

Fifty-seven matching passages in
The Very Young Mrs. Poe by Cothburn O'Neal
 and
The Raven's Bride by Lenore Hart
 (Update: 8 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) |
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| 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 | [Sissy] turned to look out across the basin toward Federal Hall | I turned away to look out across the basin toward Federal Hall . ¹ |
| 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 terrapiin 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 ² 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 terrapiins 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 . ³ |

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| 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 . ⁴ |
| 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 . ⁵ |
| 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 ⁶ space. |
| 12 | "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 ⁷ 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. |
| 13 | There was a wait, then the sound of a door opening upstairs . "What was that, Tom?" a voice shrilled. "I say Mr. Poe is back —" " 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 [...] "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. | A door creaked shrilly on protesting hinges upstairs , and an equally high voice called down, "What was that, Tom?" "I <i>said</i> Edgar <i>Poe</i> is back , and he—" " 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... Cleland turned back, avoiding our eyes. "Ah, well, It seems my mother-in-law has no vacancy here just now." Eddy stared at him helplessly . "But I— then what are we to do ?" |

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| 14 | <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 [Mrs Clemm]'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 was⁸ why he'd kissed me full on the mouth, in front of my mother</p> |
| 15 | <p>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.</p> | <p>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 wagon⁹ rumbling [...] toward the coal yards upstream.</p> |
| 16 | <p>The train was waiting, a wood-burning locomotive and three open cars, the first one piled high with ragged, smudged, weather-worn bales of cotton to protect the second, or "ladies coach," from flying sparks. The conductor, resplendent in his high hat and obviously proud of his badge of office and the huge open-faced watch which he carried conspicuously in his hand, recognized his latest passengers as bride and groom. He escorted them to the second coach and 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." [...] 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>Our locomotive was waiting at the station, puffing like a teakettle. Only three cars were attached, the first piled high with cotton bales to protect the second, the Ladies' Car, from flying sparks and hot cinders. The conductor paced the platform in a high hat and blue uniform, cupping a huge silver watch in his glove. Unlike Jane Foster, he knew me as a bride at once. He looked us up and down and bowed slightly "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."</p> <p>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,¹⁰ it's hard to tell her exact age anyhow. The conductor left after admonishing the groom, "Smoking is restricted to the gentleman's car¹¹ at the rear, sir." [...]</p> <p>"Thank you for the information," he said. "In any case, I seldom smoke."</p> |

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| 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" [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,¹² 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> |

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| 23 | “My aunt will decide. Would you show them [the rooms] to her, please? ” | “My aunt, Mrs. Clemm, will decide. Would you show ¹³ 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 ¹⁴ and rolled into the Petersburg depot ¹⁵ 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 , ¹⁶ and a wicker rocker for Muddy. In early May we had to purchase a sturdier desk for Eddy. ¹⁷ |
| 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 [...]. |

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| 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> |

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

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| 39 | <p>"I've found a place for seven dollars a week for room and board for the two of us." He held the umbrella over her [...]</p> | <p>"I've found us a nice room. Not too far. Seven dollars for the week, board included. He took the umbrella and with a flourish unfurled it over our heads.</p> |
| 40 | <p>It was a back room on the third floor, overlooking the Hudson docks. Eddy insisted on carrying Sissy up the stairs, although she felt quite well enough to climb them.</p> | <p>He'd taken a back room on the third floor. Our sole window, only lightly coated on the outside with coal dust, overlooked the Hudson River docks. Eddy insisted on carrying²⁴ me up both flights, though he was fearfully flushed by the time we reached our room. I could have climbed them on my own, if we'd gone up slowly.</p> |
| 41 | <p>"And John Bisco, the publisher, formerly published <i>The Knickerbocker Magazine</i>. Do you know what that means?"</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 he offered me the partnership for my name on the banner head each month."</p> | <p>"Bisco's the former publisher of <i>The Knickerbocker</i>," he said with a lopsided, ironic smile. "Do you know what that means?"</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>"He offered me the partnership for the privilege of printing my name on the bannerhead each month,"²⁵ he exulted.</p> |
| 42 | <p>It was a secluded place surrounded by several acres of garden and orchard along East River just below the southern tip of Blackwell's Island. Eddy and Sissy shared a large upstairs corner room, with south windows overlooking the orchard and east windows offering a view of Blackwell's Island and the hills of Brooklyn beyond the river.</p> | <p>[...] a large farmhouse surrounded by acres of gardens and orchards. It sat along the East River just below Blackwell's Island. Eddy and I shared an airy corner room on the second floor. Its bank of windows overlooked an apple orchard on the south end, and the hills of Brooklyn and Blackwell's on the north.</p> |
| 43 | <p>"And that is St. John's College," Eddy said [...] He pointed to the stone buildings on Rose Hill to the southeast of the cottage. "It has just been taken over by the Jesuits. I have already met Father Thebaud, the Rector."</p> | <p>Eddy pointed to stone towers rising on a hill to the south-east. "That's Rose Hill, and St. John's College. It's been taken over by Jesuits. The rector has invited us to use their library."</p> |
| 44 | <p>Miss Lynch, tall and dark and dressed in a red satin gown and a headdress of pearls and feathers [...]</p> | <p>The tall, thin Anne Lynch wore a bead and feather headdress and a green satin gown.</p> |

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| 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 driver, catching the spirit of the occasion, cracked his whip and urged his horses into a quick trot, as though he were rescuing the bridal pair from really dangerous pursuers.</p> | <p>Then, amid a lucky hail of old boots and worn-out ladies' slippers, and the ear-pinching snap of the driver's flicked whip, we lurched forward and clattered away as if pursued.</p> |
| 46 | <p>"That's our eyrie," he said, pointing to the dormer windows on the third floor. "Muddy will have the master bedroom on the second floor. There's a lean-to kitchen on the back which we can't see from here. Come. I'll show you." Eddy took them for a walk around the premises. There were two buttonwood trees in the back yard and a number of small shrubs, as well as the remains of several flower beds. "I think I'll plant a kitchen garden here," Maria said. She poked around in a cultivated patch with a sharp stick.</p> | <p>He pointed to the narrow dormer windows on the third floor. "That will be my eyrie. You and Muddy will have the master bedroom on the second floor. There's a lean-to kitchen on the back,²⁶ though you can't see it from here. Come on, I'll show you." Not <i>our eyrie</i>, but his. My smile faltered. By then he was already leading us around the yard, showing off rhododendron and rose bushes, the two buttonwood trees in back, and some bordered but overgrown flower beds. When Muddy poked the dirt there with a stick it gave agreeably, black and moist and crumbly. "A kitchen garden here," she proclaimed.</p> |
| 47 | <p>Aware of the "Just Married" sign on the back of the hack and the string of old shoes dangling from the rear axle, Eddy and Sissy sat stiffly apart on opposite ends of the carriage seat. The driver, in spite of his seeming haste, drove once around Capitol Square before heading down Ninth Street toward the canal basin and the railroad depot,</p> | <p>Eddy said ruefully, "Someone's tied a bunch of old shoes to the hack. And then there's the sign." "What sign?" "On the back. It says JUST HITCHED." "Oh my." [...] I felt I'd been shoved out into the road clad only in chemise and petticoat. Eddy must've felt it too, for he sat stiffly upright at the opposite end of the bench. The driver, who'd shot off in a great hurry, took the time to drive us twice around Capitol Square with the most pertinacious of the young mob still in hot pursuit, before turning down Ninth toward the depot.</p> |
| 48 | <p>It was dominated by a huge four-poster bed with tester and valance and full curtains which could be drawn for privacy or as protection against mosquitoes from the Appomattox lowlands. The maid poured a basin full of water from the pitcher on the washstand and laid out fresh towels. Then she withdrew.</p> | <p>Against one wall stood a huge four-poster, with curtains to draw for privacy or as protection against²⁷ insects. So the mosquitoes must be as bad here as in low, swampy Richmond. The housemaid [...] lingered silently by the open door, as if awaiting orders. At last she did leave, closing the door softly, leaving on the washstand a basin of water and a pile of tiny starched white towels [...]</p> |

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| 49 | It was a quiet meal , but not nearly so simple as Mrs. Haines had led them to believe. It was a wedding feast [...] | The quiet meal promised by Mrs. Haines turned out to be a second wedding feast . |
| 50 | On March 30 Mr. Gowans took Eddy to a dinner at the City Hotel , where he was to meet such writers as Washington Irving, William Cullen Bryant , James K. Paulding, Fitz-Greene Halleck , and Chancellor Kent, as well as the artists Henry Inman and John Trumbull. | We'd met Mr. Gowans and that seemed fortunate. He'd invited Eddy to a dinner at the City Hotel , ²⁸ held in honor of distinguished authors by the city's booksellers. <p>"Washington Irving will attend," Eddy told me breathlessly. "And William Cullen Bryant, and Halleck and Inman."</p> |
| 51 | It was built of red brick with white stone trim [...]. And it was set in its own walled garden , completely detached from its neighbors. " I like a house I can walk all the way around," Maria said when Eddy took her and Sissy to see the place. " Row houses may be all right for some people, but I've had enough of them." <p>"I thought you would like it," Eddy said proudly.</p> | We felt more prosperous by September and looked to rent an entire house, settling on a tall, narrow redbrick with white stone trim and the requisite gleaming, scrubbed stoop. It stood near Fairmont Park at 2502 Coates Street and had a walled garden . [...] <p>"I like a house and a yard," Muddy said, as we stood looking up at the façade. "A row house may be fine for most. But I'm tired of other folks' noise and messes." <p>"I was sure you'd like it, Muddy dear," Eddy said, looking proud [...]</p></p> |
| 52 | They were especially fond of the little gorge cut by the Wissahickon Creek . Eddy discovered it while he was out hunting with some of his friends from the gymnasium. The very next day he hired a rig and drove Sissy northwest out the Ridge Road about six miles. There they turned down a narrow lane and followed it until it ended on a bluff above the creek . "It's beautiful," Sissy exclaimed. | The next day Eddy hired a little rig and a bay pony from the livery down the street to drive us to one of his favorite spots, a gorge cut by Wissahickon Creek . <p>[...] He kept the pony stepping lively down the ridge road at a fast trot. We swayed on the seat for several miles, then turned down a narrow dirt lane lined with tulip poplars and evergreens. This rough track we followed bumpily until it ended on a bluff²⁹ high above the winding creek. <p>"Eddy, how lovely."</p></p> |
| 53 | She and Sissy soon joined the Quaker housewives on the Chestnut Street stages and rode twice a week to the produce market on High Street or sometimes all the way down to the Headhouse Market at Second and Pine, where the real bargains were to be found... | We walked to the produce market on High Street or ³⁰ rode the Chestnut Street stagecoach all the way down to the Headhouse Market at Second and Pine, where the real bargains were ³¹ found. |

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| 54 | <p>"There's a skiff tied up below here unless someone has moved it," he said as he led the way down to the water's edge.</p> <p>"Whose?"</p> <p>"Do we care? We're only borrowing it. I'm leaving the horse and buggy as security. Surely that's a fair exchange." Sissy laughed at his reasoning. She followed him stiff-legged down the face of the cliff.</p> | <p>Then he suddenly turned away from me and slid stiff legged down the riverbank, disappearing from sight. I gasped and rushed to the verge. There he was, ten or fifteen feet below at the water's edge, dragging a flat-bottomed skiff 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 borrowing."</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>"He can take the horse and buggy," I agreed.</p> |
| 55 | <p>After casting off, he took his place on the thwart amidships and fitted the oars between the wooden pegs which served as oarlocks.</p> | <p>Eddy seated himself amidships, fitted unvarnished oars into wooden pegs that served as locks.</p> |
| 56 | <p>Hopefully she started preparing dinner, dinner for three. It was cold outside. Hot soup would still be good — and hot bread, hot biscuits with fried ham and gravy. Eddy liked that. She buried some sweet potatoes in the hot ashes to roast. [...] She had it all ready on the stroke of twelve and at that moment she heard a carriage drive up in front of the house. She hurriedly untied her kitchen apron and rushed to the door, patting her hair into shape as she ran.</p> <p>Eddy was leaning on Henry Hirst and carrying a bird cage in his free hand. He tried to wave at Sissy, but succeeded only in raising the cage shoulder high [...]</p> | <p>I leapt up again at four thirty and prepared dinner for three. More biscuits. Sweet potatoes buried in the hot ashes of the stove. Finally I heard the front door creak open and I rushed to the hall.</p> <p>There was Muddy with Eddy. He looked worn and was leaning heavily on her arm. He also carried something in a wicker cage, and when he saw me there in the hall he lifted it. The cage must've been heavy, for he could only raise it shoulder high.</p> |
| 57 | <p>They were living in Mechanics' Row on Wilkes Street then, she and her mother, Maria Clemm, and her brother Henry, and Eddy's brother Henry Poe, and Granny Poe, of course. Sissy had been playing with the little French girls who lived behind them on Essex Street.</p> | <p>When I was eight, my family had a small house on Wilks Street, on Mechanic's Row in Baltimore. My mother, Maria Clemm, my older brother, Henry Clemm, and I lived there. So did my older first cousin, Henry Poe. [...] Also living with us was Granny Poe [...] I was out playing with my little neighbour friends, Juliette and Claudine, sisters who lived on the street behind ours.</p> |

