

The Objectivity of Poe

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There seems to be a great deal of interest in Poe legends and Poemana. As Benton states it, he is the one American poet, Whitman perhaps being a second, whose work has produced a cult and at the same time exercised a fascination which is contagious and indescribable. Today the manuscripts of those poems for which he received trifling compensations have become as precious as gold. If the original manuscript of the Raven was still in existence, American millionaires would contend for its possession, and \$10,000 would gladly be paid for it. And yet for this poem which has brought more honor upon American literature than any other single American poem, Poe was paid only \$10.00. A copy of the first edition of Tamerlane and other poems recently brought the record price of \$2,050. The first copy of the Prose Romances of Edgar Poe containing The Murders in the Rue Morgue and The Man Who Was Used Up, in the original brown paper wrappers brought \$1000. Two autograph letters of Poe's at the same sale were sold for \$250.00 and \$210.00. The Poe cult had advanced from an admiration of the poet's tales and poems to an interest in everything related to them. Within a generation after his death, nine lives of Poe were published and several others have been issued within the last fifteen or twenty years. These numerous biographies show that the interest in that writer is ever on the increase and that the reading public are eager for any additional information concerning one of the most original authors in American literature.

That Poe was a poet of the imagination, is conceded generally. Whether his imagination was of the highest order is perhaps a question. Stedman takes the negative view of the question. He says:- "His imagination was not of the highest order, for he never dared to trust to it implicitly. Neither in verse nor in prose did he cut loose from his minor devices and for results of sublimity and awe, he always depends upon that which is grotesque or out of nature. Beauty of the fantastic or grotesque is not the highest beauty. The rarest ideal dwells in a realm beyond that which fascinates us by its strangeness or terror." He drew his inspiration from a field utterly foreign to other American writers and one hitherto comparatively unexplored. As to the region in which he gave free reign to his imagination, a few citations from his critics may be able to set forth the generally accepted idea on that subject. Griswold in his obituary notice of Poe in the New York Tribune, says:- "His imagery was from the worlds which no mortals can see but with the vision of genius. He was at all times a dreamer dwelling in ideal realms--in heaven or hell, peopled with the creatures and the accidents of his brain."

Lowell in his obituary notice of Poe expresses himself thus:- "In his tales, Poe has chosen to exhibit his power chiefly in that dim region which stretches from the very utmost limits of the probable into the weird confines of superstition and unreality. He combines a power of influencing the mind by the impalpable shadows of mystery and minuteness of detail which does not leave a pin or button unnoticed. He conveys by a dusky hint some terrible doubt which is its secret of all horror."

Paintner takes this view of the question: "He dwells (in poems and in the tales) in a weird, fantastic or desolate region usually under the shadow of death. He conjures up unearthly landscapes as a setting for his gloomy and morbid fancies. Poe was less anxious to set forth an experience or a truth than to make an impression."

Poets of
the South
-P, 42.

Fisher has this to say about Poe: "In a temperament such as Poe's, the heat and ferment of the imagination is mistaken for warmth of heart and feeling. The victim of this morbid temperament lives in a fantastic dream world and because he cannot reconcile the world of his imagination with that of reality, and has not the will power or the inclination to abandon the unreal for the real, he suffers daily from shattered illusions and ends in misanthropy and pessimism."

Edgar
Allan
Poe
P.241.

Richardson expresses the same thought in these words; "The earthly form is made to assume an unearthly and half spiritual guise; upon the material and fleshy there falls a light from an immaterial world."

Am.Lit.,
Vol. II,
P. 104.

Was there anything real, anything tangible in any of Poe's writings? To this question John Burroughs replies: "Poe like Swinburne was a verbal poet merely; empty of thought, empty of sympathy, empty of love for any real thing. Not one real thing did he make more dear to us by his matchless rhymes; not one throb of the universal heart did he seize and put in endearing form for his fellow men. I am complaining that he was not human and manly and that he did not touch life in any helpful and liberating way. His poems do not lay hold of real things. I find myself turning to his poems not for mental or spiritual food but to catch a glimpse of the weird, the fantastic, and as it were, of the night side or dream side of things."

Am.Prose
Masters,
P. 242.

Brownell thus makes answer: "He revelled in the specious. The vivid aspect of reality he gave to his creations is due to his skill in its use, for he never felt reality and was impervious to its appeals as the true constitution of the universe, moral and material. What he desired was to be striking, and his usual means of accomplishing it was by going through speciousness, the semblance of reality to the unreal and incredible."

A Lit.
History
of Am.
Lit.,
P. 208

"His critical writings are the only ones in which he shows how he could deal with actual facts," would be the reply of Wendell. If these critics are right, how then does Poe manage to give the semblance of reality to his writings and obtain the reader's momentary acquiescence to his statements?

Painter says; "By his air of perfect candor, his minuteness of detail, and his power of graphic description, he gains complete mastery over the soul and leads us to believe the impossible."

Poets of
the So.,
P. 42.

The explanation Cairns gives is: "In the tales which have a more definite and everyday setting, great care is taken to secure verisimilitude by the use of realistic details in both narrative and descriptive passages."

Poe uses what Emerson calls polarized words and while they haunt the mind and even the very soul of the reader they virtually create an atmosphere as distinct as that--though not like that--in Corot's landscapes.

After an extensive research I have found that Poe's critics all agree on one point, - the absence of reality in his works. But is this absence of reality confined to characterization and action or is it carried still further, so far that it includes the setting of poem or tale? In other words, is it possible to find in either poem, tale, essay, or criticism of Poe, any absolutely defining characterization or description of a place? Does Poe speak from experience? If not, are the places he mentions purely imaginary names with imaginary descriptions, or does he make use of actual places with a description obtained, perhaps, from his desultory reading, or from a conversation with some traveller, but yet too general or too vague to give a definite portrait of the place? In order to obtain an answer to these questions I have read all of Poe's works, keeping a record of every reference or mention of any place, and the following tabulations are the results: - (All citations are taken from "The Works of Edgar Allan Poe," Collected and edited with a memoir, critical introduction and notes by Edmund Clarence Stedman and George Edward Woodberry, in ten volumes.)

I. Places purely imaginary in both name and description.

A. Tales.

The Colloquy of Monos and Una.

"Above all, I burn to know the incidents of your own passage through the dark Valley and Shadow"---"Speak not her of these griefs, dear Una, mine forever now?" Vol. I, P. 16.

The impression gained, though not definitely stated, is that the word "here" refers to some realm of a very indefinite nature where spirits dwell.

Shadow.

And the Shadow answered, "I am Shadow, and my dwelling is near to the catacombs of Ptolemais, and hard by those dim plains of Helusion which border upon the foul Charonian canal." Vol. I, P. 128.

Silence--A Fable.

"He looked into the low, unquiet shrubbery and up into the tall primeval trees, and up higher at the rustling heaven and into the crimson moon." Vol. I, P. 244.

The Fall of the House of Usher.

"I looked upon the scene before me--upon the mere house and the simple landscape features of the domain, upon the bleak walls, upon the vacant eye-like windows, upon a few rank sedges and upon a few white trunks of decayed trees, with an utter depression of soul which I can compare to no earthly sensation more properly than to the after-dream of the reveller upon opium." Vol. I, P. 131.

"I had so worked upon my imagination as really to believe that about the whole mansion and domain there hung an atmosphere peculiar to themselves and their immediate vicinity; an atmosphere which had no affinity with the air of heaven, but which had reeked up from the decayed trees, and the grey wall and the silent tarn, a pestilent and mystic vapor, dull, sluggish, faintly discernible and leaden-hued." Vol. I, P. 134.

Real aspect of the building.

"Its principal feature seemed to be that of an excessive antiquity. The discoloration of ages had been great. Minute fungi overspread the whole exterior hanging in a fine tangled web-work from the eaves. Yet all this was a-part from any extraordinary dilapidation. No portion of the masonry had fallen." Vol. I, P. 134.

"While the carvings of the ceilings, the sombre tapestries of the walls, the ebon blackness of the floors and the phantasmagoric, armorial trophies which rattled as I strode, were but matters to which I had been accustomed from my infancy, I still wondered to find how unfamiliar were the fancies which ordinary images were stirring up." Vol. I, P. 135.

"The room in which I found myself, was very large and lofty. The windows were long, narrow and pointed and at so vast a distance from the black oaken floor as to be altogether inaccessible from within. Feeble gleams of encrimsoned light made their way through the trallised panes and served to render sufficiently distinct the most prominent objects around.---Dark draperies hung upon the walls. The general furniture was profusely, comfortless, antique and tattered. Many books and musical instruments lay scattered about, but failed to give any vitality to the scene. I felt that I breathed an atmosphere of sorrow. An air of stern and irredeemable gloom hung over and pervaded all." Vol. I, P. 136.

From "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." Vol. I, P. 143

"The vault in which we placed it was small, damp, and entirely without means of admission for light, lying at great depth, immediately beneath that portion of the building in which was my own sleeping apartment. A portion of its floor and a long archway through which we reached it were carefully sheathed in copper. The door, of massive iron, had been also similarly protected." Vol. I, P. 46.

In regard to these extracts from "The Fall of the House of Usher," it may be said that the five years spent in the Manor House school in the suburbs of London would without doubt give Poe a store of reminiscences and impressions of landscapes and architecture which do indeed give his works an artistic background of great value. Living in a characteristic part of England, he had seen with his own eyes, castles, abbeys, the hangings and tapestries and armorial decorations of ancient rooms, and remembered effects of decoration. But has Poe made use of his reminiscences and impressions in a way to impress them indelibly with the stamp of experience? The details used in the descriptions in "The Fall of the House of Usher," are such as a writer might easily obtain from general reading, and the realistic effect is utterly and hopelessly destroyed by the air of gloom and unearthliness in which he wraps the whole story. Furthermore, his description does not apply to any one particular mansion, but is a composite of many. He does not try to set forth a building which is before his eyes; but one detail is chosen from this castle here, another from that abbey there and so on, until he has a completed structure, resembling no original. Hence, I would say that the house of Usher is constructed from Poe's imagination.

Bernice.

"Yet there are no towns in the land more time-honored than my gloomy, gray hereditary halls. Our line has been called a race of visionaries; and in many striking particulars - in the character of the family mansion, in the frescoes of the chief saloon, in the tapestries of the dormitories, in the chiseling of some buttresses in the armory, but more especially in the gallery of antique paintings, in the fashion of the library's contents--there is more than sufficient evidence to warrant the belief." Vol. I, P. 157.

"Through the gray of the early morning, among the trellised shadows of the forest at noonday, and in the silence of my library at night, she had flitted by my eyes, and I had seen her, not as the living and breathing Bernice, but as the Bernice of a dream." Vol. I, P. 163.

The Oval Portrait.

"The Chateau into which my valet had ventured to make forcible entrance, was one of those piles of commingled gloom and grandeur which have so long frowned among the Apennines. To all appearance it had been temporarily and very lately abandoned. We established ourselves in one of the smallest and least sumptuously furnished apartments. It lay in a remote turret of the building. Its decorations were rich yet tattered and antique. Its walls were hung with tapestry and

bedecked with manifold and multiform armorial trophies, together with an unusually number of very spirited modern paintings in frames of rich golden arabesque." Vol. I, P. 169.

Ligeia.

"They were even fuller than the fullest of the gazelle eyes of the tribe of the valley of Nourjahad" Vol. I, P. 185,

From "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." Vol. I, P. 190.

"The room lay in a high turret of the castellated abbey, was pentagonal in shape and of capacious size. Occupying

the whole southern face of the pentagon was the sole window-an immense sheet of unbroken glass from Venice-a single pane and tinted of a leaden hue, so that the rays of either sun or moon, passing through it fell with a ghastly lustre on the objects within. The ceiling, of gloomy-looking oak, was excessively lofty, vaulted and elaborately fretted with the wildest and most grotesque specimens of a semi-Gothic, semi-Druidical device." Vol. I, P. 193.

Eleonora.

"We had always dwelled together, beneath a tropical sun, in the Valley of the Many-colored-Grass. No unguided footstep ever came upon that vale, for it lay far away up among a range of great hills that hung beetling around about it, shutting out the sunlight from its sweetest recesses. No path was trodden in our vicinity; and to reach our happy home there was need of putting back with force, the foliage of many thousand of forest trees and of crushing to death the glories of many millions of fragrant flowers. From the dim regions beyond the mountains at the upper end of our encircled domain there crept out a narrow and deep river and winding stealthily about in many courses, it passed away at length through a shadowy gorge among hills still dimmer than those whence it had issued. We called it the "River of Silence" for there seemed to be a hushing influence in its flow." Vol. I, P. 204.

"I found myself within a strange city. The pomp and pageantries of a stately court and the mad clangor of arms and the radiant loveliness of woman bewildered and intoxicated my brain." Vol. I, P. 210.

The Conversation of Eiros and Charmion.

"You have suffered all of pain, however, which you will suffer in Aidenn.--You must forget too my earthly name, and speak to me as Charmion." Vol. I, P. 229.

The Power of Words.

"Oinos--Pardon, Agathos, the weakness of a spirit new

fledged with immortality. But in this existence, I dreamed that I should be at once cognizant of all things, and thus at once happy in being cognizant of all." Vol. I, P.236.

"There are no dreams in Aidenn. Come! we will leave to the left the loud harmony of the Pleiades and swoop outward from the throne into the starry meadows beyond Orion where for pansies and violets and heart's ease are the beds of the triplicate and triple teinted suns." Vol. I, P. 237.

The Masque of the Red Death.

"When his dominions were half depopulated, he retired to ^{the} deep seclusion of one of his castellated abbeys. This was an extensive and magnificent structure, the creation of the Prince's own eccentric yet august state. A strong and lofty wall girdled it in. The door had gates of iron." Vol. I, P. 249.

Either Poe or his editor has inserted below the title the words "Northern Italy," and this abbey, I believe, is supposed to be located there, but it is certainly an entirely imaginary creation.

"There were seven ~~wards~~ ^{rooms}--an imperial suite. The apartments were so irregularly disposed that the vision embraced but little more than one at a time. There was a sharp turn at every twenty or thirty yards, and at each turn a novel effect. To the right and left in the middle of each wall, a tall and narrow Gothic window looked out upon a closed corridor which pursued the windings of the suite." The windows were of stained glass to match the decorations of each room--blue, purple, green, orange, white, violet and black. In the black room the panes were scarlet, a deep blood color. "There was no light, but in the corridors that followed the suite there stood opposite to each window a heavy tripod bearing a brazier of fire that projected its rays through the tinted glass and so glaringly illuminated the room. And thus were produced a multitude of gaudy and fantastic appearances." Vol. I, P. 250.

The Assignation.

"I found myself at his Palazzo, one of those huge structures of gloomy, yet fantastic pomp which tower above the waters of the Grand Canal in the vicinity of the Rialto. I was shown up a broad winding staircase of mosaics into an apartment whose unparalleled splendor burst through the opening door with an actual glare, making me blind and dizzy with luxuriousness.----The eye rested upon neither the grotesques of the Greeks painters nor the sculptures of the best Italian days, nor the huge carvings of untutored Egypt.

Rich draperies in every part of the room trembled to the vibration of low melancholy music whose origin was not to be discovered. The senses were oppressed by mingled and conflicting perfumes." Vol. I, P. 264.

The Cask of Amontillado.

"I bowed him through several suites of rooms to the archway that led into the vaults. I passed down a long and winding staircase, requesting him to be cautious as he followed. We came at length to the foot of the descent and stood together on the damp ground of the catacombs of the Montresors.----We had passed through walls of piled bones with casks and puncheons intermingling into the inmost recesses of the catacombs.----We passed through a range of low arches, descended, passed on, and descending again, arrived at a deep crypt in which the foulness of the air caused our flambeaus to glow rather than flame." Vol. I, P. 276.

The information here used might easily be gained from general reading. Poe intends the scene to be at Rome, but the description he gives is too indefinite. It would fit any catacombs anywhere.

Some Words with a Mummy.

"It was one of a pair brought from a tomb near Eleithias in the Lybian Mountains, a considerable distance above Thebes on the Nile. The grottoes at this point although less magnificent than the Theban sepulchres are of higher interest. The chamber from which our specimen was taken, was said to be rich in illustration of the private life of the Egyptians, - the walls being completely covered with fresco paintings and bas reliefs, while statues, vases and mosaic work of rich patterns indicated the vast wealth of the deceased." Vol. I, p286.

"The Count could not remember the precise dimensions of any one of the principal buildings in the city of Aznac. One affixed to an inferior palace in a kind of a suburb called Carnac, consisted of one-hundred-forty columns thirty-seven feet in circumference and twenty-five feet apart." Vol. I, P. 331.

Metzengerstein.

"The nobleman sat in a vast and desolate upper apartment on the family palace of Metzengstein. The rich although faded tapestry hangings which swung gloomily upon the walls, represented the shadowy and majestic forms of a thousand illustrious ancestors." Vol. I, P. 301.

Hop-frog.

"A gorgeous hall had been fitted up with every kind of device which could possibly give éclat to a masquerade.--- The grand saloon was a circular room, very lofty and receiving light of the sun only through a single window at the top. At night it was illuminated by a large chandelier depending by a chain from the center of the skylight and lowered by means of a counter balance, but this passed outside the cupola and over the roof." Vol. I, P333.

The Black Cat.

"The curtains of the bed were in flames. The whole

house was blazing. The next day I visited the ruins. The walls with one exception had fallen in. This exception was found in a compartment wall not very thick which stood about the middle of the house and against which had rested the head of my bed." Vol. II, P. 46.

"For a purpose such as this, the cellar was well adapted. Its walls were loosely constructed and had lately been plastered throughout with a rough plaster which the dampness of the air had prevented from hardening. In one of the walls was a projection caused by a false chimney or fireplace that had been filled up and made to resemble the rest of the cellar." Vol. II, P. 51.

The Island of the Fay.

"It was during one of my lonely journeyings amid a far distant region of mountain, locked within mountain and sad rivers and melancholy tarns writhing or sleeping within all, that I chanced upon a certain rivulet or island. On all sides rose the verdant walls of the forest. The little river which turned sharply in its course seemed to be absorbed by the deep green foliage of the trees to the east. About midway in the short vista which my dreamy vision took in, one small circular island profusely verdured reposed upon the bosom of the stream.---

-----The western extremity of the island was all one radiant harem of garden beauties.-----The eastern end of the isle was whelmed in the blackest shade." Vol. II, P. 87.

Adventure of One Hans Pfaal.

Description of moon. "The entire absence of ocean or sea, indeed of any lake or river or body of water whatsoever struck me as the most extraordinary feature. I beheld vast level regions of a character decidedly alluvial though by far the greater portion of the hemisphere was covered with innumerable volcanic mountains, conical in shape and having the appearance more of artificial than of natural protuberances. A map of the volcanic districts of the Campi Phlegraci would afford a better idea than my unworthy description." Vol. II, P. 181.

This description is probably Poe's version of a few ideas he had gleaned from some astronomy.

"I tumbled headlong into the very heart of a fantastic looking city, and into the middle of a vast crowd of ugly little people." Vol. II, P. 191.

The Balloon Hoax.

"The machine was built at the seat of Mr. Osborne near Penstruthal in Wales.---The inflation was commenced at day-break in the court yard of Wheel-Vor House, Mr. Osborne's seat." Vol. II, P. 209.

The Gold Bug.

"Within the hut a fine fire was blazing upon the hearth. I took an armchair by the crackling logs.---He seated himself at a small table on which were a pen & ink, but no paper. He looked for some in a drawer but found none.---He proceeded to seat himself on a sea chest in the farthest corner of the room.---Presently he took from his coat a wallet, placed the paper carefully in it and deposited both in a writing desk:"

Vol. III, P. 7.

"We crossed the creek at the head of the island by means of a skiff and ascending the high grounds on the shore of the main land, proceeded in a N.W. direction through a tract of country excessively wild and desolate where no trace of a human footstep was to be seen. We entered a region infinitely more dreary than any yet seen, a species of tableland near the summit of an almost inaccessible hill, densely wooded from base to pinnacle and interspersed with huge crags that appeared to lie loosely upon the soil. Deep ravines gave an air of still greater sternness. The natural platform to which we had clambered was thickly overgrown with brambles, and Jupiter proceeded to clear a path to the foot of an enormously tall tulip tree which stood with some eight or ten oaks upon the level and far surpassed them all." Vol. III, P. 18.

Murders in the Rue Morgue.

"The windows were down and tightly fastened from within. A door between the two rooms was closed, not locked. There was also a door leading from the front room into the passage. A small room in the front of the house on the fourth story at the head of the passage was crowded with old beds, boxes and so forth. The house was a four-story one with garrets. A trap door on the roof was nailed down very securely." Vol. III, P. 69.

"Thou art the Man."

"He had been traced to a spot about three miles to the east of the borough on the main road leading to the city. Here the track made off into a by-path through a piece of woodland, the path coming out again into the main road." Vol. III, P. 197.

The Sphinx.

"I was sitting at an open window commanding through a long vista of the river banks, a view of that distant hill, the face of which nearest my position had been denuded by what is termed a land slide, of the principal portion of its trees." Vol. III, P. 258.

Mystification.

"No student at G---N during the domination of the Baron Ritzner Von Jung." etc. Vol. III, P. 291.

System of Dr. Tarr and Prof. Fether.

"The dining room had nothing too much of elegance about it. The floor was uncarpeted. The windows were without curtains; the shutters were securely fastened with iron bars diagonally after the fashion of our ordinary shop shutters. The apartment formed in itself a wing of the chateau and thus the windows were on three sides of the parallelogram, the door being at the other. There were ten windows in all. The table was superbly set, loaded with plate and delicacies. Upon a large table at the farther end of the apartment were seated seven or eight people with fiddles, fifes, trombones and a drum." Vol. III, P. 208.

"The Duc de L'Omelette.

"The apartment was superb. Its height was appalling. There was no ceiling, but a dense whirling mass of fiery colored clouds. From above hung a chain of an unknown

blood-red metal--its upper end lost-like the city of Boston-parmi les nues. From its neither extremity swung a large vessel. The Duc knew it to be a ruby, but from it there poured a light so intense, so still, so terrible, Persia never worshipped such. The corners of the room were crowded into niches. Three of these were filled with statues of gigantic proportions. Their beauty was Grecian, their deformity Egyptian, their tout-ensemble French. In the fourth niche the statue was veiled, not colossal.---Innumerable censurs.---Through the lucid vista which a single uncurtained window is affording, gleams the most ghastly of all fires." Vol. IV, P. 5.

Lionizing.

"I was born somewhere in the city of Fum-Fudge."
Vol. IV, P. 9. /Bon Bon

"A sign, consisting of a vast folio, swung before the entrance. Within a long, low pitched room of antique construction, was indeed all the accommodation afforded by the café. In a corner of the apartment stood the bed of the metaphysician. An array of curtains with a canopy à la Grecque, gave it an air at once classic and comfortable. In the corner diagonally opposite appeared in direct family communion, the properties of the kitchen and bibliotheque. A dish of polemus stood peacefully upon the dresser. Here lay an ovenful of the latest ethics--there a kettleful of duo-decimo melanges. A large fireplace yawned opposite the door. On the right of it an open cupboard displayed a formidable array of labelled bottles." Vol. IV, P. 28.

Thingum Bob Esq.

"My father stood many years at the summit of his profession in the city of Smug."

King Pest.

"The seamen suddenly stumbled against the entrance of a tall and ghastly looking building. The room proved to be the shop of an undertaker, but an open trap door in the corner of the floor near the entrance looked down upon a long range of wine cellars. In the middle of the room stood a table in the center of which arose a huge tub of what appeared to be punch. Bottles of various wines and cordials, together with jugs, pitchers and flagons of every shape and quality were scattered upon the board. Around it upon coffin tressels, were seated six men." Vol. IV, P. 63.

Loss of Breath.

"In the mail stage for ----. ----I was here accordingly thrown out at the sign of the "Crow" by which tavern the coach happened to be passing. As no one made claim to my corpse, it was interred in a public vault." Vol. IV, P. 81.

Four Beasts in One.

"The scene lies in Antiochia Epidaphne so called from its vicinity to the village of Daphne. Ascending a battlement a broad and rapid river with innumerable falls goes through the mountains.

"It is the Orontes and is the only water in sight with

the exception of the Mediterranean twelve miles distant.
Vol. IV, P.92.

"Epidaphne is well fortified, there are a prodigious number of stately palaces and numerous temples sumptuous and magnificent. Still there is an infinity of mudhuts and abominable hovels: Did you ever behold streets so insufferably narrow, or houses so miraculously tall? ---It is well the swinging lamps in those endless colonnades are kept burning throughout the day. Otherwise we should have the darkness of Egypt in her desolation. That building towering above all others and lying to the east-ward of what I take to be the royal palace is the new temple of the Sun who is adored in Syria." Vol. IV, P.94.

"The principal street is called Timarchus. The people are pouring through the alley of Heraclides which leads directly from the palace. We shall see the king as he passes by the temple of Astamah." Vol. IV, P.96.

The Devil in the Belfry.

"The Dutch borough of Vondervotheimittiss, situated some distance from the main road. By the aid of medals, manuscripts and inscriptions, I am able to say positively that the borough of Vondervotheimittiss has existed from its origin in precisely the same condition which it is at the present time." Vol. IV, P.103.

"The site of the village is in a perfectly circular valley entirely surrounded by gentle hills over whose summit the people have never yet ventured to pass. Round the skirts of the valley which is quite level and paved throughout with flat tiles extends a continuous row of sixty little houses. Every house has a small garden before it with a circular path, a sundial and twenty-four cabbages, etc." P.105-106.

Then follows a minute description of this village in the construction of which, characteristics generally attributed to the Dutch are humorously exaggerated.

Three Sundays in a Week.

"The old porpoise, as I opened the drawing room door was sitting with his feet on the mantelpiece." Vol. IV, P.115.

Never Bet the Devil Your Head.

"Our route led us in the direction of a river. There was a bridge and we resolved to cross it. It was roofed over by way of protection from the weather, and the archway having but few windows was thus uncomfortably dark. We approached the termination of the footway when our progress was impeded by a turnstile of some height. ---My glance fell into a nook of the frame work of the bridge." Vol. IV, P.131.

Von Kemplar and His Discovery.

"The police discovered that he invariably gave his watchers the slip in the neighborhood of that labyrinth of narrow and crooked passages known by the flash name of the "Dondergat." They traced him to a garret in an old house of seven stories in an alley called Flatplatz. After hand-cuffing him, they searched his rooms. Opening into the garret where they caught him, was a closet, ten feet by eight, fitted up with chemical apparatus.---The discovery would have had material influence in regard to the settlement of California."

Vol. IV, P.255.

Mellonta Taita.

"Here I am, cooped up in a dirty balloon and I have no prospect of reaching terra firma for a month.---We lay to and learn that civil war is raging in Africa, white plague is doing its good work in both Yurope and Ayeshur." Vol. IV, P.259.

X-ing a Paragrab.

"Mr. Touch-and-go Bullethead migrated from the East to the city of Alexander--the Great-o-nopolis or some place of a similar title, out West. Vol. IV, P.225.

Narrative of A. G. Pym.

"Then deserts, limitless and of the most forlorn and awe-inspiring character spread themselves before me. Immensely tall trees gray and leafless rose up in endless succession.---The scene changed and I stood amid the burning sand plains of Zahara." Vol. IV, P.31.

"This species of tortoise is found principally in the group of islands called the Gallipagos." Vol. V, P.138.

In this narrative mention is made of Christmas Harbor, Wasp Bay (P.160) some islands called the Auroras (P.169) and Adelaedis Island (P.178), none of which can be found on maps under those names.

Journal of Julius Rodman.

"I had often thought of trapping up the ~~Missouri~~ and resolved now to go on an expedition up that river and try to procure peltries which I was sure of being able to sell at Petite Côte to the private agents of the Northwest Fur Company." Vol. V, P.270.

Côte

Petite, may now exist under a different name. Judging from the general location, Poe may have St. Charles, Mo. in mind.

"We passed during the day, Bonhomme and Osage Femme with two small creeks. We passed on the north the river Du Bois, a creek called Chante and several small "islands." Vol. V, P.284. Also the Yellow Stone river, (P.341) called by the Indians the Almatea. None of these can be located on modern maps. The names may today be changed. The same fact is true of Little Sioux, Floyd's, the Great Sioux, White Stone, Jacques River, Wawandysenche Creek and White Point.

Eureka.

"This letter was found corked in a bottle, floating on the Mare Tenebarum, an ocean well described by the Nubian geographer." Vol. IX, P.7.

"Let us suppose ourselves walking at night on a highway. In a field on one side of the road is a line of tall objects, say trees, the figures of which are distinctly defined against the background of the sky. This line of objects extends at right angles to the road and from the road to the horizon. Let us suppose this fixed point to be the rising moon." Vol. IX, P.108.

Philosophy of Furniture.

"We will make a sketch of his room during his slumber. It is oblong-some thirty feet in length and twenty-five in breadth-a shape affording the best opportunities for the adjustment of furniture. It was but one door-by no means a wide

one-which is at one end of the parallelogram and but two windows, which are at the other, etc." Vol. IX, P.179 ff. Then follows a detailed description of the furniture of the room. In it, Poe attempts to apply the principles of beauty to imaginary furniture, just as in "The Domain of Arnheim" he tries to apply them to imaginary landscape.

B. Poems.

Before discussing the poems individually, it might be well to state Poe's idea of a poem, which can be found in the Notes in Vol. X, P.153. He says:- "A poem in my opinion, is opposed to a work of science by having for its immediate object, pleasure, not truth; to romance by having for its object an indefinite instead of a definite pleasure, being a poem only so far as this object is attained; romance presenting perceptible images with definite, poetry with indefinite, sensations to which end music is an essential since the comprehension of sweet sound is our most indefinite conception. Music when combined with a pleasurable idea is poetry; music without the idea, is simply music; the idea without the music is prose from its very definiteness." This being his belief, we must not be surprised if many of the poems are highly imaginative. Brander Matthews in regard to the poems, states:- "That his scheme of poetry was highly artificial, that the themes of his poems were vague and unsubstantial, may be admitted without disadvantage.----His poems celebrate beauty, only beauty immaterial and evanescent." (An Introduction to the Study of American Literature, P.156,166.

The Raven;

"'Tis some visitor," I muttered, "tapping at my chamber door,
Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.
And the sullen, sad uncertain rustling of each purple curtain,
Thrilled me.----
"Surely," said I, "surely that is something at my window
lattice.----
Open here I flung the shutter-----
In there stepped a stately Raven and----
Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above my chamber door.----
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird and
bust and door.----
Is there-is there balm in Gilead? tell me, " etc. Vol. X, P.5.

The Sleeper.

"I stand beneath the majestic moon,
An opiate vapor, dewy, dim,
Exhales from out her golden rim
And softly dripping, drop by drop,
Upon the quiet mountain top
Steals drowsily and musically
Into the universal valley.
The rosemary nods upon the grave
The lily lolls upon the wave,
Wrapping the fog about its breast
The ruin moulders into rest;

Looking like L~~e~~the.-----

The wanton airs from the tree top
Laughingly through the lattice drop
Flit through thy chamber in and out
And wave the curtain canopy." Vol. X, P.14.

"Far in the forest dim and old
For her may some tall vault unfold
Some vault that oft hath flung its black
And winged panels fluttering back
Triumphant o'er the crested palls
Of her grand family funerals." Vol. X, P.15.

Lenore.

"See on yon drear and rigid bier low lies thy
Love, Lenore!" Vol. X, P.17.

Dream Land.

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

By the lakes-----

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

There the traveller meets aghast.
Sheeted Memories of the Past." Vol. X, P.19.

The Valley of Unrest.

"Once it smiled a silent dell
Where the people did not dwell
Now each visitor shall confess
The sad valley's restlessness.
Nothing there is motionless
Oh, by no wind are stirred those trees
That palpitate like the child seas
Around the misty Hebrides!

Oh, by no wind those clouds are driven." Vol. X, P.21.

The City in the Sea.

"Lo! Death has reared himself a throne
In a strange city lying alone
Far down within the dim West.
There shrines and palaces and towers
Resemble nothing that is ours.

No rays from the holy heaven come down
On the long night time of that town
But light from out the lucid sea
Streams up the turrets silently
Gleams up the pinnacles far and free
Up domes, up spires, up kingly halls,
Up lanes, up Babylon-like walls,
Up shadowy long forgotten bowers
Of sculptured ivy and stone flowers, etc." Vol. X, P.22.
Silence.

"One dwells in a lonely place
Newly with grass o'er grown, ---

~~Nameless Elf,~~

"That haunteth the lone regions where hath trod
No foot of man." Vol. X, P.25.

Israfil.

"In heaven a spirit doth dwell ---

But the skies that angel trod ---

Imbued with all the beauty

Which we worship in a star." Vol. X, P.29.

Eldorado.

"Where can it be

That land of Eldorado?

Over the mountains

Of the moon

Down the valley of the shadow

Ride, boldly ride.

If you seek the Eldorado." Vol. X, P. 35.

The Bells.

"In the icy air of night

While the stars that oversprinkle

All the heavens seem to twinkle

With a crystalline delight." Vol. X, P.37.

Ulalume.

"The skies were ashen and sober;

It was hard by the dim region of Auber

In the misty dim region of Weir

It was down by the dank tarn of Auber

In the Ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir

Here once through an alley Titanic

Of cypress I roamed with my soul." Vol. X, P.43.

Scenes from Politan.

Setting--A lady's apartment with a window open
and looking into a garden. A table upon which lie some
books and a hand mirror "No lingering winters there, no
sorrow nor shower

But Ocean ever to refresh mankind

Breathes the shrill spirit of the western wind."

Vol. X, P.53.

To F-----

"And thus thy memory is to me

Like some enchanted far off isle

In some tumultuous sea

Some ocean throbbing far and free

With storms, but where meanwhile

Serenest skies continually
Just o'er that one bright island smile." Vol. X, P. 278.
To One in Paradise.

"Thou wast all that to me, love,
For which my soul did pine
A green isle in the sea, love,
A fountain and a shrine
All wreathed with fruits and flowers." Vol. X, P. 79.
To Helen.

"And from out
A full orb'd moon-----
There fell a silvery silken veil of light
Upon the upturned faces of a thousand
Roses that grew in an enchanted garden
Where no wind dared to stir. -----
Clad all in white, upon a violet bank
I saw thee half reclining." Vol. X, P. 84.
For Annie.

"I have drank
Of a water that flows
From a spring but a very few
Feet under ground
From a cavern not very far
Down under ground.
And I lie so composedly.
Now, in my bed, etc." Vol. X, P. 91.
To My Mother.

"Because I feel that, in the Heavens above."---Vol. X, p. 94
Tamerlane.

"On mountain soil I first drew life,
The mists of the Taglay have shed
Nightly their dews upon my head." Vol. X, P. 98.

"We grew in age and love together
Roaming the forest and the wild." P. 100.

"The mountains of Belur Taghay are a branch of the Imans,
in the southern part of Independent Tartary celebrated
for the singular wildness and beauty of their valley,"
says Poe. But I have not been able to locate these

mountains.

"We walked together on the crown
Of a high mountain which looked down
Afar from its proud natural towns
Of rock and forest on the hills--
The dwindled hills begirt with bowers
And shouting with a thousand rills." Vol. X, P. 101.
To Science.

"Hast thou not dragged----
The Elfin from the green grass and from me
The summer dream beneath the tamarind ~~tree?~~ Vol. X, P. 106.
tree?"

Al Aaraaf.

"Oh nothing of the dross of ours
Yet all the beauty, all the flowers
That list our love and deck our bower
Adorn yon world afar, afar,
The wandering star,

'Twas a sweet time for Nesace; for there
Her world lay lolling on the golden air
Near four bright suns, a temporary rest,---
Rich clouds for canopies about her curled
All hurriedly she knelt upon a bed of flowers."Vol. X, P.107.
"Spirit that dwellest where

In the deep sky
The terrible and fair
In beauty vie!

Beyond the line of blue
The boundary of the star, etc." P.109.

"High on a mountain of enamelled head
Of rosy head, that towering far away
Into the sun-lit ether, caught the ray
Of sunken suns at eve, at noon of night.
Upward upon such height arose a pile
Of gorgeous columns on the unburdened air
Flashing from Parian marble that twin smile
Far down upon the wave that sparkled there.----
A dome by linked light from heaven let down
Sat gently on these columns as a crown.

A window of one circular diamond, there
Looked out above into the purple air
But on the pillars, seraph eyes have seen
The dimness of this world
And every sculptured cherub thereabout
That from his marble dwelling peered out
Seemed earthly in the shadow of his niche
Achaian statues in a world so rich!
Friezes from Tadmor and Persepolis,
From Balbec and the stily clear abyss
Of beautiful Gormorra! Vol. X, P.112.

"Away then, my dearest,
To springs that lie clearest
Beneath the moon ray
To lone lake that smiles
In its dream of deep rest.----

Where wild flowers creeping, etc." P 116.

"A brighter dwelling place is here for thee
And greener fields than in yon world above." P.119.
Evening Star.

"Twas noontide of summer
And mid-time of night
And stars in their orbits
Shone pale, through the light
Of the brighter cold moon
Mid planets, her slaves." Vol. X, P.124.

Dreams.

For I have revelled when the sun was bright
In the summer sky.-----

-----Twas the chilly wind
Came o'er me in the night and left behind
Its image on my spirit, or the moon
Shone on my slumbers in her lofty Moon." Vol. X, p125.

The Lake: To----

"So lovely was the loneliness
Of a wild lake, with black rock bound
And the tall pines that towered around." Vol. X, P.127.
A Dream Within a Dream.

"I stand amid the roar
Of a surf-tormented shore
And I hold within my hand
Grains of the golden sand." Vol. X, P.130.

To the River-----

"Fair river! in thy bright clear flow
Of crystal, wandering water,
Thou are an emblem of the glow
Of beauty." Vol. X, P.132.

To-----

"The bowers where at, in dreams, I see
The wantonest singing birds
Are lips." Vol. X, P.133.

Romance.

"Romance who loves to nod and sing
Among the green leaves as they shake
Far down within some shadowy lake." etc. Vol. X, P.135.

Fairy-Land.

"Dim vales, and shadowy floods
And cloud-looking woods

Huge moons there wax and wane,
About twelve by the moon dial
One, more filmy than the rest
Comes down-----

With its center on the crown
Of a mountain's eminence
While its wide circumference
In easy drapery falls
Over hamlets, over halls
O'er the strange woods, o'er the sea." Vol. X, P.136.

Alone.

"From the torrent, or the fountain
From the red cliff of the mountain
From the sun that round me rolled," etc. Vol. X, P.138.

II Places, the names of which are real, i. e. in existence at the present time, but the descriptions are imaginary. Name and description are not inseparable. The same sketch might be given any one of a number of names, and is not an absolutely correct description of the place whose name has been used.

A Tales.

Shadow--A Parable.

"Within the walls of a noble hall in a dim city called Ptolemais, we sat at night, a company of seven. And to our chamber there was no entrance save by a lofty door of brass, and the door was fashioned by the Artisan Corinnos, and being of rare workmanship, was fastened from within. Black draperies in the gloomy room shut out from our view the moon, the lurid stars and the peopleless street, but the boding and the memory of Evil, they would not be so excluded. There were things around us and about, of which I can render no distinct account--things material and spiritual; heaviness in the atmosphere, a sense of suffocation and anxiety." Vol. I, P. 127.

"But the shadow was vague and formless and indefinite, and was the shadow neither of man nor of God--neither God of Greece, nor God of Chaldaea, nor any Egyptian God." Vol. I, P. 127.
Ligeia.

"Yet I believe I met her first and most frequently in some large, old decaying city near the Rhine." Vol. I, P. 182.

"And there are one or two stars in heaven (one especially, a star of the sixth magnitude, double and changeable, to be found near the large star in *Wyr*) in a telescopic scrutiny of which I have been made aware of the feeling." Vol. I, P. 186.

"After a few months, therefore, of weary and aimless wandering, I purchased, and put in some repair, an abbey, which I shall not name, in one of the wildest and least frequented portions of fair England. The gloomy and dreary grandeur of the buildings, the almost savage aspect of the domain, the many melancholy and time-honored memories connected with both, had much in unison with the feelings of utter abandonment which had driven me into that remote and unusual region of the country." Vol. I, P. 192.

"I sat by the side of her ebony bed upon one of the ottomans of India." Vol. I, P. 196.

The Colloquy of Monos and Una.

"I had imbibed a presence of our fate from comparison of China, the simple and enduring, with Assyria, the architect with Egypt the astrologer, with Nubia more crafty than either, the turbulent mother of all Arts." Vol. I, P. 22p.

"You yourself sickened, and passed into the grave; and thither your constant Una speedily followed you." Vol. I, P. 221.
Silence. A Fable.

"The region of which I speak is a dreary region in Libya, by the borders of the river Laire. And there is no quiet there nor silence. The waters of the river have a saffron and sickly hue. For many miles on either side of the river's cozy bed is a pale desert of gigantic water lilies. But there is a boundary

to their realm, the boundary of the dark, horrible, lofty forest. There, like the waves about the Hebrides the low underwood is agitated continually." Vol. I, P. 242.

The Assignation.

"I particularly inquired if he had at any time met in London, the Marchesa di Kentoni and he gave me to understand that he had never visited the metropolis of Great Britain."

Vol. I, P. 270.

A Tale of the Ragged Mountains.

"During the fall of the year 1827 while residing near Charlottesville, Virginia, I casually made the acquaintance of Mr. Augustus Bedloe.-----I bent my steps immediately to the mountains and entered a gorge which was entirely new to me and followed the windings of this pass with interest. The scenery which presented itself on all sides, although scarcely entitled to be called grand, had about it an indescribable and to me delicious aspect of dreary desolation. I would not help believing that the gray sods and gray rocks upon which I trod had been trodden never before by the foot of a human being."

Vol. I, P. 283.

"I found myself at the foot of a high mountain, and looking down into a vast plain through which wound a majestic river. On the margin of this river stood an Eastern-looking city. The streets seemed innumerable and crossed each other irregularly in all directions, but were rather long winding alleys than streets and absolutely swarmed with inhabitants. The houses were wildly picturesque. On every hand was a wilderness of balconies, of verandas of minarets, of shrines and fantastically carved oxels. Bazzars abounded. On all sides were seen banners and palanquins, litters with stately dames close-veiled, elephants gorgeously caparisoned, idols grotesquely hewn, drums, banners and gongs, spears, silver and gilded maces. Amid the million of black and yellow men turbaned and robed and of flowing beard, there roamed a countless multitude of holy filleted bulls. To the river innumerable flights of steps to bathing places. Palm and cocoa, other gigantic trees of vast age, fields of rice, peasant huts, tanks, a stray temple."

Vol. I, P. 289.

"In your detail of the vision which presented itself to you amid the hills, you have described accurately the Indian city of Benares upon the Holy River." Vol. I, P. 295.

In this sketch, Poe has attempted to describe some Eastern or Oriental city, but he has used only such details as he might easily have obtained from reading; and furthermore, the results of his efforts could be given the name of any city of India, just as fittingly as the name he has chosen to apply to it.

Metzengerstein.

"There existed, in the interior of Hungary, a settled although hidden belief in the doctrines of the Metempsychosis--- Such estates were seldom held before by a nobleman of Hungary. His castles were without number. The chief in point of splendor and extent was the Palace Metzengentein. His principal park embraced a circuit of fifty miles." Vol. I, P. 291.

The Pit and the Pendulum.

"My dungeon, as well as all the condemned cells at Toledo, had a stone floor and light was not altogether excluded.---- It was a wall, seemingly of stone masonry, very smooth, slimy and cold.----I had fallen at the brink of a circular pit with water in it---The general shape of the prison was square. What I had taken for masonry seemed now to be iron in huge plates."

Vol. I, P. 313.

William Wilson.

"I found myself a student at Eton-----My attention was absorbed in a contemplated departure for Oxford.-----Scarcely had I set foot in Paris, at Rome, at Vienna, at Berlin, at Moscow, ere I had fresh evidence of the detestable interest taken by this Wilson, at Naples, in Egypt." Vol. II, P. 19.

The Domain of ~~Am~~heim.

"We came at length to an elevated tableland of wonderful fertility and beauty affording a panoramic prospect very little less in extent than that of Aetna." Vol. II, P. 105.

"It is of course needless to say where was this locality. The usual approach to ~~Am~~heim was by river, etc. Vol. II, P. 106.

Then follows a description of the journey to ~~Am~~heim up the river through one beautiful ravine and into a little bay and then once more up the stream until the glories of the Paradise of ~~Am~~heim burst upon the view. There is a small place called ~~Am~~heim in Netherlands on a little river near the Rhine, which in all probability was a very beautiful spot. But the account Poe gives us is simply the result of his efforts to apply the laws of the beautiful to imaginary landscape. And most interesting, though highly fanciful, is it. Of this tale, Stedman, in his Poets of America, P. 267, says: "The Domain of ~~Am~~heim is a marvellous dream of an earthly paradise and the close is a piece of word painting as effective as the language contains."

Landon's Cottage.

"During a pedestrian tour last summer through one or two of the river counties of New York, I found myself somewhat embarrassed about the road I was pursuing. The land undulated very remarkably and my path wound about so confusedly in its efforts to keep in the valleys that I no longer knew in what direction lay the sweet village of B-----." Vol. II, P. 113.

From page 117 to page 129 we have a glowing account of the vale in which Landon's Cottage was built and a charming description of the Cottage itself. To give the story of this beautiful place in Poe's own words would necessitate a reprinting of the whole tale. In this one of his "Tales of Natural Beauty," we again have the results of his application of the principles of beauty to imaginary landscape and in addition, to imaginary architecture and decoration. His use of details to give reality and to invoke belief is especially skillful. With great minuteness are the carpets, the furniture, the ornaments of each room described. This is, I believe, the only instance in which it might be said that Poe makes use to any extent at all, of the modern story teller's device, that of the introduction of realistic details to insure belief, that is, with a deliberate attempt to be convincing.

William Wilson

"It was at Rome, during the Carnival of 18—, that I attended a masquerade in the palazzo of the Neapolitan Duke Di Broglia." Vol. II, P.30.

Man of the Crowd.

"Not long ago, I sat at the large low window of the D----- Coffee House in London. The street in front was one of the principal thoroughfares of the city." A bazaar, a theatre and a slum is mentioned, but no defining description is given. Vol. II, P.62.

The Elk.

"These travelers content themselves with a hasty inspection of the natural "lions of the land" of the Hudson, Niagara, the Catskills, Harper's Ferry, the lakes of New York, the Ohio, the prairies and the Mississippi. These indeed are objects well worthy the contemplation even of him who has just clambered by the castellated Rhine-----There are innumerable quiet, obscure and scarcely explored nooks within the limits of the United States that by the true artist or cultivated lover of the grand and beautiful among the works of God, will be preferred to all of the chronicled and better accredited scenes to which I have referred." Vol. II, P. 77.

"Of all extensive areas of natural loveliness, the valley of Louisiana is perhaps the most lovely. The most gorgeous imagination might derive suggestions from its exuberant beauty. And beauty is its sole character. It has little or nothing of the sublime. Gentle undulations of soil, interwreathed with fantastic crystalline streams, banked by flowing slopes and backed by a forest vegetation, gigantic, glossy, multicolored, sparkling with gay birds and burdened with perfume--these features make up in the vale of Lethe, most voluptuous scenery upon earth." Vol. II, P.78.

The Unparalleled Adventure of One Hans Pfaall.

"By late accounts from Rotterdam, that city seems to be in a high state of philosophical excitement. A vast crowd was assembled in the great square of the Exchange in the well-conditioned city of Rotterdam.-----I continued to occupy the little square brick building at the head of the alley called Sauerkraut.-----

I wandered about the most obscure streets without object until at length I chanced to stumble against the corner of a bookseller's stall." Vol. II, P.133.

The Balloon Hoax.

"Astounding news by Express via Norfolk! The Atlantic crossed in three days. Signal Triumph of Mr. Monk Mason's Flying Machine! Arrival at Sullivan's Island, near Charleston, S. C., of eight people! The Atlantic has been actually crossed in a Balloon." Vol. II, P. 204.

"The voyage of Mr. Monk Mason from Dover to Weilburg in the balloon "Nassau" occasioned so much excitement, in 1837 . -----He made the first public experiment at Willis's Rooms, but afterwards removed his model to the Adelaide Gallery."

Vol. II, P. 206.

"We rose gently with a light breeze which bore us in the direction of the British Channel. We obtained our first view of the British Channel. Made a line for Paris. The wind bore us toward the Atlantic and we now determined to attempt to reach the coast of North America.-----Mr. Osborne having acquaintances at Fort Moultrie, it was resolved to descend in its vicinity, South Carolina." Vol. II, P. 213.

Ms. Found in a Bottle.

Mentinn is made of Batavia in Java, the Archipelago of the Lunda Islands, Bombay, the Laccadive Islands. (Vol. II, P. 233), New Holland, Balba, Ladmor and Persepolis, (P. 226), but no description of them is given.

The Thousand and Second Tale.

"Another had so long an arm that he could sit down in Damascus and indite a letter at Bagdad." Vol. II, P. 281.

Some Words with a Mummy.

"Look at the Bowling Green Fountain in New York. Regard for a moment the Capitol at Washington, D. C. He explained that the portico alone was adorned with no less than 25 columns five feet in diameter and ten feet apart. The Count could not remember the precise dimensions of any one of the principal buildings in the city of Aznac. One affixed to an inferior palace in a kind of a suburb called Carnac consisted of 144 columns 37 feet in circumference and 25 feet apart." Vol. II, P. 303.

The Facts in the Case of M. Valdemar.

"I was brought to think of my friend M. Ernest Valdemar who has resided principally at Harlem, N. Y." Vol. II, P. 322.

Murders in the Rue Morgue.

"In Paris, books are easily obtained. Our first meeting was at an obscure library in the Rue Montmartre.---I rented a time-eaten and grotesque mansion long deserted through superstition and tottering to its fall in a retired and desolate portion of the Faubourg St. Germain."

"The chimneys of all the rooms were too narrow to admit the passage of a human being.-----"

The Rue Morgue is one of the most miserable thoroughfares which intervene between the Rue Richelieu and Rue St. Roch. The house was an ordinary Parisian house with a gateway on one side of which was a glazed watch box with a sliding panel indicating a loge de concierge!"

The house in which the murder takes place is all minutely described. Mention is made of the Palais Royal, the Rue St. Denis, alley of Lamartine, the Quartier St. Roch. An examination of the map of Paris shows that these streets and buildings are in existence, but are so located that it would be impossible for Poe's story to have taken place as he says it did. Poe has evidently made use of the names without an exact knowledge of their location. The description of the house is probably imaginary. There is no street called the Rue Morgue today, though there may possibly have been in Poe's day. That, however, I think is doubtful.

The Purloined Letter.

The scene lies in Paris "on troisieme No. 33 Rue Dunot, Faubourg St. Germain." No such "Rue" exists today. There is practically no description given.

The Oblong Box.

Mention is made of Charleston, S. C., New York, C----- University (P. 185), Albany, Ocracoke Inlet. No descriptions.

The Premature Burial.

"We thrill with the most intense of pleasurable pain over the accounts of the Passage of the Beresina, of the Earthquake at Lisbon, of the Plague at London, of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, or of the stifling of the 123 prisoners in the Black Hole at Calcutta." Vol. III, P. 213.

Mention is made of Baltimore, France, Paris, Leipzig, London, Richmond, Virginia, but there is no description. The story is supposed to have occurred on a boat while on a gunning expedition down the James river. The description of the boat is imaginary.

The Sphinx.

"During the dread reign of Cholera in New York, I had accepted the invitation of a relative to spend a fortnight with him in the retirement of his cottage *Ornée* on the banks of the Hudson. We had here around us all the ordinary means of summer amusement--rambling in the woods, sketching, boating, fishing, bathing, music and books."

The Spectacles.

Paris and Vienna are mentioned. No descriptions.

Vol. III, P 257.

The System of Dr. Tarr and Prof. Fether.

"While on a tour through the extreme southern provinces of France, my route let me within a few miles of a certain *Maison de Santé*, or private Mad-House, about which I had heard much in Paris.-----Turning from the main road, we entered a grass grown by-path which in half an hour nearly lost itself in a dense forest clothing the base of a mountain. Through this dark and gloomy wood we rode some two miles when the *maison de Santé* came in view. It was a fantastic chateau much dilapidated, and indeed scarcely tenatable through age and neglect. Its aspect inspired me with absolute dread and checking my horse, I half resolved to turn back.---- When he had gone, the superintendent ushered me into a small and exceedingly neat parlor containing among other indications of refined taste, many books, drawings, pots of flowers and musical instruments. A cheerful fire blazed upon the hearth." Vol. III, P. 301.

The Duc De L'Orlette.

"A golden cage bore the little winged wanderer, enamoured, melting, indolent to the *Chaussée d'Antin* from its home in far Peru."

Bon-Bon.

Café Le Febvre at Rouen (Vol. IV, P. 22), Athens, and the Parthenon, and Rome (P. 36) are mentioned. No descriptions.

The Man That Was Used Up.

"Our steam boats are upon every sea, and the *Nassau*

balloon packet is about to run regular trips between London and Timbuctoo." Vol. IV, P.48.

King Pest.

"Two seamen belonging to the crew of the "Free & Easy", a trading schooner plying between Sluys and the Thames, and then at anchor in that river, were much astonished to find themselves seated in the top room of an ale house in the parish of St. Andrews, London, which ale house bore for a sign, the portraiture of a "Jolly Tar." The room although ill-contrived, smoke-blackened, low pitched and in every other respect agreeing with the general character of such places at the period, was sufficiently well adapted to its purpose." Vol. IV, P. 58.

"In those horrible regions in the vicinity of the Thames where amid the dark, narrow and filthy lanes and alleys, the Demon of Disease was supposed to have his nativity, superstitions reigned.----Huge barriers had been erected at the entrance of the streets.-----It was by one of the terrific barriers already mentioned and which indicated the region beyond to be under the Pest-ban, that in scrambling down an alley, the seamen arrived. With thoroughbred seamen, to clamber up the roughly fashioned plank work was a trifle, and they leaped unhesitatingly down within the enclosure. The paving stones, loosened from their beds, lay in wild disorder amid the tall rank grass. Fallen houses choked up the streets. The most fetid and poisonous smells everywhere prevailed. There might be discerned lying in the bypaths and alleys or rotting in the windowless habitations, the carcass of many a nocturnal plunderer. Vol. IV, P.63.

Loss of Breath.

"Salmanezzer lay there years before Samaria, yet it fell. Sardanapolis maintained himself seven in Nineveh, but to no purpose. Troy expired at the close of the second lustrum and Azotus opened at last her gates to Psammitichus." Vol. IV, P.75.

Four Beasts in One.

The temple of Diana at Ephesus and the death of Cyrus at Taba are mentioned. Vol. IV, P.92.

Why the Little Frenchman Wears His Hand in a Sling.

"It's on my visiting cards" Sir Pathrick O'Grandison Baronett 39 Southampton Row, Russell Square, Parrish o'Bloombsbury."--"The very first day that I came from Connaught to London, etc." Vol. IV, P.131.

A Predicament.

The city of Edinburgh. No Description.

Von Kempelen and His Discovery.

Presburg; Utica in New York; Providence; Rhode Island; New York, Bremen are mentioned. Vol. IV, P.253.

Narrative of A. G. Pym.

Mantucket, Edgerton, New Bedford (Vol. V, P.2), South Pacific Ocean, Island of Tinian (P.8), New London (P.14), coast of Wales (P.16), Cape Verd Islands, Porto Rico (P.58), Richmond, Virginia and Madeira (P.75) are names which occur in this narrative. The names are all real but there are no definite characteristics stated. Perhaps this is due to the fact that Poe is deeply indebted "to the Report of the Committee on Naval Affairs to whom were referred memorials from

Sundry citizens of Conn. interested in the whole fishery, praying that an exploring expedition be fitted out to the Pacific Ocean and South Seas, March 21st, 1836," and other similar sources for his knowledge of the scene and for suggestions of incidents and the manner in which they would take place; but his obligations of this kind exceeded the ordinary limit and portions of the volume are in fact compiled by the method of close paraphrase from his authorities. The account of the South Seas is taken mainly from "Capt. Benjamin Morell's Narrative of Four Voyages to the South Seas and Pacific 1822-1831." Harpers 1832.

Islands of Tristan d' Acunha, pp 166. *are mentioned.*

"We are not surprised that Captain Cook was unable to go beyond 71° 10', but we are astonished that he did attain that point on the meridian 106° 54' W. Long. Palmer's Land lies south of the Shetlands, Lat. 64°, and tends to the southward and westward." Vol. IV, P.115.

These facts we must remember, Poe derived directly from the Report of the Committee on Naval Affairs, etc. and was relying on it for their authenticity.

Concerning this narrative, Woodberry says:

"When the finely imagined isle of Tlalal comes in view, the real tale in its original part begins and from that point the keeping and gradation of the narrative is exquisite, while a wonderful interest is afforded by the slight intimation and gradual revelation of the white country to the South. The caverns of the Hieroglyphs are suggested by the Sinaitic written mountains, but after the voyages leave the island and are drawn on toward the pole, the startling scenery by which expectation is raised to the highest pitch without loss of vagueness, forms one of his most original and powerful landscapes." Edgar Allan Poe, P.107.

Journal of Julius Rodman.

"This unexplored tract lies within the 60th parallel on the south, the Arctic Ocean, on the north, the Rocky Mountains on the east and the possessions of Russia on the west." Vol. V, P.263.

"As early as 1775 the fur trade had been carried north and west to the bank of the Saskatchewan River in 53 N. Lat., 102 W. Long.

In 1778 Mr. Peter Bond pushed on to the Elk river about 30 miles south of its junction with the Lake of the Hills." Vol. V, P.265.

Poe was indebted to Irving's Astoria of which he had written a long review in the "Southern Literary Messenger" January 1837. To this and other books of Western travel (By Sir Alexander Mackenzie, Lewis and Clarke, Pike and Irving), he was indebted for the scene, the general character of the incidents, and some passages almost identical in text.

Journal of Julius Rodman.

"Mr. Rodman was a native of England. The family first settled in New York but afterwards made their way to Kentucky and established themselves on the banks of the Mississippi, near where Mills' Point now makes into the river. After this expedition, he took up his abode near Abingdon, in Virginia." Vol. V, p.259.

B. Essays.

Lowell's "A Fable for Critics."

"In England satire abounds; in Russia or Austria; unknown; in America, the people who write are the people who read." Vol. VI, p.240.

Moore's "Alciphron."

"Amid the vague mythology of Egypt, the voluptuous scenery of her pyramids," etc. Vol. VI, p.250.

Marginalia.

"Some years ago, the Paris Charivari copied my story (Murders of the Rue Morgue) with complimentary comments; objecting, however, to the Rue Morgue on the ground that no such street existed in Paris." Vol. VIII, p.264.

In this essay mention is made of the following countries and towns, but no description of them is set forth:- America, (Vol. VIII, P. 213), Philadelphia, Petersburg, Virginia, New York, (p.224) Smyrna (p.251), Germany, England, France, (p.252), libraries of Paris or the Vatican (p.252), Ermenonville (in France) (p.320), Maryland, New York, Pennsylvania (p.325), pyramids of Egypt (p.330).

The Literati.

Here again these are places mentioned, but no delineation of them. Poe speaks of New York, Cape Cod, Nantucket, Boston, England, Europe, Stockbridge, Mass., Philadelphia, Gotham, Kentucky, Baltimore and Brooklyn. The following publications, institutions and organizations are spoken of:- New York Historical Society; Columbia College, New York; Oxford, Cambridge; New York Review; The New York Mirror; "Ladies Companion," published in New York; "Literary Gazette," a London Journal; Phoenix Bank of New York; Boston Transcendentalist; New York Tribune; Messrs. Clarke and Austin, of New York; "The Gift" and "The Diadem" of Philadelphia; "The New York Sun," "New York American" and "Knickerbocker Magazine;" Princeton; "The Family Magazine of Albany."

Eureka.

"He who from the top of Aetna casts his eyes leisurely around, is affected chiefly by the extent and diversity of the scene. Only by a rapid whirling on his heel could he hope to comprehend the panorama in the sublimity of its oneness." Vol. IX, p.6.

"On the Melville Islands, we find traces of the ultra-tropical vegetation - of plants that never could have flourished without immensely more light and heat than are at present afforded by our Sun to any portion of the surface of the Earth." Vol. IX, p.79.

"In polar climates the human frame, to maintain its animal heat, requires an abundant supply of lightly azotized food, such as train oil.

But again--in polar climages nearly the sole food afforded man is the oil of abundant seals and whales." Vol. IX, p.114.

Melzel's Chess Player.

Presburg in Hungary, Paris, Vienna, "other continental cities." London, the principal towns of United States, Dresden, Baltimore, are mentioned. No descriptions.

A Chapter on Autography.

In connection with each autograph, Poe gives also the residence, profession and occasionally, the address of the writer. This does, of course, involve the use of names of towns, but as the towns are not described, it would not be worth while to give a complete list of them.

Cryptography.

"The post mark of the letter is Stonington, Conn."

Anastatic Printing.

London and Paris are mentioned.

C. POEMS.

To Zante.

"Fair isle - - - - -

Verdant slopes

Accursed ground.

Henceforth I hold thy flower enamelled shore."

Vol. X, p.24.

The Coliseum.

"Type of the antique Rome - - - - -

But stay! these walls, these ivyclad 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?" Vol. X, p.26.

Scenes from "Politian."

"Rome - A Hall in a Palace."

"Politian is expected hourly in Rome--Politian Earl of Leicester.--'Tis his first visit to the imperial city. - - - -
What! Politian of Britian, Earl of Leicester." Vol. X, p.51.

"An apartment in a Palace." p.59.

"The song is English and I oft have heard it in merry England." p.65.

"Knowest thou the land,

With which all tongues are busy, a land new found,

Miraculously found by one of Geneva

A 1000 leagues within the golden west?

A fairy land of flowers and fruit and sunshine

And crystal lakes and over arching forests

And mountains around whose towering summits the winds

Of Heaven untrammelled flow?" Vol. X, p.67.

"When saw you now, Baldazzar, in the frigid,

Ungenial Britian which we left so lately

A heaven so calm as this, so utterly free,

From the evil taint of clouds?"

"Tomorrow we meet at the Vatican." Vol. X, p.70.

To Helen.

"To the glory that was Greece
And the grandeur that was Rome." Vol. X, p. 77/
Tamerlane.

"Look round thee now on Samarcand?
Is she not ~~queen~~ ^{queen} of Earth?" Vol. X. p 102.
Al Aaraaf

"Witness the murmur of the gray twilight
That stole upon the ear in Myraeo
Of many a wild star gazer long ago." Vol. X p 113.

"The last spot of Earth's orb I trod upon
Was a proud temple called the Parthenon
More beauty clung around her columned wall
Than even thy glowing bosom beats withal." Vol. X-p119.

III. Places the names of which are real, but the location
given them is wrong, and the description is imaginary.

The Mystery of Marie Rogét.

"The mother and daughter had dwelt together in the
Rue Pavée Saint André. - - - - -

Her great beauty attracted the notice of a perfumer who occu-
pied one of the shops in the basement of the Palais Royal." -----

Vol. III, p.102.

On the fourth day her corpse was found floating in
the Seine near the shore, which is opposite to the Quartier
of the Rue Saint André and at a point not very far distant
from the secluded neighborhood of the Barriere du Roule." p.103.

"She intended to pass the day with an aunt who res-
ided in the Rue des Drômes. The Rue des Drômes is a short
narrow but popular thoroughfare not far from the banks of the
river and at a distance of some two miles in the most direct
course possible from the pension of Madame Rogét." p.107.

"Madame Dudac testified that she keeps a wayside
inn not far from the bank of the river opposite the Barriere de
Roule. The neighborhood is selected.-----They took the road
to some thick woods in the vicinity. P.116.

Murders in the Rue Morgue.

"The Ourang-Outang is in a livery stable in the Rue
Dubourg near by." Vol. III, P.93.

Narrative of A. G. Pym.

Bennett's Islet (Vol.V, P. 246), Inaccessible Island,
and Nightingale Island (P.167).

IV. Places, the names of which are real, their location
designated by the latitude and longitude, but the description
either imaginary or very indefinite.

Narrative of A. G. Pym.

Bermuda Islands Vol. V, P.58.

"Jane Guy"

"The schooner sailed from Liverpool, crossed the
Tropic of Cancer (Long. 20 W.) reached ~~dat~~ ^{dat}, one of the Cape
Verd Islands, then towards coast of Brazil, crossing equator
between meridians of 28 and 30 W. Longitude. First stop
at Kerguelens Land. On the day we were picked up, the schooner
was off Cape St. Rogue, Long. 31 W." Vol. V, P.156.

"We came in sight of Prince Edward's Island, Lat. 46° 53' S., Long. 37° 46' E. Near Possession Island and presently passed the islands of Aozet in Lat. 42° 59' S., Long. 48 E. (slightly-inaccurate) On 18th we made ~~Kerguelen's~~ or *Desluis* Island, in the So. Indian Ocean and came to anchor in Christmas Harbor. This island bears southeast from Cape of Good Hope, distance nearly 800 leagues." Vol. V, P. 159.

~~Places~~ Places, the names of which are real, and the description is real, but is derived from another author.

The Thousand and Second Tale.

"Leaving this island we came to another where the forests were of solid stone and so hard that they severed to pieces the finest-tempered axes with which we undertook to cut them down." Vol. II, P. 270.

It has been suggested that this is a description of a petrified forest in Texas near the head of the Pasegono River, or near the head waters of the Cheyenne which has its source in the Black Hills of the Rocky chain, or near Cairo. Which-ever it may be, the description is evidently one derived from another author.

"We met with a land in which the nature of things seemed reversed. We saw a great lake, at the bottom of which, more than 100 feet beneath the surface of the water, there flourished in full leaf, a forest of tall and luxuriant trees." Vol. II, P. 273. Explanation---"In 1790 in the Caraccas during an earthquake a portion of the soil sank and left a lake. Part of the forest of Aripao sunk and the trees remained green for several months under the water." Hugh Murray.

"We then swam into a region of the sea where we found a lofty mountain, down whose sides there streamed torrents of melted metal, some of which were 12 miles wide and 60 long; while from an abyss on the summit issued so vast a quantity of ashes that the sun was entirely blotted out from the heavens and it became darker than the darkest midnight." Vol. II, P. 272.

This is plainly a description of eruption of Hecla (1766) or of Vesuvius in 1794 or in the island of St. Vincent in 1812.

"We reached a country where there was a cave that ran to the distance of 30 or 40 miles within the bowels of the earth and that contained a greater number of far more spacious and more magnificent palaces than are found in all Damascus and Bagdad. From the roofs of these palaces there hung myriads of gems like diamonds, but larger than men and in among the streets of towns and pyramids and swarming with fish that had no eyes." Mammoth Cave of Kentucky? - - - - Vol. II, P. 271.

"We arrived at the most magnificent region in the whole world. Through it there meandered a glorious river for several thousands of miles. This river was of unspeakable depth and of a transparency richer than that of Amber. From three to six

miles in width and its banks which arose on either side to twelve feet in height were crowned with ever blossoming trees and perpetual sweet-scented flowers that made the whole territory one gorgeous garden, but the name of this luxuriant land was the Kingdom of Horrow, and to enter it was inevitable death." Vol. II, P. 273.

In Simmond's Colonial Magazine, there appeared a sketch of the region of the Niger, which resembles this very closely.
A Tale of Jerusalem.

"Let us hasten to the ramparts adjoining the gates of Benjamin which is in the city of David and overlooking the camp of the uncircumcised----Simeon, Abel-Phittim and Brezi-Ben-Levi were sub-collectors of the offering in the Holy City of Jerusalem.-----That part of the city to which we hastened was esteemed the most strongly fortified district of Jerusalem being situated upon the steep and lofty hill of Zion. Here a broad deep circumvallatory trench, hewn from the solid rocks was defended by a wall of great strength erected upon its inner edge. This wall was adorned at regular interspaces by square towers of white marble, the lowest 60, the highest 120 cubits in height. But in the vicinity of the gate of Benjamin the wall arose by no means from the margin of the forest. But between the level of the ditch and the basement of the rampart sprang up a perpendicular cliff of 250 cubits forming part of the precipitous Mount Morrah." Vol. IV, pp. 16, 17.

Journal of Julius Rodman.

"Petite Côté (now St. Charles) is a small place on the north bank of the Missouri about twenty miles from its junction with the Mississippi. It lies at the foot of a range of low hills, and upon a sort of ledge, high enough above the river to be out of reach of the river." Vol. V, P. 271.

The Assignation.

"Squandering away a life of magnificent meditation in that city of dim visions---thine own Venice---which is a star beloved Elysium of the sea and the wide windows of whose Palladian palaces look down with a deep and bitter meaning upon the secrets of his silent waters. It was at Venice beneath the covered archway then called the Ponte di Sospiri, that I met the person of whom I speak.-----The great clock of the Piazza had sounded the fifth hour of the Italian evening. The square of the Campanile lay silent and deserted and the lights in the old Ducal Palace were dying fast away. I was returning home from the Piazzetta by way of the Grand Canal. But as my gondola arrived opposite the mouth of the canal SanMarco, a female voice broke suddenly upon the night. ---The prison of the Old Republic is, I think the stateliest building in all Venice." Vol. I, P. 258.

A Descent into the Maelstrom.

"We are now close upon the Norwegian coast in the great province of Nordland, and in the dreary district of Lofoden. The mountain upon whose top we sit is Helseggen, the Cloudy--- We were on a cliff--a sheer unobstructed precipice of black shining rock some fifteen or sixteen feet from the world of crags beneath us. I beheld a wide expanse of ocean whose waters

were so inky a hue as to bring at once to my mind the Nubian geographer's account of the Mare Tenebrarum. A panorama more deplorably desolate no human imagination can conceive. As far as the eye could reach, there lay lines of horridly black and beetling cliff whose character of gloom was but the more forcibly illustrated by the white and ghastly crest. Just opposite the promontory upon whose apex we were placed, there was visible a small, bleak looking island. About two miles nearer the land, arose another of smaller size, hideous, craggy and barren and encompassed at various intervals by a cluster of dark rocks." Vol. II, P. 238.

"The island in the distance is called by the Norwegians Vurrgh. The one midway is Moskoc. That a mile to the northward is Ambaaren. Yonder are Ifleson, Hocycholm, Hieldholm, Suarven and Buckholm. Further off between Moskoc and Vurrgh are Otterholm, Flimen, Sandflesen, and Scarholm. These are the true names of the places." Vol. II, P. 239.

That the Maelstrom does exist in the Lofoten Island is true. The other names I have not been able to verify. The names do not apply to the islands today. But whether they did during the life time of Poe, is a question. Very probably they are creations of Poe's own fertile mind.

The description of the Maelstrom itself is given on page 240 to page 244 inclusive. This I have not quoted for the reason that it would not give any light on the object of our search--that of finding in any of Poe's works a description definite and particular enough to locate any place actually in existence. For in this tale, the quotation from Jonas Ramus (II, P. 241) discloses an interesting case of borrowing. The passage is found textually in "The Natural History of Norway translated from the Danish original by the Rev. Enich Pontoppidon;" London 1755 P. 77, as from Ramus. The passage immediately succeeding, attributed to the Encyclopaedia Britannica, is also from the same book, and other parts of Poe's account are paraphrases from it. Poe did not use the translation of Pontoppidon, but derived the whole from the Encyclopaedia Britannica to which he credited a part. The Encyclopaedia article was taken bodily from the translation of Pontoppidon without credit or mention of its source (3rd Edition Edinburgh 1797). In the ninth edition of the Britannica under "Whirlpool" the author quotes from Poe the parts that he invented out of his own imagination after giving him credit for knowledge he had obtained from a previous edition of this very Encyclopaedia. For this reason, the description not being actually written by Poe but derived from another author, can not be considered as Poe's own work. The portions added by him are highly imaginative and add nothing positive to the purpose of this investigation

VI. Places of which both name and description are real and derived from Poe's own experiences.

William Wilson.

"My earliest recollections of a school life are connected with a large rambling Elizabethian house in a misty-looking village of England where were a vast number of gigantic and gnarled trees and where all the houses were excessively ancient. It was a dreamlike and spirit-soothing place.-----deeply shadowed avenues----thousand shrubberies----church bell---Gothic steeple.-----The grounds were extensive and a high and solid brick wall topped with a bed of mortar and broken glass, encompassed the whole.----At an angle of the ponderous wall frowned a more ponderous gate. It was riveted and studded with iron bolts and surmounted with jagged iron spikes. The extensive enclosure was irregular in form having many capacious recesses. Of these, three or four of the largest constituted the play-ground, level and covered with gravel, no trees nor benches, in the rear of the house. In front lay a small pasture planted with box and other shrubs." Vol. II, P.7.

"But the house--there was really no end to its windings. It was difficult to say with certainty upon which of its two stories one happened to be. From each room to every other there were sure to be found three or four steps either in ascent or descent. Then the lateral branches were innumerable, inconceivable. The school room was the largest in the house--very long, narrow and dismally low with pointed Gothic windows and ceiling of oak. In a remote and terror-inspiring angle was a square enclosure of eight or ten feet comprising the sanctum--a solid structure with massive door. In other angles were two similar boxes, far less revered but still greatly matters of awe. One of these was the pulpit of the Classical usher, one of the English and Mathematical. Innumerable benches and desks black, ancient and time-worn books. A huge bucket with water stood at one extremity of the room, and a clock of stupendous dimensions at the other." Vol. II, P.9.

This story Poe declared was autobiographic. When a mere child, Poe was placed in the Manor House School, at Stoke Newington, near London, under Dr. Bransby. Speaking with as much certainty as it is possible to speak on a subject such as this, I should say that in this tale of William Wilson, we have before us a description of the school and of its master, Dr. Bransby, set forth as Poe remembered them in his later days.

The Elk.

"The Wissahicon, a brook which empties itself into the Schuylkill, about six miles westward of Philadelphia, is of as remarkable a loveliness that, were it flowing in England it would be the theme of every bard.----The Schuylkill, whose beauties have been much exaggerated and whose banks, at least in the neighborhood of Philadelphia, are marshy, like those of the Delaware, is not comparable as an object of picturesque interest with the more humble and less notorious rivulet of which we speak." Vol. II, P.49.

"I would advise the adventurer who would behold the finest points of the Wissahiccon to take the Ridge Road running westwardly from the city, and having reached the second lane beyond the sixth milestone, to follow this lane to its termination. He will thus strike the West at one of its best reaches and in a skiff he can go up or down the stream. ----The brook is narrow. Its banks are generally precipitous and consist of high hills clothed with noble shrubbery near the water and crowned at a greater elevation with some of the most magnificent forest trees of America. The immediate are of granite, sharply defined or moss-covered against which the pellucid water lolls in its gentle flow as the blue waves of the Mediterranean upon the steps of her palaces of marble. Occasionally in front of the cliffs extends a small definite plateau of richly herbage land, affording the most picturesque position for a cottage and garden. Windings of stream are many and abrupt. Vol. II, P. 80.

Remembering that Poe spent a number of years in Philadelphia and taking into consideration the amount of detail used here, which, as far as I have been able to ascertain, agrees with the actual facts, I should judge that Poe is here speaking from actual experience.

The Gold Bug.

"He left New Orleans, the city of his forefathers and took up his residence at Sullivan's Island, near Charleston, S. C. This island is a very singular one. It consists of little else than the sea sand, and is about three miles long. Its breadth at no point exceeds one-fourth of a mile. It is separated from the main land by a scarcely perceptible creek, oozing its way through a wilderness of reeds and slime, a favorite resort of the marsh hen. The vegetation is scant, or at least dwarfed, no trees of any magnitude are to be seen. Near the Western extremity where Fort Moultrie stands and where are some miserable frame buildings, tenanted during summer by fugitives from Charleston dust and fever, may be found indeed, the bristling palmetto, but the whole island, with the exception of this western point and a line of hard white beach on the seacoast is covered with a dense undergrowth of the sweet myrtle so much prized by the horticulturists of England. The shrubs here form an almost impenetrable coppice and in its utmost recesses Legrand built a hut." Vol. III, P. 5.

The details are in this, such as to lead one to think that Poe was describing something which he actually had seen, or else is making use of a trick of the modern short story writer, that of employing details with a deliberate attempt to be convincing. The latter, Poe does not do very often and could not be characterized by the use of such details. Knowing that much of his youth was spent amid Southern life and scenery and that he passed a year at Fort Moultrie, Charleston, I think it is very likely that he had himself seen Sullivan's Island and is writing from experience. In my opinion, then, in only three instances in all of his writings, namely: "William Wilson," "The Elk," and "The Gold Bug," is Poe speaking from experience.

- London (six)
 - Eton
 - Oxford
 - Norfolk
 - Dover
 - New Holland
 - Thames
 - Coast of Wales.
 - TOTAL number of times mentioned 21.
 - (b) FRANCE (1)
 - Paris (6)
 - ~~TOTAL 10.~~
 - Southern Provinces of ~~Normandie~~.
 - Rouen, *Emenonville*
 - TOTAL ~~one~~.
 - (c) Germany (1)
 - The Rhine
 - Berlin
 - Bremen
 - Dresden,
 - TOTAL 5.
 - (d) Italy (1)
 - Naples
 - Rome (5)
 - Venice,
 - TOTAL 8.
 - (e) Hungary (1)
 - An estate in Presburg (2) Total 4.
 - (f) Ireland
 - Connaught, Total 1.
 - (g) Netherlands
 - ~~A~~heim
 - Rotterdam,
 - TOTAL 2.
 - (h) Scotland
 - Edinburgh,
 - TOTAL 1.
 - (i) GREECE (1)
 - Athens,
 - TOTAL 2.
 - (j) Austria (1)
 - Vienna (3)
 - TOTAL 4.
 - (k) Russia (1)
 - Moscow,
 - TOTAL 2.
- Total number of places in Europe---60.
- II Countries and cities in Asia.
- Tadmec (Turkey in Asia)
 - Smyrna
 - Samairand
 - Jerusalem
 - Ephesus
 - Ninevah,

Persepolis
Bagdad
 Damascus
Carnac
Taba
China
Assyria
India
Benares-on Ganges river
Bombay
Balbec.

Total number of places in Asia--17.

III. Countries and Cities in Africa.

Ptolemais
Libya-river Laire (Kongo)
Timbuctoo
Egypt (3)
Chaldaia (2)

Total number of places in Africa---8

IV. United States.

(a) States:

New York State (2)
Kentucky, (2)
Maryland

Pennsylvania,
Connecticut,

(b) Cities and Towns.

Charleston, S. C.
Fort Moultrie (3)
Washington, D. C.
Harlem, N. Y.
New York (4)
Albany,
Utica, N. Y.
New Orleans,
Providence, R. I.
Charlottesville, Va.

Toledo,
Nantucket, (2)
New Bedford,
Edgarton (on Duke's Island near Mass.)
Abingdon, Va.

New London, Conn.
Stonington, Conn.
Philadelphia, (3)
Petersburg, Va.

Stockbridge, Mass.

Gotham,
Baltimore,

Boston,
Brooklyn,

(c) Miscellaneous.

Sullivan's Island near Charleston.
Ocracoke Inlet,

- The Hudson,
- Niagara,
- The Catskills,
- Harper's Ferry
- Lakes of New York,
- The Prairies.
- The Mississippi (2)
- Valley of Louisiana,
- "One of the river countries of New York"
- Cape Cod. Total number in United States--52.
- V. Oceans and Islands.
- Atlantic,
- British Channel,
- South Pacific,
- Hebrides,
- Java-Batavia,
- Sunda Islands--East India.
- Laccadive Islands,
- Island of Tinian,
- Cape Verd Islands,
- Porto Rico,
- Melville Islands--Low Archipelago.
- Zante, near Greece. Total---12

In making this tabulation, I have not taken account of "The Narrative of A. G. Pym," or "The Journal of Julius Rodman," nor the criticisms by Poe, but merely the Tales, Poems and Essays. Poe shows no particular fondness for any one place and his interest is almost equally divided between Europe and America. Among the countries of Europe, England attracts his attention most often, a country which he had himself visited. He thus speaks more frequently of the two countries with which he was best acquainted, England and the United States. Among the cities, London and Paris contend for the honors. One could say, however, that Paris held his interest the more because a number of his tales are definitely supposed to have taken place in that city, while only one in London. It is rather surprising to find that more mention is made of Europe and its cities than of the United States, Poe's own home.

In an effort to determine an answer to the question whether Poe described objects out-of-doors more frequently than those indoors, I have made these following tabulations. In this instance, I have recorded only the cases in which there is an actual description of the object given, and have omitted those merely mentioned.

- I. Out-of-doors.
- (a) Cities or Countries.
- Petite Côté,
- Venice,
- Valley of Many Colored Grass.
- Antiochia Epidaphne,
- Dutch borough of Vondervottei
- Dreamland,
- The City in the Sea,
- Valley of Unrest,

- Eldorado,
Region of Weir,
Fairylane,
Taglay,
Edinburgh,
Paris,
Benares,
America,
Region of the Niger. Total -- 17.
- (b) Islands:
Zante,
Sullivan's Island,
Island of the Fay,
"Some enchanted isle." Total -- 4.
- (c) Landscapes.
Near House of Usher,
Near the hut in the "Gold Bug."
Over the Hudson,
"The Sleeper,"
Domain of Armheim,
Landon's Cottage,
Near the Maison de Santé,
Valley of the Louisiana. Total -- 8.
- (d) Buildings (Exterior)
Coliseum,
Parthenon,
~~School of Usher, in England~~ *House of Usher*
Castillated Abbey (Masque of the Red Death)
Palazzo in Venice.
Burned House ("The Black Cat")
Mansion in Faubourg St. Germain--Total--8.
- (e) Graves.
A dungeon ("Pit and Pendulum")
House of Usher Vault,
Catacombs of the Montresors,
Tomb near Eleithas - mummy.
Vault for "The Sleeper." Total--5.
- (f) Skies.
Of Italy in "Politian,"
"icy air of night" - The Bells.
Ashen and sobbⁿ - Ulalume.
"Summer sky" - Dreams. Total - 4.
- (g) Miscellaneous.
Mt. Aetna,
Surf tormented shore,
A River,
Rue de Drômes in Paris,
Petriified forest,
Sunken Lake,
Volcano,
Mammoth Cave,
The Maelstrom,
The Wissahiccon,
A bridge,

Balloon,
Deserts,
Highway ~~at~~ night,
Enchanted Garden,
A mountain top. Total 16.
In all, 62 references.

II. Indoors.

(a) Houses-Interior,
School in England,
House of Usher,
Home of Bernice,
Hut--(in The Gold Bug)
House in Rue Morgue,
Inn-(in 'Bon Bon')
Landon's Cottage,
Rue Morgue House,
Total--8.

(b) Rooms in houses.
Room in the House of Usher,
Apartment - "Oval Portrait,"
High turret - "Ligeia"
Imperial suite - "Masque of a Red Death"
Room in Palazzo at Venice,
Apartment of palace of Metzengstein,
Gorgeous hall - "Hopfrog,"
Cellar - "Black Cat"
Dining room - "System of Dr. Tarr and Prof. Fether"
Apartment - "Duc de L'Omelette"
Shop of Undertakers - "King Pest"
Room of Von Kempelen,
Room - "Philosophy of Furniture,"
Raven room,
Room of tragedy in house in Rue Morgue,
Cabin of a small sloop,
Room in hall of Ptolemais - "Shadow" Total 17.

In all - 25.

Comparing the results of this tabulation, we have sixty-two descriptions of out-of-door objects against twenty-five of in-door things. His imagination does not allow itself very frequently to be confined by any barriers whatever, but the wide, wide world is its field. However, when Poe does give us a description of a house or of a single room, it is usually a very minute and exact one.

As to the nature or character of the world in which Poe lives, tombs that are prisons, vaults for the living, low-hanging clouds, deep gloom, trees swaying in windless air, cold dark walls inhabited by despair and death, are the most prominent features. It was as a critic that he first attracted attention, as a writer of tales that he first established a

reputation for original genius, and as a poet that he hoped to be remembered, and is probably at present most widely known. The prose tales are his strongest and most characteristic work, however.

In this investigation all of Poe's writings have been given a careful examination, and every name, description and suggestion of a place have been recorded and properly tabulated under one of the following heads:

I. Places purely imaginary in both name and description.

II. Places, the names of which are real, but the descriptions of which are imaginary.

III. Places, the names of which are real, but the location given them, wrong, and the description of them, imaginary.

IV. Places, the names of which are real, their location designated by latitude and longitude, but the description either imaginary or very indefinite.

V. Places, the names of which are real, and the description real, but derived from another author.

VI. Places, the names of which are real, and the description also real, founded on Poe's own observation.

The result of this extended investigation shows that there are only three scenes described by Poe which are actually real and the result of his own observation. The three descriptions occur in "The Elk", "William Wilson" and "The Gold Bug." In all other cases his descriptions are either imaginary or derived from some other author. All this goes to corroborate the general opinion that Poe, except in a very few cases, had not the slightest interest in places as such.

When we stop to consider the import of the fact that in only three cases are Poe's descriptions of scenes actual reproductions of places he had seen, we are struck with wonder and admiration at the extent and power of his imagination. Scarcely any other writer has borrowed so little from the realm of the real to furnish the realm created by his imagination.

This study reveals the interesting fact that Poe had a decided preference for sombre, awe-inspiring scenes, rather than for scenes of pure beauty. The instances in which he describes a scene on account of its beauty are rare. In "The Elk" he pictures the valley of Louisiana, and remarks that "beauty is its sole characteristic." Again in "Landor's Cottage" and "The Domain of Arnheim", beauty is the predominant note in the scenes described. But these are, I believe, the only instances of this kind. In the great mass of his descriptions the scenes are those of sombre, awe-inspiring grandeur. That the gloomy cast of mind natural to Poe was operative in producing this tendency to choose sombre scenes, can not be questioned. Even beauty in women, merely for its own sake, scarcely interests Poe. One will easily recall that the beauty of his women is nearly always united with a weird, hypnotic influence, and it is [^]this influence rather ^{than} in their beauty that Poe seems particularly interested.

One notes with interest, also, that Poe has a marked fondness for scenes lighted by moonlight or starlight. The bright glare of the noon day sun does not make appeal to his imagination as do the weird moonlight and the mysterious starlight. Like all poetic natures he loves the mystery and poetry of night scenes, rather than the common-place scenes revealed by the garish light of noon. One is not surprised, either, to find that Poe's preference as to seasons

falls upon the Autumn, "The melancholy days, the saddest of the year, the days "Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown and sere", are the days he most loves to picture. The sweet, tender beauty of the spring flowers, the glory of the summer's verdure do not attract his imagination as does the atmosphere of decay which the fall brings. Neither does the crisp, sparkling beauty of the snow-covered landscape win his attention. The gloomy days when "Heaped in the hollows of the grove, the autumn leaves lie dead, And rustle to the eddying gust, and to the rabbit's tread", are those which his sombre mind loves most to picture.

Although Poe describes many city scenes, yet no one can doubt that his best work is concerned with the wild, unkempt aspects of Nature. Not the cultivated spots of civilization, but Nature's untouched scenes command his interest. And yet natural scenery unrelated to Man does not fascinate him to the extent that scenes associated even in a slight way with Man's life and work, do. Poe is primarily a student of the human mind and of human nature, and not of Nature. His pictures of still life are few, his scenes being usually mere backgrounds for the play of human action. He is always more interested in the people he creates than in their environment. For the most part the scenes he describes are naturally related to the character of the story and have their origin in it; they are not idle imaginings which rise in his mind with out connection with the story. The scene elucidates and completes the character study.

Another interesting fact about Poe's writings is that most of the scenes he depicts are land scenes. The sea and its moods, its beauties and its storms, rarely engage his attention, and furnish few backgrounds for his stories. Whether he had a dislike for the sea, or was merely indifferent to its fascination, is not quite clear. What is perfectly clear, however, is that the sea has no such fascination for him as it has for such a writer as Victor Hugo.

Knowing something of the nature of Poe's mind, it is not surprising to learn that he shows much greater fondness for old, half ruined houses than for spick-span modern ones. Gloomy, deserted places have a rare charm for him; new paint and varnish, very little. He has an artist's appreciation and love of the play of light and shadow, and never fails to help the reader to see these things. He loves storms and tempests, and cares little for calm, smiling skies. Nevertheless, he pays much less attention than do most writers to atmospheric conditions. Without detailed descriptions, he generally leaves us with the impression of a dull, cold sky, in which the sun is obscured by clouds. He fixes our attention on the earth more than on the sky as he paints scenes for us.

As to valleys, plains and mountains he seems to show no special preference. It is the big, broad outlook that catches and holds his eye. Trees seem oftener in his thought, than flowers and grass, probably because they are majestic and convey a sense of strength and mystery. Few flower or fruit gardens ever appear in his stories. They are neither mysterious nor gloomy enough to attract him.

Poe had little scientific knowledge except that picked up here and there in his general reading. Hence the places he

describes never suggest to him questions as to Geological formations, mineral wealth or agricultural possibilities. The scene which would set George Eliot dreaming about scientific theories or fancies, kindles no such train of thought in Poe. He has little care for the discoveries of modern thought.

Architecture as an art is practically unknown to Poe, and his descriptions of homes and buildings are always drawn from a poet's impressionistic view point, not an architect's.

Can Poe's scenes be put on canvass? What sort of a picture gallery would they make? Imagine passing through a gallery whose walls were hung with pictures reproduced from the scenes he describes! Certainly the pictures would be strong, impressive, but hardly inspiring or cheerful. Powerful and gloomy would most of them be, there is little doubt. It would not be a gallery in which little children would love to wander, though perplexed and life-tested men might love to do so.

In spite of a quite perceptible sameness in the general character of the scenes he describes, Poe has so fine a command of language, so varied a vocabulary, and so fertile an imagination that one receives the impression of variety and not of sameness in reading his descriptions of places.

The scenes of nature produce in Poe no such religious impressions as they do in Longfellow, Bryant, Whittier and Tennyson. We read that Tennyson, picking up a daisy one day, said to a friend, "Does this not look as though a ~~thinking~~ Artificer, one who thinks, had made this?" One would be surprised to find such a passage in Poe.

As a final estimate of Poe, I should like to quote from Richardson: "The place of a flower or gem is as legitimate and true as that of a mountain or a Parthenon. If the artistic act fitly follows the artistic thought, the resultant success and the attendant pleasure are not the less absolute because relatively less great. Considering that which Poe sought in a part of soul land where few have dwelt and sung, as he did, it must be readily admitted that his poetic attainment followed his poetic search. Very valueless verses have his poems been called by a realistic critic, and so they are, when compared with Emerson's ~~or~~ Wordsworth apt answers to the riddle of life. But the shade of Emerson might say to the shade of Poe, 'The self-same Power that brought me here brought you.' The field of thought and genius is broad enough for all three poets." American Literature. Vol. II, p. 102.

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