

Being a physician himself, he prof-
fery his assistance, which was read-
ily accepted. He was conducted
up stairs to the bed side of a female,
who had recovered from a swoon
which had caused the alarm, and lay
calm and still with her eyes shut.

Mr. Winton perceived at once,
that she was far gone in a consump-
tion, and could not recover. After
inquiring into her history, and
finding she was a stranger, he
became more interested in her for-
tune. As he was thus gazing upon
her pale features, and interesting face,
white as alabaster, saw a flush of pale
red, a token of her disease. The
sun bursting through the window
shutters, partly closed, threw his de-
parting rays full upon her face, which
had been previously rather hid-
den.

Edward Winton, as her features
became more recognizable, was as-
tounded and amazed, when he be-
held in the arms of death before him,
the long lost Miss Somers. Could
it be her? he could scarce believe
his senses. Wretched emaciated
creature! Was that the once beau-
tiful Miss Somers? Oh humanity!
Oh virtuous feelings of our nature!
The victim of a villain's seduction,
who left her in the hour of need, and
left her a forlorn inexperienced girl,
to the rude rebuffs and pitiless
wiles of a cruel world; to the scoff
and jeer of whom? Oh name them
not! Oh Champions of humanity!
Guardians of Christian Purity!—
Friends of the golden virtues of our
nature! Check this growing evil!
The cause of her ruin, where was
he? A gambler, a spendthrift, and
a drunkard; as one vice leads on to
another he had committed suicide!

Mr. Winton with tears in his
eyes, taking the poor girl by the hand,
asked her if she recollected him, call-
ing her by name. She gazed on
him. When with a convulsive
shriek, "Oh my Edward! Oh my
Edward! is that you?" She swoon-
ed away, but by his assistance she
again recovered, as the flickering
blaze of the candle in its socket, but
to ask his forgiveness, and get him
to plead for that of her parents. Is
this not a warning to vice? Surely
it is.

BRITON.

MISCELLANY.

"Various that the mind of desultory man,
Studious of change and pleas'd with novelty,
May be indulg'd."

BOTANY.—In early ages of the world
when man was in the simple state
of nature an attention to the vegeta-
tion, by which he was on all sides
surrounded, must have been one of
his earliest and most pleasing occu-
pations; and, without doubt, his
pleasure was much enhanced when
he discovered that, while some plants
were subservient to the nourishment
of animals, others were no less use-
ful in restoring to vigor the exhaust-
ed faculties of the body. History in-
forms us that the ancients entertain-
ed many superstitious ideas concern-
ing plants, especially the Mistletoe,
Vervain, and Savin. The former
they allowed to be cut only by a
priest with a golden knife, and when
so prepared, it was dispersed to pre-
vent sterility and to counteract the
effects of poison. The Vervain,
was employed to conciliate friend-
ships, and the Savin to prevent mis-
fortune. It was truly observed by
Dr. Pultney that, "in the enlighten-
ed ages of Greece and Rome, and in
the most flourishing state of Arabian
literature, Botany, as a science, had
no existence." Near the close of
the 16th century, Conrad Gesner of
Zurich and Cæल्पimus of Rome, at-
tempted a classification of plants ac-
cording to their fruits and flowers.
Botany is taught in the schools of
Sweden, and the effects are very ob-
vious in the piety and patriotism of
the rising generation. From the ex-
amination of the products of their
country, they became attached to
their native land; and from a view
of their structure and mechanism
they learn to adore the Universal
Creator. The study of Natural His-
tory, whether in the animal, mineral
or vegetable kingdom, gives us very
exalted ideas of Him who is the au-
thor of all things. No field is so
barren but that it affords employ-
ment and pleasure to the Botanist.

LORD HAREWOOD AND HIS HOUNDS.—
Prince Puckler Muskau, who fell in with
Lord Harewood at his country seat, gives
the following description of the happy con-
dition of his Lordship's hounds, which man-
y of our readers will contemplate with

envy:—"Just as I drove past the house, I
saw the possessor, Lord Harewood, with
his pack of a hundred hounds, his red-coat-
ed huntsmen, and a number of high
mottled horses, coming down the hill on
their return from a fox-hunt. He receiv-
ed me with a singular courtesy. What
interested me most, as being new to me,
was the kennel. Here I saw 150 dogs in
two perfectly clean rooms, each contain-
ing a large bed for 75 dogs. There was
not the slightest offensive smell, nor the
least dirt. In each yard was a tub of run-
ning water, and a man armed with a broom,
whose whole business is to keep the
ground continually washed, for which pur-
pose he can let the water flow over it at
pleasure. It is a great art to feed them
properly. This was perfectly accomplish-
ed—and there could not be a more beauti-
ful sight than these slender, obedient, and
happy looking animals."

AN EVENING ON THE BOSPHORUS.—It
was a calm and warm evening, and a num-
ber of boats were passing in different di-
rections, filled with well dressed Turks,
who had come from their dwellings and
gardens, to enjoy the freshness of the hour.
And no where in the world, not even in
the boasted bay of Naples, is the evening
hour so delightful, lovely and luxurious as
on the Bosphorus, flowing, it may be said
through the heart of a vast city, whose no-
ble mosques and gilded domes and minar-
ets crown every hill. There is a stillness
and peace here, quite different to the noisy
clamors of the Italian shore, and far more
luxurious to the imagination; it is more a-
greeable also, to sail amid the dwellings
and palaces of a splendid city, that de-
scend to the water's edge amidst trees and
groves, than in a wide, open and barren
bay. The bark that contained the sultan
was richly ornamented, and swept on with
magical rapidity beneath the quick strokes
of the rowers; he was seated, and plainly
dressed as is his wont, with a few attend-
ants, and looked on the beautiful scene a-
round with a calm and placid aspect, dif-
ferent from the stern and disdainful one he
had worn on a former occasion. No other
monarch in Europe, perhaps, could gaze
on a spectacle so gratifying at once to his
pride and pleasure, as the one, that now o-
pened to the sultan. His vast capital ex-
tended along the stream as far as the eye
could reach, and of its countless popula-
tion he was the sole and despotic master.
The Asiatic mountains in the distance on
the right, now covered with the soft blue
outline that evening had given them, show-
ed the extent of his dominion over the fair-
est part of the globe.—[British Magazine.