

But I was bound not to disabuse him, and so returned to my paper.

"Hi say, that would be a very nice bit hover there, if hit honly 'ad a castle on it," he said, pointing across the river.

Not wishing to disturb him, I merely nodded.

"Hi say, the trains do not run so fast as they do at 'come, you know," he said, again tapping me on the shoulder.

"In Germany?" I asked, wheeling around and facing him.

"Germany! Bless you, no, *Hingland!*" he said, flushing up with indignation.

"Why, my dear sir, I certainly thought you was a German," said I, looking at him honestly.

"Do hi look an' speak like a blarsted Dutchman? No, sir! hi ham han Hinglishman."

"Indeed. But you must have spent many years in Germany?"

"Never was hin the blarsted country hin my life."

"Oh," and I subsided, hoping he would do the same.

"Be you han Hamarican?" he asked, at length.

"No, sir, I am a New Englander."

"Oh, you be, hey? Wall, 'an do you like this here blarsted country anyway?"

"Oh, can't bear it! Nothing like Old or New England."

"Been here long?"

"Only a few years. But, for fear I may disturb you and take your attention from the delightful scenery, I will give you the leading facts relating to myself all in a lump," said I, facing him again.

He appeared delighted.

"My name is Kennebunk Bricktop. I was born in the State of Maine; am forty years of age; somewhat bald; teeth and eyesight good; am an editor by profession; wear No. 10 shoes; don't pad; am sound in wind, limb and theology; am not a millionaire;