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Willis's Poems

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To live with thee is far less sweet
Than to remember thee!

Mr. Willis has expanded the thought, and given it new illustrations:

As, gazing on the Pleiades,
We count each fair and stary one,
Yet wander from the light of these
To muse upon the Pleiads gone—
As, bending o'er fresh gathered flowers,
The rose's most enchanting hue
Reminds us of other hours
Whose roses were all lovely too—
So, drear'd, when I rave among
The bright ones of this foreign sky,
And mark the smile, and list the song,
And watch the dancers gliding by,
The fairer still they seem to be,
The more it stirs a thought of thee!

The Lines on leaving Europe' have three stanzas almost worthy of Moore's happiest mood. The last of them refers to the author's young wife, whom he had married in England:

To—written
Your white cliffs on thy horizon's rim,
And though to freer skies I flee,
My heart swells, and my eyes are dim!
As knows the dove the task you give her,
When leaped upon a foreign shore—
As spreads the rain-drop in the river
In which it may have flowed before—
To England, over vale and mountain,
My fancy flew from climes more fair—
My blood, that knew its parent fountain,
Ran warm and fast in England's air.
My mother! In thy prayer to-night
Thou come new words and warmer tears!
On long, long darkness breaks the light—
Comes home the loved, the lost for years!
Sleep safe, oh wave-worn mariner!
Fear not, to-night, or storm or sea!
The ear of heaven bends low to
How stands thine anchor of the coast?
He comes to shore who sails with me
The wind-tost spider needs no token
How stands the tree when lightning blazes—
And by a thread from heaven unbroken,
I know my mother lives and prays!

I come—but with me comes another
To share the heart once only mine!
Thou, on whose thoughts, when sad and lonely,
One star arose in memory's heaven—
Thou, who hast watch'd one treasure only—
Watered one flower with tears at even—
Room in thy heart! The heart she left
Is darken'd to lend light to ours!
There are bright flowers of care bereft,
And hearts that languish more than flowers—
She was their light—their very air—
Room, mother! in thy heart!—place for her in

English Channel, May, 1836.

'The Dying Alchymist' is a successful representation of well-imagined horrors. The lonely and comfortless chamber in a solitary tower; the agony of death, trebled by disappointment in the visionary's quest of that mysterious essence which had been the hope of his lifetime; are depicted with great truth and power.

The aged sufferer grasps out a soliloquy, of which the following is the commencement;—the Haletus, ours, to mark what we think extraordinary beauties:

WILLIS'S POEMS: 'THE WIDOW OF NAIN.'

WILLIS'S POEMS.*

The prose writings of Mr. Willis contain much to prove that he is a poet; but whoever has failed to find the evidences of it there, needs only read a few pieces in the volume mentioned below, to be satisfied of their author's claim to that title. It is not intended to assert for him a very high place on the Muses' hill. His own sound taste and good sense would be among the first to revolt at an association of him with Byron, Scott, or Campbell; far more with the great, earlier masters of song. Perhaps he cannot be raised quite to the level even of James Montgomery, Mrs. Hemans, Rogers, Halleck, and Bryant: but the place he merits, if below these, is just below them. His poetry does not excite the deepest or stormiest emotions. Scarcely even of James Montgomery, Mrs. Hemans, Rogers, Halleck, and Bryant: but the place he merits, if below these, is just below them. His poetry does not excite the deepest or stormiest emotions. Scarcely even the slantings to the ocean, in Child's Hud'Old, or of the sublime passage is to be found in it—either of the most tremendous death of the heroine, Melanle, at the altar, where she discovers that the lover she is about to marry, is her own brother! The next, "Lord Ivon and his daughter," of 24 pages, is a better conceived tale, and more thrillingly told. Both these contain passages worth quoting; but we hasten on to shorter pieces.

The first stanza of the lines 'To —,' written during a long sojourn in Europe, has been often copied, and justly admired. Its turn of thought bears some analogy to that contained in Shenstone's pathetic sentence,—

Hae, quanto minus est cum reliquis versari,
Quam til meminisse?

which Moore has translated;

Though many a gifted mind I met,
Though fairest forms I see;


† To be pronounced Mel-a-nil, in three syllables; the accent on the first.
'I did not think to die
Till I had finished what I had to do;
I thought to pierce th' eternal secret through
With this my mortal eye;
I felt—Oh God! it seemeth even now
This cannot be the death-dew on my brow.

'And yet it is—I feel
Of this dull sickness at my heart afraid;
And in my eyes the death-sparks flash and fade;
And something seems to steal
Over my bosom like a frozen hand,
Biding its pulses with an icy band.

'And this is death! But why
Feel I this wild recoil? It cannot be
Th' immortal spirit shuddereth to be free!
Would it not leap to fly,
Like a child's anglie at its parent's call?
I fear—I fear that this poor life is all!'

The scene is closed by these fearfully graphic passages:
'Twas morning, and the old man lay alone.
No friend had closed his eyelids, and his lips,
Open and ashy pale, the expression wore
Of his dead-struggle. His long silver hair
Lay on his hollow temples thin and wild,
His frame was wasted, and his features wan
And haggard as with want, and in his palm,
His nails were driven deep, as if the three
Of the last agony had wrung him sore.

'The storm was raging still. The shutters swung
Screaming as harshly in the fitful wind,
And all without went on—as nay it will,
Sunshine or tempest, reckless that a heart
Is breaking, or has broken in its change.

'The fire beneath the crucible was out;
The vessels of his mystic art lay round,
Useless and cold as the ambitious hand
That fashioned them, and the small silver rod,
Familiar to his touch for three-score years,
Lay on the alembic's rim, as if it still
Might vex the elements at its master's will.

'And thus had passed from its unequal frame
A soul of fire—a sun-bent eagle stricken
From his high soaring clown—an instrument
Broken with its own compass. Oh how poor
Seems the rich gift of genius, when it liell,
Like the adventur'd birch that hath out-flown
His strength upon the sea, ambition-veered—
A thing the thrush might pity, as she sits
Brooding in quiet on her lowly nest.'

But of all his compositions, Mr. Willis has been
most happy in some blank verse narratives of several
Scriptural incidents. The titles of these pieces are
'The Leper,' 'Christ's Entrance into Jerusalem,' 'The
Healing of the Daughter of Jairus,' 'The Baptism of
Christ,' 'The Shunammite,' 'Absalom,' 'Hagar in the
Wilderness,' and 'The Widow of Nain.' Three of
them strike us with especial admiration: 'The Leper,'
'The Widow of Nain,' and 'The Healing of the Ruler's
Daughter.' He must have very strong eyes, or a
very weak head (as Storin said, with reference to the
first scene of Samson Agonistes), who can read any one
of the three, without tears. At the hazard of over-
quotation, we shall copy one of them; founded upon

'THE WIDOW OF NAIN.'

'The Roman sentinel stood helmed and tall
Beside the gate of Nain. The busy tread
Of comers to the city mart was done,
For it was almost noon, and a dead benc
Quiver'd upon the fine and sleeping dust,
And the cold snake crept panting from the wall,
And bask'd his scaly circles in the sun.
Upon his spear the soldier leaned and kept
His idle watch, and, as his drowsy dream
Was broken by the solitary foot
Of some poor mendicant, he vailed his head
To curse him for a tributary Jew,
And slumberously dozed on.

'Twas now high noon. The dull, low murmur of a funeral
Went through the city—the sad sound of feet
Unmitz'd with voices—and the sentinel
Shook off his slumber, and gazed earnestly
Up the wide street along whose pav'd way
The silent throng crept slowly. They came on,
Bearing a body heavily on its bier,
And by the crowd that in the burning sun
Walk'd with forgetful sadness, tears of one
Mourn'd with uncommon sorrow. The broad gate
Swung on its hinges, and the Roman bent
Hisspent-point downwards as the bearers past
Bending beneath their burden. There was one—
Only one mourner. Close behind the bier
Crumpling the pall up in her wither'd hands,
Follow'd an aged woman. Her short steps
Falter'd with weakness, and a broken moan
Fell from her lips, thicken'd convulsively
As her heart bled afresh. The pitying crowd
Follow'd apart, but no one spoke to her.
She had no kin. She had liv'd alone—
A widow with one son. He was her all—
The only tie she had in the wide world—
And he was dead. They could not comfort her
Jesus drew near to Nain as from the gate
The funeral came forth. His lips were pale
With the noon's sultry heat. The beaded sweat
Stood thickly on his brow, and on the worn
And simple latchets of his sandals lay
Thick the white dust of travel. He had come
Since sunrise from Capernaum, staying not
To wet his lips by green Bethsaida's pool,
Nor wash his feet in Kishon's silver springs,
Nor turn him southward, but gazing on
The place of his next errand, and the path
To catch Gilboa's light and spicy breeze.
Genasareth stood cool upon the East,
Fast by the son of Galilee, and there
The weary traveller might bide till eve,
And on the alders of Bethulia's plains
The grapes of Palestine hung ripe and wild,
Yet turn'd he not aside, but gazing on
From every swelling mount, he saw afar
Amid the hills the humble spires of Nain,
The place of his next errand, and the path
Touch'd not Bethulia, and a league away
Upon the East lay pleasant Galilee.

Forth from the city-gate the pitying crowd
Follow'd the stricken mourner. They came near
The place of burial, and, with straining hands,
Closer upon her breast sheclasp'd the pall,
And with a gasping sob, quick as a child's,
And an inquiring wilderness flash'd through
The thin, gray lashes of her favour'd eyes,
She came where Jesus stood beside the way,
He look'd upon her, and his heart was moved.
"WEEP NOT!" he said, and, as they stay'd the bier,
And at his bidding laid it at his feet,
He gently drew the pall from out her grasp
And laid it back in silence from the dead.
With troubled wonder the mute throng drew near,
And gaz'd on his calm looks. A minute's space
He stood and pr'y'd. Then taking the cold hand
He said, "Arise!" And instantly the breast

Of comers to the city mart was done,
Joyous notes shew affections. On the contrary, no one can rend the volume, due mixture of gladness with its gloom. The picco with clear understanding and proper feeling, without the general Is: but now and then, her frolic step and cent word gentlernnly vice, to admiration and strengthened. Nor is Mr. W.'s always a tearful called or innuendo, to throw ridicule upon any of man's good.

And while the mourner hung upon his neck, Jesus went calmly on his way to Nain.

The Lepor is perhaps even superior still, in beauty and pathos.

Throughout the volume, are many pieces of uncommon excellence; and detached passages, embodying thoughts fine enough to be enrolled among those uttered by the best poets in the language. How expressive is this image of a lovely woman:

Never saw
Dreamed on the water with a grace so calm?

And this, of a young girl's innocent buoyancy, contrasted with the blighted hopes and scared feelings of one who had experienced how all is vanity.

But life with her was as the sky,
And every wave went sparkling higher;
While mine was ebbing, fast and low,
From the same shore of vain desire.

The following lines, from the 'Healing of Jairus' Daughter,' present a water scene with more than the vividness of painting:

It was night—
And softly o'er the sea of Galilee,
Danced the breeze-ridden ripples to the shore,
Tipp'd with the silver sparkles of the moon.
The breaking waves play'd low upon the beach.
Their constant music; but the air beside
Was still as starlight.

And where can be found a more exquisite picture of Jesus than follows?

On a rock
With the broad moonlight falling on his brow,
He stood and taught the people.
* * *
* * *
* * *
* * *
* * *
His hair was parted meekly on his brow,
And the long curls from off his shoulders fell
As he leaned forward earnestly, and still
The same calm cadence, passionless and deep,
And in his looks the same mild majesty,
And in his mien the sadness mix'd with power,
Fil'd them with love and wonder.

A great merit of Mr. W.'s poems, is the admirable moral tone that pervades them. There is not an indolent word or allusion: no holding up of villainy, or gentlemanly vice, to admiration; no attempt, by sneer or innuendo, to throw ridicule upon any of man's good affections. On the contrary, no one can read the volume, with clear understanding and proper feeling, without having the generous principles of his nature refined and strengthened. Nor is Mr. W.'s always a tearful or pensive muse, like that of Mrs. Hemans. Serious, she generally is: but now and then, her frolic step and joyous note shew a just consciousness that life has a due mixture of gladness with its gloom. The piece called 'Saturday Afternoon,' is an instance of this. The supposed speaker is a cheerful old man:

I love to look on a scene like this,
Of wild and careless play,
And persuade myself that I am not old,

And my locks are not yet gray;
For it stirs the blood in an old man's heart,
And makes his pulses fly,
To catch the thrill of a happy voice,
And the light of a pleasant eye.

I have walked the world for fourscore years;
And they say that I am old,
And my heart is ripe for the reaper, Death,
And my years are well nigh told.
It is very true; it is very true;
I'm old, and 'tis a lesson in our hearts to know—
But my heart will leap at a scene like this
And I half renew my prime.

Play on, play on; I am with you there,
In the midst of your merry ring;
I can feel the thrill of the daring jump,
And rush of the breathless swing.
I hide with you in the fragrant hay,
And I whoop the animal's call,
And my feet slip up on the seedy floor,
And I care not for the fall.

I am willing to die when my time shall come,
And I shall be glad to go;
For the world at best is a weary place,
And my pulse is getting low;
But the grave is dark, and the heart will fail
In treading its gloomy way;
And it wiles my heart from its dreariness,
To see the young so gay.

Notwithstanding all this praise, however, there is some ground for censure.

Our first quarrel is with the metre which Mr. Willis often uses. It is so much out of the common way, that ordinary readers cannot find in it half the pleasure which the same thoughts would afford, if couched in rhyming couplets, or in quatrains with alternate rhymes;—those old-fashioned, but smoothest, most transparent, and most captivating forms of poetical diction. Writers who adopt either the sponson or the more new-fangled one preferred by our present author, may be assured that they diminish very much their chances of popularity; for both the latter are unmanageable and with difficulty understood, by readers whose ear is charmed by the melody while their minds are alive to the meaning, of Campbell, Goldsmith, and Pope. How much better are the metrical forms of these poets adapted to quotation, and therefore how much more likely to win that fame which all poets long for, till the really beautiful ideas embodied in the following stanzas! They are a part of some lines 'On a picture of a girl leading her blind mother.'

But thou canst hear! and love
May richly on a human tone be pour'd,
And the least cadence of a whisper'd word
A daughter's love may prove—
And while I speak thou know'st if I smile,
Albeit thou canst not see my face the while!

Yes, thou canst hear! and He
Who on thy sightless eye its darkness hung,
To the attentive ear, like harps, hath strung
Heaven and earth and sea!
And 'tis a lesson in our hearts to know—
With but one sense the soul may interfere.'

There is an occasional want of exactness in Mr. Willis's rhymes. In the last extract, 'love' and 'prove,' 'pour'd' and 'word,' are unnaturally yoked together.
Elsewhere, 'love' is made to rhyme with 'wove,' and 'flow' with 'bow' (to bend the body.) Let us not be misunderstood. We would not alter a syllable, an accent, or a pause, in several of the pieces here, which vary from the modes of versification we generally prefer. "Saturday Afternoon," above quoted, is not more exquisite in conception, than musical and appropriate in its bounding numbers. Many of Moore's poems,—

'third Days,' for instance—are unsurpassably melodious; and print themselves in the memory without an effort, and almost without volition on the reader's part. And who can be insensitive to the varied flow of Walter Scott's epic verse, so happily commingling sweetness and strength? But even there, our favorite forms predominate; and are only sometimes departed from, to prevent monotony.

The sense of his verses is not always clear. It was only after thrice reading, that we could discern what the last six lines of the following stanza mean; and even now, they seem a jumble of ill assorted and inadulterous metaphors, leaving no distinct idea in the mind:

'I fear thy gentle loveliness,
Thy witching tone and air,
Thine eye's beseeching earnestness
May be to thee a snare:
The silver stars may purely shine,
The waters tasteless flow—
But they who kneel at woman's shrine,
Breathe on it as they bow—
Ye may sling back the gift again,
But the crushed flower will leave a stain.'

But the greatest fault in the whole book, is the honorary tribute to Benedict Arnold. In boyhood, he was selfish and cruel; in riper years, he added peculation and swindling to increased selfishness and cruelty; later still, he grafted upon those vices, constantly growing more intense in his bosom and in his practice,—a treason unparalleled in its blackness and enormity: and the sun of his life went down amid clouds of just contempt, and storms of revenge, drunkenness and avarice. Yet in 'The Burial of Arnold,' Mr. Willis calls this prodigy of crime the noble sleeper and the noblest of the dead! Of him, whose childhood, like Domitian's, was signalized by torturing brutes and insects, as well as by oppressing his weaker playmates,* Mr. Willis asks and answers,

"Whose heart, in generous deed and thought,
No rivalry might brook,
And yet distinction claiming not?
There lies he—go and look!"

So far from not claiming his share of distinction, Arnold was greedy even of that which properly belonged to others.

Of him, whose last years were those of a drunkard, and whose eyes were therefore probably bloodshot, his eye-lids inflamed, and his features discolored and bloated, in accordance with the usual effect of drunkenness,—Mr. W. says (beautifully, were it not so untruly,) the blue-veined eyelid's sleep,

"Tread lightly—for'tis beautiful,
That blue-veined eyelid's sleep,
Hiding the eye death left so dull—
Its slumber we will keep." [1]

* See Mr. Sparke's Life of Arnold.