Here are three cities readily accessible to the tourist, which are peculiar, — Quebec, New Orleans, and Pittsburg, — and of these Pittsburg is the most interesting by far. In other towns the traveller can make up his list of lions, do them in a few hours, and go away satisfied; but here all is curious or wonderful, — site, environs, history, geology, business, aspect, atmosphere, customs, everything. Pittsburg is a place to read up for, to unpack your trunk and settle down at, to make excursions from, and to study as you would study a group of sciences. To know Pittsburg thoroughly is a liberal education in “the kind of culture demanded by modern-times.”

On that low point of land, fringed now with steamboats and covered with grimy houses, scarcely visible in the November fog and smoke, modern history began. It began on an April day, one hundred and thirteen years ago, with the first hostile act of the long war which secured North America to our race, and gave final pre-eminence in Europe to the Protestant powers. Bismarck’s recent exploits do but continue the work begun in 1754, when a French captain seized that point of land, and built Fort Duquesne upon it. From the windows of the Monongahela House, which stands near the site of the old fort, and within easy reach of the three rivers, the whole geography of the country can be spelled out on the sides of the steamboats. Here begins the Great West. We have reached the United States. Or, if it is political economy that you would know, behold it in operation! Here it is, complete, illustrated, with errata in the form of closed factories and workmen on the strike. Whatever protection can do to force the growth of premature enterprises has here been done, undone, and done again; and here, too, may be seen the legitimate triumphs of skill, fortitude, and patience, which the vagaries of legislation do not destroy, nor the alteration of a decimal fraction at a custom-house impair. Brave and steadfast men have battled nobly here with the substances that offer the greatest resistance to our control, and which serve us best when subjugated; and in the hills and valleys round about, nature has stored those substances away with unequalled profusion. Besides placing a thick layer of excellent bituminous coal halfway up those winding heights, besides accumulating within them exhaustless supplies of iron, besides sinking under them unfathomable wells of oil and salt water, nature has coiled about their bases a system of navigable streams, all of which form themselves into two rivers, — the Alleghany and Monongahela, — and at Pittsburg unite to form the Ohio, and give the city access to every port on earth. It is chiefly at Pittsburg that the products of the Pennsylvania hills and mountains are converted into wealth and distributed over the world. The wonder is, not that Pittsburg is an assemblage of flourishing towns of 230,000 inhabitants, but that, placed at such a commanding point, it is not the most flourishing and the most populous city in America.
This it might have been, perhaps, if the site had been ten level square miles, instead of two, and those two surrounded by steep hills four hundred feet high, and by rivers a third of a mile wide. It is curiously hemmed in, — that small triangle of low land upon which the city was originally built. A stranger walking about the streets on a summer afternoon is haunted by the idea that a terrific thunder-storm is hanging over the place. Every street appears to end in a huge black cloud, and there is everywhere the ominous darkness that creeps over the scene when a storm is approaching. When the traveller has satisfied himself that the black clouds are only the smoke-covered hills that rise from each of the three rivers, still he catches himself occasionally quickening his steps, so as to get back to his umbrella before the storm bursts. During our first stroll about the town, some years ago, we remained under this delusion for half an hour; and only recovered from it after observing that the old ladies who sat knitting about the markets never stirred to get their small stock of small wares under cover.

Pittsburg announces its peculiar character from afar off. Those who approach it in the night see before them, first of all, a black hill, in the side of which are six round flaming fires, in a row, like six fiery eyes. Then other black hills loom dimly up, with other rows of fires half-way up their sides; and there are similar fiery dots in the gloom as far as the eye can reach. This is wonderfully picturesque, and excites the curiosity of the traveller to the highest point. He thinks that Pittsburg must be at work behind those fires, naked to the waist, with hairy chest and brawny arms, doing tremendous things with molten iron, or forging huge masses white-hot, amid showers of sparks. No such thing. These rows of fires, of which scores can be counted from a favorable point, are merely the chimneys of coke-ovens, quietly doing their duty during the night, unattended. That duty is to convert the waste coal-dust at the mouths of the mines, where it has been accumulating for a century, into serviceable coke. These are almost the only fires about Pittsburg that are always burning, night and day, Sundays and holidays.

The approach to the city by day is even more remarkable. The railroad from Cincinnati, after crossing the Ohio several miles below Pittsburg, has an arduous work to perform. Its general design is to follow the course of the river; but as the river is always bending into the form of the letter S, and carrying the hills with it, the railroad is continually diving under the hills to make short cuts. This is unfavorable to the improvement of the traveller’s mind; for the alternations from daylight to darkness are so frequent and sudden, that he is apt, at length, to lay aside his book altogether, and give himself up to the contemplation of the November drizzle. This was our employment when the cars stopped opposite the point for which nine nations have contended, — France, England, the United States, and the “Six Nations.” Was there ever such a dismal lookout anywhere else in this world? Those hills, once so beautifully rounded and in such harmony with the scene, have been cut down, sliced off, pierced, slanted, zig-zagged, built upon, built under, until almost every trace of their former outline has been obliterated, without receiving from man’s hand any atoning beauty. The town lies low, as at the bottom of an excavation, just visible through the mingled smoke and mist, and every object in it is black. Smoke, smoke, smoke, — everywhere smoke! Smoke, with the noise of the steam-hammer, and the spouting flame of tall chimneys, — that is all we perceive of Pittsburg from the
side of the hill opposite the site of Fort Duquesne. How different the scene which
the youthful Washington saw here, a hundred and twenty years ago, when not a
human dwelling was near, and scarcely a white man lived beyond the
Alleghanies! With his soldier’s eye he marked the rushing Alleghany, the
tranquil Monongahela, the winding Ohio, and the hills through which they
flowed, only to report that the point of land at the intersection was the very
place, of all others, for a fort. We have found better uses for it since. But these
better uses have played havoc with the striking beauties of the landscape.

The two tributary rivers are spanned by many bridges, light but strong, some of
which are of great elegance. Over one of them the train crosses the
Monongahela, alive with black barges and puffing tug-boats, and enters soon
that famous depot, the common centre of all the great railroads meeting here.
The West is paying back, with large interest, the instruction and propulsion it
once received from the East. New York has no such depot as this, though it has
far more need of one than any Western city. We shall have to go to school to the
West, ere long, and try to enlarge our minds and methods, — especially our
methods of dealing with that long-suffering creature, the Public. Many thousand
passengers are daily received, transferred, and distributed at this extensive
depot, replete with every convenience, without loss of time, money, or temper.

The traveller arriving from the West is immediately reminded that, at this point,
the West terminates. Neither the Western nor the Southern mind fully
recognizes the existence of any sum of money between five and ten cents, and
the Southern man considers it a proud distinction that in his “section” there are
no copper coins. In this depot, on the contrary, boys can be found who charge
seven cents for a New York paper. In this depot there are hackmen who demand
the exact fare as by law established, and who manifest some concern for the
traveller’s convenience and comfort. Many other trifling circumstances denote
that we have reached a State where exactness and economy are instinctive; a
State that is neither Eastern nor Western, Northern nor Southern, but
constitutes a class by itself, — PENNSYLVANIA, — square, solid, plodding, careful,
saving Pennsylvania. There is no affectation hereof stuffing change into the
pocket without counting it. There is no one here who does not know there are
such sums of money as seven, eight, and nine cents. Iron ore is not converted
into steel bars so easily that the people who do it are disposed to throw away
ever so small a fraction of the results of their labor. On the other hand, these
men of iron know how to be liberal when there is occasion. During the war, no
regiment, no soldier, passed through Pittsburg without being bountifully
entertained; and the Sanitary Fair held here yielded a larger sum, for the size of
the city, than any other. The sum was very nearly four hundred thousand
dollars. It is people who feel the utility of copper coin that can do such things.

From some of the expensive foibles of human nature the people of Pittsburg are
necessarily exempt. There can never be any dandies here. He would be a very
bold man indeed who should venture into the streets of Pittsburg with a pair of
yellow kids upon his hands, nor would they be yellow more than ten minutes. All
dainty and showy apparel is forbidden by the state of the atmosphere, and
equally so is delicate upholstery within doors. Some very young girls, in flush
times, when wages are high, venture forth with pink or blue ribbons in their

https://www.theatlantic.com/magazine/archive/1868/01/pittsburg/536130/
bonnets, which may, in highly favorable circumstances, look clean and fresh for half a mile; but ladies of standing and experience never think of such extravagance, and wear only the colors that harmonize with the dingy livery of the place. These ladies pass their lives in an unending, ineffectual struggle with the omnipresent black. Everything is bought and arranged with reference to the ease with which its surface can be purified from the ever-falling soot. Lace curtains, carved furniture, light-colored carpets, white paint, marble, elaborate chandeliers, and every substance that either catches or shows this universal and all-penetrating product of the place, are avoided by sensible housekeepers. As to the men of Pittsburg, there is not an individual of them who appears to take the slightest interest in his clothes. If you wish to be in the height of the fashion there, you must be worth half a million, and wear a shabby suit of fustian. You must be proprietor in some extensive “works,” and go about not quite as well dressed as the workmen.

We will endeavor to describe without exaggeration the state of the atmosphere in Pittsburg, as we observed it on the 6th of December, 1866. We select that day because it was the first perfect specimen of a Pittsburg day at which we ever had the pleasure to assist, and it consequently made an impression on our mind. During the autumn, they have about thirty such days as the one we are about to describe. Pittsburg is proud of them. No other city can exhibit such a day. Pittsburg amuses itself (when it can find a moment to spare) with the wonder which its characteristic and unapproachable day excites in the mind of the stranger. No matter how dark it may be, the people still say that “this is nothing” to what they can do in the way of darkness. It was with irrepressible exultation, that one of the young gentlemen of the press assured us that he had been three weeks waiting to have his photograph taken. We know not why it is that no one has given an account of this curious production of nature and art, — a Pittsburg day.

On waking in the morning, while It was still as dark as midnight, we became gradually conscious that the town was all astir. The newsboys were piping their morning song at the door of the hotel; the street cars were jingling by; the steamboat whistles were shrieking; those huge Pennsylvania wagons, with their long lines of horses, were rumbling past; and in the passages of the hotel frequent steps were heard, of heavy-booted travellers and of light-footed chambermaids. “Ah,” we thought, “this is Pennsylvania indeed! What energy, what a fury of industry! All Pittsburg at work before the dawn of day! This surpasses Chicago. What would luxurious St. Louis say of such reckless devotion to business as this?” Revolving such thoughts, it occurred to us, at length, that it would be only proper for an inquisitive traveller to follow this example, and do in Pittsburg as the Pittsburghers had already done. This bold conception was executed. A match was felt for and found, the gas was lighted, and the first duties of the day were performed with that feeling of moral superiority to mankind in general which is apt to steal over the soul of a person who dresses by gas-light for the first time in many years. “Would Brown do this? would Jones? would Robinson? What vigor there must be in that traveller who gets up to study his town before the first streak of dawn!”
Descending to the lower rooms of the hotel, elate with this new vanity, we were encouraged to find the gas all alight and turned full on, just as we had left it the evening before. The dining-room, too, was brilliantly lighted, and full of people taking sustenance. Hardly prepared to go so far as to take breakfast by gas-light, — there is a medium in all things, even in the practice of heroic virtue, — we nevertheless deemed it a wise precaution to buy a newspaper or two, thinking it probable that in such a place the newspapers would be all bought and done with by daylight. Then we strolled to the front door, and out into the street. It was still dark, though there were some very faint indications of daylight. Everything, however, was in full movement, — stores open and lighted up, drivers alert, newsboys vociferous, vehicles and passers-by as numerous as if it were broad day. It is not pleasant to stumble about out of doors before daylight, on a damp and chilly December morning, especially in a strange place. The valuable idea now occurred to us, that it would be good economy to employ the time required by the day to overcome the gloom of the twilight in breakfasting. This fine idea was realized, and as it was never possible for us to read a newspaper with the light ten feet above it, we soon lost ourselves in wonder why people order for breakfast, at a hotel, five times as much as they can eat. We also pleased ourselves in anticipating the moderation which these wasters of food will exhibit when the civilized custom prevails of paying for what is ordered, and no more. These reflections were prolonged and varied as much as possible, and we endeavored to check the propensity to eat rapidly which besets him who eats alone in a crowd. Still the daylight made little progress; which we excused on the ground that it had much to contend with in Pittsburg, and could not be expected to do as well as in more favored climes. We left the dining-room, and looked about for a seat close to a window, where perhaps the large-type headings of the news might be made out by the aid of a glass. There was just light enough for that, and we sat awhile waiting for more. It came with such strange and tantalizing slowness, that it occurred to us, at last, to see what time it was. One glance at the watch dispelled our dream of moral superiority. It was a quarter to nine!

It was a still, foggy morning. There being no wind to drive away the smoke issuing from five hundred huge chimneys, the deep chasm in which Pittsburg lies was filled full of it, and this smoke was made heavy and thick by being mixed with vapor. At eleven o’clock that morning all the gas in the stores was lighted, and the light was as necessary as it ever can be at night. At ten minutes past noon, we chanced to be in a bookstore, where the book-keeper’s desk was situated directly under a skylight, which in any other city would have flooded the desk with a dazzling excess of light. Even there, the gas was burning with all its force from two burners, and all its light was required. Toward two o’clock the heavy masses of smoke lifted a little; the sun appeared, in the semblance of a large, clean, yellow turnip; and, for the first time that day, it was possible to read without artificial light. This interval lasted half an hour. By three o’clock, it was darker than ever, and so remained till night came to make the darkness natural; when, the streets being lighted, Pittsburg was more cheerful than it had been all day.

There is one evening scene in Pittsburg which no visitor should miss. Owing to the abruptness of the hill behind the town, there is a street along the edge of a
bluff, from which you can look directly down upon all that part of the city which
lies low, near the level of the rivers. On the evening of this dark day, we were
conducted to the edge of the abyss, and looked over the iron railing upon the
most striking spectacle we ever beheld. The entire space lying between the hills
was filled with blackest smoke, from out of which the hidden chimneys sent
forth tongues of flame, while from the depths of the abyss came up the noise of
hundreds of steam-hammers. There would be moments when no flames were
visible; but soon the wind would force the smoky curtains aside, and the whole
black expanse would be dimly lighted with dull wreaths of fire. It is an
unprofitable business, view-hunting; but if any one would enjoy a spectacle as
striking as Niagara, he may do so by simply walking up a long hill to Cliff Street
in Pittsburg, and looking over into—hell with the lid taken off.

Such is the kind of day of which Pittsburg boasts. The first feeling of the stranger
is one of compassion for the people who are compelled to live in such an
atmosphere. When hard pressed, a son of Pittsburg will not deny that the
smoke has its inconveniences. He admits that it does prevent some
inconsiderate people from living there, who, but for the prejudice against smoke
in which they have been educated, would become residents of the place. He
insists, however, that the smoke of bituminous coal kills malaria, and saves the
eyesight. The smoke, he informs you, is a perpetual public sun-shade and color-
subduer. There is no glare in Pittsburg, except from fire and red-hot iron; no
object meets the eye that demands much of that organ, and consequently
diseases of the eyes are remarkably rare. It is interesting to hear a Pittsburger
discourse on this subject; and it much relieves the mind of a visitor to be told,
and to have the assertion proved, that the smoke, so far from being an evil, is a
blessing. The really pernicious atmospheres, say the Pittsburg philosophers,
convey to man no intimation of the poison with which they are laden, and we
inhale death while enjoying every breath we draw; but this smoke is an evil only
to the imagination, and it destroys every property of the atmosphere which is
hostile to life. In proof of which the traveller is referred to the tables of mortality,
which show that Pittsburg is the most favorable city in the world to longevity. All
this is comforting to the benevolent mind. Still more so is the fact, that the
fashion of living a few miles out of the smoke is beginning to prevail among the
people of Pittsburg. Villages are springing up as far as twenty miles away, to
which the business men repair, when, in consequence of having inhaled the
smoke all day, they feel able to bear the common country atmosphere through
the night. It is probable that, in coming years, the smoky abyss of Pittsburg will
be occupied only by factories and “works,” and that nearly the whole population
will deny themselves the privilege of living in the smoke. With three rivers and
half a dozen railroads, the people have ready means of access to places of almost
unequalled beauty and pleasantness.

The “great fact” of Pittsburg is coal. Iron and copper can better afford to come to
c coal to be melted, than send for coal to come and melt them. All those hills that
frown down upon Pittsburg, and those that rise from the rivers back of
Pittsburg, have a stratum of coal in them from four to twelve feet thick. This
stratum is about three hundred feet above the water’s edge, and about one
hundred feet from the average summit of the hills. It is simply a great cake of
coal, lying fiat in the hills, uniform, compact, as though this region had once
been a lake of liquid coal, upon which mountains had been tossed, pressing it solid. The higher the hill rises above the coal cake, the better is the coal. It has had more pressure, is more compact and less impure. What this black stuff really is that we have named coal, how it got laid away so evenly in these hills, why the stratum of coal is always found just so high up the hill, why coal is found here and not everywhere, and why it is better here than elsewhere, are questions to which answers have often been attempted. We have read some of these answers, and remain up to the present moment perfectly ignorant of the whole matter. The mere quantity of coal in this region is sufficiently staggering. All the foundries and iron-works on earth could find ample room in this region, at the edge of a navigable stream, and have a coal mine at their back doors. The coal that is used in the foundries along the Monongahela is only shovelled twice. Deep in the heart of the hill that rises behind the foundry, the coal is mined, and thrown upon a car, by which it is conveyed to the mouth of the mine, and thence down an inclined plane to the foundry, where it is dumped at the door of the furnace which is to consume it. And, it seems, there are fifteen thousand square miles of “this sort of thing.” The “great Pittsburg coal seam,” as it is called, which consists of bituminous coal only, is put down in the books as covering eight and a half millions of acres. Mr. George H. Thurston of Pittsburg, who is learned in everything relating to his beloved city, computes that this area contains a trifle of about three trillions and a half of bushels of workable coal, or fifty-four billions of tons. Supposing this coal to be worth at the mine two dollars a ton, and supposing that we could sell out the whole seam for cash, Mr. Thurston assures us that we could immediately pay the national debt twenty-seven times over. He also remarks, that it would take the entire product of the California gold mines for a thousand years to buy the coal of this one seam.

We fervently hope these statements are correct. What we need is, a grand National, or, rather, a Continental Survey, on the scale of the Coast Survey, to take an inventory of our natural wealth, that could be implicitly relied on. It is but thirteen years ago, that a writer in the “Encyclopædia Britannica,” who seemed deeply versed in his subject, assured his readers that there was in the coal mines of Great Britain workable coal enough to last nineteen hundred years; and now a great man rises in Parliament, and startles the world by the assertion that the supply will be practically exhausted in eighty years! If Mr. Thurston is right, and if Mr. Mill is right, the time is at hand when Sheffield, Birmingham, and the other iron cities of England will begin to cast inquiring eyes at these hills and streams about Pittsburg. If there is indeed a supply of bituminous coal in this region for many thousand years, we see no reason why Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, New York, and fifty smaller cities, may not make their gas in the coal region, and convey it across the country in pipes. The idea has been discussed, and there is talk of a company for carrying it into effect. This matter of the quantity and distribution of coal is of importance beyond calculation. There was one “tow” of coal sent down to New Orleans last year by a Pittsburg house, that contained all the coal of three and a quarter acres of seam. It were well to know with certainty and exactness how long the Pittsburg seam can keep it up at that rate.

To observe the whole process of getting coal out of the hills, it is only necessary to walk half a mile from the city. Cross one of the bridges over the Monongahela,
walk up the hill that rises from the banks of that tranquil stream, and you
behold, in the side of the hill, a round hole about large enough for a man to
stand upright in. This cavity has smooth walls of coal, and there is a narrow
railroad track in it. The air within is neither damp nor chilly, and often delicate
flowers are blooming about the entrance. Strangers usually enter this convenient
and inviting aperture, which may lead into the hill a mile, or even three miles.
After walking a hundred yards or so, strangers usually think it best to go no
farther. It is as dark in there as darkness itself, and as silent as a tomb. The
entrance shows like a distant point of light. The visitor listens for the sound of
the pickaxe, or the rumble of a coal-car; but nothing breaks the horrid silence of
the place, and, retracing his steps, he sees with pleasure the point expanding
into a round O. Reassured, he peers again into the mountain’s heart, and
discerns in the far distance a speck of light. This speck slowly, very slowly,
approaches. A low and distant rumble is heard. The speck of light enlarges a
little. A voice is heard, — the voice of a boy addressing an observation to a mule.
The light, that was but a speck, begins now to disperse the gloom; and at last we
discover that it is a lamp fixed upon a mule’s head, and that the mule is drawing
two or three car-loads of coal, and is driven by a perfectly black white boy, who
also has a lamp upon his head. The coal is immediately dumped, the mule is
attached to the other end of the train, and reenters the black hole. A stranger
who has a proper respect for his garments will hesitate to climb over into that
exceedingly black car; but curiosity is frequently stronger than principle, and
there are travellers who will ride into the black bowels of the earth if they see an
empty car going thither. What a strange sensation! How great the distance! The
round O of the entrance, after dwindling to a white dot, disappears quite, and it
is long before anything becomes visible in the depths of the mine. As we pass
along this black and narrow street, — just wide enough for a car, and not high
enough for a man to stand upright in the car, — we observe openings like doors
into black, empty rooms. These are “rooms.” When a mine is opened, the first
thing, of course, is to make a straight passage into it; but on each side of the
passage “rooms” are opened, one man being assigned to each, who excavates the
apartment in solitude. The, partitions left between the “rooms” keep the hill
from settling down, and they remain intact until the seam is worked out. Then
the partitions are knocked away and the coal removed. The hill is then only
supported by upright logs, two or three feet thick, which, as the hill settles, are
pressed slowly down and flattened out.

After a long ride in the car, signs of life appear; a speck of light is seen in the
distance, and the click of a pickaxe is faintly heard. The train of empty coal-cars
stops at the door of a “room,” and one of them is cast off, and pushed into this
apartment by a turnout. The visitors alight as best they can, and find themselves
in the coaliest coal-hole ever known. Nothing is seen, felt, or smelt but coal;
nothing is heard but the eager strokes of an invisible pickaxe, wielded by an
unseen arm. The solitary occupant of this room is invisible at the moment,
because he is employed in what the miners call “bearing in.” When a miner finds
himself before a wall of coal, from which he is to excavate convenient masses of
that precious commodity, the first thing he does is to “bear in.” To “bear in” is to
get down upon your knees, and with a pickaxe cut deeply in at the bottom of the
seam of coal, — as far in as you can reach, even by lying down. When the miner
has made his gash, three feet deep and six feet wide, it is very easy by wedges, or
even by the pick-axe alone, to bring down all the upper part of the seam in pieces small enough to handle. Our miner was bearing in, at the moment of our entrance, with enthusiasm, owing to his being a little behind with his heap for the next load. Each miner expects to have a car-load ready when his car comes, and he lays out his work accordingly. His task is done when he has dug out the coal, and loaded it upon the car. And it is for doing these two things that he is paid a certain sum per bushel. Seven years ago, that sum was three quarters of a cent; it is now four cents; and the miners used to get out more coal per day when the price was lower than they do now at the high price. Our eager miner, hearing voices in his room, rose at length, and dimly revealed himself by the light of a very small tin lamp that hung loosely on his forehead. What a picture he was, as he peered over the heap of coal, with his black cap fitting close to his head, his dangling tin lamp, his coaly visage, his red lips and white teeth, and his black eyes glistening in the midst of the dull black of the rest of his countenance! He looked the Spirit of the Coal-mine. He was, however, introduced to the intruders as “Mr. Gallagher”; and a very merry, social, pleasant fellow he was.

People come into the mines prepared to regard with compassion these grimy workers in the eternal dark; but, on the contrary, they find them the gayest of men, very cheerful and companionable, with a keen sense of independence and personal dignity. We discovered at once that this man of the dangling lamp was indeed Mr. Gallagher. He begins work when he likes, works as fast as he likes, or as slow, and goes home when he likes. His room is his own against the world; and when he has dug out of it his regular hundred bushels, which he usually accomplishes about three o’clock in the afternoon, he takes up his oil-bottle and his dinner-kettle, gets upon a load of coal, rides to daylight, and saunters home. When he has had his thorough Saturday-afternoon wash, and has put on his fine Sunday broadcloth, he looks like a pale, muscular poet. The sun does not brown his skin, nor the wind roughen it. He works in the dark, in a still air, and at a uniform temperature of about sixty degrees, the year round. If he has a fancy to get rich, he can. Many of the proprietors about here once dug coal at three quarters of a cent per bushel. The people who live near the mines along the Monongahela speak well of the miners as a class. They are proud, honest, and orderly. A few of them, on festive days, indulge in their native pastime of whipping their wives; but even the few who do this are acquiring a taste for nobler pleasures. The farmers say that their apples and watermelons are as safe here as anywhere. The miners are proud of their right to vote, are prompt to exercise that right, and generally send their children to school.