

CORNWALL MINES, ENGLAND.

Extract from Silliman's Journal of Travels in England, &c. in 1845.—Continued.

DESCENT INTO THE DOLGOATH MINES.
Productions of the mine....Rudeness of the surface.
Profits of the Dolgoath mine....Costume of the miners....Danger and difficulty of the descent.
The scene of labor....Cheerfulness and civility of the miners....Great steam engine....Dangers of mining....Singular instance of delicacy....A ticketing.

September 5.—This has been a very busy day, and the consequent fatigue hardly leaves me spirits to record its occurrences.

I was introduced yesterday to Mr. M—, a manager of the mines, who called upon me this morning, and conducted me to the Dolgoath mine, situated three miles west from Redruth. It is the greatest mine in Cornwall, and is wrought principally for copper, although it affords tin and several other metals. My companion was a man of information and intelligence, and I received from him uncommon civilities.

Our ride led us through a mining region; every thing here points towards this object; it is the great concern of the country, and in some department or other of this business, almost every man, woman, and child is employed. For it, agriculture, commerce, and manufactures are neglected, and that industry which, in more fortunate countries, is employed to fertilize and adorn the surface of the ground, is here directed to those treasures which are concealed beneath incumbent hills and mountains.

You would be astonished to see what quantities of rubbish, the industry of the Cornish miners has collected on the surface; it gives the country an appearance of sterility and rudeness almost inconceivable.

Redruth is in the centre of a circle of about twenty miles in diameter, within which are contained almost all the important mines. I came into the country with the impression that tin is its principal production, but I find that copper is by far the greater concern, and that tin is only a secondary object. The tin is less abundant than formerly, but the copper much more so, and the latter article now commands so high a price that the working of the copper mines is a very profitable business.

The expenses of the Dolgoath mine are about seven or eight thousand pounds sterling a month, and the clear profits for the last five months have been eighteen thousand pounds, that is, at the rate of forty-three thousand two hundred pounds, or one hundred and ninety-two thousand dollars a year. These facts make it very evident that the mining business in Cornwall is a great and profitable concern.

The miners are under the immediate control of a chief who is called the captain of the mine. Mr. M— introduced me to one of these captains, who obligingly undertook to conduct me through the subterranean regions of Dolgoath. He is a son of one of the principal directors of the mines, and, although a captain, he did not seem to be more than eighteen or nineteen years old; but his early advancement is not surprising, for I have rarely found so much intelligence and such pleasing manners in so young a man.

First of all, we repaired to the miners' ward-robe, where, having taken leave of Mr. M—, I prepared for my descent, by throwing off my own dress and putting on that of the miners. It was somewhat similar to that which I wore in Derbyshire. It consisted of a very large shirt, of very coarse materials, and made like the frocks of the Connecticut farmers; then of a pair of large sailor trousers, striped across with white and black, of the coarsest stuff which is ever employed for horse blankets, and, over all was a loose coat, which, like the rest of my apparel, exhibited the strongest evidence that it had often been below the surface. I wore a pair of cowskin shoes, without stockings, made fast by tow strings, passing under the sole and over the instep. Over my head they drew a white cap, which they crowned with an old hat without a brim.

Besides the captain I had another guide, an experienced miner who went before, while the captain followed me; each of them carried a supply of candles tied to a button hole, and, like them, I bore a lighted candle in my left hand, stuck into a mass of wet clay. Although I was preparing, like *Aeneas*, to descend to the shades below, I could not boast of his epic dignity, for he bore a golden branch while I carried only a tallow candle.

The mines of Cornwall are of much more difficult access than those of Derbyshire, for, instead of going horizontally, or with only a gentle descent, into the side of a mountain, we are obliged to go perpendicularly down the shaft, which is a pit formed by digging and blasting, and exactly resembles a well, except in its greater depth and varying size, which is sometimes greater and sometimes smaller, according to circumstances. The descent is by means of ladders; at the termination of each ladder there is commonly a resting place, formed by a piece of timber or plank fixed across, in the stones or earth, which form the walls of the pit; this supports the ladder above, and from it the adventurer steps on to the ladder next below.

With each a lighted candle, so held by the thumb and forefinger of the left hand, as to leave the other three fingers at liberty to grasp the rounds of the ladder, and with the right hand devoted wholly to the same service, we commenced our descent.

It was laborious and hazardous, but we did not stop till we had descended four hundred feet. The rounds of the ladders are constantly wet and muddy, and therefore very slippery; many of them, thro' length of time, are decayed and worn so very small, that they seem on the point of giving way; in descending perpendicularly with these disadvantages, the utmost caution is therefore requisite, on the part of a novice, lest he should quit his foothold before he has a firm grasp with his fingers, or, lest, in the dim of twilight shed by his candle, he should make a false aim with his foot or hand, or, take an imperfect and untenable hold with either; but to mention the danger of the giving way of the rounds of the ladder, any of which accidents would send him to a place whence he could not return; for, the resting places at the feet of the ladders, as they fill only a small part of the shaft, would diminish, very little, the chance of going quite to the bottom.

When I first began to descend, I made it very laborious, by drawing my body, as near as possible, to the ladder, thus imposing on the muscles of the arms and chest the painful task of supporting me with my arms bent in quite an acute angle; but, my guides instructed me to hang off from the ladder, as far as possible, thus keeping the arms straight, and it is incredible how much it diminished the labor of the muscles.

Having arrived at the depth of four hundred feet, we came to what the miners call, an adit or level, that is, a passage running horizontally, or, at right angles with the shaft. This passage had been made thro' the solid rock, and was high enough to allow us to pass along stooping, which we did for a considerable distance, when the sound of human voices from below, indicated our approach to the populous regions of midnight; while the rattling of mechanical instruments, employed in breaking off the ore, and the report from the explosion of gunpowder, echoed and reverberated along these narrow caverns, with the sulphureous and suffocating smoke, presented a combination of circumstances which might well have given one the impression that he had arrived in a worse place than the mine of Dolgoath.

Proceeding along the adit, we came to another shaft, down which we descended two hundred feet more, and were then full six hundred feet from the surface. This was the principal scene of labor; at about this depth, there were great numbers of miners engaged in their respective employments. Some were boring the rock; others charging with gunpowder, the holes already made; others knocking off the ore with hammers, or prying it with pick-axes; others loading the buckets with ore to be drawn to the surface; others working the windlasses, to raise the rubbish from one level to another, and ultimately to the top; in short, all were busy; and, although to us their employment seems only another name for wretchedness, they appeared quite a contented and cheerful class of people. In their manners they are gentle and uncommonly civil, and most of them paid me some mark of respect as a stranger. I spoke to an old man, whom we met:—"Well, how are you?"—"O, thank God, indifferent well—hope you are the same." I thanked him for his good wishes, which were sincerely meant, without doubt, although somewhat ambiguously expressed.

We occupied three hours in exploring the mine, and, in this time, travelled a mile under ground, in various directions. The employment was extremely laborious. We could rarely walk erect; often we were obliged to crawl on our hands and knees, over sharp, rugged stones, and frequently it was necessary to lie down flat, and to work our way along by the points of the elbows, and extremities of the toes, like seals on a beach. At one time we descended, and, at another, ascended through a narrow aperture, where we could only with difficulty squeeze ourselves through, and we then continued our progress by stepping on the projections of the rocks, as men do in going up or down a well. My perspiration was so violent, that streams literally ran from my nose, locks, and chin, and in this state we came to the channel where the water of the mine flows off, through which we were obliged to wade along, half leg deep, for thirty rods.

I was, upon the whole, much gratified and instructed. I saw the ore in its natural state, imbedded in solid rock, principally quartz and schistus; the mine produces also some tin, cobalt, pyrites, blue vitriol, and even silver. Very little progress is made without blasting, and this destroys more lives than all the casualties of the business put together. They exploded one blast while we were there; we, of course, retired a proper distance, out of danger.

Having seen all the interesting things of the place, we began to ascend. We were drawn up a small part of the way in a bucket, worked by a windlass, but we went up principally by ladders, in a shaft quite remote from that in which we descended. It was that in which the rod of the steam engine plays to draw up the water.

This engine is one of great magnitude. The rod, which is made of pieces of timber, and, at the top, cannot be less than five or six feet in diameter, descends perpendicularly one hundred and eighty fathoms, or, one thousand and eighty feet, and motion is propagated through this whole distance, so as to raise a weight of thirty thousand pounds

at every stroke, for this is the power of the engine.

The steam-engine is now extensively employed in mining, not only to raise the water, but the ore; indeed, without it, the mine of Dolgoath could not be wrought; the strength of horses and of men is a useful auxiliary, but would effect, comparatively, very little alone.

At length, after a most laborious and painful ascent, less hazardous it is true, but comparatively more fatiguing than the descent, we reached the surface in safety, at a great distance from the place where we first descended. With joy, with gratitude, I beheld the returning light of heaven, and, although I could not think that, in my case, the enterprise was rash, I should certainly dissuade any friend from gratifying mere curiosity at so much hazard. The danger is serious, even to the miners, for, by explosions, by falls, by mephitic gases, and other causes connected with the nature of the employments, numbers of the people are carried off every year, and, on this account, Redruth and its vicinity has an uncommon proportion of widows and orphans.

The ore, after it is brought out of the mines, is broken in stamping mills, pounded with hammers by women and young girls, washed, sifted, and sent away to Wales to be smelted. Wales has abundance of coal, and Cornwall very little, which is the reason that the ore is carried over the Bristol Channel.

Immediately after coming again into day light, we made all possible haste to shelter ourselves from the cold wind, as we were afraid of the consequences of checking too suddenly a very profuse perspiration; the nearest house was our wardrobe, to which we immediately resorted, and performed a general ablution from head to foot. I then resumed my proper dress, and prepared to return again into more comfortable life.—Before taking leave of my conductors, who, with the greatest patience, good-nature, and intelligence, had done every thing both for my safety and gratification, I offered them a small recompense; but, with sentiments of delicacy, not often found in any country, among people of that grade in life, they declined taking any thing, alleging that it was not decent to receive money of a stranger for a mere act of civility; and it was not, till after repeated solicitations, that I could induce them to yield the point. Such magnanimity, among people who are buried most of their lives, and who seem to have a kind of right to tax all those who live on the surface, was as unexpected as it was gratifying. It is not true, however, that the Cornish miners live permanently below ground; they go up regularly every night, and down again in the morning, so that they perform, every day of their lives, the tour which seemed so formidable to me.

ART OF SELLING.

Among the innumerable arts with which this artful world abounds, the art of selling is by no means the least. It is indeed a very universal art; for most people have occasion for its use more or less during their lives. We do not speak of that higher traffic of selling consciences, smiles, good offices, and places under government. We say nothing of bartering affections for gold, or honor for power. We shall confine ourselves to the every day art of selling, as practised among our merchants and tradesmen.

No art is required in selling to such persons as are really in want of the article to be disposed of. They require no urging to buy; they want no persuasion to do that which they are prepared to do. It is only those who have no occasion to purchase, with whom the art of selling is to be employed. To make people purchase what they do not want, and what they are previously resolved not to buy, is the perfection of the art of selling.

This art consists of several branches.—The first is, to make people believe they are in want of the article offered, in spite of evidence to the contrary. The second is, to persuade them that the article is wonderful cheap, and therefore they should purchase it, whether they want it or not. And the third is, to fill them with the idea, that though they may not want it at present, it will be for their interest to purchase it against the time of need. So that by hook or by crook a purchaser may be gained, and the seller may dispose of his goods.

In order to effect this desirable object, it is considered important to display the wares or merchandise to the best advantage. This is particularly observable among the retailers of dry goods and jewelry—of silks and muslins—of ribands and trinkets. A most judicious display is made by arranging them at the doors and windows, and exhibiting them in glass cases. Some of these cases being inlaid with mirrors, display the shining articles manifold, to the admiration of the eye, and the temptation of the heart. Thus, though silent, the goods seem to say to every beholder, *Buy! Buy!*

But the skillful seller does not trust alone to this general and silent appeal. He is not chary of his labor, nor a niggard of his smiles. He heaps the counter with goods in the greatest profusion. He takes down from the shelves whatsoever you cast your eye upon; and hands from the drawers such things as you never dreamt of. You beg that he will not trouble himself, as you have no design to extend your purchases. He assures you, it is no trouble at all—not the

least. He will charge you nothing for looking at the goods. But the sly gentleman means to make you pay for it nevertheless.

Dropping into a dry good store the other morning, *a la Paul Pry*, we heard a lady saying—

"Don't lay any more things on the counter, Mr. Leno—I sha'n't purchase another article to-day."

"Why, dear madam, we don't ask you to purchase," said the smiling Mr. Leno, still spreading out more goods—"we merely wish to show you what we've got."

"This lace is very beautiful," said the lady.

"Isn't it beautiful, now?" said the retailer—"I knew you'd say so as soon as you saw it—there's not another such piece in the market. We got it on purpose to supply some of our most esteemed customers, among which we have the pleasure of numbering you ma'am." A polite bow and an irresistible smirk.

"It is certainly very fine—very fine, indeed; but I think I can get equally as good at Mr. Jaconet's."

"Oh-h-h no touch to it, ma'am—no more like it than brown Holland to cambric linen. Oh-h, no, ma'am, you'll permit me to know something about it. I've seen the article, and it's altogether different from ours—not the same kind of goods by any means. We purchased this when goods were cheap; but now, we couldn't replace it with twice the money."

"All that may be true, Mr. Leno—and to be sure you ought to know if any body; but really, sir, I don't want the article."

"I wouldn't urge you to buy it, ma'am, by any means; but really it is so cheap, and you may not have another opportunity to supply yourself on such terms these two years—perhaps never."

"Why that is true indeed, Mr. Leno, and on second thought, I don't know but I may as well take a couple of yards or so."

"Hadn't you better take the whole piece? It's a pity to cut it; and I'm sure you'll never regret your bargain."

"Perhaps not—I think I'll take the whole." The lace was put up, the money paid, and the lady took her leave. As she was going out at the door, Mr. Leno exchanged glances with his partner, as much as to say—*We've made a hundred per cent. on that article.*

Being satisfied with Mr. Leno, we quitted his premises, and popped into a jeweller's shop. A lady had just finished some trifling purchase, and was about taking her leave, when a most mellifluous voice from behind the counter, said,

"Any thing else to-day, ma'am?"

"Nothing else," returned the lady—"good morning, sir."

"Let me show you some splendid earrings—an article I have just imported—a most superb specimen of the very latest fashion."

"Don't give yourself any trouble to show them, Mr. Trinket."

"I don't value the trouble, ma'am."

"There's no use in taking them out, Mr. Trinket—I sha'n't purchase."

"Oh, by no means, ma'am—I don't ask you to purchase. I merely wish to show you the goods, that's all. There's no harm in looking at them, you know."

"Well, I can look at them, if that's all; but I assure you—"

"An't they splendid?"

"Splendid! Why, they are decent perhaps."

"Decent! oh! dear madam, they're splendid—superb—nothing like them. Why, ma'am, they are of the royal stamp—precisely such as Queen Adelaide wears."

"Does she indeed! Does the Queen of England wear them?"

"They're the real Adelaide jewels, I do assure you. Just slip one into your ear, ma'am."

"There's no use in it, Mr. Trinket—I can't possibly purchase."

"But there's no harm in seeing how they look, I know."

"That's true—but I wouldn't have you think I've any idea of buying them."

"There! there! now look at yourself in the glass. Isn't it pretty?"

"Why, it is very pretty, I must confess. Queen Adelaide no doubt has a fine taste in jewels."

"Now just try the other, if you please. You can't see them to advantage, without having them both in your ears."

"I can try the other, just to please you—but I tell you again I sha'n't purchase."

"There now! ma'am, look at yourself once more in the glass."

"They're charming upon my word!"

"Indeed, they are, and you look divinely in them, too. Queen Adelaide herself couldn't appear to better advantage—by the by, ma'am, your complexion and the contour of your face are very much like those of the Queen."

"Do you think so, Mr. Trinket?"

"It's a positive fact."

"Heigho! but I can't purchase them."

"I sold a pair to the Governor's lady but yesterday; and the daughter of the Consul from the Loo Choo Islands took another pair this morning."

"Loo Choo—that's on the continent of Europe, I believe. But as to the jewels—I don't know—perhaps in a day or two—"

"I have but two pair left, ma'am."

"Only two pair!"

"That's all, ma'am—and one pair of them is promised."

"And Queen Adelaide wears them, and the Governor's wife, and the Consul's daughter of the Loo Choo Islands? I think I will take them Mr. Trinket."

She paid the cash, and the jeweller bursting into a laugh as soon as she was gone, said—"What a fool that woman is! The ear-rings are some old ones that have been on hand these twenty years. But no matter—all trades must live."

We left the jeweller's and dropped in at a clothes ware-house. Presently a man with a dirty collar stepped in, to purchase a clean one.

"Only one collar, sir?"

"One collar! why that's enough, aint it, to put on at one time?"

"Hadn't you better take half a dozen?"

"Oh la! sir, what should I do with half a dozen shirt collars, when I have but one shirt in the world?"

"So much the more need of collars then. Can't we sell you half a dozen?"

"Why, I dont know—how much do you ax? If I can get 'em real cheap—"

"Only three dollars for half a dozen—as cheap as dirt, you see."

"Won't you take off a dollar?"

"A dollar! that's a large discount. They are absolutely cheap at three dollars—but seeing it's you, I'll split the difference.—Any thing else to-day?"

"No, nothin' else."

"Can't we sell you some shirts?"

"Shirts! by gorry, I can't afford to keep shirts and collars too."

"But you had better take two or three—you can't get along with one, you know. Here are some beautiful ruffled ones. Shall I put you up a couple?"

"Why, I don't know what to say, Mister—perhaps I'll take one."

"You'd better take two."

"Well, seeing it's you, I will—if so be you'll make a generous discount."

"Certainly—we'll take off twenty per cent. Any thing else to-day?"

"I can't buy any more."

"We have some very superb dickies, with fashionable studs—shall I show them to you?"

"Oh, don't show no more for heaven's sake; I have bought enough to ruin me already."

"But I won't charge you any thing for looking at them."

"Well these are magnificent upon my word, I wish I'd bought them in the room of the shirts."

"Why, you can have them both you know."

"Yes, but then they cost such a plaguy sight—they'll dreen a fellow of his cash afore he knows it."

"No danger of that, I take it. That pocket book of yours will stand a pretty good siege yet. Shall I put you up half a dozen?"

"No, not so many as that—four will do. There, mister, there's your money—don't ax me to buy any more, I beg on ye."

"Can't we sell you a suit of clothes to-day?"

"Whew! don't mention it—don't now—I can't stand it."

"Just try on this coat if you please!"

"Why, I can put it on, mister, if that's all, just to oblige you."

"I want to see how it looks on a well built man. There! now just walk to the glass, and see how it appears—I think I never saw a finer fit in my life."

"It does somehow look pretty nice, I swaggers!"

"Now what a fine addition that would be to your collars, your shirts, and dickies."

"Yes, but I can't afford 'em all."

"Its very cheap—only twenty-five dollars."

"Won't you take twenty?"

"Why, really, we can't afford it—but since you've been so good a customer to-day, why—you may take it at your own price."

"Whew? this makes my pocket book as lank as a preacher's."

"Now let us sell you the waistcoat and pantaloons."

"The devil's in the man! Can't you let a body alone without makin 'em buy all you've got!"

"You really ought to have the vest and pantaloons to make out your suit. Its of no interest to me, you know—not the least.—But you're the very man I like to sell clothes to—you some how or other become them so well. I'll put you the vest and pantaloons very cheap."

"Well, hang it, seeing its you, if you'll let me have 'em at half price, I'll take 'em."

"Half price! Ah, well, never mind—we've been giving you all the other things, and it's too late to stand for a price now."

"Thank you, sir."

"Any thing else to-day?"

"Confound your long-tongued gizzard! if you ax me to buy another thing, I'll knock you down. Good bye."

"Good bye, sir,—call again whenever you come this way."

Thus the poor fellow, who at first intended to purchase only a single collar, was induced to take a whole suit, together with sundry changes of shirts, collars and dickies—and all above their real value, though apparently at his own price. Such are a few of the every day exhibitions of the ART OF SELLING.—*Philadelphia Album.*

The origin of the Steam Engine may be traced as far back as 1629.