

AN EARLY POEM BY EDGAR ALLAN POE.

THE following verses, which are given in fac-simile, were written by Edgar A. Poe, shortly after he left West Point in 1829. Poe was then only 19 years old. The fact that these verses were written in the album of a lady of distinguished social position is alone sufficient to contradict the statement of Griswold, that, after leaving West Point, Poe was a homeless and friendless wanderer. He had found a home with his aunt and adopted mother, Mrs. Clemm, who was his first, last, and best friend.

E. L. D.

E. A. Poe

From childhood's hour I have not been
 As others were — I have not seen
 As others saw — I could not bring
 My passions from a common spring —
 From the same source I have not taken
 My sorrow — I could not awaken
 My heart to joy at the same time —
 And all I loved — I loved alone —

Then — in my childhood — in the days
 Of a most stormy life — was drawn
 From every depth of good & ill
 The mystery which binds me still —

 From the torrent, on the fountain —
 From the red cliff of the mountain —
 From the sun that round me roll'd
 In its autumn tint of gold —

 From the lightning in the sky
 As it passed like flying by —
 From the thunder & the storm —
 And the cloud that took the form
 (When the rest of Heaven was blue)
 Of a demon in my view —

E. A. Poe

Baltimore, March 1st. 1829.