

New York, March 29. 1876

Dear Sir,

A few days ago I wrote to you in
reference to the Poe Cottage at Fordham.

I enclose you an article which will appear
in the April Review of Reviews. Additional

letters will be probably published in the
May issue. If you see fit to write me a

few words in regard to the genius of Poe,

or in favor of preserving this literary landmark,

I am sure your favor will be widely

appreciated. I would not call your attention

to this matter again were I not anxious to

make the endorsement of this movement as

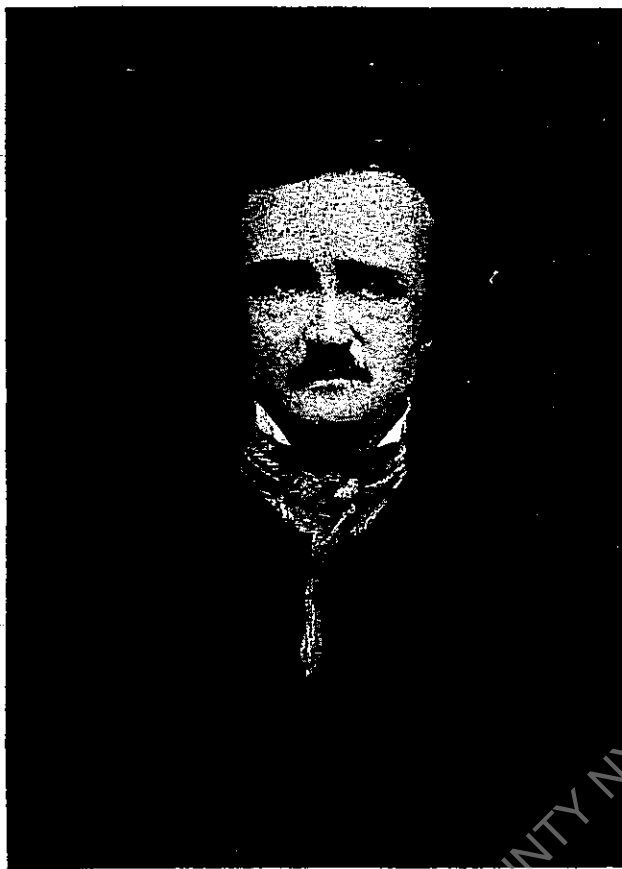
wide and effective as possible.

Very truly

Fred M. Stephens.

SHALL WE PRESERVE THE POE COTTAGE AT FORDHAM?

BY FRED. M. HOPKINS.



EDGAR ALLAN POE.

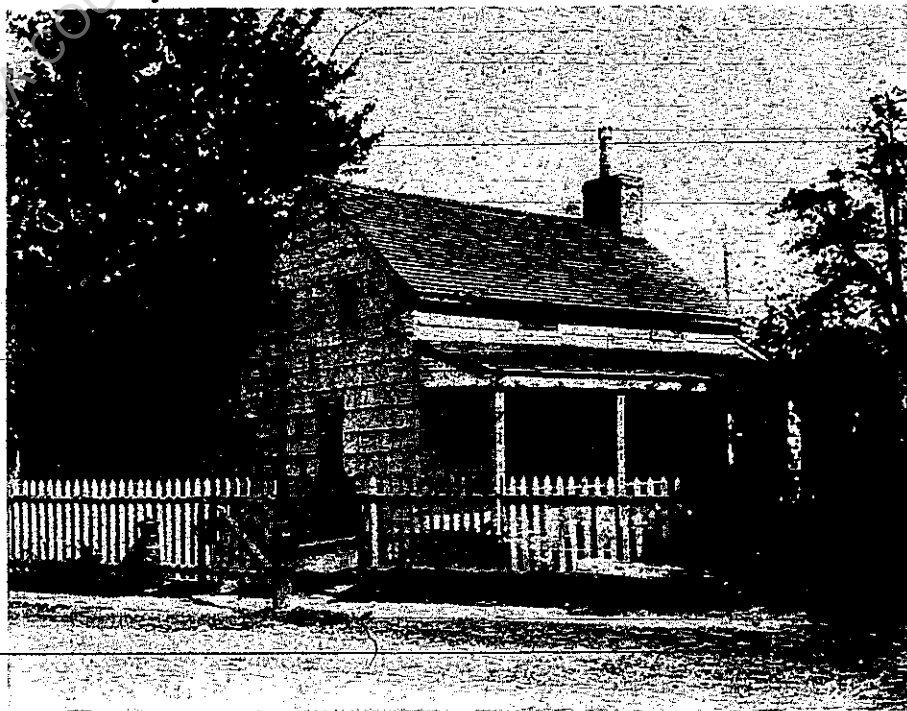
(Reduced from the Century Company's well-known engraving by Timothy Cole.)

AT the top of Fordham Hill, on the Kingsbridge Road, in the recently annexed or northern district of New York City, is a little old Dutch cottage known to fame as the home of Edgar Allan Poe during the last four years of his life. The building is a small one containing only three rooms, a porch extending along its entire front, and standing with its gable end to the street. Instead of being clap-boarded, it was shingled, as was customary in the early days in which it was built, making a good specimen of the dignified little homes that dotted northern New York, but which have almost wholly disappeared before the march of modern improvements.

In Poe's time the cottage was pleasantly situated on a little elevation in a large open space, with cherry trees about it. Many literary workers of his day visited him here, and mention was quite frequently made of the cosy home which Virginia Poe made, notwithstanding her limited means and contracted quarters. The surroundings have somewhat changed with passing years. The cherry trees are gone, and neighboring houses elbow the cottage quite closely, but the poet's old home remains the same as a half century ago, aside from the neglect of recent years.

The hallway entrance leads directly to the main room of the house—a good-sized, cheerful apartment with four windows, two opening on the porch. Between these stood the poet's table, at which much of his reading and editorial work was done. In the little sleeping room facing toward the street, Virginia Poe died. At the left of the little hallway is an old-fashioned winding staircase to the attic above. In this low-roofed room Poe had a writing table and his meagre library. Here in seclusion his more ambitious work was done. The musical "Bells," the pathetic "Annabel Lee," the weird "Ullalume," and the enigmatic "Eureka," as well as some of his best fiction, were written here.

For nearly a score of years the question of preserving this literary landmark has been periodically raised, and public interest has time and again been



THE POE COTTAGE AT FORDHAM, N. Y.