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THE DEAD.

The dead alone are great!
While heavenly plants abide on earth,
The soil is one of dewless dearth;
But when they die, a morning shower
Comes down and makes their memories flower
With odors sweet, though late.

The dead alone are fair!
While they are with us, strange lines play
Before our eyes, and chase away
God's light; but let them pale and die,
And swell the stores of memory—
There is no envy there.

The dead alone are dear!
While they are here, long shadows fall
From our own forms, and darken all
But when they leave us, all the shade
Is round our own sad footsteps made
And they are bright and clear.

The dead alone are blest!
While they are here, clouds mar the day,
And bitter snow-falls nip their May;
But when the temperate time is done,
The light and heat of Heaven's own sun
Broods on their lands of rest.

PIN MONEY.

AN ACT FROM THE COMEDY OF LIFE.
BY J. D. F. BROOKS.

In this world the fondest and best
Are the most tried, most troubled and distressed.

"I declare, 'tis provoking—I'm in a perfect rage—I'll pay them in their own coin—cool as an ice in dog-days—I shall remember them—the haughty minxes and brainless fops!" Arabella Bantem petulantly exclaimed, entering the room where her mother and sister sat at work. She had just returned from her usual afternoon promenade upon Washington street, where, to judge by her manner, she had been terribly crossed.

Flinging her bonnet and shawl carelessly upon an ottoman, she threw herself upon a sofa and she gave still further vent to her anger.

"What is the matter, dear?" inquired her mother, looking up from her work: "what has excited you?"

"Matter! matter enough. It's all owing to pa. He is either so stingy, or lazy, or gets cheated, that he never has any money. Because he refused me a reasonable allowance I was unable to procure what dresses I wished, and when I went out this afternoon, I found that all my acquaintances had dashed out in their Spring fashions, while I made a poor show! What was the consequence? Several of my most intimate friends did not notice me, and those young fops who are always so attentive to me when invited to our soirees, they bent their heads down to those pert misses at their sides, or nodded to some one on the other side of the street; several—I shall not forget them—gazed me full in the face, without the least show of recognition; oh, it is enough to make me wish I was a man!"

Here her feelings were so wrought up that she actually burst into tears.

"Arabella, dear," said her mother, soothingly, "calm your excited feelings. I am confident you will be able to eclipse them one of these days."

"I presume so, during the millennium," she said, bitterly.

The above conversation took place in the sitting-room of a pretentious dwelling-house situated in a quiet, respectable street at the western part of the city, owned and occupied by Henry Bantem, Esq., a "grocer in a small way," as Dickens would have it. The Esq. was attached to his name by several customers to whom he allowed unlimited credit. He was a man that reminded one of the fable of the frog and bull; making as lofty pretensions as his more aristocratic neighbors. Once listening to the voice of the tempter he invested the greater part of his available property in certain railroad shares, when they were far below par value. It was a bad speculation for him so far, for like the mercury in a barometer before a gale, it gradually fell lower and lower till it was almost worthless.

While Arabella was saturating her handkerchief with tears, Mr. Bantem, flushed and excited, rushed unceremoniously into the house, to the consternation of his family.

"What has happened?" exclaimed his wife, in alarm, starting from her seat.

"Stocks up—I've made fifty thousand dollars!" was his breathless answer.

Arabella instantly dried her tears. So overjoyed was he with his good luck, that he hung his arms around his "dear sponser's" neck, and imprinted a kiss upon her lips; an act which he had not been guilty of for many a long year. Mrs. Bantem was dismayed, and began to fear he was laboring under hallucination of mind.

"Mr. B., she exclaimed, "I am surprised! How very ungentle you are; what a bad example you set for your daughters!"

A slight blush and a faint smile passed over Arabella's features at this remark. She had a bean, and perhaps he was in the habit of "lapping lasses," as the editor of the *Bunkum Flagstaff* has it.

Mrs. Bantem was in ecstasies with her husband's good fortune; a vision of a coach of their own passed before her eyes.

"Papa, we came to Newport this summer," chimed in Arabella. That morning she addressed him as pa, but fifty thousand made him papà.

The youngest daughter had her own plea and thoughts, but they were far different from either mother's or sister's. But more of her anon.

There was immediately a great revolution in that house. The drawing-room furniture was removed to the sitting-room, the sitting-room furniture went to the basement, the basement went to the kitchen, and the kitchen servants were added to the revenue of one—a coach was bought—the "grocery in a small way," was closed, and H. Bantem, Esq. could be seen daily on "Change."

Arabella and Alice, the two daughters, had each a beau, or "cavalier," as Miss Arabella expressed it. Her cavalier was Augustus Hyacinth Potts, a knight of the yard stick, and quite a dashing young gent, enjoying a salary of three hundred a year. Alice's beau was an enterprising, generous-hearted, industrious mechanic.

As Alice is our heroine, it would not come amiss to introduce her to our readers. She was not beautiful, as most heroines are, and had but few of those charms which captivate drawing-room critics, but she was woman in her gentleness—loving and true-hearted, three of the greatest virtues a woman can be endowed with.

Mr. Bantem did not look with a favorable eye upon the suit of his youngest daughter's admirer, because in the littleness of his soul, he thought that Harry Edwards, who earned his livelihood by mechanical employment, was not an eligible match for Alice. He wished to keep her for some one who moved in a higher circle of society.

Consequently he refused Harry the hand of his daughter for the present, as he said. He did not wish to give him a flat denial, thinking that in case there should no such opportunity present itself, he should rather have her married to Harry than remain single. As they were two loving hearts, difficulties of this nature could not separate them.

That evening Alice could not wait for the tedious moments that brought round the time for Harry to call upon her as was his wont, but putting on her bonnet and shawl, tripped out with a light heart to meet him. She fondly imagined that the barrier to the consummation of their complete happiness would now be removed. Her father had now become wealthy, and he could have no objection to their union now, for he could remove it by giving her a dowry. Poor girl! she was sadly disappointed on that score.

"Oh, Harry, I am so happy! I have got such good news," she joyfully exclaimed, the moment they met.

"Have you, dearest? I must participate in your happiness," said he, taking her hand and gazing fondly into her eyes. "Suppose we leave the noisy street and seek a more tranquil walk?"

They bent their steps towards the Common and wandered slowly along the hard beaten walls, seeking those less frequented. The evening was beautiful and serene. A warm, summer night-breeze was fanning gently through the noble elms through whose vault of quivering leaves the moonbeam's mysterious light was glancing. A quietness reigned around, only broken by the soothing dash of the fountain, a confused murmur of voices, and the tramp of footsteps.

The lovers heeded not these sounds, but sauntered slowly along the paths where the leafy branches overhead were thickest. Alice hung upon Harry's arm, who drank in her sweet, musical voice as she pictured vividly to him the happiness in store for themselves.

"I am confident father will be liberal to us, now he has become wealthy," said she. "The only reason he objected to our union before must have been his inability to help us, and his not wishing us to struggle against poverty, which certainly would have been the case."

Harry listened, but made no answer. He readily excused her for her wish to soften the asperity and selfishness of her father's disposition. He inwardly resolved, if it was in his power, that her bright visions of the future should not be dispelled. He had a bold heart and a strong hand, with a determination to overcome any difficulty that rose before his path.

When they parted that evening, all the pre-

liminary arrangements for their marriage had been discussed and settled in their minds.—Even they had gone so far as to appoint the day when the happy event was to take place. "The assurance of lovers," says a writer, "they always imagine that when they have avowed their love to each other, the whole business is completed. Parents are nonentities, settlements are figments. Whoever thinks of the one or the other?" It was precisely so in their case.

One morning, as the two daughters were in their mother's dressing-room, she remarked what a fashionable young gentleman was Frederick Pompadour, "and besides, he is heir to a great estate, so it is reported. He appeared," she continued, glancing at Arabella, "to be very much taken up with you, the other evening."

A smile was the only reply, but the hint was taken. "Au revoir, Monsieur Potts," thought Arabella.

Mr. Potts was jilted! Poor Potts! "What vulgar people those dirty mechanics are!" said Mrs. Bantem, with a contemptuous toss of her head. "They ought not to be admitted within the pale of society."

That broadside was for poor Alice. The big tears glistened in her eyes. "They are nature's noblemen," she said, quietly leaving the room. There was sorrow in store for her, for her constancy to her lover.

That evening she was sitting alone in her chamber, gazing at the fleecy clouds floating across the star-bespinked heavens. Her thoughts must have been sad ones, for the pearly tear drops were trembling upon her lashes. A few days ago she had peeped the future with shadows of joy, and now a dark cloud hung threateningly over her head.

While thus communing with her thoughts, she was startled by the entrance of her father. Her heart throbbed violently, for she suspected his errand; nor was she mistaken, for he stated the cause of his visit before he was barely seated.

"Alice, are you engaged to Harry Edwards?" he inquired.

"Father, I am," was the firm reply.

"It is my desire you break off the engagement. I have found a young gentleman who is not a vulgar mechanic."

"Father, it is impossible; I can love no one but Harry." She buried her face in her handkerchief and sobbed as if her heart would break.

"Alice," said the hard-hearted father, after a moment's pause, "you have your choice, either discard your lover or leave my house."

Sob, sob, was the only reply. He waited a few moments and then impatiently inquired if she had made up her mind.

"Father, I have," she answered with a desperate effort, "my love for Harry is too strong. I will leave your house."

"Very well; you can no longer consider my house as your home," said he, through his set teeth, as he rose and left the room.

"Father, father! hear me!" she implored, rushing forward and seizing his arm. "Father! dear father, forgive me!" she cried, endeavoring to fling her arms around his neck.

He shook her off and abruptly closed the door in her face.

With one sob, deep from her heart, she sank upon a seat and gave way to her grief. For a full hour the tears of grief welled up from her heart's fount. Every joy, hope and bright dream of happiness had fled—ruinely broken by the stern spirit of her unloving, mercenary father. The paroxysm of grief passed away—she arose and approached the window—the moon was obscured behind a murky cloud, but the edges were bright.

"Ah," thought she, "that cloud and my life—how appropriate—but remember, every cloud hath a silver lining, every sorrow hath a joy to soften it—Harry's love for me is the silver lining!"

That thought cheered her drooping spirits. She endeavored to see her parents that evening, but they refused an interview with her. That stroke of unkindness carried despair to her gentle heart. She sought her chamber, and with eyes full of tears and a heart full of sorrow, laid her head upon the pillow and sobbed away the midnight hours.

Exhausted with weeping she at last fell asleep and dreamed, not dark and terrible ones, as would be imagined, but bright and happy ones—a good omen. Bright rays of sunlight were yet to gild her pathway through life.

In the morning, after a vain attempt to obtain a reconciliation with her parents, she sought a maiden aunt and confessed her grief to her. She pitied Alice, and though nowise favored by fortune, she gladly gave her a home.

Alice met Harry and informed him of the event that had transpired.

"Noble hearted girl!" was his exclamation.

She communicated her intentions to him of earning her own livelihood as seamstress.

"Dear Alice, you shall not harbor such a thought," said he. "Your toil for your daily bread? No; we will be married at once—I have laid by a small sum, it is true, but enough to meet our frugal expenses, and as for the future, it looks bright."

"No, no! it cannot be at present," she re-

plied, "I must work as well as you."
"But why, dearest?"
"We have not the means—we are not rich enough to be married. To support me you would be obliged to toil from morning till night."

"Nonsense, Alice, we have sufficient to commence with, and as for the toil, it would be a pleasure."
Harry at last over-ruled her objections, and a few days after the ties of home had been sundered, she was bound in stronger ties—united in marriage to Harry Edwards.

The months flew away and winter came.—One evening, shortly before Harry had ended his daily toil, his employer sent a message stating he wished to have an interview with him in the counting room. Harry obeyed the summons. Mr. Goodman, his employer, was sitting in an easy-chair before a cheerful fire, perusing the evening paper when he entered.

"Ah, good evening, good evening, Mr. Edwards," said the old gentleman, shaking Harry cordially by the hand. "He was one of those jolly, good souled men, who are the salt and savor of the earth."

"Well, Harry, I understand you are married very good. I heard how that event took place very good—two noble souls. You have won a prize. Your wages cannot support you decently, and I cannot increase them; but I'll tell you what I'll do—listen: My business has increased of late to such an extent, that I find I shall be obliged to have a partner. You, I know to be an enterprising, intelligent young man, and I think understand the business; well, what I now propose is to give you a share in the concern—take you in as a partner. No thanks—not a word—good night."

Harry understood his eccentricities and bade him good night with a heart overflowing with gratitude. It was an unexpected and joyful event. Harry immediately entered upon his duties and gave satisfaction to Mr. Goodman. The business was profitable. He was prudent and economical, and Alice was of a similar disposition. Their wealth increased. A distant relative of Alice bequeathed her a handsome fortune; forgetting the unnatural treatment of her parents towards her, she generously bestowed half upon them and likewise a dowry upon Arabella, whose "cavalier" had "gone to the wars" one fine summer's day, when he found that Mr. Bantem had dipped into several bad speculations so deeply that he only extricated himself by sacrificing his entire property.

Time rolled away. Harry's benefactor paid the debt of nature; and the whole of the business came into his hands. He prospered, and was a wealthy man ere he had arrived at the prime of life. At length "hard times" came; one loss succeeded another. A note became due, one of a large amount; the most he could raise fell short of a thousand dollars of the required sum. He returned home gloomy and dejected, for ruin stared him in the face; but he would not break the news to Alice.

She was in her boudoir when he returned home, but he determined to appear before her as was his wont, but when he thought of her being obliged to descend once more to poverty, his heart failed him, and he lingered before the door with feelings bordering upon distraction. For a moment the awful thought of self-destruction flashed through his mind, but quickly he banished the horrid thought. At that moment his good angel whispered in his ear the favorite expression of Alice when danger and difficulties were around her—"A dark cloud has a silver lining." It nerved him, and he gently opened the door.

Alice sat in a luxuriantly cushioned arm chair, deeply intent with the pages of a book. The crimson and golden sunlight shining through the parted rifts of black clouds hanging in the west streamed into that luxurious boudoir through the rich and heavy drapery, looped gracefully to either side of the window. Falling upon a carpet so thick and soft that the lightest footstep would sink deep among the figures of the richly tinted tropic flowers so curiously woven into the wool, it crept gradually up, and even brushed the tip of her foot. She noticed that ray of sunlight, and raising her eyes saw that black and threatening cloud looming up in the west. "How black—that a gloomy pall over the golden west," she unconsciously said aloud.

No music fell sweeter upon Harry's ears than did that simple exclamation. He was instantly by her side and pressed her lovingly to his bosom. There was still a cloud resting upon his brow that the caress of his wife did not dispel. She noticed it, and anxiously inquired the cause.

"If you have any sorrow, let me share it with you," said she.

After considerable reluctance, he informed her of his embarrassments.

"What sum do you wish to raise?" she inquired.

"A thousand dollars," was the answer.

"That all?" she said, smiling, as she rose and left the room. She returned in a moment, and placing a roll in his hands, hung her arms around his neck. With a trembling hand he unrolled the package, and to his unbounded joy, found the bills to the amount of a thousand dollars.

"Alice, you are an angel!" and she was locked in his arms. "Alice, what fairy sent you this money?" he asked, pressing her closer to his bosom.

She smiled, and merely answered "Pin money."

The truth was this; Harry allowed her a certain sum weekly for daily expenses, shopping, &c. She had not spent any unnecessarily, laying by the surplus for a "rainy day," as she termed it.

The note was duly honored, and after that prospect brightened, and he prospered as before.

Make a Character for Yourself.

It is related of Girard, that when a young tradesman, having bought and paid for a bag of coffee, proceeded to wheel it home himself, the shrewd old merchant immediately offered to trust his new customer to as many more bags as the latter might desire. The trait of character revealed by the young man in being his own porter, had given the millionaire confidence in him at once. His reputation was made with Girard. He became a favorite dealer with the enterprising merchant, thrived rapidly, and in the end amassed a fortune.

No mere capital will do so much for young men as character. Nor will always even capital and connexion combined. In our own experience, we have known many beginners who have utterly failed, though backed by ample means, and assisted by the influence of a large circle of friends. In some cases, indeed, considerable experience, as well as industry and perseverance, have been added to these advantages, yet without securing success. We have known such persons, after a failure in their first pursuit, to try a second, and even a third, yet with no better result, although still assisted by capital, by friends, and even by their own activity. The secret was that they had missed, somehow, making a character for themselves.

On the other hand, it is a common occurrence to see young men begin without a cent, yet rapidly rise to fortune. They achieve this triumph by establishing, at the outset, a reputation for being competent business men. Few are so fortunate as to do this by a single characteristic act, like the purchaser who won Girard's good will by wheeling home the bag; for, generally, neither veteran merchants are as shrewd as the famous millionaire, nor young dealers as energetic as his customer. But a consistent life of sagacity, economy and industry, invariably establishes the right kind of reputation in the end. Confidence grows up in influential quarters, towards the young beginner. Old merchants shake their heads approvingly, and say, "he is of the right stuff and will get along." Credit comes, as it were, unsought. Connexion follows. The reputation of the new aspirant widens and deepens; his transactions begin to be quoted as authority; trade flows in on him from every quarter; and, in a few years, he retires with a competence, or remains to become a millionaire.—All this is the result of establishing, at the outset, a character of the right sort.

A Good Hit for a Youth.

An old chap in Connecticut who was one of the most niggardly men known in that part of the country, carried on the blacksmithing business very extensively, and as is generally the case in that State, boarded all his own hands. And to show how he envied the men what they ate he would have a bowl of bean soup dished up for himself to cool while that of the hands was set before them boiling hot. One of the boys was rather unlucky among the hot irons frequently burning his fingers. The old man scolded him very severely one day for being so careless.

"How can I tell," said the boy, "if they are hot unless they are red?"

"Never touch anything again until you spit on it and if it dont hiss it won't burn."

In a day or two the old man sent the boy to see if his soup was cool. The boy went in—spit in the bowl; of course the soup did not hiss. He went back and told the boys all was right.

"Dinner!" cried he.

All hands ran down sat the man at the head of the table, and in went a large spoonful of the boiling soup to his mouth.

"Good Heavens!" cried the old man, in a rage, "what did you tell me that lie for, you young rascal?"

"I did not lie, sir," said the boy, "You told me I should spit on everything to try if it was hot; I spit in your bowl, and the soup did not hiss, so I supposed it was cool."

Judge of the effects on the journeyman.—That boy was never in want of a friend among the journeyman.

Mr. Clapp's Soliloquy.

Another girl!—What can Mrs. Clapp be thinking of? It's perfectly ridiculous! There's four of them now, and that's four more than is necessary. I don't believe in girls,—lovers and laces, ringleaders and romances, jewelry and jump-ropes, silk and satins. What's to be done? There's a whole chest full of my old coats I've been saving to make my boys jackets. I wish Mrs. Clapp would think as I do. Another girl! Who's to keep the name in the family, I'd like to know? I shall be extinct! And now she wants me to put up a note in the church for "blessings received!" Mrs. Clapp has a very obstinate streak in her disposition in this respect. It's wasting powder to reason with her. It seems to go into one ear and out at the other. If she gets going on one particular track, you must just fold your arms and let her take her time to get off it. She knows I prefer boys,—that woman does,—just as well as she knows her name is Hetty. Well, there's a limit to human patience. It's no use for a man to pretend to be master of his own house when he isn't.—*Fanny Fern.*

A DUTCHMAN'S DESCRIPTION OF A RAINY NIGHT.

NIGHT.—"Well, last Friday night vash the worst ash never vash. I tought to go down the hill to mine house, but no sooner I did vash de faster I stand still, for de tarkness vash so tick dat I could not stir, if de poosts—and de rain, dunder and blixen, in more dan tree minutes mine skin vas yet troot to mine clo's. But after von vile it stopt quitta! to ran someting, so I kept feeling of mine self all de vash long, and ven I comes to mine own house to vash in, vat you tink?—mine Got! it pelong to somebody else!"

The Shadow of Life.

All that live must die.
Passing through Nature to Eternity.

Men seldom think of the great event of death until the dark shadow falls across their own path, hiding forever from their eyes the face of the loved one whose living smile was the sun-light of their existence. Death is the great antagonism of Life; and the cold thought of the tomb is the skeleton in all our feasts. We do not want to go through the dark valley, although its passage may lead to paradise; and, with Charles Lamb, we do not wish to lie down in the mouldy grave even with kings and princes for our bedfellows. But the fiat of Nature is inexorable. There is no appeal or reprieve from the great Law that dooms us all to dust. We flourish and fade like the leaves of the forest, and the frailest flower, that blooms and withers in a day has not a frailer hold on life than the mightiest monarch that has ever shook the earth by his footsteps. Generations of men appear and vanish like the grass; and the countless multitudes that swarm the world to-day will to-morrow disappear like foot-prints on the shore:

Soon as the rising tide shall beat,
Each trace will vanish from the sand."
In the beautiful drama of Ion, the instinct of immortality so eloquently uttered by the death-devoted Greek finds a deep response in every thoughtful soul. It is Nature's prophecy of the life to come. When about to yield his young existence as a sacrifice to Fate, his betrothed *Clemantie* asks if they shall not meet again. To which he replies: "I have asked that dreadful question of the hills that look eternal; of the flowing streams that lucid flow forever; of the stars amid whose fields of azure my raised spirit has walked in glory. All, all were dumb. But while I gazed upon thy living face I feel there's something in the love which mantles through its beauty that cannot wholly perish. WE SHALL MEET AGAIN CLEMANTIE!"—*N. Y. Mirror.*

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