

MISTRESS AND MAID.

Here are two bits of domestic history from the records of the same American family. They have that peculiar kind of interest which we find in old daguerreotypes and photographs of people of the same race. The changes in features and bearing show how the family has advanced in civilization. There are some points, too, in these little studies of domestic life which any American woman may find significant considered with reference to her own household and its foreign inmates.

In the year 1800 the Peyton farms were among the most important in Pennsylvania; indeed, Isaac Peyton was so large a landholder that he used to boast that if he chose to walk across the State from the Ohio to the Delaware, he could sleep in one of his tenants' houses every night of the journey.

The home plantation, near the Ohio, stretched over many miles of wooded hills and smiling valleys. The Peyton homestead, a large, irregular building of uncut stone, commanded a landscape of singular and noble beauty. Neither Isaac nor Mrs. Peyton had ever seen any charm in it. Nature to them gave nothing but crops and lumber; the idea of beauty had no place in their lives. The sheep walks came up to the door of the house, and the dining room windows opened into a poultry yard, while the great untidy barns and negro cabins shouldered the house on either side.

Mrs. Peyton had not a minute in the year to study nature. She had eleven children, two or three adopted nephews, and a great household of white and negro servants. There was always some big job on hand which needed all her energy and skill. Now the pork for the use of the household during the year was to "lay down," now the beef or venison. To-day candles were to make, to-morrow soap, next week cider, apple butter or sweet wines.

The establishment was almost self-supporting. The cellars and smokehouses were filled with great stores of meat, vegetable, fruit, jellies and pickles. The rag carpets and coarse, thick bed linen were woven in the house; the medicines were brewed by Mrs. Peyton's own hand. The Peytons like their neighbors, were heavy feeders; there were times when her family seemed to the little woman like a many-mouthed monster, perpetually crying, give, give.

She was a little woman; but she carried herself erectly, with a certain simple dignity; and she had the reticence of tongue and challenging reasonable eye of one long used to govern inferiors. She had been sent, when she was a girl, for a year to a fashionable school in Philadelphia, crossing the Alleghenies on a pack-horse. She brought back a guitar, two or three love songs, a picture of the Death of Washington, done in cheneilles, and a small octavo volume, called "Polite Learning," containing abstracts of mythology, astronomy, grammar and several other branches of knowledge. This book, the chenille picture, the guitar and some wax flowers were displayed in her great empty parlor to testify to her victories in learning and the fine arts; but they had no part in her life. Her indomitable energy, her exhaustless physical strength and all the powers of a really fine and subtle intellect, were spent in the management of her children and servants.

Mr. Peyton, once in two or three years, made a journey to Philadelphia to look after his land and to buy supplies. In 1801 he brought back with him four redemptionists, or white slaves, as they were called; poor emigrants who were sold on the block for a term of years by captains of sailing vessels to pay for their passage and outfit to this country.

"The men," he said to his wife, "are Germans; I need them in the field. The girl is English; do what you can with her." "She is more ignorant than any negro in the house," she replied. "But as she is white she will have to work with the bound women. I wish you had not bought her, Isaac."

"She sold very cheaply, Deborah," he said. Mrs. Peyton took a keen interest in every man or woman in her kitchens. She had stern but peculiar ideas of her duty to them. She read the Bible to the negro slaves faithfully, yet she would not teach them to read it; but she compelled her bound women to learn to read and write. These women were of a class then numerous in Pennsylvania. They were poor girls apprenticed in childhood to respectable householders, for whom they worked without wages until they were of age, when they received a suit of clothes, a feather bed, and a certain sum of money.

"The meaning of the law to me is," Mrs. Peyton said, "that I shall train the girl to be a wife and mother. I put my girls through a regular course in the kitchen, weaving room and house. When they leave me they are ready to take charge of houses of their own."

They never did leave her until they married, and afterward on great emergencies, weddings, funerals or large parties, these

women came back to their old home, humble, skillful friends and helpers. It was characteristic of the manners of the times that no matter how well-to-do they might be as matrons, they were always humble friends. Mrs. Peyton was still their mistress.

The English redemptionist, Jane, after she had been cleaned and clothed, was brought to Mrs. Peyton. She was a lean, ugly girl; but the keen eyes which inspected her found both honesty and intelligence in the blue eyes and close shut mouth.

Aunt Patty, the cook, brought her in. "Dunno what kin be done wid dis yer," she said, shoving her forward by the elbow. "Can't speak Christen English an neber saw a gridiron tell to-day."

"You worked in the fields at home?" said Mrs. Peyton, kindly.

The girl nodded.

"Speak up an' say, 'Yes madam,'" said Patty, nudging her.

"How old are you, Jane?"

"Sixteen, madam."

"Sixteen! What induced your parents to allow such a child to cross the seas alone?"

Jane began to cry and gasped out something about coming with a friend, and how they expected to be sold together.

"No; Mr. Peyton knows I did not want another woman. Very well. Put her to husking corn, Patty; she can do that."

It was a large, busy, merry household. Whatever Jane was given to do was done faithfully; but, as weeks passed, Mrs. Peyton saw that her face wore the same strained, hopeless look.

"What is it, child?" she said. "Don't be afraid of me; cry as much as you like; but what is it?"

"I left home to be with my friend," mumbled Jane, in her Yorkshire burr. "We thought we should be sold together—and now—"

Mrs. Peyton eyed her keenly and passed on without speaking.

"A girl," she told her husband, "does not cry that way for another woman."

Mrs. Peyton was slow and patient in her methods. She waited for months until Jane could speak more Christian English and had begun to eat her meals heartily and to sing at her work. Then she asked her one day sharply who was the man that brought her to this country, and Jane told her that it was Peter Hudnut, a neighbor's son, and that there was nothing but starvation before them if they married at home. "And we was bound to marry. We was decent folks, Mrs. Peyton," said Jane, looking straight at her, with her blue, honest eyes. "We runned away; we walked to Liverpool. We thought we'd be sold together, and be married here."

"Oh, ay!" said her mistress. "Well, you're not starving here, and you're being made into a Christian creature. So put Peter Hudnut and marrying out of your head."

"To think of it!" she said to her husband. "Two human beings, with not a change of coats nor a shilling between them, starting out into an unknown world to be married because—they loved each other!"

"Adam and Eve did it before them," said Mr. Peyton.

"Don't be blasphemous, Isaac. It is a blessing you did not happen to buy Peter," said his wife, tartly.

But for some obscure reason Mrs. Peyton after that gave more attention to the training of the quiet, dull English girl than to any of the quick-witted Americans.

"You are under no bonds to have Jane schooled," her husband said.

"I know my duty," was the sharp answer. "She was, too, especially severe with Jane in the kitchen or laundry. 'I'm trying to make a Christian woman of her,' she said; 'and she must do her part.'"

Good cooking and clear starching in her opinion had much to do with the best quality of Christianity.

Mrs. Peyton found from Isaac the name of the auctioneer who had sold Jane. She had a cousin living in Philadelphia, and, during the next winter, kept up a vigorous correspondence with him. A year later she said to her husband one evening, as she sat knitting: "My brother John has come back from Philadelphia. I had a letter from him but now." John was a farmer in an adjoining county.

Mr. Peyton, who was busy with his accounts, looked up to say: "Did he have a safe journey? Did he say how wheat was selling?"

"He had no accidents. Wheat has risen a shilling in the bushel. He bought the time of a redemptionist, whom he found in New Jersey. It proves to be Peter Hudnut."

"And who, in Heaven's name, is Peter Hudnut?"

"Jane's Peter," said Mrs. Peyton, calmly unrolling her ball. "John is greatly pleased with the fellow. He is shrewd and honest."

Mr. Peyton stared at his wife and then burst into a laugh. "You are a clever woman, Deborah," he said, going back to his accounts.

Months passed before he thought again of Jane and her lover; then he asked his wife what she meant to do with them.

"I have not decided," she said. "John

writes to me that Peter is a good shepherd. He will have his freedom in the fall, and John will pay him fair wages, and give him a cabin, when he can marry. But—I don't know. Jane is deficient in her Catchism. She cooks meats badly, too. I have not decided."

She did not decide for two years longer, although Isaac stirred her remembrance from time to time, saying at last:

"I would not like to make myself a God to rule the fates of human beings as you do, Deborah."

She nodded and smiled tranquilly. But she was more eager in training Jane than before. She pronounced her at last "a Christian being," well taught in her Bible and Catechism, in cooking, weaving, house and laundry work. "If your husband should be ill or die you can earn your living as a servant," she told her.

"I shall never have a husband," said Jane, with the old, sad, hopeless look which so seldom came now into her pleasant face.

"Don't talk like a fool!" said Mrs. Peyton tartly. "No, husband, indeed! After all my trouble—"

The next month, her brother, Mr. John Riddle, came to visit her, bringing with him some sheep which Mr. Peyton had bought from him. Mrs. Peyton scarcely welcomed him, she was so eager to see his shepherd.

"In the stable, is he? Send him to me," she ordered a servant. "I must inspect him first—before I decide."

But as Peter Hudnut, a stout, merry-looking fellow, was crossing the green to come to her, he met two girls carrying pails of milk. He stopped.

"Why, Jean! It's never you, Jean!" he said, turning pale to his lips. Jane stood shivering, staring at him, her lips moving; but she said not a word.

"The mistress is calling you, Jane," said the other woman.

But Peter took her in his arms. "Jean has no mistress; she belongs to me," he said, the tears rolling down his rough cheeks.

They were married in Mrs. Peyton's kitchen that night, and that lady gave them a wedding feast, and afterward furnished their cabin comfortably for them.

"I made human beings of them," she said.

But Jane's was only one of many servants' lives into which she thrust her avaricious little hand to help, and sometimes to hinder.

—Rebecca Harding Davis in *Independent*.

A Trick Worth Knowing.

Look out there, sir! I exclaimed one of a gang of painters on the Brooklyn bridge to a passenger who was walking dangerously near some fresh white paint.

The warning came too late, for when the gentleman looked at the skirt of his handsome new blue melton box coat he discovered that it was desecrated with a big blotch of white paint.

"Why didn't you call in time, he said angrily. You see, I've ruined my coat."

It was not my fault, replied the man, and besides that your coat is not injured, much less ruined.

It will cost me \$5 to have it cleaned, anyhow.

Not a cent, said the workman. I'll show you the best way in the world to eradicate a paint stain. Softening the action to the word, he grasped the skirts of the \$70 overcoat, and, to the horror of its owner, began to rub the soiled spot against a clean surface of cloth.

Don't do that, protested the gentleman; but the painter continued, and after a few moments more of vigorous rubbing he displayed the once soiled surface absolutely free from any trace of the pigment.

Where has the paint gone? queried the man in surprise.

I really don't know, said the painter, but I know that it is the best way in the world to remove every trace of fresh paint.

If you don't believe the truth of this story, just dip the tail of your \$100 dress coat in a pot of red paint and try the experiment yourself.

The World's Greatest Palace.

The Vatican, the ancient palace of the popes of Rome, is the most magnificent building of the kind in the world. It stands on the right bank of the Tiber, on a hill called the Vaticanus, because the Latins formerly worshipped Vatiocinus, an ancient oracular deity, at that place. Exactly when the building was commenced no one knows. Charlemagne is known to have inhabited it over one thousand years ago. The present extent of the building is enormous, the number of rooms, at the lowest computation, being 4,422. Its treasures of marble statues, ancient gems, paintings, books, manuscripts, etc., are to be compared only with those in the British museum. The length of the statue museum alone is a fraction over a mile. Conservative writers say that the gold contained in the medals, vessels, chains and other objects preserved in the Vatican would make more gold coin than the present European circulation. This, however, is evidently a mistake, and expressed more to make the great wealth collection evident to the mind than as an exact fact.

Anthracite Coal Combine

To the Editor of THE ECHO.

Now, I am not an advertising agent for, nor have I any pecuniary interest in, the Review of Reviews, yet I am bound to say that as a monthly periodical at 25 cents a copy, it contains more pointed, impartial, educating and interesting reading of varied character than any other magazine published in the English language. The Review of Reviews is an International publication, being issued simultaneously in the United States and Great Britain.

In the June (1892) number now before me I find a short but striking article on "The Anthracite Coal Combine" in the United States. I notice it the more because Canada will shortly have, if it has not already, a "Railway Combine" which will give into unitary hands an almost absolute control over the travelling convenience of over five millions of people in this Dominion. In the article referred to the Review of Reviews says:

"Fortunately, the United States has been almost wholly free from the agitation and violence which have made the month of May a terror on the Continent of Europe. The destructive type of Socialism does not flourish on our soil, and our society, as a whole, is so domestic that, as a rule, the industrial strife in which organized labor occasionally engages are less bitter and disturbing than in Europe. The month of May has witnessed some large strikes and lock-outs in this country, notably the stone-cutters' difficulty, but upon the whole the country has been free from serious industrial conflicts. It is not in this country the organization of labor which occasions right-minded and intelligent men so much anxiety, but rather the powerful and defiant organizations of capital for purposes of monopolistic control and exaction. Anthracite coal is a commodity of which there is an abundance. It is our best fuel, and its use has grown almost universal. It happens that the area of the anthracite beds is comparatively compact and limited, and gradually the railroad companies penetrating the anthracite region have violated the very principles upon which their existence as common carriers is based, by securing ownership and absolute control of all the anthracite mines and lands and entering directly into the business, not simply of transporting coal, but of mining it and selling it, regulating the yearly output, and arbitrarily fixing the price. It having been found that the more or less voluntary monopoly rules were a difficult thing to maintain among several participating corporations, there has recently been effected under the auspices of the Reading Railway Company a consolidation of transportation, coal mining and coal carrying interests which has given into unitary hands an almost absolute control over a commodity used by many millions of people. The consolidation has been followed by a prompt advance in the price of coal. As a result of the wholly improper absorption by the transportation companies of the productive business of mining and selling coal, the people of the United States are probably paying at least 100 per cent. more per ton for the anthracite they burn than they would be paying if the railroad companies had never been allowed, in defiance of their normal functions, to buy up coal fields and 'corner' the anthracite trade. In the face of colossal robberies like that practiced by the 'Coal Combine,' it seems an anachronism to regard mere burglars and like insignificant marauders as constituting our dangerous and criminal class."

Speaking on the Chinese question, in the same issue, the Review of Reviews takes occasion to say:

"If it is true that the South understands its own negro problem far better than the North can understand it, no less is it true that the Pacific States are better qualified than the East to pass upon the Chinese question. A little more than a decade ago New England and California were engaged in a desperate controversy at Washington over the fundamental issue whether or not the Chinese should be treated like European immigrants or should be subjected to special and peculiar restrictions. With New England it was purely a question of theory, and of sentiment at long range. With California it was a concrete, life-and-death problem. The Pacific Slope won, deservedly, for its position was right. There has been much annoying evasion of the restrictions upon Chinese immigration, and the time having come for a renewal of the ten-year exclusion Act of 1882, Congress has seized the opportunity to pass a law far more severe and sweeping than the previous one. . . . China does not wish to encourage the exportation of coolie labor to this country, and would undoubtedly be willing to co-operate with the United States to prevent the social and economic evils that the Californians so truly declare are involved in the swarming of Mongolians to our shores. But the Chinese Government should be approached with tact and courtesy and the national dignity of that venerable

and splendid empire should be respected. We have acted roughly and offensively to accomplish what called for the most delicate diplomacy. We have, in bad faith, imposed new burdens upon those Chinamen who are already here, and who, under a treaty now in force, have acquired exactly the same rights and privileges as European aliens enjoy. The main purpose of the anti-Chinese law is, unfortunately, a necessary one; but in various details the new legislation must be regarded as objectionable. Let the main consideration not be forgotten, however. The bringing of Chinese labor to America has been a modified form of slave trading. The Mongolian cannot be assimilated here. The acquisition of a large permanent Chinese population would entail needless difficulties upon future generations. It is the business of this generation to avert such a calamity. The argument that we ought to welcome recruits from all the world, whether sent by slave traders, by the 'Chinese Companies,' by the pauper dumping departments of European Governments, or by the mendacious commercial methods of steamship companies that grow rich upon steerage business is the silly and fatuous argument of feeble-minded sentimentalists. But the exclusion of masses of Chinese laborers is not incompatible with courteous and honorable relations with the Empire of China."

The foregoing brings me at once to our own House of Commons and the Government's mutilation of Mr. Gordon's bill after having taken charge of it as a Government measure. Mr. Gordon's bill provided that ships should carry only one Chinese passenger for every 100 tons of carrying capacity, but the Government changed the figures to one for every fifty tons. To paraphrase the words of the Review of Reviews, the change of figures from one Chinaman to every 100 tons to one Chinaman for every fifty tons carrying capacity of the ship has been accomplished by order of and to meet "the mendacious commercial methods" of the Canadian Pacific Railway, so that it may continue growing rich upon the steerage business of carrying Chinese laborers into Canada. On the 7th instant in the House of Commons passed the Government Bill Respecting Chinese Immigration into law. Before so doing, and while the House was in committee considering its provisions, Hon. Mr. Bowell explained that the amendments were intended to restrict the movements of Chinese. In future every Chinaman when intending to go to China will have to give notice to the Comptroller of Customs of the point to which he is going, and the route by which he intends to go and return, depositing a fee of \$1 with the Comptroller, who shall enter in a register the name, occupation, and description of the applicant. He is to be given a return certificate, but the proof of identity must be satisfactory, and the decision of the Comptroller is to be final. The Act proposed that those Chinese who were now absent should be given six months in which to return.

Mr. Gordon objected strongly to the action of the Government in mutilating his bill, and urged that the first clause, reducing the carrying capacity of steamships from one Chinaman to every 100 tons to one for every fifty, should be amended. He dwelt at length upon the evils of Chinese immigration into British Columbia, and declared that it would be useless for the Province to borrow the \$750,000 from the British Government arranged for if the white emigrants to be brought in were to meet Chinese competition. He urged the Government to declare their policy prior to the formation of the new cabinet necessitated by Premier Robson's death, for if the province was to be refused protection against the Chinese it would involve an important change in provincial policy.

Mr. Bowell replied that it was a serious question, whether in view of our trade with China, the Government would be justified in adopting the course of the United States and excluding Chinese altogether.

After some further discussion, in which Mr. Mills urged that the steamship owners who brought over more than the legitimate number of Chinese should be prosecuted, the resolutions were reported.

On the third reading, Mr. Gordon moved an amendment to provide that the receipts from Chinese immigration should be divided among the provinces in which they were collected, but Mr. Bowell raised the point that it was out of order, and the Speaker ruled it out.

I have no desire to underrate Mr. Gordon's efforts to meet the desire and requirements of his constituents in respect of this bill, but must remark that so long as the Government knew (as it did, no doubt,) that Mr. Gordon would not go into opposition because of its action, the praise due him in the premises is down to zero. He is not a Col. Bolton! And so the Chinese immigration mill will continue grinding for the exclusive benefit of that huge octopus—the Canadian Pacific Railway.

Toronto, July 9th, 1892.

ARGUS.

Handcuffs might appropriately be called sad irons.