## THE GENTLEMAN FROM NEWFOUNDLAND. 331

the fattest of all bucks. The light of his nut-brown pipe, a costly article, flashing faintly on his well-marked face, reminded me of the red blaze of camp-fires in the woods, on the banks of mountain brooks, and the shores of solitary lakes. From one of a nature so companionable you part, on the road, after no longer than a day's acquaintance, with genuine regret. He was a character for the novelist, with a head and countenance both for painter and sculptor.

ince Edward's to the States, est, thoughtful me experience to, nothing to concerning the tive isle. The the world to bassionate lover ity and gentry. the end of his sman in British re genial comily light upon. tion it. It was I was sorry to noon, in woodeparted in great ax in time for catch. With ve. Hinc illæ d the crack of the ocean. He and the finest the brushwood