

ant's positive injunction, not to expose himself to the present severe air. A succession of notes was left with some one, dated from his lodgings, and duly transmitted through the two penny post; in each of which he hopes to resume his employments on the following day. This morning, however, they ceased; and Mr G— fearing he might be worse, called at his rooms. Judge of his astonishment, upon hearing that he had left town a week since; no wonder that the worst suspicions immediately rose in his mind, and on enquiry, they have been more than realized.

"For some moments I stood completely petrified; yet so absorbed was I at that time, with my own mental misery, that though certainly not insensible, either to Langley's crime, or Mr G—'s loss; yet the violence of my emotions was chiefly occasioned by the connection it seemed to form with the state of my mind. A passage of Scripture, (for I sometimes read the Scriptures,) darted into my memory; and literally groaning, I replied, 'How, ye fir-trees, if the cedars are thus shaken.' If a character which seemed strong in virtue be thus degraded, what must become of weaker ones? I have advanced many steps in his path; for aught I know, I may arrive at the same end.

"Wilson looked at me with a mixture of astonishment and tenderness. 'No rather,' he exclaimed, grasping my hand affectionately, 'if you have indeed inhibited Langley's sentiments, let the present awful warning be heard as a voice, to snatch you from perdition. Escape for thy life, look not behind thee; neither stay in all this dangerous track, lest thou be consumed.' Then checking the fervour of his impassioned tone, he gently added, 'Your mind seems painfully oppressed; if you think me worthy of your confidence, I should rejoice to be made instrumental in opening to you the way of peace. Business is at a stand this morning. Mr G— and Sandford are gone to gam, if possible, some clue, and I am left to answer any calls; but as this is not the calling hour, we shall scarcely meet with interruption. Believe me, it is not from idle curiosity, that I intrude you to unburden your heart; but because I trust I am acquainted with a cordial for the fainting spirit, a sovereign balm for every wound.'

T. W. HANMER.

(To be Continued.)

'TIS BUT.

The great Samuel Johnson, a somewhat sentiment being, notwithstanding his philosophy, somewhere says, "that he found nothing in the world more delightful than travelling in a post chaise with an agreeable companion;" and Cowper in his delineation of a statesman worn out with business, describes him as attaining his ultimate wishes in sitting off for retirement to his hereditary lands, "rolling in his chariot behind four handsome bays."

"'Tis done—he steps into the welcome chaise,
Lolls at his ease behind four handsome bays."

Every one has his hobby, and to us nothing is more delightful than to be seated like the minister of state, either in coach or chariot, behind two bright bays, or pretty greys, as it may happen, with agreeable and well-informed companions inside, and as many young folks as can pack on the dickey and rumble tumble. This in a beautiful day in July is delightful, even when

nothing more than the "summer shoot," as Uvedale Price would say, diversifies the coloring of the woodlands; but still more enchanting in September or October, when ten thousand dyes steep in all the luxury and affluence of color, the splendid breadth of a mountain's forest; when we circumnavigate, not the waters, but the shores of some highland loch; skirt the base of Benlomond under a sky blue and profound as the depths at his feet—or traverse the wide heath with its flood of purple bells, redolent of the hum of bees and the fragrance of Hybla, disturbed only by the bark of a shepherd's dog, the riser of a heron from the shore, or a bevy of grouse from among the heather.

This for the bright and sunshine hours of the day; but no less wild and sweet to come in at night amid dripping showers along the sea shore at low water, the beach covered with wrecks, lights appearing across some lonely bay, herds of cattle lying at rest upon the short sward—no stars, no moon visible, when the farthing rushlight in some cottage window, alone points our way, and we are ready to address it in the words

of Milton's wanderers, saying,

Now thou shalt be our cynosure,
Or star of Arcady.

In circumstances somewhat similar, to those described, I found myself last year; save that the latter part of the day's journey was on foot. There was something wild and pensive in the scene; it called up associations of most opposite characters, for our evening pilgrimage led us to a little temple on the edge of a highland loch, and the religious associations of our tour recalled the memory of the lake of Genesaret, with its thrice hallowed accompaniments, while the localities of the spot brought before us the days of the Bruce—of the feud and of the battle—the glittering of the broad claymore—the hurry of the chase—the taken deer—while the enthusiastic temperament of the natives, still operating, though in another direction, fitted them to meet, to elicit, and to exhibit strong and ardent emotions.

It is not, however, with the latter part of the day's excursion that I intend to entertain or edify my young readers, but with that of the morning, and I beg to assure them that on this occasion they travelled with me, and so devoted am I to their service, that I seldom suffer an opportunity to escape either in a summer or a winter's walk, or autumn's excursion, without seizing on any discovery which may turn to their advantage.

While then we were driving along towards the Pass of Ballamahugh, a stranger who accompanied us, in reply to an observation which had just been made, exclaimed with peculiar emphasis, that it was only a "'tis but." 'Tis but! said I, what can you mean? "Did you never hear," said she, of Lady—'s 'tis buts, we have them all over Ireland?" I confess I was still more at a loss for her meaning, till she informed me that this excellent person, having heard her daughters and their young companions frequently plead, as an excuse for any little indulgence, or extra expenditure of their money, "'tis but a crown, 'tis but a sovereign, &c.," her ladyship said she would have a little box placed on her table, and each time they made use of that expression in regard to their expenses, the sum of money named should be put into her box, and devoted to some charitable

or benevolent purpose, and they should see at the close of a year what an extravagant amount would arise from their inconsiderate 'tis buts. Suffice it to say that this experiment afforded a demonstration of upwards of a hundred pounds sterling, by which the young ladies and the poor were both enriched;—the young ladies in the lesson of experience; the ignorant and uneducated poor, in the establishment or support of schools for their instruction. Since that period I am informed that a 'tis but is to be found as an ornamental part of the furniture of many a drawing-room and parlor in our sister island, and the invention is so excellent, that I should like to see the patent extended to our own country, and hope the next ladies' bazaar in our neighborhood will exhibit a few for sale.

This is all very well, my dear young readers, and 'tis but to make the most of the thing in one way. But it occurred to me, that this judicious demonstration of the annual savings which had been made out of some young ladies' thoughtlessness, might be not less applicable to morals than to economy; on this subject, however, I shall do no more than throw out a few hints.

Sorry I am to confess, that young ladies have sometimes been heard to apply this phrase in a matter which quite justifies the feeling expressed in the last sentence. They have been known not only to say 'tis but a sovereign, 'tis but a crown, or 'tis but a shilling; but sometimes, 'tis but a rib! Now, though I do not pretend to know the etymology of this word, it being very long since my school days were ended; yet from my later studies, I can assure my young readers that no classical author ever uses it in a good sense—I trust therefore that you will never again apply our diminutive to any sayings or doings of yours—so I am persuaded if its definition were accurately traced, it would be proved to designate something at once immortal and irreligious.

Young people have also sometimes been observed greatly wanting in the attentions which are due to their superiors in age: presuming to carry on a noisy conversation with their juvenile friends, or what is even more ill-bred; to talk in whispers in the presence of their seniors, and when reproved by the governess, or a friend, to say, "O! 'tis but grand, mamma, or, 'tis but aunt Martha!" I would just hint to such young delinquents that this disrespectful manner of treating the aged or infirm, is both irreverent and indecorous, and is a greater extravagance in morals than to spend ten sovereigns injudiciously.

The task of a reprover, however, is so ungracious a labor, that I acknowledge, I always endeavor, if possible, to do it by deputy. I shall therefore, according to my declaration, give out a few hints for those of stronger nerves to act upon, and I hope some kind aunt, or faithful governess, or affectionate mamma, will pardon me, if I leave it to their judicious management to make the application as proper opportunities present themselves, and merely adding, that the "'tis but" may be applied to time—either as too soon or too late, or too short—as 'tis but seven o'clock, and too soon to rise; 'tis but nine o'clock, and too soon to go to bed—'tis but half an hour before dinner and too short a time to do any thing but play, &c." To courtesy, when young ladies, as sometimes happens, are not so polite as they ought to be, and are ready to say; 'tis but an old gentleman—or 'tis