

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.

Alone

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

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

From the torrent, or the fountain —
From the red cliff of the mountain —
From the sun that round me roll'd
In its autumn tint of gold —
From the lightning in the sky
As it pass'd and 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 17, 1829.