

Lines for October.

SOLITUDE.

BY THE REV. ÆNEAS McDONELL DAWSON.

O solitude, thou pleasing, dreadful power!
I court thee, yet fearful abhor thy spell.
In my lone chamber here, at evening hour,
The solemn thoughts I own, what muse shall tell?
'Tis stillness all. Nor voice of living man,
Nor foot-fall in the silent drowsy town,
Nor song of merry bird, since night began,
Nor buzzing insect's hum with summer gone,
Nor breath of gentlest zephyr greets mine ear;
The music of the awful stars is mute,
The autumnal moon ruling the fallen year,
Wades through the stilly sky, as if to suit
With melancholy face, the general gloom:
And now it seems to my affrighted mind,
As if were near at hand the final doom,
And I should hear the knell of humankind,
Hark!—that sound! list!—only some creaking door:
No foot-step near,—no gladdening voice is heard;
Nought moves at all in the long corridor.
Only a phantom noise have I fear'd,
In thought at least I'll change the tiresome scene.
And now upon imagination's wing
Away I speed to lands where erst I've been,
And crowded Cities shall some solace bring.