

month after Poe's death. In the meantime the poet's own copy, left among his papers, passed into the hands of the person engaged to edit his works, and he quoted the poem in an obituary of Poe, in the New York "Tribune," before any one else had an opportunity of publishing it.

6. "A Valentine," one of three poems addressed to Mrs. Osgood, appears to have been written early in 1846.

7. "An Enigma," addressed to Mrs. Sarah Anna Lewis ("Stella"), was sent to that lady in a letter, in November, 1847, and the following March appeared in Sartain's "Union Magazine."

8. The sonnet, "To My Mother" (Maria Clemm), was sent for publication to the short-lived "Flag of our Union," early in 1849, but does not appear to have been issued until after its author's death, when it appeared in the "Leaflets of Memory" for 1850.

9. "For Annie" was first published in the "Flag of our Union," in the spring of 1849. Poe, annoyed at some misprints in this issue, shortly afterwards caused a corrected copy to be inserted in the "Home Journal."

10. "To F——" (Frances Sargeant Osgood) appeared in the "Broadway Journal" for April, 1845. These lines are but slightly varied from those inscribed "To Mary," in the "Southern Literary Messenger" for July, 1835, and subsequently republished, with the two stanzas transposed, in "Graham's Magazine" for March, 1842, as "To One Departed."

11. "To F—s S. O—d," a portion of the poet's triune tribute to Mrs. Osgood, was published in the "Broadway Journal" for September, 1845. The earliest version of these lines appeared in the "Southern Literary Messenger" for September, 1835, as "Lines written in an Album," and was addressed to Eliza White, the proprietor's daughter. Slightly revised, the poem reappeared in Burton's "Gentleman's Magazine" for August, 1839, as "To——."

12. Although "Eldorado" was published during Poe's lifetime, in 1849, in the "Flag of our Union," it does not appear to have ever received the author's finishing touches.

POEMS OF MANHOOD

LENORE

'Ah, broken is the golden bowl! the spirit flown forever!
 Let the bell toll!—a saintly soul floats on the Stygian river.
 And, Guy de Vere, hast *thou* no tear?—weep now or never more!
 See! on yon drear and rigid bier low lies thy love, Lenore!
 Come! let the burial rite be read—the funeral song be sung!—
 An anthem for the queenliest dead that ever died so young—
 A dirge for her, the doubly dead in that she died so young.
 "Wretches! ye loved her for her wealth and hated her for her pride,
 And when she fell in feeble health, ye blessed her—that she died!
 How *shall* the ritual, then, be read?—the requiem how be sung
 By you—by yours, the evil eye—by yours, the slanderous tongue
 That did to death the innocence that died, and died so young?"

Peccavimus; but rave not thus! and let a Sabbath
 song
 Go up to God so solemnly the dead may feel no
 wrong!
 The sweet Lenore hath "gone before," with Hope,
 that flew beside,
 Leaving thee wild for the dear child that should have
 been thy bride—
 For her, the fair and *débonnaire*, that now so lowly
 lies,
 The life upon her yellow hair but not within her
 eyes—
 The life still there, upon her hair—the death upon
 her eyes.

"Avaunt! to-night my heart is light. No dirge will
 I upraise,
 But waft the angel on her flight with a pæan of old
 days!
 Let *no* bell toll!—lest her sweet soul, amid its hal-
 lowed mirth,
 Should catch the note, as it doth float up from the
 damnèd Earth.
 To friends above, from fiends below, the indignant
 ghost is riven—
 From Hell unto a high estate far up within the
 Heaven—
 From grief and groan to a golden throne beside the
 King of Heaven."

TO ONE IN PARADISE

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

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

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

And all my days are trances,
 And all my nightly dreams
 Are where thy dark eye glances,
 And where thy footstep gleams—

In what ethereal dances,
By what eternal streams!

Alas! for that accursèd time
They bore thee o'er the billow,
From love to titled age and crime,
And an unholy pillow!—
From me, and from our misty clime,
Where weeps the silver willow!

1835.

THE COLISEUM

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

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

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

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

These vague entablatures—this crumbling frieze—
 These shattered cornices—this wreck—this ruin—
 These stones—alas! these gray stones—are they
 all—

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

1833.

THE HAUNTED PALACE

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

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

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

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

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

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

1838.

THE CONQUEROR WORM

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

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

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

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

Out—out are the lights—out all!
 And, over each quivering form,
 The curtain, a funeral pall,
 Comes down with the rush of a storm
 And the angels, all pallid and wan,
 Uprising, unveiling, affirm
 That the play is the tragedy, "Man,"
 And its Hero the Conqueror Worm.

1838.

SILENCE

THERE are some qualities—some incorporate things,
 That have a double life, which thus is made
 A type of that twin entity which springs
 From matter and light, evinced in solid and shade.
 There is a two-fold *Silence*—sea and shore—
 Body and soul. One dwells in lonely places,
 Newly with grass o'ergrown; some solemn graces,
 Some human memories and tearful lore,
 Render him terrorless: his name's "No More."
 He is the corporate Silence: dread him not!
 No power hath he of evil in himself;
 But should some urgent fate (untimely lot!)
 Bring thee to meet his shadow (nameless elf,
 That haunteth the lone regions where hath trod
 No foot of man), commend thyself to God!

1840.

DREAMLAND

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

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

By the lakes that thus outspread
 Their lone waters, lone and dead—

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

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

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

1844.

HYMN

At morn—at noon—at twilight dim—
 Maria! thou hast heard my hymn!
 In joy and woe—in good and ill—
 Mother of God, be with me still!
 When the Hours flew brightly by,
 And not a cloud obscured the sky,
 My soul, lest it should truant be,
 Thy grace did guide to thine and thee;
 Now, when storms of Fate o'ercast
 Darkly my Present and my Past,
 Let my Future radiant shine
 With sweet hopes of thee and thine!

1835.

TO ZANTE

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

1837.