The Pittsburgh Gazette.

HAVE CHARITY.

BY FRANCIS SMITH.

Through the great, sun-blasted city
Toils a homeless little one—
Not a friend to soothe or pity—
Not a bed to lie upon—
Ragged, dirty, bruised and bleeding—
Subject still to kick and curse—
Schooled in sin and sadly needing
Aid from Christian tongue and purse.

But the rich and gay pass by her,
Full of vanity and pride,
And a pittance they deny her,
As their pull the lie skirts aside.
Then a sullen mood comes o'er her—
Reckless she of woe or weal—
Death from hunger is before her—
She must either starve or steal.

She *does* steal and who can blame her,
Hunger pangs her vitals gnaw—
None endeavor to reclaim her,
And she violates the law
Then the pampered child of fashion,
Who refused to give relief,
Cries, with well affected passion,
"Out upon the little thief!"

Censors full of word-wise schooling,
Cease to censure and deplore—
When the girl transgressed mun's ruling
She obeyed a higher law.
Take her place—feel her temptation—
Starved, unhoused—no succor nigh—
And, though sure of reprobation,
Ye would steal ere ye would die!

THE CITY'S CHILDREN!

TERRIBLE ATROCITIES!!

A Little Girl's Feet Frozen Off!!!

THE FLESH OUT FROM HER BACK!!!!

THE CHILDREN'S AID SOCIETY!!!!

Villainy Under the Veil of Charity!

THE TRICKERY OF "SAINTS!"

FIENDS WEARING HEAVEN'S LIVERY!

SANCTIMONIOUS LEECHES!

RELIGIOUS HUMBUGS EXPOSED!

VICE MORE PROFITABLE THAN VIRTUE!

A SAINT'S FACE AND A DEMON'S HEART!!

HOW LONG SHALL SUCH THINGS CONTINUE!!!

THE MONSTER PUNISHED!!!

RETRIBUTION!!!

In spite of the exertions made by the "Children's Aid Society," "The News Boys' Lodging Rooms," and city missions generally, there is still much to do in the matter of relieving the necessities of the suffering little ones known as "The City's Children"—little, white-faced, penury-pinched sufferers who live in pestilential, subterranean, abodes, dark courts and filthy air-poisoned alley-ways or roam the streets in the day time and sleep at night in covered wagons, coal-boxes, or any other place they may be able to steal into—some of whom have neither parents nor friends, and others who have relatives but would be better off without them.

Everybody will remember the case of the unfortunate orphan girl who, some twelve or fourteen years ago, was taken from the poor house by a fiend in human shape named Mrs. Decker, who resided at the time on Staten Island. It will be in the recollection of many how this poor, friendless little creature was tortured by the wretch who had adopted her, till death kindly put an end to her sufferings. How she was beaten till her little body was a mass of bruises—starved till her bones seemed bursting through the skin—turned out into the bitter cold almost naked till her feet were blistered with frost, and her emaciated frame racked by rheumatism—while all the while the monster who subjected her to such tortures attended church regularly and was regarded as little less than a saint by those who did not know her.

This, as we have said, occurred nearly a score of years ago, but who can say how many similar cases have happened since—are happening every day in fact. The Mrs. Deckers are not all dead yet—society is full of them and their victims, and, what is worse, this will always be the case till the millenium comes. We cannot alter human nature, but we can do the next best thing—we can expose such atrocities when they come to light, and such is our purpose at the present time. Anybody who will follow us though the following narrative of wrong and retribution will acknowledge the full force of all which we have said and will feel themselves well repaid for their trouble as well.

"Please, sir, may I shovel off your sidewalk?"

"No boy—go home and tell your mother to take care of you."

"I only want five cents, sir—just five cents—let me have five cents for half-an-hour and I'll do any work you're a-mind to set me at—I don't care what it is."

"No, I tell you! Go home and keep out of the streets! Go to school! I don't see what parents can be thinking of to allow their children to go running around begging!"

The first speaker was a stout-built lad, who carried upon his shoulder a rudely-constructed wooden shovel, and the person to whom he addressed himself was the weathy Mr. Seymour, who occupied a palatial mansion in one of the streets cutting the Fifth avenue at right angles.

The boy was about fourteen years of age, and though shabbily dressed and wretched-looking enough, there was a something about his countenance which could not fail to impress a close observer favorably.

Mr. Seymour had just returned from a drive out on the avenue in his magnificent sleigh, and was about entering the door of his residence when the boy, who had been looking wistfully, as he walked along, at the windows of the rich mansions in front of which he was passing, paused and accosted him.

About an hour after the above conversation, Mr. Seymour, again dressed for the street, stood gazing from the window of his front parlor. Already he regretted that he had so rudely answered the boy's petition, and in imagination he again beheld the pleading face. Suddenly an exclamation, half of fear, half of surprise, burst from his lips as he actually met the mournful gaze of the boy's large, sorrowful eyes.

It was but a single glance, and the boy passed away, without offering to stop, but soon recovering himself, Mr. Seymour sprang to the hall, then out at the door, and in an instant was at the boy's side.

"Here, boy!" he said, hurriedly, as he touched the boy on the shoulder, "have you got what you were asking for yet?"

"No, sir," replied the boy, dejectedly; "the people tell me that I am too small to shovel snow, and too big to beg, and so I s'pose I shall have to go home without anything. No I won't though, he added, suddenly, while a look of savage recklessness settled upon his pallid features—"no I won't! I have never done anything wicked yet, but I'll steal—I'll *murder* before I go home without anything!"

"Good gracious, boy," exclaimed Mr. Seymour, "what are you saying? Upon my life you talk like a perfect young savage. Here—here's some change for you!" And he placed in his hand a few silver coins.

Instantly the look of blank despair vanished from the boy's face, and an expression of intense satisfaction took its place, as eagerly clutching the money the rich man held out to him, he hastily ejaculated a fervent "Thank'ee, sir!" and fled away up the street at his topmost speed.

Mr. Seymour stood looking after the boy till he saw him enter a baker's shop on the corner, and then he mechanically followed in the same direction.

"So he *was* hungry," he muttered, as he walked along, "and perhaps he may be connected with some one who is also hungry. Who can tell? I don't know that it's anything to me, but, by George, something which I cannot exactly understand, impels me to follow him, and I will do so, let what will come of it."

The boy *was* hungry—*very* hungry—for as he emerged from the baker's shop, clutching a loaf of bread in his nervous grasp, Mr. Seymour, who followed closely, observed that he tore a piece from it and ravenously gnawed at it as he started on a run.

At length the boy darted up a dark alley-way, the entrance to which Mr. Seymour reached just in time to see the object of his pursuit enter a tenant building which stood far back in the rear.

Mr. Seymour also entered the dismal habitation, and, after some delay, found himself in an apartment on the second floor. The room was a small one, and from its position the light of day, except at meridian (it was about three o'clock then,) was almost excluded. The floor was cleanly scrubbed, the walls were white, and the window panes, what few were left, glistened brightly in the sunlight, but save a clean board which, resting upon a barrel, served as a table, and a bed which occupied the darkest corner of the room on the floor, the apartment contained no furniture.

Sitting bolt upright upon this latter article was a woman, wasted away almost to a skeleton. In both her bony hands she clutched a loaf of bread, from which she had ravenously torn a mouthful, and lying prone at her side, with his face buried in the pillow, and groaning and sobbing piteously, was the boy whom the rich man had followed.

Mr. Seymour was unable to scan the woman's features closely, for the bright glare of the sun upon the snow without had temporarily unfitted his eyes to view objects in a subdued light, but he saw enough to shock him greatly, and stooping down he placed his hand upon the shoulder of the boy, and shaking him gently, he said in a kindly tone:

"Get up, my little man, and run out for some more fitting food than that. You shall want for nothing now, for I will be your friend. See, here is money!" And as he spoke he took some silver coins from his pocket.

Rising from his recumbent position as the first tones of the gentleman's voice fell upon his ears, the boy turned and faced the latter, who was surprised to see upon his features, not a look of gratitude, but an expression amounting almost to malignity.

"Go away!" exclaimed the boy, bitterly, "go away, and leave me alone. I hate you!"

"And why should you hate me, my poor lad?" inquired Mr. Seymour, in a tone of unfeigned surprise—"I never injured you!"

"You have!" exclaimed the boy, passionately, "you have always injured me, and such as me. I hate you because you are rich, and because you don't care who starves so long as you have plenty to eat and to drink, and to wear, and throw away, I feel as though I could kill you, and I may, too, if you don't go away, for I have the strength to do it now, although I am only a boy!"

"Upon my word, I believe the boy is getting crazy!" exclaimed Mr. Seymour, in a sort of half soliloquy.

"I believe I am," returned the boy, vehemently, "and it wouldn't be much to wonder at if I did. I wish I was crazy or dead, I wouldn't care which."

Mr. Seymour was about to make some conciliatory reply, but before he could do so the door opened, and a little girl about nine years old entered, bearing in her hand a bowl of soup. She was a beautiful, bright looking child, although her clothes were untidy, and her hair uncombed, and fell straggling around her face. Her large blue eyes were full of gentleness and love and an almost angelic look rested upon her countenance.

She was somewhat disconcerted upon discovering a stranger, but beckoning the boy to a corner, she said in a whisper, while a smile of joy lighted up her little thin face:

"Here, Charley, I've brought a bowl of real nice soup for your mother, and I know it 'll do her good. Mrs. Maddox, who lives up stairs, gave it to me for fetching her a pail of water, but I'm not hungry and it will be so nice for your poor mother."

The boy's lip quivered as he struggled to subdue some terrible emotion, and he answered, at last, in a husky voice:

"She don't want it Maggie—*I know she don't*—you eat it yourself."

"Who is that gentleman?" whispered the girl, at the same time stealing a glance at Mr. Seymour.

"He is a rich man," answered the boy aloud, "who lives in a great house up town."

"Oh, I am so glad!" exclaimed the girl, joyously, "for I am sure he will do something for your mother."

"Of course I will, my little lady," said Mr. Seymour—"that is what I came here for."

"No you won't!" exclaimed the boy, bitterly; "because you *can't* help her now! If you had given me five cents when I first asked you for it, it might, perhaps, have done some good, but it's too late now. Look at her!" And again throwing himself face downward upon the bed, he gave away to another passionate out-burst of grief.

A horrid suspicion flashed across the the mind of the millionaire, whose eyes by this time had become accustomed to the moderate light, and looking directly at the women, God of Heaven, what a sight broke upon his startled vision!

"Merciful Heaven!" he exclaimed, holding his hands before his eyes to shut out the frightful spectacle, "she is dead!"

"Yes," sobbed the boy, "dead—dead—dead! And when they put her in the cold ground, I shall be alone—all alone! There will be no one to care for me then!"

While he was thus wildly lamenting, the little girl had placed her bowl upon the rude table, and with the tears standing in her mild eyes, had advanced toward him. Kneeling beside him as the despairing words left his lips, she threw her little white arms around his neck, and murmured, in a tone of mingle pathos and gentle reproach:

"No one, did you say, Charley? *No one at all?*"

Instantly the boy checked his violent grief, and looking up through his tears, he replied, as he affectionately pressed her hand:

"Oh, I forgot you, Maggie—I forgot you, but you musn't blame me. I was thinking of nothing but her. It will be so very, very hard to see them take her away!"

By this time Mr. Seymour had recovered somewhat from the first shock which his feelings had sustained, and approaching close to the corpse, he began to peruse the features attentively. A thrill of horror shook his frame anew as he did so, for notwithstanding the change which death had made, he felt morally certain he had seen the face before under different circumstances.

"What is your name boy?" he asked, excitedly, turning toward the sorrowing lad.

The boy was stubborn, and would not answer, but his little companion replied:

"His name is Charley Hollister, sir."

"It *is* she, and we have met again at last, but under what terrible circumstances! Oh, what a frightful, frightful death for her to die!"

He spoke truly. It *was* a frightful death, for the woman had died of starvation! Starvation in the midst of plenty! Eager to appease the frightful cravings of hunger she had seized the loaf and torn from it a mouthful, but even as she essayed to masticate it the fatal reaction took place, death seized her in the effort, and she who had once tasted the sweets of affluence, now sat there, the victim of cruel want, a stiffened corpse, grim, gaunt and ghastly.

Casting a look at the children, who, in their great grief had not noticed his agitation, the millionaire rushed from the house and took his way toward the Coroner's office.

An inquest was held upon the body of a wretched and—except by the weeping boy she had left behind her—apparently unknown woman—the Coroner's jury, composed of men who had suddenly been taken from their business and forced into the service, had promptly and without striving hard to find out who or what she was, returned a verdict that Mary Hollister, the unknown woman aforesaid, had come to her death by starvation—a wealthy and exemplary citizen had seen the poor victim of cruel want decently laid to rest in Greenwood Cemetery, all the expenses attending the funeral having been paid out of his own pocket—and four persons had assembled in the room adjoining the one in which Mary Hollister died, to talk over the sad event. These were Charles Hollister, the son of the deceased woman; the little girl, Maggie; Mrs. Bridget Mullins, a washerwoman of unmistakably Celtic origin; and Mr. Philip Ferry, known in the neighborhood as "Phil, the Philosopher."

"And so the fine gentleman has offered to find a place for you, has he, Charley, dear?" asked the widow, addressing the deceased woman's son.

The poor boy, who, absorbed in his deep grief, sat in an out-of-the-way corner, did not hear her, and little Maggie, once more became his mouth-piece.

"Don't speak to him now, Mrs. Mullins, please don't," pleaded the little creature—"he feels so bad he don't want to talk. I know all about it, an I'll answer your questions! Mr. Seymour has offered to find a place for Charley—I heard him."

The conversation was interrupted by a knock at the door, which was opened by Mrs. Mullins, and a tall, billious-looking man, of a sinister expression of countenance, wriggled his way into the room.

"Eels!" whispered the philosopher, musingly, as soon as his eyes rested on the new comer—"I can see 'em sticking out all over. Slippery and tricky—twist himself into any shape he pleases and adroitly make his escape through the smallest kind of a hole. Every hair on his head—to be sure there is'nt many of them—is an eel, and if an eel's eye was magnified to the size of his with a proper lens, I'll venture to say you could'nt tell one from the other."

The idividual concerning whom Phil Ferry thus soliloquized, looked sharply around at the group for a moment or two, without speaking, and then turning his gaze towards the window, he said:

"So she's gone at last, eh?"

"She is, Docther McNab," replied Mrs. Mullins, "she is, poor craythur! Heaven rest her sowl."

"And the boy, what will become of him now?" asked the man, while a greedy look lighted up his dull, gray eyes—"I hear that a rich man—a Mr. Seymour—has offered to take charge of him. Is that so?"

"I believe it is," answered Mrs. Mullins, "but divil a much mesilf knows about it. But, don't throuble the boy—poor little filly, the thribulashin is keen on him—ask Maggie—she knows."

"Oh, yes, Maggie! My dear little Maggie!" exclaimed the doctor, with affected tenderness, as he approached the child—"she will tell me all about it. She will come and live with me now, I guess. She won't want to stay here after they take away her playmate. Won't you come with me, Maggie?"

"No, I won't," exclaimed the child, with a shudder, and at the same time she crept close to Mrs. Mullins, and seized tightly hold of that good woman's apron, as though she feared the doctor might seize her forcibly and bear her off.

"And why not, my little dear?" asked the doctor with great blandness.

"Because I don't like you," replied the child, with great candor—"I'd rather go and live in that dark dungeon where my father died than to go home with you. I'm afraid of you!"

"Now, that is hard, isn't it, Mrs. Mullin's?" said the doctor, appealingly. "That is really hard. I attended that little girl's father professionally all through his many fits of sickness without charging him one cent, and now when I want to continue my kindness by giving her a home, she won't come near me. I dare say the boy is just like her. I attended his mother professionally, also, without receiving any pecuniary recompense, save a few trinkets, and I don't suppose he has any more gratitude than Maggie has. Will you come and learn to be a doctor, Charley?" he continued, addressing the boy.

"No, not with you," sententiously answered the grief-stricken youth, turning his tear-swollen eyes upon the questioner.

"No," said Maggie, "Charley and I will go together. Wherever he goes, I will go. If Mr. Seymour takes him, I will beg Mrs. Seymour to take me."

Dr. McNab had good reasons for feeling interested in the children, and what those reasons were will appear in the course of our story.

It was one morning about a week after the events just narrated took place, that Mr. and Mrs. Seymour sat at the breakfast table, the gentleman reading the morning paper and sipping his coffee by turns, while the lady remained silent, apparently in deep thought about something.

At length, throwing down his paper and emptying his cup at a draught, Mr. Seymour said, with a sigh:

"I never take up a paper of late, my dear, that I do not come across the details of some horrible case of destitution and misery."

"I have noticed, Andrew," said Mrs. Seymour, "that of late you seem more than usually interested in the sufferings of the poor. My attention, too, has been much attracted to such cases since I heard of your praiseworthy action in reference to that unfortunate woman who died of starvation. Although I must admit that your conduct was commendable, I cannot understand why you have taken such an interest in her orphan boy. After superintending the funeral, and paying all the expenses, you bring two destitute children here to your own home, one of them the unfortunate woman's son."

Mrs. Seymour paused, in order to give her husband an opportunity to say something in explanation, but he remained silent, and she continued:

"And another singular phase of this most singular matter is, that you seem less inclined to converse about the boy than you do about the girl. Without any inquiry upon my part, you told me all you know about the girl, but when I ventured to question you concerning the boy, you evinced a palpable disinclination to converse on the subject, and would not give me the slightest satisfaction.

"Well, my dear," said Mr. Seymour, apparently with great reluctance, "it is true that I have all along tried to avoid this subject, but, as you force me to it, I will admit that there is a mystery about the boy and his mother—a mystery which I have reasons of my own for not wishing to explain, and which could advantage you nothing, even should I do so. Let me implore you, then, as you value our domestic quiet, not to allude to the subject again. The boy will be out of the house shortly, and, after he is gone, let us cease to talk of the past. I spoke to an employing silversmith about him yesterday, Mr. Barak Jeffries, and Charley is to be placed in his care to-morrow. But how about your little *protege*, Maggie? Have you found a place for her yet, or do you mean to adopt her?"

"I would willingly adopt her," replied Mrs. Seymour, who saw at once that it would be useless to attempt to penetrate her husband's secret, and who assumed a satisfaction she by no means felt, "if I could reconcile such a course with my conscience, but I fear I am growing too fond of her, and we should not place our affections upon things of this earth. The fact that our Heavenly Father has never blessed us with children is the best proof that He intended I should devote myself entirely to His service. She is a sweet child, and I am happy in having been able to pluck her as a brand from the burning, (this was a favorite expression with the lady) but I cannot make up my mind to assume the entire care of her, and so I think I will permit a Mrs. Dockett, who has made application to our Society for a little girl to adopt, to take her. She seems a very pious kind of woman, and has promised to bring Maggie up in the faith."

Poor Maggie! she little knew the fate that awaited her. And had Mrs. Seymour been aware of it, her philanthropic heart would have thrilled with horror, and she would as soon have thought of placing the helpless little one in the keeping of a beast.

An hour later, after Mr. Seymour had left the house, to attend to business, Mrs. Dockett made her appearance, wishing to consult with Mrs. Seymour about taking charge of Maggie.

"How old did you say she was?" asked Mrs. Dockett, after some preliminary observations had passed between herself and Mrs. Seymour.

"It is impossible for us to say, exactly," replied the latter lady, for the child does not know her age. I should suppose her, however, to be about nine years old."

"The dear child!" exclaimed Mrs. Dockett, with fervor; "and what is her name, mem?"

"Of that we are also ignorant," answered Mrs. Seymour—"she is a poor little waif, of whose history we have been able to learn but little. About three years ago her father, a besotted creature, who was not fit to have charge of a dog, much less a tender child, hired a room in the house from which we took her. He died miserably in prison not long afterward of *delirium tremens*, and from that time till we found her, the little unfortunate picked up her living by running errands for the tenants. Maggie is the only name by which she is at present known."

"The poor darlin', unfortnit little soul!" exclaimed Mrs. Dockett, applying her handkerchief to her eyes. "Oh, Mrs. Seymour, I must have that child! I feel like I could eat her up now without even seein' of her. I wanted to get some poor little waif, as you call it, without no father or mother, or any friends to care for it, and I'm so glad I applied to your blessed, Heavenly Society, you don't know!"

Had Mrs. Dockett known how inextricably interwoven was the past history of that little unfortunate with her own, she would not have been so perfectly self-possessed as she contemplated taking charge of her. But she did not know it, and she was happy in her ignorance.

"You will treat her in all respects as if she were my child, and I had placed her with you to board, will you?" asked Mrs. Seymour, delighted with the flattering allusion which had been made to *the* Society.

Mrs. Dockett looked up toward Heaven, as though calling the Sacred Hosts to witness her sincerity, then wiped her eyes energetically, she sighed heavily, and then said emphatically:

"Won't I, though?"

"And you will bring her up in *the* faith?" continued Mrs. Seymour; "you will studiously teach her to renounce the pomps and vanities of this wicked world and all the sinful lusts of the flesh? You will see to it that she listens only to sound doctrine?

"Mrs. Seymour," responded Mrs. Dockett, half reproachfully but ecstatically, "if I thought there was one hair in my head that wasn't Episcopal, I'd have my head shaved clean on purpose to get rid of that one, and wear a horrid cap the rest of my days!"

Mrs. Seymour wanted no further proof of her visitor's fitness for any work which she might be called upon to do, after she had given such powerful evidence of "the faith that was in her," and so "the second waif" was furnished with a mother.

The next morning, when the children met each other in the kitchen, the eyes of each were red with weeping.

"We have got to go to different places, now, Charley," said Maggie, laying her hand upon his arm, and looking tearfully into his face.

"Yes, Maggie," replied he, sadly, "I am sorry we can't be kept together, but it is better that we should do something for ourselves."

"I suppose it is," replied the little creature, dejectedly, but I never thought of parting from you, Charley."

"Never mind," said the boy, hopefully, and a bright smile overspread his fine features as he spoke, "we shall see each other often. Mr. Seymour has promised me that already. He has told me where Mrs. Dockett lives on Long Island, and, if I work smart, perhaps I shall be allowed to visit you every week. Who knows!"

"Oh, if I was only sure of that!" exclaimed the child, joyfully.

"Besides," continued the boy, energetically, "I am to learn a good trade, and I am to have plenty of over-work. Who can tell how much I may be able to save up? Why, I might be able to pay your board and buy clothes for you in a little while, and then you could come and live in the city where I could see you every day. Only think of that, Maggie!"

Poor children! Their happy anticipations were but short-lived. They had always been familiar with misery, but there was a "deeper deep" of wretchedness for them still.

Mr. Seymour had placed Charles Hollister with the silversmith for a fortnight on trial, at the end of which time, if all parties were satisfied, he was to be duly apprenticed; but the boy had not been under the charge of his employer a week before he discovered that there was something wrong about the man, although the latter tried hard to appear excessively parent-like and amiable.

Among the apprentices who operated in the "beehive," as the shop was termed by Mr. Jeffries, was a little, pale-faced, consumptive-looking boy, about the age of Charles Hollister, who at once attracted the attention and excited the commiseration of the newly-entered apprentice, who felt a secret satisfaction when he was informed that the boy in question, whose name was Richard Manners, was to be his room-mate. The two boys became fast friends the very first night that they slept together, and they grew more and more attached to each other as their intimacy became closer.

The first effort of the new apprentice, naturally enough, was to gather from his companion some idea of his employer and his fellow apprentices; but, strangely enough, the boy would never allow himself to be drawn into conversation on that subject. He would talk freely enough on any other theme, but the moment the shop was mentioned, he was dumb; nor could all the ingenuity of young Hollister put him off his guard.

It was the night before the one upon which the probationary fortnight of the new apprentice would expire, and he and his room-mate had retired to their room.

Hollister was the first to throw his clothes off and jump into bed, and as he lay there watching his room-mate, he could not help noticing the look of painful anxiety which rested upon the features of the latter. The boy was never at any time disposed to be mirthful; but now his face wore a look which plainly spoke of some especial source of regret, and before getting into bed, he, contrary to his usual custom, carefully looked under it, and around the room, and finally, he opened the bed-room door and looked out into the entry.

"What's the matter, Dick?" said Hollister, when the latter had at length stretched himself out at his side. "You ain't afraid of burglars, are you?"

"No;" replied the boy, in a whisper: "Wuss'en that."

"What is it, then?" asked Hollister. "Come, speak out, don't be alarmed!"

"Hush h-h!" whispered the boy, trembling as he spoke; "don't speak so loud—*he* might hear you."

"And who is *he*?" asked Hollister, without altering his tone.

"I won't talk to you Charley," replied the boy, in a whisper so low as to be almost inaudable, "if you don't speak lower. I know he is around somewhere, and I tell you he will hear you."

"Well then," whispered Hollister, who, willing to gratify the lad, brought his voice down to the lowest pitch. "I will speak low; and now tell me who is that *he* you are so much afraid of?"

"The Boss!" replied the boy, in a frightened tone; "and you'd be afraid too, if you knew him as well as I do."

"Well, I don't like him very much myself, Dick," replied Hollister; "but I don't see anything in him to be frightened at, and I don't see as we've much to complain about. He uses us pretty well. We've got plenty to eat, and to drink, and to wear, and don't have to work very hard."

"Oh, yes," whispered Dick, significantly, "that's 'cos he's got a new boy on trial. We allers do have a high old time whenever a new boy comes, but we have to pay up for it afterward. It seems to me almost as if you were my brother, Charley, and I will say this much to you, if I die for it—*don't you be bound to him!*"

"What are you whispering about there, Richard?" broke in the shrill voice of the king-bee from the entry outside; "I am afraid I will have to curtail your sleeping hours; you've got too much time for sleeping—you have!"

"I knew he was around!" whispered the little unfortunate. "Oh! won't I catch it for this!" And turning his back to his companion, he refused to say another word.

The boy's warning was not without its effect upon the mind of young Hollister; but, having once resolved upon his course of action, he was not easily to be swerved therefrom; and before closing his eyes in sleep he determined to carry out his original purpose, let what would happen—which he subsequently did; but he had not been an indented apprentice forty-eight hours when he bitterly regretted not having taken his little room-mate's advice.

From the moment that the documents were signed which placed Charles Hollister beneath the entire control of Mr. Jeffries for seven years, the demeanor of the latter toward his apprentices underwent so complete a change, that the newly bound lad, although prepared to witness something of the kind from what Dick Manners had said, was greatly astonished. Ignorant of the world, and thoroughly artless and honest himself, he never imagined that any one could exercise such perfect hypocrisy. During the whole fortnight while he was on trial, he had noticed that the boys were treated with great consideration. All this was changed, however, as soon as the neophyte became a full-fledged "bee"—then tasks were imposed upon the ill-starred apprentices the completion of which took them from twelve to sixteen hours per day, and they were compelled to submit daily to a thousand harrowing pieces of injustice, which were calculated to wound the pride and lacerate the feelings of any boy possessing the slightest spirit.

It was on the morning of the second day of young Hollister's apprenticeship, and he was busily employed at the side of Dick Manners, under whose tuition he had temporarily been placed, when Mr. Barak Jeffries entered the "beehive," and, as was his wont, began the exercise of his daily tortures. Walking from one to another of his apprentices, he bestowed upon each as he passed along some biting inuendo or some cutting remark which admitted of no reply, till at length he stood behind Dick Manners, who felt his presence although he did not see him, and who shuddered as he continued his work without looking up.

"Richard!" squeaked the immaculate proprietor of the "bee-hive."

At the sound of his voice both boys looked up, and Hollister noticed that the tyrant held in his hand a raw-hide, which till then he had kept concealed behind him.

"Richard!" repeated Jeffries, "you did not finish soldering them 'ere thimbles last night."

"No, sir," replied the boy, apprehensively, "if you please, sir, I couldn't."

"Cou'dn't," exclaimed Mr. Jeffries, assuming a look of offended dignity, "*couldn't*, sir? Do you mean to tell me to my face that I have imposed a task upon one of my boys which he couldn't perform? I am grieved, I *rarely* am grieved, Richard Manners, to find that you are sich a hard case—sich a very hard case—in spite of all my talkin' to you, and advisin' of you, and persuadin' of you to do better. I can't allow sich conduct in my 'beehive,' sir, and although I am ready to shed tears when I think of doin' of it, I shall have to punish you severely again. It's very tryin' to a man of my sensibilities, but I shall have to do it, I can't help myself, it's a dooty wot I owe to you and your mother, and to myself!"

He took the poor trembling lad by the shoulder, as he spoke, and elevated his whip in the air; but before he had struck a blow, Hollister, who was at first rendered dumb by surprise, exclaimed, imploringly:

"Oh, don't whip him, Mr. Jeffries! Please, don't, sir! I know he tried his best to finish his stint, for it was three o'clock this morning before he got to bed. Besides, sir, he's sick. He couldn't get to sleep for coughing, for an hour after he laid down?"

Mr. Jeffries dropped his uplifted arm and stood gazing at the new apprentice with a look of perfect amazement.

"Is it possible that I can be in my right senses?" he exclaimed at length, have I acted as principal of the 'beehive' up to this late day, to have a fresh-made apprentice a-given of me advice. Master Hollister, you have committed a very grave offense, sir—an offense sir, which nothin' but your ignorance of my rules and regulations could induce me to overlook. I will forgive you this time, sir, but look out in futur' how you ventur' to speak afore you're spoken to. As for this 'ere boy, I can't forgive him—I wish I could—I shall have to give him some wholesome punishment, and I shall also, much against my wishes, be obliged to report his outrageous conduct to his mother!"

This last sentence was one of Mr Barak Jeffries' master strokes in the exercise of torture. It pierced like a sharp knife the heart of the boy, and the fiend knew it would when he uttered it. Mrs. Manners, the boy's mother, was a widow, and he was her only son—the child of her old age. She idolized him, almost, and before she apprenticed him to the monster of the "beehive," she fondly hoped that he would grow up respected by his fellow men and a blessing to her—the pride of her heart and the staff of her declining years. But all her anticipations were crushed *as* soon as communication was established between herself and Barak Jeffries, who pictured her poor boy as a very monster of disobedience and ingratitude—a juvenile fiend, in whose character it would be hard to discover one redeeming trait.

The poor women did not wish to believe these terrible stories; but when they came from a man of such unquestionable respectability as Barak Jeffries—a man who dwelt upon her son's shortcomings with apparent reluctance, how could she refrain from conjuring him by the memory of his dead father, not to add the sin of falsehood to his other misdeeds by denying the charges which were alleged against him?

Oh how many tender hearts have been broken, and how many sterner ones rendered callous and dead to all feeling by the devilish skill of Barak Jeffries? how many thieves and assassins, and desperate ruffians have received the bent of their dispositions from such establishments as the "bee-hive?"

No cry of pain escaped the lips of Richard Manners, as the fiend who held him in his grasp proceeded to shower upon him a succession of heavy blows. He did not strive to get away, although the assault increased in violence with his passiveness, and the vital fluid stained his shirt as the instrument of torture lacerated his flesh, for his heart was bleeding too, and the pain which he felt there was greater than even his physical suffering.

He was thinking of his mother and of the punishment so oft repeated, which his cruel tyrant had threatened to inflict upon her. But there was one who felt every blow which descended upon the back of the helpless boy as keenly as though it had been inflicted upon himself. Of a just and generous, but impetuous and fiery nature, his young spirit chafed under such an exhibition of manifest cruelty and injustice. Tractable and mild to a degree under the power of kindness, he was a very demon when excited by wrong and oppression. A boy in years he was at heart a man, and fear had no part in his composition.

From the moment that Barak Jeffries struck the first blow he had dropped his tools, and stood looking on like one suddenly stricken dumb by surpise. As the punishment progressed, however, his dark eyes assumed an expression of ferocity, his broad chest rose and fell with the tumultuous passion which agitated it, and the large veins upon his neck and forehead swelled nearly to bursting, and at length suddenly rushing at Jeffries, he jerked the whip from his hand, threw it into the farther corner of the room, and in a voice husky with emotion, shrieked out:

"Stop!" and seizing a large hammer the boy wielded it aloft and aimed a wicked blow at the head of his master.

The continuation of this truthful and deeply interesting narrative will be found in a serial story, entitled "MAGGIE, THE CHARITY CHILD," published in No. 17 of the NEW YORK WEEKLY, NOW READY. The NEW YORK WEEKLY is beautifully illustrated, and contains forty long columns of closely printed reading matter, making the NEW YORK WEEKLY the best story and sketch paper published. The New York Weekly is for sale by every News Agent throughout the Union and Canadas.

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