

# The Independent Press.

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## POETRY.

### To a Drunken Husband.

My husband, 'twas for thee I left  
My own, my happy home;  
For thee I left my cottage bowers,  
With thee in joy to roam;  
And where are all the holy vows  
The truth, the love, the trust,  
That won my heart!—all scattered now,  
All trampled in the dust.  
I loved thee with a love untold;  
And when I stood beside  
Thy noble form, I joyed to think  
I was thy chosen bride.  
They told me, ere I was thine own,  
I should not love would be;  
I thought not of the future then—  
I only thought of thee.  
I left my home, my happy home,  
A sunny-hearted thing,  
Forgetting that my happiness  
A shadowing cloud might bring.  
The sunny side of life is gone,  
Its shadows only mine;  
And thorns are springing in my heart,  
Where blossoms used to twine.  
I do not blame thee for my lot,  
I only pray for thee,  
That thou may'st from the tempter's power  
(O joyful thought!) be free;  
That thou may'st bend above my grave,  
With penitence sincere,  
And for the broken-hearted one  
Def fall a sober tear.

## MISCELLANY.

### The Credit System.

"Owe no man anything," was the injunction of a Christian Apostle, whose lessons were seldom if ever unworthy of attention. If we were to express the sentiment, we should prefer the motto of John Randolph, "pay as you go." The politician compassed the idea better than the Apostle. Owe men we must, in all the courtesies and kindnesses which belong to and grace humanity; it is a debt collateral with our being—an obligation of our nature; therefore the Apostle was not definite enough; but Randolph hit the mark when he confined his maxim to debts pecuniary, which men, under the present order of things, are liable to incur. He touched with a true and noble philosophy one of the commonest and greatest of society evils.

We take it for granted that, as a general rule, debts pecuniary are contracted to be paid, sooner or later. As a general rule their burden is least the sooner they are paid. Interest, usury, dependence, lawsuits, and costs of all kinds that hang over standing and litigated debts add, if we could but get at their total for a single year in this country, millions of dollars to the original obligations. Friendships are broken over debts; forgeries and murders are committed on their account; and however considered, they are a source of cost, annoyance and evil—and that continually. They break in everywhere upon the harmonious relations of individuals and society; they blunt sensitiveness to personal independence; and, in no respect that we can fathom, do they advance the general well-being.

Well, as debts are incurred to be paid, and the saving all lies on the side of the earliest payment, why not manage to pay as we go, and thus avoid all debts, duns, broken friendships, writs, constables, sheriffs and court costs? We buy this or that, of A, B or C, and we propose to pay him in a week, a month, three months, and so on, the common rule of credit not running beyond six months—for which credit we have to pay advance prices and interest—why not, even at some brave sacrifice, contrive to get so far the start of custom as to pass by this perpetual credit system, and from that point, beginning with the world anew and even, keep even by paying as we go. It would be infinitely cheaper, better, and more independent for us all. If we can ever pay, why not at once—now? Will it be easier when interest is added to principal?

The rich have no excuse for not paying as they go, though, to their shame be it said, they are often the ones to decree misery and ruin by the credit they use—or rather abuse—in their business intercourse with the world. They, by withholding the honest dues of the laborer, the mechanic, the merchant and the professional man, all poor comparatively, force these classes into indebtedness until communities become a tangled net, whose threads of affiliation are standing accounts, notes, bonds and mortgages, suits at law, judgments, and executions. If those who are eminently able to pay as they go, were to be just and pay thus, the credit system which now makes one-half of society dependents and slaves, would be mainly swept away. The middle man and the poor man are driven to the wall by the system; they can be pushed and pursued under obligation with impunity; but your man of means, your rich man, who dares to remind him of a debt!—he will pay when he gets ready.

No man who does not pay and reflects on this system, should be the least of the picture. It is a system of mutual dependence, and intercourse of society, no great and over-

whelming. The poorer classes most especially feel them so. The mechanic, the laborer, and the tradesman, with little or no capital—as is generally the case—how can they succeed in enterprise, or in living, even, if they are not paid as they go? If they are paid, they too can pay. The reform, therefore, must begin, not like most others, at the bottom of the scale, but at the top—with the rich. Let them incur no debts to those whom they employ, or with whom they trade, and all classes below them in means can be free of debt. Debts are curses, and among the greatest under which society groans—the greatest under which nations suffer.—*N. Y. Mirror.*

### Advice to the Girls.

Now, girls, only think of it, as there are four times as many females as there are males in the world, I think the men can have plenty to choose from, but you have but few; and girls, when you are looking for a husband, get a sensible one, with a soul in his body. I mean one that will take care of you, himself, and the family. Have as little as possible to say to the fancy or fashionable gents, as they manage to take the heart, and then it leads to unhappiness or bad results. Very good looking men scarcely ever make good husbands, but if you do find one make sure of him. Don't trifle with the men, because you may be sorry for it when it is too late.

At eighteen I was considered a beautiful young woman. I was considerable of a coquette, and loved to show my power over the men. I almost destroyed my happiness for my last trial. I was loved by a young man named Augustus Edwards, and he met with my favor. I determined one evening to put his love to the test, and have the pleasure of seeing him on his knees before me. When he came I met him with a cold bow, and no smile. He looked very much surprised, asked me what the matter was.

"Mr. Edwards," I answered, "you have placed your affections on me, supposing that they were returned."

"I thought so, certainly," he replied.—He turned very pale, and tightly grasped the chair he was standing by.

"Annie," he exclaimed, the blood rushing to his face, "I have loved you, and I love you still; but," his manly form trembled with emotion, "farewell, I will never trouble you more."

He was gone. The scene was so different from what I expected that I could not utter a word. My affections became strong in a moment. All at once life became dark to me, and by my own folly. I ran to the window to call him back, but he was out of hearing. I resolved to send a note to him next morning, begging his forgiveness, and recalling all I had said in the evening. I passed a long and sleepless night, wishing anxiously for the morning to come. It came at last, and I sent the note, and waited in dreadful suspense until the afternoon for an answer, but received none. I sent another, but it did not succeed any better than the first. I could not wait and suffer any longer, so I hurriedly prepared myself, and went to his house. Augustus was in, and in a few moments he came into the room, I flew to him, and taking his hand begged his forgiveness for what I had said.

"What difference does it make, if you are going to wed another?" he asked.

"I did not mean what I said last evening, dear Gus," I answered, my heart beating very fast.

"I forgive you," said he.

"I shall not be forgiven unless you return your love to me. Oh! say that I may again be what I was to you!" I implored. "I can never love another."

"You need not," he answered, folding me to his heart.

We were married three months after, and he proved to be a kind and affectionate husband. He is dead now, but he is always fresh in my memory. Girls, now remember this, and all that I have said, and never be a coquette, for it destroys all the finer feelings of love, and you may not succeed as well as I did in redeeming your man after a test.

B. P.

### Burglary.

Two men were arrested in our town on Monday last, for breaking into the Boot and Shoe shop of Mr. B. Derrer, one being taken in the store, having forced the lock of the back door with a chisel; his accomplice was also taken in close neighborhood. They call themselves Brown and Lyons, and answer the description of Parker and Fox, advertised as having broke jail in Columbia a short time since. This is something new among us, chicken coops having heretofore been the scenes of operations; but such nice young men will find when they visit us a more vigorous community than they give us credit for.

As it is not altogether unusual for good to bring out of evil—we would like to see the \$100 reward offered for the above gentlemen turned over to the Independent Church Yard fund for a sufficient enclosure. As there were several of our young citizens engaged in the arrest, we think this the best way to divide it, if it is received at all.

[*Yorkville Miscellany.*]

It was a man of the name Jackson's—  
"Take time to deliberate, but when the time for action arrives, stop thinking."

### The Blue Ridge Road.

Let those who have doubts about the great trade to be introduced among us by the Blue Ridge Railroad read the following remarks by a witness over the mountains—the *Knoxville Register*:

"The influence which this road, when completed, is to exert upon East Tennessee, cannot at this time be appreciated, as he would be esteemed a visionary zealot who should undertake to count the number of tons of copper, coal, iron, marble, corn, wheat, flour, bacon, live stock, &c., that will one day flow through this channel, from this land of treasures and these fertile valleys, to the seaboard, to be thence distributed by the shipping which will be congregated in the Charleston harbor. But the greater benefit will accrue to our sister State of South Carolina, not only by its wonderful contribution to the commercial prosperity of the city of Charleston, crowding her hotels with strangers, her thoroughfares and lanes with men of business, and her docks with vessels from every clime; but famine will no more, as it did a few years since, drive thousands of her population from her borders, to seek a home and bread in other States. Penetrating the valley of the Tennessee, the Ohio, and the great Northwest beyond, the prices of every description of provisions upon which her people subsist will be diminished one-half. A new life, a fresh energy, a more cheerful spirit, and a better hope will be infused into her people, when they shall see consummated the great enterprise that twenty years ago arrested and commanded the attention of the men of whom they boasted, and the failure of which then brought the lamented Hayne to his grave."

### The South and her People.

John Mitchell, the Irish patriot, takes the following just and liberal view of our section: "In the chivalrous South the individual in vindication of his honor, of which the law of the land takes no cognizance, practices a code that violates alike the statute and the common law. The consequences for the most part rest with the individual. But you will rarely see mobs assembling to burn churches or to violate the constitution, south of Mason and Dixon's line. There the majesty of the law is respected and upheld by the aggregate people. There no Angel Gabriel sounds his horn, disturbing the quiet Sabbath and calling together bands of rowdies. There, no Salem witchcraft nor Blue Laws, nor Bloomerism, nor Woman's Rights, nor Mormonism, nor Millenarism, nor Anti-Popery, nor Spirit Rapping, nor Socialism, nor other monstrous productions, have sprung up to choke the healthy growth of freedom. The poisonous weeds and fungi belong to the North, and are cultivated to the highest perfection by the wise men of the East. In the South there is no persecution for conscience sake. It was the South—the Catholics of Maryland—that first set the example of religious toleration to Northern men and to the rest of the world, and Bancroft, whom England claims as its own, eloquently dwells upon the fact. And still the North not only lags behind the South in a true estimate of this, the first principle of human freedom, but is retrograding to the charnels of the Roundheads in quest of the dry bones of decayed fanaticism."

### Shocking Death.

We are informed by Maj. J. F. Cooper that his brother-in-law, Dr. McDonald, was brutally murdered by his servant, boy a few days since, at Mt. Meigs, Ala. The citizens of the vicinity were so enraged at the affair, that an immediate meeting was convened, and it was unanimously agreed that the murderer should be burned alive. The execution was performed before Dr. McDonald was buried. This is only another added to the many crimes which now deface the Southern calendar. It strikes us with force, that if a more summary mode of punishing murderers were adopted in Georgia, and the Southern States generally, we should have less crime of this kind. We are entirely too remiss in enforcing the law against offenders, until it has become a by-word in the South that no man can hang who has money. We hope to see, and we believe the period is approaching, when there will be an entire revolution in the public mind upon this matter. The times are prolific of murder, and the only effectual remedy is the enforcement of the law in all its justice and rigor. Five hangings will do more to prevent murder than twenty penitentiaries. Indeed the penitentiary system of our State is a convenient retreat for the murderer and thief.—*Atlanta (Ga.) Examiner.*

STABBING AFFAIR.—We regret to learn that a difficulty occurred at Brattonville, in this District, on Sunday last, between Elijah Clark, overseer of Mrs. Bratton, and Robert Guy, which resulted in the stabbing of the latter. The wound is a serious one. Mr. Clark has given bail for his appearance at the next court.—*Yorkville Miscellany.*

A cat, belonging to a widow lady in Ohio has lately set upon half a dozen of duck eggs, and continued her attention until the eggs were hatched, and then, as now a fine brood of six young ones half duck and half hen, having been reared, and can talk, but was more wonderful they now alternate alternately.

### Gerrit Smith vs. Mr. Colcock.

Frederic Douglass' paper contains a letter from Gerrit Smith, in which he relates how he was instrumental in procuring the pardon of Hanson. The same paper speaks of this case as showing "practical benevolence" on the part of Mr. Smith. So it does; but we see in it also the same evidence of "practical benevolence" on the part of several slaveholding members of Congress, whom abolition is wont to stigmatize with all sorts of evil epithets. Mr. Smith says:

"Hanson is the person who was convicted in Washington, four years ago, of harboring the three slaves, who had run away from Mr. Colcock, of South Carolina. Mr. C. was a member of Congress; and had brought these slaves to Washington. Hanson is a free colored man, and was living at that time with R. S. Coxe, Esq., a distinguished lawyer of Washington.

A heavy fine—some twelve or thirteen hundred dollars, as I understood—was imposed upon Hanson, and he was to remain in jail until it was paid. I did not wish to pay the fine. But so deeply was I interested in the poor fellow, that I determined not to leave Washington without having first seen him at liberty.

In behalf of this object I addressed a letter to all the members of our House from South Carolina, and followed it up with personal interviews with them all.

They behaved handsomely. Not one of them interposed an objection to his liberation. Gov. A. and Mr. Orr took a deep interest in the case. The latter went to the President's House to plead for Hanson's pardon.

Hanson was pardoned. There is credit due to the President for his pardon; but more credit is due to the South Carolina delegation. And I must not omit to acknowledge the fact, that Mr. Colcock himself expressed his entire consent to have Hanson pardoned.

### A Striking Illustration.

A company of individuals united themselves together in a mutual benefit society. The B. K. Smith comes and says: "Gentlemen, I wish to become a member of your association."

"Well what can you do?"

"Oh, I can shoe your horses, iron carriages, and make all kinds of implements."

"Very well: come in, Mr. Blacksmith."

The Mason applied for admission in the society.

"And what can you do, sir?"

"Oh, I can build your barns and houses, stables and bridges."

"Very well, come in we can't do without you."

Along comes the Shoemaker and says: "I wish to become a member of your society."

"Well, what can you do?"

"I can make boots and shoes for you."

"Come in, Mr. Shoemaker—we must have you."

"So, in turn, apply all the different trades and professions, till lastly, an individual comes, and wants to be a member."

"And what can you do?"

"I am a Rumseller."

"A Rumseller! and what can you do?"

"I can build jails, prisons and poor-houses."

"And is that all?"

"No, I can fill them; I can fill your jails with criminals, your prisons with convicts and your poor-houses with paupers."

"And what else can you do?"

"I can bring the gray hairs of the aged to the grave with sorrow; I can break the heart of the wife; and blast the prospects of the friends of talent, and fill your land with more than the plague of Egypt."

"Is that all you can do?"

"Good Heavens!" cried the Rumseller, "is not that enough?"

### HOME AND WIFE ON SATURDAY NIGHT.

—Happy is the man who has a little home, and a little angel in it, of a Saturday night! A house, no matter how little, provided it will hold two or so; no matter how humbly furnished, provided there is hope in it. Let the wind blow—close the curtain.

What if they are calico, or plain white, without tassel or any such thing. Let the rains descend—heap up the fire. No matter if you haven't a candle to bless yourself with: for what beautiful light glowing coal makes shedding a sunset through the room, just enough to talk by—not loudly as in the hurrying world, but softly, slowly whispering, with pauses between, for the storm without and the thoughts within to fill up. Then wheel the sofa around before the fire. No matter if the sofa is a settee, uncushioned as that: if so be, it is just big enough for two or say two and a half in it. How sweetly the music of silver bells, from the time to come, falls on the listening heart then! How mournfully swells the chime of "the day" that are no more!

At a hotel, a short time since, a girl inquired of a gentleman at the table if his cup was out.

"No," said he, "but my coffee is."

The poor girl was considerably confused, but determined to pay him in her own coin.

While at dinner the stage drove up, and several coming in, the gentleman asked:

"Does the stage stop here?"

"No, sir," exclaimed one of the passengers, "but the passengers do."

### Sweetened Drink.

In a small village in the southern section of Missouri resides a certain major, who keeps a small, cosy, comfortable little inn, famous for its sweetened drinks, as well as a jovial landlord; and few of the surrounding farmers visit the neighborhood, without giving the major a friendly call, to taste his "mixture." The gay host, with jolly phiz, round person, bright eye, and military air, deals out the rations, spiced with jokes, which, if they are not funny, are at least laughed at, for the major enjoys them so vastly himself that his auditors are forced to laugh out of pure sympathy.

A good old couple, who resided about six miles from the major's, for a long period, had been in the habit of visiting him once a month and as regularly went home dreadfully sweetened with the favorite mixture; but of late, we learn, the amicable relations existing between the major and his old visitors have been broken off by green-eyed jealousy. On the last visit, good cause was given for an end being put to any more "sweet drinking."

"Uncle Merrill, how are you, any how?" was the major's greeting; "and I declare if missus aint with you, too"—just as if he expected she wouldn't come. "What'll you take, missus? shall I sweeten you a little of about the best Cincinnati rectified that ever was toted into these 'ere parts!—it jest looks as bright as girls' eyes!" and here the major winked and looked so sweet there was no resisting, and she did take a little "sweetened."

The hours flew merrily by, and evening found the old couple so overloaded with sweets, that it was with great difficulty they could be seated on the old gray mare, to return home; but after many a kind shake from the host, and just another drop of his "sweetened" off they jogged, sec sawing from side to side on the critter, the old lady muttering her happiness, and the old man too full to find words to express himself.

"Such another man as that Major," says she, "ain't nowhere—and such a mixture as he does make is temptin to temperance lecturers. He is an amazin' nice man, and, if anything, he sweetens the last drop better than the first. Good gracious! What a pleasin' critter he is!"

Ever and anon these encomiums on the major and his mixture broke from the old lady, until of a sudden, on passing a small rivulet, a jolt of the mare's silenced them, and the old man rode on a short distance in perfect quietness. At length he broke out with—

"Old woman, you and that 'ere major's conduct, to-day, war rather unbecom'—his formalities war too sweet to be mistook, and you aint' gain't agin in a hurry."

Silence was the only answer.

"Oh you're huffy, are you?" continued the old man. "Well, I guess you can stay so till you give in," and he jogged in a silently jealous mood. On arriving at the farm, he called to his negro to lift the old woman off, but Sam, the nigger, stood gazing at him in silent astonishment.

"Lift her off, you Sam, do you hear?—and do it carefully, or some of her wraith'll bile out. In spite of the major's sweet'nin' she's mad as thunder."

"Why, de lor," massa, de ole 'oman aint dar," replied Sam his eyes standing out of his countenance. "Jest turn round, massa, and satisfy you'salf dat de ole 'oman clare gone an missin—de lor!"

And sure enough, on a minute examination by the old man, she was 'found missing.' The major was charged at once with abduction, instant measures were taken for pursuit, and a party despatched to scour the road. On proceeding two miles on the road to the major's they were suddenly halted at the small rivulet, by finding the missus with her head lying partly in the little stream, its waters laying in her lap, and her lips softly murmuring—"Not a drop more, major, unless it's sweetened!"

BEAUTIFUL SENTIMENT.—The following from "The House by the River Side," is truly eloquent, and embraces the belief of every Christian heart:

"Go and preach to the blocks and stones, ye who believe that love is clay! Go preach to the deadly who deny the immortality of the affections! Go reason with trees, or hills, images of wood, or with your motionless, icy souls, ye who believe, because there is no marrying yonder, there shall be no embracing or because we may not use the gentle word 'my wife,' we may not clasp those sanctified forms in our arms! I tell you man, that immortality would be a glorious cheat, if, with our clay, die all our affections. I tell you that annihilation would be heaven if I believed that when my head at length rests upon its coffin pillow, and my lips sink to silence and repose in death, those loving eyes would never look into mine again, that holy caress never bless me more."

"Aw, Doctaw, does the cholera, awfect the highdaw awdaw!" asked an exquisite of a celebrated physician in New Orleans.

"No," replied the M. D., "but it's death on foot, and you'd better leave the city immediately." The fellow sloped.

"Well, John," said a man to his son on the day he was one-and-twenty, "you have got a fool for a mother now." "Yes," said John, "and have had for these twenty years."

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CHEAP WASH FOR COTTAGES OR WOOD.  
—For the outside of wooden cottage barns, outbuildings, fences, &c., where economy is important, the following wash is recommended:

Take a cleaft barrel that will hold water. Put in it half a bushel of fresh quick-lime, and slake it by pouring over it boiling water sufficient to cover it 4 or 5 inches deep, and stirring it till slaked.

When quite slaked, dissolve it in water and add 2lbs. sulphate of zink (white vitriol) which may be had at any of the druggists, and which in a few weeks will cause the whitewash to harden on the wood work. Add sufficient water to bring it to the consistency of thick whitewash. This wash is of course white, and as white is a color which we think should never be used, except upon buildings a good deal surrounded by trees, so as to prevent its glare, we would make it a fawn or drab color before using it.

To make the above wash a pleasing cream color, add 4lbs. yellow ochre.

For fawn color, take 4 lbs. umber, 1 lb. Indian red, and 1lb. lamplack.

To make the wash grey or stone color add 4lbs. raw umber and 2lbs. lamplack.

The color may be put on with a common whitewash brush, and will be found much more durable than common whitewash, as the sulphate of zinc sets or hardens the whitewash.

SEVEN FOOLS.—1. The envious man—who sends away his mutton, because the person next to him is eating venison.

2. The jealous man—who spreads his bed with stinging nettles, and then sleeps on it.

3. The proud man—who gets wet through, sooner than ride in the carriage of an inferior.

4. The litigious man—who goes to law in the hopes of ruining his opponent, and gets ruined himself.

5. The extravagant man—who buys a herring, and takes a cab to carry it home.

6. The angry man—who learns the opticleide, because he is annoyed by the playing of his neighbor's piano.

7. The ostentatious man—who illuminates and sits in the dark.—*Punch.*

CLEANING WALL PAPERS.—As many of our lady readers may desire, at this season of house cleaning, to renovate the paper upon the walls of the rooms, we copy from the Ohio Cultivator a method prescribed for so doing:

"Take about two quarts of wheat bran, enclose it in a bag made of thin, open flannel, or strainer cloth, and with this rub the paper, shaking up the bran occasionally so as to keep the surface fresh. With this apparatus smoke can easily be removed from wall paper. Grease spots can be partially removed by rubbing them with chalk and then laying over them several thicknesses of brown paper, and press on a flat iron."

REVIVALS.—We are glad to hear that quite an interest has been awakened within a few weeks past in the congregations at Cedar Spring and Long Cane, in this District. Some fifteen persons have been added to the Church, and many others are thought to be inquiring the way to Zion.—Such an awakening has not been experienced in these old congregations, it is said, for many, many years. God speed the work! We need revivals of religion—we need more fervency among ministers—more "wrestling" among the people, and then we will have more converts in our churches.

[*Due West Telescope.*]

ALMOST A HOMICIDE.—A barber, near our office, while engaged in shaving a gentleman yesterday, was seized with a convulsion, and the muscles of his arm contracting almost involuntarily, the razor, instead of passing gently down the cheek of the customer, was rudely drawn across his throat, in frightful proximity to his carotid and jugular! No blood was drawn, but so "close was the shave" that the gentleman's garments were cut. Gathering up the remainder of them, he cut also.—*Buffalo Democracy.*

A SEVERE REDUCE.—Fletcher, Bishop of Niamas, was the son of a chandler. A proud duke once endeavored to mortify the prelate, by saying at the levee that he smelt of tallow: to which he replied, "My lord, I am the son of a chandler, 'tis true; and if your lordship had been the same, you would have remained a tallow-chandler all the days of your life."

ABSENCE OF MIND.—Mr. Imlach, late minister at Muirhouse Dundee, was remarkable for his absence of mind. In his prayer one day, he said, "O Lord! bless all ranks and degrees of persons, from the King on the dunghill to the beggar on the throne." Then recollecting himself, he added, "I mean from the beggar on the throne to the King on the dunghill."

QUIET UNANSWER.—A good deacon making an official visit to a dying neighbor who was a very unpopular man, put the usual question:

"Are you willing to go to heaven?"

"Yes," said the man, "I am willing to go to heaven, but I am not willing to go to the neighbors who are willing."

"Are you willing to go to heaven?"