

# Raftsmen's Journal.

COME AND TAKE ME.—DUVIER.

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## Poetry.

### DON'T KNOW.

The Know Nothings appear to have sprung up in the far-off regions of Nebraska, as the following lines, from the *Omaha Argus*, would seem to indicate:

Who is it moves with silent pace,  
What he has learned—where he has been,  
And keeps his thoughts from other men?  
"I don't know—do you?"

Whose heart shines forth from kindled eyes  
And listens to oppression's cries,  
And when in danger never flinches?  
"I don't know—do you?"

Who does not show, by tongue or pen,  
What he has learned—where he has been,  
And keeps his thoughts from other men?  
"I don't know—do you?"

Who, when he sees his country ruled  
By men in foreign climes selected,  
Thinks as a freeman he is fooled?  
"I don't know—do you?"

Who, when he sees that popish power  
Is gaining foothold every hour,  
Feels that a storm is brewing?  
"I don't know—do you?"

Who feels that men born in this land,  
And against oppression dared to stand,  
Are just as good as pauper brand?  
"I don't know—do you?"

### MONODY ON A DEFUNCT BANK.

Not a sound was heard, save the cashiers' wail,  
As the last doubtless was counted;  
Not a clerk discharged his teller's bill,  
When he from his desk dismounted.  
The receiving teller received no more,  
And the payor refused to pay;  
The attorney he turned away to the door,  
And the rummer he ran away.  
And short were the oaths of the President,  
As he fumbled mid the dress,  
And filling his pouch, as he always meant,  
He changed it to grief and loss.  
Not a single quail disturbed his breast  
On account of the slight default;  
He swept the board of all what was left,  
And locked up the empty vault.

'Tis said at night a parting wail  
Reached from wall to wall,  
And a troubled ghost of aspect pale,  
Might be seen in the banking hall;  
At times it will perch on the marble dome,  
Or hide in the discount closet,  
And often exclaim, in a sad tone,  
"Alas, for my deposit!"

### RIDDLE.

From pearls her lofty bridge she weaves,  
A gray sea arching proudly over,  
A moment's toll the work achieves,  
And on the height behold her tower!

Repeats that rich securely,  
The tallest lark that flies the sea,  
No heron's ear the bridge may know,  
And as thou seek'st to near—it flies!

First with the flood it came, to fade,  
As rolled the waters from the land;  
Say where that wondrous arch is made,  
And whose the Arch's mighty hand!

## Original Moral Tale.

[WRITTEN FOR THE JOURNAL.]  
THE  
**HARRY FAMILY.**  
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### CHAPTER XIII.

The storm of persecution raged with increased violence. The wrath of the Emperor knew no bounds. Nothing short of the annihilation of the "cursed sect," throughout the empire, seemed to be his aim.

Detachments of soldiers, of the most ferocious and depraved characters, had been sent into the neighboring towns and villages, to bring bound to Rome all whom they found of the new faith, men, women, and children.

Letters, moreover, had been despatched to all his provinces, high and remote, authorizing the governors thereof, to arrest and put to death all of that name. Agents, also, of the Emperor's own choosing, had been sent to stir up the minds of the people against them, by their slanderous reports and their inflammatory harangues.

There was a hand of providence, however, at work—stretched out in the midst of this scene of suffering and commotion. There was a wonderful working in the hearts of such as the Lord would have to be saved—such as he purposed sending through the fires of martyrdom to their robes and crowns. There was indeed a rapid existing and marshalling of his blood-bought children, to make the mightiest displays of patient suffering and unyielding valor the world had ever witnessed; while, on the other hand, the enemy, abandoned to a blindness, cruel, infatuated, horrid, was concentrating its forces in every place.

Hence, the multitudes already put to death in Rome had not, in the least, diminished their numbers, nor daunted the zeal of the survivors. On the contrary, their numbers were multiplying with untold rapidity; and in the catacombs—in the chamber of Pytheus, everywhere, night and day, thousands were flocking around the new-erected standard of the cross.

This was exceedingly annoying to the Emperor, and he had stamped and stormed in his Palace, and raged and foamed in the Forum. His soldiers and slaves trembled in his presence, and never did poor creatures toil with more untiring zeal to satiate a tyrant's thirst

for blood. Night and day, often without food or sleep, did they scour the streets, rudely enter houses, and watch with eagle-eye the least suspected.

In the face, however, of all this—they discoursed as follows.

"Well, father, I think I can give up all,—I think I can—I'll try."

"We can do all things, through Christ strengthening us, my daughter,—pray to him."

"I did, father, as well as I know how; and, O! I do think he heard me, for a strange joy seemed all at once to fill my soul, and I've not felt so sad since. Is this the way he hears us, father?"

"He mostly hears us in the thing we ask for, and sometimes grants our request at the time of our asking, if it be agreeable to his will."

"Then he surely *did* hear me, and grant my request, too. I asked him to ease my heart of my sins, and I don't feel them any more, like I did."

"God be praised, my daughter, that it is so."

"O! what a kind, good Saviour he is! I know I've been a wild, foolish, frolicsome creature, fond of dress and pleasure; but I think I can give up all now for his sake. I think so—I'll try."

"Our faith don't require us to make even the smallest sacrifice for nothing, my daughter.—Heaven will repay with pleasures infinitely more exquisite and satisfying, and even one sight of its glories will more than compensate for all our trials and sufferings."

"I know you've often told me so,—I try to believe it—I do believe it now, father, I think."

"The Lord help you, my daughter."

"What a strange world, father, that must be! I've been trying all day to picture out its beauties, and yet I can't see what makes it so happy and delightful."

"It's because there's no sin there—no curse."

"And is it sin that makes this world so unhappy to us, father?"

"Yes; my daughter, this world was once a Paradise—every thing was lovely and man was as the angels, till he sinned. Then the fair and beautiful face of nature became changed, and man became miserable, just as you see."

"As the Angels! who are they?"

"A sinless race. They dwell in Heaven, and they are sometimes sent to minister to us in our wants and sufferings."

Here there was that peculiar, steady gaze into the father's face,—that thinking, motionless stare, such as often follows the hearing of something new and wonderful.

"And do you really think, father, Father's in that strange world now,—in Heaven?"

"Yes, my daughter, I think so—I *have* so!"

"O, how happy! How much better than if she were still in this wicked place!"

"Yes, my daughter, nothing could induce her to return again to earth, to remain upon it—not even her agonizing love for little Vore."

"But it seems so strange that the body may be all burnt to ashes, and yet the soul escape and live in another world—live forever, too! Don't it seem so to yourself, father?"

"It did, my daughter, at one time,—it does so even now. But with God all things are possible."

"My poor, dear sister, then, surely lives—in Heaven—you don't doubt it, father?"

"No more than I do my own present existence. I saw her last night in a vision, on my bed. She stood at my side, and smiled, and looked so happy, and told me not to weep more. She then leaned over and took little Vore up in her arms, and kissed him, and pressed him fondly to her bosom, and then, returning him again to your mother's arms, kissed us all, and vanished away."

Again, there was the same staring, inquiring gaze in the father's face.

"In a vision!—you mean you dreamt it, father?"

"I suppose so, my daughter,—so, at least, people would say."

"We can't come back from the strange, happy world, even if we would—can we, father?"

"There are many mysterious things in the details of our faith—not fully revealed to us in our present state, because not necessary to be known. I am not therefore, prepared to speak positively."

"O, I'd like to think it, at any rate, father.—It wouldn't make the dear Saviour love me less, would it?"

"No, my daughter, it's a harmless thought—not to say that there are many good reasons for believing it."

"Then I'll believe it—it's so delightful!"

"You may, my daughter. I can hardly doubt it, since the sight I had last night, and the comfort it has imparted to my soul. Why may not my child be appointed the guardian spirit of her child, and may not heaven, in mercy, grant them such angel visits?"

"I know Fiducia was so good, so gentle and kind to us all, and loved little Vore so dearly,—it would be no more than right in her case, at least, father. But, how strange these things are!"

"Yes; my daughter, they are indeed new and strange to us Romans—but they are blessed, glorious things; and, blessed be God! that our ears have heard them."

This conversation took place between Valens and Vertitia, in an arbor of vines, in the

still quiet of his grounds, just as the sun was sinking behind the far-distant hills, and flinging its profusion of golden rays up upon the partly clouded skies.

It was, indeed, a delightful evening—such as Italy alone can boast. The few straggling clouds, seemed as if rising out of an ocean of gold, and as they ascended up along the deep blue skies, shook off thousands of bright, yellow flakes, which either followed after, or melted away into the expanse beyond. Then, afar to the East, the horizon was bounded by a dark, circling line of hills, which foretold the advance of the night, while the soft, mellow light of the departing day still lingered over the intervening vales and around the hills, tops, as if loath to depart. Then away in the distance, too, were the yellow waters of the Tiber, moving imperceptibly along in the old, broad, easy channel, lined on either side with beautiful residences, and vineyards, and groves of stately palms.

Directly around them was a charming freshness, soothing, and invigorating. The day had been excessively hot. The leaves and flowers had been crisped and withered. But on the withdrawal of the warm, scorching rays of the sun, they had gradually unfolded and expanded into their wonted proportions; and even now their was a gentle moisture upon them, which, extracting their odoriferous qualities, perfumed the air. Then the soft breezes came stealing along, and the leaves of the vine, and the orange, and the lemon, as also the flowers, with their maiden blushes, greeted them with their undulations and gentle courtesies. And then the more distant objects were becoming less distinct in their outlines, soon to be lost altogether, in the shading which the masterly hand of nature was dashing off around them.

It was, in truth, one of those rare evenings, about which there is an indelible charm, and which lulls the soul into a strange, dreamy sort of inspiration; and when, either rising into the loftier regions of thought, it pictures out golden visions, or, pleased with itself, it would gladly linger yet longer on earth, however faintly and stern in its realities.

On such an evening it was, that Valens and his daughter, seated in the little arbor, discoursed as we have related; and that, their joys and sympathies, mingling together, flowed out in untold gratitude to the dear, blessed Saviour.

Valens had hastily risen to his feet. It had suddenly occurred to him that he had some arrangements to make for that night's meeting in the Catacombs.

Vertitia, however, after a moment, during which she had been looking thoughtfully at the ground, grasped him by the hand, and seemed unwilling that he should go.

"One thing yet burdens my heart, father," said she, with a marked hesitancy, and a choking, trembling voice.

"If it's in my power, I shall most gladly relieve you. I wish my daughter to do right, but *knowingly*—with a clear conscience," said Valens, quickly re-seating himself at her side.

"My daughter will not conceal her feelings—keep back no desire of her heart," he continued, as Vertitia hung her head at his side, and seemed struggling with her emotions.

"Well," at length, said she, "must I hate what I formerly loved—do love still, before I can be a Christian?"

"Every thing sinful or unholy must be hated by all who take upon them the vows of our faith," said Valens.

"Do you mean sinful or unholy persons, father?" inquired Vertitia, with anxiety.

"No, my child—things, words, works, actions, thoughts, in a word, every thing evil."

"How then is it with sinful persons?—must I hate them?" said Vertitia, looking up in her father's face, quite pale.

"No, my daughter, our faith requires us to love even our enemies, and to pray for them that despitefully use and persecute us," said Valens, with some emphasis.

Vertitia sat thoughtful for a few moments, when, with a vigorous effort to throw aside all restraint arising from the natural delicacy of her sex—she said:

"Well, father, I must tell you, that my love for Marcus is deep, pure, and I fear lasting.—I thought, perhaps, I could not be a Christian with such sentiments—that's what I wished to know," said Vertitia, sorrowfully, and, at the same time, burying her face in her hands, she burst into tears.

"You love his virtues and many excellent qualities of heart;—but how with his Gods, my daughter?"

"O, I know he's wrong,—I didn't think so once,—I do now; and I pray that the Spirit would change his heart as I think it has changed mine," said Vertitia, her face still buried in her hands.

"Yes, pray for him—pray for all men, everywhere," said Valens, encouragingly.

He was at no loss to perceive the drift of his daughter's inquiries; and while he could not but deeply lament the attachment she had formed, he adored God for his goodness, and admired her conscientiousness.

He arose, and walked sorrowfully away—yet rejoicing.

To be continued.

## Miscellaneous.

### UNCLE BILL.

Uncle Bill Griffin, or Uncle Bill, as he was commonly called, with an irreverent disregard of his patronymic, did not retire from the ship chandlery business till he was worth something more than a plum. Not being blessed with a son to continue his name and inherit his fortune, he lavished all his tenderness and all his care upon his daughter. Sweet Molly Griffin, thou wert as unlike thy papa as a canary bird is unlike a bull-dog. His face was as hard as a Dutch nut-cracker—thine as soft as a rose-leaf. He was the veriest miser in all creation—thou didst spend thy pocket-money as a prince of Wales. In his household managements Uncle Bill was a consummate skin-flint; tradition says that he used to soak the back-logs in the cistern, and water the lamp oil, and he was aided and abetted in all his niggardly schemes by a vinegar-faced housekeeper, who was the sworn enemy of all good cheer, and stinted from a pure love of meanness. Yet pretty Mary had no reason to complain of her father's penuriousness, as far as she was concerned. He sent her to the best schools, and gave her a carte blanche on the most expensive milliners, and when she walked Washington street on a sunny day, there was not a more gaily dressed damsel from Cornhill to Essex street.

Of course, several nice young men in varnished leather and white kids, fell over head and ears in love with her, and there was a larger number collected outside of the meeting she attended on Sunday than darkened the door of any other metropolitan church. Yet cold was the maid, and the legions advanced. All drilled in Ovidian art. Though they languished and ogled, protested and danced, like shadows they came, and like shadows they glided.

From the pure polished ice of her heart.

Besides, Uncle Bill was a formidable guardian to his attractive daughter. Did he not fire a charge of rock salt into the inexpressibles of Tom Bilkins, when he came serenading with a cracked guitar? Didn't he threaten to kick Towle for leaving a valentine at his door? Wasn't he capable of unnumbered atrocities? The suitors of pretty Mary were all frightened off the course by her ogre of a father, except a steady young fellow who rejoiced in the name of Sampson Bittles, and who was addicted to book-keeping in a wholesale grocery store in Commercial street. The old gentleman really liked Bittles; he was so staid, so quiet, and so full of information. He was a regular price current, and no man on 'change was better acquainted with the price of stocks. Why Mary liked him, it is more difficult to conjecture, for he was very deficient in the small talk that ladies are so fond of, was averse to moustaches, disliked the opera, thought the ballet immoral, and considered waltzing indelicate. Perhaps his good looks compensated for other deficiencies, or perhaps the horrors of dying in a state of single blessedness, induced her to countenance the only young man Uncle Bill was ever known to tolerate.

One evening Bittles screwed up his courage to the task of addressing the old man on the subject nearest to his heart.

"Mr. Griffin," said he, "I've had something here for a long time, and he made up a herbe face, and placed his hand somewhat near his heart."

"Dyspepsia?" said the old man.

"Your daughter," gasped the young one.

"Well, what about her?" asked Uncle Bill sharply.

"I'm in love with her," said the unhappy clerk.

"Humbly!" said Uncle Bill.

"Fact?" rejoined Bittles.

"What's your income?" inquired Griffin.

"Eight hundred," answered the supplicant.

"It won't do my boy," said Griffin, shaking his grim locks—"No man on a salary shall marry my daughter. Why, she's the finest girl in Boston, and it takes capital to marry a fine girl. When you have thirty thousand dollars to begin with, you may come and talk with me."

Bittles disappeared. Six months after that Miss Mary Griffin received a letter, with an endorsement of Uncle Sam, acknowledging the receipt of forty cents. It ran thus:

"SAN FRANCISCO, California, 1852.

Dearest Mary—

Enclosed, you will find a specimen of California gold, which please hand your father, and oblige. Have to advise you of my return to Boston. Please tell your father that I have made fifty thousand dollars at the mines, and shall, wind and weather permitting, soon call upon him to talk over that matter, and arrange, terms of partnership.

Yours to command,

SAMPSON BITTLES.

Mary, as in duty bound, handed the epistle to her father, who was overjoyed.

Some weeks elapsed, and the return of the steamer to New York was telegraphed. Griffin was on the quiver to see his future son-in-law.

On the day of his expected arrival, he met a Californian who came home in the same ship.

"Where's Bittles?" he inquired.

"Oh, ho! you'll see him before a great while," replied the Californian.

"Has he been lucky?"

"Yes—fifty thousand at the lowest calculation. But he's going to try a game over you. He means to tell you that he's been robbed of all his gold on his way home, to see if you have any generosity and disinterestedness—to see whether you'd give your daughter to him, gold or no gold."

"Sly boy!" chuckled old Griffin. "I'm much obliged to you for the hint. I'll act according. Good morning."

Now it happened that the Californian was a good friend of Bittles, and that the story of Bittles' misfortunes was absolutely true he having been robbed of every ounce of his hard-earned gold dust on his way home. So it may be supposed he called on Griffin with a very lugubrious and goo-begone air.

"My dear boy," said Uncle Bill, "I am delighted to see you, and pleased to hear of your luck. I welcome you as my son-in-law. But what the duce is the matter with you?"

"Alas, sir!" said Bittles, "I made fifty thousand dollars at the mines—"

"Very hard luck!" interrupted the old gentleman, chuckling.

"But on my way home, I was robbed of every ounce—and now how can I claim your daughter's hand?"

"Sampson Bittles," said Uncle Bill, very cunningly, "if you haven't got fifty thousand dollars you deserve to have it—you've worked hard enough to get it. You shall have my daughter, and the marriage shall be celebrated to-morrow night. In anticipation of your return I have had you published. And while you're talking to Mary, I'll draw a check for \$50,000, so that you may go into partnership with a sufficient capital."

"But, sir, I am a beggar."

"So much the better—you'll work the harder to increase your fortune."

"My dear sir, how can I thank you?"

"By making my girl a good husband. There—go—go and tell Mary the news."

Bittles did tell her the news, and they were married. He went into business on the fifty thousand furnished him by his father-in-law, and was so extraordinary prosperous, that Uncle Bill was more convinced than ever that the story was a regular Munchausen. Once or twice he tried to repeat it, but the old gentleman always cut short with—

"I know all about it. Had it put in the papers, too—oh! it was a terrible affair.—Lost all! Poor fellow! Well, I made it up to you, and now I won't hear another word about it."

When Uncle Bill departed this life, his immense property was found to be equally divided between his daughter and son-in-law, the testator bequeathed to the latter his share to compensate him for the loss he sustained on his return from California. The old miser had died in the full belief that Bittles never lost the gold dust.

THE BEARD.—Dr. Sarnborn, of Andover, ably defends the beard in a late number of the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal. He takes the ground that the custom of shaving the beard is always attended or followed by a marked deterioration in the physical organization, not only of the existing race of people but of the race to come. He says that the aboriginal inhabitants of our soil and climate were brave, powerful and numerous; but they uprooted the beard from their faces, and consequently grew more and more effeminate with every generation, and until they became an easy prey to their enemies, are themselves uprooted from the face of the earth. He cites the Chinese as a people who have been shorn of their locks and their strength, till as a nation they have a mere nominal existence; and he says of the Jews, whose creed it is to preserve unmarred "the corner of their beards," that he never saw a case of pauperism, premature disease among them. The nobility of Spain adopted the habit of shaving through courtesy to their beardless prince. The mass were of course subjected to the humiliating process, but expressed their repugnance to the outrage in the well-known proverb—"Since we have lost our beards we have lost our souls," that is ourselves, our identity. We are rather soulless slaves than the men our Maker made and designed us to be.

SINGULAR WILL.—An English miser lately died in London, leaving the following will: "I give and bequeath unto my nephew, my black coat; I give and bequeath to my niece the flannel waist-coat I now wear; I give and bequeath to each of my sister's grandchildren, one of the little earthen pots on the top of my warbroke; I give and bequeath to my sister, as a token of the affection I have always felt for her, the old brown stone jug at the head of my bed." The disarrangement of the legatees, when this strange will was read may easily be imagined. The deceased was spoken of by all in a way by no means flattering to him; and his sister, in a fit of anger gave the brown jug a kick, which broke it in pieces, when lo! a stream of guineas poured out of it, and the general disappointment gave way to joy. Each hurried to examine his or her legacy, and the flannel waist-coat and the little earthen pots were found equally well filled,—the testator, having only wished to amuse them in an agreeable manner.

### JANUARY, THE FIRST MONTH.

There have been a variety of methods of reckoning the year in different ages, and in different portions of the world. It seems most natural to commence it in the spring, when nature is commencing all her work anew; and this was the custom of the ancients. Therefore, in enumerating the signs of the zodiac, we always commence with Aries, which represents March, instead of with January; for in most things appertaining to astronomy, we follow the method of the ancients.

Aquarius, the sign which is used to typify the first month of the year, is represented as a man pouring water out of an urn. This is because the winter is a season of rains, instead of snows in those southern countries where the years was first divided into months; consequently the pouring out of water, was to them a fit representation of January. The word January, which is the Latin name for a gate, and was doubtless so called, because January was supposed to open the year. Janus, who was worshipped by the ancients as the god of gates, and avenues, was represented with two faces; one of an old man looking back upon the past, and the other of a young man, looking forward with hope, to the future: a beautiful symbol, we think, for the commencement of the year. It was in the reign of Numa Pompilius, that January was fixed upon as the month to commence the year; and its name, and symbolic signification were then given to it. It was chosen because it commences soon after the winter solstice, or the shortest day, which occurs on the 21st of December. From that time the days grow gradually longer until midsummer; so that the year may be said to have changed.—*York's Cabinet.*

"COPY."—This word has somehow become to be the peculiar property of the Devil—the printer's Devil we mean—and the special terror of weary editors. But it has a significance the world over, if one will only think of it.

"COPY," murmurs the happy mother, with her first born on her knee, as she finishes for the thousandth time the perusal of the little meaningless face with its unreflective eyes. But she reads more in it than the neighbors dream of. She sees in it a "Book of Beauty."

With its father's brow, its mother's lips, there it is, the sweetest copy in all the world.

The child is a man—the young mother a tottering old woman, and she looks up with dim and fading eyes into the face of her long absent son, again she murmurs "copy"—just as his father looked years and years ago."

"That man is struck down like some tower, by a touch from heaven," and they lay him gently in the bosom of the earth. The mother is there; "he was an only son, and she a widow;" and as the swelling turf hides him from all eyes, she throws up her old hands despairingly, and sighs, "so passes away the only 'copy' this world contains."

When the great and good go on before, and stand gazing up to heaven and we turn sadly to the places made vacant, and we think who remains to fill them, we cannot repress the thought and it is "copy" still. And so it is all over the world. Smiling, they whisper it; triumphant, they utter it; weeping they breathe it.

Mrs. PARTINGTON ON MARRIAGE.—"If ever I'm married," said Ike, looking from the book he was reading and kicking the stove door—energetically,—"I ever I'm married"—"Don't speak of marriage, Isaac, until you're old enough to understand the bond that binds congenial souls. People mustn't speak of marriage with impunity. It is the first thing children think of now a days, and young boys in pinafores, and young girls with their heads frizzed into spitting curls, and full of love-sick stories, are talking of marriage before they are out of their teens. Think of such ones getting married? Yet, there's Mr. Snail, when heaven took his wife away, went right to a young lady's cemetery and got another, no more fit to be the head of a family than I am to be the Board of Mayor and Aldermen." She strapped the new box that her friend, the Colonel, had given her, with her eyes resting upon the gold heart inlaid in the centre of the lid, as if hearts were trumps in her mind at the time, while Ike, without finishing his sentence, kept on with his reading, accompanying himself with a peddling performance on the stove door, and a clatter upon the round of his chair, with the handle of a fork in his left hand.

VERMONT OF A NEGRO INQUEST.—"We, de un-described darkeys, bein' a Kurner's Junny ob disgust, to sit on de body ob de nigga Sambo, now dead and gone before us, have been sittin' on de same, and come to de conclusion as how de said nigga aforesaid did, on de night of de fullness of November, come to his deaf by taling from de bridge ober de river, into de said river, whar he ober he was subsecomely drowned, and after-ards was washed on de river side, whar he froz to deat."

Here the "jury of disgust," "underscribed" themselves.

When Gen. Lafayette was in the United States, two young men were introduced to him. He said to one: "Are you married?" "Yes, sir, was theraply. 'Happy man!' quoth the General.

He then put the same question to the other, who replied: "I am a bachelor." "Lucky dog!" said the General. This is the best essay on matrimony we have ever read.