

Miscellaneous.

From the American Review for February

THE RAVEN.—BY EDGAR A. POE.

ONCE upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered,
 weak and weary,

Over many a quaint and curious volume of for-
 gotten lore,

While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there
 came a tapping,

As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my
 chamber door,

"Tis some visitor," I muttered, "tapping at my
 chamber door—

Only this, and nothing more."

Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak
 December,

And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost
 upon the floor.

Eagerly I wished the morrow;—vainly I had
 tried to borrow

From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for
 the lost Lenore—

For the rare and radiant maiden whom the an-
 gels name Lenore—

Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken sad uncertain rustling of each
 purple curtain

Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic terrors
 never felt before;

So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I
 stood repeating

"Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my
 chamber door—

Some late visitor entreating entrance at my
 chamber door:—

This it is, and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then
 no longer,

"Sir," said I, "or Madam, truly your forgiveness
 I implore;

But the fact is I was napping, and so gentle you
 came tapping,

And so faintly you came tapping tapping at my
 chamber door,

That I scarce was sure I heard you"—here I
 opened wide the door—

Darkness there, and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood
 there wondering, fearing,

Doubting dreaming, dreams no mortal ever dared
 to dream before;

But the silence was unbroken, and the darkness
 gave no token,

And the only word there spoken was the whis-
 pered word, "Lenore!"

This I whispered, and an echo murmured back
 the word, "Lenore!"

Merely this, and nothing more.

Then into the chamber turning, all my soul with-
 in me burning,

Soon I heard again a tapping somewhat louder
 than before,

"Surely," said I "surely, that is something at my
 window lattice;

Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this mys-
 tery explore—

Let my heart be still a moment and this mystery
 explore;—

'Tis the wind, and nothing more!"

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many
 a flirt and flutter,

In there stepped a stately raven of the saintly
 days of yore;

Not the least obeisance made he; not an instant
 stopped or stayed he;

But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above
 my chamber door—

Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above my
 chamber door—

Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy in-
 to smiling,

By the grave and stern decorum of the counte-
 nance it wore,

"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I
 said, "art sure no craven,

Ghastly grim and ancient raven wandering from
 the Nightly shore—

Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's
 Plutonian shore!"

Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear dis-
 course so plainly,

Though its answer little meaning—little relevan-
 cy bore;

For we cannot help agreeing that no sublunary
 being

Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his
 chamber door—

Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his
 chamber door,

With such name as "Nevermore."

But the raven, sitting lonely on the placid bust,
 spoke only

That one word, as if his soul in that one word he
 did outpour.

Nothing farther then he uttered—not a feather
 then he fluttered—

Till I scarcely more than muttered, "Other
 friends have flown before."

On the morrow he will leave me, as my hopes
 have flown before."

Then the bird said, "Nevermore."

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly
 spoken,

"Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only
 stock and store,

Caught from some unhappy master whom un-
 merciful Disaster

Followed fast and followed faster till his songs
 one burden bore—

Till the dirges of his Hope the melancholy bur-
 den bore,

Nevermore—ah, nevermore!"

But the raven still beguiling all my sad soul into
 smiling,

Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of
 bird, and bust, and door;

Then upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to
 linking

Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous
 bird of yore—

What this grim, ungainly, ghast, gaunt, and omi-
 nous bird of yore

Meant in croaking, "Nevermore."

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable
 expressing

To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into
 my bosom's core;

This and more I sat divining, with my head at
 ease reclining

On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamplight
 gloated o'er,

But whose velvet violet lining with the lamplight
 gloating o'er,

She shall press, ah, nevermore!

Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed
 from an unseen censer

Swung by angels whose faint foot-falls tinkled
 on the tufted floor.

Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath lent thee—by
 these angels he hath sent thee

Respite—respite and Nepenthe from thy memo-
 ries of Lenore!

Let me quaff this kind Nepenthe and forget this
 lost Lenore!"

Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still,
 if bird or devil!

Whether Tempter sent, or whether tempest tos-
 sed thee here ashore,

Desolate, yet all undaunted, on this desert land
enchanted—

On this home by Horror haunted—tell me truly,
I implore—

Is there—is there balm in Gilead?—tell me—tell
me, I implore!”

Quoth the raven, “Nevermore,”

“Prophet!” said I, “thing of evil!—prophet still,
if bird or devil!

By that Heaven that bends above—by that God
we both adore—

Tell this soul with sorrow laden, if, within the
distant Aidenn,

It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels
name Lenore—

Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the an-
gels name Lenore.”

Quoth the raven, “Nevermore.”

“Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend,”
I shrieked, upstarting—

“Get thee back into the tempest and the Night’s
Plutonian shore!

Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy
soul hath spoken?

Leave my loneliness unbroken?—quit the bust a-
bove my door!

Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy
form from off my door!”

Quoth the raven, “Nevermore.”

And the raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still
is sitting

On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my cham-
ber door;

And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon
that is dreaming,

And the lamp-light o’er him streaming throws his
shadow on the floor;

And my soul from out that shadow that lies
floating on the floor,

Shall be lifted—Nevermore!