

[Written for the Maple Leaf.

MY OLD MEMORANDUM BOOK.

LEAF NO. I.



ot many days since I chanced to lay my hand on an old Memorandum book, a kind of journal in which, as far back as the year 1838, I used to jot down a few items of personal feeling and experience. The little volume looked so familiar and seemed to speak to me so kindly and tenderly, in voices of those who are gone, never to return, and recalled memories so touching, that, hurried as I was searching for family accounts that had been packed away for years, I could not forbear to linger over it, and at last concluded to put it in my pocket for future perusal. A few of these jottings I have re-arranged and written off, and give them here in narrative form.

At the time to which I refer, I was comparatively a young man, though disappointment in the attainment of many cherished objects had affected the elasticity of my spirits, and given me a tinge of melancholy and sensitiveness that ill-accommodated with the constant demands of a flourishing business, upon my time and energies. It seems all like a dream to me as I turn over the pages of my ancient companion and monitor, my private Memorandum book, that so many years have sped their round since I figured in the city of cotton bales, and mingled with her merchant princes on the levee, and watched with feverish anxiety the rise and fall of stock, or the fluctuations of the market. Many changes have passed over me since then; many new views, and, I trust, more truly elevated motives of action have swayed my heart; yet I love to recall those earlier memories, and dwell upon those old associations.—But to my subject. The first leaf of my Journal was dated June 1st, 1838. It was about that time that the American community was recovering from a commercial panic, which seized both bank and merchant throughout the land; I mean the famous money reformation