

**Fifty-five correspondences between the texts of  
*The Very Young Mrs. Poe* by Cothburn O'Neal  
and  
*The Raven's Bride* by Lenore Hart  
(Update: 7 January 2012)**

KEY:

**Text in bold:** verbatim words and strings.

**Text in red:** Thirty-one verbatim strings confirmed as being exclusive to these two novels in the entire fifteen-million-volume corpus of Google Books.

No.	O'NEAL (Crown, 1956)	HART (St. Martin's Press, 2011)
1	[...] making puppet <b>motions</b> with her <b>hands</b> and repeating the words to a <b>gamesong</b> they had been playing [...]	[...] making the sweeping <b>hand motions</b> that went along with our last shared <b>song</b> [...]
2	A stranger was sitting...before the empty <b>fireplace</b> , talking to Granny Poe, who was <b>propped up on her</b> couch as usual.	Granny Poe was <b>propped up on her</b> settee by the <b>fire</b> , a sight which I'd expected.
3	"I hope <b>Eddy</b> gets a <b>letter</b> ...I'd feel better [...] if he had had some word <b>from Mr. White</b> ."	"I do wish <b>Eddy</b> had received another <b>letter from Mr. White</b> ."
4	Sissy felt like hugging her <b>mother</b> . But it was such a public place, so many <b>people around</b> [...] That <b>would look childish</b> .	For a moment I wanted to cling to my <b>mother</b> [...] But <b>people</b> were thronging all <b>around</b> us. Such behavior <b>would look so childish</b> [...]
5	[Sissy] <b>turned to look out across the basin toward Federal Hall</b>	I <b>turned</b> away <b>to look out across the basin toward Federal Hall</b> . <sup>1</sup>
6	The docks [...] looked like a <b>forest</b> bare of <b>leaves</b> , the <b>tall masts and spiky yards</b> of the Baltimore <b>clippers</b> standing naked, <b>resting between</b> trips to <b>Brazil</b> . Scuttling <b>in and out</b> among the bigger hulls, little <b>skipjacks and bug-eyes</b> brought cargoes of <b>terrapiin and oysters and crabs</b> fresh from the waters of the <b>Chesapeake</b> to the <b>vats and tubs</b> of the <b>fish markets along the wharf</b> .	<b>Clipper</b> ships were moored there, tied up like sleek, exhausted horses, <b>resting between</b> dashes to <b>Brazil</b> and New York and Cuba. Their <b>tall</b> naked <b>masts and spiky yards</b> <sup>2</sup> were bare of sails, their snarl lines a thick <b>forest</b> without <b>leaves</b> . Smaller craft scooted <b>in and out</b> . Timber rafts wallowed along, while <b>skipjacks and bugeyes</b> coasted in, carrying in their shallow wooden bellies piles of black duck and <b>terrapiins</b> and muskrat. Or crates and barrels of <b>Chesapeake Bay oysters and crabs</b> and blue crabs. These would be flung, battered but still living after a hard voyage, into display crates and copper cooking <b>vats and steel tubs</b> , or onto blocks of ice from New England, in the various <b>fish markets along the wharf</b> . <sup>3</sup>

7	[Eddy's] plain <b>black</b> suit amid the colorful clothes [...] was all to his <b>advantage</b> . His fine <b>head</b> and scholarly demeanor <b>set him apart</b>	Eddy's <b>black</b> sack coat, black trousers [...] his broad pale forehead [...] <b>set him apart to advantage</b> .
8	[...] <b>there was no one</b> on the pier to see them <b>off</b> , since they had <b>already</b> said good-bye to the family. Sissy <b>waved</b> anyway...she could <b>wave</b> farewell to <b>Baltimore</b> .	<b>There was no one</b> to say good-bye and see us <b>off</b> ...we'd <b>already</b> written or called on the few <b>family</b> and friends left in Baltimore...I <b>waved</b> from my spot at the rail...'She's <b>waving</b> good-bye to <b>Baltimore</b> ,' he said...
9	The boat from Norfolk to Richmond was <b>smaller and slower than the one</b> they had boarded in <b>Baltimore</b> . The <b>trip up the James River</b> <b>was more leisurely, too</b> [...]	The boat we boarded in Norfolk to continue on to Richmond was <b>smaller and a good deal slower than the Baltimore</b> Line steamer. Our <b>trip up the James</b> <b>was more leisurely too</b> . <sup>4</sup>
10	Beyond [...] <b>the confluence of the Appomattox, the James grew narrower and wound in great loops around Bermuda Hundred</b> .	Beyond <b>the confluence of the Appomattox, the James grew narrower and wound in great loops around Bermuda Hundred</b> . <sup>5</sup>
11	[Describing Mrs Poore's boarding house] She has <b>a large house. There's always</b> room.	[Describing Mrs Poore's boarding house] It's <b>a large house. There's always</b> <sup>6</sup> space.
12	"This is <b>Capitol Square</b> ," he said. " <b>Mrs. Poore's</b> house is the next one here on <b>Bank Street</b> ." They <b>turned into the yard</b> of a large <b>two-story brick</b> house with a <b>Greek portico</b> fronting in the square. The half-paned front door revealed a <b>well lighted hallway</b> inside. Eddy climbed the steps and <b>opened the door without knocking</b> , just as though he still lived there.	" <b>Capitol Square</b> ," he said. " <b>Mrs. Poore's</b> <sup>7</sup> is the next house on <b>Bank Street</b> ." We <b>turned into the yard of a two-story brick</b> structure with a whitewashed <b>Greek portico</b> facing the neatly-planted square. Within lay a wide, <b>well-lighted hall</b> . Eddy <b>opened the door without</b> even ringing a bell or <b>knocking</b> . "Well, he used to live here," I whispered.
13	There was a wait, then the sound of a <b>door opening upstairs</b> . "What was that, Tom?" a voice shrilled. "I say Mr. Poe is back—" " <b>That's what I thought you said</b> ," the voice interrupted. " <b>Well, you can tell him I don't have a vacancy and I'm not likely to have one</b> ." The <b>door slammed</b> shut [...] "She doesn't have a <b>vacancy</b> ," [Cleland] said with a grin. Eddy looked <b>helplessly</b> from Tom to Maria to Sissy and back to Tom. " <b>What are we to do?</b> " he asked, of anybody.	<b>A door</b> creaked shrilly on protesting hinges <b>upstairs</b> , and an equally high voice called down, "What was that, Tom?" "I said Edgar <i>Poe</i> is back, and he—" " <b>That's what I thought you said</b> ," the woman shouted. " <b>Well, you can tell him for me, I do not have lodgings for him, and am not likely to have any now or later!</b> " The hinges squealed derisively as <b>the door slammed</b> again... Cleland turned back, avoiding our eyes. "Ah, well, It seems my mother-in-law has no <b>vacancy</b> here just now." Eddy stared at him <b>helplessly</b> . "But I— then <b>what are we to do?</b> "

14	<p>"I wanted to say good night," [Eddy] said [...]. He pecked [Mrs. Clemm] on the <b>cheek</b>. Then he <b>kissed</b> Sissy on the lips. <b>There was no liquor on his breath. Perhaps that was</b> what he wanted known. He made no explanations. No one <b>asked</b> him <b>where he had been</b> or what he had been doing. <b>He looked tired, haggard.</b></p>	<p>"I wanted to say good night," Eddy muttered [...]. He came around and kissed [Mrs Clemm]'s <b>cheek</b>, then moved to my side and pressed his mouth to mine [...] He did not explain, and I did not <b>ask where he'd been</b> [...] <b>he looked</b> gaunt and hollow and <b>tired</b>. "It's good to come home to such love and beauty," he whispered [...] <b>There'd been no taint of liquor on his breath. Perhaps that was</b><sup>8</sup> why he'd <b>kissed</b> me full on the mouth, in front of my mother</p>
15	<p>The <b>docks were busy</b>, and the <b>wagonette was held up</b> now and then by <b>dray wagons loaded with</b> hogsheads of tobacco and <b>sacks of flour and cornmeal</b>. Sometimes <b>an empty collier's wagon rumbled toward the coal yards</b> [...] farther <b>upstream</b>.</p>	<p>Our <b>wagonette was</b> nearly empty, but the <b>docks were very busy</b>. We would lurch forward, only to stop for a <b>dray loaded with sacks of flour and cornmeal</b>, or <b>an empty collier's wagon</b><sup>9</sup> <b>rumbling</b> [...] <b>toward the coal yards upstream</b>.</p>
16	<p>The train <b>was waiting</b>, a wood-burning <b>locomotive</b> and <b>three open cars</b>, <b>the first one piled high with</b> ragged, smudged, weather-worn <b>bales of cotton to protect the second</b>, or "ladies coach," <b>from flying sparks. The conductor</b>, resplendent in his <b>high hat</b> and obviously proud of his badge of office and the <b>huge open-faced watch</b> which he carried conspicuously in his hand, recognized his latest passengers as <b>bride</b> and groom. He escorted them to the second coach and asked permission of the half-dozen <b>lady passengers to bring them aboard</b>. "If you ladies don't object," he said, "I will close my eyes to <b>company rules</b> and allow the groom to sit in the ladies' <b>coach</b> with his lovely bride." [...] It was difficult to determine the <b>age</b> of a young lady, especially if she were <b>reasonably well filled out</b> and modestly <b>veiled</b>. "I must ask you not to smoke, Mr. Poe," <b>the conductor</b> warned in parting. "<b>Smoking is restricted to the gentleman's car on the rear</b>."  "Thank you," Eddy said. "I seldom smoke."</p>	<p>Our locomotive was waiting at the station, puffing like a teakettle. Only <b>three cars</b> were attached, <b>the first piled high with cotton bales to protect the second</b>, the Ladies' Car, <b>from flying sparks</b> and hot cinders. <b>The conductor</b> paced the platform in a <b>high hat</b> and blue uniform, cupping a <b>huge silver watch</b> in his glove. Unlike Jane Foster, he knew me as a <b>bride</b> at once. He looked us up and down and bowed slightly "Going to flout <b>company rules</b>, folks, and seat you all in the second <b>coach</b>." He grinned at Eddy. "Already cleared it with the <b>ladies aboard</b>."  When we climbed up no one looked askance or asked how old I was. Of course, if a female is <b>veiled</b> and <b>reasonably well filled out</b>,<sup>10</sup> it's hard to tell her exact <b>age</b> anyhow. <b>The conductor</b> left after admonishing the groom, "<b>Smoking is restricted to the gentleman's car</b><sup>11</sup> <b>at the rear</b>, sir." [...]  "Thank you for the information," he said. "In any case, I seldom smoke."</p>

17	<p>As the train pulled out of the depot and onto the bridge across <b>the James River</b>, Eddy pointed out <b>Gamble's Hill</b> rising to the right above <b>the State Armory</b> and <b>the ironworks</b> situated on the banks of the canal. <b>He shouted the names into her ear</b>. But when the train <b>stopped</b> for a few minutes outside <b>Manchester</b>, just across the river, they were both mute <b>again</b>.</p>	<p>As we chugged away from the confines of Richmond, Eddy leaned over and <b>shouted the names</b> of landmarks <b>into my ear</b>: '<b>Gamble's Hill. The State Armory</b>, there. Oh — and <b>the Tredegar Iron Works</b>.' By the time we <b>stopped</b> briefly at <b>Manchester</b>, on the opposite side of <b>the James River</b>, he'd fallen silent <b>again</b>, either out of names or out of breath.</p>
18	<p>Sissy was sure that she could smell the blossoms in spite of the wood <b>smoke</b> which funneled out of the locomotive stack and <b>sometimes swirled around</b> the ladies' coach, <b>stinging her eyes</b> and bringing on fits of <b>coughing</b>. <b>Whenever</b> anything seemed to mar her comfort Eddy's eyes would become filled with anxiety, but she would <b>smile</b>, and, <b>if the ladies were not looking</b>, reach for his <b>hand</b> and <b>give it a reassuring squeeze</b>.</p>	<p><b>Sometimes smoke swirled around</b> inside the car like an evil genie, <b>stinging our eyes</b> and making us <b>cough</b>. <b>Whenever</b> that happened Eddy bent to me with concern, until I <b>smiled</b> and shook my head to let him know I was fine.</p> <p>During the rare moments <b>the ladies weren't looking</b> our way, I'd slide a <b>hand</b> along the seat behind the swell of my skirts, capture Eddy's fingers, and <b>give a quick squeeze</b>.</p>
19	<p><b>"Welcome to Petersburg,"</b> Mr. Haines said jovially.</p>	<p><b>"Welcome to Petersburg, Mrs. Poe"</b> [Haines] boomed.</p>
20	<p><b>"Did the trip tire</b> you, Mrs. Poe?" Mrs. <b>Haines</b> asked as her husband clucked the horses into motion.</p> <p><b>"No</b>. I enjoyed it very much."</p> <p>"Of course. Imagine my asking a bride if a train trip <b>tired</b> her on her wedding day. They didn't have <b>trains</b> when I was married. <b>We rode all day in a stagecoach</b>. But I don't think I was tired either."</p>	<p>Hiram <b>Haines</b> asked whether <b>the trip</b> had <b>tired</b> me out.</p> <p><b>"No</b>, not a bit,' I assured him.</p> <p>Mrs. Haines laughed. "Pshaw. She can't possibly be <b>tired</b>, Mr. Haines. Remember back when we wed? There were no <b>trains</b> then so <b>we rode all day</b> long on a <b>stagecoach</b> to our honeymoon cottage. And yet I was not fatigued, not one little bit!"</p>
21	<p>The house, near the southeastern corner of the Capitol grounds, was very <b>much like Mrs. Poore's</b>, set back on a wide lawn with the same Greek <b>portico, the same half-glazed doors</b>. Tom entered <b>without knocking</b>, as Eddy had done [...]</p>	<p>Mrs. Yarrington's looked so <b>much like Mrs. Poore's</b> [...] The same neat square of clipped yard and long painted <b>portico, the same half-glazed doors</b>,<sup>12</sup> and Thomas swept in <b>without knocking</b> as if he lived there as well.</p>
22	<p><b>"Mr. Poe is assistant editor of the Southern Literary Messenger,"</b> Tom went on. "He has been staying with us, but now that his aunt and cousin have come to live with him, Mrs. Poore doesn't have <b>room for all three of them</b>. <b>We thought you might—</b>"</p> <p>"No doubt she thought that Tom's '<b>we</b>' had included <b>Mrs. Poore</b> as well."</p>	<p><b>"Mr. Poe is, ah, assistant editor at the Southern Literary Messenger</b>, and — well, my mother-in-law hasn't <b>room for, uh, the three of them</b>. <b>So we thought you might.</b>"</p> <p>This was very clever, for that <i>we</i> made it sound as if <b>Mrs. Poore</b> herself had sent and thus approved of us.</p>

23	“My aunt <b>will decide. Would you show</b> them [the rooms] <b>to her, please?</b> ”	“My aunt, Mrs. Clemm, <b>will decide. Would you show</b> <sup>13</sup> the rooms <b>to her, please?</b> ”
24	“ <b>I don't usually</b> rent rooms to women. You never know what you are taking in. <b>But</b> , of course, a <b>widow</b> —I presume you are a widow—and her daughter—a lovely child, I might say—with a <b>male</b> member of the family to look after them. Well, that's different. And with <b>Mr. Poe</b> working for <b>Mr. White</b> on the Messenger. <b>I have</b> two <b>other</b> men on the Messenger living here. They're <b>quiet, hard working, no trouble at all.</b> ”	“ <b>I don't usually</b> let to females. <b>But</b> as you are a respectable <b>widow</b> ... and with <b>Mr. Poe, a male</b> relative, here to protect the two of you ... <b>I have other</b> lodgers who work at <b>Mr. White's</b> establishment. <b>Quiet, hardworking</b> men. <b>No trouble at all.</b> ”
25	After they were gone Sissy <b>sat</b> alone before <b>the fire</b> . She tried to read, but she could not keep her mind on a book. Instead her thoughts traveled back over what her life had been with Eddy. <b>It was like</b> a long thin ribbon, sometimes twisted into knots, sometimes into pleasant little bows; or it was a <b>narrow stream</b> winding <b>tortuously through</b> straits and <b>deep, restricted gorges</b> which only <b>occasionally offered</b> a view of <b>wider, happier</b> places.	So I <b>sat</b> by <b>the fire</b> waiting, drowsing in the heat, thinking about where our lives had led us. <b>It</b> seemed to me much <b>like</b> the course of the rocky Wissahickon River--sometimes a <b>narrow, constricted stream</b> , at others a <b>wider, wilder</b> torrent rushing on, carving its way <b>tortuously through deep gorges</b> which <b>offered occasionally</b> a glimpse of something finer, more pleasant [...]
26	The train <b>crossed the Appomattox after sunset</b> but pulled <b>into the Petersburg depot</b> before dark. Their host, Mr. <b>Hiram Haines, publisher of the Petersburg American Constellation</b> , was waiting with his wife. He was a <b>cheerful, balding</b> man	We <b>crossed the Appomattox after sunset</b> <sup>14</sup> and rolled <b>into the Petersburg depot</b> <sup>15</sup> before full dark. As we descended from the car Eddy spotted our host, <b>Hiram Haines, the cheerful, balding publisher of the American Constellation</b>
27	Together they <b>furnished</b> the house piecemeal. They bought few articles but good ones, old four-poster <b>beds</b> , several <b>painted, straight-backed chairs</b> , a <b>rocker</b> for Maria and a <b>desk</b> for Eddy.	We <b>furnished</b> a bit at a time, buying a second <b>bed, painted straight-backed chairs</b> , <sup>16</sup> and a wicker <b>rocker</b> for Muddy. In early May we had to purchase a sturdier <b>desk</b> for Eddy. <sup>17</sup>
28	<b>The trip</b> , something over <b>twenty miles</b> , took about <b>an hour</b> .	Petersburg lay <b>twenty miles</b> distant. “ <b>The trip</b> should take little over <b>an hour</b> ,” he informed me.
29	[...] the sight of <b>Richmond</b> , perched on its <b>seven hills</b> , rising sharply from the north bank of the river.  Thee boat <b>docked</b> in late afternoon. <b>The low sun</b> hovered large and red over <b>the Blue Ridge</b> in the distance.	“There is <b>Richmond</b> , I think.”  Eddy smiled and nodded. “The Capitol. If you could climb to its dome you might see the misty peaks of <b>the Blue Ridge</b> , off to the west. The city sits on <b>seven large hills</b> , like Rome.”  By the time we <b>docked the sun</b> hung low [...].

30	<p>Eddy [...] was <b>spending one evening a week at informal</b> meetings of kindred spirits at <b>the Falstaff Hotel</b> and an afternoon or two at Barrett's Gymnasium. At the former he enjoyed the company of such men as [...] <b>the artist Thomas Sully</b>, who <b> painted his portrait</b> in a very <b>Byronesque</b> pose.</p>	<p>Eddy began <b>spending one evening a week at the Falstaff Hotel</b>, at an <b>informal</b> gathering of writers and reviewers and artists. [...]</p> <p><b>The artist Thomas Sully</b>, also a member, came one day to our house to <b>paint</b> an oil <b>portrait</b> of Eddy. "It makes you look <b>Byronish</b>," I said [...].</p>
31	<p>Mr <b>Thomas</b> was appointed to a <b>clerkship in the Treasury Department</b> by <b>President Tyler</b> [...]</p>	<p>[...] <b>Frederick Thomas</b>, who'd just secured a <b>clerkship in the Treasury Department</b>, under <b>President Tyler's</b> new administration.</p>
32	<p>The Haines place appeared <b>large in the dusk</b>. The <b>garden</b> was <b>well-kept</b> and fragrant. The house itself was spacious, lighted softly by <b>candles</b> but mostly with <b>whale-oil lamps</b> [...]</p>	<p><b>In the dusk</b>, the house seemed even <b>larger</b>, and very <b>well-kept</b>. A sweet musky perfume of jasmine drifted from the walled side-<b>garden</b>. Inside, the rooms were lit with the golden glow of both <b>candles</b> and <b>whale-oil lamps</b>.</p>
33	<p>Two <b>stevedores</b> appeared to <b>check the markings on</b> the Poe baggage and <b>hoist it aboard</b>. A few minutes later <b>the purser</b> took his place <b>at the top of the gangplank</b>; and at a signal from the ship's <b>bell</b>, the passengers began to go <b>aboard</b>.</p>	<p><b>Stevedores</b> came to <b>check the markings on</b> our trunks, then <b>hoisted them aboard</b>.</p> <p>"There's <b>the purser</b>," said Eddy, pointing at a uniformed man <b>at the top of the gangplank</b> [...].</p> <p>At last the bell sounded and we assembled to <b>board</b>.</p>
34	<p>There was a <b>plaster</b> bust of <b>Mozart</b> on a <b>pedestal</b> near the <b>garden window</b>. A single picture of Haydn hung in the panel over the large <b>Chickering grand piano</b>. A music cabinet, the harp, a flute and a violin lying on a <b>practice table</b>, and some hand-carved <b>music stands</b> were all the room contained besides <b>chairs</b> which <b>players</b> or listeners might <b>arrange</b> to suit their convenience.</p>	<p>A <b>plaster Mozart</b> brooded from a <b>pedestal</b> between the tall <b>windows</b> which overlooked a formal <b>garden</b>. [...] A <b>Chickering grand piano</b> draped with a tapestry held a silver candelabra [...].</p> <p>On a <b>practice table</b> flanked by <b>music stands</b> waited a small harp, two violins with bows, a flute, a conductor's baton, a metronome and a stack of sheet music. [...] The only other furnishings were a dozen straight-backed <b>chairs</b> with upholstered seats, which <b>players</b> and audience could <b>arrange</b> as they wished.</p>

35	She <b>stood</b> beside their <b>trunks</b> , which were <b>stacked</b> together <b>on the Light Street wharf</b> <b>ready to be taken aboard the Norfolk</b> steamboat.	...she and I <b>stood</b> together <b>on the Light Street wharf</b> at Baltimore Harbor. Three battered old <b>trunks</b> were <b>stacked</b> next to us in a small untidy pile, <b>ready to be taken aboard the Norfolk</b> <sup>18</sup> -bound steamer.
36	The boat's <b>engine</b> gave a long <b>sigh and the big paddle-wheels</b> amidships <b>began to slap the water</b> . The pilot took the craft cautiously out of the crowded basin, past Fells Point and Port McHenry, and signaled for <b>more</b> speed as the vessel headed <b>into the current</b> of the <b>Patapsco River</b> [...].	[...] the <b>engine</b> gave a steamy <b>sigh and the big paddlewheels</b> <sup>19</sup> <b>began to slowly slap the ash-streaked water</b> of the harbour, to propel us with <b>more</b> and more force <b>into the Patapsco River</b> .
37	They <b>left</b> early Saturday <b>morning, April 6</b> . They were down at <b>the Walnut Street wharf a little after six</b> o'clock, nearly an hour before <b>train</b> time. It was <b>a cloudy, misty</b> day, so Eddy deposited Sissy in <b>the Depot Hotel</b> and <b>bought</b> two or three <b>newspapers</b> , none of which contained <b>anything worth</b> reading, he said.	We <b>left</b> on <b>April 6</b> , arriving at <b>the Walnut Street wharf a little after six</b> <sup>20</sup> on a <b>cloudy, misty morning</b> . Our <b>train</b> was not due until seven fifteen, so we took seats in <b>the Depot Hotel</b> and Eddy <b>bought</b> us <b>newspapers</b> — the <i>Ledger</i> , <i>Times</i> , the <i>Chronicle</i> . "Bah, nothing of <b>any worth</b> in these yellow rags," he complained.
38	They <b>rode the train</b> to <b>Amboy</b> and <b>boarded a steamer</b> there for <b>New York</b> . It began to rain on the way. Eddy sent Sissy into <b>the Ladies' Cabin</b> but <b>hovered</b> around just outside <b>the door</b> waiting for the first sign of trouble. Sissy <b>did not cough once on the whole</b> trip; so when the steamer <b>docked</b> down near <b>the Battery</b> , Eddy <b>left</b> her with two other women passengers in <b>the Ladies' Cabin</b> while he went to find a room. He was <b>back</b> within half <b>an hour, with a hack and an umbrella</b> . " <b>It cost sixty-two cents</b> , he said. "But <b>you mustn't</b> get wet between here and the hack."	<b>The train</b> arrived an hour later and we <b>rode</b> as far as <b>Amboy</b> . There we <b>boarded a steamer for New York</b> . By then the mist had coagulated into a persistent drizzle. "[...] My little wife must retire to <b>the ladies' cabin</b> to keep dry and warm." [...] Eddy <b>hovered</b> in <b>the doorway</b> , his gaze as often on me as on the horizon. So I felt triumphant and clever when I <b>did not cough once on the whole</b> <sup>21</sup> voyage. When we <b>docked</b> at <b>the Battery</b> , he left me on board while he went to find lodgings. He was <b>back</b> in less than <b>an hour, with a hack</b> <sup>22</sup> he'd told to wait at the curb. He rushed up to <b>the ladies' cabin</b> and pushed a long black object into my hands. <b>An umbrella</b> [...]. "It cost half a dollar," he said mournfully. I must've looked horrified, for he added, "No arguments. <b>You</b> absolutely <b>must</b> stay dry. We will take no chances, my dear." "Thank you, Eddy," I said, squeezing his arm. "It's a very good umbrella." He looked abashed and fidgeted with his tie. "Actually, <b>it cost sixty-two cents</b> ." <sup>23</sup>

39	<p>"I've found a place for <b>seven dollars a week for room and board</b> for the two of us." He held <b>the umbrella over</b> her [...]</p>	<p>"I've found <b>us</b> a nice <b>room</b>. Not too far. <b>Seven dollars for the week, board</b> included. He took <b>the umbrella</b> and with a flourish unfurled it <b>over</b> our heads.</p>
40	<p>It was a <b>back room on the third floor, overlooking the Hudson docks. Eddy insisted on carrying</b> Sissy <b>up</b> the stairs, although she felt quite well enough to <b>climb them</b>.</p>	<p>He'd taken a <b>back room on the third floor</b>. Our sole window, only lightly coated on the outside with coal dust, <b>overlooked the Hudson River docks. Eddy insisted on carrying<sup>24</sup></b> me <b>up</b> both flights, though he was fearfully flushed by the time we reached our room. I could have <b>climbed them</b> on my own, if we'd gone up slowly.</p>
41	<p>"And John <b>Bisco, the publisher, formerly published <i>The Knickerbocker Magazine</i>. Do you know what that means?"</b></p> <p>"Not all that it means. Tell me."</p> <p>"It means that I have taken the citadel. He had his choice of the <i>Knickerbocker</i> staff; yet <b>he offered me the partnership for my name on the banner head each month.</b>"</p>	<p>"<b>Bisco's the former publisher of <i>The Knickerbocker</i>,</b>" he said with a lopsided, ironic smile. "<b>Do you know what that means?"</b></p> <p>Oh, I certainly did. It was as if Eddy had stormed the Bastille all by himself, and now stood on its broken foundation stones in triumph. I clapped my hands. "Wonderful!"</p> <p>"<b>He offered me the partnership for the privilege of printing my name on the bannerhead each month,</b>"<sup>25</sup> he exulted.</p>
42	<p>It was a secluded place <b>surrounded by several acres of garden and orchard along East River just below</b> the southern tip of <b>Blackwell's Island. Eddy and Sissy shared</b> a large upstairs <b>corner room</b>, with <b>south windows overlooking the orchard</b> and east windows offering a view of <b>Blackwell's Island and the hills of Brooklyn</b> beyond the river.</p>	<p>[...] a large farmhouse <b>surrounded by acres of gardens and orchards</b>. It sat <b>along</b> the <b>East River just below Blackwell's Island. Eddy and I shared</b> an airy <b>corner room</b> on the second floor. Its bank of <b>windows overlooked</b> an apple <b>orchard</b> on the <b>south end</b>, and the <b>hills of Brooklyn and Blackwell's</b> on the north.</p>
43	<p>"And <b>that is St. John's College,</b>" Eddy said [...] <b>He pointed to the stone buildings on Rose Hill to the southeast</b> of the cottage. "<b>It has just been taken over by the Jesuits.</b> I have already met Father Thebaud, <b>the Rector.</b>"</p>	<p>Eddy <b>pointed to stone</b> towers rising on a hill <b>to the south-east</b>. "<b>That's Rose Hill, and St. John's College. It's been taken over by Jesuits. The rector</b> has invited us to use their library."</p>
44	<p>Miss <b>Lynch, tall</b> and dark and dressed in a red <b>satin gown</b> and a <b>headdress</b> of pearls and <b>feathers</b> [...]</p>	<p>The <b>tall, thin Anne Lynch</b> wore a bead and <b>feather headdress</b> and a green <b>satin gown</b>.</p>

45	<p>They were showered with rice and felicitations as they ran the gauntlet of guests lined up between the front door and the street gate. The hack <b>driver</b>, catching the spirit of the occasion, cracked his <b>whip</b> and urged his horses into a quick trot, as though he were rescuing the bridal pair from really dangerous <b>pursuers</b>.</p>	<p>Then, amid a lucky hail of old boots and worn-out ladies' slippers, and the ear-pinching snap of the <b>driver's</b> flicked <b>whip</b>, we lurched forward and clattered away as if <b>pursued</b>.</p>
46	<p>"That's our <b>eyrie</b>," he said, <b>pointing to the dormer windows on the third floor</b>. "<b>Muddy will have the master bedroom on the second floor. There's a lean-to kitchen on the back</b> which we <b>can't see from here. Come. I'll show you.</b>" Eddy took them for a walk <b>around</b> the premises. There were <b>two buttonwood trees in the back</b> yard and a number of small shrubs, as well as the remains of several <b>flower beds</b>.          "I think I'll plant <b>a kitchen garden here</b>," Maria said. She <b>poked</b> around in a cultivated patch <b>with a sharp stick</b>.</p>	<p>He <b>pointed to the narrow dormer windows on the third floor</b>. "That will be my <b>eyrie</b>. You and <b>Muddy will have the master bedroom on the second floor. There's a lean-to kitchen on the back</b>,<sup>26</sup> though you <b>can't see it from here. Come on, I'll show you.</b>"          Not <i>our eyrie</i>, but his. My smile faltered. By then he was already leading us <b>around</b> the yard, showing off rhododendron and rose bushes, the <b>two buttonwood trees in back</b>, and some bordered but overgrown <b>flower beds</b>. When Muddy <b>poked</b> the dirt there <b>with a stick</b> it gave agreeably, black and moist and crumbly. "<b>A kitchen garden here</b>," she proclaimed.</p>
47	<p>Aware of the "<b>Just Married</b>" <b>sign on the back of the hack</b> and the string of <b>old shoes</b> dangling from the rear axle, Eddy and Sissy <b>sat stiffly</b> apart on <b>opposite ends</b> of the carriage seat. <b>The driver</b>, in spite of his seeming haste, drove once <b>around Capitol Square before</b> heading <b>down Ninth Street toward</b> the canal basin and <b>the railroad depot</b>,</p>	<p>Eddy said ruefully, "Someone's tied a bunch of old shoes to <b>the hack</b>. And then there's <b>the sign</b>."          "What sign?"          "On the back. It says <b>JUST HITCHED</b>."          "Oh my." [...] I felt I'd been shoved out into the road clad only in chemise and petticoat. <b>Eddy</b> must've felt it too, for he <b>sat stiffly</b> upright at the <b>opposite end</b> of the bench. <b>The driver</b>, who'd shot off in a great hurry, took the time to drive us twice <b>around Capitol Square</b> with the most pertinacious of the young mob still in hot pursuit, <b>before turning down Ninth toward the depot</b>.</p>
48	<p>It was dominated by <b>a huge four-poster bed with</b> tester and valance and full <b>curtains</b> which could be <b>drawn for privacy or as protection against mosquitoes</b> from the Appomattox <b>lowlands</b>. <b>The maid</b> poured <b>a basin full of water</b> from the pitcher <b>on the washstand</b> and laid out fresh <b>towels</b>. Then she withdrew.</p>	<p>Against one wall stood <b>a huge four-poster</b>, with <b>curtains to draw for privacy or as protection against</b><sup>27</sup> insects. So the <b>mosquitoes</b> must be as bad here as in <b>low</b>, swampy Richmond. <b>The housemaid</b> [...] lingered silently by the open door, as if awaiting orders. At last she did leave, closing the door softly, leaving on <b>the washstand a basin of water</b> and a pile of tiny starched white <b>towels</b> [...]</p>

49	It was a <b>quiet meal</b> , but not nearly so simple as <b>Mrs. Haines</b> had led them to believe. It was a <b>wedding feast</b> [...]	The <b>quiet meal</b> promised by <b>Mrs. Haines</b> turned out to be a second <b>wedding feast</b> .
50	On March 30 <b>Mr. Gowans</b> took <b>Eddy to a dinner at the City Hotel</b> , where he was to meet such writers as <b>Washington Irving, William Cullen Bryant</b> , James K. Paulding, Fitz-Greene <b>Halleck</b> , and Chancellor Kent, as well as the artists Henry <b>Inman</b> and John Trumbull.	We'd met <b>Mr. Gowans</b> and that seemed fortunate. He'd invited <b>Eddy to a dinner at the City Hotel</b> , <sup>28</sup> held in honor of distinguished authors by the city's booksellers. <p>"<b>Washington Irving</b> will attend," Eddy told me breathlessly. "And <b>William Cullen Bryant</b>, and <b>Halleck and Inman</b>."</p>
51	It was built of <b>red brick with white stone trim</b> [...]. And it was set in its own <b>walled garden</b> , completely detached from its neighbors. " <b>I like a house</b> I can walk all the way around," Maria said when Eddy took her and Sissy to see the place. " <b>Row houses may be</b> all right for some people, <b>but I've</b> had enough of them." <p>"<b>I thought you would like it</b>," Eddy said proudly.</p>	We felt more prosperous by September and looked to rent an entire house, settling on a tall, narrow <b>redbrick with white stone trim</b> and the requisite gleaming, scrubbed stoop. It stood near Fairmont Park at 2502 Coates Street and had a <b>walled garden</b> . [...] <p>"<b>I like a house</b> and a yard," Muddy said, as we stood looking up at the façade. "<b>A row house may be</b> fine for most. <b>But I'm</b> tired of other folks' noise and messes."  <p>"<b>I was sure you'd like it</b>, Muddy dear," Eddy said, looking proud [...]</p></p>
52	They were especially fond of the little <b>gorge cut by the Wissahickon Creek</b> . Eddy discovered it while he was out hunting with some of his friends from the gymnasium. <b>The very next day he hired a rig</b> and drove Sissy northwest out <b>the Ridge Road</b> about six miles. There they <b>turned down a narrow lane</b> and followed it <b>until it ended on a bluff above the creek</b> . "It's beautiful," Sissy exclaimed.	<b>The next day</b> Eddy hired a little <b>rig</b> and a bay pony from the livery down the street to drive us to one of his favorite spots, a <b>gorge cut by Wissahickon Creek</b> . <p>[...] He kept the pony stepping lively down <b>the ridge road</b> at a fast trot. We swayed on the seat for several <b>miles</b>, then <b>turned down a narrow dirt lane</b> lined with tulip poplars and evergreens. This rough track we followed bumpily <b>until it ended on a bluff</b><sup>29</sup> high above the winding creek.  <p>"Eddy, how lovely."</p></p>
53	She and Sissy soon joined the Quaker housewives on <b>the Chestnut Street stages</b> and rode twice a week <b>to the produce market on High Street</b> or sometimes <b>all the way down to the Headhouse Market at Second and Pine, where the real bargains were</b> to be found...	We walked <b>to the produce market on High Street</b> or <sup>30</sup> rode the <b>Chestnut Street stagecoach all the way down to the Headhouse Market at Second and Pine, where the real bargains were</b> <sup>31</sup> found.

<p>54</p>	<p>"There's a <b>skiff</b> tied up <b>below</b> here unless someone has moved it," he said as he led the way down to <b>the water's edge</b>.</p> <p>"Whose?"</p> <p>"Do we care? We're only <b>borrowing</b> it. I'm leaving <b>the horse and buggy</b> as security. Surely that's a fair exchange." Sissy laughed at his reasoning. She followed him <b>stiff-legged down</b> the face of the cliff.</p>	<p>Then he suddenly turned away from me and slid <b>stiff legged down</b> the riverbank, disappearing from sight. I gasped and rushed to the verge. There he was, ten or fifteen feet <b>below</b> at <b>the water's edge</b>, dragging a flat-bottomed <b>skiff</b> from a clump of myrtles.</p> <p>I stood looking down, a hand on my hip, mouth open. "Well! Where did you get that?"</p> <p>"It's only on loan [...]"</p> <p>"You don't mean we're stealing it."</p> <p>He looked reproachful. "No, Sissy, of course not. Merely <b>borrowing</b>."</p> <p>I looked about doubtfully. "What if the owner comes while we're out?"</p> <p>"He can steal our horse in revenge."</p> <p>[...]</p> <p>"He can take <b>the horse and buggy</b>," I agreed.</p>
<p>55</p>	<p>After casting off, he took his place on the thwart <b>amidships</b> and <b>fitted</b> the <b>oars</b> between the <b>wooden pegs</b> which <b>served as oarlocks</b>.</p>	<p>Eddy seated himself <b>amidships</b>, <b>fitted</b> unvarnished <b>oars</b> into <b>wooden pegs</b> that <b>served as locks</b>.</p>