

"Man, I won't go!" I shrieked; "I won't! How dare you pull me?"

He turned meek directly. The idea of a man being frightened of me!

"I'll go your way if you like, ma'am," he said, as mild as milk; "but we don't get out of the wood then till daylight. And if you'll strike straight nup, ma'am, I'll be sponsabul for the path."

This was a handsome offer. I reflected—I consented. I had found I could snub the man, and I knew I could knock him down. I determined to be brave. I got up from the mud and unwound my arm from the tree.

"Very well; I'll strike up. I hope you'll find the road at once."

A furze bush caught my dress, and tore it out of the gathers; then I hit my hand against a thorn, and scratched the flesh to the bone. Still I went on. The man was "sponsabul," and I ought to be thankful. I said this to myself so often, that at last I grew quite comfortable in my mind, although my dress was tatters and my bonnet flitters, and I knew my forehead was one great red bump, and my nose another, and my boots were two mud pies. I must say the man was kind; he warned me of branches and trunks, against which he bumped himself first, and took off the first shock, as it were, before they hit me.

Inky darkness! I demolish the last bit of my bonnet against a branch, and nearly leave my best boot in something soft. But this scarcely counts for in another moment the man and I step off upon nothing, and find ourselves upon our faces in something very soft indeed—slush is the only word for it.

The shock strikes us helpless; we lie still, not sure if we are alive. Black darkness, and silence, and no attempt, either on his part or on mine, to move. Then the man's voice, very low:

"My dear lady, are you killed?"

"No, man, I am not."

This was said snappishly, my mouth being full of mud. Certainly that man was meek as Moses, for he was civil still.

"Thank heaven for that! My dear, good, blessed lady, are we down at the bottom of a shaft?"

"No; there are no shafts hereabout."

No sooner had I spoken, than the poor bewildered creature sprang to his feet and recovered his wits.

"I made sure we were down a shaft," he said in an awed tone.

If any accident happens to a Cornish man, his first idea is that he is down a shaft.

"Are you hurt, ma'am?"

"Not a bit," I answered, springing up likewise.

We congratulated each other upon this; and in two minutes more, to my great delight, we stepped off the bushes and brambles and underwood, on to the hard, firm, open road.

Ah! I knowed we should strike the path this way," said the man, triumphant.

I was generous. I did not say, "Yes, but we might have been killed in stepping off that great high bank, which will frighten you a little when you look at it to-morrow morning, Mr. Boatman."

I did not even remark that we might have broken our bones. I simply said, I should like him to look at that place by daylight, that was all.

He said he would.

We clambered over a gate, and found ourselves in the fields, close upon the village of Tarytree.

It was a respectable village—highly respectable. It had eight villas in it, all standing in their own grounds. In the eight villas might be found nine old maids, and one old bachelor on crutches, three widows, poor, with children, and two married couples, rich, without. With the exception of a little scandal about two of the old maids, who had fallen in love with the Methodist preacher and delined to go to church, there was never anything to be seen, or heard, in the village but the most orthodox respectability.

Now in the fields I could see myself a little,

and a nice object I saw. There was nothing left of my bonnet but the cap, and that was hanging round my neck in rags. My face was a cake of mud, mingled with blood from my prize-fighter's nose and scratches. I was torn, and worried, and mangled, and rolled, just like an early Christian virgin and martyr that minute pulled out of the fangs of wild beasts.

And in such a shape as this I was to enter that respectable village, and perhaps greet some of my respectable acquaintances. And a man with me, too! And morals here so severe! Luckily it was eleven o'clock, and everybody went to bed at ten at Tavytree. There was a hope I might not be seen.

As we neared the village, the manly protector to whom I owed my woes seemed to feel some compunction. "Ma'am," he said mysteriously, "if you like to go back, we can wait at the corner of the wood till the first glimmer of daylight; then we can wade to the boat, or I'll carry 'ee I'm sure with all the pleasure in life; and I'll row sharp, and get 'ee in Saltash unbeknown. My wife keeps a hinn; you can clean yourself there, and come here to-morrow respectable-like. Nobody 'll know."

This obliging offer made me smile. O, the simplicity of man! Better face all the outraged virtue of Tavytree, than throw myself on the mercy and forbearance of a wife. After studying human nature so long among my neighbours, I was not quite such a goose as to put my head into a trap.

I declined with thanks, and walked on faster. A man approached us. I rejoiced to see that his gait was none of the soberest; and keeping to the dark side of the road, and folding the remnants of my drapery around me, I deceived his bemuddled eyes; he deemed me a respectable figure—he even touched his hat.

Fortunately this blind individual was the only creature we met. Sneaking along by back ways, I reached my cousin's house unscen. The moment the door was opened I jumped inside. In the blaze of light in the hall I looked at the man; and he looked at me. He was a muddy merman; I was a hideous taterdemalion. The servant screamed; my cousin rushed out from the parlour; she screamed. I could not embrace her; I was too dirty even to give her my hand.

I gasped forth, "Is my box come?"

"Yes," she said.

"Clean things and bath! When I'm a Christian woman again I'll tell you everything. We've had a frightful accident—been nearly killed."

I thought it wise to exaggerate a little; but there was no exaggeration equal to our appearance—judging from that we had both been chewed up by sharks, and resuscitated in a mud-bath.

"Good gracious!" cried my cousin. "And this poor man, I suppose, has saved your life. What a comfort you had a man with you!"

Looking at him gratefully, she handed him over to the cook.

Unlimited supper, and a tub of hot water in back-kitchen.

Those were her orders.

I went upstairs, spoiling the carpets; and feeling myself unequal to the task of dressing, I went from my bath to my bed. The next day I found myself black and blue. When I fell from the high bank I had fancied myself unhurt; but the fact was, the excitement and shock had destroyed pain. I felt it now, and bruised from head to feet, I lay quite helpless for a week.

When I recovered, I faced the entire village, I recounted my adventure at every tea-party, and thereby made a lion of myself for a whole month.

As to the man, he went wading back to his boat at five in the morning, and I never saw him again. Long afterwards I heard that his village was in a commotion at his disappearance that night; and his wife, refusing steadily to believe his meek statement of the fact, bullied him so tremendously that he ran away, and has not been heard of since.

I understand he cursed all womankind before his departure, and declared that I was the cause of all his misfortunes. Such is man!

PASTIMES.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

First find the Christian name of one who built
A city by St. Lawrence rolling tide;
Whose spires and domes the autumn sun reflect;
And the fierce winter binds in ice and snow.
His surname next the final letters give
And the completed couplets form his name.

1. The duellist had best remember me
Or by my coup he'll soon defeated be.
2. In vain resists the stubborn Muscovite
The British heroes storm the blood stained height
3. Beneath the livid fires redly gleam
And boiling lava flows with burning stream.
4. Of foaming ale a measure quickly bring
Refreshing draught for peasant, peer or king.
5. Among my mountains you may safely roam,
In every chiblet you will find a home.
6. Repentant tears her sorrowing face bedewed,
Grief for her murdered son her tears renewed.
7. By marks like this the brave his deeds can show:
His body bears the trace of many a blow.

EUCLID.

TRANSPOSITIONS.

- | | |
|--------------------|---------------------|
| 1. Y E S H A T T M | = A precious stone. |
| 2. E F I I W R D N | = A woman's name. |
| 3. G N R Y O M A A | = A valuable wood. |

J. H., MONTREAL.

PLACES IN NEW BRUNSWICK ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

1. A bag and a collection of houses.
2. A man's name and a weight.
3. Conversation and an article of food.
4. A liquid and a game at cards.

J. H. MONTREAL.

ANAGRAM.

I read to D'Israeli. A talented lady whose fame is world wide.

CEPHAS.

CHARADES.

1. I am composed of 14 letters.
My 9, 10, 5, 12, 2, 6, is part of my whole.
My 5, 7, 3, 4, is to summon.
My 14, 11, 9, 2, is a flower.
My 6, 4, 1, 5, 13, 9, 13, is a painful feeling.
2. Valour may defend my first
Death alone prevents my next
And life itself though aptly called
The fleeting journey of a day,
Or voyage through a stormy sea
Is but my figurative whole.

BERICUS.

PROBLEM.

A tradesman hired a boy for 16 weeks; for this service the boy was to receive \$54 and a coat; at the end of 10 weeks he was dismissed receiving \$30 and the coat. What was the value of the coat?

CEPHAS.

ANSWERS TO GEOGRAPHICAL REBUS, &c.
No. 89.

Geographical Rebus—Marston Moor, King Charles.—Matamoros, Adelaide, Revel, Saugor, Talavera, Omagh, Nerac, Magdeburgh, Obam, Ostuni, Rustchuck.

Enigma.—Face, face of nature, human face.

Decapitations.—Sharp-harp-par. 2. Carat-rat-at. 3. Whale-hale-Leah.

Charades.—1. Book-worm. 2. William Henry Harrison.

Anagram.—The morning lark, the messenger of day,
Saluted in her song the morning gray,
And soon the sun arose with beams so bright
That all th' horizon laugh'd to see the joyous sight.
He with his tepid rays the rose renews
And licks the drooping leaves and dries the dews

Problem.—He worked 52 days and was absent 8 days.

ANSWERS RECEIVED.

- Rebus*—Niagara, H. H. V., Geo. B., Violet.
Enigma—Argus, H. H. V., Niagara.
Decapitations—B. N. C., Argus, Bericus, Whitby, Ellen B., Niagara.
Charades—Bericus, Whitby, B. N. C., Argus, Camp, Violet, Geo. B.
Anagram—John Wilson, Argus, B. N. C., Bericus, Niagara, Geo. B., Ellen B., Violet.
Problem—B. N. C., Argus, H. H. V., Geo. B.