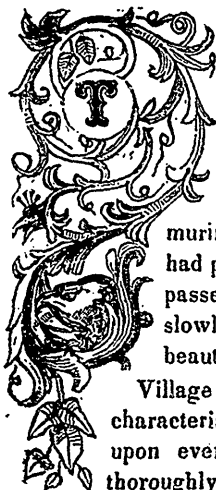


[For the Maple Leaf.]

MY OLD MEMORANDUM BOOK.

LEAF NO. 2.

(Continued from page 101.)



HERE I sat at the window enjoying the calm evening, until finding it yet early. I seized my hat, determined upon a stroll in the village. I passed down the steps of the hotel into a long, broad street. The village seemed to be mainly in this street, which stretched across the murmuring river, the music of whose mimic waves had proved so soothing to my weariness. As I passed on I saw groups of persons walking slowly along, evidently intent on enjoying the beauty of the scene.

Village life is every where possessed of similar characteristics. A necessity seems to be imposed upon every inhabitant of a small village, to be thoroughly acquainted with its history, personal and general; but village life in New England is somewhat peculiar. A fair proportion of intelligent mind is found there; the people are fond of books, and keep up an acquaintance with the current news. Added to their general intelligence is a quick perception of right, a strong love of justice, and a warm sympathy for the suffering. The charming union of country scenery with many of the luxuries of city life, the exemption from vices that grow rank amid the precocious influences of town, and the appreciation of every thing truly noble and patriotic, elevate the New England villages above places of the same class elsewhere.

I never saw a more lovely spot than C——. As far as the eye could reach, until in the distance the points of view met, I looked down the long street. Now and then a silvery laugh was wafted to me from the merry promenaders; and as I passed, a courteous bow was given by more than one party. Taking advantage of this, I ventured to make some inquiries in relation to the pretty stream which formed such a lovely feature in this twilight scene. A young man politely stepped