

THE LOTUS EATERS.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

"Courage!" he said, and pointed toward the land, "This mounting wave will roll us shoreward soon." In the afternoon they came unto land, in which it seem'd almost a summer's noon. All round the coast the languid air did swoon, breathing like one that hath a weary dream. Full-faced above the valley stood the moon; and like a downy smoke, the slender stream along the cliff to fall and pause and fall did seem. A land stream! some, like a downward surge, slow-dropping veils of thinnest lawn, did go; and some 'twixt waving lights and shadows broke a ruffled foam to show. Rolling a lustrous sheet of foam below, they saw the gleaming river seaward flow. From the inner land: far off, three mountain tops; three silent pinnacles of aged snow. Stood sunset-faded; and, dew'd with showery drops, the downy pine above the woven cone. The charmed sunset linger'd low adown in the red West; 'twixt mountain clefts the dale. Was seen far inland, and the yellow down border'd with palm, and many a winding And meadow, set with slender galingale; and where all things always seem'd the same. And round about the keel with faces pale, dark faces against that rosy flame, the mid-eyed melancholy Lotus-eaters came. Branches they bore of that enchanted stem, laden with flower and fruit, whereof they gave To each, but who did receive of them, or taste, to him that gush'd in the wave. Far, far away did seem to mourn and rave On alien shores; and if his fellow spake, His voice was thin, as voices from the dead. And deep asleep he seem'd, yet all awake, And music in his ears his beating heart did make. They sat them down upon the yellow sand, between the sun and moon upon the shore; and sweet it was to dream of Estlin's Cove, of child, and wife, and slave; but ever more, more seem'd the sea, weary the oar, weary the wandering fields of barren foam. When some one said, "We will return no more." And all at once they sang, "Our island home is far behind the wave; we will no longer roam."

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over the lonely road through the woods over hill and dale, disinterred by the body of his late comrade, and putting it on an Indian sash, brought it down to Lake St. Charles, where, at the resort of our main summer picnic-ground, from town, M. Corner Panet has just performed his melancholy duty. The result, in accordance with the evidence, was a verdict of accidental death. -Quebec Mercury.

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