

hastily called up Mr Evelyn. His master was very bad; would Mr Evelyn come and see him?

There was no need for a second summons; he arrived at Cliff Cottage almost as soon as the messenger, and found his friend indeed dying. The exertion of coughing had ruptured a blood-vessel, and all the assistance that the skill of Mr Evelyn could suggest was given in vain.

'It is nearly over,' said the dying man, as he grasped the hand of his friend.

'Are you happy, are you safe for eternity?' was all that the curate could say in reply.

'I have found,' whispered Herbert, 'that my father's words were true. I have gone to Him, and I have not—I trust I have not—been cast out.' These were his last words.

A few days later than the last scene, a post-chaise was seen slowly winding down the hilly road into Cragburn. On its arrival at the hamlet, a man from the interior inquired the way and was directed to Cliff Cottage. As the vehicle stopped at the garden gate, the door of the cottage was opened, and the coffin which held the remains of Herbert B—— was slowly borne forth, preceded by the curate and followed by the widow and her son. The progress of the funeral procession was arrested by the traveller, who exhibited to Mr Evelyn a warrant for the apprehension of the forger; but, consoled at length that he had arrived too late for the performance of his office, he departed, and was seen in Cragburn no more. A neat head-stone, bearing only the initials 'H. B.', marks the spot where the penitent sinner was laid.

Reader, we should deem our tale ill told if it has not conveyed with it its own moral. Take home that moral to your understanding and your heart, and it shall be well with you.

From Chambers's Journal.

#### OCCASIONAL NOTES.

##### DISCOVERY OF COPPER MINES IN AUSTRALIA.

AFTER the great depression which the Australian colonies have suffered of late, it is gratifying to find that the energies of the colonists around Adelaide have received a new impulse by the discovery of rich mines of copper. The discovery of the copper ore was entirely accidental. A son of Captain Bagot, in his chance rambles, had picked up a greenish stone, and carried it home, where it excited some attention. A short while afterwards, Mr Dutton, having gone to the same locality in search of some stray cattle, was attracted by a greenish looking substance imbedded in the shaly rock, which there rose to the surface. He carried home a specimen, and showing it to his friend Bagot, it was ascertained to be an ore of copper, of the same nature as the specimen discovered by his son. The next object of these enterprising gentlemen was to get possession of the land embracing this hidden treasure. This they did by a regular purchase from government of eighty acres, at the price of one pound sterling per acre. It appears that there is no reserve made by government in the sale of lands, but that all minerals, and everything else, become the sole property of the purchaser. As the copper ore in this locality comes to the surface of the soil; the working of such a mine is a comparatively easy task; and some Cornish miners being on the spot, operations were commenced immediately, and in due time a quantity of the ore was sent to England. It was found that the ores consisted of a carbonate and sulphuret of copper; and so rich were they, that, on an average, they furnished 29 1-2 per cent of pure metal; and the sale of the ore at Liverpool brought an average of £24 18s. 1d. per ton—a price greatly above that of any British ores, or even of those of South America, with one exception. The average price of British and European ores is from £5 to £6 per ton; and the South American brings from £10 to £15, the richest being £29. The enterprising proprietors of the Kapunda mine, ascertaining that some adjoining lands contained copper also, became purchasers of additional ground; but the value of the mines having now to some extent transpired, the price per acre was raised tenfold. Another locality containing very rich ore was soon after discovered in the Mount Lofty range of hills, about ten miles from Adelaide. This called the Montaculi copper mine, has been purchased by a company, and is now also in full operation. From the number of buffaloes in the country, the facility of carrying the ore to the shipping port is very great. Improved modes of roasting the ores, and thus lessening their bulk, are also being adopted. The whole colony is in activity, and the trade, if pursued with moderate caution and prudence, is likely to be of essential importance to the community. Not only is the British market open for the commodity, but there is also a wide field in India, China, and other parts of the world.

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

#### CONVERSATION.

THE art of conversation is generally considered to be something so easy of attainment—so natural a consequence of that gift of rational speech which distinguishes man from the rest of creation—that few persons take any trouble to prepare themselves for its practice. Perhaps this is the reason why, when we recall conversations in which we have taken a part, we generally find that but a small amount either of pleasure or improvement had been obtained from them. Among the educated classes, where we should naturally expect to find conversation pure, animated, and intellectual, there are many persons so much the slaves of conventional forms of speech and ac-

tion, that the slaves of conventional forms of speech and action, that the light of reason, or the warmth of feeling, never breaks through. Lord Bacon, long ago, described such people as having certain commonplaces wherein they are good, but want variety, which kind of poverty is for the most part tedious and ridiculous. It is good,' he continues in his quaint and solid style, 'in speech or conversation, to vary and intermingle speech of present occasion, with arguments, tales with reasons, asking of questions with telling of opinions, and jests with earnestness; all which presupposes extensive and varied information, and that union of quick perceptions with good-sense and good-humour which we now call *tact*. This power was considered by Hazlitt 'to consist in the being completely aware of the feeling belonging to certain situations, passions, &c. and the being consequently sensible to their slightest indications or movements in others; and Rousseau must have had a similar idea of it, when he laments that he had not himself 'the calmness to think, and the quickness to speak, what was most appropriate in society, where one should know everybody's character and history, so as to say nothing that can give offence to any one.' Indeed many men, who have been conspicuous in the eye of the world for their fine mental qualifications, have failed in the same way: profound philosophers and scholars, like Sir Isaac Newton, having been proverbial for absence of mind, taciturnity, an awkward bashfulness. They had the 'reading which makes the ready man.'

Cowper, whose sensibility unfitted him for the rough realities of life, but who estimated, as they deserved, the consolations of genuine friendship, describes conversation—such, probably, as he enjoyed in his own select circle—as

'A gift, and not an art.'

Yet the kind and confidential intercourse which is the charm of the inner domestic life, will not bear to be confounded with the conversation suited to that wider circle of society where the gay and the gifted meet, as on an arena, some to observe, and others to display talent and acquirements; for there must be good listeners as well as good talkers. 'One reason,' says the witty Rochefoucault in his *Maxims*, 'why we meet with so few persons who are reasonable and agreeable in conversation is, that there is scarce any one who does not think more of what he has to say, than of answering what is said to him. Even those who have the most address and politeness, think they do enough if they only seem attentive; at the same time, their eyes and their minds betray a distraction as to what is addressed to them, and an impatience to return to what they themselves were saying; not reflecting that to be thus studious of pleasing themselves, is but a poor way of pleasing or convincing others; and that to hear patiently, and answer precisely, are the great perfections of conversation.' Rochefoucault was a man of the world, one of the proudest and most polished of that ancient nobility which gave the law of manners to Europe. More than two hundred years have elapsed since he wrote his *Maxims*, yet Emerson, a living American writer, in the second series of his *Essays*, curiously corroborates this opinion in what he writes of his own republican countrymen. 'That happens,' he observes, in the world which we often witness in public debate. Each of the speakers expresses himself imperfectly; no one of them hears much that another says, such is the preoccupation of the mind of each; and the audience, who have only to hear, and not to speak, judge very wisely how wrong-headed and unskilful is each of the debaters to his own affairs.' The cynical spirit of both these writers discerned the selfishness which pervades the human bosom, though the observed and the observers were placed in circumstances of the most opposite nature.

The late William Hazlitt, a man gifted with great powers of observation and expression was of opinion that actors and authors were not fitted, generally speaking, to shine in conversation. 'Authors ought to be read, and not heard; and as to actors they could not speak tragedies in the drawing-room, and their wit was likely to be comedy and farce at second-hand.' The biography of men of letters in a short measure confirms this opinion: some of the greatest names in English and French literature, men who have filled books with an eloquence and truth that defy oblivion, were mere mutes before their fellow-men. They had golden ingots which, in the privacy of home, they could convert into coin bearing an impress that would insure universal currency; but they could not, on the spur of the moment produce the farthings current in the marketplace. Descartes, the famous mathematician and philosopher, LaFontaine, celebrated for his witty fables, and Buffon, the great naturalist were all singularly deficient in the powers of conversation. Marmontel the novelist was so dull in society, that his friend said of him, after an interview, 'I must go and read his tales, to recompose myself for the weariness of hearing him.' As to Corneille, the greatest dramatist of France, he was so completely lost in society, so absent and embarrassed, that he wrote of himself a witty couplet, implying that he was never intelligible but through the mouth of another. Wit on paper seems to be something widely different from that play of words in conversation which, while it sparkles, dies; for Charles II., the wittiest monarch that ever sat on the English throne, was so charmed with the humour of 'Hudibras,' that he caused himself to be introduced, into the character of a private gentleman, to Butler its author. The witty king found the author a very dull companion; and

was of opinion, with many others, that so stupid a fellow could never have written such a clever book. Addison, whose classic elegance of style has long been considered the best model for young writers, was shy and absent in society, preserving even before a single stranger, a stiff and dignified silence. He was accustomed to say that there could be no real conversation but between two persons—friends—and that it was then thinking aloud. Steele, Swift, Pope, and Congreve, men possessing literary and conversational powers of the highest order, allow him to have been a delightful companion amongst intimates; and Young writes of him, that 'he was rather mute in society on some occasions, but when he began to be company, he was full of vivacity, and went on in a noble strain of thought and language, so as to chain the attention of every one to him.'

Goldsmith on the contrary, as described by his contemporary writers, 'appeared in company to have no spark of that genius which shone forth so brightly in his works. His address was awkward, his manner uncouth, his language unpolished; he hesitated in speaking, and was always unhappy if the conversation did not turn upon himself.' Dr Johnson spoke of him as an inspired idiot; yet the great essayist, though delivering oracles to those around him in pompous phrases, which have been happily described as spoken in the Johnsonese tongue, was not entitled to be called a good converser.

Nearer to our own time we have had many authors whose faculty told twice. Sheridan and Theodore Hook were fellows of infinite jest: they could 'set the table in a roar,' and fill pages in pathos and wit of such a quality, that it makes the survivors think 'we could have spared better men.' Burns was famous for his colloquial powers, and Galt is reported to have been as skilful as the story-tellers of the East in fixing the attention of his auditors on his prolonged narrations. Coleridge was in the habit of pouring forth brilliant, monologues of two or three hours' duration, to listeners so enchanted, that, like Adam, whose ears were filled with the eloquence of an archangel, they forgot 'all place—all seasons and their change; but this was not conversation, and few might venture to emulate that 'old man eloquent' with hopes of equal success. Washington Irving, in the account he has given of his visit to Abbotsford, says of Sir Walter Scott, 'that his conversation was frank, hearty, picturesque, and dramatic. He never talked for effect or display, but from the flow of his spirits, the stores of his memory, and the vigour of his imagination. He was as good a listener as a talker, appreciated everything that others said, however humble might be their rank and pretensions, and was quick to testify his perception of any point in their discourse. No one's concerns, no one's thoughts and opinions, no one's tastes and pleasures, seemed beneath him. He made himself so thoroughly the companion of those with whom he happened to be, that they forgot, for a time, his vast superiority, and only recollected and wondered, when all was over, that it was Scott with whom they had been on such familiar terms, and in whose society they had felt so perfectly at their ease.'

This is a charming testimony given by one man of genius to the character of another; and if the author of the life of Columbus had been required to point out an example combining conversational qualifications of the best kind, he could not have written more to the purpose. A mind informed by reading—reading confirmed or corrected by daily observation of life—the powers of observation all made subservient to the active spirit of kindness, and the patient abnegation of self, which are the only true and unalloyed sources of politeness—these are the requisites to a real success in society, so far, at least, as relates to the every-day intercourse of this every-day working world, and all of them were evinced in the highest degree by Sir Walter Scott.

From the Christian Treasury.

#### JERUSALEM DURING THE FEASTS.

JERUSALEM, in ordinary circumstances, was comparatively tranquil: in the language of Isaiah it was 'a quiet habitation.' The laws of Moses, with all their particularity, gave no directions about internal commerce; a foreign trade, bringing Jews and Gentiles into ensnaring communication, was wholly antagonistic to the genius of that economy. Besides, Jerusalem was not a sea-port town, nor did any considerable river flow in its vicinity, to facilitate intercourse with distant localities. Indeed, the Holy City had ceased, in the days of our Lord to be the capital of the country. Cæsarea of Palestine, so called by Herod the Great, who enlarged and adorned it, in honour of his patron, Cæsar Augustus, had become the residence of the Roman governor, and was the principal seat of fashionable resort, and civil administration. It may be supposed, then that on common occasions the old metropolis was sufficiently quiescent, and wore something of a sombre and deserted appearance.

But if a traveller, taking up his abode there, had remained for some months, he would have seen a wonderful alteration in the aspect of affairs. There were three annual feasts, named respectively the Passover, Pentecost, and Tabernacles, which all the males of the Jews were imperatively required to celebrate 'in the place which the Lord had chosen, to put his name there.' Besides these there were two other annual feasts—those of Trumpets and Expiation—which were celebrated in Jerusalem; and though attendance on these last was voluntary, they were numerous frequented.

When any of these solemnities was at hand, it gave note of its approach. Houses of merchandise were taking in stores. The various sections of the priesthood were all activity about the temple. The streets resounded with the bleating of sheep and the lowing of cattle that were to be offered in sacrifice. Not only were inns and similar establishments put into condition to receive visitants, but almost every family were providing for others besides themselves, and striving to make the most of their spare accommodation.

A glance at rural districts was sufficient to show that the excitement and commotion were not confined to the town. Every footpath had its passengers. They travelled in companies, and carried with them tents and kindred insignia of lengthened pilgrimage. In eyeing them more carefully and extensively, it might be seen they were moving towards a common centre; and that, although coming from the east, and from the west, and from the north, and from the south, they had all their faces 'as going to Jerusalem.' They had many partial gatherings and comminglings, short of their final destination. As smaller rills of water lose themselves in the larger, and these again coalesce to form more considerable rivers, so the tributary by-ways furnished each its scores or hundreds of pilgrims to the principal roads; and near to Jerusalem the advancing population became as a Nile or a Ganges, rolling in all its accumulative might before emptying itself into the ocean. 'They go from strength to strength,' says the Psalmist; 'every one of them in Zion appeareth before God.' The marginal reading is, 'They go from company to company;' and if this translation be correct, it conveys the sentiment I have expressed, and represents one band as joining with another, till they presented in Zion one 'general assembly.'

It appears that they relieved the tedium of travelling by devotional exercises, and more particularly by celebrating God's praises: to which allusion may be made in such sayings as these: 'Thy statutes have been my songs in the house of my pilgrimage'—'they shall sing in the ways of the Lord; for great is the glory of the Lord'—'The ransom of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs, and everlasting joy upon their heads.' When the fatiguing marches were nearly concluded; when their hardships and perils were almost surmounted; and Jerusalem, the object of their longing, the completion of their hopes, burst on the view, we can readily imagine that the ardour of the worshippers would uplift the strains of rapturous salutation. The city of their God was before them! There stood its walls, its gates, its battlements, its palaces, and, most conspicuous of all, towered the temple, with its courts and pinnacles, and holy of holies, from the golden covering of which the sun reflected far and wide its beams, as it to conduct, by messengers of light, to the God of glory. Every Hebrew had his native town or country district; but here was Jerusalem, the mother of them all. Now every pilgrim was at home—and what a home! 'Beautiful for situation, the joy of all the earth, was Mount Zion.' On describing it, well might their collecting hosts sing and shout: 'His foundation is in the holy mountains. The Lord loveth the gates of Zion more than all the dwellings of Jacob. Glorious things are spoken of thee, O city of God!' As the travellers came from all directions, these accents would break on the city from all sides, so that it would be literally 'compassed about with songs of deliverance.'

#### A PRACTICAL LESSON.

A young man of eighteen or twenty, a student in a university, took a walk one day with a professor who was commonly called the student's friend, such was his kindness to the young who waited on his instructions. While they were now walking together, and the professor was seeking to lead the conversation to grave subjects, they saw a pair of old shoes lying in the path which they supposed to belong to a poor man who was employed in a field close by, and who had nearly finished his day's work. The young student turned to the professor saying, 'Let us play the man a trick: we will hide his shoes, and conceal ourselves behind those bushes, and watch to see his perplexity when he cannot find them.' 'My dear friend,' answered the professor, 'we must never amuse ourselves at the expense of the poor. But you are rich, and may give yourself a much greater pleasure by means of this poor man. Put a dollar into each shoe, and then we will hide ourselves.' The student did so, and then placed himself with the professor behind the bushes close by, through which they could easily watch the labourer, and see whatever wonder or joy he might express. The poor man had soon finished his work, and came across the field to the path where he had left his coat and shoes. While he put on his coat, he slipped one foot into one of his shoes; but feeling something hard, he stooped down and found the dollar. Astonishment and wonder were seen upon his countenance; he gazed upon the dollar, turned it round, and looked again and again; then he looked around him on all sides but could see no one.

Now he put the money in his pocket, and proceeded to put on the other shoe; but how great was his astonishment when he found the other dollar! His feelings overcame him; he fell upon his knees, looked up to heaven, and uttered aloud a fervent thanksgiving, in which he spoke of his wife sick and helpless, and his children without bread, whom this timely bounty from some unknown hand would save from perishing. The young man stood there