

Old Ocean knows no care whose murky light
Can form a suited covering for thy face :
In all the mansions of Eternal night
For thee, O Solitude, is found no place !

I reach a sombre wood, and far intrude
Into its shady depths with aimless feet ;
“ Within this leafy temple, Solitude,
Sure thou inhabitest with influence sweet.”

The greenest moss invites to soft repose ;
Un-numbered leaves their breathless voices
raise ;
While mellowed light reveals a sad day's
close,
And all combine to hymn thy lonely praise.

Down yonder bank a lengthening shadow
creeps,
Then o'er the brook and up the gentle hill ;
The light has died ; that shadow never sleeps,
But falls on me when all the trees are still—

The gloomy shade of thought that knows no
rest
But whirls and maddens like an angry sea,
And in the cavern of my aching breast
Leaves no abode, O Solitude, for thee.
Jan. 28, 1882. J. R. H.

Leaves from my Note Book.

I.

THE DEDICATION.

Knowing thy capricious and moody nature, O Muse, I humbly beg to dedicate to thee, and to thee only, this six-penny note-book ; not that it may be always devoted to the reception of CELESTIAL SYMPHONIES, but that in less frenzied moments thou mayest furnish me with some MEDIOCRE PROSE, which, with thy gracious permission, I will scribble herein.

For all which favours the gods make me truly grateful.

O Muse,

Thy most servile slave,

SMIFFLES SMALLTALK.

“HOW D'YE DO,”

I hate long introductions ; let the above serve for one. In it the author of these pages and those which are to follow in consecutive order—being *leaves* they will come thus : 1, 2, 3, 4, etc.—introduces *himself* to the reader. Remember, he introduces *himself* not his *note-book*. He never introduced that to anything but his pocket, and even then it was *into*. Most authors not only parade themselves in their *prefaces*, but also lay bare the whole skeleton of their book—and dry bones they make of it, too. I shan't do it ; but tell you plainly that if you want the anatomy of my note-book you must dissect for yourselves. With these few words I leave you to your own reflections while I go on with mine.

S. SMALLTALK.

A MORAL STORY.

The colonist who has not been many hours in London, is easily known by the creases in his coat, just released from its two weeks incarceration in a sea chest. Should this evi-

dence be wanting, the glances which he constantly throws about him and his frequent stoppages to inspect the contents of shop-windows, sufficiently indicate that he is a stranger in the metropolis. So 'tis said.

Thus it has hitherto been supposed that those swindlers who make a living by what is known as the “confidence trick” discover anyone likely to become their victim, by his “green” appearance, and his manner of going about the streets. So 'tis supposed.

Lest it should be thought that I agree to this absurd proposition—or, more correctly, that it agrees with me—I may here be allowed to state that I place no confidence in it, whatever ; and that I may not seem hasty in my conclusions, I shall here briefly review the basis of my belief. My first, and to *myself* most satisfactory reason, is as follows : A few days ago I was wending my way up High Holborn, looking as straight before me as is my wont,—there was not a single crease in my coat, to my knowledge, for it had aired all the previous night in my landlady's back yard, and the wind being high had flapped and flaunted its long tails so vigorously and unceasingly as to keep me awake the greater part of the night,—refraining from the shop windows because of a deep-seated consciousness that my purse was slim, and, upon the whole, conducting myself with the most dignified and uncountrified deportment, when I was startled to see a well-dressed man stoop directly under my nose and pick up from the pavement something which he examined closely, and which on a nearer view I perceived to be a valuable diamond ring. I wondered that the young man, for such he proved to be, did not heed the many admonitions he must have received from his mother and friends, previous to entering the city, against addressing strangers on the street ; and tremble when I reflect what his fate must surely have been had he addressed a rogue. For on my asking permission to examine the trinket he frankly consented, but at once added a proviso that we first withdraw from the crowd. To this I unhesitatingly consented, being unwilling that his sensitive feelings should be hurt by the inquisitive gaze of strangers, and the more because I perceived