

is a collection of small feathers, had not the microscope convinced us that this is the case. But, reader you have no occasion to extend your researches to remote objects. Go no farther than yourself. Observe the surface of your skin through a microscope, it resembles the scaly armour of a fish. It has been calculated that one single grain of sand can cover two hundred and fifty of these scales, that one scale covers five hundred pores, and that consequently a space equivalent to a gram of sand contains one hundred and twenty five thousand pores.

Thus you see how great your Creator is, even in those things which prejudice has taught us to consider as trifles, and how innumerable are the creatures which he has distributed over the earth. What you behold is the smallest, and perhaps only the meanest of the works of God. How many objects in nature are wholly concealed from our senses. We are already acquainted with more than thirty thousand different plants, and several thousand species of insects; but all these are nothing in comparison of the whole. Were the bottom of the sea and the beds of rivers uncovered to our view; could we transport ourselves to other planets, how would our astonishment at the immense number of the creatures of God be increased! and this could not fail to appear to us the most wonderful of all, that God should have employed as much wisdom in the production of the smallest, as he has manifested in the greatest of his works. Nature is as regular and as exact in diminutive objects, as in those immense bodies, the circumference of which we are obliged to calculate by millions of miles. The Creator extends the same beneficent care to the worm that creeps in the dust, as to the whale that towers above the waves. Strive, O reader, to imitate him in this respect. The meanest of created beings deserves thy kindness, as our common Author does not disdain to preserve its existence.

LITERATURE.

"DOING AS OTHERS DO."

[We do not consider the following article the most suitable for our columns: the scene is laid in too high life for the generality of our young readers to form correct ideas of it. However, the moral which may be deduced from it, will apply to every rank in society, from the highest to the lowest individual; and may, if reflected upon, be of benefit, especially to the young. At the request of a friend we therefore give it publicity, hoping with him, that none of our juvenile readers will allow themselves to be led into extravagance, merely for the sake of "doing as others do."

"My dear there is little use in talking about the matter: now I put it to you as a woman of sense (and that is what can seldom be said of a pretty woman,) would you have me sacrifice my reputation as a sportsman or a man of honour? I am certain I shall make by the transaction. But whether or not I pledged myself to Geythorne to support the Filly, and nobody ever heard of a young man of family, fortune, and fashion, being absent at this time from Doncaster; the fact is, Emily, I must, to support my station in society, 'Do as others do.'"

"You play a dangerous game my love," replied Lady Morton to her young and headstrong husband, "I cannot see what fame is to be acquired by horse racing; it destroys every thing like domestic society; and the vile men you bring here, their loud laughter,

their strange phrases, their strange boots—Apropos! my dear, did you think of the pounce-palmet when you passed Le Grand's to day? The saloon is absolutely unfit to receive a creature until the new draperies are hung; and I have made up my mind to have Catalani only one night, love and I will be content with one Catana, only one, which she will sing for a hundred guineas; you know that odious lady Grimby has had her; and indeed, my dear, it is necessary for me to 'Do as others do.'" Lady Emily turned her profile towards her husband (she knew he admired it,) and bent her swan like neck to ascertain if the sparkling bracelet was securely fastened to her polished arm.

I beg it to be understood that this was not a mere *tele-a-tele* conversation! Sir James Grumbleton, of Hampshire Lady Emily's uncle, was present, and listened with much interest to the dialogue between the two fools of fashion, to whom he had the honour of being so nearly related. He was a rosy, good tempered looking country gentleman; but an expression of quiet, yet sarcastic humour occasionally curled his firm-set lips, and deepened the ample bloom on his healthful cheek; he wore a yellow bob-wig, and, to add to his niece's mortification, a blue spencer that just reached the flapping pockets of his large body coat.

He saw the thunder cloud gathering over Lord Morton's white forehead, and waited quietly as wise men always do, for its burst; he knew that the Catalani question of come or not come to the concert, which in newspaper parlance "was expected to outrival every thing that had been given during the season," had been before debated in the honourable house; and his old bachelor feelings were anxious to remark the result of the struggle.

"Emily, you would ruin the Bank of England. Any thing—any thing in reason; but it is impossible to meet your extravagance.—I do not wish to thwart you, but your horrible foreign squallers—your opera box—your concerts your dresses—your jewels—your—"

"Stop my Lord," interrupted the lady, "your race horses—your hunters—your hounds—your clubs—your carnivals—is not likely to add to your rot-roll."

"Very well, madam, go on, go on; but let me tell you that it is not the mode by which you will obtain your own way. Pray, madam, be so kind as to inform me who was so very communicative as to my proceedings?—but you need not trouble yourself, you need not, you are an ungrateful woman: ay, you may smile, madam—smile on, but it won't do, you may depend on't."

"But it will do, though," said Sir James Grumbleton, coming forward, his hands crossed behind, and his face exhibiting all the tokens of bitter feeling: "I will say it will do; you are both doing as others of the precious set of London and Parisian fashionables do, for the follies of both are now blended in our nobility. When a fine lady is ashamed of speaking her own language, and a fine gentleman will not wear good home made woolen, I repeat, it will do."

Both looked with astonishment at the old gentleman. "You cannot surely mean, sir, that your niece's extravagance is pardonable?"

"Dear uncle, you cannot mean to call my little expenses improper, or to approve the thousands he spends in his odious gambles?"

"You are doing as others do—you are spending your money upon those who will call you extravagant fools when you can spend no longer."

"Exactly what I told his Lordship," said Lady Emily.

"Exactly what I have told her Ladyship a thousand times," echoed the husband.

What I say to one, I say to the other," continued the old gentleman, "you are both wrong—you are both extravagant, and you must both alter—'doing as others do,' must end in ruin, because your world consists of those who are more rich and powerful than yourselves."

"If you would sell your racers," said Lady Emily.

"If you would give up your opera box," said my Lord.

"If you would forswear gambling."

"If you would stay at home."

"Impossible!" ejaculated the Lady.

"Out of the question!" exclaimed the gentleman.

"The world would say we are ruined," said both together.

"The world would say the truth, then, I believe,

for once," muttered the old gentleman as he left the room; and the young couple, each annoyed because he had found fault with them both, agreed in pronouncing him vastly disagreeable and absurd.

Time passes over the world and it grows old, and over the heads of fools but they never grow wise.

About twenty years after the above smart debate, which was, alas! followed by too many others of a similar character, and with a like result, Sir James

Grumbleton, wig, spencer, and all, was one fine sprung young man seated in his great cushion chair at the window of an elegant conservatory which opened on a bright green lawn. The sun was sinking with calm dignity,

and shedding his last rays over the tower and tree—ay, and like the Almighty Spirit of which he is so beautiful an emblem, over every little bud and flower that gemmed the hill side; the baronet was still a bachelor, and a very old one too, yet around him there was much that told of woman's tenderness. I always speak with due reverence of the lords of the creation, great, mighty and magnificent, they are most certainly, but unless they are a good deal in female society, and that too, of the best kind, they grow some how or other very *beastish*; I beg of them not to be offended at the word, but I cannot find either an English or a French one, to express my precise meaning; however, all my lady reader will understand me. A certain something in their habits and manners makes its appearance if they pass thirty in what they sarcastically call "*single blessedness*."

If they present you with refreshments, they look as if they thought it a trouble; you must tell them to sing, they are slow at removing their hats; soil your carpet with dirty boots, and even put their feet on the fender. If you sing they are first to talk, and whatever you say they love to contradict. They call politeness hypocrisy—and dignity rindiness; the appellation of sincerity. From such old bachelors, good fortune shield me!

They are the very brambles of society. There are some exceptions, however; Sir James did not appear to be one of this class; if there had been bitterness it was past, and the lip appeared to have forgotten its scornful curl; there was a harp near his chair, some loose music, a portfolia, and a drawing stand; a little white spaniel nestled close to his foot stool, and a small bouquet of rare flowers refreshed the old gentleman by their perfume. After calmly gazing upon the departing sun, he wrung a little silver bell, and almost on the instant a young girl of mild and tranquil beauty was at his side; she was indeed lovely to look upon, particularly to those who prize the gentle light of a soft blue eye, which so truly tells of constancy and tenderness; her figure was pliant as a willow wand, her silken silver hair curled around her white and slender throat, and imparted warmth and beauty to her delicate cheek; there was a delicate simplicity in her whole deportment, and purity sat upon her brow.

"My own Emily," said the old gentleman, "did you think my summons long delayed, or did it come too soon?"

"I was with my brother—and his friend, sir; your summons to me is always happiness."

"Thank you, my own girl, thanks: I wanted to speak, Emily, on a matter of much moment to you, and to me also, because I love you—bless you, child, can't you stand still, and let the dog alone! don't fidget so, there's a colour! why your little violet, you surely have been deceiving, and known all about it before I thought proper to tell you?—No answer!"

"No sir—yes sir—I don't know sir."

"No sir—yes sir—I don't know sir! Emily, you never told me a falsehood, do not now begin to 'do as other's do,' and deceive your old guardian!"

"Deceive you mine own uncle, my more than father! why, O why should you suspect me?" and tears filled her eyes as her blushes deepened.

"No Emily, no love, I believe you have not; but all women have a kind of second sight in love matters.—I dare say, now you have a kind of a sort of an idea, that your brother's friend, as you call him, has an affection for you—oh, Emily"

"I hope—I hardly know, sir—"

"Honour! bright, young lady. In the green house, when I saw him pulling some of my finest, exotics, what said he to you then?"

"He was only forming and explaining an oriental letter—love letter sir," replied the maiden, at the same time hiding her face in the damask pillow of her uncle's chair.