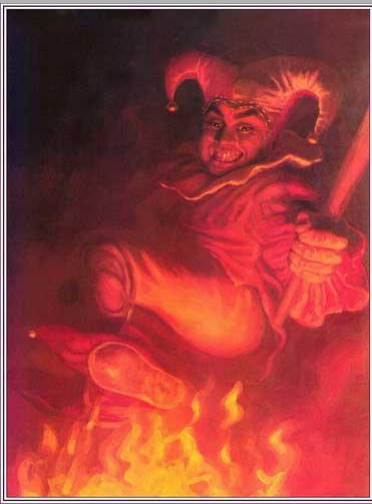
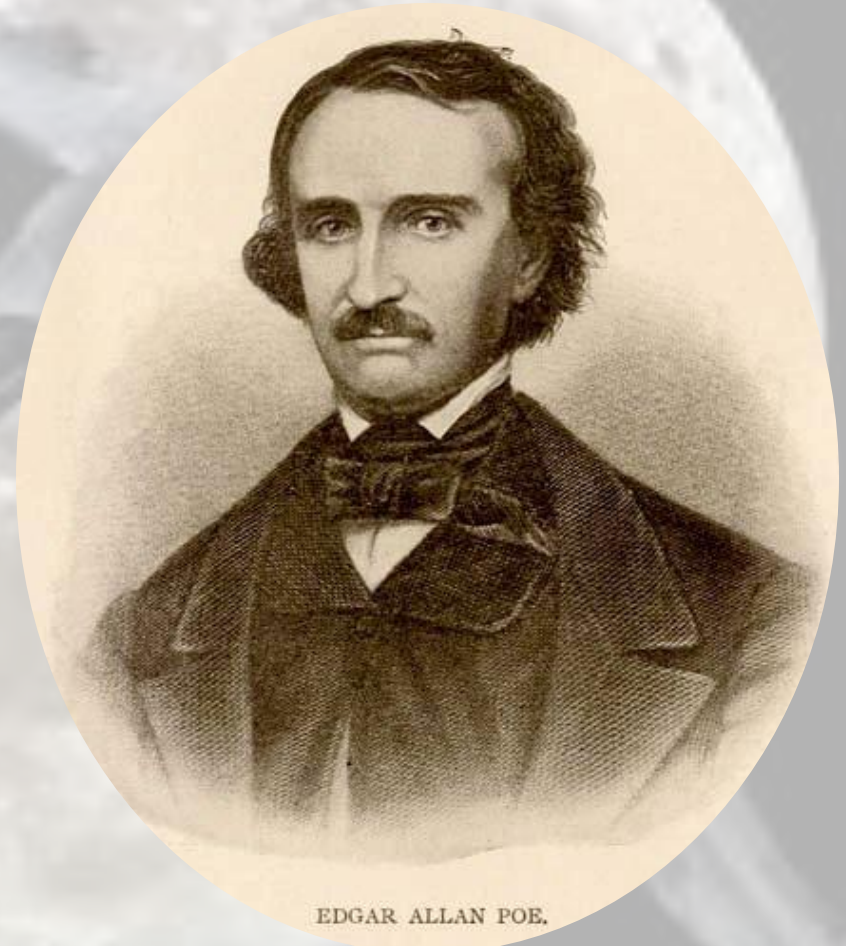


*Edgar Allan Poe is an American writer and poet,
creator of the detective fiction genre in literature.*



Edgar Allan Poe

January 19, 1809 - October 7, 1849



Edgar Allan Poe was born on
January 19, 1809 in Boston, USA.

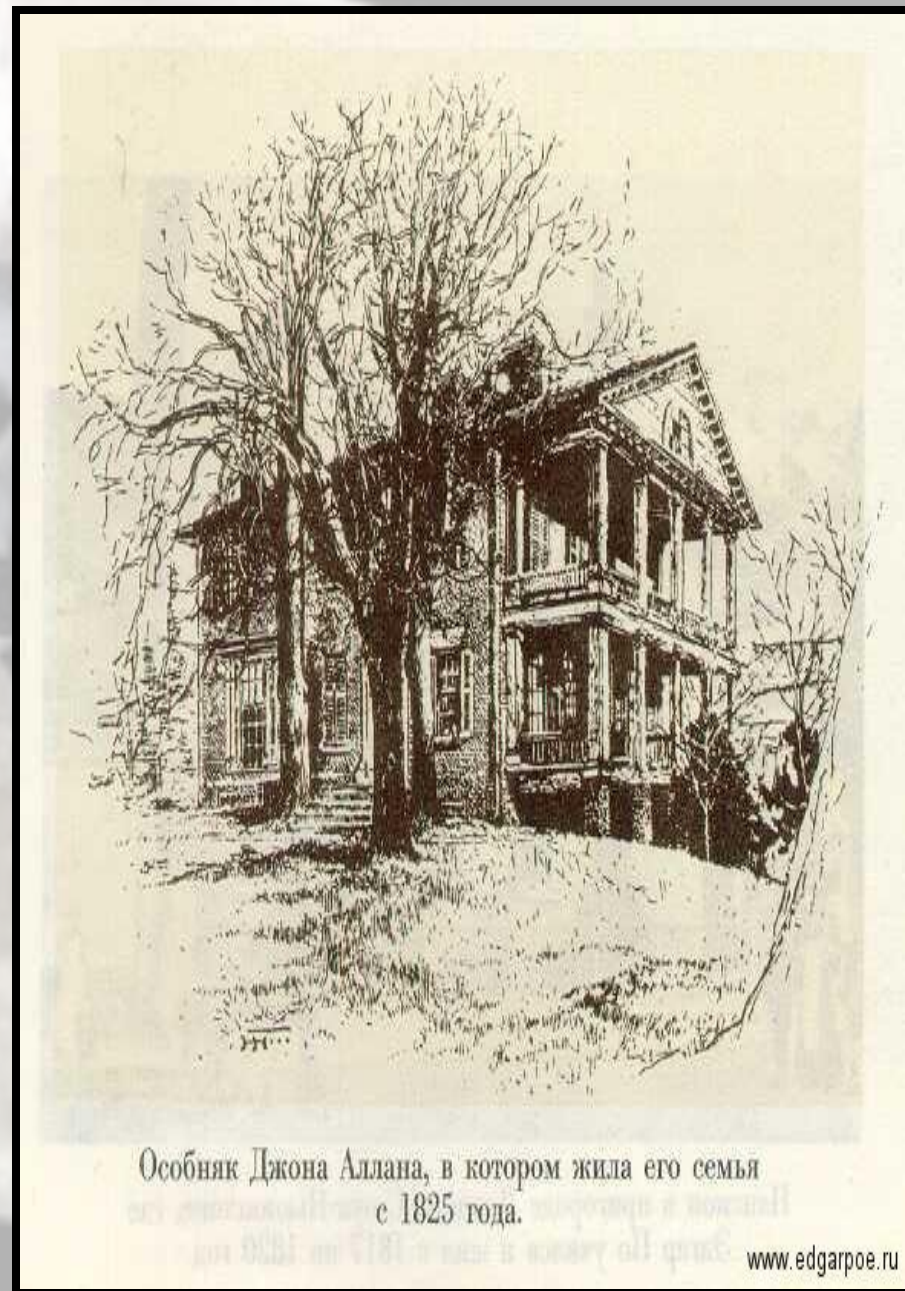
- His parents, the actors of the vagrant troupe, died when Edgar was only two years old.
- Edgar's mother-Elizabeth Arnold Po, was an Englishwoman, Edgar's father-David Poe, an American of Irish descent. The boy was adopted by a wealthy merchant from Virginia John Allan.



Мать Эдгара,
Элизабет Арнольд По,
умерла в Ричмонде 8
декабря 1811 года.

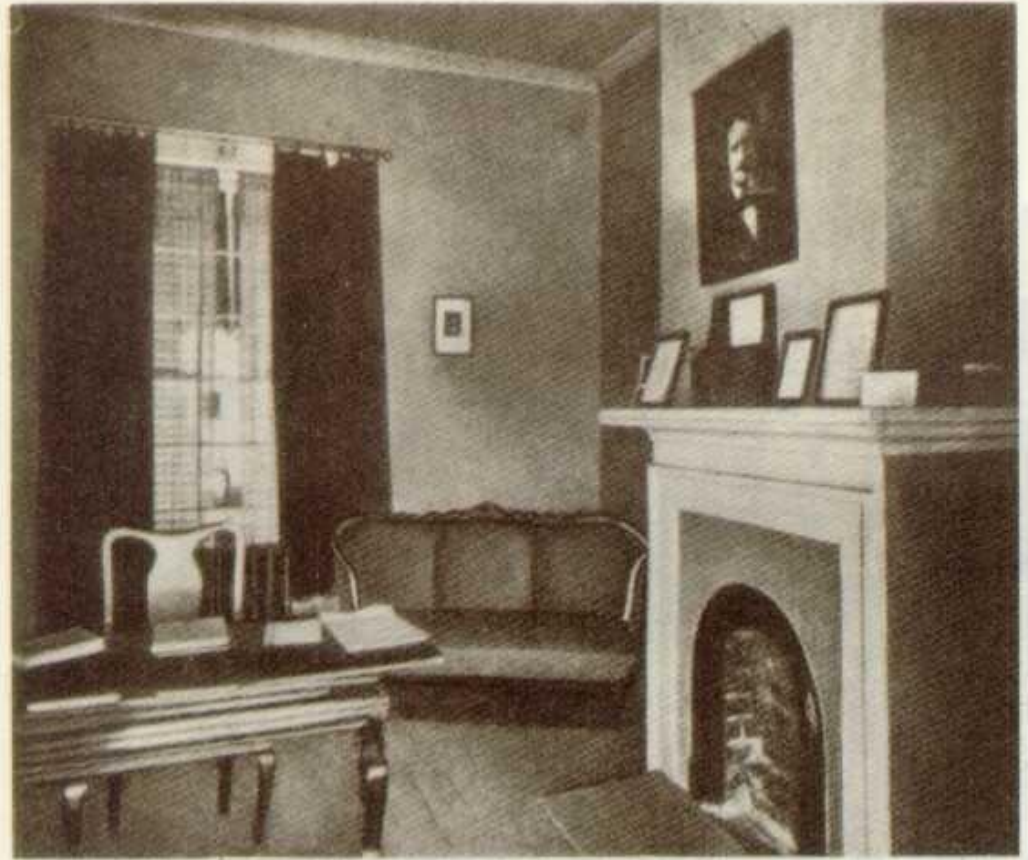
Childhood Edgar passed in an environment rich enough family

In five years he read, painted, wrote, recited, rode horseback. At school, he studied well, acquired a large body of knowledge in literature, especially English and Latin, in general history, in mathematics, in some branches of natural science, such as astronomy, physics. The character of the future poet since childhood was uneven, passionate, impetuous. In his behavior noted a lot of strange. From an early age, Edgar wrote poetry, was fond of fantastic plans, liked to make psychological experiments on himself and others.



Особняк Джона Аллана, в котором жила его семья
с 1825 года.

In 1820, in the United States, Edgar entered college in Richmond, who graduated in 1826. End Edgar's education was sent to the university in Richmond, then just founded.



Комната Эдгара По в университете.

www.edgarpoe.ru

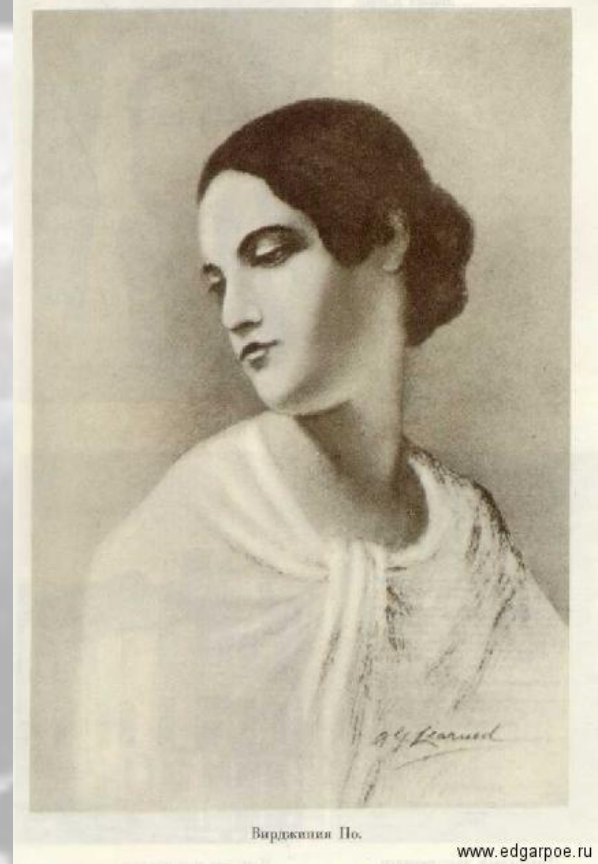
Life in wealth ended for Edgar, when he was not even 17 years old. He stayed at the university for a year. In the fall of 1826, there was a gap between John Allan and his adopted son.

He began his literary career with poetry, having published in 1827 in Boston a volume of poems "Al-Aaraaf, Tamerlan and Other Poems."

As prose writer Po wrote in 1833, writing "Manuscript Found in a Bottle."



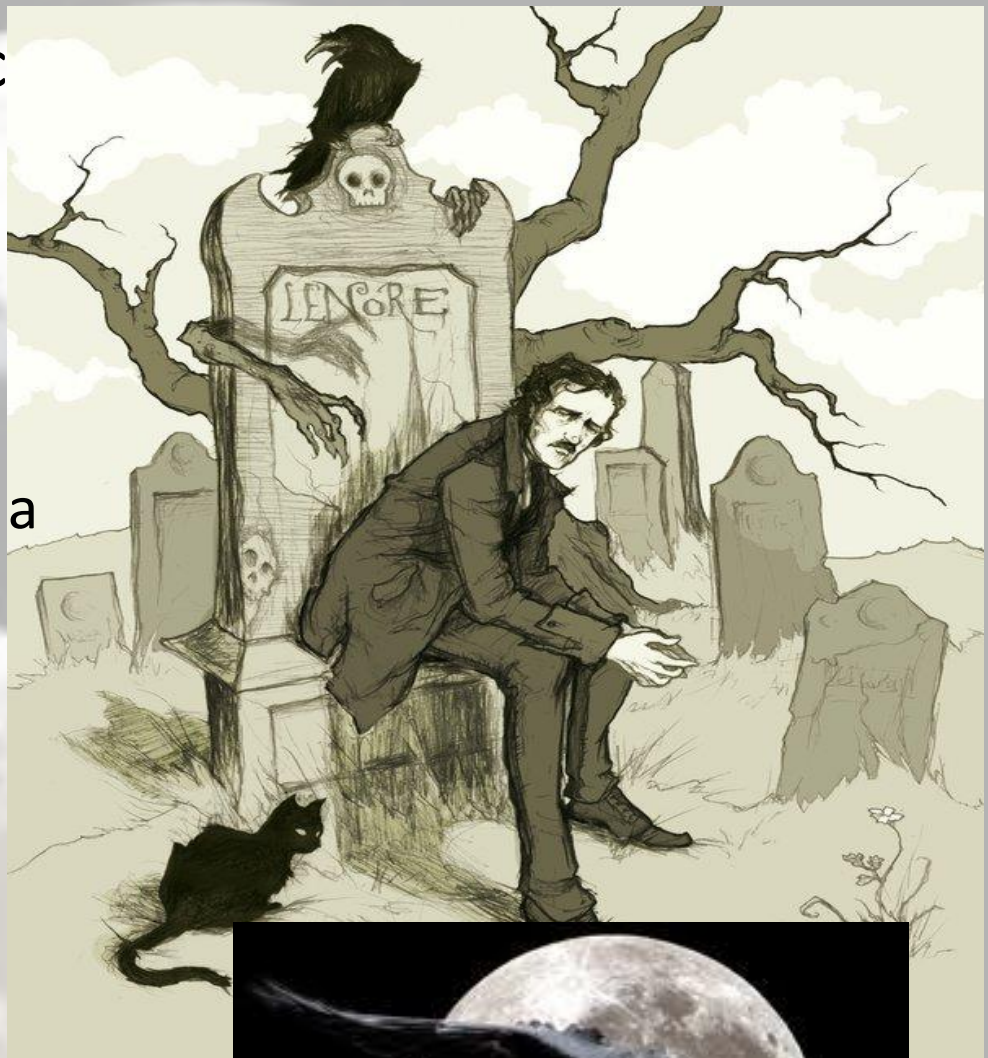
***For \$ 10 per week
It is for this money Po writes
poetry, stories, critical articles, is
engaged in journalism, but you
can not survive on royalties - they
are so miserly that the young
writer is constantly in need.***



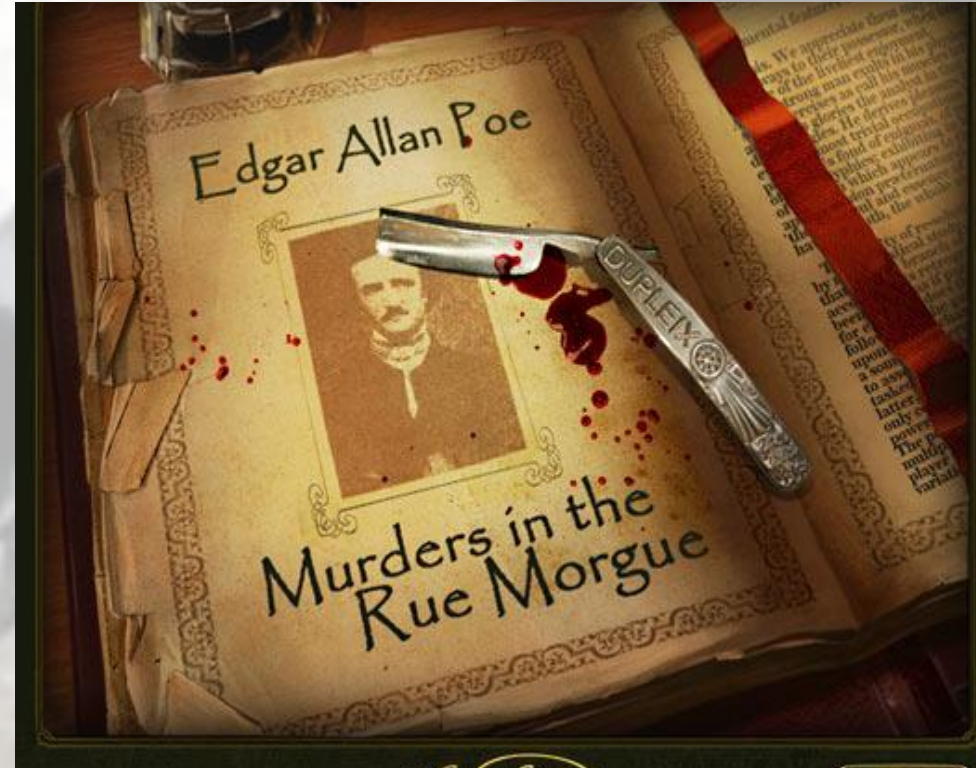
In 1836, he married his cousin Virginia Klemm, who was then barely fourteen years old. She died quite young in 1847.

The top of the writer's poetic work is the collection "The Crow and Other Poems" (1845)

The poet himself defines the theme of "Crow" as "the death of a young beautiful woman." Edgar Poe thought the death of a beautiful woman the most poetic story in the world, melancholy - the most poetic mood of a man. The poem can be treated broadly, for example, as a man's struggle with fate.



The history of the manuscript "Murder in the Morgue Street" is perhaps interesting, perhaps the most famous novel of the collection and, certainly, very significant from the point of view of its influence on literature. There would not be "Murders on Morgue Street," Sherlock Holmes and Monsieur Lecoq, Hercule Poirot and Pater Brown might not have appeared. The story was first published in the "Journal of Grem" in Philadelphia for April 1841. The manuscript was thrown into a basket for unnecessary papers, from which, for whatever reason, it was extracted by one of the typesetters, named Johnston.



After the war, the building where the manuscript was located burned twice, but each time it found itself in the surviving part of the room. Someone's careless hand again threw it away, and again, by the most incredible chance, she was saved.

When Death Calls
by Augusto Pesxoto



SPIRITS OF THE DEAD.

Thy soul shall find itself alone
'Mid dark thoughts of the gray tombstone:
Not one, of all the crowd, to pry
Into thine hour of secrecy.

Be silent in that solitude
Which is not loneliness,—for then
The spirits of the dead who stood
In life before thee are again
In death around thee,—and their will
Shall overshadow thee: be still.

The night, though clear, shall frown,—
And the stars shall not look down
From their high thrones in Heaven,
With light like Hope to mortals given:
But their red orbs, without beam,
To thy weariness shall seem
As a burning and a fever
Which would cling to thee forever.



И будет дух твой одинок.
Под серым камнем сон глубок, —
И никого — из всех из нас,
Кто б разгадал твой тайный час!

Пусть дух молчание хранит:
Ты одинок, но не забыт,
Те Духи Смерти, что с тобой
Витали в жизни, — и теперь
Витают в смерти. Смутный строй
Тебя хранит; их власти верь!

Ночь — хоть светла — нахмурит взор,
Не побледнеет звезд собор
На тронах Неба, но мерцаньем
Вновь звать не будет к упованьям;
Их алые круги тебе
Напмят о твоей судьбе,
Как бред, как жар, как боль стыда,
С тобой сроднятся навсегда.
Вот — мысли, что ты не схоронишь;
Виденья, что ты не прогонишь
Из духа своего вовек,
Что не спадут, как воды рек.

Вздох Бога,
дальний ветер — тих;
Туманы
на холмах седых,
Как тень — как тень, —
храня свой мрак,
Являют символ
или знак,
Висят на ветках
не случайно...
О, тайна тайн!
О, Смерти тайна!