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THE JEFFERSONIAN.

From the Arthur's Home Gazette.

THE BOY AND THE MAN.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"Mrs. Bray told me you wanted an apprentice," said a woman, in a timid, hesitating voice as she entered the shop of Bellrose, the carpenter. She held by the hand a lad not over twelve years of age, a mild, gentle-looking boy, with a fair complexion and clear blue eyes.

"So I do," was bluffedly replied. "But I hardly think your boy will suit me. He looks too delicate for my use. I want a stouter and stronger lad."

"He is not very stout and strong, I know," returned the woman. "But, then, he is a very good child, and fond of working with tools. He will grow stouter and stronger by degrees, and as he will be obedient and learn his trade fast, I am sure you will find him of as much use to you as a stronger boy who has not his willingness to work."

"How old is he?"

"He was twelve last May."

"Twelve! Most too young. But see here, my lad!—do you want to be a carpenter?"

"Yes, sir," was timidly answered.

"Why do you want to be a carpenter?"

"I must learn a trade, and I'd rather be a carpenter than any thing else."

"You like to work with tools?"

"Yes, sir."

"But carpenters' work is very hard work, sometimes. I don't think you are strong enough."

"I will grow stronger," replied the boy.

"I think you'd better send him to school a year or two longer," said Bellrose, addressing the lad's mother. "He is most too young to be put out to a trade. I'd rather take him in two years from this time than now."

"But I'm not able to send him to school any longer," returned the mother, sadly.

"I have three children besides him, all younger, and it's as much as I can do to get them enough to eat and wear. Frederick must go out now, and if you are not willing to take him, I must look for some other place. Mr. Sampson, the cabinet-maker, has promised to take him next spring, but I must get him to a trade now."

"Well, if that's the case, I suppose I must take him," said the carpenter.

"When can he come?"

"As soon as you want him."

"Send him round to-morrow, then. What is your name?"

"Mrs. Marshall."

"And your son's name is Frederick?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well—you can come to-morrow morning, Frederick."

The mother retired with her boy, pleased that she had succeeded in getting him a place, yet sad at the thoughts of his going from home, where he had received nothing but kindness and affection, to become the unlearned-for apprentice of a man in whose face there was little that attracted, if there was not much to repel. But with her, there was no alternative. She was a widow with four young children, and had no income beyond what arose from her own labor. Her husband was a clerk in the receipt of a good salary at the time of their marriage. He was a man of education and taste, and had looked to the preparation of his children for high and useful stations in life as a matter of the first importance. As they grew older, and the expense of maintaining his family increased, Mr. Marshall saw too plainly that his salary as a clerk would be inadequate to the support as well as education of his children to the extent that he wished them to be educated. In the hope of greatly increasing his income, he ventured into business with a friend who held out tempting inducements. By strict economy, he had saved a thousand dollars previous to his marriage, and this he had at first deposited in. Interest added, the sum was now thirteen hundred dollars. The whole of this was ventured in business—the whole lost in the course of two years, and Mr. Marshall driven back to

a clerkship at a lower salary than he had previously received. He lived only twelve months after this disheartening reverse. When he died, he left his widow penniless.

In this extremity, Mrs. Marshall, like a true woman, looked her situation full in the face. Her first act was to hire a small house at a moderate rent, and remove into it such articles of comfort and convenience as she considered indispensable. All the rest of her furniture she sold, and realized from the sale about two hundred dollars. One hundred dollars of this she deposited in the Savings Bank, and with the other hundred furnished her front room below as a trimming store, on a small scale. A little sign, indicating that fine sewing, clear starching, etc., would be done by her, soon brought a small share of custom, both for work, and the little articles required to keep every woman's work basket properly furnished. Gradually, as she obtained more knowledge of her business, she was able to withdraw the hundred dollars that had been laid by in the Savings Bank, and use it to very good purpose in her store. Upon the product of this store, and the labor of her hands, Mrs. Marshall managed to support her little family. But, in doing so, she was compelled to labor far beyond her strength. Her eldest boy she had felt it to be her duty to keep at school as long as possible. But, as the other children advanced, and taxed the mother's income more heavily every day, until she perceived, with a saddened heart, that her stock of goods was gradually diminishing without her being able to replace it, she came to the reluctant determination of putting Frederick out from home. For some months she made efforts to get him into a store, but none to whom she applied were willing to take him, unless she would board and clothe him for the first two years. This she was not able to do. One or two neighbors urged her by all means to give her son a good trade, and pointed her to numerous instances where mechanics had set up for themselves and become well off. Frederick, himself, showed a fondness for tools, and always said that he wanted to be a carpenter. Hearing that Bellrose was in want of an apprentice, Mrs. Marshall applied, as has been seen, and secured the place.

The carpenter was a vulgar-minded man, who had no kind of feeling for his boys. He regarded them with little more consideration than he did his jack-planes. They were the means by which he was able to do work, and so were his tools. The tools required sharpening to make them efficient in his hands, and the boys feeding and clothing; and as the former was rather less costly than the latter, he always seemed kinder to and more considerate of his tools than his boys.

Bellrose was a very good workman, and for an ordinary house, a very fair builder. But, in him, the physical so very nearly balanced the intellectual, that he advanced but little beyond what he acquired as an apprentice and journeyman. His master had been in fair standing as a mechanic and builder of dwelling houses on the ordinary plan; and from being employed on these for some eight or ten years of his life as apprentice and journeyman, Bellrose was able to take and execute contracts for edifices of a similar kind when he set up for himself.

Such a man in power as a master, seems to have a natural dislike to an apprentice of a quicker turn of mind, but with less physical ability. And this feeling, in the case of Frederick, was added to the natural indifference of Bellrose to his apprentices. His other boys he scolded or beat, as the humor was on him, or as the offenses against him were light or aggravated; and the impression upon them worried him rather than gratified his overbearing, tyrannical spirit—for neither scoldings nor beatings seemed to strike much terror into their hearts. But it was different with Frederick Marshall. He had not been an hour in the shop before the carpenter could see the blood rush to the lad's cheeks, and perceive his hand tremble as he spoke to him in a sharper voice than usual, in the effort to make him understand something that was at first not fully comprehended. He felt pleasure at this. Why, he did not know, nor stop to enquire. It was the pleasure that power in an evil-minded man causes him to feel over weakness.

Among the fellow apprentices of Frederick were two stout boys, older than himself by several years, named John Lamb and William Saxton. They were about as good specimens of the boy, as their master was of the man. From the beginning, they tyrannized over Frederick, and if the boy's natural indignation at the wrongs practiced upon him vented itself in remonstrance or angry retort, a cuff on the ear, or a curse and a threat, made him shrink into silence.

The cruel beatings which some of the older boys received from their master, frightened Frederick terribly, and he strove, with all he power he had, to avoid such a visitation upon himself, by being industrious, prompt, and obedient in all things. But these availed not. The hand of Bellrose seemed to itch for an acquiescent with the ears of Frederick; but no good excuse offered for striking the lad for full three months after the indentures fell in the Savings Bank, where he had at first deposited it. Interest added, the sum was now thirteen hundred dollars. The whole of this was ventured in business—the whole lost in the course of two years, and Mr. Marshall driven back to

Frederick was more than half of his time

put to domestic uses. He had all the wood for the house and kitchen to split; all the water to bring; the knives and forks to clean; the marketing to carry home; and all the errands to run, for the house as well as the shop. As the boy was fond of working with tools, and likewise ambitious to learn the use of them, to be kept thus away from the bench by menial employments, chafed his feelings. Though mild in his temper, he had spirit and independence; these caused his feelings often to revolt against what he felt to be imposition. One day the wife of his master called out to him, in the rough way that she generally spoke to the boys, just as he was leaving the house, after having brought in the market basket—

"You Fred! Come back here! You are in a great hurry to be off! You've got to take the baby down to Mrs. Grubb's."

Frederick came back slowly, muttering something to himself that Mrs. Bellrose could not hear.

"What's that?" she asked, in a quick, angry voice.

The lad was instantly silent.

"What did you say, sir?" asked the insulted Mrs. Bellrose. "Speak! can't you? How dare you talk back to me?"

But Frederick stood, with a half frightened, half defiant look.

"What did he say, Kitty?" This was asked of the cook, who was standing near.

"Why, he says, ma'am, as how that there is nothing in his indentures about carrying babies."

"He did? Ha! The impudent wretch!" The face of Mrs. Bellrose became as red as a piece of flannel, and she would have made the ears of the boy quite as red as her own face, had she not waived the satisfaction of doing so for the higher pleasure of having him well flogged by her husband.

"Go off to the shop, you impudent fellow! and tell your master that I want to see him. And if you hear come as straight back again as your feet will carry you. I'll teach you to give me impudence!"

A boy of less spirit, seeing the inevitable consequences that must follow a complaint to his master, would have humbly acknowledged that he had done wrong, and sought to appease the anger of his indignant mistress. But Frederick was proud as well as timid, and the influence of pride was strong enough to make him brave the cruel anger of Bellrose. As directed, he went to the shop and told his master that Mrs. Bellrose wanted him.

"What in the name of sense does she want?" said the carpenter, with ill humor, as he drew on his coat. "It isn't half an hour since I left the house!"

When Mrs. Bellrose, in a fever of indignation, related to her husband the insulting language that had been used by Frederick, that individual's anger was blown into a terrible flame.

"You little villain!" he said, catching hold of the frightened lad, who came in very soon after him, and dragging him up stairs, cuffing him all the way. At the bottom of the garret stairs he paused, and giving Frederick a vigorous push, told him to go up and he would be with him in a moment. He was as good as his word; for in a moment after the frightened boy entered the garret his master was by his side, holding a large rattan in his hand.

"Take off your jacket, sir! I'll teach you to give your mistress impudence," said Bellrose.

Frederick moved his jacket, and let it fall at his feet. He was trembling all over like a leaf, and his face was as pale as ashes. A petition for mercy rose to his lips, but it remained there unuttered. Pride, or a consciousness that words would be vain, kept him silent. Then came the cruel strokes, falling like rain upon his tender back, and leaving their purple marks from his shoulders to his hips. They were given with a strong angry hand, and were continued until the poor boy felt as if he must die under the terrible strokes.

"Now, sir!" said the brutal man, as he pushed from him the writhing lad, who had uttered only a low moan, that answered to every cruel blow. "Now, sir! give your mistress impudence again!"

Put on your jacket, sir! raising the rod he still held in his hand and brandishing it over the boy's head, "and be off to the shop in a moment!"

The carpenter went down stairs. Frederick followed quickly, and was just leaving the house, when his master called after him.

"Here! stop! Mrs. Bellrose wants you!" The baby was yet to be carried out. Few mothers would have trusted a helpless babe with a boy under such circumstances. But the carpenter's wife was not of a very nervous temperament.

Frederick waited for half an hour in the kitchen, his back feeling bruised and numb. But he suffered far more in mind than in body. To be beaten like a beast was so degrading in his mind, that he felt as if he would never look up again. With this, however, was an indignant emotion, and a desire for revenge.

"I'll be a man one of these days," said he to himself, "and then!"

The exact thing that he would do when he became a man was not determined upon, but something by way of retaliation he was resolved to do. While thus brooding over his wrongs, he started at the voice of Mrs. Bellrose, who had come

near to him, unperceived, as if she could read his thoughts.

"Here," said that woman, speaking with angry emphasis; "take the baby over to my sister's. And mind that you don't let him fall, or hurt him in any way. If you do, look out!"

Frederick received the babe in his arms; without lifting his eyes to the face of its mother. A sudden impulse to do it harm, by way of revenge, took hold of his mind. Suddenly he was turning away, when Mrs. Bellrose said, in a sharp, quick voice—

"Did you hear me, sir?"

The boy started, and lifted suddenly his blue eyes, that were swimming in tears. Their expression had a power over the passionate woman that she could not understand. Without replying, Frederick looked at her steadily for a few moments. The meaning of his look Mrs. Bellrose did not understand, but it subdued her, and made her more than half repent having been the means of subjecting the poor boy to the cruel chastisement he had just received.

"Be careful not to hurt the baby," said she in a gentler tone.

"Yes, ma'am," replied Frederick, almost involuntarily, touched by the change in the woman's voice.

A thought of hurting the innocent babe did not again cross the boy's mind. He carried it gently in his arms to the place where he was directed to go, and then returned to the shop. His master greeted him with a dark frown as he came in, and ordered him to do something in an angry voice. It was many days before Bellrose gave the boy a kind word; by a kind word is here meant a word that did not seem the precursor of a blow.

From that time, the carpenter seemed to have a settled dislike towards Frederick Marshall. He was made to carry out the babe five times where he had been required to do it but once before, and to resist, did not again venture to encroach upon the rights of Frederick, although he talked very largely of what he would do if he were in the place of Bill Saxton.

From that time the condition of Frederick Marshall was no longer one of actual suffering from the cruelties of those around him; and yet it had in it much to fret his mind. Bellrose had never clothed him well. This had always been a source of mortification to him, as it prevented him from going into such company as he liked, on Sundays. He would not associate with a class whose garb was so sad an index of their depraved characters—he preferred rather to stay at home with his mother. He would have attended church regularly, but his mother could not persuade him to go in his coarse, ill-fitting garments. She would have bought him a Sunday suit herself, had it been in her power to do so, but it was not. At eighteen, Frederick felt still more keenly the want of such clothing as would enable him to go into respectable society. But, in his sloped roundabout, coarse, blue cassinet trousers, and rough shoes, he could only venture forth early on Sunday morning to go to his mother's house, and return towards ten o'clock at night to the dwelling of his master. The food which was spread before him and his fellow apprentices was of the coarsest kind, badly cooked, and often unpalatable, even where hard work made hunger a sweetness. In the shop, or at the building, he was overworked; and at home, when work was done, there was no place where he could sit down in quiet, except the kitchen or garret.

Notwithstanding all these disagreeable things, and the absence of all chances for improving and elevating himself, Frederick looked upward instead of downward. His brutal associates in the shop and garret could not brutalize him. There was power within him, a power like that residing in a compressed spiral spring, and the moment pressure was removed he must rise. During the last three years of the young man's apprenticeship, he applied himself, at every leisure moment, to the acquirement of all the information in architecture within his reach. He studied drawing at night, in the garret, while the other boys were in the street, and sketched plans of buildings that surprised his fellow-apprentices, by their correctness of proportion and beauty of design.

At last Frederick Marshall was free from the slavery to which he had been subjected for more than eight years. A slight misunderstanding occurred between him and Mr. Bellrose two weeks before his twenty-first birthday, which was made the ground of a refusal by his master to give him the freedom suit of clothes to which he was entitled by his indentures. Some advised him to sue for them, but he said—

"No; I am done with him; and I wish never again to cross his path. This is but a small wrong to the many I have received from his hands. It has been wrong and oppression from the first."

It never seems to occur to persons like Bellrose that boys, in the course of a few years, become men, take their places as men in the world, and have to be met, dealt with, and treated as men, in every way equal and often their superiors. If such thoughts do ever cross their minds, they appear to forget that boys have memories, and that the wrongs suffered in boyhood are remembered vividly in man's estate, even though the wish to retaliate has, in most cases, departed.

Ten years from the day Frederick Marshall stepped forth from the shop of his unfeeling master a free man, he was

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This was the state of things when Bellrose shut up his shop one evening, and went home with a gloomy brow. He was pretty well advanced in years, and all his children were off of his hands except one boy, about thirteen years of age, the youngest and the one most loved by both father and mother. All the other boys had learned or were learning trades. For Edwin, the youngest, they looked for something better. Him they intended to educate for one of the professions, and, as he showed great fondness for learning, their ambition to see him rise in the world, by means of a liberal education, was laudable.

The wife of Bellrose was not ignorant of the position of affairs. She knew that all they had was in the hands of the sheriff, and she also knew that her husband had, thus far, tried in vain to get some friend to aid him in his extremity. Anxiously did she look in his face, as he entered his house on that evening, but there was no light there. All was still gloomy.

"Can nothing be done, husband?" she said when they were alone, after tea. "Will no one go your security, and thus save our goods?"

"I have asked two or three since morning, but no body is willing to risk anything for me. As I am known to be heavily in debt, I cannot blame people for being cautious."

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"Don't you think Frederick Marshall would assist you?" suggested the wife. "He's getting well off, it is said."

"No!" was the quick, stern answer, and Bellrose shook his head almost shudderingly. "I would see all lost rather than go to him!"

His wife sighed deeply.

Before either spoke again, there came a knock at the door, and a few moments afterwards a well-dressed man entered, and bowed respectfully. They knew him in an instant. It was he of whom they had just been speaking. Marshall advanced towards his old master, and extended his hand with a cheerful smile, and then shook the hand of Mrs. Bellrose quite cordially. He had not seen the latter for ten years.

In spite of the frankness and warmth of manner with which Marshall treated them, Bellrose and his wife felt constrained and conscience-stricken. The post came up before their minds too vividly. Bellrose remembered the cruel stripes, for light causes, that he had too often laid upon the shrinking boy, and the injustice with which he had treated him from the first to the last; the memory of his wife was also a prolific source of scenes and incidents that she would have given much to have blotted out at that moment.

"I was very sorry to learn to-day, for the first time, Mr. Bellrose, that you were in some trouble," said Marshall. "If I can aid you in any way, it will give me real pleasure to do so."

This came so unexpectedly, that Bellrose was unable to make any reply. He felt it as a keen rebuke, and would have firmly declined the services so timely proffered, had not a thought of his wife and son pressed itself into his mind.

"You have met with a good many losses, I understand," resumed Marshall, feeling that he had, perhaps, too abruptly introduced the subject of his visit.

"Yes—a good many," replied Bellrose, sadly. "I have lost all, and more than all I ever made."

"It pains me to hear you say so. But we should never despond."

"A young man need not despond; but when a man reaches my age, and the tide of fortune sets against him, he has a small chance of making headway. I have but little hope in the future, Frederick."

"Do not say so. I trust you will have many prosperous gales yet."

But Bellrose shook his head.

"Who is pressing you so hard at this time?"

Marshall asked, after a silence of some time.

"Parker," was the brief reply.

"The hardware dealer?"

"Yes."

"A man as hard as his own wares?"

"Yes. He has an iron heart."

"How much is his claim?"

[Continued on fourth page.]

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