



A Weekly Paper, Devoted to Literature, Politics, the Arts, Sciences, Agriculture, &c., &c.—Terms: One Dollar and Fifty Cents in Advance.

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ORIGINAL POETRY.



For the Inquirer.

THE CALL.

BY BOLUS PILLBAGS, M. D.

Last night, as I lay dreaming,
 Dreams with joyous features teeming,
 Came a rap upon my door;
 First a rap and then a roar!
 Up I rose, all full of wondering,
 Quick I heard a sort of blundering;
 Then there came an awful thundering—
 Cracking, smashing in my door,
 As if old Beelzebub had risen,
 And his wrath on me would pour—
 Ah! that night I'll think of evermore!

Then my heart began its beating,
 And I thought of fast retreating,
 But no exit could be found;
 So I firmly stood my ground—
 Stood my ground, and stared around,
 And now, to ferret out the hash,
 I at the window made a dash,
 And quickly upward threw the sash— [Implore,
 "Who's there? What's wanting? I
 "Want the Doctor! nothing more!"

Then, my breast with sadness filling,
 And my blood with horror chilling,
 Again I asked, what is the matter?
 That you make such awful clatter
 At this dismal time of night?
 When not a star appears in sight?
 Do you think that this is right?
 "Pray excuse me, I implore,
 Quoth the comar—"Nevermore!"

But I'm sick myself, too sick for riding,
 And faint at home would be abiding;
 "The patient is not very long,"
 If he was, I'd surely go—
 Go to see him, friend or foe.
 But my head is thumping—aching,
 And my nerves, unstrung, are shaking—
 All o'er me now, I feel a quaking—
 So go thy way, I do implore,
 Yell'd the comar—"Nevermore!"

But the road is long, and dreary,
 And I feel so very weary,
 I will go, all weather scorning—
 Scorning, if you'll wait till morning;
 With choicest "yards," my bags I'll fill,
 And errand them well with "bole and pill,"
 Bole and pill for every ill;
 So leave me now, I do implore,
 Bow'd the comar—"Nevermore!"

Then I said, the Devil get you,
 And the imps of Hades best you—
 No mercy may they show to you,
 Since you did me thus pursue—
 Ah! this night you'll surely rue!
 Where's my "bags"?—O, curse all phisic!
 Hope the inventor choked with phisic
 Died for want of breath, the "skeesick!"
 A "squally time" for me to store,
 Go, I must,—Forevermore.

AGRICULTURAL.



Theory and Practice.

A late address by Horace Greely had some valuable suggestions on this point. He said: "One of the greatest present needs of Agriculture is a habit of recording and journalizing their experience for public use and benefit on the part of thoroughly practical men. Day after day, we who are termed theorists, city farmers, dabblers in agriculture, are reminded of the superiority of practice to theory, fact to speculation—as if we have ever disputed that averment. Day after day, we ineffectually respond, 'Yes, we know it; we want facts, we wish to profit by your experience; do not confine it to the narrow limits of your farm and your life, but let us have it so recorded and displayed that all may acquire, comprehend and profit by it.' But those who say most of the superiority of practice to theory, are the last to give the world the benefit of their practice. How many corn-growers can tell what has been the precise cost per bushel of the corn they have grown in each of the last five or ten years. How many can tell, even for their own guidance, what crops they have grown to the greatest profit, and which have involved them less, during any term of years. How many know what the live stock which they have raised and now own has cost them. Who knows what the intrinsic value of a hundred acres of good corn land at a given point is, and how many dollars, more or less it should command per acre than just such land in another given locality, therefore more or less

convenient to market. These, and a thousand like questions, require practical grapple with them. The thriving artisan, mechanic and manufacturer, all count the cost of their several undertakings and products; if they find they are making an article that does not pay, they speedily relinquish it for another more promising.

CLOVER.—Where clover can be mown more than once in a season, each time that it is cut, the roots penetrate to a greater depth in the sod and subsoil, in search of food; it is therefore evident that this plant does not receive all its support from the active surface soil, but a portion of it from a greater depth in the subsoil than most ordinary farm crops. Besides this, I have been led to believe from experience and observation, that the roots of clover not only obtain a portion of their food from a greater depth in the earth than is penetrated by the plow, but that those roots in thus penetrating the subsoil in search of food, actually bring up something which in their decay strengthens and enriches the soil for future crops.—Correspondent in *Country Gentlemen*.

Mice often prove very destructive to young fruit trees during winter, especially the very severe winters. Impelled by the force of hunger, they pass under the snow, and devour the bark, often completely girdling them for several inches above the surface of the ground.—Stamp down the snow around the roots, and keep it firmly compressed until spring, and this source of injury and annoyance may be completely prevented. All stuff, or mulching, which may have been placed or gathered about the roots of young trees, should be removed in the fall and before the fall of snow.

EARLY POTATOES.—A square of potatoes for early use, may very properly be planted, before the ground freezes. Plant as usual, and cover the entire surface with coarse litter or straw, twelve inches in depth. They will probably start in spring a week in advance of the Spring planting.

SEASONING SAUSAGE MEAT.—For 50 pounds of meat, take 11 ounces of salt, 5 tablespoonfuls of ground black pepper, 4 tablespoonfuls of ground allspice, 5 tablespoonfuls of sage. Mix them well together, and then incorporate well with the meat.—*American Agriculturist*.

An Escaped Locomotive—A Destruction Turned Aside.

Between five and six yesterday morning, two passenger locomotives, going in opposite directions, on the Little Miami Road, came in collision near the new turntable, a mile or so above the Front street depot. The engineers saw each other in time to "reverse," and one, or both, sprang to the ground in anticipation of the shock, which, however, was not great, as neither was encumbered by the momentum of a train. But the force of the collision jerked the throttle valve of the upward engine wide open, and before the engineer could regain his footing, it leaped backward with a frightful sound, and disappeared; cityward, in the thick fog.

Horror seized the men gathered at the spot; for the escaped monster was fired up for the express run to Chillicothe, and roaring under a full head of steam. Right in its path, a mile below, were a hundred passengers settled on their cushioned seats on the Columbus Express, soon to leave the depot, and beyond these an unnumbered city of two hundred thousand souls.

It was with God. No power could follow after and the good people were hardly warned by the trembling ground and the clank of insane machinery, before the visitation was upon them!

Fortunately, should we not say providentially a switch under the arch of the depot, that should have been open to the outgoing train, had been left shut by a negligent watchman, and the iron comet, going at seventy miles an hour, swept through the building, almost singing the faces of the horror-stricken subjects of a Passover in the crowded passenger cars on the parallel track—on, right on through the eastern wall of the depot, and now, leaving the track, out upon the city.

Fortunately, again the direction of the engine was aside from the crowded street, and led straight into one of those huge piles of stone coal that at this season filled the yards of our fuel merchants. Into this—nearly seventy-five feet from the depot—the engine sailed, absolutely without touching the intermediate ground. Here it buried itself and wallowed in its own wreck until its fires had gone down and its steam quite spent.

People in Newport heard the unusual noise made by the clang of the flying engine, and came over on the ferry boat to learn the cause. The ticket agent of the Little Miami, in attempting to describe the appearance of the locomotive as it came through the depot, used the most expressive paradox—"I saw a sudden noise go by, and all was still again!"—*Cincinnati Commercial*, 18th inst.

"Is that clock right, over there?"
 "Right over there? Certainly; 'taint no where else."

AN APPENINE ADVENTURE.

While stopping in Florence, at the Casa del Bello, my companion was James L. Grover, an American painter of some note; whom I had known well in the land of his nativity. It was Sunday evening, and on the following day I was to start for Bologna. Grover and myself sat upon one of the balconies of our chamber engaged in conversation over our cigars, and after we talked awhile of the various things we had seen during the day, he asked me if he had ever told me of his adventure among the Appenines. I told him I had never heard it.

"Then I must tell it to you," he said, throwing away his cigar and taking a sip of wine. I lighted a fresh cigar, and he related to me as follows: "Four years ago this summer my brother and two sisters visited me here in Florence. They spent two weeks with me, and then started for Venice, by the way of Bologna, where they had friends whom they were anxious to see. I should have gone with them had I not been engaged upon a work which I had promised to have done within a given time; but as it was, we made the thing work very well, for my brother expected two thousand dollars by the hands of a friend who was shortly expected from Rome and it was arranged that I should take the money when it came, and bring it with me to Venice when I got ready to meet them there. My brother left the necessary documents for the obtaining of the money, and in due time set out.

"On the next day I was taken ill, and was confined to my bed a week, but I got out and finished my work just as my friend arrived from Rome with the money. He delivered it into my hands upon production of my brother's written instruction, I set next Monday as the day on which I would start. I was really not fit to undertake such a journey, but I could not miss seeing my sisters once more before they returned home. I could have sent the money easily enough, but I promised myself too much pleasure with my dear relatives in Venice to miss it now.

"Monday morning came, and I could not arise from bed without assistance. A sort of neuralgia-affliction had seized all my nerves, and I was forced to stay in doors, and to resort to hot baths and medicine. But on the following morning I felt able to start, and I did so. Upon reaching Pistoja, I learned that there was no diligence to leave before the next day. I could not stand this. I was already behind my time, and if the thing could be accomplished I must go on. There was a diligence under the shed, but no one to drive it. "But can't we have some one?" I asked. "If Signor will pay," was the laconic reply. Of course I would pay; and though the sum charged was a pretty round one, yet I did not hesitate. The lumbering vehicle was dragged out; four miserable-looking horses were attached, and then a yoke of stout oxen hitched on ahead of them. Two rough-looking fellows were provided one as a vetturino (postillion,) and the other two to drive the oxen. Thus provided, I took my seat and the diligence started.

We were to cross the Appenines by the pass of La Collina and just began to ascend the rugged mountain path when I heard a loud hollowing behind, and in a moment the diligence stopped.

"What's the matter?" I asked, poking my head out through the opening by my side.

"Two men want to ride," returned the vetturino.

"But I hired the diligence, and am in a hurry," so drove on. If they wish to ride they must wait until to-morrow."

"But the drivers were not to be governed thus. 'It won't make a bit of difference,' they said. 'We'll go just as fast; and besides, they'll pay us something.' By this time the cause of all the trouble made its appearance in the shape of two dark-visaged, black-bearded powerful men, who looked ugly enough for the incarnation of murder. I recognized one of them as a fellow whom I had seen hanging about the hotel at Florence, and the other I was confident I had caught a glimpse of just as the diligence left the yard at Pistoja.

I was upon the point of speaking when the thought occurred to me that I had better keep my knowledge of the Italian language to myself. I might find out the character of the fellows thus. I knew very well that further remonstrance would be useless, for the drivers were stupidly hoggish, and the new applicants were clearly not men to be argued with. The door was open and the fellows entered. I occupied the back seat, and they took the seat at the other end, fixing themselves so as to face me. They looked at me out of wicked eyes, and as they threw back their short cloaks I saw they were well armed.

"Hope we don't trouble you?" said one of them in coarse Italian, as the diligence started on.

I gazed inquiringly into his face, but made no reply.

He repeated the remark.

"No comprehend, Signor," I said abating my head.

"Ah—English?" he suggested with a shrug of his shoulders.

"No—Irish," I told him.

"Ugh!" he grunted, with another shrug of the shoulders, with an awful scowl of the face.

We had now begun to ascend the mountain in good earnest, and our pace was slow and lumbering. The fellow who drove the oxen made noise enough for an army, while the blows upon both oxen and horses fell hard and thick, but without accomplishing anything.—Had I been alone I might have enjoyed the

magnificent scenery which unfolded itself below as we crept up the Collina; but as I was I could not think of anything save the two men who forced themselves upon me. Pretty soon one of them spoke, and though I appeared not to notice them, yet I could see that they were watching me closely.

"Death and destruction!" he uttered in his own tongue, "we shall be over the precipice if that drunken driver is not careful."

I read the fellow's purpose in a moment, and not a movement betrayed my understanding of what he said. My eyes were half closed, and to all appearance I was unconscious even of their presence.

"He's right. He don't understand us," said one of them.

"All safe," returned the other.

After this they conversed together quite freely, and I was not long in having my worst fears realized. But not a change could they detect in my countenance. I kept my knowledge as secret as the grave, and all my feeling was within me. After a while they became satisfied that I knew nothing of their language and they became more bold in their speech, and talked their plan all over; and from them I learned the following highly interesting particulars:

The one whom I had seen in Florence had, by some means, learned that I was to carry a large sum of money with me across the mountains, and had come on to Pistoja, where his confederates were to await his arrival, intending to rob me there, if possible. But when they found that I was to go alone in the diligence, they had a better plan. They would rob me on the mountain. The two drivers were friends of theirs, and were to be paid liberally for allowing themselves to be overcome. The villains talked about cutting my throat, shooting me through the head, or plunging a knife to my heart, and then throwing me over the precipice, as coolly as though they had been planning the death of a fowl for dinner. The place they to murder me was about a mile distant, where the road wound around a high crag with an almost perpendicular wall of rock upon one hand, a deep chasm on the other.

This was an interesting position, surely. I was weak—weak at best, doubly weak now with my illness—and the only weapon I had was a single pistol. Either of the brigands could have thrown me over his head with ease, and as for fighting with them this was out of the question. What could I do? Both the drivers were in league with them. If I leaped from the diligence, I should die on the spot where I landed. If I shot one of the bandits, the other would annihilate me in a moment. I had the gold in a small traveling bag at my feet, and as the heavy carriage jolted over the stones the yellow pieces jingled sharply, and I could see the eyes of the villains sparkle like stars.

At length the high craggy peak was in sight, and I could see where the road wound abruptly around it. Thus far I had been torturing my brains to invent some way of escape, but without effect, I was as thoroughly hedged in as though bound by iron chains. And in a few minutes all would be over! Still I felt for my pistol and had it ready.

Presently the diligence stopped at the foot of an abrupt rise, and the fellow who drove the oxen came and told the bandits they must get out and walk up. They stepped out at once, and in a moment I heard a slight scuffle. I looked out just in time to see both the drivers lashed together by the arms, back to back.—They must have been placed ready for the operation, for the thing had been done with incredible quickness. I drew my pistol and awaited the result. My heart was in my mouth but the intense excitement rendered me strong for the while.

In a few seconds one of the villains came and poked the muzzle of a huge pistol in my face.

"Gold! Gold!" he said, "Give me gold or die!"

It was but the work of a second to knock his weapon down with my left hand, while with my right I brought up my own pistol and fired. The ball entered between his eyes, and he reeled back and fell. Then I leaped after him; for I saw his companion coming up on the other side. I hoped to gain the dead man's pistol, but ere I could do so, the heavy hand of the living bandit was upon my shoulder, and his pistol aimed at my head. With an energy which the presence of death can alone beget, I knocked his weapon down and grappled with him. He hurled me to the ground as though I had been a child; before he could follow up his advantage, the postillion cried out:

"Hold, Marco! a vettura is coming!"

The robber turned, and in a moment more a heavy vettura, with four horses attached, came round the corner full upon us. I started to my feet, and saw my brother looking from the window.

"Help! robbers!" I shouted.

The bandit had taken aim at the vetturino of the new team, but he was too late. My brother had comprehended the whole truth in a moment, and with a sure aim, and a quick one, too, he shot the villain through the heart.

We secured my two drivers, and then matters were quickly explained. I told my brother what had happened, and he then told me he had heard of my illness, and was coming back to see me. One of my sisters had been ill at Bologna, so that they had not yet gone to Venice, but were waiting until I should be able to join them. You can imagine how deep our gratitude was, and how fervently we blessed God for his fortunate interposition. My joy seemed to lift me from the pain I had suffered, and I felt better than I had felt before for weeks.

And what should we do next? Should we

let the two rascally drivers go, and turn about for Bologna?

"No," said my brother. "Our sisters won't expect us for three days; so we'll carry these villains back, and give them up, and to-morrow we'll go back in my vettura."

We tumbled the two dead bodies into the diligence, and then bound the two drivers hand and foot, and tumbled them in after. The oxen were cast adrift, and my brother's vetturino mounted and started the heavy team back, while we resumed control of the vettura ourselves.

The drive down the mountain was soon performed, and the city of Pistoja was reached without mishap. The two dead men were recognized as offenders at once, and my testimony very quickly settled the business for the drivers. On the next night we were in Bologna, where my sisters received me with open arms, and two days afterward we were all in Venice.

The Abduction of Mortara's Child.

By the City of Baltimore we have further accounts of feeling expressed by European journals concerning the abduction of the Jewish boy Mortara. The following extracts give an idea of the excitement which has been created by this unfeeling transaction.

The manner in which the inhuman act is executed, or rather smothered in a pile of learned arguments, is worthy of the palmy days of Jesuitism.

The case of the Jewish boy Mortara, who was abducted by the Roman Catholics, still occupied considerable attention; and a letter from Turin says that Count Cavour had directed the Sardinian Charge d'Affairs at Rome to remonstrate with the Roman Government in the matter.

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The *Giornale Ufficiale di Roma* at length contains a note in reply to the outcry of the press of Europe against the abduction of the boy Mortara. This manifesto of the Papal Court is nothing but a restatement of the doctrines of the Unvers. The following is the whole of it:

The *Univers* of October 24 publishes a long and learned article by Father Goeranger, in which, apropos of an event which has led to much noise on the part of the irreligious press, it is demonstrated that Naturalism has taken possession of most minds. It shows that many Christians, having lost the true spirit of the church to which they belong, manifest, on the contrary, great anxiety, not for the sovereign dominion of Christ, of whom they are members by baptism, but for the authority of the natural family; not for the rights of the church, but for the Pagan prejudices of modern society, and those ideas of personal liberty which seem to them a conquest to which everything else is to be sacrificed. They consent to look upon faith and Christian practices only through the perverted medium of Naturalist prejudices.

The *Gazette del Popolo* publishes a private letter giving an account of the journey of young Mortara from Bologna to Rome, from which it appears that his conversion to Christianity, is not by any means so far advanced as was supposed. It is stated that the child did nothing but cry all the way, and all for his father and mother. The sergeant, under whose charge he was, having endeavored to force a chaplet into his hand, with a little cross at the end of it, the boy did all he could to reject it, crying that he wanted the name of God, such as is worn by other Jewish children. The father, in one of the visits which he was allowed to pay his son, told him of the hopes he had that the Pope would relent, and restore the boy to his parents, at which the boy expressed the greatest joy. The letter concludes with an account of the journey of father and mother to Rome, of indignities they were exposed to in endeavoring to obtain audiences, and of the stories which had been studiously spread among the populace regarding them, viz., that it was their intention to go and murder their own child; in consequence of which their very lives were in danger in passing through the streets of Alatri, whither the boy had been conveyed."

The *New York Tablet* makes a most lame and impotent attempt to ridicule "an Israelite publication," which calls its attention to certain official documents; and, as is usual with the organs of the Roman Church, endeavors to throw doubt upon the evidences produced in this case. This is perfectly in keeping with the practices of that hierarchy; and it would not be surprising if we should shortly find them denying that such a thing ever occurred. We doubt if they will gain much by such a course at this time. The days when bare faced denials of well-established facts would serve to create doubts concerning them, have passed.—On this side of the water, at least, it would be better policy to acknowledge and condemn the act; for we believe that, in or out of the Catholic Church, in this country, but few will be found so stupid that they will be satisfied with mere evasions or denials; or so lost to the humane spirit of Christianity as to sanction the forcible abduction of a child from its parents, upon any pretence which ingenious priests may invent.

Here is one of Prentice's last: "Our foreign missions have been converted into 'homes for the friendless,' by the charity of the President. Creditors are not required, except so far as that applicants must have been kicked out of Congress by their immediate constituents."

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Chinese Ladies' Feet.

In the fifth girl I saw the commencement of the second operation—A torture under which sickly children frequently die. The sole of the foot was now curved into the shape of a bow; the great toe and heel being brought together as near as possible. Take a jujube and double it till two points of the lozenge nearly meet, and you will see what I mean. This is done very gradually. The bandage is never slackened, month by month it is drawn tighter, the foot inflames and swells, but the tender mamma perseveres—as the bones and tendons accommodate themselves to the position constrained by the bandage; so it is drawn tighter. At last the ball of the natural foot fits into the hollow of the sole, the root of the great toe is brought into contact with the heel. The foot is a shapeless lump. The instep is where the ankle was, and all that is left to go into the slipper and to tread the ground is the ball of the great toe and heel. This is the small foot of the Chinese woman—a bit of toe and a bit of heel, with a mark, like a cicatrice left after a huge cut, running up between them. Two of the girls were yet suffering great pain, and their feet were hot and inflamed, but in the eldest the operation was complete. She had attained to the position of a small-footed woman, and her feet quite cool, had no corns and were not tender to the touch. One of the mamma, influenced perhaps by a little liberalism in the article of rice money, intrusted me with Chinese *mystere de toilette*. Sometimes, it seems, when a woman is expected to have to do hard work, her toe and heel are not drawn so tightly together as to produce the true "small foot." To disguise this imperfection on her marriage day she has recourse to art. A piece of cork, shaped like an inverted sugar-loaf is strapped on to her foot, and the small part goes into her slipper and passes for her foot.

FIRST FAMILIES OF VIRGINIA.—The origination of the term the "First Family of Virginia," is thus explained by an exchange:

In the early settlement of that State it was found impossible to colonize it unless women went there. Accordingly a shipload was sent out, but no planter was allowed to marry one of them until he had first paid one hundred pounds of tobacco for her passage. When the second ship load came no one would pay more than seventy-five pounds for the matrimonial privilege except it were a very superior article. Consequently the descendants of all those who were sold for one hundred pounds of tobacco were ranked as first families; and the reason why no one can ever find any of the second families because you can't get a Virginian to admit that his mother only brought seventy-five pounds of tobacco.

SIX GENERATIONS.—On Wednesday week, at West Roxbury, Mass., a boy was born, who can count probably more living ancestors than any other person in Massachusetts. He has a mother, of course, but he also possesses the care of the following: A grandmother aged 40, a great-grandmother, aged 58, a great-great-grandmother, aged 79, and a great-great-great-grandfather, aged 97. But the most singular of all is, that all but the old gentleman were born in the same house and same room, and he says he himself would have been, had it not been for a visit his parents were making near Boston. Mr. Prescott, the old gentleman referred to, is now looking finely, and says if he lives long enough to see his last little hero married, and a father, he will be the world and besatisfied.

A VERY YOUNG MOTHER.—In the return of indigent children supported by the town of Taunton, recently made to the Secretary of the Commonwealth, the overseers certify that "Elizabeth Drayton was eleven years old the twenty-fourth day of May, 1858, and became the mother of Horace White Drayton, on the first day of February, 1858—*thirteen months and twenty-four days before she was eleven years old*," and on the 30th of September of the present year, the mother and child were living at the public charge, in the town of Taunton, Massachusetts.

TAKING IT HARD.—The *Franklin Review* tells the following hard story of Gov. Harris: "The Governors of several States have lately set apart a day of Thanksgiving and Prayer. A good citizen, who desired that Tennesseans should do like other folks, ventured to accost Gov. Harris on the subject. His Excellency, though usually a mild and decorous gentleman, is reported to have received the suggestion with very bad temper. 'I should like to know,' said he, 'what the d—l the Democracy have got to thank God for this fall?'"

"CAN'T BE BEAT?"—You appear to have a fine assortment of musical instruments for sale," said Quiz, addressing a music dealer.

"Yes—first-rate—all new—can't be beat," was the answer.

"If that's so," said Quiz, "I must look elsewhere."

"Why?" asked the amazed dealer.

"Because," replied Quiz, "I want a drum."

Mother you mustn't whip me for running away from school any more!

"Why?"

"Because my school book says that ants are the most industrious beings in the world; and ain't I a tru-ant?"

The children are so dirty in a place on Cape Cod, that a mother frequently goes into the street and washes the faces of half a dozen children before she finds her own.

Great minds have wills—others have only wishes.