

nation were represented in the gathing and the addresses united in placing Poe among the great creations of the world. Indeed, his statue was placed between the niches occupied by Molière and Homer, and in line with Bacon, Tacitus, Milton, and Pindar.

In view of all this let us for a moment investigate the art and the genius of this great master, and learn, if we can, the secrets of his power. No *other* modern writer stands out so prominent and so strangely different from his contemporaries. "It was his glory and misfortune to be unique." "In genius and poetic art he was transcendent." To understand the genius of Poe it is absolutely necessary that we study his life and works, and hence a short sketch of his life, with here and there a mention of his works, will not be out of place.

David Poe, a lawyer of Baltimore, abandoned his profession and became an actor. While in *that* field he married Mrs. Elizabeth A. Hopkins, an English actress. Three children, of whom Edgar was the second, were the result of this union. Edgar was born in Boston, January 19, 1809. In 1811 both of his parents died of consumption, and he was adopted by Mr. John Allan, a wealthy tobacco dealer of Richmond. Edgar was taken to England when very young and given every advantage of education. When eleven years old he returned and prepared to enter the University of Virginia, but on account of his contracting debts he was withdrawn and placed in a counting-room in Richmond. He ran away from here and travelled to Boston where he published "*Tamerlane and Other Poems, By a Bostonian.*" He served in the regular army for two years and rose to the rank of sergeant-major. Hearing of the death of his foster mother he went home on a furlough, was forgiven by Mr. Allan, and through his influence was appointed a cadet at West Point. In ten months he was cashiered for misconduct, and was immediately disowned by Mr. Allan, who, dying soon afterwards, made no mention of him in his will. After this Poe wandered from place to place. He became editor of *The Southern Literary Messenger*. In 1836 he married his cousin, Virginia Clemm, a delicate girl of fourteen. She died in 1847 and Poe was nearly crazed with grief. Two years later, while on his way to marry a Mrs. Shelton, of Richmond, he fell in with some of his old companions in Baltimore and, crazed through drink, he was found unconscious, and died a few days later, on October 7.