

"Certainly; by what other rule can he be weighed?" said the jailor with a look of surprise.

"I am ignorant enough to suppose that moral and intellectual qualities may be entitled to some consideration."

"You are ignorant if you can believe such folly. Why, sir, mind will soon kick the beam in the scale with money," replied the man of keys, looking complacently at those instruments of power.

Christie Kane felt the force of his remark, and it lessened the value of human nature several degrees in his estimation.

"Do you hear me?" demanded the keeper savagely.

"I do."

"Well, you will see the truth on't, afore you leave these walls. For the mind you boast of will rust, and your limbs will rot, here, here, unless you are liberated by money."

"At all events, as a slight compensation for the loss of liberty, you ought to bring me food more inviting than these crusts," said Christie, good humoredly.

"The crusts to-morrow shall be like rocks, and the water green, dark green, if I can find it," replied the earthly Peter, shaking his keys.

"You do not approve a free expression of opinion, my worthy friend?"

"Look ye, my precious cove, Herricky Hellkirk calls no man friend who can't pay his debts, and for your impertinence in calling me such, I shall shorten your allowance of food, and I'll begin by taking this away."

"You will only incur the risk of removal, Mr. Hellkirk, for I shall proclaim your villainy."

"Ha! ha! ha! Ho! ho! ho! That's too good, by God! it is. Who will believe you when I pronounce it a lie, a damned wilful and malicious lie! Look-a-head!" he added fiercely; "Who will be the wiser if I do not visit you for a week, after I have knocked you down with these bunch of keys and gagged you?"

"Monster!"

"It would not be the first time I've done it, and if you dare to look at me thus, may I be eternally damned if it shall be the last," he said in a low savage tone.

Christie Kane folded his arms and gazed at the other with an overwhelming expression of contempt upon his features. The jailor sprang upon him with the fury of a demon. The attack was unexpected, and Kane was hurled to the ground by the hurculean strength of the jailor. His head came violently in contact with the stone floor, and he lay there motionless. The faint moans that escaped him did not penetrate to the outer air, and he was gagged and bound. The face of the jailor gleamed with the fierceness of a tiger as he twisted the rope which he had brought with him, between the teeth of his victim.

"Now, vagabond, let us see how long you will preserve your haughty bearing. The poor to threaten! Bah! Lord Melville will pay well for this." And kicking the unconscious body with his heavy boot, he withdrew from the cell and locked the door.

Christie Kane remained a long time upon the damp floor, and when at last awakened to a con-

sciousness of his situation, the cold sweat stood upon his forehead, for the terrible conviction flashed upon his mind that he was buried alive.

With great difficulty he arose from the floor. His head swam round, and he staggered against the wall. At last he managed to roll into his berth, where he lay overcome by the most painful reflections. The rope was drawn so tightly across his mouth that it gave him excessive pain and the cord which confined his arms behind him cut into his flesh and stopped the circulation of his blood. The designs of the jailor were apparent. He was to be thus confined until so exhausted, by hunger and suffering, that his cries could not be heard, when the cords would be removed, and his death attributed to general debility, brought on by unwholesome air, want of exercise, and the fretting of a proud spirit at confinement. There would, in the careless inquisition held upon his body, be no clue to murder most foul.

LARD.—I wonder the land-louper doesna fear that the earth will open and swallow him up alive, for telling sic black and blustering lees! Nae admirer am I o' the practice o' cnging a man like a wild beast, because he canna settle on the nail wi' his landleddy or washer-woman; but to say that ony debtor could be treated in sic a manner in the auld country, is clean running awa wi' the harrows. Od he might as weel hae represented Queen Victoria as skelping Prince Albert on the lug wi' her slipper, every time that he didna run and dry nurse the royal bairns when they were greetin' for their parritch.

MAJOR.—I will give you another quotation. Robert Kane, deserter from the British Royal Navy is a passenger on board of the *Mountain Maid*, bound from Canada for Dollarddom:—

It was a lovely morning; not a cloud could be seen along the vast expanse of azure: not a breath of air ruffled the glossy bosom of the beautiful lake; for a beautiful lake it is, the enchanting Memphremagog! Poets have written of Loch Lomond and of Como, but no lovelier expanse of water can be seen on the surface of this earth than the romantic and beautiful Memphremagog.

The Mountain Maid stopped a few moments at the base of the "Owls head," whose frowning summit is now often visited by the tourist. As the boat was passing an Island in the middle of the lake, Ezekiel Belknap said,

"Now, Mr. Kane, dew yeou see any particular difference between the tew ends of that are island?"

"No; except some inequalities."

"One looks as fair as t'other, don't it?"

"Precisely."

"Wall, one end is in her majesty's province and t'other is in the state of Vermont."

Kane was speechless.

"Yes, yeow are in Canada neow. Neow yeow