

**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 motions with her hands and repeating the words to a gamesong they had been playing [...]	[...] making the sweeping hand motions that went along with our last shared song [...]
2	A stranger was sitting...before the empty fireplace , talking to Granny Poe, who was propped up on her couch as usual.	Granny Poe was propped up on her settee by the fire , a sight which I'd expected.
3	"I hope Eddy gets a letter ...I'd feel better [...] if he had had some word from Mr. White ."	"I do wish Eddy had received another letter from Mr. White ."
4	Sissy felt like hugging her mother . But it was such a public place, so many people around [...] That would look childish .	For a moment I wanted to cling to my mother [...] But people were thronging all around us. Such behavior would look so childish [...]
5	[Virginia] turned to look out across the basin toward Federal Hall	I turned away to look out across the basin toward Federal Hall .
6	The docks [...] looked like a forest bare of leaves , the tall masts and spiky yards of the Baltimore clippers standing naked, resting between trips to Brazil . Scuttling in and out among the bigger hulls, little skipjacks and bug-eyes brought cargoes of terrapin and oysters and crabs fresh from the waters of the Chesapeake to the vats and tubs of the fish markets along the wharf .	Clipper ships were moored there, tied up like sleek, exhausted horses, resting between dashes to Brazil and New York and Cuba. Their tall naked masts and spiky yards were bare of sails, their snarl lines a thick forest without leaves . Smaller craft scooted in and out . Timber rafts wallowed along, while skipjacks and bugeyes coasted in, carrying in their shallow wooden bellies piles of black duck and terrapins and muskrat. Or crates and barrels of Chesapeake Bay oysters and crabs and blue crabs. These would be flung, battered but still living after a hard voyage, into display crates and copper cooking vats and steel tubs , or onto blocks of ice from New England, in the various fish markets along the wharf .

7	[Eddy's] plain black suit amid the colorful clothes [...] was all to his advantage . His fine head and scholarly demeanor set him apart	Eddy's black sack coat, black trousers [...] his broad pale forehead [...] set him apart to advantage .
8	[...] there was no one on the pier to see them off , since they had already said good-bye to the family. Sissy waved anyway...she could wave farewell to Baltimore .	There was no one to say good-bye and see us off ...we'd already written or called on the few family and friends left in Baltimore....I waved from my spot at the rail...'She's waving good-bye to Baltimore ,' he said...
9	The boat from Norfolk to Richmond was smaller and slower than the one they had boarded in Baltimore . The trip up the James River was more leisurely, too [...]	The boat we boarded in Norfolk to continue on to Richmond was smaller and a good deal slower than the Baltimore Line steamer. Our trip up the James was more leisurely too .
10	Beyond [...] the confluence of the Appomattox, the James grew narrower and wound in great loops around Bermuda Hundred .	Beyond the confluence of the Appomattox, the James grew narrower and wound in great loops around Bermuda Hundred .
11	[Describing Mrs Poore's boarding house] She has a large house. There's always room.	[Describing Mrs Poore's boarding house] It's a large house. There's always space.
12	The docks were busy , and the wagonette was held up now and then by dray wagons loaded with hogsheads of tobacco and sacks of flour and cornmeal . Sometimes an empty collier's wagon rumbled toward the coal yards [...] farther upstream .	Our wagonette was nearly empty, but the docks were very busy . We would lurch forward, only to stop for a dray loaded with sacks of flour and cornmeal, or an empty collier's wagon rumbled [...] toward the coal yards upstream .
13	"This is Capitol Square ," he said. " Mrs. Poore's house is the next one here on Bank Street ." They turned into the yard of a large two-story brick house with a Greek portico fronting in the square. The half-paned front door revealed a well lighted hallway inside. Eddy climbed the steps and opened the door without knocking , just as though he still lived there.	" Capitol Square ," he said. " Mrs. Poore's is the next house on Bank Street ." We turned into the yard of a two-story brick structure with a whitewashed Greek portico facing the neatly-planted square . Within lay a wide, well-lighted hall . Eddy opened the door without even ringing a bell or knocking . "Well, he used to live here," I whispered.

<p>14</p>	<p>There was a wait, then the sound of a door opening upstairs. "What was that, Tom?" a voice shrilled.</p> <p>"I say Mr. Poe is back—"</p> <p>"That's what I thought you said," the voice interrupted. "Well, you can tell him I don't have a vacancy and I'm not likely to have one." The door slammed shut [...]</p> <p>"She doesn't have a vacancy," [Cleland] said with a grin. Eddy looked helplessly from Tom to Maria to Sissy and back to Tom. "What are we to do?" he asked, of anybody.</p>	<p>A door creaked shrilly on protesting hinges upstairs, and an equally high voice called down, "What was that, Tom?"</p> <p>"I <i>said</i> Edgar Poe is back, and he—"</p> <p>"That's what I thought you said," the woman shouted. "Well, you can tell him for me, I do not have lodgings for him, and am not likely to have any now or later!" The hinges squealed derisively as the door slammed again...</p> <p>Cleland turned back, avoiding our eyes. "Ah, well, It seems my mother-in-law has no vacancy here just now."</p> <p>Eddy stared at him helplessly. "But I— then what are we to do?"</p>
<p>15</p>	<p>"I wanted to say good night," [Eddy] said [...]. He pecked [Mrs. Clemm] on the cheek. Then he kissed Sissy on the lips. There was no liquor on his breath. Perhaps that was what he wanted known. He made no explanations. No one asked him where he had been or what he had been doing. He looked tired, haggard [...].</p>	<p>"I wanted to say good night," Eddy muttered [...]. He came around and kissed my mother's cheek, then moved to my side and pressed his mouth to mine [...] He did not explain, and I did not ask where he'd been [...] he looked gaunt and hollow and tired. "It's good to come home to such love and beauty," he whispered [...] There'd been no taint of liquor on his breath. Perhaps that was 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 lady passengers to bring them aboard. "If you ladies don't object," he said, "I will close my eyes to company rules 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 age of a young lady, especially if she were reasonably well filled out and modestly veiled. "I must ask you not to smoke, Mr. Poe," the conductor warned in parting. "Smoking is restricted to the gentleman's car on the rear."</p> <p>"Thank you," Eddy said. "I seldom smoke."</p>	<p>"Going to flout company rules, folks, and seat you all in the second coach." He grinned at Eddy. "Already cleared it with the ladies aboard." When we climbed up no one looked askance or asked how old I was. Of course, if a female is veiled and reasonably well filled out, it's hard to tell her exact age anyhow. The conductor left after admonishing the groom, "Smoking is restricted to the gentleman's car at the rear, sir." [...]</p> <p>"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 the James River, Eddy pointed out Gamble's Hill rising to the right above the State Armory and the ironworks situated on the banks of the canal. He shouted the names into her ear. But when the train stopped for a few minutes outside Manchester, 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: 'Gamble's Hill. The State Armory, there. Oh--and the Tredegar Iron Works.' By the time we stopped briefly at Manchester, on the opposite side of the James River, 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 smoke which funneled out of the locomotive stack and sometimes swirled around the ladies' coach, stinging her eyes and bringing on fits of coughing. Whenever anything seemed to mar her comfort Eddy's eyes would become filled with anxiety, but she would smile, and, if the ladies were not looking, reach for his hand and give it a reassuring squeeze.</p>	<p>Sometimes smoke swirled around inside the car like an evil genie, stinging our eyes and making us cough. Whenever that happened Eddy bent to me with concern, until I smiled and shook my head to let him know I was fine.</p> <p>During the rare moments the ladies weren't looking our way, I'd slide a hand along the seat behind the swell of my skirts, capture Eddy's fingers, and give a quick squeeze.</p>
19	<p>"Welcome to Petersburg," Mr. Haines said jovially.</p>	<p>"Welcome to Petersburg, Mrs. Poe" he [Haines] boomed.</p>
20	<p>"Did the trip tire you, Mrs. Poe?" Mrs. Haines asked as her husband clucked the horses into motion.</p> <p>"No. I enjoyed it very much."</p> <p>"Of course. Imagine my asking a bride if a train trip tired her on her wedding day. They didn't have trains when I was married. We rode all day in a stagecoach. But I don't think I was tired either."</p>	<p>"Hiram Haines asked whether the trip had tired me out.</p> <p>"No, not a bit," I assured him.</p> <p>Mrs. Haines laughed. "Pshaw. She can't possibly be tired, Mr. Haines. Remember back when we wed? There were no trains then so we rode all day long on a stagecoach 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 much like Mrs. Poore's, set back on a wide lawn with the same Greek portico, the same half-glazed doors. Tom entered without knocking, as Eddy had done [...]</p>	<p>Mrs. Yarrington's looked so much like Mrs. Poore's [...] The same neat square of clipped yard and long painted portico, the same half-glazed doors, and Thomas swept in without knocking as if he lived there as well.</p>
22	<p>"Mr. Poe is assistant editor of the Southern Literary Messenger," 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 room for all three of them. We thought you might—."</p> <p>"No doubt she thought that Tom's 'we' had included Mrs. Poore as well."</p>	<p>"Mr. Poe is, ah, assistant editor at the Southern Literary Messenger, and—well, my mother-in-law hasn't room for, uh, the three of them. So we thought you might."</p> <p>This was very clever, for that <i>we</i> made it sound as if Mrs. Poore herself had sent and thus approved of us.</p>

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

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