

# The Huntingdon Journal.

"LIBERTY AND UNION, NOW AND FOREVER, ONE AND INSEPARABLE."

WILLIAM BREWSTER, EDITORS.  
SAM. G. WHITTAKER,

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## Select Poetry.

### MINNE-HA-HA.

BY REV. S. DRYDEN PHELPS.

Minne-Ha-Ha, or the "Laughing Water," is one of the most beautiful of the gay cascades which deposit among the streams of the upper Mississippi country. It is a short distance from St. Anthony, Minnesota, and is a favorite place with travellers in the West.

When o'er the prairie first  
The Indian trod,  
And on his vision burst  
This work of God,  
No wonder he should claim it  
A lovely sight,  
A laughing sprite,  
And shouting forth, should name it,  
With rapt delight,  
Minne-ha-ha!

Long ages passed, I ween,  
And none came near  
To view this charming scene,  
Its music here;  
Before the forest ranger  
Heard its sweet clang,  
It rushed and rang;  
To human eyes a stranger,  
It smiled and sang,  
Minne-ha-ha!

To summer-blooming flowers  
That fringe the brook,  
To clustering leafy bowers  
That on it look,  
To the deep vale extending  
Far on below,  
Whose echoes go,  
'Twas ever sweetly sounding  
Its tuneful flow,  
Minne-ha-ha!

When winter's mantling snow  
Lay by its side,  
When bright flowers ceased to glow  
Along its tide;  
Amid the frost-burys, builded  
By the ice-kings,  
Each silver string  
With golden sunlight gilded,  
It still did sing,  
Minne-ha-ha!

Stars in the silent night,  
Might be enchaunted,  
Birds in their passing flight  
Be long detained,  
And, by this scene entrancing  
Angels might roam,  
Or make their home,  
Hearing, in waters dancing,  
'Mid' 'prey and foam,  
Minne-ha-ha!

methinks there is a strain,  
A sudden sound,  
A half-concealed refrain,  
A requiem found,  
And tear-drops, softly falling  
Along the steep,  
In the wild leap  
Of sparkling waters calling  
For them that sleep,  
Minne-ha-ha!

Thousands who erst have viewed  
This glad cascade,  
Wild sons of solitude,  
Who hither strayed,  
Have passed away forever!  
Come they no more,  
Nor hear the roar  
Of this bright, laughing river,  
Singing of yore,  
Minne-ha-ha!

But hardy pioneers,  
A pale-faced throng,  
Surmounting rocks and fears—  
Stalwart and strong;  
Their Eastern homes forsaking  
For this great West,  
Their chosen rest  
Blooms in the desert making—  
Are welcomed, blest,  
Minne-ha-ha!

Shout to the sons of peace,  
A glad "what cheer,"  
Whose pilgrim lands increase  
With every year;  
Whose art and taste are giving  
To lake and land,  
To prairie grand,  
A glory bright and living,  
That long shall stand—  
Minne-ha-ha!

Sing to the rising State,  
With cities fair,  
Whose power and honor great  
Her sons shall share;  
Bidding all foes defiance,  
Their happy choice  
Shall then rejoice,  
While Freedom, Truth and Science  
Blend with thy voice,  
Minne-ha-ha!

Sing on—a hundred years,  
And then how bright  
This glorious realm appears  
To human sight!  
All things here shall enter;  
Blessings shall team,  
Religion beam,  
Our country's crown and centre  
This shall seem!—  
Minne-ha-ha!

## Personal Sketch.

### LEWIS, THE ROBBER.

Lewis was the master spirit of a gang of highwaymen, who lived by robbing travellers and committing depredations upon residents, chiefly between Chambersburg and Bedford, where they harbored in the forests of the mountains. They were a terror to the community, and western merchants who travelled on horseback, generally armed themselves when going to the east, so as to be prepared to repel an attack, and for greater security sometimes went in companies. It was understood, or at least believed, that some of Lewis' band were stationed at Pittsburg, where, by mixing in genteel society, and being unsuspect-

ed, they would inform themselves of the time when merchants of that city and from parts further west intended making their semi-annual trips to Philadelphia, and would then find means to convey the intelligence to their accomplices along the road.

Lewis was a young man of handsome appearance and agreeable address, and it was said he supported his mother and sister upon the fruits of his unlawful pursuit. His more immediate associates were Conner and Connelly, who, at the time we are speaking of, kept among the gorges of Siding Hill, where, at a distance of several miles from the public road, they had erected a shanty, which was well supplied with provisions and other comforts, which Lewis, after remaining about Bedford and Bloody-Run as long as he could do so without exciting suspicion, or until he had received letters which he expected, would resort and remain for days and weeks concerting measures for robbing some unsuspecting traveller or of obtaining booty in some other way.

Persons who have travelled the turnpike between McConnelsburg and the Crossing of the Juniata will remember Reamer's tavern, on the eastern slope of the mountain, and Nycum's on the western, the intervening distance being about eight miles, which formerly presented little else to the eye than scrub-oak thickets, interspersed with rocks and fallen timber, with here and there a slight opening, through which the cattle feeding during the summer had trodden paths which served the hunter as a guide and passage when following game along the mountain range in winter. It was, indeed, a gloomy road, with nothing to break the monotony, save, perhaps, occasionally the cawing of a crow, as he hovered over head, or the hidden bound of a deer aroused from his lair, by the noise of approaching footsteps—and the lonely traveller, as he wended his way slowly up the steep ascent, now urging his jaded steed to greater effort, and now relieving it by leaping from the saddle and walking by his side, would long to gain the summit where he might proceed more speedily, and with more comfort to himself and his animal.

On ascending the mountain from the west, one sees now on the south side of the turnpike a patch of cultivated ground embracing several acres, which has been cleared for a number of years, but was a dense forest at the time to which our story has reference. It was here, immediately opposite the cleared field, that Lewis performed one of his most daring exploits, and which led to his arrest and subsequently cost him his life.

It appeared from what transpired afterwards, that Lewis had received intelligence from some of his gang, of an individual carrying a large sum of money going Eastward on horseback, and that Lewis and two associates were on the look-out for him, ready to make an attempt at securing the rich prize whenever it should come within reach. From some cause or other, however, that individual's departure was delayed; but about the same time designated by Lewis' spy, a Mr. McClelland, a merchant in Pittsburg, started for Philadelphia to purchase goods, travelling on horseback and having in his saddle-bags some two thousand dollars in silver. He had gotten Nycum's on Saturday evening where he remained until Sunday morning, thinking to breakfast at Reamer's. As he was walking his horse up the mountain, and when he had proceeded several miles, he espied, some distance ahead, a man who wore a slouched hat and an ill-fitting, somewhat tattered coat, walking rather awkwardly, his body inclined forward, now shooting diagonally across the road, and then, taking up and balancing himself, moving on again in a straight line. As McClelland neared him, the man once or twice looked around, exhibiting a pair of blackened eyes, as if he had been recently engaged in a fight; and McClelland inferred from his whole conduct and appearance that he had been in company drinking and got himself handsomely pummeled without having been sobered by the operation.

As they neared the summit, McClelland gained upon the fellow, until at the point which we have been endeavoring to describe, he was about passing him; but at that moment, and before he suspected any danger, he found himself dragged from his horse, the drunken man, as he had taken him to be, having sprung upon him at a single bound, while in the same instant a man with a cocked pistol jumped up from either side of the road, the one seizing the horse's bridle and the other coming to the assistance of their leader, who was no other than Lewis himself, and who had assumed this disguise to prevent suspicion. The two who had been lying in wait were Conner and Connelly—and there can be

no doubt but some one of the gang had seen McClelland the day or evening before and that they had prepared themselves during the night to attack him in the morning. Had he tarried at Nycum's later in the day, and, perchance, got some company, he would most likely have been permitted to pass unmolested, and the counterfeit drunkard, who, with painted eyes and tattered garments had been seen straggling along the road would scarcely have thought of again.

The spot was well chosen by the robbers for the accomplishment of their purpose. On the north side of the road, for a distance of at least a quarter of a mile, the woods were more open here than at any other point on the mountain; and whilst McClelland was hurried off by two of the men among the thickets, his horse galloped at full speed through the open space, so as to be out of sight, should any person chance to come along the road. Having commanded McClelland to observe silence if she did not wish to have his brains blown out, they led him onward for several miles the other man with the horse bringing up the rear, until they reached the robber's hut, which had been constructed of light logs and covered with bark, where they halted and forthwith entered upon an examination of their booty. After ascertaining the amount, Lewis turned to McClelland and smilingly said he was "not the bird they had been watching for, nevertheless these were pretty rich pickings," and he and his associates were amply compensated thereby for their trouble. Conner and Connelly then proposed they should put McClelland to death, alleging as a reason that if he were set at liberty he would inform on them and might cause their arrest; against which Lewis stoutly protested and at the same time handed to McClelland his watch and ten dollars, saying that would carry him back to his family and friends.

This done, preparations were made by the robbers to start with the money taken from McClelland to some place where they would deposit it for greater security, and he was told that if he offered to move from the spot before their return, his life should pay the forfeit of his temerity. That they intended to return has always been doubted, and it has been judged, and with very good reason, that their object was to induce him to remain there during part of the day whereby they would have ample time to get out of harm's way before he could give the alarm and start anybody in pursuit. In order to make sure work, however, they produced a pint flask filled with whiskey ordered him to drink freely, thinking no doubt that by so doing he, a man unaccustomed to strong drink, would soon fall a sleep and might not awake for many hours. McClelland thought the liquor offered contained some deadly poison, and the robbers were taking this method to get rid of him; and knowing he was in their power, and that if his death had been resolved on all his pleading for life would be unavailing, he concluded to die with as little pain as possible, and therefore, to their surprise drank the entire contents of the flask. Fortunately however, the liquor was not poisoned; but the robbers thinking their prisoner had taken enough to answer all their purposes, now left, after ordering him to lie down in a corner of the cabin.

McClelland was now alone. The incidents of the morning clustered around his mind, and his distress was indescribable. Within the space of a few hours all his earthly hopes had been blasted. He was not only beggared, but, in all likelihood, doomed to die, perhaps in a few moments, away from his friends and kindred, where his body might become food for vultures and wild beasts, and his requiem should be the winds as they passed howling over his bleaching bones! He pictured to himself the distress of his family consequent upon his sudden and mysterious disappearance, and their fruitless conjectures in regard to his fate, and then ran, with his mind's eye, over the pages of their future history, lamenting their desolate and forlorn condition as they should be drifted without an earthly protector on life's wide ocean, tossed by the waves and exposed to the tempest. But he felt admonished to dismiss these reflections and turn into others. Every moment he expected to feel a deadly stupor coming over him, and ever and anon he cast his eyes upon surrounding objects to assure himself that all was not a dream, and that he was still in possession of his reason. Such was the intensity of his feelings that it counteracted the effects of the spirits which he had swallowed, and impelled by that love of life which clings unto man to his last moments, he ventured to ascend to the roof of the shanty and then cast inquiring looks far into the forest, anxious to ascertain whether the robbers had actually taken

their departure or whether they were still loitering about, awaiting his death. In a slight opening in the woods, at the distance of half a mile, he at length espied them, pressing on with all possible speed, and in a moment his resolution was taken to attempt his escape. Mounting his horse he entered a ravine near by, which he judged must lead him in the direction of Reamer's and then urging the animal forward as fast as the nature of the country permitted, he kept in the ravine, leaping over rocks and fallen trees, and in an incredibly short time reached the point he was aiming for, where he gave the alarm and urged immediate pursuit.

We may here remark that among those back-woodsman who employ most of their time in hunting and fishing, Sunday is not generally revered as it should be, and it will therefore cause no surprise to learn that McClelland arrived at the tavern just mentioned he found there some half dozen or more rugged mountaineers, who had called in for their "biters" preparatory to starting into the woods in quest of game. No sooner were they made acquainted with the robbery that had been committed than they volunteered to go in search of the robbers, and in a few minutes had all things in readiness and set out, resolved to do their best.

The hunters had a general topography of the mountains, directed their steps toward a point some distance beyond that designated by McClelland as one where he had last seen the robbers; having reached which, they divided into two parties and moved some distance apart, in this order had not proceeded very far when they espied the objects of their search, by whom they were seen likewise at the same instant. The robbers tried to escape by running, but before they could get beyond the reach of the hunters' rifles, Lewis was wounded by a ball, and one of the others killed, whilst the third escaped unhurt. Lewis was secured and carried to Bedford jail, there to await his trial, but afterwards made his escape and was pursued and whilst rowing himself across the West Branch of the Susquehanna in a canoe, was shot dead by one of his pursuers.

While in prison, Lewis stated that he had concealed a large sum of money under a rock—the specie in a vessel and the bank bills in a bottle—near a small stream on the west of the Allegheny mountain; and after his death diligent search was made for the treasure, by different persons and at different places but it is not known that it has ever been found, and that the probability is that it had been removed by some of Lewis' associates.

Had Lewis' mind been directed into the right channel and subjected to a proper course of training, he might have lived an honor to himself and his family and been useful in his day and generation; but having a penchant for the romantic and lawless, where he could indulge his passions without restraint, he became alienated from society, an outcast and a by-word and in his death we have but another proof of the truthfulness of the proverb that "the way of the transgressor is hard."  
—*Indiana Pa. Register.*

## Select Miscellany.

### "Scissors!"

A tailor having amassed a fortune by his trade, cut the shop and removed to the country to live in dignified leisure. His wife was a bit of a shrew, and apt, as all wives are to find out all her husband's weak points. One of these was a shame of his former occupation, and she harped upon the jarrin strings, until the poor wretch was nearly beside himself. Her touch word "scissors," spoiled his bon-mots and embittered his grandest entertainments; it was flame to tow. He stormed and wheedled; the obnoxious instrument was brandished before his eyes. They were walking one day on the bank of a river bounding his grounds.

"You observe," said he, "the delta formed by the fork of the river. Its beauty decided me to close the contract."

"Very probable, my dear—it reminds one so much of a pair of scissors."

One push and she was struggling in the water.

"I will pull you out if you promise never to say that word again," halloed the still foaming husband.

"Scissors!" shrieked the wife, and down she went.

**Connubial Adventure.**  
The Buffalo Republic relates that recently a false hearted man in Detroit attempted to elope from his lawful spouse with another woman to Canada. The guilty couple crossed the river in one steamer, while the injured but spunky wife pursued them in another; and just as the train was leaving Windsor, the latter sprang upon the rear car and ran through the coaches, until she found the runaway couple, quietly seated side by side. She upbraided the man for running away from his lawfully wedded wife, and insisted that he should leave the cars and return with her. This the husband stoutly refused to do, when the wife appealed to the Conductor, and produced the necessary vouchers of her identity. The Conductor, with much good sense, decided that a woman was entitled to her husband, and informed the man that he would be under the necessity of delivering him over to the custody of his better half. By this time the passengers had gathered around and the scene became exceedingly ludicrous. The man declared that he would not leave his dulcinea, and she persisted in retaining him. The tears and entreaties of the wife were too much for the sympathetic Conductor; he pulled the check string, stopped the train, ejected the husband from the car and delivered him to his wife, several passengers holding on to the other woman, who made the most desperate endeavors to follow. The man tried hard to get on the cars after they were in motion, but was unable to do so in consequence of the tight grasp of the wife on to his coat tails. The last that was seen of the pair they were rolling down the bank closely locked in each other's embrace.—The frail fair one, who was the cause of the trouble, was carried out of the reach of her companion for a time at least.

**The Prince of Wales Soundly Thrashed.**  
The Birmingham (Eng.) Journal prints the following account of a flogging the Prince of Wales received from a poor boy:—During her Majesty's residence, some years ago at Osborne, in the Isle of Wight, her children were accustomed to ramble along the sea-shore. Now it so happened on one occasion that the younger Prince of Wales met a boy who had been gathering sea shells. The boy had got a basket full. The young Prince, who is the heir apparent to the throne, presuming upon his high position, thought himself privileged to do what he pleased with impunity. So without any notice he upset the basket and shells. The poor boy was very indignant, and observed, "You do that again, and I'll lick you." "Put the shells into the basket," said the Prince, "and see if I don't." "The shells were gathered up and put into the basket. "Now," said the lad, "touch 'em again, if you dare," whereupon the Prince again pitched over the shells and the lad pitched into him, and gave him such a licking as few Princes ever had. His lip was cut open, his nose knocked considerably out of its perpendicular, and his eyes of a color which might have well become the champion of a prize ring. His disfigured face could not long be concealed from his royal mother. She inquired the cause of his disfigurement. He was silent but at last confessed the truth. The poor boy was ordered before the Queen. He was asked to tell his story. He did so in a very straight forward manner. At his conclusion, turning to her child, the Queen said,—"you have been rightly served, sir. Had you not been punished sufficiently already, I should have punished you severely. When you commit such an offence, I trust you will always receive a similar punishment." Turning to the poor boy, she commanded his parents to her presence the following morning. They came; and the result of the interview was that her Majesty told them she had made arrangements for educating and providing for their son, and she hoped he would make good use of the advantages which should be placed within his reach.

**Snow.**—An editor of a paper in the interior is rejoicing at the melting of the snow, which has covered the ground in his neighborhood since Christmas. He gives vent to his feelings in the words of the poet:  
"Farewell, old snow!  
You've been enjoyed, you have old fellow!  
Even by the elderly people, whose top-knots  
Are whitened for the other side of Jordan  
River; and by the young folks, the cheeks of whom,  
Though dipped in the deep carnation of the deathless  
Rose, you have made red and red—  
As an awful great big blood beet.  
But you are bound to go.  
Again we bid you a long farewell, humbly requesting  
You to call on us when you visit this country again."

At what age are ladies most happy? Marriage!

**THE DUELIST OUTWITTED.**  
Sir George Beaumont, when a young man, when one day in the Mount—a famous coffee house in London—with Harvey Ashton. Among others present there was an Irishman who was celebrated as a duelist, having killed at least half a dozen antagonists. Ashton talking some to his acquaintances swore that he would make the duelist stand barefooted before them.

"You had better take care what you say," they replied: "he has an eye on you."  
"No matter, rejoined Ashton; 'I declare again that he shall stand barefooted before you, if you will make up a purse of fifty guineas.'"  
They did so. Ashton then said in a loud voice, "I have been in Ireland, and am well acquainted with the natives."  
The Irishman was all ear. Ashton proceeded:  
"The Irish, being born in bogs, are every one of them web-footed."  
"Sir," roared the Irishman, starting up, "it is false."  
Ashton persisted in his assertion.  
"Sir," cried the other, "I was born in Ireland, and I will prove to you that it is a falsehood!"  
So saying, in great haste he pulled off his shoes and stockings, and displayed his bare feet. The joke ended in Ashton sharing the fifty with the Irishman, giving him thirty and keeping twenty.

**MEANNESS EXTRAORDINARY.**—Some years ago while Captain Ward was sailing on the upper lakes, a man fell overboard in the evening. The fact was immediately discovered, and the captain promptly threw a number of loose articles into the lake for the drowning man to seize upon. Among these happened to be a bunch of shingles from a lot which the impelled gentleman was transporting on the boat. When the vessel was turned about, it was found that this bunch had floated within reach of the man and that he had sustained himself upon it.

He was taken on board, and without expressing any gratitude for his deliverance, he told the captain, with considerable agitation, that he should expect pay for his shingles that had been thrown overboard! Capt. Ward replied that he was very sorry; that if he had known the shingles were his own he would not have done it!

This is a true story, and when anybody can beat it, he shall have our hat; and if he desires it, a written acknowledgement of our unqualified belief in the doctrine of total depravity.—*Detroit Tribune.*

**THE WIFE-SYSTEM IN TURKEY.**—A tourist giving his impressions of the Orient, relates the following little episode, which a lady told him, of Turkish life in the household:—"This day we spent out of sight of land, and chiefly in conversation with an elderly lady, who had been staying at Constantinople upon a visit to a Turkish harem. Her descriptions of the scenes she witnessed there were exceedingly graphic. The pasha had twelve wives, and in the evening they all assembled together and chatted, without rivalry and without jealousy, until, at a certain hour, a black gentleman entered the room and bowed to one of the ladies. The "wife" immediately rose and left the apartment. The others then looked at each other just as ladies do in England before they leave the dining-room, and then separated for the night. One of our voyagers ventured to ask whether the black gentleman always bowed to the same lady. "We were there ten days, and the same lady was never bowed to twice," was the answer."

Two young men waited upon the late Peter S. Duponceau, to ask his professional assistance. One of them commenced:  
"Mr. Duponceau, our father died and made a will."  
"It is possible? I never heard of such a thing," answered Mr. Duponceau.

"I thought it happened every day," said the young man.

"It's the first case of the kind," replied Mr. Duponceau.

"Well," said the young man, "if there is to be any difficulty about it, we had better give you a fee to attend to the business."

The fee was given, and then Mr. Duponceau observed:  
"O, I think I know what you mean.—You mean your father made a will and died. Yes, yes, that must be it."

During April, 3,202 emigrant passengers were carried over the Pennsylvania Railroad, West.

The losses by fire in this country during April, reached \$3,000,000.

**THE MONTH OF MAY.**  
The flowery month of May has ever been a favorite season for poetical description; and some of the muses' sweet breathings have been sung in its praise. Thus Milton has the following beautiful apostrophe:

"Hail, beautiful May! that dost inspire  
Mirth, and youth, and warm desire,  
Woods and groves are of thy dressing,  
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing!  
Thus we salute thee with our early song,  
And welcome thee, and wish thee long."  
And Thompson has described the fields and orchards as in this month displaying their highest beauty—as being all  
"One boundless blash, one white-empurpled shower  
Of mingled blossoms."

William Howitt, too, has expressed his genial sympathy with the beauties of nature and May, in the following sweet verses:

"May is here, and May is flying;  
Spring is here, and Spring is dying;  
Shout a welcome, frank and flowing;  
Say farewell! for she is going.  
'Tis the hour when life is deepest;  
'Tis the hour when most thou weep'st;  
'Tis the day when flowers in numbers  
Srew the sainted in their slumbers.  
Buds are breaking; love is waking;  
Time our very breath is taking.  
We are coming; we are drooping;  
Summer comes; for Spring is stooping."

Heber, in a May-day Carol, celebrates the beauties of May, in a charming verse:  
"Queen of fresh flowers,  
Warm vernal stars obey,  
Bring the warm showers,  
Bring the genial ray,  
In nature's greenest lively drest,  
Descend on earth's expectant breast.  
To earth and heaven a welcome quest,  
The merry month of May."  
Herrick has sung of it as the season when—  
"Aurora shows her fair  
Fresh-quilted colors through the air."  
And Cowper, and Wordsworth, and Coleridge, have woven for it chaplets of immortal beauty, and have hallowed it with the incense of their song.

**Pulpit Pronunciation.**  
A correspondent of the New York Churchman thus happily hits off the common and silly habit into which a great many clergymen have fallen, of slighting the very respectable letter R in their pronunciation. The following is a sample;

"When I can read my title clear,  
'Tis mansions in the skies,  
I'll bid farewell to every fear,  
And wipe my weeping eyes."  
The above is the style of elocution in which the first line of Dr. Watts' celebrated hymn were very recently delivered from the deeply recessed chancel of that beautiful church, the rector of which some time since, so solemnly announced the sufferings of the poor as increase with the approach of winter, and who from wonderful efficacy of the Gos pil for the cure of all the ills of soulful humanity.

The same accomplished minister, upon the same day on which he delighted, from the chancel, his ravished hearers with the above poetic gem, electrified them by the following burst, from the pulpit, of eloquent and classical declamation.  
"Ohi sin-nah!  
The judgment is ne ah!  
Life is but a va-pah!"

**LIFE'S TREADMILL.**—An Englishman once cut his throat because he was tired of "buttoning and unbuttoning." The following is a better use of the same principle: Our old grandmother used to say to our grandfather, "It's useless quarreling, my dear, for you know we must make it up again."

The Irishman who did not eat his breakfast because at dinner time he would have to eat again, was another instance. The fact is, life is an endless routine, in which the same things are done to-day that were done yesterday, and will be followed by the same course to-morrow. We eat, we drink, we work, we sleep—such is the round of life, as far as bodily want is concerned. It is the difference of place and circumstance which constitutes the variety without which life would be indeed irksome.

**THEATRICALS IN THE "FAR WEST."**—Western theatricals are of rather unique character. We clip from an Iowa paper, the following notice of "the opening of the Red Barn."

"First night of the dancing goat, who goes through the intricacies of the cotillon like a fellow critter. The performance of the goat will be followed by an exhibition of the mathematical attainments of the dog Billy, a quadruped that reckons up figures like a piece of chalk, and works problems in algebra with one leg tied behind him. Admission, One Shilling. No corn taken at the door. P. S.—The free list entirely excluded, except the Press and Ministers of the Gospel."

The wife that neglects her husband's shirt front, is not the wife of his best friend.