

The Hard Road.

A new book by Mrs. Phelps is just published, and the following extract from it is a conversation between a young man and a young woman, both born and bred in a factory. She objects to marrying him, on the ground that she will not incur the responsibility of bringing into the world children to undergo the miseries she has endured.

The two young people turned a couple of corners on the way to the stone house in thoughtful silence. They were almost too young to be so thoughtful and so silent; more especially the young man, growing nervous, and taking furtive, anxious glances at the girl's face.

It was an inscrutable face. She had shut her lips close; she looked straight ahead; the brown dull tints of her cheeks and temples came out like a curtain, and folded all young colors and blushes and tremors, all hope and fear, all longing or purpose, need or fullness in her, out of sight. She only looked straight on and waited for Dirk to speak.

She quite knew that and what he would speak. When he began, presently, with a quivering face, "Well, Sip, I don't see that I'm getting on any in the mills, after all," she was neither surprised nor off her guard. She was not yet twenty-three, but she was too old to be put off her guard by a young man with a quivering face. If she had a thing to do, she meant to do it; put her hand together in that way she had, bent at the knuckles, resolutely.

"No," she said—"No; you'll never get any further, Dirk."

"But I meant to," said Dirk, hotly. "I thought I should! Mebby you think it's me that's the trouble, not the getting on!"

"Perhaps there is a trouble about you," said Sip honestly; "I don't know; and I don't much care whether there is or not. But I think most of the trouble is in the getting on. Mills ain't made to get on in. It ain't easy, I know, Dirk. It ain't. It's the staying put of 'em that's the worst of 'em. Don't I know? It's the staying put that's the matter with most of folks in the world, it seems to me. For we are the most of folks—us that stay put you know."

"Are we?" said Dirk a little puzzled by Sip's social speculations. "But I'm getting steady pay now, Sip, at any rate; and I've a steady chance. Garriek's a friend of mine, I believe, and has showed himself friendly. He'll keep me the watch, at least—Mr. Garriek. I might be worse off than on watch, Sip."

"Yes," said Sip, "you've got a good place, Dirk."

"With a chance?" replied Dirk.

"With a chance? Maybe," answered Sip.

"And now," said Dirk, trembling suddenly, "what with the place and the chance—maybe, and the pay and the steadiness, are. I've been thinking, Sip, as the time had come to ask you—"

"Don't," said Sip.

All young colors and blushes and tremors, hopes and fears, longing and need, broke now out of the brown curtain of Sip's face. In the instant she was a very lonely, very miserable little girl, not by any means over twenty-three, and the young man had eyes so cruelly kind! But she said, "Don't, Dirk! O please, don't!"

"Well," said Dirk. He stopped and drew breath as if he had shot him.

They had come to the stone house now, and Sip began walking back and forth in front of it.

"But I was going to ask you to be my wife!" said Dirk. "It's so long that I haven't dared to ask you, and now you say don't! Don't! But I will, I'll ask at any rate. Sip, will you marry me? There! I should choke if I didn't ask. You may say what you please."

"I can't say what I please," said Sip, in a low voice, walking faster.

"I don't know what's to hinder," said Dirk, in an injured tone. "I always knew I wasn't half fit for you, and I always knew you'd ought to have a man that could get on. But considering the steadiness and the chance, and that I—I set such a sight by you, Sip, and sometimes I've thought you—liked me well enough," concluded Dirk, candidly.

"I like you, Dirk," said Sip, slowly, well enough.

"Well enough to be my wife?"

"Well enough to be your wife."

"Then I shouldn't think," observed Dirk, simply, and with a brightening face, "that you'd find it very hard saying what you please."

"Maybe I shouldn't," said Sip, "if I could be your wife; but I can't."

Her bent hands fell apart weakly; she did not look at Dirk; she fixed her eyes on a little clump of dock-weed at her feet, beside the fence; she looked sick and faint.

"I'll not marry you," said the girl feebly; "I'll not marry anybody. Maybe it isn't the way a girl had ought to feel when she like a young fellow," added Sip, with a kind of a patient, aged bitterness crawling into her eyes. "But we don't live down here so's to make girls grow up like girls should, it seems to me. Things as wouldn't trouble rich folks trouble us. There's things that troubles me. I'll never marry anybody, Dirk. I'll never bring a child in the world to work in the mills; and if I'd ought not to say it, I can't help it, for it's the truth, and the reason, and I've said it to God on my knees a many and a many times. I've said it before Catty died, and I've said it more than ever since, and I'll say it till I die. I'll never bring children into this world to be factory children, and to be factory boys and girls, and to be factory men and women, and to see the sights I've seen, and to bear

the things I've borne, and to run the risks I've run, and to grow up as I've grown up, and to stop where I've stopped—never. I've heard tell of slaves before the war that wouldn't be fathers and mothers of children to be slaves like them. That's the way I feel, and that's the way I mean to feel. I won't be the mother of a child to go and live my life over again. I'll never marry anybody."

"But they needn't be factory people," urged Dirk, with a mystified face. "There's trades and—other things."

"I know, I know," Sip shook her head—"I know all about that. They'd never get out of the mills. It's from generation to generation. It's in the blood."

"But other folks don't take it so," urged Dirk, after a disconsolate pause. "Other folks marry, and have their homes and the comfort of 'em. Other folks, if they like a man, 'll be his wife some way or nuther."

"Sometimes, and Sip, I seem to think that I'm not like other folks. Things come to me some way that other folks don't understand nor care for." She crushed the dock weed to a wounded mass, and dug her foot into the ground, and stamped upon it.

"I've made up my mind, Dirk. It's no use talking. It—it hurts me," with a tender motion of the restless foot against the bruised, rough leaves of the weed which she was covering up with sand. "I'd rather not talk any more, Dirk. There's other girls. Some other girl will do."

"I'll no other girl! I can't have you!" said poor Dirk, turning away. "I never could get such a sight by another girl as I've set by you. If you don't marry, Sip, no more 'll I."

Sip smiled but did not speak.

"Upon my word, I won't!" cried Dirk. "You wait and see. I've loved you true. If I can't have you, I'll have nobody!"

But Sip only smiled.

A GUESS FOR LIFE.

A volume could be filled with the strange delusions entertained by madmen—the remarkable pertinacity and cunning they display in carrying out the whims of their disordered minds. In their wild freaks, maniacs frequently evince a method in their planning, an adroitness and coolness, that would do credit to the shrewdest sane person. We give below a thrilling incident which actually occurred as related, one of the parties to it having been a prominent American army surgeon:

When my regiment was disbanded I bade adieu to my old comrades and to the army, and commenced business in the flourishing town of L.—

As I was starting to the supper-table, on the evening of the third day after my arrival, the door bell rang violently, and soon the boy came in and said that a man wanted to see the doctor. The visitor was standing by the fire when I entered. He was a tall, powerful man—a perfect giant compared to my five feet six, and his great bushy black hair and whiskers were well fitted to the monstrous form.

"If you are at liberty, doctor," said he, "please come with me. It is but a few steps, and you will not need a carriage."

I put on my coat and hat and followed him. It was my first call in L.—and I fondly hoped it would be the forerunner of many others.

The man strode on ahead of me all the time, notwithstanding my entreaties to keep at his side, and spoke not a word, not even answering my questions.

Stopping before a substantial looking residence in one of the principal streets, he applied the latch-key, and led me into a pleasant little room on the second floor (a study I thought), hung about with good paintings and elegant chromos, and lined with books of every description.

"Take a seat, doctor," said the man; "I will step out a moment. Take this chair, by the fire; it's a bitter cold night!"

The chair was a great unwieldy thing, but exceedingly comfortable. I threw my feet upon the fender, and leaned back on the cushion, well satisfied to warm myself a little before seeing the patient.

I heard the man approach the door, which was directly back of where I sat, and heard the door open and close again. I supposed he had gone out, but did not look around to see. Indeed I had no time, for a stout cord was thrown over my wrists and across my breast, and a handkerchief bound over my mouth so quickly that I could not prevent it.

When I was perfectly secure, my conductor stepped in front of me and looked with much interest at my vain attempts to free myself.

"Good stout cord, isn't it?" he asked. "It has never been broken, and many a stouter man than you has tried it. There, now, be quiet a while, and I will tell you what I want."

He went to a cabinet that stood in the corner of the room, and taking a long knife from one of the drawers, ran his thumb over the edge, and felt the point, all the time talking in the most commonplace manner imaginable.

"I have for years studied the art of guessing," said he. "I can guess anything; that is my guessing chair that you are sitting in now; and I take great pleasure in imparting my knowledge to others. This is what I want of you to-night. I did intend to make you guess that, but I have thought of something better."

He had become satisfied with the edge and point of his knife, and was pacing up and down the room, giving me a full history of the world, interspersed with facts relative to the art of guessing, at which times he always stopped in front of me.

"Did you ever study it, doctor?" he asked. "I know you haven't. I am the only one that ever reduced it to a science. Since I left my noble veterans I have devoted my whole time to

it; and now I am about to initiate you into its mysteries, if you are worthy." He was standing before me so very calm, that I did not think he intended to harm me; but when I looked into his eyes, burning with the fire of insanity, I felt that my situation was desperate, indeed.

"I must test you," he said. "I must see whether you are naturally gifted or not, before I waste much time with you. If I remove the handkerchief, will you answer my questions?"

I nodded an affirmative, and he removed it.

"Now, my dear doctor, you are an entire stranger to me. Without a doubt you have often heard of me, but it will be a hard task to distinguish my name from all other great men of the time. You may guess it, doctor. What is it?"

He had brought his face so near to mine that I could feel his hot breath, and I fancied I could feel the heat in those terrible eyes. The long, keen blade he was holding over me—for what? To take my life if I failed.

"Guess! Guess!" he screamed. "If you fail, it will be your last guess in this world."

I dared not cry out—the knife was too near. I could not escape, for the strong cords bound me to that chair I could not lift; and I could not be there, and lose my life. What could I do?"

"It is a hard guess," he said, "and I will give you three minutes to answer it."

I summoned all my courage, which had never yet failed me, even in the awful hour of battle, and, looking him steadily in the eye, said, "I know you, sir; so where is the use of guessing? I have seen you on the battle field, marshalling your men to victory; I have seen you cut down a score of men with your own single arm. I have seen you put to flight a whole battalion. I know you—everybody knows you; your name is in my mouth."

I remembered that he had said about leading his veterans, and had tried this harangue to divert his attention. I paused to mark the effect.

"Yes, yes, doctor. But what is it?" he exclaimed again. "Thirty seconds!"

Great heavens! What would I not have given for a clue to that madman's fancy! Thirty seconds, and how short a second is! The knife was raised higher, that it might gain momentum by the distance. His body was braced for the stroke, and his eye upon the mark.

"Ten seconds more!" he cried. What is it?"

There was only one hope for me, and that was to guess. I felt that he considered himself some great man—as he had spoken of veterans—some great military chieftain. I thought of our own heroes, and the names of many of them were upon my lips, but I dared not utter them. It was the greatest chance game that I had ever played—my life depended on the guessing of a name I thought of all the European Generals, but cast them aside again, and came back to our own side of the water.

"Two seconds!" screamed the lunatic.

Without a thought, almost without a volition, I spoke a name, breathing a prayer that it may be the right one: "Napoleon Bonaparte!"

"Right!" said the madman, throwing aside his knife, and undoing the cords that held me. "I was mistaken in you, doctor. You have true genius; this is your first lesson; come at this hour every evening, and I will teach you the beautiful art—the way to immortality!"

As I arose from the chair, weak and trembling, the door opened softly, and three strong men entered and secured the maniac. I started for home, well pleased that I had got through with my first guessing lesson, and fervently hoping that I should never be called upon to take another.

**FEMALE SOCIETY.**—What is it that makes all those men who associate with women superior to others who do not? What makes that woman who is accustomed to and at ease in, the society of men; superior to her sex in general? Soberly because they are in the habit of free, graceful, continued conversations with the other sex. Women in this way lose their frivolity, their faculties awaken, their delicacies and peculiarities unfold all their beauty and captivation in the spirit of intellectual rivalry. And the men lose their pedantic, rude, declamatory, or sullen manner. The coin of the "understanding and the heart changes continually. Their asperities are rubbed off, their better materials polished and brightened, and their richness, like the gold, is wrought into finer workman-ship by the fingers of woman than it ever could be by those of men. The iron and steel of their characters are hidden, like the character and armor of a giant, by studs and knots of good and precious stones, when they are not wanted in actual warfare.

**A NEW RELATION.**—A man was divorced from his wife and she married another, whereupon husband No. 1 inquired of No. 2:

"What relation are you to me?"

"None, that I know of."

"Yes, you are," said No. 1; "you are my step-husband—I stepped out and you stepped in."

The colored legislature of South Carolina have ordered two dozen "jar spittoons" for the assembly chamber, at the cost of eight dollars each. They are so thickly planted on the floor that a colored member who wears a shoe of ordinary negro power can find no place for the soles of his foot on the carpet.

The boy whose mother had promised him a present, was saying his prayers preparatory to going to bed, but his mind running on a horse, he began as follows: "O my Father who art in Heaven—ma won't you give me a horse—thy kingdom come—with a string in it?"

ARGUMENT OF FRANKLIN B. GOWEN,

Before the Judiciary Committee of the Senate of Pennsylvania, on Behalf of the Railroad and Mining Interests of Pennsylvania, March 30th, 1871.

GENTLEMEN: We, who are Pennsylvanians, have always been under the impression that our State derived great benefits from having within her borders the only accessible deposits of anthracite coal yet discovered in the United States. I have been taught to regard the possession of this vast mineral wealth as a great blessing; but I can assure you, that in consequence of two years of suffering under the control and mismanagement of the leaders of the Workingmen's Benevolent Association, I am almost tempted to doubt whether all this treasure upon which our Commonwealth has so largely depended for her revenue—which has given such an unexampled impetus to our manufacturers, and has attracted to us an aggregation of capital that has supplied employment for, and fed and clothed so large a proportion of an industrious laboring population—has not been a great evil and a great curse; and I fear that you, gentlemen, who have spent so much time in an earnest endeavor to fathom the causes of the present unfortunate condition of affairs in the coal regions, will be willing to agree with me in this conjecture.

Our neighbors of New York derive their prosperity from, and boast of the supremacy of, commerce, but when we recall to our minds how fleeting and evanescent has been the reign of commercial prosperity in all the countries of the world, and remember that at the beginning of this century Salem was one of the most important ports in the United States, who can tell whether, ere the close of the century, Salem or Boston may not have regained its supremacy, or whether the ships whose sails now whiten the bay of New York may not float upon the waters of the Delaware, or ride at anchor in the harbor of Norfolk? But the prosperity derived from the possession of mineral treasures is more enduring; and in her coal fields our own great Commonwealth has control of an unfailing source of wealth, which, if properly fostered by the State, will be more lasting than that which depends upon the diamonds of Brazil, or, is derived from the gold of California.

You may be surprised to learn that the coal traffic alone has within the past ten years paid into the treasury of the State between five and six millions of dollars; and that, notwithstanding the difficulties with which we have had to contend during the past year, the corporations for whom I now appear before you have paid, as taxes to the State in the year 1870, nearly eight hundred thousand dollars. Why is it that our farmers have been relieved from State taxation upon their lands, the State debt has ceased to be a burden upon our population, and the finances of the Commonwealth are in so sound a condition? Simply because the interests for which I appear before you—which have been stricken down by the unlawful combination of an ignorant faction, and are now struggling to be heard, in a calm, judicial investigation, against the wild clamor of the demagogue and the fanatic—have paid into the coffers of the State so large an amount of taxes that other interests and other industries have been relieved from the payment of any.

Having called your attention to the great importance of the subject under consideration, and fully conscious that the result of your deliberations may be either to rescue these great interests from the evils that environ them, or to consign them again to the control of a tyrannical association, I now propose (because it is necessary as part of the argument I shall make in defence of the course pursued by the railroad companies) to give, as succinctly as I can, and with some regard to the chronology of events, a statement of the causes which have led the several corporations to adopt the course which has called forth this investigation, and then to present a legal argument in defence of their action, together with some suggestions as to the mode of adjusting the present difficulty and preventing its recurrence in the future.

It is well known that during the late war the demand for coal was greatly increased. The navy required a large supply, and manufacturers—who are always the great consumers—were prosperous and active; coal-mining became exceedingly profitable; the coal-carrying railroads all made money; the miners and laborers were paid high wages; and it was no uncommon occurrence for a good miner to earn several hundred dollars a month.

In consequence of this, a great impetus was given to the coal trade. New collieries were rapidly opened; new coal regions were brought into connection with the markets by new railroads, which were extended into every valley that contained a deposit of coal; and the high wages earned by the miner attracted from other countries a large immigration of skilled workmen, and diverted to the business of mining many who left other trades and occupations to gather the golden harvest which was spread before them. The natural result of this was that after peace was declared, and the war demand had ceased, the productive capacity of the anthracite coal region was far greater than was required to supply the consumption of coal, and the laboring population had increased so rapidly that employment could not be given to all.

The natural remedy for this state of things would have been enforced by the law of demand and supply. The badly-constructed and ill-ventilated collieries that could not produce coal at the rate the public was willing to pay for it would have been abandoned, and the better class of collieries that could have supplied the market would have continued at work and given em-

ployment to as many men as were necessary to produce the amount of coal required by the wants of the community. The surplus population that could find no employment at mining would have gone back to other occupations until the increased demand for coal, resulting from low prices, would have called them again to the coal regions. Thus a year or two of low prices would have supplied the cure for all the evils that were felt at the close of the war. But about this time there came into prominence an organization which is now known as the Workingmen's Benevolent Association. Embracing originally several distinct societies in the different regions, it gradually became a united and compact organization, chartered first by the courts and subsequently by the Legislature; and by the year 1868 it embraced nearly the entire population of the anthracite coal region.

The object of this organization was to secure employment for all its members, and prevent the reduction of wages which every other class of labor had to submit to at the close of the war. Well knowing that if all its members worked a full day during the year, the production of coal would be much greater than the demand, they insisted upon an increased rate of wages and decreased amount of work, which would enable a man to earn in six or seven months as much as had previously been earned in a year—so that the entire population should receive employment without increasing the supply of coal above the demand. As it was also well known to them that such wages could not be paid unless the price of coal was kept up at a high rate, they suspended work whenever the price reached such a sum as made it impossible for their employer to comply with their demands.

We, who thought we understood something about the laws of trade, and knew that natural causes would soon bring relief, remonstrated with the leader of the organization in vain. The law of supply and demand, and every sound maxim of trade which experience has demonstrated to be correct, were thrown to the winds; and from the bowels of the earth there came swarming up a new school of political economists, who professed to be able, during the leisure hours of their short work days, to regulate a great industry and restore it to vigor and health. In the wildest flight of the imagination of the most pretentious charlatan there never was conceived such a cure for the ills with which we were afflicted as was suggested by these new doctors. In their hands, however, we were powerless; and with the eagerness of a student, and the assurance of a quack, they seized upon the body of a healthy trade, and have so doctored and physicked it that it is now reduced to the ghost of the shadow of an attenuation.

The first dose of the new panacea was administered in the year 1868; and a general suspension of work for many weeks, resulting in advanced prices and higher wages, encouraged them to proceed with the treatment. Again in the early part of 1869 a general suspension in the regions was inaugurated, accompanied by a demand for a rate of wages based upon the price for which coal was sold; so that as coal advanced the wages of the men were also to advance, but a minimum rate of wages was demanded, which was never to be lower than when coal was sold at five dollars at Elizabeth Port and three dollars at Port Carbon.

When coal brought these prices it was possible for the coal operator to pay the minimum rate of wages without losing money; but as these prices were about from fifty to seventy-five cents higher than coal could possibly be sold for when all the regions were at work, and consequently that much higher than the public should be asked to pay for it, the operators of all the regions refused to accede to the demand. After six weeks of idleness, when it was apparent that the strike in the Wyoming and Lehigh regions would be of long duration, the operators of Schuylkill county agreed to the terms demanded by the men, and commenced work at the three-dollar basis as a minimum. Both of the other regions being idle, the price of coal was very high at Port Carbon; and so long as the Schuylkill county operators had the entire market to themselves they could afford to pay the wages.

The public and the miners and operators of the other regions were the only sufferers. After five months of idleness in the other region when the depletion of the supply had increased prices to a high rate, and it was evident that Schuylkill county was taking customer-away from the other districts, both the Lehigh and Wyoming regions resumed work—the former upon the terms demanded by the men, and the three larger companies in the region without a basis, but at a rate of wages far greater than had been originally asked. During the few weeks of the close of the season of 1869, when all the regions were producing, it became evident that the price of coal could not, and ought not, be sustained at such a rate as would enable the operators in all the coal-fields to pay the wages which those of one could pay when the others were idle; and, accordingly, in the winter of 1869-70, a new basis was asked for by the operators of Schuylkill county, which would enable them to produce coal as low as \$2.25 and \$2.50 per ton. This was refused by the Workingmen's Benevolent Association, and the result was the long strike of 1870, which kept the Schuylkill region idle for twenty weeks. Lehigh and Wyoming continued at work in 1870; and in consequence of the large amount of Schuylkill coal kept out of the market, the operators of the other region realized high prices, and were able to pay the high rate of wages—the only sufferers being the public, as in 1869, and the operators, workmen, and carrying companies of the Schuylkill region.

In the latter part of July, 1870, the Workingmen's Benevolent Association

agreed to a modification of their demands; and in the Schuylkill regions work was resumed August 1st, 1870, at what has so frequently been alluded to in the course of this investigation as the "Gowen Compromise," which, while it adopted the same rate of wages at \$3 as was paid the previous year at \$3, permitted the rate to decrease in the same proportion as it advanced, and established the minimum at \$2; so that when coal sold for \$2 at Port Carbon the workmen received thirty-three per cent. less wages than when it sold for \$3; and when \$4 per ton at Port Carbon was realized by the operator, the workmen got an advance of thirty-three per cent. above what he was entitled to at \$3. Under this new basis work was continued in Schuylkill county during the remaining five months of 1870, and the amount of coal then sent to market, in addition to what was mined in the Lehigh and Wyoming fields, was such that prices fell to \$2.25 and \$2.50 per ton at Port Carbon. As this "Gowen Compromise" was only to last during the season of 1860, it became necessary to adopt some basis for 1871, and in the month of November last the regular committee of the Workingmen's Benevolent Association and operators met and agreed upon a rate of wages for 1871, which was entirely satisfactory to both parties and which had been called the \$2.50 basis.

You will remember that during the year of 1870 the three large mining companies of the upper Wyoming region had been paying the exorbitant rate of wages which they agreed to, rather than submit to the claim for a basis. It must be evident to all of you, that at this rate of wages the coal of these three companies was costing them more than they could realize for it during the months of October and November last. Accordingly, they announced a reduction of wages to take effect on December 1st, and though this reduction was not greater than was required to make the rate about equal to what other men in adjoining collieries were working for, the men refused to submit to it, and on the 1st of December, 1870, they struck and quit work.

I now desire to call your particular attention to the fact—which is undisputed—that at this time there was no difficulty whatever existing between the Workingmen's Benevolent Association and their employers, upon the question of wages, in the Schuylkill, Lehigh or Lower Wyoming districts. In the Schuylkill region the men were working under the "Gowen Compromise," which was to continue during the year 1870, and their representatives had agreed with their employers in recommending the adoption of the \$2.50 basis for 1871. In the Lehigh and Lower Wyoming coal fields no indication had been given by either side of an intention to change the basis under which the men were working. Notwithstanding this, however, a general suspension was ordered by the Workingmen's Benevolent Association to take place on January 10, 1871, and this order was literally obeyed.

The object of this suspension, as stated by the officers of the Workingmen's Benevolent Association, and published in their organ, the *Anthracite Monitor*, was to deplete the market, reduce the supply, and advance the price of coal; and there can be no doubt that it was resorted to in the first instance to assist the men of the three large mining companies, who had been upon a strike since the 1st of December, and who could not hope to hold out very long in their demands for exorbitant wages if the coal market was being supplied from other regions. I presume that the consideration to be given by these men of the three companies for this assistance was an adherence to the Workingmen's Benevolent Association, and obedience to its demands, that no work should be done except upon the basis. The suspension, therefore, became general in all the districts on January 10. On the 15th of February the General Council of the Workingmen's Benevolent Association ordered a resumption of work; but this order was accompanied by a claim in the upper Wyoming districts for the high wages of 1870, and in the Schuylkill region it had been preceded by a demand for the old \$3 minimum basis. These demands were not acceded to, and the suspension still continues.

I have thus gone over two years of alternate suspensions and strikes, by which, occasionally, the workmen of one region would realize exorbitant wages, but always at the expense of their suffering brethren of another, who were kept in idleness by their own actions. Out of the last twenty-two months the workmen of Schuylkill and the Upper Wyoming districts have been idle for nine months—and those of the Lehigh region have been idle for eight months—and yet, with moderate wages and low prices for coal, they could have had steady employment.

Let me now ask what has been the effect of this control of the coal trade, so relentlessly exercised by the Workingmen's Benevolent Association during the last two years—I mean its effects upon others than themselves—upon the operators, upon the railroad companies, upon the coal trade, upon the iron interests, and upon the State?

Before entering, however, upon this subject, I desire to say a few words in behalf of the coal operators. I do not mean in behalf of the one part of the five hundred who has appeared here as the special champion of the workingmen, but on behalf of the remaining four hundred and ninety-nine whom the one referred to has characterized, out of his choice vocabulary of abuse, as "lying thieves and scoundrel operators." I will take Mr. Kendrick as an example. He commenced life as a laborer in the mines, became a miner, worked for twenty years as such, was made a superintendent, saved out of his hard earnings enough to enable him to purchase a colliery of his own, and