

about the time that Edith was driving home to the Hall. As Jenny had noticed when she left the "Gull's Nest," the wind had chopped quite round, and was blowing hard, with a strong tide on shore. The sea, which had been high all the day, was still making fast, and by the time he had had a mouthful to eat and drink below, it was almost pitch dark. Joe had been born and bred at Shippon; he had been out in big boats and little boats, rough and smooth, light and dark, till he knew every yard of the coast for ten miles, as well as he knew the village itself. When he came on deck again a signal glance was enough to show him that the Edith was on the shoal. Another minute, and she would be hard and fast aground. "Port your helm!" he shouted, at the top of his voice, and sprang to the wheel. The storm jib, the only canvas she was carrying, snapped empty for a moment; the next, a huge roller lifted her high out of the water. There was a hollow grating sound, and the vessel shook from stem to stern. In another moment she was in deep water inside the bank.

"Touch and go, sir. Better cast out a couple of anchors, or we shall be on the Needles afore we know where we are."

At half-past eleven the storm was still increasing; the hatches were down, and everything made snug. The yacht still rode head to the wind; but the waves were awful. Sir Arthur and Joe were together on deck, holding on as best they could. Five minutes before the cliffs had looked through the darkness like black uncertain clouds resting on the water. Now they could see the "Sugar-loaf" frowning, huge and sharp, out against the sky. The terrible truth flashed on them both at the same moment. The anchors held no longer, and they were drifting in.

"Cut her free, for heaven's sake!" shouted Joe. "If we can get her round the 'Needles' we may get a rope ashore; if not we are done for."

A very few minutes after the Squire left them the watchers on the cliff saw the vessel give a lurch and spring in. Another bound and the point was cleared, and the "Edith" lay a wreck, with the spent waves breaking over her wedged fast in the little bay at the foot of the "Gull's Nest."

There was a pause for a minute or two. To those on deck it seemed ages. Then came a red flash from the land, and a roar that was heard above the sea. A shot whizzed far out over their heads, and a rope fell across the vessel's bows. In half an hour's time the last sailor was safe on the cliff.

Our readers must picture for themselves the happiness which changed the old woman's tumble-down cottage into a palace that night. We will not ourselves attempt to describe with what humble, grateful tears the widow received back her boy from the dead; nor even how the pretty Jenny forgot her coquettishness for once, and clung round Joe's neck before half the village, like an April-day sun and showers together. Above all we will not venture to intrude into the little inner room. Mr. Lindon himself did not, and Edith was alone when she met her lover.

We have only one thing more to tell, and that will not surprise our readers, perhaps, much more than it did any one in Shippon. The Sunday after the storm three pairs of banners were put in church instead of two. The names of the last couple were "Joseph Crask and Jane Cooper." T. D. P.

A new comic Journal has made its appearance in London. It is called *Judy*, a name adopted by another rival to *Punch*, brought out many years ago, in the young days of the Fleet-street wit. We should doubt if *Judy* the second will be any more successful than *Judy* the first. The new journal, says the *London Review*, is an exceedingly dull imitation of *Punch*, with a cover which closely copies that of its great exemplar, and with an exact reproduction of all external characteristics. The illustrations are very poor, and the letterpress is inexpressibly dreary. We shall not greatly miss *Judy* when she retires.

A STORY OF THE RHINE.

FROM THE GERMAN.

The fisher-boy is in his boat, a dreary look has he,
His love is dead, yet thinks he not so great a grief can
be,

Until the stars are twinkling and the moon begins to
shine,

He's waiting for his maiden dear to take her on the
Rhine.

He has not waited long before the maiden is in sight;
Her knees are weak and tottering, and her garb is thin
and white;

Into the boat she lightly steps, and down the stream
they go—

"My love thou sure art chilly or thou would'st not
tremble so.

The wind sports with thy garment, and the night is
clear and cold.

The boat is gliding swiftly on—my cloak around thee
fold."

Uplifted towards the mountain-tops her thin white
arms are spread,

He's glad to see the full moon pierce the clouds above
her head.

She greets the castle on the heights, and deep into
the stream

She dips her slender fingers—she would clutch the
mirrored beam.

"Keep quiet in thy place, my love—keep quiet, maid-
en mine,

The current is so rapid thou mayst perish in the
Rhine."

As on they go, along the shore, town after town is
flung,

In every town that rushes by the bells are loudly
rung.

And now the maid is kneeling, and she lifts her bright
blue eyes,

Her hands are clasped together as she looks into the
skies.

"Rock not thyself so recklessly; keep quiet, maiden
mine,

Unless thou would'st o'erturn the boat and sink us
in the Rhine."

The nuns in yonder convent sing with voices sweet
and clear.

While shining through the painted glass the tapers'
lights appear.

The maiden sings her matins too more sweetly far than
all;

She looks upon her fisher-boy, and then her tears
must fall.

The fisher-boy is singing too, with tears upon his
cheek,

He gazes on the maiden, but to her he dares not
speak.

Beneath the glare of waking day, red, redder is the
stream,

And paler, paler grows the maid beneath the morn-
ing's beam.

The moon is melted into air, no star is in the skies,
And vanished with them is the light of that dear maid-
en's eyes.

"Good-morrow to thee, maiden mine, the sun has
risen at last;

Thou'lt surely sleep no longer, now the hours of night
are past.

The mountain-tops in gold are clad, the woods are
green and gay,

The birds are all awake to sing their early rounde-
lay."

He seeks to move her from her sleep, that she his Joy
may share;

He kneels to gaze upon her, but no longer is she
there.

Weeping, upon his face he falls, then sleeps amid his
tears,

Till, hurrying onward, to the sea the boat its burthen
bears.

The billows wildly rage and roar, and like a worthless
toy

They hither, thither toss the boat, yet cannot wako
the boy.

And when large ships upon the sea are sailing in the
night,

The youth and maiden, with the boat, 'tis said are oft
in sight.

JOHN OXFORD.

PASTIMES.

ANCIENT GEOGRAPHICAL REBUS.

A town in the Peloponnesus.
A town in Magna Grecia.
A river in Hispania.
A promontory of Hispania.
A town in Africa.
A town in Gallia.
A sea south of Thracia.
A province of Italia.
A town in Asia Minor.

The initials of the above read forward will name a celebrated ancient philosopher.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

1. An emblem; a vowel; an interjection and to permit.
2. A grain; three fifths of a musical entertainment; and an article.
3. Two thirds of an animal, an article; and denial.
4. A sack and a tub.
5. A musical instrument; a preposition, a restraint; and an interjection.

LOGOGRIPH.

My *ichole* an article of furniture we greatly admire,
No house is complete without its attire;—
Its comfort and beauty may make a good theme
As you complacently view it by the fire-side gleam;
Behold and transpoise me, the subject will range,
To talk careless I'm bound, by effect of the change;
Repeat the above, I'm then made to appear,
As a visible sign of joy, sorrow, or fear;
When beheld again, I'm a sensitive feature,
That's seen upon every human creature;
Entirely restore, then twice curtail me,
A fish is seen, enough to regale thee.
Supposing, of course, you'd nothing but that—
But it's a morsel most dainty to give to a cat;
Behold and transpoise once more, then you'll see
That a state of equality I'm reckoned to be;
Restore me, and then just sever in twain
(My flexible nature endureth no pain),
One half will reveal a light travelling conveyance,
From us, the other exacts, implicit obsequance.

T. W. PHILLIPS.

CHARADES.

1. My *first* is a part of the body; my *second* is what many people are; and where is there a lady who does not like my *ichole*.
2. My *first* is a country in South America; ladies do my *second*; and you are now in the act of doing my *ichole*.
3. I am composed of 19 letters.
My 14, 17, 11, 4, 7, 18, is open, ingenious.
My 6, 10, 1, 12, is a device.
My 2, 10, is an interjection.
My 13, 15, 6, 8, will we trust be gained by
The 16, 19, 1, 9, 5, 8, which will occupy my whole
when it has a legalized existence.

SQUARE WORDS.

Moisture.
A quantity of land.
Part of the eye
An abode.

GARDEN.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

If seven clerks add 1,000 columns of figures in ten days, of six hours each, in how many days of four hours each, will five clerks add 2000 columns?

ANSWERS TO DOUBLE ACROSTIC &c.
No 91.

Double Acrostic—*Jacques, Cartier*—1. Jar-nac; 2. Alma; 3. Crater; 4. Quart; 5. Uri; 6. Scar.

Transpositions—1. Amethyst; 2. Winifred; 3. Mahogany.

Places in New Brunswick—1. Sackville; 2. Fredericton; 3. Chatham; 4. Waterloo.

Charades—1. Meteoric Shower; 2. Pass-age.

Anagram—*Adelaide Ristori*.

Problem—Ten Dollars.

ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Double Acrostic.—Bericus, B. N. C., Argus, H. H. V., Geo. B., Niagara.

Transpositions.—Argus, B. N. C., Geo. B., Bericus, Camp, Ellen B. Violet.

Places in New Brunswick.—B. N. C., Bericus, H. H. V., Violet, Niagara, Ellen B., Argus, Camp.

Anagram.—Bericus, Ellen B., Niagara, B. N. C., Camp, Violet, Geo. H., J. W.

Charades.—B. N. C., Niagara, Geo. H. Argus, J. W., Violet, X. Y. Z.

Problem.—Bericus, Argus, B. N. C., J. W., Geo. H., Niagara.

Received too late to be acknowledged in our last, J. Wislon, B. N. C., Alpha.