

# Clearfield Republican.

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## PATRIOTIC.

We find the following precious morsel of patriotism, floating about in our exchanges, variously commented upon. Greely's *New York Tribune*, we believe, has the honor of giving it a literary existence. We have not time to quote verses now-a-days, says the *West Chester Republican*, but we have tried to imitate it. We give the stanza and our best imitation:

### HAIL TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.

All hail the floating flag,  
The stars grow pale and dim—  
The stripes are bloody scars,  
A lie the vaunting hymn;  
It shields a pirate's deck,  
It binds a man in chains;  
It yokes the captive's neck,  
And wipes the bloody stain.  
Tear down the flaunting lie;  
Half-mast the stately flag;  
Insult no sunny sky  
With huts of polluted rag;  
Destroy it, ye who can—  
Deep sink it in the waves,  
It bears a fellow man  
To groan with fellow slaves.  
Unfold the boasted lie!  
Till Freedom lives again—  
To rule once more in Truth  
Among untrammelled men!  
Roll up the stately shroud,  
Conceal its bloody stains,  
For in its folds are seen  
The stamp of rattling chains!

## OUR IMITATION.

All hail the traitor's song!  
Whose infamy is quite,  
His heart is black with hate,  
And a lie is in his throat.  
A pirate's flag is his,  
Red with the curse of shame,  
He rides the waves of scorn,  
And meanness is his name.  
Raise high the gallows now,  
And twice the halpen string,  
Then hoist the traitor up,  
And give him room to swing.  
He came the traitor's down,  
Jack Ketch receives his own,  
The cross-roads mark his grave,  
And a stake shall keep him down.  
Unfold the proud old flag,  
And let it wave on high,  
It boasts 'er Freedom's home,  
And sweeps through Freedom's sky,  
No hand shall tear it down,  
Heroes have nailed it there—  
Heroes shall keep its stately folds  
Forever in the air.

## THE ANGEL BRIDE.

FROM THE MSS. OF A LATE PHYSICIAN.

It was evening—the evening of a summer Sabbath. The sweet hush of nature, unbroken by a single sound of busy life, harmonized but too plainly with the oppressive stillness which pervaded the chamber whither my footsteps were bent. It was on the ground floor of a pretty residence in the outskirts of the village of C—. Its open windows overlooked a garden where taste and beauty reigned supreme—a second Eden which extended with a scarce perceptible demarcation to the very margin of a stream, where it was bounded by a white picket, and by a hedge of low trimmed shrubbery, over which the eye caught the flashing waters as they swept on, glowing in the crimson radiance of the sunset.

I entered the house and stepped lightly along a carpeted passage, tapped softly at the door of the chamber of sickness—aye of death.

"Welcome, doctor," said the silvery voice of a lady, who sat by a low couch, partially hung with white drapery. "Welcome! the dear sufferer is now in a quiet slumber—but must presently awake, and one of her first inquiries will be for you?"

"How is your sweet Lucy now?"

"She has been quiet and apparently comfortable all day. It is her Sabbath, doctor, as well as the worshippers who go up to the earthly courts of Zion." Oh! she added, while the sunlight of joy irradiated her features, pale with long vigils at the bedside of her sweet Lucy, "Oh! how full of consolation is the scene of moral life and suffering, of earthly bitterness, of expiring hope!"

"Yes my dear friend," I replied, "your cup of affliction is indeed sweetened from on high. I have seen death to-day clad in the robes of terror. He took from my hopeless care a victim all unprepared even after long and faithful warning; and the reconciliation of a sad struggle the terrible anguish vanquished, and the fierce triumph of the conqueror, and the piercing wail of exhausted nature, haunt my memory still; and even in this earthly paradise I cannot forget them."

"And is poor Edwards gone at last to his dread account? Oh, how fearful!" and the gentle lady covered her face and wept.

Some time elapsed, I lingered at the couch of Lucy till she should awake, and taking from the stand a small though elegant copy of the bible, I opened the silver clasp, and my eye caught the simple inscription of the fly leaf:—"To my Lucy—a parting gift of Clarence." I had designed to read a portion of the word, but thought was for the time engrossed.

I had known Lucy May from her infancy, and she was scarcely less dear to me than my own daughter. Indeed, they had grown up like blossoms, and were together almost every hour of the day.—Seventeen summers they both had numbered—though Lucy was some months older; no brother or sister had either of them, and hence the intensity of mutual love. Their thoughts, their affections, and their pursuits were in common. They called each other "sister," and their intercourse honored the endearing name.

And Clarence—the giver of this little

volume in my hand—who was he? Clarence Hamilton was the son of my best earthly friend, and a nobler youth, in all the lofty faculties and endowments of the heart, and intellect, never rejoined in the vigor of life and early manhood. To him had Lucy been betrothed for more than a year, and he was now absent from the village, though we trusted that when each sun rose, that its setting would bring him back in answer to our cautious summons. Especially had hope and expectation grown within our hearts, on that evening, yet had not a word been spoken on the subject of the widowed mother of the lovely Lucy. At length, however, she raised her head, and observing the open volume in my hand she said in an assumed tone of cheerfulness—"I trust Clarence will come home this evening. It is now—"

"Clarence?" said the sweet patient, opening her dark eyes and looking eagerly around. Her eye rested on her mother and myself, and with a slight quiver and a sad smile, she said, "he is not come."

"No, my darling, he is not yet come; but there is more than an hour to the close of the day, and then—"

"God grant he may come," said the maiden, and she added with energy, "if it be His holy will. Oh doctor, my kind, dear friend, your Lucy is wearing away fast, is she not?" and then observing the emotion which I attempted to conceal, she said, "but I am better to-day, am I not? Where is Ellen—why does she not come?" Her mother turned an inquiring glance upon me as I took the thin white hand of the young girl in mine, and marked the feeble but regular beatings of the pulse.

"Shall I send for your daughter, doctor?" she asked.

I acquiesced, and in a few minutes Ellen was sobbing violently, with her face hidden on the bosom of her "sister."

"Ellen, my sweet sister," said Lucy, "your father has told me that I must leave, and her voice faltered, "my own dear mother, and—" but she did not utter the name of her lover, for at that moment the voice of one of the domestics was distinctly heard saying,

"He is come. Mr. Clarence is come. Now God bless my dear young lady."—Lucy uttered a scream of joy, and clasping Ellen around the neck, murmured, "Father in Heaven, I thank Thee!" and then fainting with excess of happiness. Her swoon was brief. She recovered almost immediately, and her face was radiant with happiness.

Clarence Hamilton was pursuing his studies at a distant College, and the letter which summoned him to C—, had scarcely intimated danger in the illness of his betrothed. It had been delayed on the way, and but half the time of its journey had sufficed to bring the eager, anxious student to the spot where his heart had stored its affections, and centered its hopes, next to Heaven, for Clarence was more than a noble-hearted, high-souled man; he was a disciple of Jesus Christ; and he was getting himself to be an apostle of his holy religion. He had nearly completed his course of studies, and was then to be united to the beautiful Lucy May.

Three months before the Sabbath evening of which we write, Lucy was in health, and with her companion Ellen, was performing her delightful duties as a Sabbath School Teacher. Returning home she was exposed to a sudden storm of rain, and took cold. Her constitution, naturally weak, was speedily affected, and consumption, that terrible foe of youth and beauty, seized upon her as another victim for its mighty holocaust of death. At first the type of her disease was mild, but within three weeks it had assumed a fearful character, and now her days were evidently few.

For this dreadful intelligence Clarence was not prepared. He learned, but he hoped more, and though his heart was heavy, hope kindled a bright smile in his manly face, as he entered the little parlor, where he had spent so many hours in exquisite happiness. He had alighted from the stage just before it entered the village, and proceeded at once to the residence of Lucy.

As Mrs. May entered the room, the smile on his lips faded, for her pale face told a sad tale to his heart.

"Clarence, dear Clarence you have the welcome of fond hearts."

"How is Lucy? Why is your face deadly pale? Oh, say, is she not dangerously ill? Tell me"—and a thought of misery entered his heart; "she is,—oh, my God, my Father in Heaven, strengthen me,—she is dying,—even now, dying!"

"Nay, nay, Clarence," said the mother, soothingly, "Lucy lives, and we must hope for the best; but be not alarmed if you see her face even paler than my own. Are you able to bear the sight now?"

There was but little consolation to his fears in the reply of Mrs. May. Lucy was living, but there was an anguish in the expression,—"hope for the best," and he said hurriedly, "oh, take me to her at once,—now," and he pressed his hand on his throbbing brow, and then sinking on his knees, while Mrs. May knelt beside him, he entreated God, in a voice choked

with emotion, for strength to bear the trial, to kiss the rod of chastisement, to receive the bitter with the sweet; and prayed that the cup might pass from him, even as did his master in the days of his incarnation and anguish. He arose, and with a calmer voice, said, "I can see her now."

At this moment I joined them, with Lucy's earnest request that Clarence should come to her at once. We entered the chamber just as Ellen had partially opened a blind, and the last rays of sunlight streamed fairly through the room, and fell for a moment on the white cheek of Lucy, rendering his hue still more snowy.

Alas! Clarence, as his earnest eyes met those of his betrothed,—her whom he had left in the very flush of perfection, of youthful loveliness,—now how changed! His heart sank within him, and with a wild sob of anguish he clasped her pale thin fingers, and kissed her colorless lips, kneeling the while at the side of her couch.

"Clarence, my own Clarence," said the sweet girl, with an effort to rise, which she did, supported by his arm. He spoke not—he could not—dared not speak.

"Clarence, closer up, my beloved," but her fortitude failed, and all she could do was to bury her face in her lover's bosom and weep. We did not attempt to check their grief; nay, we wept with them, and sorrow for a while had its luxury of tears unrestrained.

Clarence at length broke the silence.—"Lucy, my own dear Lucy! God forgive me for my own selfish grief," and he added fervently, lifting his tearful eyes to Heaven, "Father, give us grace to bear this trouble might," and turning to me, added, "Doctor, oh, pray that we may have strength to meet this hour like Christians."

When the voice of prayer ceased, all feelings were calmed, but I deemed it advisable to leave the dear patient to brief repose; and Ellen alone remaining, we retired to the parlor, where Clarence learned from us more of her illness, of her true condition, for I dared not delude him with false hopes.

"Doctor," said he, with visible anguish, "is there no hope?"

"Not of recovery, I fear, though she may linger some time with us, and be better than she is to-day."

"Then God's will be done," said the young man, while a holy confidence lighted up his face, now scarcely less pale than that of his betrothed Lucy.

Day after day the dear girl lingered, and many sweet hours of converse did Clarence and Lucy pass together; once even she was permitted to spend a few moments in the parlor of the house, and as Clarence supported her, and saw a tint of health overspread her cheek, hope grew strong in his heart. But Lucy doubted not that she should die speedily, and happily this conviction had reached her heart ere Clarence came, so that the agony of her grief in prospect of separation from him had yielded to the blissful anticipation of Heaven, that glorious clime where she would, ere long, meet those from whom it was "more than death to part."

"Dear Lucy," said Clarence, as they stood gazing on the summer flowers, "you are better, love. May not our Heavenly Father yet spare you to me,—to your mother,—to cousin Ellen,—to happiness?"

"Ah, Clarence, do not speak of this. It will only end in deeper bitterness. I must go, and Clarence you must not mourn when I exchange even this bright world for the Paradise of immortality."

Clarence could not answer. He pressed her hand and drew it close to her throbbing heart, and she resumed, pointing to a bright cluster of amaranth.—"See, there, Clarence, is the emblem of the life and joys to which I am hastening."

Three weeks had passed. It was again the evening of the Sabbath. I stood by the couch of Lucy May. Her mother and Ellen sat on either side, and Clarence Hamilton supported on a pillow in his arms the head of the fair girl. Disease had taken the citadel, and we awaited its surrender to death.

The man of God, the pastor from childhood, now entered the room, and Lucy greeted him affectionately; and he said, "is it well with thy soul?" She answered in a clear and sweetly confiding tone of voice:

"It is well! Blessed Redeemer thou art my only trust."

Clarence now bent his head close to the head of Lucy, and whispered in her ear, but so distinctly that we all heard:

"Lucy, since thou may not be mine in life, be mine in death; let me follow you to the grave as my wedded wife, and I shall have the blissful consolation of anticipating a re-union in Heaven."

The eye of the dying girl lighted up with a quick and sudden joy, as she smilingly answered,

"It is well, Clarence,—I would fain bear thy name before I die?" We were startled at this strange request and answer, but no heart or lip ventured to oppose it. Lucy then said,—

"Mother, dear mother, deny me not my last request; will you and Ellen dress me in my bridal robe? I will wear it to my

tomb!" Clarence also besought Mrs. May to grant this wish, and let him win a bride and mother, and she answered:

"As you and Lucy will, but it will be a mournful bridal."

Lucy now motioned us from the room, and we retired. Clarence was the first to speak.

"You will not blame me that I seek even in the arms of death to make her my wife. Oh, how much of bliss has crowded into this one anticipation, and though indeed it will be a 'sad bridal,' it will sweeten the cup of bitterness which is now pressed to my lips."

In a few minutes we re-entered that ill-lit chamber; the light of day had faded, and a single lamp was burning on the stand. Lucy was arrayed in a muslin robe which scarcely outtrilled her cheeks in whiteness, save where the hectic, now heightened by excitement, flushed in.—Clarence seated himself by her, and she was raised to a sitting posture, and supported in his arms. She placed her wasted hand in his, and said, half playfully, half sadly, "Tis a worthless offering, Clarence."

He pressed it to his fevered lip—his face paled and flushed by turns. The minister arose and stood before them, and in a few words and simple, united those two lovely beings in a tie which all felt must be broken ere another son should rise.—Yet was that tie registered and acknowledged in Heaven.

As the holy man pronounced them one flesh, and lifted up his hands and voice in benediction, Lucy put her feeble arms around Clarence and in a low voice murmured—

"My husband!"

"My wife!" responded Clarence, and their lips met in a long and sweet embrace.

We gave them congratulation, though quick tears exchanged the sweet kiss of holy love and friendship.

That night before the last hour, the angel Azrael came as a messenger of peace to that bridal chamber, and though new foundations of earthly bliss had been opened in the heart of Lucy Hamilton, she repined not at the summons, but while heaven only joy sat on her features, and her lips murmured—"peace—farewell husband—mother—sister—all," her pure spirit took its flight, and her lifeless body lay in the embrace of the weeping and huddled Clarence—who still lingers in this weary world doing his Master's work, and waiting His will to be re-united to his angel bride in Heaven.

**BUFFALOES BY THE ACRE.**—A member of Governor Stevens's northern route exploring party, in a long communication to the *St. Louis Republican*, written from the head of Yellow Stone river, says of the incidents of the party thus far: On Sunday, after a march of some ten miles, the buffaloes were reached. They were before and on each side of the train. For miles ahead it seemed one vast drove yard. They were estimated by some as high as 500,000—200,000 is considered as a very low estimate. Drawing up the train at our usual halt at noon, a large herd were about half a mile ahead. The hunters, six in number, were immediately dispatched, well mounted, on spare horses reserved for that especial purpose, and the whole train had an opportunity to witness a buffalo hunt. The hunters dashed in among the herd, picked out the fattest of the crowd then separated the selected ones from the herd, soon dispatched them. In an hour the wagons were sent but a small distance from the route to receive the choicest pieces of the buffaloes.

"In the next two days' march the hunters were kept some distance ahead, to keep off the buffaloes; it was the only way the safe passage of the train could be insured through the sea of flesh. The pack mules and spare animals following on the train being too numerous to be separately led, were hard to control; and despite every precaution and care, one horse and four mules were lost, they getting mingled with the herd. Every effort was made to reclaim them—hours spent in their attempted recovery. The effort was useless."

**RESPECT TO THE DEAD IN PARIS.**—A common practice in Paris, which impresses a stranger favorably, is that of lifting or taking off the hat as a funeral passes.—This is observed by all classes. A little while since, (says a writer,) I noticed a small funeral train moving in the direction of the Madeleine. Evidently the one borne to burial was of the humblest class, for the body was followed only by a few workmen in blouses and women without bonnets. As it passed on hats were taken off by the well dressed crowd, sitting or moving on the walk, by gentlemen in carriages with footmen in golden liveries, and by men driving their watering carriages through the street. It was a touching and beautiful sight.

"The Know Nothings are going in for the removal of the statue of Columbus from the east front of the Capitol, at Washington, because he was a foreigner."

"Jones, did you ever have any interest in the public stocks?" "Why, y-e-s, zat, I stood in 'em once about four hours."

"Blushes are flying colors, which maidens carry most becomingly."

## STRANGE LIFE OF A MURDERER.

A writer in the *Thomasville Watchman* gives the following singular biography of James Hightower, recently convicted of manslaughter in that county. Three years in a dungeon, it seems, is nothing to what he has endured:

"About twenty-one years ago, a young lady of this section of country, belonging to a respectable family, became the victim of a vile seducer; the fruit was a boy, who is the subject of our narrative. His mother, as is the case usually with those of her sex who are unfortunate, married a man of low breeding, and in adverse circumstances, consequently her son was destined to receive but a limited share of education or moral training. At a tender age his character was peculiar, and in some respects, very extraordinary.—When only seven years old, he was attending a sugar cane mill; by some means his left arm and hand were crushed, by which accident he forever lost the use of his hand.

At the age of ten he was bitten by a rattlesnake; being nearly alone on the place, he had to call to his aid all the presence of mind of which he was master. Fortunately, he used the proper antidote, and thereby saved his life. In the short space of a few months he was again bitten by one of the same species of reptiles; by pursuing the same course as heretofore, he was again rescued from the jaws of death.

Between the age of twelve and fourteen, he made several attempts to take the life of his stepfather, which shows that he would not be imposed on. About that age he also snapped, several times, a loaded musket at a neighbor. When fourteen years old he was knocked down by lightning, and did not recover for some time. At the age of sixteen he was attacked, while hunting in the woods, by a very large panther. The panther soon tore him down—he exhibited great presence of mind, by feigning death. The panther then carried him into the swamp, covered him up with sticks and grass, after which he took his leave in search of more prey. Our hero, after the panther's departure, arose and made his escape home. He was badly torn—two of his jaw teeth were bitten out, and many wounds were inflicted.

But he was not thus to die, for he soon recovered, and very soon after his recovery gave his stepfather a severe whipping, and left him. Excepting another slight shock by lightning, his path was smooth, until nineteen, when he became enamored of a young lady; though figuring in a higher sphere, his superior in intellect and family, yet she was smitten by the boy of misfortune, and resolved to marry him, notwithstanding the opposition of her relatives, who made severe threats against our hero. But what cared he, who had successfully battled against rattlesnakes, panthers, and even the high power of Heaven, for the threats of man. Nothing daunted, he continued to urge his claims, after finding all his efforts for a compromise unavailing, he commenced a determined course. He procured his licence, placed a magistrate at a conspicuous point in the woods, and proceeded himself, on foot, to the house that sheltered her whom he loved—secretly forced the door of her chamber, and conducted her about five miles through the woods, to the place of rendezvous.

Before arriving at the place upon which the hymenial altar had been temporarily erected, illuminated by the blaze of light-wood knots and the pale rays of the moon alone, our hero fell into his former path of bad luck, for he was bitten by a moccasin snake; but he was well used to snake bites to suffer that occurrence to retard his progress at such a momentous crisis, and like a brave and undaunted boy, pursue his course, and in accordance with his anticipations, was lawfully married about 12 or 1 o'clock at night. His moccasin bite did not long keep him in bed, for he then possessed a nurse of unceasing attention. After his final recovery, he carried his wife to the home which he had provided for her, hoping that his cup of misfortune was then full, and that he would then enjoy that bliss attending a married life.

But he was not destined long to enjoy that repose which he so much sought.—He soon became entangled in a quarrel with one Mr. Wheeler; the result was: Wheeler was killed, and our hero, after a regular trial in a court of justice, was convicted of manslaughter, and now, at the age of twenty, has gone, leaving his wife, his anticipated babe, and his sweet home to the penitentiary, there to be incarcerated within its dismal walls for the space of three years, which to him must seem long, long. Who can contemplate his past life and not say, surely he is the child of misfortune. Have his misfortunes ended? Alas! who can tell! That fact is yet concealed by the dark curtains of futurity.

"The price of flower is going up, oh Heaven help the poor next winter."

## AMERICAN CONVENTION AT CURWENSVILLE.

Pursuant to previous notice, a County Convention of those favorable to the principles of the American cause, was held on the 2d of Sept., in the grove near Curwensville.

The meeting was called to order, by selecting JAMES BLOOM, Esq., as President, and JOHN HANCOCK, and DANIEL BALLY, as Vice Presidents, and ALFRED MONTELIUS and G. W. RHEEMS, Sec'ys.

A committee was then selected to draft resolutions expressive of the sentiment of this meeting. After which, the committee retired and M. A. Frank, Esq., was called upon to address the audience, which he did in his usual forcible and argumentative style; which could scarcely fail, to convince the wavering and doubtful, what course they ought to pursue.

Mr. Frank was followed by Mr. G. W. Rheems, in a few eloquent and applicable remarks; after which, Mr. Dugan moved that this convention nominate JOHN SHIRBY, Esq., of Bradford tp., as the American candidate for County Commissioner, and DANIEL LIVINGSTON, of the borough of Curwensville, for County Auditor.

The committee was then announced, and the chairman reported the following preamble and resolutions, which were unanimously adopted:

**WHEREAS**, The present condition of our country, loudly calls for an organization on the part of the honest, upright, and philanthropic portion of her citizens, to purge out the stygian pools of political corruption, which have so thoroughly impregnated both the old parties, with increasing demagoguism, and unbounded foreign influence: And believing that a strict adherence to the principles of the American party, as adopted by the American National Convention, of 1845, and more recently by the American State Convention, of Pennsylvania, held at Harrisburg, on the 1st of March, 1854; is the only sure way in which the political action of our country can be freed from party despotism, the wiles of Jesuitical influences, and maintain the virtue and patriotism of the times of the early Presidents: Therefore,

**Resolved**, That for all general, State, and local offices, whether of honor, profit, or trust, we will give our support, to none except such as are known to be favorable to those principles: And as we have a full State ticket before the people, constituted of men long known for their adherence to and advocacy of those principles and having received, and accepted the nomination for the respective offices, of Governor, Judge of the Supreme Court and Canal Commissioner; we will give them our full earnest, and undivided support.

**Resolved**, That as there is already before the people of this Legislative District a candidate in the person of Alex. Caldwell, in whom we have the most unbounded confidence, and as he is believed to be favorable to the principles we advocate; we therefore, recommend the friends of the American cause to give him their cordial support.

**Resolved**, That in the persons we have this day nominated for the offices of County Commissioner and County Auditor, we recognize men of sterling worth, and true American principles, and we will guarantee to them, the same support already pledged to the State ticket.

**Resolved**, That as the American party must inevitably become the great party of the American people, it is therefore necessary that we embrace the earliest opportunity of organizing and placing in solid phalanx, throughout the different townships in the county, all those who are favorable to the principles of Americans born to rule America, and that for the furtherance of the preceding named objects, all those who are willing to act with us in this great and holy cause, be requested to correspond, with the Clearfield American Vigilance Committee, (viz: A. M. Hills, M. A. Frank, O. B. Merrill, D. G. Newling, and Wm. M. Dugan,) for the purpose of enabling us to act in concert, and with unanimity, in forwarding the great principles and interests of the American people.

**Resolved**, That a copy of this day's proceedings, be furnished to each of the editors of the papers published in Clearfield with a request for publication.

After the adoption of the above resolutions, Gen. A. M. Hills was called on to address the assembly: which he did in a short and applicable address, dwelling principally on the urgent necessity of those who loved the American cause, to stand by the State ticket, the whole ticket and nothing but the ticket, and showed clearly and conclusively, that no true American, could support Judge Pollock at the coming election. His remarks were received with enthusiasm and approved by the audience.

ALFRED MONTELIUS, Sec'y.

**KNOW-NOTHINGISM SPREADING ITSELF.**—The Roman Catholic church at Raritan, Somerset county, N. J., was set on fire and consumed on Wednesday of last week.

The citizens of the place have raised a liberal subscription, to be offered as a reward for the discovery of the incendiary.

"The price of flower is going up, oh Heaven help the poor next winter."