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THANATOPSIS.

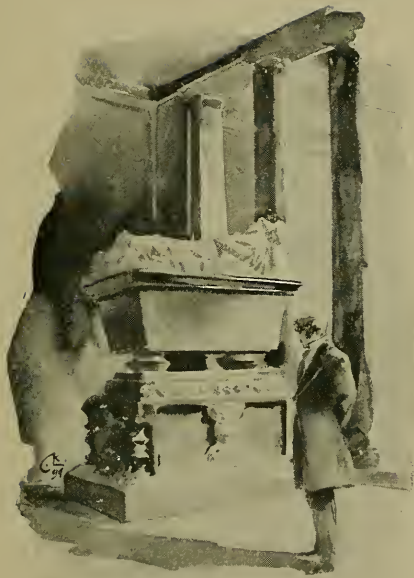
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Of the stern agony, and shroud,  
and pall,  
And breathless darkness, and the  
narrow house,  
Make thee to shudder, and grow  
sick at heart ;—  
Go forth, under the open sky,  
and list  
To Nature's teachings, while  
from all around—  
Earth and her waters, and the  
depths of air—  
Comes a still voice—Yet a few  
days, and thee  
The all-beholding sun shall see  
no more



The narrow house.









Go forth, under the  
open sky, and list to  
Nature's teachings.







THANATOPSIS.

---

In all his course ; nor yet in the  
cold ground,



“ WHERE THY PALE FORM WAS LAID, WITH  
MANY TEARS.”

Where thy pale form was laid,  
with many tears,



THANATOPSIS.

---

And, lost each human trace, sur-  
rendering up  
Thine individual being, shalt thou  
go  
To mix forever with the elements,  
To be a brother to the insensible  
rock  
And to the sluggish clod, which  
the rude swain  
Turns with his share, and treads  
upon. The oak  
Shall send his roots abroad, and  
pierce thy mould.

Yet not to thine eternal resting-  
place  
Shalt thou retire alone, nor  
couldst thou wish





To thine eternal  
resting-place.







THANATOPSIS.

---

Couch more magnificent. Thou  
shalt lie down



“THE OAK SHALL SEND HIS ROOTS ABROAD,  
AND PIERCE THY MOULD.”

With patriarchs of the infant  
world—with kings,



The vales stretching in  
pensive quietness  
between.









THANATOPSIS.

---

The powerful of the earth—the  
wise, the good,  
Fair forms, and hoary seers of  
ages past,  
All in one mighty sepulchre.  
The hills  
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the  
sun,—the vales  
Stretching in pensive quietness  
between ;  
The venerable woods—rivers  
that move  
In majesty, and the complaining  
brooks  
That make the meadows green ;  
and, poured round all,



Rivers that move in  
majesty.





General L. ...





The complaining  
brooks that make the  
meadows green.







Old Ocean's gray and melancholy  
waste,—  
Are but the solemn decorations  
all  
Of the great tomb of man. The  
golden sun,  
The planets, all the infinite host  
of heaven,  
Are shining on the sad abodes of  
death,  
Through the still lapse of ages.  
All that tread  
The globe are but a handful to  
the tribes  
That slumber in its bosom.—Take  
the wings



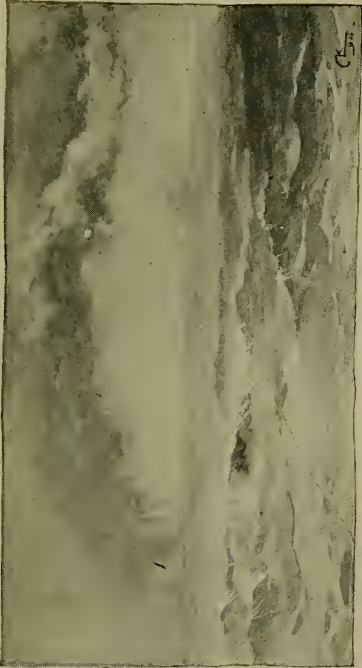
Old Ocean's gray and  
melancholy  
waste.





Like one who wraps  
the drapery of his  
couch about  
him.







THANATOPSIS.

---

Of morning, and the Barcan  
desert pierce,

Or lose thyself in the continuous  
woods

Where rolls the Oregon, and  
hears no sound,

Save his own dashings—yet the  
dead are there :

And millions in those solitudes,  
since first

The flight of years began, have  
laid them down

In their last sleep—the dead reign  
there alone.

So shalt thou rest, and what if  
thou withdraw



Unheeded by the living, and no  
friend

Take note of thy departure? All  
that breathe

Will share thy destiny. The gay  
will laugh

When thou art gone, the solemn  
brood of care

Plod on, and each one as before  
will chase

His favorite phantom; yet all  
these shall leave

Their mirth and their employ-  
ments, and shall come

And make their bed with thee.  
As the long train





Yet all these shall  
leave their mirth  
and their  
employments.







THANATOPSIS.

---

Of ages glide away, the sons of  
men,  
The youth in life's green spring,  
and he who goes



“WHEN THY SUMMONS  
COMES.”

In the full  
strength of  
years, mat-  
ron and  
maid,

And the sweet  
babe, and  
the gray-  
headed  
man—

Shall one by one  
be gathered to thy side,



The youth in life's  
green spring.









The sweet babe, and  
the gray-headed  
man.





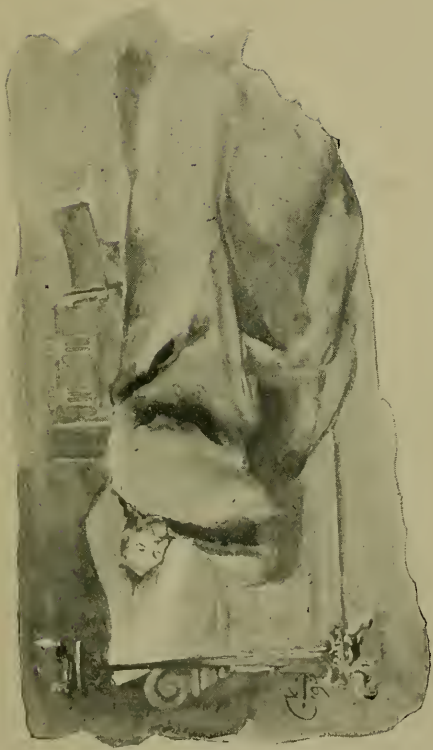


By those, who in their turn shall  
follow them.

So live, that when thy summons  
comes to join  
The innumerable caravan, that  
moves  
To that mysterious realm, where  
each shall take  
His chamber in the silent halls of  
death,  
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave  
at night,  
Scourged to his dungeon, but,  
sustained and soothed  
By an unfaltering trust, approach  
thy grave,









THANATOPSIS.

---

Like one who wraps the drapery  
of his couch



“SUSTAINED AND SOOTHED BY AN UN-  
FALTERING TRUST.”

About him, and lies down to  
pleasant dreams.

FINIS.



## COLLECTION OF MASTER-PIECES.

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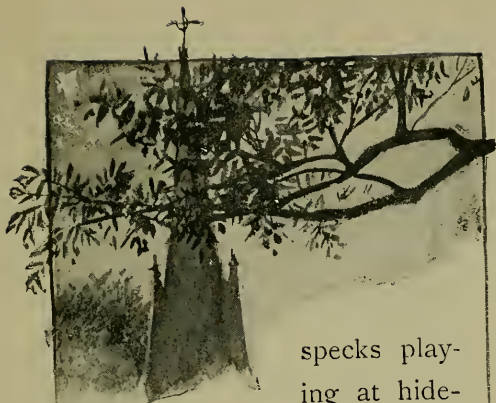
Specimen Pages,

“A Child’s Dream of a  
Star.” Dickens.

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specks playing at hide-and-seek in the sky all night, must surely be the children of the stars ; and they would all be grieved to see their playmates, the children of men, no more."

There was one clear, shining star that used to come out in the sky before the rest, near the church spire, above the graves.







A CHILD'S DREAM OF A STAR.

---

sister drooped, and came to be so very weak that she could no longer stand in the window at



THE CHILD LOOKED  
SADLY OUT BY  
HIMSELF.

night; and then the child looked sadly out by himself and when he saw the star, turned round and said to the patient pale face on the bed, "I see the star!" and then a smile would come upon the face, and a little weak voice used to say, "God bless my brother and the star!"



Specimen Pages,  
“Evangeline.” Long-  
fellow.

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"This is the forest primeval"



“‘PATIENCE!’ THE PRIEST WOULD SAY.”



“ HUNTING FOR FURS IN THE FORESTS.”

Silenced, but not convinced, when the  
story was ended, the blacksmith  
stood like a man who fain would  
speak, but findeth no language ;  
And all his thoughts congealed into lines  
on his face, as the vapors  
freeze in fantastic shapes on the win-  
dow-panes in the winter.

Then Evangeline lighted the brazen  
lamp on the table,



" WROTE WITH A STEADY HAND. "



“HOLDING ALOFT IN HIS HANDS, WITH ITS SEALS,  
THE ROYAL COMMISSION.”

Over the watery floor, and beneath the  
reverberant branches ;  
But not a voice replied ; no answer came  
from the darkness ;  
And, when the echoes had ceased, like a  
sense of pain was the silence.  
Then Evangeline slept ; but the boatmen  
rowed through the midnight,  
Silent at times, then singing familiar  
Canadian boat-songs,



“ WATER-LILIES IN MYRIADS.”

Such as they sang of old on their own  
Acadian rivers,  
And through the night were heard the  
mysterious sounds of the desert,  
Far off, indistinct, as of wave or wind in  
the forest,

Specimen Pages,  
“The Day Dream.”  
Tennyson.

*Collection of “Masterpieces.”*









III.

‘O eyes long laid in happy  
sleep!’

‘O happy sleep, that lightly  
fled!’



“AND O’ER THEM MANY A FLOWING RANGE  
OF VAPOR BUOY’D THE CRESCENT-BARK.”

‘O happy kiss, that woke thy  
sleep!’

‘O love, thy kiss would wake  
the dead!’



THE DAY-DREAM.

---

Each baron at the banquet sleeps,  
Grave faces gather'd in a ring.



“AND BEAKER BRIMM'D  
WITH NOBLE WINE.



Specimen Pages,  
“Songs of Seven.” In-  
gelow.

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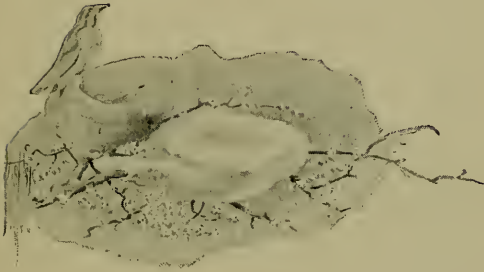


“BUT I’LL LOVE HIM MORE, MORE THAN E’ER WIFE  
LOVED BEFORE, BE THE DAYS DARK OR BRIGHT.”

BY THE SYCAMORE  
PASSED HE, AND THROUGH  
THE WHITE CLOVER.

IV.

A song of a nest :—  
There was once a nest in a  
hollow :



“ I PRAY YOU HEAR MY SONG OF A NEST,  
FOR IT IS NOT LONG.”

Down in the mosses and knot-  
grass pressed,  
Soft and warm, and full to the  
brim—



SONGS OF SEVEN.

---



“O VELVET BEE, YOU’RE A DUSTY FELLOW.”

O velvet bee, you’re a dusty fel-  
low,

You’ve powdered your legs  
with gold!

O brave marsh marybuds, rich  
and yellow,

Give me your money to hold!

O columbine, open your folded  
wrapper,

Where two twin turtle-doves  
dwell!



Specimen Pages,  
“Selections from Point  
Lace and Diamonds.”  
Baker.

*Collection of “Masterpieces.”*







“ WE TWO TOOK POSSESSION OF THE STAIRS.”

—Page 8.



"HER FACE IS SAINT-LIKE."

That bright young creature kneeling there  
With every feeling, every thought  
Absorbed in high and holy dreams  
Of—new Spring dresses, truth to say  
To them the time is sanctified  
From Shrove-tide until Easter day.



“I, HELENA, TAKE THEE—LOVE—CHER-  
ISH—AND ’—WELL, I CAN’T HELP  
IT,—‘ OBEY.’”



“ HER FATHER'S VOICE CAME THROUGH THE  
WOOD, HE'D MADE A FORTUNE  
TANNING LEATHER.”

Above, the heavens aglow with  
light,  
Beneath our feet the sleeping  
ocean,  
E'en as the sky my hope was bright,  
Deep as the sea was my devotion.

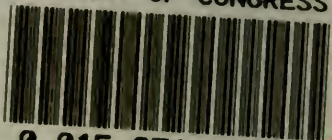
Her father's voice came through  
the wood,  
He'd made a fortune tanning  
leather ;  
I was his clerk ; I thought it good  
To keep on talking about the  
weather.







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