



A FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

FOR FARMER AND MECHANIC.

Devoted to Politics, News, Literature, Poetry, Mechanics, Agriculture, the Diffusion of Useful Information, General Intelligence, Amusement, Markets, &c.

VOLUME VIII.

ALLENTOWN, LEHIGH COUNTY, PA., APRIL 5, 1854.

NUMBER 27.

NOTICE.

At a Meeting of the Board of Managers of the "Northampton Water Company," held at the office of the Secretary, on the 22d day of March, the following resolution was passed.

Resolved.—That the President of the Board of Managers, be authorized to call a meeting of the stockholders of the "Northampton Water Company," to be held at the house of J. W. Eshbach, on the 15th day of April next, at 1 o'clock P. M., for the purpose of discussing the propriety of liquidating the funded debt of the company, and the enlargement of the works by issuing of preferred stock.

From the minutes,
JES. WEAVER, President.
ATTEST.—H. H. Blumer, Sec'y.
March 20.

Northampton Water Company.

All persons using the water of the Company for family or other purposes, will please take notice, that the time to renew their permits is the first of April next, and it is expected that they will call upon the undersigned Treasurer and renew their permits. Those persons who have not settled for their permits from the 1st to the 10th of April, must not complain if the water is stopped from them after that time.

The Board reserves the right where the Water is used by joint Hydrants, if not paid by all joined, to stop it if they see proper, as they consider such arrangements solely advantageous to those who connect in using the Water, consequently cannot interfere with arrangements of this kind.

Notice is also given to persons who wish to use Hydrant Water for building purposes, that they must take out their permits before they commence building, and if this rule is not strictly observed the charge will be double for the Water.

By Order of the Board,
JOHN J. KRAUSE, Treasurer.
March 15.

Cemetery Notice.

In accordance with a resolution passed by the new Cemetery Association of Allentown Notice is hereby given, that the Books of subscription will be closed on the 7th day of April next. All persons, therefore, who wish to subscribe for lots at the present price, must do so before that date. Subscriptions will be taken up to that time by Lewis Schmidt, Treasurer, or either of the undersigned.

JOSEPH WEAVER,
JOHN G. SCHMIDT,
B. S. HAGENBUCH,
EDWARD BECK,
CHARLES GROSS,
Committee.
Allentown, March 20.

Store Stand for Rent.

The Store Stand at the southwest corner of Hamilton and Sixth streets, is offered for rent. Possession given on the first day of April next. It is one of the best business stands in Allentown, and the building is commodious and conveniently arranged. Apply on the premises, to

SOLOMON GANGWERE.
Allentown, Jan. 4, 1854.

20,000 Apple Trees for Sale.

The Trees are all of extra size and quality, warranted true to the name, with a general assortment of all sorts of

FRUIT TREES,
Grape-vines, Gooseberries, Raspberries, Strawberries, of the best selections, ripening in succession from the earliest to the latest.

Also—Ornamental Trees, Evergreens, &c., suitable for ornamenting public and private grounds.

Orders sent direct to the "Fair View Nursery," Moorestown, New Jersey, or left with John F. Halbach, Esq., authorized Agent in Allentown, Pa., will receive prompt attention.

Reference.—George Butz, Philadelphia
JOHN PERKINS, Proprietor.
February 15, 1854.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned have taken out letters of Administrators, in the Estate of the late Stephen Daltiel, Esq., dec'd. Therefore all those who are indebted to said estate, or in Notes, Bonds, Book Debts, or otherwise in Lehigh County, shall make payment to Aaron Daltiel, at the "Lehigh Furnace," in Washington township, and those who are indebted to said estate in Carbon county, to John Daltiel, at East Penn. Such, also who have any legal claims against said estate shall present them, well authenticated to said Administrators, within six weeks from the date hereof.

AARON DALTIEL,
JOHN DALTIEL,
Administrators.
March 20.

Poetical Department.

Souls, Not Stations.

Who shall judge a man from manners?
Who shall know him by his dress?
Paupers may be fit for pinnaces,
Princes fit for something less.
Crumpled shirt and dirty jacket,
May beclothe the golden ore,
Of the deepest thoughts and feelings—
Satin vest could do no more.

There are springs of crystal nectar
Ever swelling out of stone,
There are purple buds and golden,
Hidden crushed and over-grown,
God, who counts by souls, not dresses,
Loves and prospers you and me,
While he values thrones, the highest,
But as pebbles in the sea.

Man unpraised above his fellows,
Of forgets his fellow, then;
Masters—rulers—lords—remember
That your meanest hands are men!
Men by labor, men by feeling,
Men by thought and men by fame,
Claiming equal rights to sunshine
In a man's ennobled name.

There are foam embroidered oceans;
There are little weed-clad rills,
There are little inch-high saplings,
There are cedars on the hills.
But God, who counts by souls not stations,
Loves and prospers you and me,
For to him all vain distinctions
Are as pebbles in the sea.

Toiling hands alone are builders
Of a nation's wealth and fame;
Titled laziness is pensioned,
Fed and fattened on the same.
By the sweat of other's foreheads,
Living only to rejoice,
While the poor man's outraged freedom
Vainly lifts up its voice.

But truth and justice are eternal,
Born with loveliness and light,
And sunset's wrongs shall never prosper,
While there is a sunny right;
And God, whose world-hearted voice is singing,
Boundless love to you and me,
Will sink oppression with its titles,
As the pebbles in the sea.

Miscellaneous Selections.

Buying A Farm.

Brooks, who lived in Robinson county, North Carolina, wanted to buy a tract of land near him, and concluded to despatch one Angus McAlpin to Charleston, South Carolina, to buy it from the owner, who lived there. Angus started off, and in due time Brooks would take his seat and look down the road, in the hope of seeing his agent returning. At last he appeared, and the moment he neared the house, Brooks accosted him—

"Well Mac, have you got the land?"
The agent, in whose face was anything but sunshine, replied somewhat gruffly, that he might let him get down from his horse, before he put at him the question of business.

"Did you get it?"
"Pshaw, now, Brooks, don't press upon a body in that uncivil way. It's a long story, and I must have time."

Brooks still urged, and Mac still parried the question till he got into the house.
"Now, surely," thought Brooks, "he will tell me." But Mac was not quite ready.

"Brooks," said he, "have you anything to drink?"

"To be sure I have," said the other, and immediately had some of the best forthcoming.

Having moistened his clay, Mac took a seat, and his employer another. Mac gave a preliminary "hem." He then turned suddenly around to Brooks, looked him straight in the eyes, and slapped him on the thigh.

"Brooks," says he, "was you ever in Charleston?"

"Why, you know I never was," replied the other.

"Well, then, Brooks," says the agent, "you ought to go there. The greatest place I assure you upon the face of the earth! They've got houses on both sides of the road, for five miles at a stretch, and down the horse track the whole way through! Brooks, I think I met five thousand people in a minute, and not a chap would look at me. They've got houses there no wheels. Brooks, I saw one with six horses hitched to it, and a big driver, with a long whip, going it like a whirlwind. I followed it down the road for a mile and a half, and when I stopped I looked, and what do you think there was? Nothing in it but one little woman sitting up in the corner."

"Well Brooks, I turned back up the road, and as I was riding along, I see a fancy looking chap with long, curly hair hanging down his back, and boots as shiny as the face of an up country nigger! I called him into the middle of the road and asked him a civil question, and a civil question, you know, Brooks, calls for a civil answer,

all over the world. 'I say, stranger, can you tell me where Col. Lamar lives?' and what do you think was the answer? Go to grass, you fool!"

"Well, Brooks, I knocks along up and down, and about, until at last I finds out where Col. Lamar lives. I gets down and bangs away at the door. Presently the door was opened by a pretty fine spoken, well dressed woman, as ever you seed in your born days. Silks, silks there every day, Brooks.

"Says I, 'Mrs. Lamar, I presume, madam?'"

"I am Mrs. Lamar, sir."

"Well, madame, says I, 'I have come all the way from North Carolina to see Col. Lamar—sart about buying a tract of land from him that's up in our parts.'"

"Then, she says, 'Col. Lamar has rode out in the country, but will be back shortly. Come in sir, and wait awhile. I've no doubt that the Col. will soon return,'—and she had a smile on that pretty face of her's that reminded a body of a spring morning."

"Well, Brooks, I hitched my horse to a brass thing on the door, and walked in."

"Well, when I got in I sees the floor all covered with the nicest looking things I niver than any patched worked bed-quilt you ever seed in your life Brooks. I was trying to edge along around it, but presently I sees a nigger stepping right over it—

"Thinks I, if that nigger can go it, I can go it too. So, right over it I goes, and takes my seat right before a picture, which at first I thought was a little man looking in at the window."

"Well, Brooks, there I sot waiting and waiting for Col. Lamar, and at last—he didn't come, but they began to bring in dinner. 'Thinks I to myself, here's a scrape. But I made up my mind to tell her if she asked me to eat—to tell her with a gentle bow, that I had no occasion to eat. But Brooks, she didn't ask me to eat—she asked me to be so good as to carve that turkey for her, and she did it with one of them lovely smiles that makes the cold streaks run down the small of a fellow's back."

"Certainly, madam," says I, and I walked up to the table—there was on one side of the turkey a great big knife, and a fork with a trigger on the other side.

"Well, I falls to work, and in the first effort I splashed the gravy about two yards over the whitest table cloth you ever seed in your life, Brooks. Well, I felt the steam began to gather about my eyes. But, I'n not a man to back out for trifles, so I makes another effort, and the darned thing took flight and lit in Mrs. Lamar's lap."

"Well, you see, Brooks, then I was taken with a blindness, and the next thing I remembered, I was upon the hatch a kicking. Well, by this time I began to think of navigating. So I goes out and mounts Roseum and puts for North Carolina. Now Brooks, you don't blame me? Do you?"

A Youthful Robber Reclaimed.

Many a reader whose eye may rest on these lines and who first saw the "sweet light" in Tennessee or Kentucky, will remember the Rev. John Craig. This gentleman was of the Methodist persuasion, of the original Asbury school, and he, like most others of that denomination at the time to which we allude, was noted alike for his plainness of dress, and a strict walk and deportment in what form soever it makes its appearance, and under any and all circumstances.

Mr. Craig was one of the first preachers to visit the section called Middle Tennessee, now so populous and powerful, but then (1801) a mere wilderness. He was an itinerant. His circuit extended from Powell's Valley, east of the mountains, to the extreme western settlements on the Cumberland and Duck Rivers. The settlements of which the white men were few and far between: no public roads had been established—those distant neighborhoods were connected only by faint traces, which were but seldom traveled.

Mr. C. was exposed to many hardships. He lay down on hard beds, slept in open cabins, and shared many a scanty repast. But he was a man of energy, and his zeal never flagged nor grew weary. He felt the importance of his mission, and urged on by his zeal in his master's cause, and the good of souls, he waded snows and floods, braved the fury of the winds, surmounted all difficulties, and carried the glad tidings of salvation to the new settlers.

The writer was born in Middle Tennessee, and although a mere child when he last saw Mr. Craig, his image is as fresh in his mind as the events of yesterday.

In 1830, Rev. Mr. C. came, late one evening, to my father's, and passed the night at our house. During the evening, after family prayers had been offered by him, before retiring to bed, he gave to my father, in my presence, a narrative, which was in substance, the following:—

"Many years before, Mr. Craig, was passing from East Tennessee to the Duck river country. His way led him along a dim path through a mountain pass, amid craggy rocks, near awful precipices and frightful chasms. Suddenly a young man sprang from a huge rock, and with a heavy rifle

presented at Mr. Craig, demanded his money.

Mr. C. regarded the robber with a look of discrimination peculiar to himself, as he reined up his horse and said, "You man, you never robbed before. What has brought you to this?"

The robber again demanded his money, threatening instant death if the other did not comply.

Mr. Craig, answered, "This is the first attempt. You have been better raised!—Your mother—"

Instantly the young man dashed down his gun and burst into tears, saying that indeed he had been taught better things. And he cried most bitterly.

Mr. Craig, tied his horse to a limb, alighted and invited the trembling youth to be seated near him on a flat rock. The young man instantly complied, when Mr. Craig, in a mild and engaging manner, asked him how he had happened to become a robber.

The other told him that he had been raised in Virginia—his parents were in easy circumstances in life, and members of the Presbyterian church—that they had educated him religiously; and lavished on him all the affections characteristic of parental love. About eighteen months since, he had married against their will, and with his young and lovely wife, he had made his way into this new and unsettled country. His parents had given him no assistance, and having but little on which to commence life, and falling sick, without money, friends or credit, both he and his wife had well nigh starved. In the depths of his distress, he had, as a last alternative, resolved to make one robbery, only one, and afterwards live honestly.

Mr. Craig, in the spirit of love, pointed out his error. He told him that he should have gone to his Heavenly Father, and made known his wants—that his tender mercies are over all his works, and none that trust in Him shall ever want. The young man was all tears—all penitence.

Mr. Craig arose, went to his horse, and taking off his saddle-bags, said—"I too am poor. I own no foot of land—no cottage in the wilderness is mine. I have but thirty-one dollars in the world, and reserving one dollar only, in the name of the 'Giver of all good,' I present you with thirty dollars. Take, take this little sum, as one sent you from Heaven, and God and his angels are witnesses that you promise amendment in future life."

Mr. Craig then prayed with and for the astonished young man and took an affectionate leave.

Thirty long years have elapsed. West Tennessee is a wilderness no more. The pale face had felled the forest. The red man had quitted his hunting grounds, and they were chequered off into a thousand furrowed fields. Mr. Craig was now an old man. His locks were white as wool. His children and grand-children had grown up around him, and children of his spiritual charge surrounded him, like waving wheat-heads in the harvest field.

One sunny eve in Autumn, as the old preacher sat in the midst of the family group, it was told him that a gentleman was at the gate who wished to speak with him. He went out, and saw an elderly man, neatly dressed, riding a fine horse. The stranger asked for accommodations for the night. This being granted, he dismounted, and with Mr. Craig he entered the house.

Little beyond the common civilities of life passed between them, until supper had been served. The elder gentleman asked Mr. Craig to show a private apartment, and when they were alone said,

"Mr. Craig, I think that you do not know me?"

"I do not," replied Mr. Craig.

"And yet I tried to rob you. I am that same poor wretch, that demanded your money with a rifle presented at your bosom, 30 years ago, among the mountains."

"Is it possible?" exclaimed the other.

"Yes," rejoined the first, I am the same. I took the money you gave me home to my poor starving wife, and told her how I obtained it. We counted it out on a wooden stool, and knelt down and covenanted with God and each other, to live honestly in his sight, and to walk uprightly before Him. We have prospered. Want has long since been a stranger to us; riches have flowed in upon us, and our children and children's children have risen up around us, to call us blessed. We have years ago become members of the Church of Christ. I have long and ardently desired to find you, but not knowing your name, I knew not how to make inquiry. Last Sabbath, at the camp-meeting, when you arose to preach, I at once recognized in you the man that had saved me from a felon's fate. I then learned your name, and now I have come to pay you the thirty dollars with thirty years interest."

"Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it after many days."

Mr. Craig added, that the name he had never mentioned in connection with these circumstances, nor would he ever.

"But," he said, "I have since visited them at their own house, and found them people of respectability, and refinement and piety, and one son now occupies a high place both in Church and State."

The New Carpet!

"I can hardly spare it, Jeannette, but as you have set your heart upon it, why, I suppose I must."

The young wife looked with rapture upon the ten shining gold pieces.

"One hundred dollars," she said to herself, "how rich it makes me feel! It seems a great deal to pay for a carpet, but 'gold's worth is gold,' the old saying is, and one good purchase is worth a dozen poor ones. I'll buy one of the very finest Brussels."

Afternoon came: the rosy babe was laid asleep in the cradle, and the little maid received a score of charges to linger by its side every moment till the darling woke up. Jeannette looked her prettiest, and throwing a mantilla over her handsome shoulders, was just hurrying away, when a loud ring at the door brought out a very pettish "Oh, dear!" at the expected intrusion.

"Oh, Jeannette—dear Jeannette!" and a pale young face sank panting on a sofa. "We are in trouble—such dreadful trouble! Can you help us? Do you think we could borrow a hundred dollars from your husband? Couldn't you get it for us, Jeannette? You know you said I might always rely on you when trial came, and Charles expects every moment to have his little stock of goods attached, and he is so sickly!"

"Dear, dear!" said Jeannette, her good heart suddenly contracting. "Edward told me this morning not to ask him for any more money for three months; and she gathered her purse up tightly in her handkerchief; 'I'm sure if—only could oblige you, I would; but I suspect Edward is really hard pushed. Can't you get it elsewhere? Have you tried?'"

"Yes," answered her friend despondingly, "I've tried everywhere. People know that Charles is sick, and cannot repay immediately. Oh! it seems to me some creditors have such stony hearts! Mr. J. knows just our circumstances, yet he insists upon that money. Oh! it is hard! It is so hard!"

Her piteous voice, and the big tears running like rain down her pallid cheeks, almost unnerved Jeannette's selfishness.

But the carpet—that beautiful carpet she had promised herself so long, and so often been disappointed of its possession, that she could not give up. She knew her husband's heart—and that he would urge her self-denial—no; she would not see him—if she did it was all over with the carpet.

"Well," said her friend, in a desponding voice, rising to go, "I'm sorry you can't help me; I know you would if you could. Good morning. I hope you will never know what it is to want and suffer."

How handsome the new carpet looked, as the sun streamed in on its wreath of flowers, its colors of fawn and blue, and crimson, its soft velvet richness—and how proud felt Mrs. Jeannette at the lavish praises of her neighbors. It was a bargain, too; she had saved ten dollars in its purchase, and bought a pair of elegant window shades.

"I declare!" said her husband, "this looks like comfort; but it spoils all my pleasure to think of Charly Somers. The poor fellow is dead."

Jeannette gave a little sharp scream, and the flush faded from her face.

"Yes, that rascally Jones! For the paltry sum of one hundred dollars, he attached everything in the little shop, and was so insulting besides, that Charly, springing angrily up in his bed, ruptured a blood vessel, and lived scarcely an hour afterward."

"And Mary?"

"She has a dead child; and her life is despaired of. Why on earth didn't they send to me. I could easily have spared the money. If it had stripped me of the last cent, they should have had it. Poor fellow—poor Mary!"

"And I might have saved it—all," shrieked Jeannette, sinking on her knees upon the rich carpet—"Oh, Edward, will God forgive me for my heartlessness? Mary did call here, and with tears begged me to aid her—and I had the whole sum in my hand—and coldly turned her away. Oh, my God! forgive me."

In the agony of grief, Jeannette would receive no comfort. In vain her husband strove to soothe her; she would not hear a word in extenuation of her selfish conduct.

"I shall never forget dear Mary's tears; I shall never forget her voice; they will haunt me to my dying day. Oh, take it away—that hateful carpet! I purchased it with the death of my friend. How could I be so cruel!"

Years have passed away since then, and Mary, with her husband, lie under the green sod of the church-yard. Jeannette has grey hairs mixed with the bright brown of her tresses, but she lives in a home of splendor, and none know her but to bless her. There is a Mary, a gentle Mary in her household, dear to her as her own sweet children—she is the orphan child of those who have rested side by side for ten long years.

Edward is rich, but prosperity has not hardened his heart. His hand never tires of giving out God's bounty to God's poor; and Jeannette is the guardian angel of the needy. The "new carpet" long since old,

is sacredly preserved as a memento of sorrowful but penitent hours, and many a weary heart owes to its silent influence the prosperity that has turned want's wilderness in to an Eden of plenty.

Who are the "Know-Nothings"?

The Delta (New Orleans) gives the following account of the new secret society which appears to have originated in the city of New York, and to have first shown its teeth at our last State election, but which has since extended itself through most of the cities and some of the principal villages of the Union. The Delta says, its adherents in that city are variously estimated at five hundred to five thousand, but probably are not far from six hundred. It proceeds

The objects of the "Know-Nothings" are two-fold—part religious, part political; and the ends aimed at, the disfranchisement of adopted citizens, and their exclusion from office, and perpetual war upon the Catholic religion. With these cardinal principles, the qualifications for membership and broad creed are easily determined.

1st. The applicant for admission to "wigwam" must be a native born citizen, a native born parent, and not of the Catholic religion.

2d. To renounce all previously entertained political leanings, and co-operate exclusively with the new order.

3d. To hold neither political, civil, or religious intercourse with any person who is a Catholic; but to use all available means to abolish the political and religious privileges he may at present enjoy.

4th. That he will not vote for any man for office who is not a native citizen of the United States, or who may be disposed, if elected, to place any foreigner or Catholic in an office of emolument or trust—the latter not being, in the opinion of "Know-Nothings," a "credible witness" in any case save when the oath is administered by his priest.

The "pass-words" and "signs" for admission into the "wig-wam" of the "Know-Nothings" are as follows: The applicant raps at the outer door an infinite number of times, asking at the close, in a low whispering voice "What meets here to-day?" (or night, as the case may be.) The interrogated immediately replies, "I don't know." To which the applicant for admission responds, "I am one, and forthwith he is admitted to a second door at which he gives four distinct raps, when the door being opened he whispers to his attendant "Thirteen," and then advances to the body of the lodge.

If he disposed to leave before the adjournment of the lodge the member leaving salutes the President then the Vice President, by first placing his right hand on his heart, then letting it fall to his side, whispering to the Guardian a he retires "thirteen." If a member requires the assistance of a brother when mixing promiscuously with the public, he places the right forefinger upon the left eyebrow as if in the act of scratching, looking directly at the person whose attention he desires to attract, if the person be a member, he will respond immediately by a similar sign. If he is desired to know of a stranger whether he is of the initiated, on shaking hands with him the middle finger is placed upon the lowest joint of his finger, next to the wrist with a gentle pressure; when, if he be a member, he will ask, "Where did you get that?" to which he will reply, "I don't know and the querist will join by replying, "don't know either. "Nothing concerning the association is to be committed to writing or published, and the most profound silence and secrecy are to be observed by every "Know-Nothing" outside; but every thing inside the Wigwam is imparted indiscriminately to members. Every member on admission swears by holding up his right hand and pledges himself to do all in his power to put down foreign influence, and particularly the Catholic religion, and in no case to vote for any person for any office who is not a "native American citizen," and no one with some exceptions, is eligible to membership unless he and both of his parents are native born.

5th. "I can't help it."—A brutal teacher, whipped a little boy for pressing the hand of a little girl who sat next to him a school, after which he asked the child, "why he squeezed the girl's hand?" Because," said the little fellow, "it looked so pretty couldn't help it."

6th. Paddy's description of a fiddle can't be beat. "It was as big as a turkey, and a muckle as a goose—he turned it over on its back, and took a crooked stick and drew it across its belly, and O, St. Patrick, how it did squeal."

7th. "You are very stupid, Thomas," said a country teacher to a little boy, eight years old. "You are like a donkey, and what do they do to cure them of their stupidity?" "They feed them better and kick them less," said the arch little urchin.

8th. An Irish girl being inquired of respecting her mistress, who had gone to a water-cure establishment, replied that her ladyship had "gone to soak."

9th. "You are very stupid, Thomas," said a country teacher to a little boy, eight years old. "You are like a donkey, and what do they do to cure them of their stupidity?" "They feed them better and kick them less," said the arch little urchin.

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