

he was to be in waiting with his gigs, to convey her to, ever from Westwater. All next day poor Cheeny tried hard to conceal from her mother her purpose; but towards night she could no longer accomplish it, and, clasping her to her bosom, bade her farewell for ever.

"What—my child?" screamed the widow "where are you going?"

"To Southern."

"To be married to him? The atheist—the fiend!"

"No, mother—not married."

A scene ensued, which I feel myself altogether unable to describe. The widow became perfectly frantic; she prayed her daughter to remain: she commanded, implored, even struck her, but all in vain: the devoted girl would go, and struggled to be away. There was something fearful in it, and the neighbors trembled as they listened outside the door. At last, when she found she could no longer restrain her, she appeared to yield.

"I will let you go to him—I will; but first answer me this question. I adjure you by (here she used an expression too awful to be repeated here,) tell me the truth. Are you still pure as you were before this devil possessed you? Have you sinned as yet in thought only, and not in deed?"

Jane, drooping her beautiful head, avowed herself guilty of no sin greater than loving him.

"Well then, go!"

She went; and as she stepped over the threshold, her mother knelt down upon it, and screamed after her a curse of the most wild and awful sound and meaning—an imprecation such as none but a mother, and a mother in a state of maniacal frenzy, could utter: it had in its strange fanatical blasphemy something at once terrible and sublime, and contained a prayer that the Almighty would smite her with some sudden and dreadful evil before she could accomplish her purpose.

Her daughter, as she heard it, drew herself together as if a stone had struck her, and hurried swiftly away.

As the widow lost her in the darkness, she turned into the house, and shutting it up, and putting out the lights, began moaning and wailing aloud, in a manner that drew tears from the wives and daughters of the neighbors, as they listened with fear and wonder around it.

Jane reached the place appointed, and found him waiting.

"Are you mine, love?" said he, in an exulting tone.

"I am, Southern—body and soul!"

He lifted her into the gig, and off the slow, with great swiftness. She wept much, and he was endeavoring to soothe her with his fondest blandishments, when they rapidly approached an abrupt turn in the road, about a mile or more from Westwater. Just then, one of the large waggoners belonging to the company was slowly toiling its way to the factory, loaded with an immense pile of raw cotton. They were on it ere they were aware; and in an instant, one of their wheels struck the fore-wheel, and they were discharged from their seats to the ground.

Southern sprang to his feet, unhurt, but ere he had done so, the heavy hind-wheel of the ponderous machine had gone crushing over the left knee of fair Jane Granton, and she lay mangled and senseless upon the road.

The astonished waggoners lifted her from the ground, and, by his direction, put her, along with the fragments of the gig, upon their wagon, and urged their horses

quickly towards Westwater; while he, catching his own animal, and disencumbering it of its disordered furniture, mounted it, and dashed furiously away to the city, there to drown thought in a mad debauch.

But who could imagine or describe the mother, when the wagon stopped before her door, and its conductors bore into her dwelling the broken and bleeding body of her only child. At first, she stood struck with wild amazement; then, when they told her what had happened, she grew pale as death, and remained silent for a few moments: anon, she broke out into cries of lamentation, that were heartrending to listen to, mingled with strange prayers and curses, clothed in wild, septuagintal language, and finally sunk exhausted to the ground, as senseless as her daughter.

The waggoners, two elderly and humane men, immediately put in order one of the light spring vans in constant use about the factory, and fitting it with a bed, put into it poor Cheeny, and, covering her with blankets, and drawing close the canvass covering of the vehicle, attached a fresh horse to it, and drove off to the city, to convey her to the hospital.

The widow recovered in about an hour, and learning what had been done, took her bonnet and staff, and a small bundle, and shutting her little shop, betook herself to the road, and travelled all night after them.

At this time I had been about a week resident at the hospital as a pupil. On the day following the event just narrated, I went at the hour of visit, which was in the afternoon, into the accident ward of the establishment. It was a long hall with a range of low iron-bedsteads on each side, a large fire-place at the end, with doors to the right and left, leading to two or three small apartments, called the side-rooms, where any patients were kept whose cases required particular attention, or removal from the noise of the ward.

Surrounding one of the bedsteads I saw a crowd of pupils, and among them the surgeon and his clerk; and judge of my surprise to hear the latter read from the journal, a report as follows:—

"Jane Granton, aged eighteen, about middle stature, fair complexioned, and very good-looking; factory girl. Last evening, near Westwater cotton-factory, ———— was thrown from a gig," &c.

I listened with amazement, and elbowing my way among the young gentlemen, saw the identical girl, lying along in the usual Hospital night-dress, her face covered with sweat, while a twinge of agony passed over its features, every now and then, when anything touched the bed, and a bright hectic flush spotted her cheeks. At her head sat her mother, holding mechanically in her hands a small tin pannikin, containing wine-and-water, and gazing around with a sort of blank-amazed look, while her lips continued moving rapidly, though she uttered no sound.

As soon as the clerk had finished reading his report the surgeon examined the knee, and casting a look of extreme compassion at the suffering girl, directed that a consultation should be called that afternoon, and passed to the next patient.

When they had left the ward, I went close to the bed whereon lay my once familiar schoolmate. As soon as she saw me she burst into tears and turned her head away, while her mother, rising, bent over her and kissed her cheek, and they wept together.

I was deeply moved; I could not dare to ask them how it happened, but I told them, that if, from my residence at the hospital, I

could be of any assistance to them, they were heartily welcome to it. They both thank me, and I withdrew; indeed the sentence was such that, new as I was to hospital life, I was altogether unable to bear it.

That afternoon the consultation was held, and the decision was AMPUTATION!

[To be continued.]

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE RUSSIAN WAR.

THE EMERSON NICHOLAS PROJECT AND ITS FAILURE.—The terms of the Russian project, or rather counter-project, brought to Vienna, by Count Orloff, were, it is understood, as follows:—First, it was proposed that a Turkish plenipotentiary should be sent either to the headquarters of the army of occupation, or to St. Petersburg, to treat directly with Russia, but to be free to see and advise with the Ministers of the Four Powers. Secondly, the former treaties between Russia and the Porte to be renewed.—Thirdly, Turkey to enter into an engagement with respect to political refugees—to the effect it is supposed, that they should not henceforth be harboured in the Ottoman dominions. And lastly, a declaration from the Porte, couched in similar terms to the Menschikoff ultimatum, with reference to the protection of the Greek Christians. This project was communicated to the Conference by Count Buol, and was at once rejected as totally inadmissible. All negotiations are, therefore, brought to a close, and there is no probability that they will be renewed.

RETURN OF THE FLEETS TO THE BOSPHORUS.—A prominent circumstance, that forces itself upon our attention, is the strange news from Constantinople of the return of the combined fleets to the anchorage at Beicos. It is but fair to the French and English Admirals to state, that some experienced seamen are of opinion that the entry to the Bosphorus is as good a station for the fleets to watch the Russian movements, and hold themselves in readiness to avert any attack upon the Ottoman flag or territory, as presents itself in the Black Sea. They argue that a line of steamers thrown out from the mouth of the Bosphorus towards Batoum, and kept cruising in communication with each other, can detect and report immediately any movements at Sebastopol or Theodosia; and that from the mouth of the Bosphorus the combined fleets can direct their course with equal facility to the mouth of the Danube, or the coast of Anatolia, as emergencies may require. Still, even the propounders of this explanation of the return of the fleets to the Bosphorus admit, when cross-questioned, that a Nelson would doubtless have kept the sea in existing circumstances. The previous intimation of the intended return of Admiral Dundas to Beicos had evidently excited a disagreeable surprise at Constantinople, and elicited from the Ambassadors a modest protest, in which, all due deference being expressed for the professional knowledge of the Admirals, the consequences of the movement are laid at their door. The risks of the Euxine at this season, and the want of good harbours in the Euxine, are pleas that cannot be listened to. The harbour of Sinope, where the Turkish frigates could securely anchor, and the Russian line-of-battle ships which destroyed them could enter to perpetrate the massacre, cannot be altogether unavailable. It is nearer Sebastopol than the mouth of the Bosphorus, at least equally favourably placed for being the point d'appui of a cordon of watching steamers, and at least equally fitted to be an eligible starting point to pursue or check any marauding expedition of the Russians to the east or west. In the present lack of information on the subject, we cannot forget that Admiral Dundas was a midshipman in 1799, and cannot, therefore, be very far short of man's limited allowance of threecore-and-ten years.—Why does he not give the Admiralty the benefit of his great judgment and experience at home, and leave the stormy work of cruising in the Black Sea to men nearer Nelson's age when the