

constituents of the hon. member (Mr. Mooney) who had opposed the motion, were so indebted to the Government, and had applied to him (Mr. Coles) to recommend their being allowed to cancel their debts in the way pointed out in the proposed Address. Should the hon. member (Mr. Mooney), therefore, follow up his Speech against the motion, by voting against the adoption of the Address, he would, certainly, be acting in opposition to the interests and wishes of many of his own constituents. He (Mr. Coles) had hinted that some few might be dissatisfied with the adoption of the proposed arrangement; and, he doubted not, such would be the case; but the croakers against it would, he believed, be found only among a certain class of contractors, who, when the time arrived for letting the jobs under the Road Service, were ever found closely following upon the heels of the Road Commissioners. The hon. member concluded by observing, that another recommendation of the proposed arrangement was to be found in the fact, that the amounts due by the People were pretty equally distributed over all the Road Districts; so that, by its adoption, the repairs of the Roads and the relief to the Government Debtors would alike be fairly and equitably made.

Mr. FRASER said he had great pleasure in supporting the proposed Address. The arrangement, if adopted, would, he felt certain, be regarded as a boon by the People. His constituents had sent him a Petition to be presented to his Excellency, in which they pray to be allowed to cancel their debts to the Government, by labour, instead of money. The Petition he had sent down to the Government immediately after receiving it; but no answer had been received to it from that day to this. The parties indebted to the Government for the advances made to them, were not able to pay in money; and, unless they should be allowed the privilege of paying in labour, they would not be able to pay at all.

Hon. Mr. THORNTON said the adoption of the proposed arrangement would be received by the People to whom it would apply, as a positive bonus. It would not, however, place all the Road Districts on an even footing, as by some hon. members it seemed to be supposed it would; for much more was due in some Districts than in others. In his own District, there was not more than £60 due. He would, however, support the Address, because he thought the arrangement which it contemplated would afford very considerable relief and satisfaction to the People.

The hon. Speaker then put the question upon the motion, which was carried on the following division:—

AYES—Messrs. Pope, Davies, Jardine, Fraser, Laird, Lord, Clark, Coles, Warburton, Yeo, Haviland, Macdonald, Whelan, Flynn, and Hon. Mr. Thornton—15.

NAYS—Hon. Solicitor General, and Mr. Mooney—2. The Address was then ordered to be engrossed, and Messrs. Pope, Clark, and Warburton were appointed a Committee to present the same.

## LITERATURE.

FOR THE EXAMINER.

### THE MAY FLOWER.

MEEK starry-form'd Flower! 'mid convulsions carest,  
The pale snow-drift came rudely and hung on thy breast,  
And the wild, reckless winds sought to wither and blight  
With the cold dews of morn and frosts of the night.

Yet, Wilding! the Being who gave wings to the storm,  
Guarded safe from the tempest thy delicate form,  
And sent his warm Sun-beams all vital to earth,  
To scatter the rude ones and herald thy birth.

Now with virtue in blushes thy fair blossom vies—  
With bright hues of morn with the pearl in its dyes—  
And tints softer than eve's in the last glance of day,  
Adorn thy young bosom, gentle Wilding of May!

Far away o'er the heath, on the mossy hill side,  
I cull'd thee, thou sweet one, for my garland of pride;  
And no spot in this world to my heart would be dear,  
If thou, the wilderness beauty, blossom'd not there.

Gentle one of my love! sweetest flow'ret of all,  
Thy pure petals are dear as the days they recall;  
And, ah! when the feeling you awake I forget,  
With damps of the stera grave my heart shall be wet.

WERAND.

Charlottetown, May, 1850.

### CLOUDLAND.

BY COLERIDGE.

O! it is pleasant, with a heart at ease,  
Just after sunset, or by moonlight skies,  
To make the shifting clouds be what you please,  
Or let the easily persuaded eyes  
Own each quaint likeness issuing from the mould;  
Of a friend's fancy; or with head bent low,  
And check aslant, see rivers flow of gold  
Twixt crimson banks; and then, a traveller, go  
From mount to mount through Cloudland, gorgeous land!  
Or list'ning to the tide, with closed sight,  
Be that blind bard, who, on the Chian strand,  
By whose deep sounds possess'd with inward light  
Beheld the Iliad and the Odyssey  
Rise to the swelling of the voiceful sea.

## SPRING.

BY WILLIS.

THE Spring is here—the delicate-footed May,  
With its slight fingers full of leaves and flowers,  
And with it comes a thirst to be away,  
Wasting in wood-path its voluptuous hours—  
A feeling that is like a sense of wings,  
Restless to soar above these perishing things.

We pass out from the city's feverish hum,  
To find refreshment in the silent woods;  
And nature, that is beautiful and dumb,  
Like a cool sleep upon the pulses broods.  
Yet, even there, a restless thought will steal,  
To teach the indolent heart it must feel.

Strange, that the audible stillness of the noon,  
The waters tripping with their silver feet,  
The turning to the light of leaves in June,  
And the light whisper as their edges meet—  
Strange—that they fill not, with their tranquil tone,  
The spirit, walking in their midst alone.

There's no contentment, in a world like this,  
Save in forgetting the immortal dream;  
We may not gaze upon the stars of bliss,  
That through the cloud-rifts radiantly stream;  
Bird-like, the poisoned soul will lift its eye  
And sing—till it is hooded from the sky.

## My First Folly.

A TALE.

I NEVER fell seriously in love till I was seventeen.—Long before that period I had learned to talk nonsense, and had established the important points that a delicate figure is equivalent to a thousand pounds, a pretty mouth better than the bank of England, and a pair of bright eyes worth all Mexico. But at seventeen a more intricate branch of study awaited me.

I was lounging away my June at a pretty village in Kent, with little occupation beyond my own meditations, and no company but my horse and dogs. My sisters were both in the south of France, and uncle, at whose seat I had pitched my camp, was attending to the interests of his constituents and the wishes of his patron in Parliament. I began after the lapse of a week to be immensely bored; I felt a considerable dislike to an agricultural life, and an incipient inclination for laudanum. I took to playing backgammon with the rector. He was more than a match for me, and used to grow most amusingly hot when the dice, as was their duty, befriended the weaker side. At last, at the conclusion of a very long bit, which had kept Mrs. Penn's tea waiting full an hour, my worthy and wiggid friend flung deuce-ace three times in succession, put the board in the fire, overturned Mrs. Penn's best china, and hurried to his study.

Then I took up reading. My uncle had a delightful library, where a reasonable man might have lived and died. But I confess I never could endure a long hour of lonely reading. It is a very pretty thing to take down a volume of Tasso or Racine, and study accent and cadence for the benefit of a half a dozen listening belles, all dividing their attention between the work and the work-basket, their feelings and their frounces, their tears and their trimmings, with becoming and laudable perseverance. But to sit down to a novel or a philosopher, with no companion to participate in the enjoyment and no object to reward the toil, this indeed—oh! I never could endure a long hour of lonely reading; and so I deserted Sir Roger's library, and left his books to the slumbers from which I had unthinkingly awakened them.

At last I was roused from a state of Turkish torpor by a note from an old lady, whose hall, for so an indifferent country-house was by courtesy denominated, stood at the distance of a few miles. She was about to give a ball. Such a thing had not been seen for ten years within ten miles of us. From the sensation produced by the intimation you might have deemed the world at an end. Everything was everywhere in a flurry; kitchen, and parlour, and boudoir, and garret. Needles and pins were flying right and left; dinner was ill dressed that dancers might be well dressed; mutton was married that misses might be married. There was not a schoolboy who did not cut Homer and capers; nor a boarding-school beauty who did not try on a score of dancing shoes, and talk for a fortnight of Angiolini.—Every occupation was laid down; every carpet was taken up; every combination of hands-a-cross and down-the-middle was committed most laudably to memory; and nothing was talked, nothing was meditated, nothing was dreamed, but love and romance, fiddles and flirtation, warm negus, partners, dyed feathers, and chalked floors.

"For one evening," said I to myself, "I will encounter the tedium and taste of a village ball." I went—turned my uncle's one-horse chaise into the long old avenue about an hour after the time specified, and perceived by the lights flashing from all the windows, and the crash of chairs and carriages returning from the door, that the room was most punctually full, and the performers most pastorally impatient. The first face I encountered on my entrance was that of my old friend Villars; I was delighted to meet him, and expressed my astonishment at finding him in a situation for which his inclination, one would have supposed, was so little adapted.

"Come! I am of little service to-night," cried Villars (he had had a fall from his horse,) "but my popularity may be of use to you: you don't know a soul! I thought so—read it in your face the moment you came in—

never saw such a—there, Vyvyan, look there! I will introduce you," and so saying, my companion half limped, half danced, with me up to Miss Amelia Mesnil, and presented me in due form.

When I look back to any particular scene of my existence, I can never keep the stage clear of second-rate characters. I never think of Mr. Kean's Othello without an intrusive reflection upon the subject of Mr. So-and-so's Cassio. And thus, beautiful Margaret, it is in vain that I endeavour to separate your fascination from the group which was collected around you. Perhaps that dominion, which at this moment I feel almost revived, recurs more vividly to my imagination, when the forms and figures of all by whom it was contested are associated in its renewal.

I got tired, and cried, "I am bored, my dear Villars, positively bored! the light is bad and the music abominable; there is no spring in the boards and less in the conversation; it is a lovely moonlight night, and there is nothing worth looking at in the room."

I shook hands with my friend, bowed to three or four people, and was moving off. As I passed to the door I met two ladies in conversation; "Don't you dance any more, Margaret?" said one. "Oh no," replied the other, "I am bored, my dear Louisa—positively bored; the light is bad and the music abominable; there is no spring in the boards and less in the conversation; it is a lovely moonlight night, and there is nothing worth looking at in the room."

I never was distanced in a jest. I put on the look of a ten years acquaintance and commenced parley.—"Surely you are not going away yet; you have not danced with me, Margaret; it is impossible you can be so cruel?" The lady behaved with wonderful intrepidity. "She would allow me the honour, but I was very late; really I had not deserved it;" and so we stood up together.

"Are you not very impertinent?" "Very," said I, with my usual effrontery.

Margaret danced like an angel; I knew she would. I could not conceive by what blindness I had passed four hours without being struck. We talked of all things that are, and a few beside. She was something of a botanist, so we began with flowers; a digression upon China roses carried us to China, the Mandarins with little brains, and the ladies with little feet, the Emperor, the Orphan of China, Voltaire, Zayre, criticism, Dr. Johnson, the great bear, the system of Copernicus, stars, ribbons, garters, the Order of the Bath, sea-bathing, Dawlish, Sidmouth, Lord Sidmouth, Cicero, Rome, Italy, Alfieri, Metastasio, fountains, groves, gardens, and so, as the dancing concluded, we contrived to end as we began, with Margaret Orleans and botany.

Margaret talked well on all subjects and wittily on many. I had expected to find nothing but a romping girl, somewhat amusing, and very vain. But I was out of my latitude in the first five minutes, and out of my senses in the next. She left the room very early, and I drove home more astonished than I had been for many years.

Several weeks passed away, and I was about to leave England to join my sisters on the Continent. I determined to look once more on that enslaving smile, whose recollection had haunted me more than once. I had ascertained that she resided with an old lady who took two pupils, and taught French, and Italian, and music, and manners, at an establishment called Vine House. Two days before I left the country, I had been till a late hour shooting at a mark with a duelling pistol, an entertainment of which, perhaps, from a lurking presentiment, I was very fond. I was returning alone when I perceived by the light of an enormous lamp, a board by the way-side bearing the inscription, "Vine House." "Enough," I exclaimed, "enough! one more scene before the curtain drops—Romeo and Juliet by lamplight!"—I roamed about the dwelling-place of all I held dear, till I saw a figure at one of the windows in the back of the house, which it was quite impossible to doubt. I leaned against a tree in a sentimental position, and began to chant some rhymes.

"Are these your own verses?" said my idol at the window. "They are yours, Margaret! I was only the versifier; you were the muse herself."

"The muse herself is obliged to you. And now what is your errand? for it grows late, and you must be sensible—no, that you never will be—but you must be aware, that this is very indecorous." "I am come to see you, dear Margaret—which I cannot without candles—to see you, and to tell you, that it is impossible I can forget."—"Bless me! what a memory you have. But you must take another opportunity for your tale! for"—"Alas! I leave England immediately!" "A pleasant voyage to you! there, not a word more; I must run down to coffee." "Now may I never laugh more," I said, "if I am baffled thus;" so I strolled back to the front of the house and proceeded to reconnoitre. A bay-window was half open, and in a small neat drawing-room I perceived a group assembled: and an old lady, with a high muslin cap and red ribbons, was pouring out the coffee; her nephew, a tall awkward young gentleman, sitting on one chair, and resting his legs on another, was occupied in the study of Sir Charles Grandison; and my fair Margaret was leaning on a sofa, and laughing immoderately. "Indeed, miss," said the matron, "you should learn to govern your mirth; people will think you came out of Bedlam."

I lifted the window gently, and stepped into the room.