

**Correspondences between the texts of  
*The Very Young Mrs. Poe* by Cothburn O'Neal  
 and  
*The Raven's Bride* by Lenore Hart**

KEY:

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

**Text in red:** verbatim strings confirmed as being exclusive to these two texts in the entire 15-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	[Virginia] <b>turned to look out across the basin toward Federal Hall</b>	I <b>turned away to look out across the basin toward Federal Hall</b> .
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>terrapin 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> 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>terrapins</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> .

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</b> one 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 <b>Norfolk</b> to continue on to Richmond was <b>smaller and</b> a good deal <b>slower than the Baltimore</b> Line steamer. Our <b>trip up the James</b> <b>was more leisurely too</b> .
10	Beyond [...] <b>the confluence of the Appomattox, the James</b> grew narrower and wound in great loops around <b>Bermuda Hundred</b> .	Beyond <b>the confluence of the Appomattox, the James</b> grew narrower and wound in great loops around <b>Bermuda Hundred</b> .
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> space.
12	The <b>docks were busy</b> , and the <b>wagonette</b> was held up now and then by <b>dray</b> wagons <b>loaded with</b> hogsheads of tobacco and <b>sacks of flour and cornmeal</b> . Sometimes <b>an empty collier's wagon</b> <b>rumbled toward the coal yards</b> [...] farther <b>upstream</b> .	Our <b>wagonette</b> was 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, or an empty collier's wagon</b> <b>rumbled</b> [...] toward the coal yards <b>upstream</b> .
13	"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 <b>square</b> . 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> is the next house on <b>Bank Street</b> ." We <b>turned into the yard</b> of a <b>two-story brick</b> structure with a whitewashed <b>Greek portico</b> facing the neatly-planted <b>square</b> . 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 <b>live</b> here," I whispered.

<p>14</p>	<p>There was a wait, then the sound of a <b>door</b> opening <b>upstairs</b>. "What was that, Tom?" a voice shrilled.</p> <p>"I say Mr. <b>Poe is back</b>—"</p> <p>"<b>That's what I thought you said,</b>" the voice interrupted. "<b>Well, you can tell him I don't have</b> a vacancy and I'm <b>not likely to have one.</b>" <b>The door slammed</b> shut [...]</p> <p>"She doesn't have a <b>vacancy,</b>" [Cleland] said with a grin. <b>Eddy</b> 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.</p>	<p><b>A door</b> creaked shrilly on protesting hinges <b>upstairs</b>, and an equally high voice called down, "What was that, Tom?"</p> <p>"I <i>said</i> Edgar <b>Poe is back</b>, and he—"</p> <p>"<b>That's what I thought you said,</b>" the woman shouted. "<b>Well, you can tell him for me, I do not have</b> lodgings for him, and <b>am not likely to have</b> any now or later!" The hinges squealed derisively as <b>the door slammed</b> again...</p> <p>Cleland turned back, avoiding our eyes. "Ah, well, It seems my mother-in-law has no <b>vacancy</b> here just now."</p> <p><b>Eddy</b> stared at him <b>helplessly</b>. "But I— then <b>what are we to do?</b>"</p>
<p>15</p>	<p>"<b>I wanted to say good night,</b>" [Eddy] said [...]. He pecked [Mrs. Clemm] on the <b>cheek</b>. Then he kissed Sissy on the lips. <b>There was no liquor on his breath.</b> <b>Perhaps that was</b> what he wanted known. He made no explanations. No one <b>asked him where he had been</b> or what he had been doing. <b>He looked tired, haggard</b> [...].</p>	<p>"<b>I wanted to say good night,</b>" Eddy muttered [...]. He came around and kissed my mother'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.</b> <b>Perhaps that was</b> why he'd kissed me full on the mouth, in front of my mother</p>
<p>16</p>	<p>He asked permission of the half-dozen <b>lady</b> passengers to bring them <b>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' coach with his lovely bride." [...] [Sissy] felt that she passed inspection[...] It was difficult to determine the <b>age</b> of a young lady, especially if she were <b>reasonably well filled</b> out and modestly veiled. "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</b> on the rear."</p> <p>"<b>Thank you,</b>" Eddy said. "<b>I seldom smoke.</b>"</p>	<p>"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 veiled and <b>reasonably well filled out</b>, 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> at the rear, sir." [...]</p> <p>"<b>Thank you</b> for the information," he said. "In any case, <b>I seldom smoke.</b>"</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 the ironworks situated on the banks of the canal. He shouted the names into her ear. But when the train <b>stopped</b> for a few minutes outside <b>Manchester</b>, just across the river, they were both mute again.</p>	<p>As we chugged away from the confines of Richmond, Eddy leaned over and shouted the names of landmarks into my ear: '<b>Gamble's Hill. The State Armory</b>, there. Oh--and the Tredegar Iron Works.' 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 again, 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</b> her eyes 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, if <b>the ladies were not looking</b>, reach for his <b>hand</b> and <b>give</b> it a reassuring <b>squeeze</b>.</p>	<p><b>Sometimes smoke swirled around</b> inside the car like an evil genie, <b>stinging</b> our eyes 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</b> a quick <b>squeeze</b>.</p>
19	<p>"<b>Welcome to Petersburg</b>," Mr. Haines said jovially.</p>	<p>"<b>Welcome to Petersburg</b>, Mrs. Poe" he [Haines] boomed.</p>
20	<p>"Did <b>the trip</b> tire 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</b> in a <b>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>, and Thomas swept in <b>without knocking</b> as if he lived there as well.</p>
22	<p>"<b>Mr. Poe is assistant editor</b> of <b>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</b> all <b>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</b>, ah, <b>assistant editor</b> at <b>the Southern Literary Messenger</b>, and—well, my mother-in-law hasn't <b>room for</b>, uh, <b>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> 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 Mr. Poe 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 Mr. Poe, a <b>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 wider, happier 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 wider, wilder 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 before dark</b> . 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> and rolled <b>into the Petersburg depot before full dark</b> . 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 for Maria</b> and a <b>desk for Eddy</b> .	We <b>furnished</b> a bit at a time, buying a second <b>bed, painted straight-backed chairs</b> , and a wicker <b>rocker for Muddy</b> . In early May we had to purchase a sturdier <b>desk for Eddy</b> .
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 the Blue Ridge 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 hung low</b> [...].

30	<p>Eddy [...] was <b>spending one evening a week at</b> informal 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>