THE INUNDATIONS IN FRANCE.

The accounts last received are decidedly more favourable, as the waters are almost everywhere subsiding. The journals continue to mention a number of incidents which occurred during the terrible visitation. A sawyer, who had been driven from his house in the Bottleaux, proceeded, after the water had retired, into the ruins of his house, in order to recover a sum of five hundred francs which was in a cupboard. While doing so, the beams, which at first formed a kind of arch over his head, gave way, and he was buried beneath a mass of rubbish. Some persons who saw what had occurred, succeding in getting him out, but unfortunately with one arm broken, and his face severely cut. The father of a family, residing in the same neighbourhood, was driven from his house, having merely time to save his wife and daughter. One he placed on an elevated spot, out of the reach of the water, and the second on a tree, and then got himself on another. There they remained for several hours, watching each other anxiously, with a foaming torrent below them, expecting every moment to find one or the other disappear.

The *Courrier de la Drome* states, that the hamlet of Bezaudun has completely disappeared. In the evening, the inhabitants of this place, which stands on the side of a highly cultivated hill, heard the houses cracking in an alarming manner and they hastily fled. In a few minutes after, all the houses were in ruins. The water from the late rains had saturated the ground so much that a landslip to the extent of more than seventy acres took place. Two houses which were standing close together at a short distance from the hamlet are now separated by a complete field. Some other houses which were before standing on an elevated spot are now in a complete hollow. The effect produced has been of the most extraordinary kind. One inhabitant of a house who a few days ago had a small vineyard in front of him has now a meadow.

As to Blois, we learn the following:—When the inundation became imminent in the neighbouring districts, the inhabitants poured into the town, driving their cows and sheep before them, and carrying their children or their most precious effects in their arms. Floating rapidly down the river were to be seen trees, rafters, mattresses, articles of furniture, and objects of all kinds Efforts were made to strengthen the dykes; not only all the soldiers of the garrison, but even thirty lunatics were called on to assist the inhabitants (the lunatics worked with great zeal and intelligence.) But the waters rose above the parapets of the quays, and the dyke gave way; and the town was completely inundated. In some quarters the waters was nearly twenty feet deep! "At present," says the *France Centrale* of the 4th ult., the local paper, "all the lower quarters of the town are under water; the quays are covered, and boats have to be employed. The disasters are immense."

The *Journal du Loiret* relates the following incident:—M. de Lataille, principal inspector of the railway, hearing the waters were menacing in the direction of Amboise, proceeded to that town, accompanied by M. Ratel and M. Rabusson, inspectors. On arriving within a few hundred yards of the station, he found a number of men employed in strengthening the dyke of the Loire, which showed symptoms of yielding. He stopped his train, and went to give them some directions; but whilst he was speaking, the dyke gave way, and the waters rushed through furiously. The situation was terrible. M. de Lataille and his two subordinates ran towards the station, and with difficulty succeeded in reaching it, so rapidly did the waters follow them. The inundation, on reaching the station, rose rapidly as high as the first story, and the three gentlemen were compelled to seek refuge on the roof. The waters raged furiously around them, and in this horrible situation they had to pass the night. Their alarm was increased by seeing the goods station thrown down at a few yards from them. In the meantime, the train left on the line was reached by the waters, and the engine-drive and stoker, to escape being drowned, climbed on the of the locomotive. Even then they had water up to their waists, and in this pitiable plight they remained until three in the morning, when they were rescued in a boat. His Eminence Cardinal Archbishop of Tours went at the head of his clergy to the dykes, and worked vigorously with spade and barrel among the labourers. The *Moniteur* says that there is no record in history of such a sudden catastrophe having ever befallen the city of Tours as that caused by the flood.

At Orleans, at the Minister Hotel, the passengers had to let themselves down by sheets into the boats. Another narrow escape took place at Vichy, where two children were surprised by the rise, whilst fishing on a little island in the Allier. They had only to climb into a high tree when the island was covered. They remained in that terrible position from Thursday evening to Saturday morning, and the provisions they had taken with them were exhausted. No one dared to render them assistance, as to approach the spot was to encounter almost certain death. Three sailors from the Crimea, however, placed themselves in a boat, and with the father of the children set off for the isle, followed by the prayers of all the inhabitants of the neighbourhood. These intrepid men succeeded in rescuing the two children, and on returning to Vichy they were welcomed with enthusiasm.

The *Salut Public* of Lyons gives the following with a number of other incidents connected with the inundation:—In one house a whole family were so sound asleep, that they did hear the signal given and would have been drowned but for a dog who ran to the bed of his master and pulled off the clothes with his teeth. Scarcely had they got out of the house when it fell. Another of these faithful animals was seen near the same spot scratching with its paws and uttering the most doleful cries. Its master had been buried beneath the ruins, and all attempts were vain to remove the animal from the spot.

The bridge of Rochemaur was washed away, and M. Private, the Mayor of the town, who was on it at the time, was drowned.

It is calculated that the loss in the crops in the Camargue alone will amount to 3,000,000 francs.

DREADFUL RAILROAD ACCIDEN.—*Upwards of one hundred persons killed or wounded!*—A serious accident happened on the Northern Pennsylvania Railroad, on the 17th inst., by the explosion of the Boiler of the Locomotive.—The cars were filled with the teachers and children of the St. Michael's Church Sunday School, bound on an excursion.

The excursion train contained 1100 children with their parents and teachers, and came in collision with a down train on the curve near Fort Washington. While the latter train was going slowly and the former rapidly endeavoring to reach the stopping place. Both locomotives were crushed and three cars of the excursion train rushing together caught fire and were consumed. Beneath their ruins were a number crushed so that extrication was impossible. The scene was of the most heart-rending and terrible character.—Seventeen bodies were counted beneath the ruins of the cars, mostly consumed. Eleven men and women and two children were consumed in one car. The total killed is 39 and wounded 69.

The scene of the accident is 14 miles from Philadelphia, in the neighborho d of two curves, so that approaching trains cannot be seen 500 yards, and the track is a single one When the locomotives came together, they rose on an end, their fire boxes nearly touching one another and fell across the road The fire being scattered about the wreck of the first excursion car, it caught fire and extended to two of the other cars piled upon it. Most extraordinary efforts were made to extricate the mutilated beings crushed amid the wreck, of whom some were still alive when the flames reached them. The groans and cries that rent the air were awful.

Two engines from Chestnut Hill forced water through a hose to the wreck, and after working for several hours, the human remains beneath it were removed. Nineteen bodies were removed to the blacksmith's shop, 3 of them supposed to be females. Under another shed were eight bodies so charred as to defy recognition—The body of Father Sheridan was recovered and brought to the city.

All the human remains were gathered up and brought to the city. Twenty-seven bodies have not been recognized, and they are so badly burned, that it is feared they never can be.

Further particulars from Philidelphia, July 19th, state the number of dead as fifty-six, including six unrecognized bodies; the wounded, as far as known, seventy-eight. The death of many of them is hourly expected.

HOT'S PASSE IN LONDON.—The following is from the London weekly newspaper, edited by Douglas Jerrold:—"Next week, we trust, these pages will be printed on an engine planned by American brain, forged by American arms, and set up here on English soil by American brethren on the other side of the wave. Now, what need we care for the tape, when we may bind both sides of the Atlantic together with the tapes of the steam press?"

MUNICIPAL.—The *Literary Gazette* states, that a Mr. John Shakespeare, who claims a distant relationship to the poet, is about to cover Shakespeare's house, in Stratford, with a building of glass and iron to protect it from the weather. The cost is estimated at about $15,000.

The annual evacuation of New Orleans, in view of the approaching sickly season, has already commenced. The *Bee* says it has rarely seen the the City deserted so soon as it now is. This is attributed to the extreme prevalence and fatality of the yellow fever during the past three seasons.

HASZARD'S GAZETTE.

Saturday, July 23, 1856.

There is inherent in the whole human race a passion for excitement, which must, and will be gratified. How eagerly from childhood do we listen to wild thrilling tales and legends, what intense interest is excited in the bosoms of comparatively unexcitable persons for the imaginary heroes of romance; Robinson Crusoe for instance. We can feel for the old gentleman who, when he was at last convinced that this renowned adventurer had never actually existed, exclaimed, "Well, I have lost one of the greatest pleasures of life, it is the only book I ever read except the Bible, and I had always believed, that the adventures of Crusoe were as true as it: now that I find I have been deceived, I shall never attempt to read another book, but content myself with the bloody murdear and shocking accidents in the newspapers." It is in vain to reason upon the subject; ask your acquaintances why is it that they suffer themselves to become the dupes of their own imaginations, in listening to, or reading tales that they are convinced beforehand are nothing but fictions? The answer is very plain and universal; because it affords an exquisite pleasure and satisfaction that we neither know nor care to know the reason of. It transports us for the time being, out of ourselves; we forget the petty cares and distractions of life, and are become so totally occupied in the joys and sorrows of our heroes and heroines, that they become in a manner our own. Such being the conceded fact, it is not at all surprising, that in this book-making age, the moralist has called in the aid of fiction for the purpose of impressing upon the mind, the truths of religion or the principles of ethics, nor are authorities and those of the most unexceptionable kind wanting—parables and fables are among the earliest methods of inculcating duties or dissuading from vice—and what is a novel, but a more extended fable or rather connected series of fables tending to set forth the consequences attendant upon the pursuit of objects in a particular manner and with proper or improper views, shewing up human nature in its best and worst aspects, as suits the views of the author, and the moral to be inculcated. The press abounds with works of this sort, one of which the "old Vicarage" * we venture to recommend to all descriptions of readers. It is a tale of domestic life, written in a quite unpretending style and inculcating the purest maxims of religion and morality without any appearance of dogmatism. The heroine Hilary is the daughter of the vicar, and her conduct through a series of those domestic trials to which all women are liable, whatever their rank in life, forms the subject of the tale, and that conduct is naturally the result of a good disposition improved by an education practical and religious.

We find a great difficulty in selecting any particular passage, not from any want of beautiful and striking ones, for the book abounds in them, but from the necessity of being brief in our illustrations we take one at random.

The path down which they were descending was so screened by shrubs, that altho' they could catch a glimpse of the lake and its borders here and there, they were unseen themselves by those below.

There were a good many people on the bank; at a little distance, a group of children were merrily dancing to a violin which one of the woodmen had produced; near them were some mammas and elder sisters, looking on, and admiring. Victoria was close enough to recognize some individuals; they saw Charles Huyton, encouraging the frolics of the children; Mrs. Fielding and Hilary were standing under a tree at the edge of the lake, where a steep bank formed a promontory above the water, apparently watching Morrice's boat, which was slowly approaching them.

When they had descended a few yards further, they entirely lost sight of the loiterers by the lake, and, altho' so near as to catch voices and laughter, were unable to discover what was passing. They heard a child's voice cry, "Hilary! Hilary!" and recognized the merry tones of little Nest; then some one, in an accent of alarm cried, "Take care!" and then there was a shriek, an exclamation of terror from many voices, a plunge to the water, and a silence.

Captain Hepburn sprang forward, and in a moment had cleared the underwood, and obtained sight of the bank and the water. Mrs. Fielding stood where she had been, and many had rushed to the water's edge and were gazing in. Hilary and Nest were both out of sight.

The cry of alarm had brought Charles Huyton also to the spot where the accident had happened; for one brief moment, the white dress of Hilary, also and gained upon the stream. Under the stern, shelving bank, nearly submerged in the water, he clinging with her left arm to a long, pendent root, hung Hilary, and with her right hand she grasped, with all the energy of terrified love, the skirt of her sister's dress, thereby but little supporting the child, and risking herself to be drawn from her precarious hold, and plunged in deep water by her struggles.

Captain Hepburn and Charles Huyton simultaneously flung off their coats.

"Save Hilary—I will secure the child," said the sailor, in a tone of decision which seemed to command obedience, and without an instant of unnecessary delay, sprang from the steep bank headforemost into the water. Mr. Huyton followed his example, and almost before she was conscious of help being at hand, Hilary felt an arm supporting her, and heard a well-known voice saying—

"Trust to me, dearest, and you will be safe."

She was exhausted to understand exactly what was passing. She felt her sister was raised, released her grasp on her dress, and had just sense and energy enough left to remain quite passive, as she was borne to a more practical part of the bank. She turned her head, saw Nest was safe in Captain Hepburn's care—his strong arms had drawn the child quickly out of danger—and then, perfectly overpowered, she fainted away. Landing her was by no means an easy task, the ground was soft, crumbling, and treacherous; but for the ready help at hand Charles could not have done it; and he was so much exhausted by his efforts, that when he was assisted from the water, he was not only unable to support his burden, but had himself to sit down on the grass, to rest and breathe.

Captain Hepburn hastily placed the dripping child in some of the many arms stretched out to take her, and turned with an eager bound to Hilary, who seemed as lifeless as her sister. But Maurice reached her at the same time; he had seen the accident, and with rapid strokes had brought the boat to the nearest land, where, utterly forgetful even of Dora Barham, he had thrown the chain, by which the skiff was moored, into the boatman's hands, and sprung ashore to assist Hilary.

He clasped his sister in his arms, exclaiming, as he did so, "Darling, dearest Hilary!" in the tones of the fondest endearment; then added, with agonized doubt,

"Oh, Nephurn, is she dead?"

Her pale cheeks, closed eyes, and inanimate form terrified him, and he looked to his friend for advice, assistance, or at least for comfort.

"Heaven forbid!" cried the other, eagerly catching her hand, and endeavoring to feel her pulse, "she has only fainted from alarm. She must be taken to the house."

"Carry your sister to the house this moment," cried Victoria; "I have despatched little Nest there already, and will send some one to make preparations, and give orders."

A gentleman present, a relative of the Barhams, offered to run on and carry a message, but Sybil sprang forward—

"Let me go, Miss Fielding, give me the necessary directions."

Victoria gave a hasty message to the housekeeper, and Sybil was off with a fleetness, and a knowledge of the shortest road, which distanced Mr. Farrington completely.

Some of the many shawls which were proffered for the use of the sufferers, were hastily wrapped around Hilary, and, raising her in his arms, her brother walked off with steady steps toward the house.

Charles and Captain Hepburn accompanied him, each entirely occupied by thoughts of her, and neither at that moment caring to conceal it.

Either the fresh air, or the warmth, or the motion, revived Hilary; she sighed, opened her eyes, looked up for a moment, in doubt where she was, and what had happened, then recollecting every thing, she started up, and cried—

"Nest—oh, Maurice, is she safe?"

"Be still, darling," replied he, and it was echoed by the other two; but she only repeated the question in greater alarm.

"Yes, yes, she is safe; she is just on in front. Some one is carrying her to the house. Hepburn saved her."

The look which Hilary gave the sailor at that moment, was one which he never forgot.

"I could walk, Maurice, I could walk quicker, if you would set me down,"

said she, eagerly. "I am quite well, do let me try"

"Patience, we are just there!" and he would not let her go, until they had reached the door.

Hilary has two lovers, one the favorite one, Capt. Hepburn, and the other Charles Huyton, the rich proprietor of an estate adjoining the Vicarage. In company with the latter, they are overtaken by a shower of rain and retreat toward a wood.

"Come further in, Miss Duncan; it will not clear the quicker for your watching; and here is a nice block of wood, which will form a seat for you, where it is quite dry."

The easiest thing to do was to comply; she sat down accordingly, and he placed himself beside her. Then a sudden constriction came over her, that something was to follow, and with a sort of desperate hope of stopping him, of avoiding a renewal of what was so painful, she began to talk of other things, the season, the harvest, the people, any thing for a subject. He listened to others; his eyes were fixed on the open doorway; he might have been counting the drops which fell from the eaves, so steady did he gaze that way. Her ideas, unsupported by any help from him, unsuccessly came to an end; and when she paused, it was his turn to speak.

"Hilary, tell me once more, let me speak; has my changeless devotion no influence on you?"

She shook her head.

"None? yet of late you have seemed to encourage me; you have accepted—at least you have not repelled—my attentions; you have allowed me to distinguish you as my first object; you have permitted those advances from my family which were intended to show how they would welcome you as one of themselves; you have graced my fete with your presence your name has already been whispered around the neighbourhood as the object, as the recipient of my vows; has not all this given me a right to hope; does all go for nothing, for unmeaning form with you?"

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* "The old Vicarage" a novel by Mrs. Hubback, authoress of the wife's sister, May and December, &c. &c. &c. New York, W. P. Fetridge & Co. Publishers, Franklin Square:—Haszard & Owen, Agents for P. E. Island.