

the flies—real flies, for no shadow of rod or line is above them—tempt ye from the retired nook,—farewell.

FIN-CALL.

[The writer of the above takes a very different view of matters from that taken in the elegant introduction to the "Camping Out" stories, on another page. But our readers will recollect the fable of the lion and the painter, and recognize the difference between an angler writing of fish,—and a fish writing of anglers.—PEARL.]

For the Pearl.

THE SEASON OF PROMISE.

Come forth, O children of men! from the many-voiced city, many and tumultuous as the waves of ocean. Come forth, to the silent glades, where the sun only, that giant of the empyrean, looks down on the solitude. Come to the vistas of the woodland, made vocal by the returning birds of passage;—Come to the furrow, and the meadow, and the garden, and see what wonders nature is renewing on our earth.

Come, rich and poor, your interests are alike in this matter. What, though the dark vaults, strong and secret, shone with the light of the diamond, and bags of gold pressed heavily on the damp earth. What, though the will were ready, and the sinew well braced, to pay the penalty of the first curse for the bread of existence. If nature denied her revivifying powers, the money of the wealthy, and the labour of the indigent, would be alike unprofitable; and both would writhe in the agonies of despair, craving food vainly,—like the babe at its dead mother's breast.

Come, ye aged,—one more return of the opening year calls on ye for one more hymn of gratitude and joy;—come, ye young,—the season is like yourselves,—beloved, capricious, full of promise, the hope of many hearts,—the wayward and playful on which the great future depends.

Come, see how gaily the clear stream gambols between its banks of tender grass,—the ardour of summer has not yet mantled its pools and eddies with its green sedge. See, the sporting insects in its transparent shallows, great deeps are its tiny pools to them. What life and light and motion and music, are in all its course. On its surface, one of those little tribes perform most graceful and rapid evolutions; through its bright volume others glide to and fro; among its submarine gardens others quietly enjoy the tempered sunbeams.

Here, in its livery of light green, extends the meadow, feasting the eye with its grateful tint, and its level expanse;—there, above the well-made parallels of the ploughman, the early grain shoots up;—here the grove bursts into fragrant foliage, like the heart under the smiles of love and friendship;—and there, on those chequered plots, polyanthus, and crocus, and wall flower, give their beautiful colours, while the tulip-head bends gracefully, and the dahlia plant and the rose tree, expand their leaves, and the lavender and lilach and laburnum, and a host of lovely things, display their varied foliage and flower-buds,—rich in promise of the luxuries of summer.

And is not that balmy sky rich in promise also? Look up the empyrean, through that bright blue, as if nothing but the distance, and the dimness of mortal vision, prevented the gazer from looking upon the thrones of angels. What summer noons are mapped out there,—what genial airs, and sunbeams, and full-mooned nights pleasanter than the sultry day. And what bounteous autumns! the oil and the wine and the flour, seem already stored, so strongly does the deep above, in its calmness and beauty, say, that "seed time and harvest shall not cease." See, along the horizon what piled up clouds, like the mountains of some spirit-land, crowned by celestial castle and palace. Do they not tell that the reservoirs of earth still sail, majestically lovely, over the dense forest, and stretched out prairie, and wavy ocean,—and promise the refreshing showers which fall on the thirsty land, beautiful and bountiful, invaluable benefits, coming immediately from heaven itself.

What is there, Oh young man, in thy individual existence, like unto these promises of nature?

Thou see'st a long perspective before thee;—pleasures of animal life, of intellect, of friendship, of love—strew the future; of such will be thy summer. Family, wide and firm connections, honour, and influence, and wealth for luxury and munificence,—and power for evil and for good, to punish, to protect, to govern,—of such are thy anticipated harvest. Rich in promise, indeed; well may thine eye, like that of the absent lover, look vacantly on the beauties around, seeing those, mentally, which are unthought of by all but thyself.

And what are thy promises, grey-headed man, in this the season of promise?

Less enthusiastic than thy junior, thine eye does not roll in a fine frenzy, yet still it sees the invisible. The dreams of young ambition, of renown, of high achievement, of fame, may have passed, for too often have the sober realities of life brushed away these splendid cobwebs of the brain;—but still, speculations are to be matured,—alliances are to be accomplished,—the renewal of the family name in another worthy generation, is to be witnessed. Stern troubles have not yet caused thee, acute voyager, to drift down the stream of life, thoughtless of vicissitude, callous to chance and change, seeking nothing and avoiding nothing;—like the bark deserted of its inmates, and turned among the last currents of the

river. Hope is yet active, and the future smiles with promises, too reasonable to be gainsayed.

Alas for these builders on the too-near future. The youth and the man may find their promises like the dead sea fruits—cheating, unsubstantial, and turning to bitterness. How often has such experience blasted life! How many, whose later years, if believed, would dash to pieces the scenes which the lying enchanter now exhibits in his glass!

Yet are there promises which fail not! Happily, it is spring-time, it is the season of promise, to every son of Adam! Rejoice, O young man, that thy days are in their youth,—that not much of thy stock of life is exhausted, that not much bitterness has been yet laid up for the future. Seize the present, improve the passing hour, pursue the best objects, avoid the pit-falls of passion and folly, perseveringly and single-eyed,—remember the claims of religion in the days of thy youth—and nothing can deprive thee of the best blessings of humanity; the comforts of earth, the sunshine of the soul, the treasure in heaven.

And gray-growing old, the promises are for you also: promises which will not be broken! The mental life is continually commencing. Let the past more than suffice; rouse to the race, and it may yet be won. True, much valuable time, and many precious opportunities may have been lost,—but lose no more. Act not the part of reckless gamblers, who having forfeited many stakes, hazard the residue. While time lasts, you have still wealth left—lay it out to interest, and it will yield compound profit without chance of failure. What signifies the part of existence already expended, compared with that which remains to an immortal spirit! If earth presents but few objects of hope, commence the eternal course,—here and now;—and immediately, faithful promises shall gild thy declining years: promises of eternal spring, in a land where no blights fall, cheering as the evening sun to the westward directed traveller, which decks his home in all the warm colours of the rainbow.

SELMO.

THE OLD COUNTRY.

The last sad sight!—the dim hills disappearing,—
The sky, the ocean, spreading lone and vast;
How little did I deem, that foam careering,
Of scenes to come, so different from the past.

Columbia, hail!—thy noble cliffs emerging
From the blue waters, glad the stranger's eyes;
New scenes, new friendships,—soon full closely verging
On all the lost and loved paternal ties.

Oft, on this peaceful strand, I sit communing
With fields, and streams, and city-ways of yore,—
Old tones to plaintive mood my soul attuning,
And whispering, Come, renew thy youth once more.

MEMORY.

Halifax, June,—1840.

For the Pearl.

TREES.

We are gratified at having an opportunity of marking any attempt, however small, at beautifying the town, by means of those splendid verdant pillars which nature supplies. They, in some respects, far exceed the columns of art, as all nature's works surpass those of the artisan, in the same department.

A row of young trees have been recently planted in front of St. Paul's Church, protected (?) ingeniously by wooden tubes. In a few years they may be expected to give shade and verdure to the heart of the town, and, happily, may induce similar attempts at improvement in other quarters.

Some years ago, Argyle street, had its green vista, so had Hollis street, and one or two of the intersecting streets in the same direction. The axe of the improver was set to work, the green heads of the ancient ornaments were brought to the dust, and the clap-board walls were allowed the full benefit of the glare of mid-day.

Some persons were romantic enough to mourn over this further evidence, as they thought, of the tree-felling mania, which has been charged on the inhabitants of this continent;—but the public servants might have become too old and rickety for their places, and perhaps were "pushed from their stools" with much more of regret than triumph. If so, however, where are their successors,—why not plant young recruits from the forests in their stead,—why has dust and dust-colour such complete ascendancy in all our thoroughfares?

Suppose some of our public way sbeautified, as ways are, so sedulously, in other places, by means of those living pillars,—what fine results would be gained. Brunswick street has a pleasing perspective, and makes a cheerful promenade, particularly when the beams of sun-set come streaming over the western rise, and spreading their rich haze on the distance; but if, instead of a miserable sprinkling of shrubs, it had a vista of trees, ennobling or hiding the motley lines of buildings,—adding beauty to the handsome, and making the meagre, and poor, and ruinous, picturesque,—how much would the scene be enhanced! Pleasant street, sea-ward, is a favourite route for the stroller,—and no wonder. Cottages, gardens, and fields, immediately about him,—and beyond, the green head-lands of the bay,—the noble sheet of water,—the sublime line of the ocean

horizon,—with all the accessories of the scene: white-sailed ships on their course,—boats repairing to, or returning from, market, clouds slowly sailing over the broad Atlantic, strands, woods, and "castled crags!" But how much more refreshing would the feelings of the perambulator be, if he looked out from a grateful shade of sycamore, or poplar, or beech! If outside, or inside, the dull fences, the barken columns rose, supporting an arch, more enchanting, to the lover of nature, than ever was piled up of stone and mortar for the returning conqueror.

It is not in the immediate vicinity of towns only, that the lover of trees finds cause to lament over the wanton destruction of that which would enrich and adorn. See a person about clearing a patch of woodland for a little farm. The axeman, blind except to one object, is set to work. Every tree he considers as an enemy, and labours, until he stands triumphantly over a space where nothing higher than his knee appears. The levelling is complete. Not one of the venerable aristocrats of the soil is allowed to stand, to diversify, and check, and beautify, and benefit the botanical democracy. The little homestead soon rises, and fruitful furrows and lawns bless the eye and the heart; but how heightened would every feature be, if the cottage had its grove of fir and spruce,—if the boundaries were marked by umbrageous foliage,—and if the pasturage was dotted by its natural clumps of trees. To recapitulate,—suppose a proprietor to have fifty acres of woodland, of which he intends to make a farm. He takes his map of the premises, and says—Here will I build my cottage,—and to the north and east shall be this grove of fir and spruce and sycamore, through which a little labour will make vistas, and serpentine walks, fit for the precincts of a palace. Along the limits shall those lines of trees stand,—and on this hillock, and at the centre of this level, and by this stream, and here and there, shall groups of these sylvan beauties be allowed to remain, to delight and refresh the cattle when the heats of summer make the shade a treasure. Thus will I be rich by holding my hand,—I will soon look abroad on my little paradise,—men will applaud my taste,—my children will sport amid the variety, and I will look up to the azure of heaven, with, perhaps, more of the grateful and sublime feelings which are appropriate, than if an exposed sward gave no cheerful and varied shelter from the glare of day.

In this way, every thing would be gained that the levelling system attempts,—and beside that, the elegant would be added to the useful, and would even enhance the utility of the useful. The cottage would seem a villa,—the farm would get a park-like air,—and, merely by a judicious "letting alone," by refraining from some unnecessary labour of the axe, by a tasteful sparing of the riches of nature, the efforts of art would be vastly aided, and value every way be the result. Advantages which are obtained with expense, and patience, and labour in older countries, are presented to our hand here,—but we shut our eyes, and, rushing to an extreme, make a "clearing" with a vengeance.

The tree-sparing and tree-planting system, we yet hope to see more attended to. It is like charity, it blesses the giver and the receiver. The man who practices it beautifies his premises, and the passer-by, while he pauses to enjoy the chequered scene, feels a sense of gratitude, and cheerfulness,—of thanks to him who was the agent, and of sublime recollection of the Source of all beauty.

In the town of Gardiner, U. States, late papers inform us, a "Tree Society" has been formed,—whose object is to embellish the streets with those denizens of the forest. Such an association may not be one of the most essential in a community; Gas Societies, Hotel Societies, Temperance Societies, may be more required by the ordinary business of life,—but, certainly, a "Tree Society" is very good in its way, and carries something so poetic and charitable and elegant in its very name, that at a glance we accord much of the milk of human kindness to one and all of the Brotherhood.

May a Society that gives such evidence of kindness, joined with public spirit, grow and flourish like a tree planted by a river side, which extends its roots in the soft mould, drinks copiously of the refreshing stream, and bears its honoured head graciously high, a covert for man and beast, and a home for the foliage-loving birds;—and when the members are transplanted to the land of everlasting spring, may their memories be green in the souls of those who sit beneath the stems they reared, and who will be reminded of the benefactors of the common weal, by every zephyr that murmurs through the verdant labyrinths.

We recently saw a notice of a Cigar Society, which sent a vessel some 1600 miles for a supply of the favourite weed. The mission was fulfilled, the Imperials and Regalias were shipped,—she doubled her 1600 miles, she arrived, the sale occurred, and amateurs got supplies, at the rate of sixpence a piece for each of the little crayons: crayons they may be called, because they answer the definition, "spiral pieces of unctuous matter used for drawing." Sixpence for such half an hour's kill-time will be rather expensive puffing, and the result will be, in a short time—some additional cloudlets of tobacco, delivered into the arch of heaven, and little heaps of white ashes on the hearths of sundry "Franklins," and the flower beds adjacent to as many garden seats. What results from such consequences! The same labour and cost would line half a dozen of our thoroughfares with stately elms, the present generation would grow wise under the grateful shade, and the next would rejoice in the same good, and keep annual holiday in honour of the members of the "Tree Society."

STYVANS.