

however, arrested in the middle of my studies by a day of soaking rain, which so saturated with moisture the decayed spongy wood, our fuel, that, though I succeeded in making with some difficulty such fires of it as sufficed to cook our victuals, it defied my skill to make one by which I could read. At length, however, this dreary season of labor—by far the gloomiest I ever spent—came to a close, and I returned with my master to Cromarty about Martinmas,—our heavy job of work completed, and my term of apprenticeship at a close.