

# Raffamon's Journal.

FREE AS THE WIND, AND AMERICAN TO THE CORE.

BY H. BUCHER SWOOPE.

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## THERE ARE NO TEARS IN HEAVEN.

BY JOHN T. SCHWARTZ.

I met a child, his feet were bare,  
His weak frame shivered with the cold;  
His youthful brow was knit with care,  
His flashing eyes his sorrow told.

Said I, "Poor boy, why weepst thou thus?"  
"My parents both are dead," he said;  
"I have not where to lay my head;  
O I am lone and friendless now."

Not friendless, child, a friend on high  
For you, his precious blood has given;  
Clear up and bid each tear be dry,  
"There are no tears in Heaven."

I saw a man in life's gay noon,  
Sung merrily of his young wife's merit,  
And must we part? he cried, "no more!"  
As down his cheek they rolled a tear.

"Heart-stricken one," said I, "be not so!"  
"Weep not," in accents wild he cried,  
"I saw my wife's young life depart;  
I shall she be no more forgot!"

Forgotten? No! still left her name  
Within thy heart, with anguish riven;  
Strive thou to meet thy bride above,  
And dry your tears in Heaven.

I saw a mother's knee,  
As to her throbbing heart the great  
An infant's tender grasp was given,  
An infant's tender grasp was given.

On his kind mother's sheltering breast,  
"I shall she be no more forgot!"  
As down his cheek they rolled a tear.  
"Heart-stricken one," said I, "be not so!"

"Weep not," in accents wild he cried,  
"I saw my wife's young life depart;  
I shall she be no more forgot!"

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From the Change Times.

### THE POSTAGE STAMP.

AN INCIDENT IN REAL LIFE.

Upon what small events does the happiness,  
and even existence of individuals, often depend? Some years ago, there lived in a small interior town in Ohio a young woman then but fifteen years of age. She was the heiress of a large fortune held by trustees. The will of her father strictly enjoined upon her that she was not to marry until after she had terminated her twenty-first year. He had enforced this injunction by strong and earnest appeals to her affection, and by reminding her of the untimely death of two older sisters who had been married young, and had died childless shortly after. But, with most prophetic judgment of her future lot, he had added a still stronger inducement to obtain her compliance with his request. He had stipulated that, in case of her death or marriage before attaining the prescribed age, the trustees should by deed convey all his estate to some distant relative. The young and handsome girl soon found herself the attractive object of the attentions, the detentions, and the importunities of a score of young men of the neighborhood. She was aware of the provisions of her father's will, and honestly intended to comply with his so fervently expressed wish; but soon—too soon, indeed—was that injunction to appear harsh, unkind, unfortunate, unreasonable.

Three years after her father's death, she then being eighteen years of age, she became acquainted, at a festive party, with an individual upon whose honor, faith and manliness her destiny was from that hour to depend.—He knew her as a fair, accomplished girl, and as an heiress of half a million. He was but a visitor at that town. He remained there but a few weeks, but during that time succeeded too well in leaving a highly favorable impression of his worth upon the heart of the lady.—He returned in one month, announcing his intention to reside in that village. The vanity, not criminal, but natural vanity of the young lady was gratified; she recognized in this voluntary abandonment of his former home and friends, to take up his residence there, a tribute from his heart to her own personal and mental attractions. He failed not in soon confirming that belief, and in protestations of deep affection, and urged the inevitable life of wretchedness he would endure in case of her rejection, as well as the display of all the outward accomplishments and bearing of a gentleman, won her love, and obtained from her a promise of a marriage. These proceedings had been secret, and were entirely unknown to her guardian, with whom she resided. The betrothment was soon followed by an urgent request for marriage. In her hour of blissful communion with her lover, she had almost forgotten her father's command. It now came upon her with sudden and bitter force. She answered the proposal of marriage by stating that her father's dying command was that she should not marry till twenty-one. This she met with ridiculing the fears and superstitions of a too anxious parent, and holding out to her the alternative of obeying an unreasonable request of a deceased parent, made when a child, and when her capacity for forming a proper alliance could not be determined, or the distress, pain, madness of a true and honest heart which could not exist if separated from her.

The next objection met with more serious consideration. She told him that she could not obtain her property till she was of full age. Though this was unexpected, and did not at

all agree with the hopes and aims of the wily suitor, he was too well skilled in deception to betray his disappointment. He therefore promptly interrupted her in her explanations of the conditions of her father's will, by the most solemn assurances that with him her fortune had not a feather's weight; that he loved her, and that love would be as pure, and as strong and as devoted had she been reared in poverty instead of the expectancy of wealth. Again and again she sought to explain to him that with her marriage before the period fixed by her father, she would sacrifice all her expected wealth; but with the blindness which often overtakes and misleads avarice and other base passions of human nature, he asserted her that he knew all, that he was aware of everything, that he had enough for both, and was prepared to remedy to the extent of all he possessed, any inconvenience she might suffer, pecuniarily, from disobeying her father's request. In telling her that he knew all, he meant no falsehood; he had made carefully disguised inquiries, and by every one whom he addressed he was told that "Miss C." would inherit her father's fortune at twenty-one but not before. "It did not suit his designs to unmask his motives, and, disguising with indifference his questions, he failed to ascertain the whole truth. Supposing her father's will was simply framed to prevent the fortune falling in any way, however remotely, under the control of her husband before she reached that mature age, he desired by marriage to secure it ultimately. He had good cause for speed; with him prompt and secret marriage was essential, for penitence he could not much longer maintain appearances, or pay his board, for which he was largely in arrears.

His apparent disinterestedness at length prevailed over the daughter's obedience. A false statement that her guardian had forbidden addressing her, with incessant urging that business required his presence in New York, for several months, swept away all further objections to an immediate and secret marriage. They were married privately at a neighboring village, and to the bride's surprise, he advised her return to her guardian's house for a few days. He returned to his own lodgings, and at once, publicly, every where, and to all he met, announced his marriage. In a few hours he called at the house of his newly wedded wife, and as he entered it, her guardian, who had just heard of the marriage, also entered. He was sternly questioned as to the truth of the report, and he nobly avowed it, making no apology for the unauthorized act, but assuming the attitude of one who was entitled to admiration for a most successful maneuver. He demanded permission to see his wife; she was called; and in their presence the guardian beset the imprudence of their conduct, and for the first time, the hapless bridegroom learned that by her marriage his bride had forfeited the entire fortune of her father.

Baffled, disappointed, cheated, the late ardent wooer stormed and raved; he turned upon the poor trembling woman to whom, but a few hours before he had pledged eternal love, and charged her with basely deceiving him. Overcome with grief, she fainted, and before she had recovered he had left the house and the city. She heard no more of him for years. During all that time, with the incomprehensibility of woman's devotion, she had loved him. His name which for many months had been coupled with reproaches and continually, never passed her lips. She would not believe him the mercenary villain he had been represented. She still clung fondly to the hope that all the love he had professed was real. Weak, and broken in spirit, that hope seemed to keep her alive.

During March of last winter, the courts had set aside her marriage on the ground of fraud, and no one was to test her right, she became possessor of a magnificent fortune. The case was noticed in the papers, and some weeks after there came a letter to her. It was from her lover and husband. He had seen that notice of the annullment of her marriage. That was a relief to him, for he was on the eve of marrying again. But as money was his main idea, disguised he visited the place; he had heard her story repeated with no favorable references to himself; he had heard it more than hinted that she still retained an affection for him; but, more than all, he ascertained that she was now sole possessor of that fortune which had so strongly tempted him to wrong. He returned, and addressed her the letter we have mentioned. It was full of repentance; it proclaimed that his life since he had left her had been one of continuous misery. He professed to be unacquainted with what had passed, and with humility tendered again his love, declaring that as he had been the cause of her losing her wealth, justice required that he should share with her the fortune he had amassed in the growing city where he lived. Unknown to any one she answered that letter, accepted his love, forgiving and venturing excuses for his past conduct, and informing him that she was now prepared to give him that inheritance which to them had been the source of much unhappiness. That letter of her's was destined never to reach him. To avoid any conjectures that might arise if seen to deposit a letter addressed to that name, she induced, by a liberal reward, a neighbor's servant

whom she knew could not read, to take the letter to the post office. This servant, to get leave of absence, took with her one of her mistress's children. To amuse the child she allowed it to carry the letter; and the little one, pleased with the red stamp, as they walked along succeeded in removing it. The letter was deposited in the office without a stamp, and was never, of course sent.

A few words more will close this brief history. A month later, the lady's former guardian, who was a politician, received a Chicago newspaper which had been sent to him because it contained a political speech delivered in this city; after reading it, he laid it down, with some remark upon the extraordinary growth of the city in which it was printed. The name of Chicago was heard by the lady; she took the paper, glanced over it, and, with a shriek, fell fainting to the floor. In a week she was dead. In that paper was found the announcement of the marriage of her destroyer.

**Make Home Attractive.**

Having been for several years experimenting in culture on my small lot in the village of Bridgeton, I am enabled to write something from experience. My neighbors say, "it is easy for you to keep your homestead looking nice and tidy, as you devote so much of your time to it; you call your residence 'rose cottage,' and well you may; you hunt up all the different roses and flowers and fess about them, and then you plant different species of peach, plum, cherry, and other pits or stones, besides grafting them, and apples and quinces too." All this is right, and if people want health, variety, and something to please the senses, the spiritual, as well as the mental, the eye as well as the ear, all these things want attention. Change in mental as well as physical promotes health and strength, and there are but few persons in country places, who, if they would but have order in their arrangements, would have time to attend to all these things.—"There is no time for all things under the sun," says a wise man. Too much time is wasted at taverns, stores, parties, politics, &c., that should be spent at home among the family, and gamishing your homes. You all express your delight when walking over my premises, but how few are willing to put their time to necessary improvements.—"Let her did you ever see such currents, how full, and as large as cherries. How do you manage to raise them? Ours is so small, and hardly worth picking." I'll tell if you will follow my experience in their culture. My errand bushes are planted in hills, four feet apart. The first, second and third year's growth is on the hill, the fourth year's growth is cut out every spring, and not more than ten or twelve stalks are left in the hill; the hill or bed is mulched and kept free from grass. As soon in the spring as the earth will permit, always let a few of each year's growth stand; cut out the balance. The stalks are four or five feet high and heavy bearers. I make my wine, jelly, &c., when they are perfectly ripe. In jelly, I use a pound, or pint, of juice to a pound of sugar, and my wine is made for these last five years, in picking them, washing and straining them. To a quart of juice I add three quarts of water, and three pounds of sugar. Jug or barrel it; let it set aside without stopper or bung until done working; cork it up. In six months you will have a pleasant drink. You can rick it if you choose when done working.

**Hard Shell Baptists,** are a well known sect in the South and Southwest. They are not related that we know of to the Hard Shell Democrats of New York, though their Christian name is the same. They go dead against all Bible, Temperance and Education Societies; late missions to the heathen, and all modern schemes for converting the rest of mankind. Of course they are opposed to learning, and speak as they are suddenly moved. A Georgia correspondent relates the following of one of their preachers:—Two of them were in the same pulpit together. While one was preaching, he happened to say, "When Abraham built the ark." The one behind strove to correct his blunder, by saying out aloud—"Abraham wasn't there." But the speaker pushed on, heedless of the interruption, and only to repeat more decidedly, "I say when Abraham built the ark." "And I say," cried the other, "Abraham wasn't there." The Hard Shell was too hard to be beaten down in this way, and addressing the people, exclaimed with great indignation—"I say Abraham was *there*, or *thereabouts*."

**Indifference.**—We prefer an out and out enemy to a milk and water indifferent friend. Indifference is perfectly detestable. If a man splits in your face, or knocks you down, you can wipe off the one, and if the blow is not too hard, get up when the effect of the other has subsided. But when a man looks at you, and does not speak to you at the same time—when he speaks as though he supposed you were dreaming, and was afraid of waking you, when he shakes hands he grasps as though he thought you had the plague, and was afraid of catching it, we say, from such men and such women, Good Lord deliver us. We would rather live on a cup of water and a crust of bread, wear lousy woollsey, and lodge on the grass, than be under any obligations whatever to such persons.

**Voting Under Difficulties.**

A correspondent of the Enquirer furnishes to the Editor of that journal the following amusing sketch of the purity of the elective franchise in the state of Ohio. We should like to have grasped the hand of the patriotic fellow who was so anxious to vote the "wig whick et," if it were not for the fact, that he finally backed out.

"In the north west portion of the State of Ohio, in the county of Anglaize, there is a township, the citizens of which are principally German, and notwithstanding their sweet accents, they are all Democrats of the regular untrifled stripe. From the time of the erection of the county up to 1852, there never had been a whig vote cast in the township spoken of, although there were over six hundred voters; but at the fall election of that year, upon counting the ballots, it appeared that there was one regular straight-out whig ticket, and they dare not pass it by. This caused great commotion; their esentebon was dimmed; there was a *wig* amongst them; that blot must be wiped out, and with their courage (Dutch of course) up to fever heat in the shade, they went to work slyly to find the man who had dared to vote the '*Vig Dicket*,' and their labors were unsuccessful. In the mean time another year rolled round, and the good '*beeples*' were again assembled at the election precinct. It had not been forgotten, however, that at the last election some one had voted the '*Vig Dicket*,' and it was now the subject of open remark and wonder.

"While they were having an out-door discussion of the subject, Sam Starrett, a late immigrant from the eastern shore of Maryland, came along and demanded the cause of the commotion.

"Well, we was wondering who it was vot wot vig dicket at the last election, said an old Dutchman.

"It was me, Sam said, and it wa'nt no body else."

"I links not," said the old Dutchman, and the balance shook their heads incredulously.

"I tell you, it was, though," said Sam, pulling out a Whig ticket, "and may I be chawed up, if I ain't going to do it again. I am going to vote *that*, (holding out the ticket,) and vot it open, too. I'll let you know that I am an American citizen, and I'll vote just as I please, and can't help it by Jemima!"

"So in he went to deposit his ballot. There sat the three old Dutch judges of election, calm as a summer morning; and true to his word, Sam handed over his ticket, open. One of the old judges took it a few seconds, banded it back toward the independent voter, and said:

"Yaw, dat ish a Vig dicket."

"Well, put it in the box," said Sam.

"Yat you say?" said the old Dutchman, his eyes big with surprise; "put him in de box?"

"Yes, sir, put it in the box! I am going to vote it!"

"Oh! nix goot, nix goot! dat ish a 'Vig dicket,'" said the old Dutchman shaking his head.

"Well, I reckon I know it is a Whig ticket, and I want you to put it in the box, darnation quick."

"No, no, dat ish not goot; dat ish a Vig dicket; we not take him any more," said the old judge, turning to receive 'goot dickets' from some of his German friends.

"Sam went out and cursed till all was blue—said he had come that to vote, he'd be flamberged if he wa'nt goin' to vote in spite of all the Dutch in the township. So, after cooling off a little, he again went in and tendered his ticket, very neatly rolled up. The old judge took it again, and notwithstanding Sam's demurring, unrolled it and looked it over; and then turning to Sam in a manner and tone not to be misunderstood, said:

"I tells you dat ish a Vig dicket; dat ish nix goot; and dat we not take him any more!"

"Sam again retired, cursing all democrats generally, and the Dutch in particular, and assigning the hottest corners of the briarstone region; and was going on to curse every body that didn't curse them, when he was interrupted by an old Dutchman in the crowd, with:

"Sam Starrett, I tells you yat it ish, if you vill vote Dimeracat dicket, and leet der gonty we gits you so much mouish as dakes you vere you cum'd vrom."

Sam scratched his head, studied awhile, and then said that as he had come that to vote and wa'nt goin' away without votin', he guessed he'd do it.

"Again Sam made his appearance before the judges, and tendered his vote. The same old judge took it, and looking it over quietly, turned to Sam and said:

"Yaw, dat ish goot; dat ish a Dimeracat dicket!" and dropped it into the box.

"It is only further necessary to say that Sam went back to the eastern shore at the expense of the township; and that, at that election and ever since, that German township has been O. K.

"That is what I call preserving the purity of elections."

"A dandy asked a barber if he had ever shaved a monkey.

"If you'll take a seat I'll try," answered the lad.

**Von Sweitzel on Politics.**

"Mine neighbor, Wilhelm, vat you tink of politics, hey?" asked Peter Von Stag, of his neighbor Von Sweitzel, the Twelfth Ward blacksmith, last evening, as he seated himself beside him in a 'bierhaus.'

"I tinks much," said Sweitzel, giving his pipe a long whiff.

"Vell, vot you tinks?"

"I comes to der conclusion dat politics is one big fool."

"Ah!" exclaimed Pete, after taking a drang't from his mug, 'how do you make him dat?"

"Vell, mine frien, I tell you," replied Sweitzel, after a few whiffs and a drink, 'I comes to dish place ten year last evening by der Dutch Almanic, mit mine blacksmith shop. I builds a fine little house, I puts up mine bellers, I makes mine fires, I gets plenty of worg in, and makes mouish."

"Dat is goot," remarked Pete, at the same time demanding that the drained mugs be refilled.

"I says that I made much friends," continued Wilhelm, relighting his pipe. "Der beeples all say Von Sweitzel bees a goot man, he blows in der morning, he strikes in der night and he mind his business. So dey spoken to me many times, and it makes me feel much goot here, clapping his breast.

"Yaw, yaw, dat ish gooter," remarked Pete, who was an attentive listener.

"Vell, it goes along dat way tree year. Tress! Let me see, one year I make tree hoonerd toiler, der next tree hoonerd and fifty, der next four hoonerd and avony, and der next five hoonerd toiler. Dat make five year, when old Mike der watchman, who bees such a bad man, comes to me and he say—

"Sweitzel, what makes you work so hard?"

"To make mouish," I tell him.

"I dells you how you make him quicker as dat," he say.

"I ask him how, and den he tells me to go in to politics and get big office. I laugh at him, ven he tells me dat Shake, der lawyer—dat make such burly speeches about Faderland bees a going to run der Congress, and Shake der lawyer dells him to dell me, if I would go among der beeples and dell them to vote mid him all der while, he would put me in von big office, where I make twenty thousand dollars a day."

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"Twenty thousand! mine Got!" exclaimed Pete, thunderstruck.

"Yaw, twenty thousand. Well, by Shinks, I shut stop der strikin', and goes to mine frien, and all der Yarmius vote for Shake, and Shake bees elected to der Congress."

Hers Myhuver Von Sweitzel stopped, took a long draught of beer, and fixing his eyes on the floor, pulled his pipe as if in deep thought.

"Vell, mine neighbor," said Pete, after waiting a due length of time for him to resume, 'vat you do den, eh?"

"Vell, I ask Mike, der swellhead watchman, for der office, and he dells me I gets him de next year. I waits till after der next kront making time, and den I say again,

"Mike, ven vill Shake give me dat twenty thousand tolar office?"

"In two year, sure," he say, 'if you work for der party."

"Vell, I stop a blowin' mit mine bellers and I blow two year for der party mit mine mouit."

"Two year mit your mouit?" asked Pete in astonishment.

"Yaw, two year. Den again I go to Mike der swellhead watchman, and dells him I wants der twenty thousand tolar, and he dells me in one more year I gets him sure. I dinks he he fools me, yet I blow for der party another year, and den vat you dinks?"

"Dinks! Vy, you gets him twenty thousand tolar!"

"Gits him, Py shinks! Mike, der swellhead watchman, dells me I bees von big fool, and dat I might go to der bad place, and eat sourkrout."

"He tell you dat?"

"Yaw, Sure as my name bees Von Sweitzel."

"After you do der blowin mit your mouit for der party?"

"Yaw."

"Mine Got! vat you do den, mine neighbor?"

"I makes a fire in mine blacksmith shop, I blows my own bellers again, I heats mine own iron, and strikes mit mine own hammer. I say to myself,

"Wilhelm Von Sweitzel, bolitics bees a humbug and bolitics bees a bigger von. Wilhelm Von Sweitzel, do your own blowing and let bolitics do ders!"

Neighbor Pete thought he had come to a wise conclusion and after wishing all sorts of bad luck to politicians, that class of men whose patriotism and integrity lie in their pocket, they ordered all their mugs to be again refilled, and changed the topic of conversation.

**The North Cape.**

We cut the following description of the North Cape of Lapland, from an exchange paper; it presents a striking picture of a sublime view of one of nature's wildest scenes:

"Lord Silverton approached the Cape, and looked steadily downward. He drew a long breath, and in hushed accents, said:

"—This reminds me of Shakespeare's description of the chalk cliffs of Dover, in King Lear. But what are the cliffs of Dover? But what are the cliffs of Dover to this North Cape of Lapland! This is awful—tremendous—sublime! The whole world has not its equal. What would not Shakespeare have written, had he stood on this North Cape! A sight like this would make even a common man a poet; but the poet-born would be etherealized—transported beyond himself—inspired!"

"—Give me your hand, my lord," said Herr Klingmager, "for I think you have iron nerves like myself, and we may venture to approach nearer the brink of the precipices."

They did so; and Lord Silverton, accustomed as he had been to ascend to the royal yards of a three-decker, involuntarily shrank and shuddered, as he gazed down the blue gulf of air, and the saw apparently, miniature waves break at the foot of the mighty Cape, and heard the faint echo of their roar.

"—This terrible—astounding—almost horrible!" murmured he.

"From our standing-point to the surface of the sea below is sheer one thousand feet," coolly remarked Herr Klingmager. "See the gulls and the great 'saus' flying half-way down.—They look no larger than sparrows! Only endeavor to conceive the scene here in mid-winter, when all is storm and darkness, and when the ocean, driven in huge waves from the icy Arctic regions, burst against this sentinel of nature—this defiant Cape—and casts up solid masses of water in tens of thousands of tons, hundreds of feet high, against the rock, and the foamy spray flies a hundred feet above the summit where we stand!

"—Listen a moment," he continued; "you feel the cutting wind, and you hear its shrill whistle as it rushes against us; but do you also hear a different and most peculiar sound?"

"—This the boom of the ocean at our feet, is it not?"

"—Yes; we hear the sound of the waves beating heavily—as they have beaten, without rest or pause, for thousands of years—against the base of the Cape; and the sound is so faint at this immense elevation, that one might fancy he was standing on a spot long miles from the sea. But it is not the echo of the waves that I wish you to notice. Bend your head and again listen."

"—Lord Silverton did so; and now he distinctly heard a sound, or a variety of sounds, blended together, so as to produce a species of wild, unearthly symphony. There were wailing sounds, vibratory sounds, hissing sounds, moaning sounds, rumbling sounds, sighing sounds, rushing sounds, quivering sounds, sharp, soft, and mingled sounds—all heard faintly yet clearly, and impressing the hearer with a pleasing sensation, but unlike the imaginary distant concerts we sometimes listen to in a dream.

"—What fresh marvel and mystery is this?"

"—It is no mystery, my Lord, but a very natural and simple phenomenon. The singular and undecipherable sounds are produced by the very same wind that blows against us, and they are caused by the resistance offered by the wind, on its passage, by the head or front of the Cape beneath our feet; and it is, as you would observe when sailing around it, not a plain surface like a wall or bastion, built by hands, as it is at first sight seems, but grooved, and ritted, and full of hollows and protuberances, of all sizes and shapes; hence the singular variety of sounds, all of which reach us here in an undertone; but were we suspended half-way down the front of the Cape, we should doubtless be astonished at their loudness!"

"—To what a depth must the solid foundations descend?"

"—Perhaps they begin miles below our feet!"

RACHEL.—"Rachel will cause much excitement here, Mrs. P.," said the young doctor, addressing Mrs. Partington, giving the name the foreign pronunciation.

"I dare say," replied she; "they are always getting up new nostrums to cause a fomentation among the people. But do you really think, doctor, that this Rochele is any better than the old-fashioned globular salts?"

The doctor bit his lips and told her that he preferred Rochele with a little soda, but the one that he had named was the great tragedienne, Rachel."

She looked at him a moment.

"Well," says she, smiling, "I believe I am losing all my conscientiousness, and by and by shan't know nothing."

The doctor got up to go, taking his seat a little ways with him, as some adhering wax that Ike had laid down in the chair, pinned him thereto.—Boston Post.

Description of a bad road.—"Stranger, which is the way to ——— village?"

"There's two roads," responded the fellow.

"Well, which is the best?"

"Aint much difference; both on 'em very bad. Take which way you will, afore you've got half way you'll wish you took t'other."