Shall do it reverence.

"Lenore," too, is a great poem. The closing stanza of "To One in Paradise" (I remember it as published in "The Visionary") is the perfection of melody. "The Raven" is your *best* poem.

* John Kennedy, talking with me about your stories, old and recent, said, "The man's imagination is as truth-like and minutely accurate as De Foe's —" and went on to talk of your "Descent into the Maelstrom," "MS. Found in a Bottle," "Gold Bug," etc. I think this last the most ingenious thing I ever read. Those stories of criminal detection, "Murders of the Rue Morgue," etc., a prosecuting attorney in the neighborhood here declares are miraculous. I think your French friend, for the most part, fine in his deductions from over-laid and unnoticed small facts, but sometimes too minute and hair-splitting. The stories are certainly as interesting as any ever written. The "Valdemar Case" I read in a number of your "Broadway Journal" last winter — as I lay in a turkey-blind, muffled to the eyes in overcoats, etc., and pronounce it without hesitation the most damnable, *vraisemblable*, horrible, hair-lifting, shocking, ingenious chapter of fiction that any brain ever conceived, or hand traced. That gelatinous, viscous sound of the man's voice! There never was such an idea before. That story scared me in broad day, armed with a double-barrel Tryon turkey-gun. What would it have done at midnight in some old ghostly country-house?

I have always found some one remarkable thing in your stories to haunt me long after reading them. The teeth in "Berenice"; the changing eyes of Morella; that red and glaring crack in the "House of Usher"; the pores of the deck in the "MS. Found in a Bottle"; the visible drops falling into the goblet in "Ligeia," etc.,

etc.,—there is always something of this sort to stick by the mind — by mine at least.

My wife is about to enter the carriage, and as I wish to send this to the P. O. by her I must wind up rapidly. I am *now* after an interval of months again at work in the preparation of my poems for publication. I am *dragging*, but perhaps the mood will presently come. I bespeak a review of my Book at your hands when I get it out. I have not time now to copy "Rosalie Lee." It is in Griswold's last edition. I am grateful to you for the literary prop you afford me; and trust to do something to justify your commendations. I talked recently with a little lady who had heard a lecture of yours in which you praised my poetry — in New York. She had taken up the notion that I was a great poetic roaring "Lion."

Do with my MS. as you choose. What do you design as to the "Stylus"? Write to me without delay, if you can rob yourself of so much time.

A paragraph of the following letter was partly printed by Griswold.

POE TO COOKE.

NEW YORK, August 9, 1846.

MY DEAR SIR: Never think of excusing yourself (to me) for dilatoriness in answering letters—I know too well the unconquerable procrastination which besets the poet. I will place it all to the accounts of the turkeys. Were I to be seized by a rambling fit, one of my customary *passions* (nothing less) for vagabondizing through the woods for a week or a month together, I would not—in fact I *could* not—be put out my mood, were it even to answer a letter from the Grand Mogul informing me that I had fallen heir to his possessions.

Thank you for the compliments. Were I in a serious humor just now, I would tell you frankly how your words of appreciation make my nerves thrill—not because you praise me (for others have praised me more lavishly) but because I feel that you comprehend and discriminate. You are right about the hair-splitting of my French friend—that is all done for effect. These tales of ratiocination owe most of their popularity to being something in a new key—I do not mean to say that they are not ingenious—but people think them more ingenious than they are—on account of their method, and *air* of method. In the "Murders in the Rue Morgue," for instance, where is the ingenuity of unravelling a web which you yourself (the author) have woven for the express purpose of unravelling? The reader is made to confound the ingenuity of the supposititious Dupin with that of the writer of the story.

Not for the world would I have had any one else to continue Lowell's memoir until I had heard from you. I wish you to do it (if you will be so kind) and nobody else. By the time the book appears you will be famous (or all my prophecy goes for nothing), and I shall have the *éclat* of your name to aid my sales. But, seriously, I do not think that any one so well enters into the poetical portion of my mind as yourself—and I deduce this

idea from my intense appreciation of those points of your own poetry which seem lost upon others.

Should you undertake the work for me, there is one topic—there is one particular in which I have had wrong done me, and it may not be indecorous in me to call your attention to it. The last selection of my Tales was made from about seventy, by Wiley and Putnam's reader, Duyckinck. He has what he thinks a taste for ratiocination, and has accordingly made up the book mostly of analytic stories. But this is not *representing* my mind in its various phases—it is not giving me fair play. In writing these Tales one by one, at long intervals, I have kept the book-unity always in mind—that is, each has been composed with reference to its effect as part of a *whole*. In this view, one of my chief aims has been the widest diversity of subject, thought, and especially *tone* and manner of handling. Were all my Tales now before me in a large volume, and as the composition of another, the merit which would principally arrest my attention would be the wide *diversity and variety*. You will be surprised to hear me say that (omitting one or two of my first efforts) I do not consider any one of my stories *better* than another. There is a vast variety of kinds, and, in degree of value, these kinds vary—but each tale is equally good *of its kind*. The loftiest kind is that of the highest imagination—and for this reason only "Ligeia" may be called my *best* tale. I have much improved this last since you saw it, and I mail you a copy, as well as a copy of my best specimen of analysis—"The Philosophy of Composition."

Do you ever see the British papers? Martin F. Tupper, author of "Proverbial Philosophy," has been paying me some high compliments—and indeed I have been treated more than well. There is one "British opinion," however, which I value highly—Miss Barrett's. She says [the letter has been printed above] . . . Would it be in bad taste to quote these words of Miss B. in your notice? Forgive these egotisms (which are rendered in some measure necessary by the topic), and believe me that I will let slip *no* opportunity of reciprocating your kindness.

Griswold's new edition I have not yet seen (is it out?), but I will manage to find "Rosalie Lee." Do not forget to send me a few personal details of yourself—such as I give in "The New York Literati." When your book appears I propose to review it fully in Colton's "American Review." If you ever write to him, please suggest to him that I wish to do so. I hope to get your volume before mine goes to press—so that I may speak more fully.

I will forward the papers to which I refer *in a day or two*—not by to-day's mail.

Touching "The Stylus": this is [the] one great purpose of my literary life. Undoubtedly (unless I die) I will accomplish it—but I can afford to lose nothing by precipitancy. I cannot yet say when or how I shall get to work—but when the time comes, I will write to you. I wish to establish a journal in which the men of genius may fight their battles upon some terms of equality with those dunces, the men of talent. But, apart from this, I have *magnificent* objects in

view. May I but live to accomplish them! Most cordially your friend,

EDGAR A. POE.

The correspondence with F. W. Thomas, which continued with some laxity on Poe's part, is self-explanatory:

POE TO THOMAS.

NEW YORK, September 8, 1844.

MY DEAR THOMAS: I received yours with sincere pleasure, and nearly as sincere surprise; for while you were wondering that I did not write to you, I was making up my mind that you had forgotten me altogether.

I have left Philadelphia, and am living, at present, about five miles out of New York. For the last seven or eight months I have been playing hermit in earnest, nor have I seen a living soul out of my family—who are well and desire to be kindly remembered. When I say "well," I only mean (as regards Virginia) as well as usual. Her health remains excessively precarious.

Touching the "Beechen Tree" [a poem by Thomas], I remember it well and pleasantly. I have not yet seen a published copy, but will get one forthwith and notice it as it deserves—and it deserves much of high praise—at the very first opportunity I get. At present I am so much out of the world that I may not be able to do anything *immediately*.

Thank God! Richard (whom you know) is himself again. Tell Dow so: but he won't believe it. I am working at a variety of things (all of which you shall behold in the end)—and with an ardor of which I did not believe myself capable.

You said to me hurriedly, when we last met on the wharf in Philadelphia, that you believed Robert Tyler really wished to give me the post in the Custom-House. This I also really think; and I am confirmed in the opinion that he could not, at all times, do as he wished in such matters, by seeing——at the head of the "Aurora"—a bullet-headed and malicious villain who has brought more odium upon the Administration than any fellow (of equal littleness) in its ranks, and who has been more indefatigably busy in both open and secret vilification of Robert Tyler than any individual, little or big, in America.

Let me hear from you again very soon, my dear Thomas, and believe me *ever*

Your friend, POE.

POE TO THOMAS.

May 4, 1845.

MY DEAR THOMAS: In the hope that you have not yet quite given me up as gone to Texas, or elsewhere, I sit down to write you a few words. I have been intending to do the same thing ever since I received your letter before the last—but for my life and soul I could not find, or make, an opportunity. The fact is, that being seized of late with a fit of industry, I put so many irons in the fire all at once that I have been quite unable to get them out. For the last three or four months

I have been working fourteen or fifteen hours a day,—hard at it all the time,—and so, whenever I took pen in hand to write, I found that I was neglecting something that *would be* attended to. I never knew what it was to be a slave before.

And yet, Thomas, I have made no money. I am as poor now as ever I was in my life—except in hope, which is by no means bankable. I have taken a third pecuniary interest in the "Broadway Journal," and for everything I have written for it have been, of course, so much out of pocket. In the end, however, it will pay me well—at least the prospects are good. Say to Dow for me that there never has been a chance for my repaying him, without putting myself to greater inconvenience than he himself would have wished to subject me to, had he known the state of the case. Nor am I able to pay him now. The Devil himself was never so poor. Say to Dow, also, that I am sorry he has taken to dunning in his old age—it is a diabolical practice, altogether unworthy "a gentleman and a scholar"—to say nothing of the Editor of the "Madisonian." I wonder how he would like me to write him a series of letters,—say one a week,—giving him the literary gossip of New York, or something of more general character. I would furnish him such a series for whatever he could afford to give me. If he agrees to this arrangement, ask him to state the length and character of the letters—how often—and how much he can give me. Remember me kindly to him, and tell him I believe that dunning is his one sin—although at the same time, I do think it is the unpardonable sin against the Holy Ghost spoken of in the Scriptures. I am going to mail him the "Broadway Journal" regularly, and hope he will honor me with an exchange.

My dear Thomas, I hope you will never imagine, from any seeming neglect of mine, that I have forgotten our old friendship. There is no one in the world I would rather see at this moment than yourself; and many are the long talks we have about you and yours. Virginia and Mrs. Clemm beg to be remembered to you in the kindest terms. Do write me fully when you get this, and let me know particularly what you are about.

I send you an early number of the "B. Journal" containing my "Raven." It was copied by Briggs, my associate, before I joined the paper. The "Raven" has had a great "run," Thomas—but I wrote it for the express purpose of running—just as I did the "Gold Bug," you know. The bird beat the bug, though, all hollow.

Do not forget to write immediately, and believe me, Most sincerely your friend,

POE.

The following is the last letter to F. W. Thomas.

POE TO THOMAS.

FORDHAM, February 14, 1849.

MY DEAR FRIEND THOMAS: Your letter, dated November 27, has reached me at a little village of the Empire State, after having taken, at its leisure, a very considerable tour among the Post-Offices—

occasioned, I presume, by your indorsement "to forward" wherever I might be — and the fact is, where I might *not* have been, for the last three months, is the legitimate question. At all events, now that I have your well-known MS. before me, it is most cordially welcome. Indeed, it seems an age since I heard from you, and a decade of ages since I shook you by the hand — although I hear of you now and then. Right glad am I to find you once more in a true position — in the field of Letters. Depend upon it, after all, Thomas, Literature is the most noble of professions. In fact, it is about the only one fit for a man. For my own part, there is no seducing me from the path. I shall be a *Littérateur* at least all my life; nor would I abandon the hopes which still lead me on for all the gold in California. Talking of gold, and of the temptations at present held out to "poor-devil authors," did it ever strike you that all which is really valuable to a man of letters — to a poet in especial — is absolutely unpurchasable? Love, fame, the dominion of intellect, the consciousness of power, the thrilling sense of beauty, the free air of Heaven, exercise of body and mind, with the physical and moral health which result — these and such as these are really all that a poet cares for: then answer me this — *why* should he go to California? Like Brutus, "I pause for a reply" — which, like F. W. Thomas, I take it for granted you have no intention of giving me. I have read the Prospectus of the "Chronicle," and like it much, especially the part where you talk about letting go the finger of that conceited booby, the East, which is by no means the East out of which came the wise men mentioned in Scripture. I wish you would come down on the Frogpondians. They are getting worse and worse, and pretend not to be aware that there *are* any literary people out of Boston. The worst and most disgusting part of the matter is that the Bostonians are really, as a race, far inferior in point of *anything beyond mere talent* to any other set upon the continent of North America. They are decidedly the most servile imitators of the English it is possible to conceive. I always get into a passion when I think about [it.] It would be the easiest thing in the world to use them up *en masse*. One really well-written satire would accomplish the business: but it must not be such a dish of skimmed-milk-and-water as Lowell's. I suppose you have seen that affair — the "Fable for Critics," I mean. Miss Fuller, that detestable old maid, told him once that he was "so wretched a poet as to be disgusting even to his best friends." This set him off at a tangent and he has never been quite right since — so he took to writing satire against mankind in general, with Margaret Fuller and her *protégé*, Cornelius Matthews, in particular. It is miserably weak upon the whole, but has one or two good but by no means *original* things, — oh, there is "*nothing* new under the sun," and Solomon is right — for once. I sent a review of the "Fable" to the "S. L. Messenger," a day or two ago, and I only hope Thompson will print it. Lowell is a ranting abolitionist, and *deserves* a good using up. It is a pity that he is a poet. I have not seen your paper yet, and hope you will mail me one — reg-

ularly if you can spare it. I will send you something whenever I get a chance. With your coeditor, Mr. [name crossed out] I am not acquainted personally, but he is well known to me by reputation. Eames, I think, was talking to me about him in Washington once, and spoke very highly of him in many respects, so upon the whole you are in luck. The rock on which most new enterprises in the paper way split is nambypambyism. It never did do and never will. No yea-nay journal *ever* succeeded. But I know there is little danger of your making the "Chronicle" a yea-nay one. I have been quite out of the literary world for the last three years, and have *said* little or nothing, but, like the owl, I have "taken it out in thinking." By and by I mean to come out of the bush, and then I *have* some old scores to settle. I fancy I see some of my *friends* already stepping up to the Captain's office. The fact is, Thomas, living buried in the country makes a man savage — wolfish. I am just in the humor for a fight. You will be pleased to hear that I am in better health than I ever knew myself to be — full of energy, and bent upon success. You shall hear of me again shortly — and it is not improbable that I may soon pay you a visit in Louisville. If I can do anything for you in New York, let me know. Mrs. Clemm sends her best respects, and begs to be remembered to your mother's family if they are with you. You would oblige me very especially if you could squeeze in what follows, editorially. The lady [Mrs. Lewis] spoken of is a most particular friend of mine, and deserves *all* I have said of her. I will reciprocate the favor I ask, whenever you say the word, and show me how. Address me at New York City as usual, and if you insert the following, please cut it out and enclose it in your letter.

Truly your friend,

EDGAR A. POE.

A notice of Mrs. Lewis, "Estelle," is appended. Poe recurs to the same subject in the next.

POE TO GRISWOLD.

NEW YORK, June 28, 1849.

DEAR GRISWOLD: Since I have more critically examined your "Female Poets," it occurs to me that you have not *quite* done justice to our common friend, Mrs. Lewis; and if you could oblige me so far as to substitute, for your no doubt hurried notice, a somewhat longer one prepared by myself (subject, of course, to your emendations) I would reciprocate the favor when, where, and *as* you please. If you *could* agree to this, give me a hint to that effect, and the MS. is ready. I will leave it sealed with Mrs. Lewis, who is unaware of my design — for I would rather she should consider herself as indebted to *you* for the favor, at all points. By calling on Mrs. Lewis, and asking for a package to your address, you can at any moment get it. I would not, of course, put you to any *expense* in this matter. All cost shall be promptly defrayed.

Truly yours,

EDGAR A. POE.

MRS. CLEMM TO GRISWOLD.

NEW YORK, September 4, 1849.

DEAR MR. GRISWOLD: I have tried so long to see you without success, that I have taken the liberty of addressing this note to you. I understand from Mrs. Lewis you received the package Mr. Poe left at her house for you. I wish you to publish it exactly as he has written it. If you will do so I will promise you a favorable review of your books as they appear—you know the influence I have with Mr. Poe. Not that I think he will need any urging to advance your interest. I have just heard from him; he writes in fine spirits and says his prospects are excellent. Will you be so kind as to let me know if you receive this? Please direct to me at New York, care of E. A. Poe.

Respectfully,

MARIA CLEMM.

I will call on Saturday at ten o'clock at your room if you will please meet me there.

Mrs. Lewis's comment on this interest in her verse is contained in the following:

MRS. LEWIS TO GRISWOLD.

125 DEAN STREET, September 20, 1850.

DEAR DOCTOR: . . . Nothing has ever given me so much insight into Mr. Poe's real character as his letters to you, which are published in this third volume [of Poe's collected works]. They will not fail to convince the public of the injustice of Graham's and Neal's articles. I was astonished at the part of P.'s Note, where he says—"But I have promised Mrs. Lewis this." I will explain. Mrs. Clemm said to me on one of her visits: "Dr. G. has been to Fordham—he came to see Eddie about you—something about the new edition of 'The Female Poets.' But you are not to know anything about it." Mr. P. never mentioned the subject to me, or I to him. He only sent to me for my latest poems, saying that you were going to increase or re-write the sketch for a new Edition of "The Female Poets."

I have ceased to correspond with Mrs. C[lemm] on account of her finding so much fault, and those articles of G's and N's. I cannot endure ingratitude. I have felt and do feel that you have performed a noble and disinterested part toward Mr. Poe in the editing of his works. . . .

Yours ever sincerely,

ESTELLE.

A second letter from Mrs. Clemm to Griswold illustrates the relations of the family with him at the time he was designated by Poe as his literary executor. It should be said, too, that several of the letters published by Griswold, as from Poe to him, are among these papers, and a few other unimportant notes.

NEW YORK, August 27, 1849.

DEAR MR. GRISWOLD: I feel you will pardon the liberty I take in addressing you, but the extreme urgency of my situation compels me to do so. Mr. Poe has been absent from home for some

weeks; he is now in Richmond and has been very ill, and unable to send me any money since he left, and is much distressed for fear of my suffering. Indeed I *have suffered*. I have been very sick, and entirely unable to make the least exertion. I have been without the necessaries of life for many days, and would not apply to any one, in hopes that I would soon receive some aid from my poor Eddy. He writes me that he is getting better, and hopes he will be soon able to attend to business. I confide in you, dear sir, and beg you to loan me a small sum until I can receive some from him. I have not the means to go to the city, but a note addressed to Mrs. Maria Clemm, care of E. A. Poe, New York, will reach me. A gentleman in the neighborhood asks every day for me at the post-office. You have no idea how distressing it is to my feelings to make this request, but I think you will feel for my situation. Respectfully,

MARIA CLEMM.

Poe's relations with literary women are further illustrated, and some details are elucidated by letters belonging to his own correspondence, and by other letters that passed between these ladies or between them and Griswold. The subject, however, is an involved one, and would require, for proper understanding, a more detailed explanation of minor incidents than is here possible. All the papers bearing upon this matter are therefore omitted.

The last letter we shall print is from Poe to Mrs. Clemm, written at Richmond, whither he had gone to lecture and to visit old friends, especially Mrs. Shelton, to whom he became engaged. The "Annie" to whom he refers is the lady of Lowell whose friendship seems to have been uppermost in his mind during the later period of his much-tangled affections.

POE TO MRS. CLEMM.

RICHMOND, September, 1849.

[First sheet missing.] . . . possible. Everybody says that if I lecture again and put the tickets at fifty cents, I will clear \$100. I *never* was received with so much enthusiasm. The papers have done nothing but praise me before the lecture and since. I inclose one of the notices, the only one in which the slightest word of disparagement appears. It is written by Daniel, the man whom I challenged when I was here last year. I have been invited out a great deal, but could seldom go, on account of not having a dress-coat. To-night Rose [his sister] and I are to spend the evening at Elmira's [Mrs. Shelton]. Last night I was at Poitiaux's; the night before at Strobria's, where I saw my dear friend Eliza Lambert, Gen. Lambert's sister. She was ill in her bed-room, but insisted upon our coming up, and we stayed until nearly one o'clock. In a word, I have received nothing but kindness since I have been here, and could have been quite happy but for my dreadful anxiety about you. Since the report of my intended marriage the McKenzies have overwhelmed me with

attentions. Their house is so crowded that they *could* not ask me to stay. And now, my own precious Muddy, the very moment I get a definite answer about everything I will write again and tell you what to do. Elmira talks about visiting Fordham, but I do not know whether that would do. I think, perhaps, it would be best for you to give up everything there and come on here in the Packet. Write immediately and give me your advice about it, for you know best. Could we be happier in Richmond or Lowell? for I suppose we could never be happy at Fordham, and, Muddy, I *must* be somewhere where I can see Annie. Did Mrs. L[ewis] get the "Western Quarterly Review"? Thompson is constantly urging me to write for the "Messenger," but I am so anxious that I cannot. Mr. Loud, the husband of Mrs. St. Leon Loud, the poetess of Philadelphia, called on me the other day and offered me \$100 to edit his wife's poems. Of course I accepted the offer. The whole labor will not occupy me three days. I am to have them ready by Christmas. I have seen Bernard often. Eliza is expected, but has not come. When I repeat my lecture here, I will then go to Petersburg and Norfolk. A Mr. Taverner lectured here on Shakespeare, a few nights after me, and had eight persons, including myself and the doorkeeper. I think upon the whole, dear Muddy, it will be better for you to say that I am ill or something of that kind, and break up at Fordham, so that you may come on here. Let me know immediately what you think best. You know we could easily pay off what we owe at Fordham, and the place is a beautiful one, but I want to live *near Annie*. And now, dear Muddy, there is one thing I wish you to pay particular attention to. I told Elmira when I first came here, that I had one of the pencil-sketches of her, that I took a long while ago in Richmond; and I told her that I would write to you about it. So when you write, just copy the following words in your letter:

"I have looked again for the pencil-sketch of Mrs. S. but cannot find it anywhere. I took down

all the books and shook them one by one, and, unless Eliza White has it, I do not [know] what has become of it. She was looking at it the last time I saw it. The one you spoilt with Indian Ink ought to be somewhere about the house. I will do my best to find it."

I got a sneaking letter to-day from ——. Do not tell me anything about Annie—I cannot bear to hear it now—unless you can tell me that Mr. — [her husband] is dead. I have got the wedding ring, and shall have no difficulty, I think, in getting a dress-coat.

WEDNESDAY NIGHT.

. . . [torn out] also the letter. *Return the letter when you write.*

The letters selected in these articles include the more important portion of the Poe papers in Griswold's hands. Whatever one may think of the temper or prudence of Griswold, they abundantly sustain the substance of his memoir. They are now furnished for publication by his son, in defense of that memoir, and the present writer's responsibility is merely an editorial one. It is a gratification to find that American men of letters who were contemporary with Poe are so fully freed from the charge, brought against them by English admirers of the poet, of lack of aid and appreciation toward him. Few men have received such cordial encouragement, praise, and welcome, material and moral, as Poe received from nearly all who were brought into relations with him, and the number of these was many—Irving, Kennedy, Paulding, Hawthorne, Willis, Anthon, Lowell, Simms, and others less distinguished, but then of note. Yet Mr. Andrew Lang says that Poe was "a gentleman among *canaille*."

G. E. Woodberry.

AN OPAL.

A ROSE of fire shut in a veil of snow;
 An April gleam athwart a misted sky;
 A jewel—a soul! Gaze deep if thou would'st know
 The flame-wrought spell of its pale witchery.
 And now each tremulous beauty lies revealed;
 And now the drifted snow doth beauty shield.

So my shy love, aneath her kerchief white,
 Holdeth the glamour of the East in fee;
 Warm Puritan!—who fears her own delight,
 Who trembleth over that she yieldeth me.
 And now her lips her heart's rich flame have told;
 And now they pale that they have been so bold.

Ednah Proctor Clarke.

wished. For the present it is doubtful whether we can do better than to concentrate executive responsibility in the mayor, dividing, as wisely as we can, the executive from the legislative functions, and removing as far as possible the opportunities for contentions and collisions.

The most remarkable revelation of this interesting volume is that which relates to the growth of municipal socialism in England. There was once, we have heard, a Manchester school of political economy whose maxim was *Laissez-faire*, and whose contention was that the sphere of government should be sharply restricted. It is clear that political philosophers of this school do not now govern Manchester. The chapter which Dr. Shaw has devoted to the "Social Activities of British Towns" shows that England has boldly undertaken the municipalization of monopolies. In the principal towns the gas-works are public property; the price of gas varies from fifty to seventy-five cents a thousand feet; and the business brings large revenues into the city treasury. Many of the cities own the street-railway tracks, and lease them for short terms to operating companies, deriving from them also considerable revenue. Electricity has not yet been developed to the same extent as in this country; but it is evident that this is soon to fall under the control of the municipality. Baths, laundries, and lodging-houses are owned by many of the cities, and

several of them have become large owners and renters of real estate. In Glasgow, in Birmingham, in London, many people live in tenements built and owned by the city, and pay their rent directly to the city. All this, it must be owned, is contrary to orthodox teaching on the subject of government, and perhaps it is too soon to pronounce judgment upon it; but thus far, with some exceptions, it appears to be working well, and public sentiment in all these cities more and more strongly approves the policy of a large coöperation, through the municipal government, in the promotion of the general welfare.

American cities will probably go more slowly in this direction, serving themselves by the careful observation and occasional imitation of foreign methods. If any of these innovations, on experiment, are found to work well under American conditions, they will be adopted. But any such experiments here must go hand in hand with the adoption of the merit system in the civil service.

Mr. Bernheim's instances of the squandering of municipal franchises in New York, as set forth in the *MAY CENTURY*, show the necessity of a radical alteration of policy under this head in our American cities.¹

¹A valuable handbook is William Howe Tolman's "Municipal Reform Movement in the United States," with an introductory chapter by the Rev. Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst.

OPEN LETTERS.

Notes on Poe.

AT the head of an article on "Poe in New York," in the *OCTOBER CENTURY*, is a portrait "from a daguerreotype owned by Mr. Robert Lee Traylor." A footnote says:

This daguerreotype, made by Pratt of Richmond, was presented by Poe, a short time before his death, to Mrs. Sarah Elmira (Royster) Shelton, whom he had engaged to marry. It is believed to be his last portrait.

As more or less interest attaches to everything connected with Poe, I venture to tell what I know of this portrait.

During the Christmas holidays of 1854-55, I was walking down Main street, Richmond, when my attention was attracted by a picture in the show-case of a daguerreotypy, bearing this inscription: "*Edgar Allan Poe — taken three weeks before his death.*" I immediately climbed to the studio, and asked for further information, which was cheerfully given by Mr. Pratt.

"You know, of course," said he, "that the early part of Poe's life, as well as the last months of it, was spent in Richmond. I knew him well, and he had often promised me to sit for a picture, but had never done so. One morning — in September, I think — I was standing at my street door when he came along and spoke to me. I reminded him of his unfulfilled promise, for which he made some excuse. I said, 'Come upstairs now.' He replied, 'Why, I am not dressed for it.' 'Never mind that,' said I; 'I'll gladly take you just as you are.' He came up, and I took that picture. Three weeks later he was dead in Baltimore."

Being satisfied then — as I am now — that Mr. Pratt told the truth concerning his daguerreotype, I at once offered to buy it; but naturally enough he declined to sell what, even then, was of considerable value.

He told me, however, that he had made an excellent copy for the lady to whom Poe was engaged (not mentioning her name), and would make me one if I so desired. He did so, and this copy is now in my possession, in perfect preservation, after forty years.¹ It is in every respect, so far as I am capable of judging, quite as good as the original; but it is *not* the original, nor, I am inclined to think, is that of Mr. Traylor. Where the original now is, I do not know; but whoever examines it, or a good copy, closely, will see that the picture is not such a one as Poe would be likely to give to the lady of his love. The dress is something more than careless. The "stand-up" collar is turned *down* over a loosely tied cravat; the high-cut waistcoat, with a sprig of evergreen in the buttonhole, is buttoned at the top, but is open nearly all the way down, and into the space thus left a white handkerchief is thrust, as if to conceal the crumpled linen. The coat is thrown back from the shoulders in rather reckless fashion, and the whole costume, as well as the hair and face, indicates that the poor poet was in a mood in which he cared very little how he looked. Moreover, Mr. Pratt gave me distinctly to understand that the copy for Poe's lady-love was made *after* his death, and at her request; and I also understood that the original had never been out of Pratt's possession. Doubtless he made several — perhaps many — copies after mine; but I am quite certain of the genuineness and fidelity of my own.

In February, 1860, I was again in Richmond, and being still deeply interested in everything pertaining to Poe, I endeavored to enlarge my then rather scanty information by inquiries among those who had person-

¹Mr. Dimmock has since presented this daguerreotype to The Players, New York.—EDITOR.

ally known him. Except in a single instance, these inquiries were virtually fruitless; but the exception more than compensated for failure elsewhere. Mr. John R. Thompson, editor of the "Southern Literary Messenger," and after the war a well-known journalist of New York, kindly gave me the benefit of his acquaintance with the subject under peculiarly favorable circumstances. I will condense into the briefest possible compass what Mr. Thompson told me, using his own words as nearly as memory permits.

I was editing the "Messenger" in 1848-49 [said he], when one day, probably in the latter part of 1848, on going home for lunch my mother told me that a stranger had called to see me, and had left a message to the effect that for a week past a man calling himself Poe had been wandering around Rocketts (a rather disreputable suburb of Richmond) in a state of intoxication and apparent destitution, and that his friends, if he had any, ought to look after him. I immediately took a carriage and drove down to Rocketts, and spent the afternoon in a vain search—being more than once on the point of finding him, when he seemed to slip away. Finally, when night came on, I went to the most decent of the drinking-shops and left my card with the barkeeper, with the request that if he saw the alleged Poe again, he would give it him. Ten days, perhaps, had passed, and in the press of occupation the matter had entirely gone from my mind, when on a certain morning a person whom I had never seen before entered the office, asked if I was Mr. Thompson, and then said, "My name is Poe," without further introduction or explanation. As, singularly enough, I had never met my townsman before, I looked at him with something more than curiosity. He was unmistakably a gentleman of education and refinement, with the indescribable marks of genius in his face, which was of almost marble whiteness. He was dressed with perfect neatness; but one could see signs of poverty in the well-worn clothes, though his manner betrayed no consciousness of the fact. Neither then nor later did he make the slightest allusion to my visit to Rocketts, and of course I made none. The result of the call was that I offered him a desk in the office, as he was then, he told me, engaged in the preparation of a new edition of his works. Knowing his unfortunate habit, I also offered him a sleeping-room adjoining my own, hoping thereby to control what could not be entirely prevented.

Poe was not what is called "a regular drinker," but he was what is worse, a most irregular one, the desire for stimulants seeming to seize him like an attack of madness which he was powerless to resist. A single glass set his brain on fire, and it had, so to speak, to burn itself out before he could come to his senses. After a month, perhaps, of total abstinence, he would be "off" for a week; and then some morning would take his seat at his desk without saying a word about his absence, and with no indication in his appearance of what he had been doing meanwhile. His face was always colorless, his nerves always steady, his dress always neat. At first I tried to shorten the period of indulgence by looking him up in his haunts and trying to bring him home; but he never would come with me, and finally I was obliged to let him have his own way. Once I found him in a saloon called "The Alhambra," frequented by gamblers and sporting men. He was mounted on a marble-top table, declaiming passages from his then unpublished "Eureka" to a motley crowd, to whom it was as unintelligible as so much Hebrew.

Drink was, so far at least as my knowledge extends, Poe's offy form of dissipation. That fatal habit did not in his case bring with it the usual train of kindred vices. His tastes in everything else were naturally refined. I never heard him use a word which could not have been spoken with propriety in the presence of ladies; and he had the strongest dislike for every sort of slang, spoken or written. As a converser I have never heard his equal, except Macaulay; and the styles and subjects of the two men were so widely different that no comparison is possible. Poe's conversation was more like a soliloquy than anything else: he never seemed to be aware of a listener, or to need one. Usually he was very reticent. I am quite sure I never heard him laugh, and do not think I ever saw him smile; nor did he ever

speak about his past life, or invite any questions concerning it—not even his extensive travels and strange experiences in Europe. Apparently his life had in it neither happiness nor hope. Undoubtedly he himself was the hero of "The Raven." He was always very careful and methodical in his writing for the press, using always the old-fashioned letter-paper cut into strips of equal size, which, when filled, were rolled up, never folded. His penmanship was beautifully clear and distinct, and he never used a pencil. When he left Richmond, in the latter part of September, 1849, it was to return in a few weeks, and resume his work. Why he did not, you know.

Mr. Thompson gave me one of the slips of the original manuscript of the "Marginalia." It begins with this sentence, "One of our truest poets is Thomas Buchanan Read," and ends with a quotation from Lowell.

I may now mention a curious fact never, I think, stated in any of the biographies. For more than twenty-five years Poe slept in an unmarked grave. When I first visited the cemetery attached to the Westminster Presbyterian Church, corner of Fayette and Green streets, Baltimore, in February, 1860, I was shown the grave (not then where it is now), and was told that a monument was in preparation, and would soon be in place. A kinsman who accompanied me went to the workshop after my departure from the city, and made and sent me an exquisite pencil-sketch of the proposed monument, as it would look in the cemetery. That sketch—the only one in existence, I think—is before me. It represents a plain, substantial tablet of white Italian marble, perhaps three feet in height. On the side facing the grave is this inscription:

HIC
TANDEM FELICIS
CONDUNTUR RELIQUÆ
EDGAR ALLAN POE
OBIIIT OCT. VII
1849.

On the other side: "Jam parce sepulto." On the foot-stone: "E. A. P."

Three or four years later I was again in Baltimore, and again visited the cemetery. The grave was there, but nothing to mark it. The sexton could give no explanation or information, and after the expenditure of some time and trouble I finally found the man who had made the tablet. He told me this strange story, the truth of which I have no reason to doubt:

That tablet was finished and standing in my yard. It was to be erected in the cemetery the following week, and would have been but for a most extraordinary accident on the Friday or Saturday preceding. My yard adjoins the tracks of the Northern Central Railroad. A freight-train ran off the track, broke down the fence, and did more or less damage to other work; but the only irreparable damage was done to Poe's tablet. That was smashed to pieces, beyond all power of restoration.

The present monument was put up years afterward. Surely Poe was that bird's

. . . Unhappy master, whom unmerciful disaster
Followed fast and followed faster, till his song one burden
dore bore, . . .
Of never,—nevermore!

And disaster did not leave him even at the grave.

ST. LOUIS.

Thomas Dimmock.