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TERMS OF PUBLICATION.

The CARLISLE HERALD is published weekly on a large sheet containing twenty eight columns, and furnished to subscribers at $1.50 if paid strictly in advance; $1.75 if paid within the year; or $2 in all cases when payment is delayed until after the expiration of the year. No subscriptions received for a less period than six months, and none discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the publisher. Papers sent to subscribers living out of Cumberland county must be paid for in advance, or the payment assumed by some responsible person living in Cumberland county. These terms will be rigidly adhered to in all cases.

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First Presbyterian Church, Northwest angle of Centre Square. Rev. Conway P. Wing Pastor.—Services every Sunday Morning at 11 o'clock, A. M., and 7 o'clock P. M.

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English Lutheran Church, Bedford between Main and Louther streets. Rev. Jacob Fry, Pastor. Services at 11 o'clock A. M., and 7 o'clock P. M.

German Reformed Church, Louther, between Hanover and Pitt streets. Rev. A. H. Kremler, Pastor.—Services at 10½ o'clock A. M, and 6½ o'clock P. M.

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Roman Catholic Church, Pomfret near East street. Rev. James Barrett, Pastor. Services on the 2nd Sunday of each month.

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☞ When changes in the above are necessary the proper persons are requested to notify us.

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St. Johns Lodge No 260 A. Y. M. Meets 3d Thursday of each month, at Marion Hall.

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Postage on all letters of one half ounce weight or under, 3 cents per paid, except to California or Oregon, which is 10 cents prepaid.

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CHAS. OGILBY.

June 10, 1857.

☞ Fancy Printing done here.

Select Tale.

CATHERINE MERCIER.

A TALE OF THE INUNDATIONS IN FRANCE.

Lyons, the second city in France, and the seat of the celebrated manufacture of silks, is built principally upon a tongue of land formed by the confluence of the Saône with the Rhone, a situation of great advantage, commercially, as it affords the facility of water communication both with the Mediterranean and the Atlantic; but, from the low level upon which most of the city stands, and from the rapid and and often swollen currents of the rivers, it has frequently been the scene of most terrible inundations. Embankments have been formed at various points to guard the city from its watery foe; but though useful in restraining any ordinary rise, they are totally inadequate to protect the lower parts of the place from the powerful floods which occasionally overwhelm the unprepared inhabitants, causing such a loss of life and property as can scarcely be imagined by people at a distance.—Lyons has, however, even a more terrible element than even the angry waters running through her streets. In 1794, when Collet d'Herbois and his terrorist associates held their tribunal in the Hotel de Ville, the executions were so numerous that human blood was poured forth like water, and with its crimson current flooded the Place des Terreaux. So horrible was the sight that the agents of the Convention, fearing lest the inhabitants should rise, gave up the guillotine too much exposed and too tardy for their vengeance; they transported their prisoners across the Rhone; and in the open fields on the left bank of that river, with no hearts near them, that felt one touch of pity, were the helpless victims slowly mowed down by discharges of grape and canister, and scenes were enacted, which gave to Lyons, a pre-eminence of suffering, even amongst the many ill-fated cities of France.

But the open fields which witnessed these guilty deeds are open fields no more. Though the city at the time of the Revolution was confined to the narrow tongue of land between the two rivers and the opposite bank of the Saone, comprising the suburbs of St Croix and Fourvieres, it has, since the commencement of the present century, extended to the left bank of the Rhone, and the populous and stately districts of Les Brotteaux and La Guillotin are connected with the parent city by several handsome bridges.

The sun was setting one evening during the last week in May, 1856. Heavy rains had poured down hopelessly the whole day, and the sky was dark and lowering, except in the west, where the glorious orb had broken through the clouds, after many struggles to throw his welcome light upon the city for a few minutes. His rays were but feeble, for the same relentless rain which had just ceased had prevailed for many days, and the very atmosphere seemed saturated. New born rivulets ran down the narrow streets, finding their way to the great swollen, yellow Rhone, which coursed along with accelerated speed to its ocean home. But as butterflies come forth to the summer sun, so did the gay inhabitants of Lyons pour forth to enjoy for a short time the fresh air unmixed with rain, and the streets were crowded. Amongst the many foot passengers who were crossing the Pont Morand, was a young soldier, walking briskley in the direction of Les Brotteaux. His regimentals were faded and worn, having evidently seen hard service. His face was sunburnt, but a pleasant one withal to look at, and the smiling mouth, just overshadowed by a juvenile moustache, and the sparkling, intelligent eyes, seemed to say that he—Victor Chapereau—was in high good humor with himself and all the world. And certainly, if any one had reason to be happy and thankful, it was he, for he had just returned in honor and safety from the Crimea, and was on his way to Les Brotteaux to see Catherine Mercier, who, four years before, when he left Lyons, had almost promised to be his bride.

Victor Chapereau was the son of a soldier who was killed in the riots of the silk weavers at Lyons, in 1834. His mother, previous to her marriage, had been femme-de-chambre in a nobleman's family in the country, and when she was left a widow with an infant in arms her former mistress showed her great kindness, established her as a "lingere"* in the suburb of Fourvieres, introducing her to the notice of several influential families in the neighborhood. Jeannie's industry and skill procured her plenty of customers, and she was thus enabled not only to support her child honestly, but also give him the advantage of a good education. When Victor reached the age of fifteen, nothing would satisfy him but that he must be a soldier, as his father had been before him; and after many a struggle, and much secret grief, his mother gave her consent. To lose her cheerful companion, her bright and beloved boy, was a hard trial to the poor woman, but she bore it with true resignation, and, instead of folding her hands in despair, only worked the more diligently that she might lay by a store for her only child. For three years she saw him frequently, as his regiment was stationed at Lyons or in some neighboring place, but after that time it was sent to Marseilles; and when in two years, the war broke out with Russia, she received a hasty line from Victor, to say that he was to embark that day for the Crimea, without the opportunity of bidding her farewell. It was indeed with an anxious and loving heart that the poor mother joined her prayers to the many strong supplications which rose from all parts of the land for the safety of loved ones who were fighting in the far-off East. Occasionally she heard from her son, who wrote whenever he had time; but sometimes the letters were lost, and sometimes they were written on the eve of an assault, and then came the sickening suspense as to the result. But at last all France rang with the glad tidings that Sebastopol was taken—taken, however, with such a loss of life, that many a widow and orphan were the fruits of all the glory; and Jeannie knew that Victor's regiment had been one of the first to rush up the death-hill of the Malakoff, and she dreaded the post, lest, instead of the bold writing of her son, it should bring her a cold, official letter, to tell her that her only child had followed his father to a soldier's grave.

But a happier fate was in store for her. She received a letter from Victor full of wondering thankfulness that he had been spared, when his companions on both sides were mowed down in their desperate rush upon the Malakoff; and the mother read with pride that he had been one of the first to enter the fort, which had procured for him the special notice of his commanding officer. Some months after, when the welcome peace was proclaimed, Jeannie set herself to work, to prepare the house for his return; and, early in the afternoon on which our story commences, as she was kneeling down on the floor, arranging some linen which she had just ironed, in a basket, she felt two hands laid upon her shoulders, and, starting up, found herself in the arms of her soldier son. Four years absence had altered him much; the slight boy had become a firm and active man, and the eastern climate had browned his fair skin; but there was the same bright, honest expression, and the same loving heart, and the mother rejoiced indeed to find him unchanged in all but personal appearance.

'Home looks very comfortable after the trenches,' said Victor, as he glanced round the neat room, with its bright stove, white walls, and well cared-for pieces of furniture; 'that old press, and the little table, look to me like particular friends; and here is actually my own favorite chair ready for me. But what a superb new cushion it has! Why mother, I saw nothing prettier than this in the Turkish bazaar at Constantinople.'

It was made by Catherine Mercier's nimble fingers,' answered she, 'in preparation for your return.'

This piece of information was evidently very gratifying to the young man, for he regarded the cushion more carefully and tenderly, and, as he bent over the embroidered flowers, said in a low voice, 'How is Catherine, mother?'

'Blooming as a rose, and brisk as a marmotte. Every Sunday she comes across in time to accompany me to mass, and then she spends the rest of the day here. In winter, Pierre comes to fetch his daughter home, but in summer we go to the Promenade, and afterwards I sup with them.'

'And do you think she remembers me?' asked Victor.

'Pray, do you think,' said his mother, smiling, 'that the prettiest girl in Lyons, who might have been married well twenty times, would come and spend all her Sundays and *fete* days with a stupid old woman, if that old woman had not a certain absent soldier son?'

Victor laughed as he seized his bright little mother in his arms, and kissed her again and again. 'Ah, but you know,' said he, 'that she was a sad flirt four years ago, and I have always heard that such a disease increases with age.'

'Well you must remember that Catherine lost her mother when she was an infant, and has been her father's spoiled child; besides she has many admirers, and it is but natural that a young girl's end should be somewhat turned by all the flattery she has received. Why, I have even been told that her father's employer, the rich M. Lubin, would give his right hand, to say nothing of half his fortune, to marry her.'

'And what does Catherine say to such a magnificent proposal?' asked Victor, with a clouded brow.

'It is said that she tells him she does not care a pin for him; but he will persist in being at the house every day, and is her very shadow, and there is no knowing what perseverance might not have done if her favored lover had not returned to claim her; but with all her little follies, Catherine is true at heart; she is an excellent daughter and will be a good wife.'

'And how does Pierre get on—is he still a journeyman weaver?'

'Oh, no; he is become a chief d'atelier, lives *au troisieme* in the same house where he formerly lived *au neuvieme*, has the whole flat to himself and his looms, employs several men under him, and is reputed to be the most skilful weaver in Lyons.'

'Mother, I see the rain has ceased; I think, if you will give me something to eat, I will just go across to the Merciers' to-night. I shall soon return, but I don't think I shall sleep till I have seen Catherine. What weather it is,' added he, going to the window, and looking upon the drenched world without; it looks as if it had been raining for a month.'

'We have had ten days' incessant rain, and the lower parts of the city are flooded; it is to be hoped that we shall have fine weather soon, or I am afraid the rivers will be rising much higher.'

Bustling about, she soon prepared a meal for her son, and when it was despatched, she sent him forth with many injunctions to return in good time. 'For,' said she, 'I shall be afraid it's a dream that you are at home again, until I see you back.'

Crossing the Saone, Victor passed through the crowded streets of Lyons, and, leaving the Place des Terreaux, he reached the Pont Morand. When he arrived at the middle of the bridge, he bent over the parapet for a moment.

'Strange, said he to himself, 'I well remember a curious stone carved like a dog's head, which projected from that pier, many feet above the water, and now I cannot see it; the rise must be high indeed.'

Upon reaching the other side, he passed through the more stately streets, to the quarter of La Petite Californie, which is situated to the east of Les Brotteaux, and turning into a narrow street, he stopped at the general entrance of the third house on the left hand side. Like most of the houses in Lyons, it was constructed of wooden framing filled in with bricks, and consisted of nine flats, which rose in dizzy height, though some of the neighboring tenements were even higher. So densely populated was the street that, though erected within the last forty years, the houses had a stained look, as if they had borne the wear and tear of many generations. Ascending the general staircase, the young soldier stopped at a *door au troisieme*, and tapping lightly, he lifted the latch and entered a spacious room. Large logs of wood were blazing merrily upon the hearthstone, for the continued wet weather rendered fire an indispensable comfort, notwithstanding the late season. The apartment was likewise lighted by lamps, and at a table in one corner sat two men, with papers and patterns spread out before them, the one writing from the other's dictation. The elder of the two was dressed in the ordinary garb of a superior Lyonese weaver, but his companion evidently belonged to a very different class. His coat was made of the finest material, cut in the extremity of the fashion; he wore a richly embroidered waistcoat, and his valuable rings, numerous gold chains, and diamond breastpin, testified to the wealth of the wearer, if not to the taste; and Victor at once decided that he was in the presence of his rival, M Lubin. But the glance was momentary, for in the centre of the room, arranging a table for supper, was Catharine Mercier.

If Victor had carried away with him a pleasant impression of her—if, during the last few months he had been picturing to himself what he should find after four years' absence and had painted his imaginary portrait in lovers' colors, he was not destined to be disappointed in her appearance. Rather under the middle height, her figure, though slight, was beautifully rounded, and shown off to the best advantage by her perfectly fitting dress. When Victor entered, she turned her head towards him, and her first recognition was all that he could desire; her face lighted up, and she sprang forward to meet him with a delighted exclamation; but suddenly, partly from shyness, partly because she felt that M. Lubin's attention had been attracted—and that great man *was* watching her with his fishy eyes—and partly perhaps, from a feminine, but not very amiable desire, to tease her lover, she drew back, and giving him her hand, said coldly—

'So, Maitre Victor, you are come home at last?'

'Victor!' exclaimed the father, who had been too much engrossed with his writing to hear the door open. 'Victor Chapereau, welcome, my brave fellow; I am very glad to see you safe back again; we have not been a little anxious about you, I can tell you,' said he, advancing and embracing the young soldier heartily. 'He is the son of an old friend of ours, M. Lubin,' added he, 'turning to that gentleman, 'and we have known him ever since he was a boy.'

M. Lubin bowed very coldly. A young soldier in faded regimentals was not interesting to him; besides, he saw, with true instinct, that Victor was a rival, and therefore he felt hostile to him at once.

'Come, we will sit down to supper now,' said Pierre. 'M. Lubin, allow me to have the honor of assisting you. An excellent omelette, I can assure you; Catherine's fingers are as successful in the production of made dishes as in embroidery.'

'Anything made by Mademoiselle Catherine must be, like herself, charming,' said he, with a complimentary bow.

Catherine replied with some lively badinage, and she and M. Lubin kept up an animated conversation, during supper, to which, it must be confessed, the other two did not contribute. Victor was seated near Pierre, and numberless were the questions which the kind-hearted old man asked him respecting all that he had seen in the East, to which he replied rather absently, for his eyes were following Catherine's every movement, and marking with jealous ire the officious attentions of the rich merchant, which seemed to him favorably received. 'Ah,' thought he, 'M. Lubin may be as stout and as selfish as needs be, but women are so bewitched by riches, fine clothes, and flattery, that a poor soldier like me has no chance.' At last M. Lubin, excited by affability to which he was not accustomed, gave vent to his dislike to Victor in sarcastic speeches directed at him, and which were the harder to bear as they often called forth Catherine's merry laugh. Victor was fatigued and depressed, and rose to go.

'Do not go yet, my good fellow, 'said Pierre, 'I have not heard about the Malakoff.'

'I promised my mother that I would be home in good time. I only arrived in Lyons this afternoon, and she begged that I would not stay long.'

'But it is so early,' said Catherine, whose conscience was stinging her, as she looked at his sad face, 'do stay.'

'I am very sorry but I cannot, 'I promised to leave at nine, and I must keep my word.'

'Oh, Certainly,' said Catherine, hastily, 'pray do not put yourself out of the way to do me a little favor,' and with an offended air she turned away, and began taking the things from the table.

Victor bit his lip M. Lubin smiled spitefully, and Pierre, who was blind to all that was going on, bade him good night, affectionately entreating him to come again soon. The young man bowed haughtily to M. Lubin, then went close to Catherine and held out his hand, looking gravely and sadly in her face, she merely shook hands coldly, and said, 'I suppose you will honor us with your company again, soon?'

'Not unless our meeting is likely to be a happier one than this has been,' said he hastily, and at once left the room.

We all know how bitter it is when, we return after a long absence, full of anticipation of our first meeting with those we love, to find ourselves awakened from our pleasant dreams by some cold, disappointing reality. So, poor Victor felt, as he left La Petite Californie, and struck for home. If he had not heard, the reports about M. Lubin, it is probable he would not have heeded Catherine's coldness, but the slight suspicion which his conversation with his mother aroused, rankled in his mind, and thus he had been too watchful, too ripe to take offence, which had rendered his manner cold and constrained. But he was too much hurt to examine how far he was himself to blame; for, as Coleridge says?

'To be wroth with one we love,
Doth work like madness on the brain.'

So he dashed on, regardless of everything but his own bitter thoughts. He had been gone a little more than two hours, and when he returned it was still early, but the Rhone had risen several feet since he had crossed it earlier in the evening, and when he reached the Place des Terreaux, he had to make a long round to avoid the inundation, which was spreading over the lower part of the city. Bewildered by the change he had witnessed, he took the wrong turning, and found himself in a narrow street, where the water was not deep, but it was evidently gaining fast upon the houses, and he was anxious to reach the other side before it became impassable. As he hurried on, he heard the sound of oars behind him, and a boat shot out of the darkness, and a voice hailed him to know if he wanted a boat. Victor hesitated for a moment, but the water was gaining so fast upon the houses, that he feared lest it should become impassable before he could reach his home, and he accepted the offer. The boatman pulled with the strong, regular stroke of a man who is paid by the hour, but Victor was too anxious to reach home to be satisfied with this, and promised a handsome gratuity if he would row his best. The man quickened his stroke, and they shot along the flooded streets at a rate that soon satisfied Victor that if any one could reach his home before the rising waters rendered it impossible, it was the man who had undertaken to be his rower. As they neared the Place des Terreaux, the boatman slackened his speed, and Victor, fearing that he was about to demand a higher fee, promised to double the amount he had agreed to pay if he would land him safely at his mother's door. The man pulled on, and they shot into the Place des Terreaux, which was a lake, but the water was still shallow, and they had reached the middle of the square, when the boat grated against something, and the boatman ceased rowing, and said that he could go no further, for the water was too shallow to allow him to turn his boat round. Victor sprang up, and found that the water was only a little more than ankle deep, and that he was standing on the top of a low wall, which had escaped his observation in his hurried journey. He paid the boatman, who instantly turned his boat and disappeared in the darkness, and Victor waded through the square, and reached his home in safety, and in time to save his mother from a long night of anxiety, for she had been too much alarmed by the rising of the waters to go to bed, and was sitting in her room, with her head leaning on her hand, and her eyes fixed on the door, when her son's step sounded on the stairs.

'Thank God!' she exclaimed, as he entered, 'I was so afraid that you would be drowned in the streets.'

'There was no danger, mother, I had a boat and a strong arm to row me home.'

'Thank God, thank God, I shall sleep in peace now that you are safely housed.'

'Mother, I ought to be ashamed of myself for coming home so late, when you were so anxious, but I was so vexed with Catherine that I forgot everything else.'

'Victor, my child, what has passed between you and Catherine?'

'She has been playing the coquette with me, because she thinks that I am a poor fellow and that M. Lubin is a rich one, but I will be even with her for it. I will have nothing more to say to her.'

'Victor, you are not in a state to reason calmly, you are excited and feverish, wait till you are more yourself before you decide on anything.'

'I am as calm now as I shall be a month hence, I have been a fool long enough, I shall be a wise man now.'

'Victor, you are not yourself, you are speaking like a man who is half mad, you are trembling from head to foot, you are burning hot. Victor, my child, what has happened to you?'

'Mother, I have been a fool, a madman, a wretch, but I will be all that you can wish me henceforth. I love you, mother, and I will show you that I do by never giving you a moment's pain or anxiety again.'

'My son, my son, you are not yourself, you are not responsible for your actions, you must go to bed and I will nurse you as I used to do when you were a little boy.'

'Mother, I am not mad, I am not even feverish, I am only ashamed of my folly, and I will show you that I am by my future conduct. Mother, I love Catherine with all my heart and soul, and she shall be my wife, and you will like her when she comes to be your daughter, and we will live together and I will be a good son to you.'

'My child, my child, you are not yourself, you are not responsible for your actions, you must go to bed and I will nurse you as I used to do when you were a little boy.'

'Mother, I am not mad, I am not even feverish, I am only ashamed of my folly, and I will show you that I am by my future conduct. Mother, I love Catherine with all my heart and soul, and she shall be my wife, and you will like her when she comes to be your daughter, and we will live together and I will be a good son to you.'

Victor had jumped up, and was putting on his clothes; he took the crumpled piece of paper, and read the following note:

'My brave friend—La Petite Californie is flooded; I am disabled. Save my daughter, if it is not even now too late. 'PIERRE MERCIER.'

It took but a few minutes to equip the ready soldier; his mother made him take some food to eat as he went along.

'You will need all your strength,' said she, and must eat it for my sake.'

He knelt down for an instant as he used to do when a little boy—

'Bless me, my mother, ere I go forth.'

She laid her hand upon his head, and with a choked voice said—

'God preserve you, my own beloved son.'

He rose, took her in his arms, gave her one long, long; loving embrace—feeling it might be the last—and then he sped away upon his perilous enterprize.

Descending the hill of Fourvieres, Victor saw in the faint morning light a terrible panorama of destruction before him. Both rivers were rushing madly along, studded with the spoils of their expanded and resistless waters. The Rhone, especially, he observed, was dotted over with the objects which were being carried away; and fearing lest indeed he was too late, he dashed recklessly on. In his passage through the city, he had nearer and stronger evidence of the extent of the inundations. Though he chose the higher parts, as less likely to impede his headlong career, he had ever and anon glimpses of streets in which the water was rushing like a river, where whole houses were crumbling down; where the roofs were crowded with refugees from the rising floods; where boats were passing to and fro, and hastily-constructed rafts, laden with women and children just rescued, some even in their night clothes, were slowly moving to some place of shelter. In his path were groups who had been landed—children wailing and calling in heart-rending accents for their parents; mothers rushing wildly about seeking for their lost children, and refusing to be comforted. Others were sitting down in hopeless despair, having seen those they loved best crushed in some quick ruin or carried away by the raging waters.

Victor sickened at the sight of so much misery, and dashed across the nearest bridge. On the other side he seized a small boat, and getting a soldier to help him, they transported it through some streets which were protected by an embankment, and then launched it on the flood. Victor found that the rapid current was in his favor; he stood in the prow guiding the boat with a pole, and guarding it from the various obstacles which were floating about. A turn or two more would bring him within sight of Catherine's dwelling, but a cross current met him, and he had a serious struggle to prevent its carrying him away but, by a strong effort he turned the boat round the right corner, and then oh—heavens—how fearful was the scene that burst upon his sight!

The water which was bearing him on, was up to the third story, and was rapidly rising but there was a greater danger attending Catherine than the angry flood. The two first houses on the left hand side of the street capped from their foundation had fallen in one great crash, whilst the next being the one in which the Merciers dwelt, was swaying to and fro with every impulse of the fierce tide, and seemed as if, in one instant, it would follow its companions. Victor saw all this though still at a considerable distance, and also observed that Catherine was at the window just above the water, alone, and clasping her hands as if for aid.

With desperate strokes he sent his boat forward, reckless of the broken boards, pieces of furniture, and animals which were thronging in his course. As he neared the place of danger he came upon a side street, which rose above the water, and on which were assembled a considerable number of people watching the falling house. There were boats moored near, to which they had brought off the rest of the inhabitants, but Catherine had been engaged too late, and did not come to the window till they had steered off. Just afterwards the other houses fell, and now no one would go to rescue the helpless girl. Amidst the roar of the floods he had shouted to the people on the Mercier's house, 'I will give ten thousand francs to any one who will save Catherine Mercier,' cried he. There was not a movement and the sad groan of the boatmen betokened how desperate the case was.

'Twenty thousand—forty thousand shall it be' cried he.

Still no one stirred—life was dearer to them than money.

'Young man,' roared the frantic merchant, as Victor's boat shot past; 'half of my fortune shall you have if you save that girl.'

'Beware!' cried an old sailor, 'it will be certain death.'

Victor turned his pale face for one instant, and shouted proudly—

'Money cannot save her, M. Lubin; perhaps true love may.'

A murmer of applause burst from the crowd.

'Here my brave fellow!' cried the old sailor, throwing a rope into the boat, 'tie that fast; we shall pull you back more quickly than you can row, and there is no time to be lost, may God speed you!'

Victor seized the rope and knotted it to a seat, gave one desperate stroke, and his boat, released from some stones which had stopped it, shot under the yawning shadow of the trembling house.

Catherine had given up all hope—life is very sweet to the young, and it was with an agonized heart that she had watched the boatmen—had seen M. Lubin's fruitless gesticulations, and felt that no human aid was to be procured. All the events of her past life flashed across her mind, and bitter was her penitence for every folly which had looked so little till seen under the shadow of death. She felt that she could meet her fate more calmly if she could have said one word to Victor—but where was he? A sudden and more violent movement of the house convinced her that the time was short, and shutting her eyes, she knelt down and commended herself to God.

A strong hand laid upon her shoulder called her back to life, and starting up, she saw her lover standing in the boat, keeping it close to the window by leaning his whole weight upon the sill.

'Quick! quick!' cried he, 'jump into the boat. God grant that it may not be too late!'

She sprang lightly down; Victor pushed away from the house; the boatmen, who were watching the scene with breathless attention, tightened the rope, and drew them rapidly back Scarcely were they at a safe distance, when the whole building fell with a terrible crash, and confused heaps of timbers and bricks, round which the waters hissed and foamed, were all the remains of what had so lately been her home. Catherine shuddered and hid her face. Victor, who till this instant had been silent, his compressed lips and frowning brow alone testifying his deep anxiety, exclaimed—

'Thank God! we are safe.'

They were drawn to the bank, and landed amidst the cheers of the spectators. When M. Lubin saw that Catherine was out of danger, saved by his hated rival, he pulled his hat over his brows, and spurred his horse away from the spot. Victor, having thanked the boatmen warmly for their sympathy and help, took the poor girl upon his arm, and winding his way by the more protected streets of Les Brotteaux, got safe across one of the bridges which yet remained unflooded.

But danger still held her naked sword above their heads. Now they were obliged to fly from falling houses, as they passed in a boat through some of the flooded streets. Then, as they pursued their way on foot, they met a fierce current forcing its way in a new channel. Now they had to thread a terror-stricken crowd, so dense and reckless, that it required all Victor's strength to guard his companion from being crushed. Misery and confusion were on every side—mutilated sufferers were being carried on stretchers to the hospitals, and sounds of grief and wild despair rang in their ears. At last, weary and drenched, Victor led the poor girl to her aunt's house, and without waiting to allow her to speak one word of the love and gratitude which her full heart was struggling to express, he left her. And so the cloud still rested between them.

Pierre welcomed his daughter with deep emotion; he had scarcely hoped to see her again, and received her almost as one given him back from the dead. His leg had been set, and Catherine found him as comfortable as under the circumstances could be expected. Again and again he made her relate the tale of her danger and her rescue, and the warm praises he uttered of Victor's bravery were as music to her ears.

The young soldier had gone at once to his mother's home, to relieve her fears, and get some necessary food, but he would not stay to rest.

'No, mother,' said he, 'I have saved Catherine, and her life has been granted to our prayers; there are thousands of helpless women and children in danger and distress, and in very gratitude I must go and do my best to succor them.'

Three days and nights did he labor amongst the suffering population of his native city.—Where danger was the greatest, and misery the deepest, there was Victor, battling with the floods, helping those who seemed to have none to help them, cheering the fearful, repressing the selfish. And awful were the scenes through which he passed; streets in the most densely populated parts of Lyons were flooded, and in many instances the houses washed down, oftentimes carrying in their ruins the wretched inhabitants. Boats containing the rescued were dashed to pieces by the debris which were being carried about by the raging waters; and those who had just begun to taste the sweetness of hope, were, with heart rending, shrieks, hurled to their death. Cemeteries were flooded, and the graves torn up gave forth their dead, whose bodies, in every stage of decay, floated in ghastly guise upon the face of the waters. Even with the blessed consolousness of doing his best to lessen the suffering, Victor's heart sickened within him.

He had not slept the whole time; he only occasionally ran home to assure his anxious mother of his safety, and take some necessary food. But the fourth morning the rain ceased, and the floods began to abate. Victor felt he ought to be proud and happy, but somehow, said he, putting his hand to his head, 'I do not seem to care for anything.' The Emperor has been with us, Lyons; I had just been getting some poor woman out of a tottering house, when I was called by a gentleman, and, obeying the summons, I found myself in the presence of his Majesty, who was standing in the midst of the floods half way up to his waist in water, and by his side was my commanding officer, and he spoke a few words to the Emperor, and then his Majesty called me to him, and decorated me with the Cross of the Legion of Honor, for what he called my gallantry in saving the '*incondis*.'* And he farther said, that hearing of my conduct at the Malakoff, he would give me a commission; and so your son, dearest mother, will be Lieutenant Chapereau,' said he, smiling; 'but somehow I do not seem to care for it as much as I ought to.—My head is so bad,' added he, throwing himself on the ground, and laying his head on his mother's lap; 'I feel as if I had no strength left.'

She put her hand upon his head; it was burning hot. She felt his pulse; it was beating wildly. She saw at once what was the matter—over-fatigue, sorrow of mind, the dreadful scenes he had passed through, and the constant exposure to wet and cold, had been too much for him to bear, and her gallant son—her only child—was stricken with a deadly fever.

When Catherine called an hour afterwards, she found the anxious mother listening to the minute directions of a physician, who said that it was a very serious case. Though Jeannie was rather disposed to be angry with her, the sight of Catherine's misery, when she heard of Victor's illness, and found that he was already unconscious, touched her heart; and of her own accord she asked the poor girl to come and help to nurse him, knowing that it was what she was longing to do. Catherine thankfully agreed to do so, and went home to tell her father of this new call upon her time. He was progressing favorably, was in no danger, and having his sister to wait upon him, he warmly approved of his daughter's going to nurse her brave preserver.

It is very sad to watch by the sick bed of a man in the prime of youth and strength; to see the body helpless as a little child; the hands vainly endeavoring to grasp anything—the restless head that tosses from side to side; the parched lips. But it is sadder far when the patient is one whom we love best upon earth—when on the issue depends our happiness or our bittorest sorrow. Very silent was that sick room—few were their words, but constant were their prayers. By turns, Jeannie and Catherine sat up at night; and it was a slight consolation to the latter to try by every loving care to deaden the bitter thoughts which were thronging in her mind, and which, when she feared he might die without hearing her confession of folly, and speaking one word of forgiveness, were well nigh insupportable. Day succeeded day, and still the unconscious invalid tossed to and fro, every hour becoming weaker; yet the fever did not abate.

At last the night of the crisis came; Victor had fallen into a heavy sleep—that sleep which, when ended, might reveal the worst. Catherine had retired from the bed, lest, on first waking, the sight of her might startle him; Jeannie knelt by her son. As the morning dawned, he opened his eyes, and said—

'Mother! where am I?'

Oh! the joy of that voice! it was his own accent, though weak and trembling. She gave him some nourishment, and with a few loving words he fell asleep again. The danger was passed—her son was spared.

Catharine continued in her office of nurse, for he was very much reduced, and required constant care; and though all excitement was strictly forbidden, and he was scarcely allowed to speak, it seemed to do him good to watch her, as she moved lightly about the room.

One afternoon, when he had recovered a little strength, he was sitting propped up by pillows. The window was open, and the fresh spring air was blowing in, while the warm sunshine illumined the room. Catherine was arranging a bouquet of flowers which she had just brought in, when Victor called her to him, and said—

'Catherine, I fear this sick room is but a dull place for you. I shall tell my mother to invite M. Lubin to spend the evening here to cheer you.'

'Do not be cruel, Victor; M. Lubin is nothing to me. Did he save my life?'

'And the fact of my having had that great happiness is to weigh down the scale even against M. Lubin and all his advantages?'

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