

The Examiner.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF POLITICS, LITERATURE AND NEWS.

EDWARD WHELAN]

This is true Liberty, when Free-born Men, having to advise the Public, may speak free.—EURIPIDES.

[EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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MOON'S PHASES.—DECEMBER, 1856.

First Quarter 4th day, 11h. 14m. evening. W.
Full Moon 11th day, 3h. 50m. evening. N. E.
Last Quarter 19th day, 2h. 30m. morning. S. E.
New Moon 27th day, 4h. 32m. morning. E. N. E.

Literature.

[We give below the words of "Annie Laurie," now the most popular ballad in the British camp. It was sung by the Second Battalion of the Rifle Brigade the night prior to the attack on the Great Redan. A correspondent, who was present on the occasion, writes:—"Hundreds of voices, in the most exact time and harmony, sang together—

And for Bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me down and die."

The effect was extraordinary, at least I found it so. I never heard any chorus in an oratorio rendered with greater solemnity. The heart of each singer was evidently far over the sea. It was more like a psalm than a ballad; for at such a time, on the eve of a great battle, a soldier thinks only of his love and his God.]

ANNIE LAURIE.

Maxwellton braes are Bonnie,
Where early fa's the dew,
And it's there that Annie Laurie
Gie'd me her promise true;
Gie'd me her promise true;
Which ne'er forgot will be;
And for Bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me down and die.

Her brow is like the snow-drift—
Her throat is like a swan—
Her face is the fairest
That e'er the sun shone on—
That e'er the sun shone on—
And dark blue is her eye;
And for Bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me down and die.

Like dew on the gowan lying
Is the fa' o' her fairy feet;
And like winds in summer sighing
Her voice is low and sweet,
Her voice is low and sweet,
And she is a' the world to me,
And for Bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me down and die.

THE MERCHANT'S APPRENTICE,

OR, NO SALARY THE FIRST YEAR.

Mr. Benjamin Goodwin took his eldest son to the great city, for he had obtained, as he thought, an excellent place for his boy. It was a situation in the store of Mr. Andrew Phelps. Mr. Phelps was one of the heaviest merchants in the city—a dealer in cloths, of all kinds, descriptions, qualities and quantities. He had no partner, for he was one of those exact, nervous men, who want no second party in the way. It was near noon when Mr. Goodwin entered the merchant's counting-room, leading his boy by the hand.

Gilbert Goodwin was fourteen years of age, rather small, but with energy of mind and body sufficient to make up for it. His brow was high and open—his eyes of a mild, yet deep, dark blue, and his features all made up for truth and goodness. His father was a farmer, honest and poor, who had given his son a good education, and who now wished his further education to be of a practical kind. A friend had once advised him to make a merchant of the boy—it was the village school-master—and the advice came not as flattery, but as the result of a careful consideration of the boy's qualities. By the assistance of other friends this opportunity had been found.

"I have brought my son, Mr. Phelps, as we had arranged, and I am sure you will find him punctual and faithful."

"Ah—master Gilbert—ahem—yes—I like his looks. Hope he will prove all you wish."

As the merchant thus spoke in a matter-of-fact sort of way, smiled kindly upon the way, and then turning to the parent, he resumed:—

"Have you found a boarding place for him yet?"

"Yes, sir, he will board with his uncle, my wife's brother, sir."

"Ah, that is fortunate. This great city is a bad place for boys without friends."

"Of course, sir," added Mr. Goodwin. "And yet I hope you will overlook his affairs a little."

"Certainly, what I can. But of course you are aware that I shall see little of him when he is out of the store."

Mr. Goodwin said "of course," and there was a silence of some moments. The parent gazed down upon the floor, and finally he said:

"There has been nothing said yet, Mr. Phelps, about the pay."

"Pay?" repeated the merchant.

"Yes, sir, what pay are you willing to allow my son for his service?"

"Ah," said Mr. Phelps with a bland smile. "I see you are unacquainted with our customs. We never pay anything the first year."

"Not pay?" uttered Mr. Goodwin, somewhat surprised.

"But I am to pay Gilbert's board myself, and I thought of course you would allow him something for pocket-money."

what I must use to get home with—that will find you in spending money for some time. But mind and be honest, my boy. Come home to me when you please, come in rags and filth, if it may be, but come with your truth and honor safe and untarnished."

The boy wiped a tear from his eye as he gave the promise, and the father felt assured. It was arranged that Gilbert should have two vacations during the year of a week each; one in the Spring, and the other at Thanksgiving, and then the parent left.

On the following morning Gilbert Goodwin entered the store to commence his duties. He gazed around on the wilderness of cloth, and wondered where the people were who should buy all this—but he was disturbed in his reverie by a spruce young clerk who showed him where the watering-pot and broom were, and then informed him that his first duty in the morning was to sprinkle and sweep the floor. So at it the boy went, and when this was done he was set at work carrying bundles of cloth up stairs, where a man was piling them away.

And so Gilbert's mercantile scholarship was commenced. For awhile he was homesick, but the men at the store only laughed at him, and ere long he got rid of the feeling. A month passed away, and at the end of that time his dollar was spent. He had broken it first to purchase a pocket-knife, which he could not well do without. That took half of it. Then he attended a scientific lecture, for which he paid half of what was left, and the rest had dwindled away until now he was without a penny. But he bore up for awhile. He saw that the boys in neighbouring stores had money to spend, but then he thought they had rich fathers. He knew that his father had nothing to spare. He knew that the generous parent had already burdened himself with more than he was really able to bear with comfort to himself—so he would not send to him. And yet it was unpleasant to be without money—to be in that great city, where there was so much for amusement and profit, without even a penny with which to purchase a moment of enjoyment, of a drop of extra comfort. No boy could be more faithful than was Gilbert in the store. The clerks and salesmen all loved him, and Mr. Phelps often congratulated himself upon having obtained so excellent an apprentice. He worked early and late—and he worked hard—performed more of real physical labor than any one else in the store, if we except the stout Irish porter.

Four months passed away, and then Mr. Goodwin came to the city to see his son. Gilbert possessed a keen, discriminating mind, and he knew that if he had made a complaint of his penury, his father would be unhappy—so he said nothing of it, but only professed to be very much pleased with his situation—and the parent shed tears of joy, when he heard the wealthy merchant praise his son.

"Is your dollar gone, Gilbert?" the father asked before he started for home.

"Yes," said the boy, with a faint smile.

"Then I must give you another, for I suppose you need a little. Has Mr. Phelps given you anything?"

"No, sir. And I will not ask him, for I now his rule."

"That's right, my son. But take this. I wish I could make it more."

And so did Gilbert wish it, but not for the world would he have said so. He too deeply appreciated all his father was doing for him to complain.

Mr. Goodwin returned home, and Gilbert once more had a little money—but it lasted not long. A dollar was a small sum for such a place. A portion of it he expended for a few small articles which he absolutely needed—then he attended a concert with his uncle's folks, and ere long his pocket was again empty. His position was now more unpleasant than before. There were a thousand simple things for which he wanted a little money. His little, bright-eyed cousin teased him for some slight tokens, and his older cousins wondered why he did not attend any of the concerts and lectures.

One evening after the store was closed, Gilbert stood upon the iron steps with the key in his hand—for he was now entrusted with that important implement—when he was joined by a lad named Baker, who held the same position in the adjoining store that Gilbert did in Mr. Phelps's.

"Say, Gil, going to the concert to-night?" asked Baker.

"No—I can't."

"Can't? Why not?"

"Why, to tell the plain truth, Jim, I haven't got the money."

"Pooh! Come along. I'll pay the seat."

"But I don't wish to run in debt, Jim, for I may never pay you."

"Pay me? Who talked about paying? If I offer to pay, that's enough. Come along. It'll be a glorious concert."

"But I must go home and get some supper."

"No, go with me and get supper."

But Gilbert could not go without letting his aunt know, so Baker walked round that way with him. Then they went to the restaurant—here Baker paid for the supper. He had several bank notes, and poor Gilbert gazed upon them with longing looks. O, if he could only have a little money. Say one dollar a week, or one dollar in two weeks, how much happier he could feel! As soon as they had eaten supper they went to the concert rooms, and Gilbert was charmed with the sweet music he heard. He fancied it had a noble influence upon him, and that it awoke more generous impulses in his soul. But alas! How can a man or youth be over-generous with an empty pocket always?

From this time, James Baker was Gilbert's firm friend, and in return he heard all his secrets to Jim, and in return he heard all his secrets to Jim.

"Say, Gil, how is it you never have any money?" Baker asked, as they were together one evening in front of the store after having locked up.

"Why," returned Gilbert, with some hesitation, "to tell you the plain truth, my father is too poor. He has done enough for me now—more than he can well afford. He has never asked me to work on his farm, but he has sent me to school, and now he is paying my board while I learn to be a merchant. But my father is good, if he is poor."

"Of course he is," warmly replied Baker, "That's where you find your good hearts, among the poor. But don't you make the store pay for taking care of it?"

"No, Mr. Phelps pays nothing the first year."

"Why, are you in earnest Gil? Haven't you ever got any money for your hard work?"

"No, not a penny. Two dollars is all the money I have had since I have been here, and those my father gave me."

"Well, you're a moral improbability, a regular anomaly. Why, I make them pay me something. Mind you—I don't call it stealing, for it isn't. My master receives the benefit of my work, and I am entitled to something in return. He is rich, while I am poor. My hard work turns money into

his till—and shall I dig and delve and lug my life away for nothing? No. When I want a little money, I take it. Did I take enough to squander and waste and gamble away, as some do, I should call it stealing—but I don't. Yet I must have something. How do you suppose our masters think we live without money? They don't think so—if they do, they must be natural born fools. That's all I've got to say about it."

"But how do you do it?" asked Gilbert, tremulously.

"How? Why, sometimes I help myself to a few handkerchiefs which I sell: and sometimes I take a gentle peep at the drawer."

When Gilbert Goodwin went to bed that night, there was a demon within him. The temptation had come! For a long time there had been a shadowy, misty form hovering about him, but not until now had it taken palpable shape. He allowed himself to reason on the subject, but not yet was his mind made up. On the following day he met young Baker again, and he learned that all the apprentices on the street did the same thing.

A week passed on, and during all that time Gilbert gave the tempter a home in his bosom. He daily pondered upon the amount of physical labor he performed. He saw all the others with money, and he wondered if any one could possibly get along without that circulating commodity. Finally the evil hour came. The constant companionship of young Baker had its influence, and the shaft had struck its mark. A bright-eyed, lovely girl had asked Gilbert to carry her to an evening's entertainment. The boy loved that girl—loved her with the whole ardor of his youthful soul—and he could not refuse. At noon he was left alone in the store. Several people came in—mostly tailors—and bought goods, paying the cash. Gilbert did not stop to consider—the spell was upon him—and he kept back a two-dollar bill. That afternoon he suffered much. He dared not look the clerks in the face, though he was sure that some of them did the same thing. In the evening, he accompanied his fair companion to the entertainment, and though he tried to be happy yet he could not.

That night the boy slept, and while he slept he dreamed. His father and mother came to him all pale and sad, and tell him he had disgraced them forever. "O, my boy, my own loved boy, thou hast lost thy truth and honor forever!" So groaned the father. The sleeper started up, and for a moment he felt relieved when he found that he only dreamed—but quickly came the truth upon him—the truth of the day before, the terrible certainty of his theft—and he groaned in the agony of a bowed and contrite heart. He started up from his bed and paced the floor. It was not long before he stopped, and then he had resolved upon what course he would pursue. He remembered the oft-repeated words of his father: "A sin concealed is a second sin committed." It was hard for him to make up his mind to the resolution he had taken, and when once the words had passed his lips his soul was fixed.

On the following morning he entered the store as usual, and his duties were performed silently and sadly. The clerks asked him if he was sick, but he told them no. Towards the middle of the forenoon Mr. Phelps came in, and entered his counting-room. Gilbert watched him until he was alone, and then he moved towards the place. His heart beat wildly, and his face was as pale as death, but he did not hesitate. He entered the counting-room and sank into a chair.

"Gilbert, what is the matter?" uttered the merchant kindly. The boy collected all his energies, and in a low, painful tone, he answered:

"I have come to tell you that I can remain here no longer, sir. I—I—"

"What? Going to leave me?" uttered the merchant, in surprise, as the boy hesitated. "No, no, Gilbert. If you are sick you shall have a good physician. I can't lose you now."

"Hear me, sir," resumed the boy, somewhat emboldened by his master's kind tone, but yet speaking in great pain. "O, I must tell you all, and I trust in your generous soul for pardon. But I cannot stay here. Listen, sir, and blame me as you will, but believe me not yet lost. My father is poor—too poor to keep me here. I have learned the ways of the city, and I have longed for some of those innocent healthy amusements which I have seen my companions enjoying here. For long weeks together, I have been without a penny in my pocket, and at such times I have felt much shame in view of my extreme poverty. My father has given me two dollars—one when he left me here, one when he came to visit me. But what was that? Nearly all of it went for some small article which I absolutely needed. Lectures, concerts, and various other places of healthy entertainment, were visited by my companions, but I could not go. At length the fatal knowledge was mine, that others of my station had money for such things—money which they took from their employers without leave. I pondered upon it long and deeply—and in pondering I was lost. Yesterday I took—two—dollars."

Here the poor boy burst into tears, but the merchant said not a word. In a few moments Gilbert resumed:

"You know the worst now. I took it, and a part of it I used last night—but O, I want no more such hours of agony as I have passed since that time. Here is a dollar and a half, sir. Take it, and when I get home I will send you the rest. O, let me go, sir, for I cannot stay where temptation haunts me. Away in the solitude of my father's farm, I shall not want the money I cannot have. You may tell me that I have had experience—but, alas that experience only tells me that while I remain here the tempter must be with me. I would not long for what I cannot possess. While I have wants and desires, the wish must be present to gratify them. Let me go, sir—but O, tell not my shame."

The boy stopped and bowed his head. The merchant gazed upon him awhile in silence, and during that time a variety of shades passed over his countenance.

"Gilbert," he said at length, in a low kind tone, "you must not leave me. For a few moments I will forget the difference in our stations, and speak as plainly as you have spoken. I have been in the wrong. I freely confess. I should have known that temptation was thrown in your way—a temptation which should not be cast in the way of any person, much less in the way of an inexperienced youth. Since you have been so nobly frank, I will be equally so. Forgive me for the situation in which I placed you, and the past shall be forgotten."

"Until this moment I never thought seriously of this subject. I never before realized how direct was the temptation thus placed before the apprentices of our houses. But I see it all now. I know that to the boy who has not money, the presence of both money and costly amusement must be too fearful a temptation for ordinary youths. But you shall not leave me. From this moment I shall trust you implicitly—and love you for your noble disposition and fine sense of honor. I shall not fear to trust you henceforth, for you shall have pecuniary recompense somewhat commensurate with the labor

you perform. I have often blessed the hour that brought you to my store, for I have seen in you a valuable assistant, and if I have ever held a lingering doubt of your strict integrity, I shall hold it no more, for it requires more strength of moral purpose to acknowledge, unasked, a crime, than it does to refrain from committing one. Never again will I accept the labor of any person without paying him for it, and then if he is dishonest no blame can attach to me. You will not leave me, Gilbert?"

The boy gazed up into his employer's face, but for a while tears and sobs choked his utterance. Mr. Phelps drew him to his side, and laying his hand upon the youth's head, he resumed—

"If I blame you for this momentary departure from strict honesty, the love I bear you for your noble confession vastly more than wipes it all away. Henceforth you shall have enough for your wants, and when the year is up we will make an arrangement which cannot but please you. What say you—will you stay?"

"If—if—I only knew that you would never abhor me for this—"

"Stop, Gilbert—I have spoken to you the truth, and you need have no fear. I will pay you three dollars a week for your own instruction and amusement, and when you want clothes or other matters of like necessity, if you speak to me you shall have them. All of the past is forgotten, save your many virtues, and henceforth I know you only for what you shall prove."

Gilbert tried in vain to tell his gratitude, but the merchant saw it all, and with tears in his own eyes he blessed the boy, and then bade him go about his work.

The year passed away, and then another boy came to take Gilbert's place, for the latter took his station in the counting-room. But the new boy came not as boys had come before. The merchant suffered to pay him so much per week, enough for all practical purposes—and then he felt that he should not be responsible for the boy's honesty.

At the age of seventeen, Gilbert Goodwin took the place of one of the assistant book-keepers, and at the age of nineteen he took his place at the head of the counting-room—for, to an aptness at figures and an untiring application to his duty, he added a strength of moral integrity, which made his services almost invaluable.

And now he has grown up to be a man, and the bright-eyed girl who was so intimately connected with that one dark hour of his life, has been his wife for several years. He is still in the house of Mr. Phelps, and occupies the position of business partner, the old merchant having given up work, and now trusting all to his youthful associate. Gilbert Goodwin has seen many young men fall, and he has often shuddered in view of the wide road to temptation which is open to many more, and he has made one of the rules of his life, that he will have no persons in his employ to whom he cannot afford to pay a sum sufficient to remove them from inevitable destruction.

Cleanings from late Papers.

"PICKING UP" A LADY.—The Courier de Limoges has the following:

As a tradesman of Tarnseon was recently at a late hour going in his gig to Brives, he overtook in a desolate part of the road near Payfort, an elegantly dressed young woman, who appeared greatly fatigued. Astonished to see a woman of her appearance alone on the highway at such an hour, he stopped and questioned her, and she, after some hesitation, said in a soft voice—"Ah, sir, I am very unhappy. My husband, in consequence of a quarrel we happened to have, has just flung me out of a postchaise, and I am going now I know not where." The tradesman said she would do well to go to Brives, the nearest town, and offered her a seat by his side. But she, with an air of great modesty, said that she could not think of accompanying a perfect stranger. The tradesman, however, insisted, and after a while she got into the gig. The conversation that ensued soon assumed a tender tone, and the tradesman ventured to press the hand of the lady, and to take a peep into her face, which, from what he thought was modesty, she had kept averted from him. He then saw two fierce eyes and a rough beard, and the sight struck him with terror. After a moment's reflection, however, he let drop his pocket-handkerchief into the road, and said he: "Madam, I must stop a moment to pick up my pocket-handkerchief; but no, my horse is so vicious that I cannot leave him. Is it taking too great a liberty to ask you to pick up the handkerchief for me?" "Not at all, sir," said the pretended lady, jumping from the gig; and at the same moment the tradesman, whipping his horse, drove off as fast as he possibly could. A basket left by the bandit in the gig was found to contain a poignard and two pistols.

The Russian Government intend to make Sebastopol a magnificent city. A letter from Constantinople says the attempt made to get up the fragments of the vessels sunk at the mouth of the harbor appears likely to prove successful.

There is a rumour from England to the effect that an English Earl, who was engaged in the Crimean war, is about to lead to the hymenial altar the noble hearted and self-sacrificing Florence Nightingale. She has been elected an honorary life governor of the Royal Free Hospital, London.

MORMONISM.—Late European advices state that Mormonism is making such progress in Denmark as to excite considerable alarm in the minds of religious and reflecting men. Petitions have been sent in large numbers to the Government, asking that the Mormons may be restricted from the more public practice of their ceremonies.

LONDON COMPARED WITH OTHER CITIES.—The London Chronicle has made a calculation, from which it appears that there are more Smiths, Joneses, Browns, Robinsons and Thomsons in London than any other city in the world (Paris and the Chinese cities excepted) has inhabitants; that Vienna has not as many denizens as London has servants; that the shoemakers, publicans, and dealers in meat and vegetables of London would make a larger population by far than all Berlin contains, and nearly as large as that of New York; that London has more last-makers than Frankfort has citizens, and more clerks than Boston has inhabitants.

We learn from a contemporary, that the windows of the new Roman Catholic Cathedral, now in course of erection in St. John, N. B., will cost from £2000 to £3000.—Bishop Conolly provides for them from his own resources.