

Suddenly, however, Zebulon saw the water bubble up between the boards of the floor like a mountain stream in early spring. His hair bristled with terror; he looked around and saw the invading element gush in over the threshold of the room. He jumped up and opened the door, and was almost carried off his legs by the torrent that entered; and hardly had he time to get upon the table when the water was level with the window-sill. A frightful death stared him in the face; if the water rose to the top of the windows, he must be drowned or stifled. He made his way to the window that looked towards the village, and shouted for help; but the roaring of the stream and the sharp whistling of the wind mocked his frantic efforts to be heard, and the water plashed in and out, and reached up to his breast. On this side there was no chance of rescue, but on the side of the river a faint hope remained. Close to the window-shutter stood one of the spindly poplars. He waded to his bed, rolled up a dry blanket and secured it round his neck. Then he climbed cautiously upon the window ledge; the poplar stood firm, and a stout branch offered itself to his hand. At a short distance he distinguished the roof of his brother's house, still above water. He saw Caspar, with a lantern in his hand, getting out of the top window into a boat; he called to him, but so great was the uproar that it was impossible he should be heard. With great exertion, Caspar pulled his boat under the lee of the breakwater; whilst Zebulon climbed up his poplar as high as its branches would bear him, and waited for daylight and succour. To his great joy, he presently observed that the water was falling as fast as it had risen; it was soon below the window through which he had passed, and he began to think of abandoning his uncomfortable refuge, and re-entering his room. Whilst congratulating himself on his escape, and just as day began to dawn, the wind again rose and blew in short but violent gusts. Again the river rolled more wildly, and the poplars swayed to and fro. Zebulon was on the very point of effecting a retreat through his window, when he heard a terrible crash proceed from the breakwater. The roof of his brother's house sank plashing into the flood; and in the whirl of waters that ensued, the strong poplar tree to which he had clung was twisted round and round, as though it had been but a sapling, until its branches, and even its topmost spray, were at times submerged. Like the tree, Zebulon was fain to yield to the blast; now under water, now whirling 'tipping through the air, he clasped his poplar in a desperate embrace. Suddenly he experienced a violent shock; the branch to which he trusted seemed to hurl him from it, and he fell heavily upon something hard. Stunned and bewildered, with the blood streaming from his nose, he felt himself borne rapidly down stream. On recovering his senses sufficiently to look around him, he found that he was lying upon the great barn door which had formed part of the breakwater. At the other end of the door sat a man, and that man was his brother Caspar.

When Caspar, warned by the rocking of the walls, abandoned his house, he dared not row towards the village, lest in the darkness he should strike against a tree, or be overwhelmed by the rush of waters; he succeeded in reaching the breakwater, which still stood firm. There he lay at anchor, sheltered from the storm, and with the force of the flood broken. But when towards morning those violent gusts of wind occurred, they drove the waves directly against the barricade; after a few shocks, four of the fir trees were literally washed out of the ground, and the breach thus made was instantly followed by the demolition of the entire fabric. The heavy barn door, broken from its fastenings fell within a few inches of Caspar's head, and knocked his frail bark to splinters, whilst he, as sole chance of salvation, scrambled upon the door. The flood, now unimpeded, roared down against his house, whose destruction he witnessed; and it was while he was whirled in the vortex occasioned by its fall that Zebulon, shaken from his tree, fell upon the door. Upon beholding a man thus suddenly thrown upon his frail raft, Caspar's first impulse was to push him off, lest the weight of two persons should be more than it would bear. But his better feelings quickly banished the thought; and when by the gray twilight he recognized his detested brother, he contented himself with getting as far from him as possible. So sat the pair, each at his own extremity of the door, which drove down stream with terrible speed.

Daylight brought little consolation to the housewrecked voyagers. The clouds cleared away, and the storm was stilled; but on all sides a vast expanse of troubled waters, strewn with furniture, uprooted trees, and carcasses of cattle, offered itself to their view. Boats dared not venture into the furious current; at times their door was borne near the bank, the people who saw it were either afraid, or too occupied with their own losses to attempt the rescue of the brothers. Scarcely a minute passed that they were not threatened with death by the violent contact of their crazy raft with floating timber, or with the trees which seemed since the flood to grow in the bed of the stream. To add to their miseries, the wind chopped round to the north, and blew icy cold through their wet clothes. Zebulon took the blanket which he had fastened round his neck, unfolded it, and wrapped it around him. But even with this covering, his teeth chattered for cold.

In that hour of suffering and great danger, many a good old saying about Christian forgiveness and brotherly love came into Zebulon's head, and pressed hard upon his conscience. But, just as his heart began to soften, he thought of the pleasant view out of his upper windows, which his brother's house had intercepted; and he thought of his sister-in-law; and above all, the day of Lizzy's wedding recurred to his memory, and then his heart became hardened as before.

Caspar was still more troubled in his conscience; and he muttered to himself one prayer after another. The cold was intense, and every moment he was more and more benumbed. Suddenly it occurred to him, that just before he got into the boat, he had put a flask of spirits into his pocket in case of need. He felt for it, and behold there it was, well corked, and unbroken. He took a famous pull at it, and his blood circulated more freely, and

his eyes sparkled. At sight of this, poor Zebulon's teeth chattered worse than ever. Caspar perceived it, and quite slowly, as though he counted his words, he said to his brother: "Zebulon, will you take a pull?"

The tailor's countenance brightened at the offer; his need was too great, his stubborn spirit was broken, and a whispered "yes" escaped from his set teeth. Caspar crept cautiously to the middle of the door, and Zebulon as cautiously to meet him; for the dared not attempt to stand up, lest they should capsize the raft. The one offered the flask; the other received it, and took a deep draught. But with returning warmth their ancient spite revived. Zebulon gave back the bottle, said, "I thank you," and turned his back upon Caspar, to resume his place at the end of the door.

For another hour the two men were hurried along; the sun shone brightly, and nature calmed herself after her recent convulsion. Caspar, worn out by the fatigues of the last few days and nights, could not keep himself awake and his head nodded to and fro. Zebulon saw his brother's danger, and this time he spoke first. "Caspar, he said, lie down and sleep, or you will drown me; I will keep watch and awake you if anything happens."

Caspar did not need to be told twice, but let himself fall forward, laid his head upon his arms, and began to snore. Zebulon crept softly towards him, took off his blanket, which was now dry, and laid it carefully over his brother.

Another hour passed, and Zebulon perceived that their progress became less rapid. He looked around him, and uttered an exclamation of heartfelt joy. They had reached a place where the stream took a bend to the right, and by some accident their raft had got out of the main current, and was driving through calmer water towards a black line, which looked like a bank. When Zebulon had noticed all this, he awoke his brother. Caspar sat up and stretched himself. "I know the place," he said, "yonder black line is a dam, in front of which we shall find still water; if we can but reach it, a walk along its summit will take us to shore." In their joy at this prospect of deliverance, they took another dram; and Caspar gave back the blanket to his brother, and continued to watch the course of their raft.

"How is it," he suddenly exclaimed, "that we advance so fast, and our speed seems to increase—if that indeed be a dam?"

He rose to his feet, and shading his eyes with his hands, looked sharply before him. After gazing thus for a few moments, his countenance fell.

"Now are we indeed lost," he said in a hollow voice. "There is a break in the dike, and we are caught in the current that sets towards the opening. Do you see? we swim each moment faster. Yonder foam the furious waters; we shall drive against the bank, and our destruction is certain."

And so it was. More swiftly than any steamboat they shot along to the narrow rent in the dike, through which the water poured with the force of a cataract, and against whose rugged sides the door must inevitably be dashed to pieces. "Three minutes more," groaned Caspar, falling on his knees, like a criminal before the block—"ay, in three minutes, all is over."

But Zebulon averted his eyes from the broken dike, and fixed them upon Caspar. "Brother," he said, in a loud firm tone, "are we to appear as enemies before the judgment seat of God?"

Then Caspar's heart melted, and exclaiming, "Brother forgive me!" he threw himself into Zebulon's arms. For the first time for four years the two men felt their hearts glow towards each other with the warmth of brotherly love. Tears of joy and affection rolled down their cheeks, and on the verge of death they were happier than they for long had been in their disunited and vindictive existence.

A roar of waters, and the violent agitation of their raft, put an end to the close embrace in which for upwards of a minute they had held each other. In expectation of instant death, both looked in the direction of the dike. But no dike was there. Bewildered with surprise, they turned their heads, and behold! it was behind them. In the moment of their reconciliation, they had passed unhurt through the very jaws of death. The door upon which they knelt, and which appeared at least as wide as the opening in the dike, had passed through it, by a seeming miracle, without striking either right or left.

They were saved; at a short distance before them lay the land, towards which the subsiding waves were now gently floating them. Yet a few minutes, and their raft was aground on the slope of an inundated field.

Arm in arm went the brothers to the nearest village, where they dried their clothes and obtained food. Gladly would they have rested there a night, but they thought of the anxiety of Caspar's wife and children. Caspar sold his door; Zebulon his blanket; and this, with some little money they had in their pockets, furnished funds for the journey. All the roads near the river were flooded; they had to make a circuit over the mountains, and the distance they had floated in six hours was a three days march on foot. But the three days seemed shorter to them than the six hours; for in those three days intimate communion, they went over all that had occurred to them in the previous four years; old feelings of kindness and mutual dependence resumed their sway, and they laid plans of future happiness for both. In the last town they passed through, Zebulon stopped at a notary's and destroyed a will he had lying there.

Late upon the third evening they reached their home. The river was sinking fast; the poplars with their double wall, and the new house which had been the apple of discord, had disappeared and left no trace of their existence. Caspar lingered a little in the rear; Zebulon stole softly round the corner of his house, which stood firm and uninjured. His sister-in-law, surrounded by her children, sat in a despairing attitude upon the site of her former dwelling, whence the waves had but lately retired. "Pray for your father," Zebulon heard her say, "for here the flood swept him away; and pray also," she added to her elder children, "for your mother, for she was the cause both of his death and of that of your poor uncle Zebulon."

"Not of mine," cried Zebulon, stepping forward. The children, forgetting old quarrels, flocked around him. "And because you, sister, are sorry for what is past, God is merciful to you, and suffers Zebulon, whom you were regretting, to bring back your husband to your arms."

As he spoke, Caspar stood by his side, and the joyful woman threw an arm round each, then said Zebulon— "Friends we have had a famous lesson these four years past; and truly, if it had lasted four years longer, we might have found ourselves reduced to a beggar's staff. But let that be all by-gone and forgotten. To-morrow we will begin to build a new dyke. Of a new house you have no need. Come back and live with me. All that is mine is yours and your children's."

**TAKING THE CENSUS.**—It is well known that some rich scenes occur during the progress of the census taking; and the following is one of 'em, which the writer, an eye and ear witness, vouches for. "Is the head of the family home?" asks the inquiring marshall. "There's the devil, with his book again, for the directory!" shouted a junior of the family, to the maternal head, above stairs, who presently appears.

"Is it the heads of the family ye want, sure? but last week ye wanted our names for the d'rechtry, an' now ye want our heads for a free country, sure, when one's head isn't safe! Be off, an' bad luck till ye, an' all like ye."

After some explanation, the questions in order were asked.

"Who is the head of the family?"

"Ann Phelim, yer honor, the same in ould Ireland forever."

"How many males in the family?"

"Three males a day, and paraties for dinner, on—"

"But how many men and boys?"

"Och, why there's an ould man an' boy an' three children that died five years since, Heaven rest their souls, the sweetest jewels that iver—"

"But how many are now living?"

"Meself an' me daughter Judy, ye see, and a jewel of a girl she is, indade."

"Have you no men in the family?"

"Sorra the one; the ould man works hard by day, and Patrick is not at home at all, but to his males and bed."

"How many are subject to military duty?"

"Niver a one; Patrick and the ould man belongs to Immetes, and sure, finer looking sowgers were niver born; did ye not see the ould General was buried? 'Twould have made your heart bate to see two such gintles, well behaved boys."

"How many are entitled to vote?"

"Why the ould man, meself and Judy; and warrant we that bate the natives an' Whigs an' all, an' elected ould General Jackson over 'em all? Sorra the day he died and disappointed us all, for a fine man was he."

"How many colored persons in your family?"

"Nagers, did you mane nagers? Out, man, an' don't be after insulting me! Out man, an' niver ask me for my senses again, yer out of your senses yerself. Begone and don't bother me."

**CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.**—As the following colloquy unquestionably shows:—

Boy—Ma, isn't Miss Lovelocke a nice lady! isn't she though?

Mother—Yes love, she is a very fine lady.

Boy—And don't father think a heap of her? don't he though?

Mother—Yes, father, as well as myself, thinks very highly of Miss Lovelocke.

Boy—That's what I thought to-day, when I saw him hugging and kissing her in the front parlour.

Mother—(Springing to her feet with all the agility of having pressed her foot on a hot smoothing iron)—Your father hugging and kissing Miss Lovelocke!

Boy—(in a tone of the highest glee)—My eyes! wasn't he though?

Mother—(distractedly)—And did she suffer him to do such a thing without raising an alarm!

Boy—(winking his left eye in a remarkably cute style)—She didn't suffer any at all; she just hugged and kissed back again, as if she liked it better nor apple-dumpling, covered with 'lasses dip.

Mother—(wild, hysterical wild)—Oh! the mean, rat-eyed, pug-nosed, red-headed fright. The scandalous hussy! I'll tear out her eyes, I will. (Falls down fainting—tears her hair, and kicks her heels on the carpet, crying aloud for a divorce, while her son runs off for a doctor, and meeting pappy coming home tells him *en passant* that his hopeful sonny wouldn't stand in his boots for something, and a trifle over.)

**A BEAUTIFUL BULL.**—Printers are often imposed upon by knaves who send them notices of the decease of persons who have not paid the debt of nature. A case of this kind happened in Dublin, whereupon an Irish Attorney, after severely censuring the publisher for his carelessness, suggested that, in order to avoid such unhappy mistakes, "no printer should publish a death, unless informed of the fact by the party deceased!"

**QUERY FOR S. OF T.**—How is it possible for the Sons of Temperance to live in accordance with their motto of love and unity, while there are so many Divisions among them?

The smallest kind of a potato, and troubled with the rot, is that editor who sues another for libel.

My dear hearers, said a Clergyman to his "graceful" flock last month, "in the course of the ensuing week, it is my intention to do what the devil himself never did yet. I am going to leave Cape Cod!"

**MRS. PARTINGTON ON BEING IN A HURRY.**—"I never knew anything gained by being in too much of a hurry," said the old lady. "When me and my dear Paul was married, he was in such a tripudation that he came nigh marrying one of the bridesmaids instead of me by mistake. He was such a queer man," she continued; "why, he jumped the fire department, and one night, in his hurry, he put his boots on hind part afore, and as he ran along every body behind him got tripped up. The papers was full of crowner's quests on broken legs and limbs for a week afterwards," and she relapsed into an abstraction on the ups and downs of life.

**THE OLD LADY AGAIN.**—"Poor fugitive slave Bill," said Mrs. Partington, as her eyes ran over the morning papers, and her quivering lip betrayed the agitation of her mind, "poor fugitive slave Bill! I hope from my soul they won't catch him—I hope they won't."

**THE IRISH AMERICAN SEA-SERPENT.**—The Irish seem to be taking the American Sea-Serpent "quite entirely" out of the hands of the Yankees. It is a difficult labour to imagine an Irish-American Sea-Serpent. The only picture we can draw of him is with a short pipe in his mouth, brandishing a shillelagh with one of his fins, shouting out, "Will any jintleman just tread upon my tail?"

Speaking of cheap things.—It costs but a trifle to get a wife, but doesn't she sometimes turn out a little dear?

"A Good Wife" is unavoidably crowded out this week.

—Columbus Enquirer.

Very ungallant, Mr. Enquirer. A good wife, when you chance to meet with one, should never be crowded at all.—Roch. Dem.