

**Chapter 1 : The Poetical Works of N. P. Willis. : Nathaniel Parker Willis :**

*The poetical works of N.P. Willis [Reprint] by Nathaniel Parker Willis and a great selection of similar Used, New and Collectible Books available now at [www.nxgvision.com](http://www.nxgvision.com)*

The poetical works of N. Willis, Nathaniel Parker, White from his Parish Class of Yale College, in From "The Round Table. The names of Mr. The worthy persons in this community who can never forgive anybody for being amusing, disliked him because he was seldom didactic and never political, because he recognised the use and need of the graces of life, and because he did not think it the chief duty of his career to make a dull newspaper. The extraordinary habit, which we have animadverted upon before, and which prevails so extensively among us, of considering everything which is stupid in literature respectable, and vice versa, no doubt told against Mr. Willis as it has against others. He was certainly never either a very strong or a very profound writer; but he was what is here much more rare, at once a humorous and a tasteful one. He was intrinsically and extrinsically a gentleman; and the circumstance, coupled no doubt with some little peculiarities of manner, person, and dress, procured for him at times unmerited ill-will. There were many who affected to condemn Willis who were utterly unworthy to sit with him at the same table; and a certain suspicion of aristocratic tastes and leanings always impaired his popularity with the masses. His extensive travel, his wide reading, his social advantages, and his remarkable fertility of expression admirably fitted Mr. Willis for the profession in which most of his life was passed. He was a journalist; not a writer of political leaders, and not a critical reviewer; but a journalist of the Parisian stamp, light, polished, and flexible, with a style delicate as a duelling rapier, and often as subtle and sharp. Without ever being very forcible or very influential, The Bonome Journal was always so graceful, so gentlemanly, and so lively-the very reflex of its editor-that it was for years a welcome sheet to educated people of delicate literary appetites, and a favoured guest in refined families. The paper was liked for certain negative qualities, no doubt, as well as for positive ones; liked for its avoidance of politics and its careful shunning of all "strong" subjects. The absence of anything like rivalry in its peculiar field was of service, but the strongest attraction lay beyond question in Mr. To such readers even the extravagant liberties he sometimes permitted himself to take with the language had a charm, and were more eagerly sought by them than the irreproachable conventionality of all his staff beside. It is stated that the publication of The Home Journal is still to continue; although, if the unfortunate want of taste discernible in its article announcing the death of Mr. Willis, as well as in the paragraph which followed, is to be hereafter exhibited its future is unlikely to be a brilliant one. Surely a little more grace and tact might have been shown on so very solemn and momentous an occasion. This is said in no unkindly spirit, since we certainly wish The Home Journal well, and all connected with it; but the occasion justifies the reproof. But few who saw Willis in his later days, when the once erect and graceful frame was bowed by bodily infirmity and premature decay, when the eye was dimmed and the bright and cheerful smile subdued by care and suffering, could picture to themselves the distinguished and elegant appearance of the gifted poet, when-after a career in Europe which in literary as well as fashionable life was one series of brilliant successes-he returned to his native country with his very beautiful and accomplished wife, with whom his happiest days were passed, and to whose sweet influence we are indebted for some of his finest productions. By the outer world his character was never thoroughly appreciated, his gentleness, benevolence, and unselfish endeavours to help all those who seemed to need his aid or sympathy, his devotion to his friends, and, above all, his tenacity in serving and upholding them at all risks of personal disadvantage or pecuniary inconvenience, could only be known to those who were happy enough to enjoy his intimate acquaintance. Quick to discern the earliest dawn of merit in young writers, he was ever ready to afford them encouragement and assistance, and there are many who are indebted to Willis for that first start in life which has enabled them to attain subsequently both fortune and position. Literary jealousy was a feeling utterly unknown to him, and even when unjustly assailed he never descended to retaliation. His tastes were refined and his habits not extravagant, but he disliked to bargain and chaffer about pecuniary matters, and was frequently imposed upon by the more worldly wise. He was afterwards sent to Yale College, New Haven, and graduated there in About the year he became connected

with the New York Mirror, a weekly literary journal which had been founded by Mr. Willis went abroad almost directly after, and during an absence of seven years continued to contribute to the Mirror, the sketches called Pencillings by the Way first appearing in its columns. While in Europe he was for a time an attache of the Parisian American legation, to which post he was assigned by Mr. At about this period, too, he fought his celebrated but bloodless duel with Captain Marryat. With this estimable lady he lived happily for some years, much of the time being passed at the beautiful spot he called, in compliment to her, "Glenmary," which was situated on the Susquehanna, near Owego. Willis became in one of the editors of a literary venture called The Corsair, and in the same year he published in England his Letters from under a Bridge. In , having returned to America, he, with his previous associate, Mr. Morris, established The Evening Mirror, a daily newspaper, in this city. But in , having lost his dearly-cherished wife, and being in delicate health, he once more returned to Europe, when he Drought out his Dashes at Life with a Pree Pencil. He came back to New York in , and in that year was married to Miss Grinnell, the lady who is now his widow. Soon after an octavo edition of his works was published, and, again in conjunction with his old partner, Mr. Willis established The Home Journal. Nathaniel Parker Willis died on Sunday evening, January 20, at Idlewild, his country home on the Hudson, having completed on that day his sixtieth year. Willis was born at Portland, Maine, January 20, , and his remains now lie at Mount Auburn, near Boston, whither they were conveyed on the conclusion of the burial service which took place at St. The deceased had for years been ailing-afflicted as he was by maladies of a chronic character, which were so severe at intervals as to lead many to wonder that he struggled against them so long-yet these very successful battles, frequently fought as they were, caused the news of his death to be received with something of surprise. It is a melancholy pleasure to know that his death was painless, and that his mortal part was borne to the grave by appreciative, congenial, and sympathetic friends. The pallbearers were H. Howe, Edmund Quincy, O. Whipple, Merritt Trimble, and T. The funeral was largely attended, and during the services the bookstores of Boston were closed. On a rock, With the broad moonlight falling on his brow, He stood and taught the people. The echoing vestibule gave back the slide Of their loose sandals, and the arrowy beam Of moonlight, slanting to the marble floor. Lay like a spell of silence in the rooms, As Jairus led them on. As he grew earnest inwardly. Like a form Of matchless sculpture in her sleep she lay The linen vesture folded on her breast, And over it her white transparent hands, The blood still rosy in their tapering nails. A line of pearl ran through her parted lips, And in her nostrils, spiritually thin, The breathing curve was mockingly like life; And round beneath the faintly tinted skin Ran the light branches of the azure veins; And on her cheek the jet lash overlay. The Saviour raised Her hand from off her bosom, and spread out The snowy fingers in his palm, and said, Maiden! And onward through the open gate he came. A leper, with the ashes on his brow, Sackcloth about his loins, and on his lip A covering, stepping painfully and slow, And with a difficult utterance, like one Whose heart is with an iron nerve put down, Crying, "Unclean! He was young, And eminently beautiful, and life Mantled in eloquent fulness on his lip, And sparkled in his glance: Day after day, he lay, as if in sleep. Day was breaking, When at the altar of the temple stood The holy priest of God. And with the sackcloth round him, and his lip Hid in a loathsome covering, stood still, Waiting to hear his doom: And he went forth-alone! Yea "he went his way, Sick, and heart-broken, and alone-to die, For God had cursed the leper! The inmates, now, Of the vast palace, were astir; and feet Glided along the tessellated floors With a pervading murmur: They brought the boy-. An infant cherub, leaping as if used To hover with that motion upon wings, And marvellously beautiful! And so, To hear the errand of the man of God, He fearfully went forth. It was the morning of the seventh day. And still no stir! To ny bright mercy-seat the way is far! And when the spirit, mournfully, at last, Kneels at Thy throne, how cold-how distantly- he comforting of friends falls on the ear The anguish they would sneak to. And still, while Bathsheba i f I i t And David came, Robed and anointed, forth, and to the house Of God went up to pray. The child is dead, and I shall go to hint But he will not return to me. MORN breaketh in the east. Sleep is upon the waters and the wind; And nature, from the wavy forest-leaf To her majestic master, sleeps. There is no mist upon the deep blue sky, And the clear dew is on the blushing bosoms Of crimson roses iii a holy rest. But now he semeth To be forgetful of his vigorous frame, And boweth to his staff as at the hour Of noontide sultriness. Ah, he is waiting till it herald in The hour to sacrifice his much-loved son! Light poureth on the world. And Sarah stands Watching the steps

of Abraham and her child Along the dewy sides of the far hills, And praying that her sunny boy faint not. He stood up, Tall in his vigorous strength: But the young boy "he of the laughing eye And ruby lip-the pride of life was on him. He seemed to drink the morn-,g. Sun and dew, And the aroma of the spicy trees. And all that giveth the delicious East Its fitness for an Eden, stole like light Into his spirit, ravishing his thoughts With love and beauty. Everything he met, Buoyant or beautiful, the lightest wing Of bird or insect, or the palest dye Of the fresh flowers, won him from his path; And joyously broke forth his tiny shout, As he lung back his silken hair, and sprang Away to some green spot or clustering vine, To pluck his infant trophies. Every tree And fragrant shrub was a new hiding-place; And he would crouch till the old mah came by, Then bound before him with his childish laugh Stealing a look behind him playfully, To see if he had made his father smile. The sun rode on in heaven. The dew stole up From the fresh daughters of the earth, and heal Came like a sleep upon the delicate leaves, And bent them with the blossoms to their dreams. Still trod the patriarch on, with that same step Firm and unfaltering; turning not aside To seek the olive shades, or lave their lips In the sweet waters of the Syrian wells, Whose gush hath so much music. What would its music seem at such an hour! It was the last deep struggle. It was a sultry day of summer-time. As if the air had fainted, and the pulse Of nature had run down and ceased to beat. How beautiful he lies, With his fair forehead, and the rosy veins Playing so freshly in his sunny cheek! How could they say that he would die! Oh, Goo I could not lose him!

Chapter 2 : Nathaniel Parker Willis (Willis, Nathaniel Parker, ) | The Online Books Page

*The Poetical Works of N. P. Willis [Nathaniel Parker Willis] on www.nxgvision.com \*FREE\* shipping on qualifying offers. Unlike some other reproductions of classic texts (1) We have not used OCR(Optical Character Recognition).*

In Montreal , he met Chester Harding , with whom he would become a lifelong friend. Willis with illustration by William Henry Bartlett , Despite this popularity, he was censured by some critics for indiscretion in reporting private conversations. Shortly after returning to the United States, his personal life was touched with grief when his first child was stillborn on December 4, He and Stace had a second daughter, Imogen, who was born June 20, As a later journalist remarked, this made Willis "the first magazine writer who was tolerably well paid". Nathaniel Parker Willis was proslavery". Bruce", an unattractive Southern sympathizer in the book. Willis and one of the first commercially successful magazine writers in America. He also believed that, though publications should discuss political topics, they should not express party opinions or choose sides. Its success was due to the shrewd management of Willis and Morris and the two demonstrated that the American public could support literary endeavors. In his introduction, Willis called it "unsurpassed in English poetry for subtle conception, masterly ingenuity of versification, and consistent, sustaining of imaginative lift It will stick to the memory of everybody who reads it". Their daughter, Blanche, died as well and Willis wrote in his notebook that she was "an angel without fault or foible". The home would later inspire the title of an book. Willis worked closely with the architect, Calvert Vaux , to carefully plan each gable and piazza to fully take advantage of the dramatic view of the river and mountains. His wife Cornelia was also recovering from a difficult illness after the birth of their first child together, [56] a son named Grinnell, who was born April 28, They had four other children: Lilian born April 27, , [68] Edith born September 28, , Bailey born May 31, , and a daughter who died only a few minutes after her birth on October 31, It is full of cruel misrepresentations. It deepens the shadows unto unnatural darkness, and shuts out the rays of sunshines that ought to relieve them". He moved to Philadelphia and filed for divorce in February though the Pennsylvania legislature denied his application. I am sorry that any editor knows that a sister of mine wrote some of these which you sent me", he wrote. Willis had complained that his magazine writing prevented him from writing a longer work. He finally had the time in , and he wrote his only novel, Paul Fane, which was published a year later. Well traveled and clever, he had a striking appearance at six feet tall and was typically dressed elegantly. Many, however, remarked that Willis was effeminate, Europeanized, and guilty of "Miss Nancyism". One editor called him "an impersonal passive verbâ€”a pronoun of the feminine gender". Burke Fisher, a journalist in Pittsburgh , wrote that "Willis is a kind of national pet and we must regard his faults as we do those of a spoiled stripling, in the hope that he will amend". As he once wrote: James Parton said of him: Of all the literary men whom I have ever known, N. Willis was the one who took the most pains with his work. It was no very uncommon thing for him to toil over a sentence for an hour; and I knew him one evening to write and rewrite a sentence for two hours before he had got it to his mind. In August , future President James A. How strange that such men should go to ruin, when they might soar perpetually in the heaven of heavens". Willis as one worthy to stand with Fenimore Cooper and Washington Irving". Baker wrote, Willis is today only referred to as a footnote in relation to other authors.

### Chapter 3 : The poetical works of N. P. Willis - CORE

*Enter your mobile number or email address below and we'll send you a link to download the free Kindle App. Then you can start reading Kindle books on your smartphone, tablet, or computer - no Kindle device required.*

Edit Willis was born at Portland, and educated at Yale. He was mainly a journalist, and conducted various magazines, including the American Monthly; but he also wrote short poems, many of which were popular, of which perhaps the best is "Unseen Spirits;" stories; and works of a more or less fugitive character, with such titles as Pencillings by the Way , Inklings of Adventure, Letters from under a Bridge , People I have Met, The Rag-Tag, The Slingsby Papers, etc. He traveled a good deal in Europe, and was attached for a time to the American embassy in Paris. He was a favorite in society, and enjoyed a wide popularity in uncritical circles, but is now distinctly a spent force. He was the eldest son and 2nd child of Nathaniel Willis, a newspaper proprietor in Boston; [3] his grandfather owned newspapers in Boston and western Virginia. Although he did not specially distinguish himself as a student, university life had considerable influence in the development of his character, and furnished him with much of his literary material. In Montreal , he met Chester Harding, with whom he would become a lifelong friend. It was followed by Fugitive Poetry and another volume of verse He also contributed frequently to magazines and periodicals. Their vivid and rapid sketches of scenes and modes of life in the old world at once gained them a wide popularity. He also published while in England Melanie and other poems London, ; New York, , which was introduced by a preface by Barry Cornwall. Here he lived off and on from to , and wrote Letters from Under a Bridge London, ; 1st complete edition. New York, , the most charming of all his works. As a later journalist remarked, this made Willis "the first magazine writer who was tolerably well paid". In his introduction, Willis called it "unsurpassed in English poetry for subtle conception, masterly ingenuity of versification, and consistent, sustaining of imaginative lift It will stick to the memory of everybody who reads it". Their daughter, Blanche, died as well and Willis wrote in his notebook that she was "an angel without fault or foible". It is full of cruel misrepresentations. It deepens the shadows unto unnatural darkness, and shuts out the rays of sunshines that ought to relieve them". As he once wrote: James Parton said of him: Of all the literary men whom I have ever known, N. Willis was the one who took the most pains with his work. It was no very uncommon thing for him to toil over a sentence for an hour; and I knew him one evening to write and rewrite a sentence for two hours before he had got it to his mind. How strange that such men should go to ruin, when they might soar perpetually in the heaven of heavens". Willis as one worthy to stand with Fenimore Cooper and Washington Irving". Willis New York, Beers New York, Beers, appeared in the series of "American Men of Letters" series in

### Chapter 4 : Edgar Allan Poe Antiquarian & Collectible Books for sale | eBay

*Nathaniel Parker Willis died on Sunday evening, January 20, at Idlewild, his country home on the Hudson, having completed on that day his sixtieth year. Mr. Willis was born at Portland, Maine, January 20, , and his remains now lie at Mount Auburn, near Boston, whither they were conveyed on the conclusion of the burial service which took.*

### Chapter 5 : Value of Edgar Allen Poe poetry collection from ? | Yahoo Answers

*Note: Citations are based on reference standards. However, formatting rules can vary widely between applications and fields of interest or study. The specific requirements or preferences of your reviewing publisher, classroom teacher, institution or organization should be applied.*

### Chapter 6 : The poetical works of N. P. Willis:

*The poetical works of N. P. Willis. Item Preview remove-circle Share or Embed This Item.*

## DOWNLOAD PDF THE POETICAL WORKS OF N. P. WILLIS.

### Chapter 7 : Nathaniel Parker Willis - Wikipedia

*Poetical Works of N. P. Willis. Average rating: 0 out of 5 stars, based on 0 reviews Write a review This button opens a dialog that displays additional images for this product with the option to zoom in or out.*

### Chapter 8 : Original Edgar Allan Poe Antiquarian & Collectible Books for sale | eBay

*Search the history of over billion web pages on the Internet.*

### Chapter 9 : Nathaniel Parker Willis | Penny's poetry pages Wiki | FANDOM powered by Wikia

*The poetical works of N. P. Willis. By Nathaniel Parker Willis. Abstract. Mode of access: Internet Publisher: London, New York [etc.*