

# THE STAR AND BANNER.

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## The Arab Steed.

The subject of the following anecdote in rhyme is taken from Leontine's "Travels in the East," vol. iii.

The wounded sheik lay bound in chains,  
But his Arab steed best high,  
As he thought upon his tented plains,  
Where pastoral palm-trees high:  
He pondered on the wealth of life  
Squandered like worthless store—  
Of his brave companions in the strife,  
Now blackening in their gore!  
His spirit sunk into a dream—  
The vultures fierce he saw  
By a red carnage-cumbered stream  
Their pulchrous booms gnaw:  
He viewed his stately patriarch tent,  
With his fair boys at play;  
He heard their careless merriment,  
And Ahla's love-laughs ring:  
Fond one! she knew not that the moon  
Would shine the last for him,  
Else would she rend her locks forlorn,  
Else were her dark eyes dim:  
The Chief had looked in Death's dark face,  
From Youth, without a fear:  
Yet in his eye you might trace  
The embers of a tear.  
But deem not 'twas his own dark doom  
Bade that warm tribute start:  
It was—that on his slightest tomb  
Would break that loving heart!  
What rouses his lost thoughts to length!  
A desert steed's wild neigh:  
Free, as when glorying in his strength  
He stole the battle prey.  
"My steed! I know thy neigh full well,  
Thou rival of the gale!"  
Long shall the desert minstrel tell  
Thine and thy master's tale:  
And shall show never more career  
Award the desert wide,  
My noble steed, but linger here,  
Neglected in thy pride!  
"Yes!" as he spoke his lord forgot  
His hastening doom, and crept,  
Though bleeding, fired by generous thought,  
Mild fear that heedless slept,  
Until he found his noble steed,  
Then gnawed his cord apart,  
With fastly falling strength, and freed  
The shaver of his beard.  
"Now speed thee hence, my noble one,  
And seek my regal tent,  
And tell that to-morrow's sun  
Shall Kalad's breath be spent!  
Say to my black-eyed Ahla, too,  
In vain shall she deplore,  
And the blue distant mountain view—  
For Kalad comes no more!"  
"Away!" the earth the lord barb spurned,  
And scorned the sandy plain,  
But swiftly to his lord returned,  
As though he felt the rein,  
And grazed—and sighed—then in his teeth  
He seized the dying steed,  
And hid him safe from savage death,  
Ere morning's noontide streak.  
Away! o'er mount and desert waste,  
Away! through torrent's foam,  
The steed and his rider haste  
Unto their patriarch home!  
The goal is reached—the race is o'er,  
Ere dawn that fatal night:  
The Chief is saved—but ah! no more  
His steed shall view the light.  
Beneath the tent's broad canopy,  
Upon the lilted turf,  
He gasps for life, benumbed with gore,  
And foam, like Ocean's surf:  
Yet still upon his lord he keeps  
His dimmed black eye with pride,  
Who, weary, worn, unconscious sleeps,  
With Ahla by his side!  
Doldrums! the desert harp shall swell  
Its proudest song for thee:  
And pilgrims by the shady well  
Vainly thy fidelity.  
When heroes fell, each high strong hero  
Awoke a kindred lay:  
Nor didst thou without song expire,  
For thou wert bold as they.

## Survey from the Pyramids.

CAIRO, FEBRUARY 14, 1847.  
I have been so out of the world for the last three months that I am not qualified to comment on the events which have been passing in it. I have been sailing up the Nile, far into Nubia, some hundreds of miles beyond post offices and newspapers, so that, on my return to Cairo, I have to learn and think over the news of the world instead of remarking upon it. But I have been taking another kind of survey, full as interesting to me as that of the busy living race: a survey of Time instead of Circumstance; and it may be well for me to speak of this, not only because my own mind is full of it, but because it is good for us all to have our thoughts now and then called off from present affairs and fixed on a point of view which commands a wider prospect.  
We are all apt to overrate the importance of our own times, our own work, our own experience. I do not speak of this as a fault in us. It is natural to the human mind, and a good in its effects; for we should hardly put our full strength into our work, or our hearty interest into the events of every day, if we saw how small a proportion any thing present bears to the history of our race. This struck me powerfully the other day when I was standing on the highest stone on the top of the Great Pyramid of Egypt. The present fancies in Ireland and trying winter in England seem naturally enough, to those in full view or experience of them, the most important events that ever happened in the world; but it is worth while to look back to fancies which occurred in this

Eastern part of the world several thousands of years ago, and see if any thing could be more important than their causes and their consequences. During several months past there have been floods in various parts of Europe, sweeping away dwelling and produce, and causing the loss of some lives. To those on the spot this event appears like the end of the world—the greatest calamity in the experience of man. But, looking over from where I stood, there was a place almost within view where a flood rose and destroyed a mighty monarch and all his host, and affected the destiny of the human race to the end of time. Again, we are vain of the enlightenment of our age; we think that our knowledge is almost new, and that we are able to do things by steam, water-power, electricity, the telescope, the printing press, &c., which were never before dreamed of by man. A survey of the past from the heart of Egypt may show us whether this is true, and perhaps sober our views in regard to our own attainments and the prospects of the race.

It was for some time taken for granted, on the assertion of scholars who judged too hastily, that our globe has been created 6,000 years—that is, about 4,000 years before Christ; and also that Man was created at the same time. The science of geology has proved that the world is very much older than had been supposed; and that it had lasted a long time, inhabited by curious beasts and fishes, of kinds that we never see now, before Man was created. And now, the more we look into Egyptian history, the more clear it becomes that we have been mistaken in our judgment of the lapse of centuries, and that 6,000 years ago some nations were as busy about their works of art, their farming, manufactures, literature, and philosophy, as we are now. When any one speaks to us of 6,000 years ago, we think of Adam and Eve gardening in Paradise—no such thing having been thought of as human abodes, or clothing, or any of the arts of life, or transactions of men living in society; but it is now believed, with good reason, that the pyramid on which I stood the other day was there in its place 6,000 years ago; and it is certain that the building of that pyramid is a thing which could not be done now, with all our boasted of our modern resources. We cannot even understand how it was done.

This mighty mass of building covers eleven acres of ground, and is built of blocks of stone so enormous that it is inconceivable how with any length of time or number of men, they could have been brought from the quarry and raised to their proper places. It was once smooth and polished on the outside, and its history was engraved upon it in hieroglyphic characters. So the old historians tell us. But now the smooth outside is all gone—taken, probably, to build other edifices; and the next range of stone blocks forms a set of steps, by which means I got to the top; a rough, broken, and difficult staircase of 480 feet high—the steps being chiefly from four to three feet high. Each of our party had three Arabs for assistants—dark brown men, in turbans or little white caps, and loose shirts and drawers, and who never dream of being silent for a minute, or of leaving off asking for a present. These Arabs are of a different race from the people who built the pyramids, and they know nothing whatever about them, nor can conceive why we go and examine such monuments. They can only suppose that we go in search of treasure. But they are kind to strangers, and faithful to their trust; and I felt in very good hands while they were helping me up and down the outside of this, the largest building in the world. They drew and lifted me up the high steps, so me to spare me any great fatigue, encouraging me with the few words of English they had picked up, "Very good!" and "half-way!" After one particularly difficult step, they were in great delight, and patted me on the back, all three crying out, "Ah! ah! good morning—good morning!" They were ordered to be quiet while we were at the top, where we wished to look about us undisturbed, and to date and begin some letters to our friends; but, with all my interest with the scene spread abroad, I could not but look on these men with wonder and sorrow that they should be inhabitants of a country abounding in such monuments.

The landscape which we overlooked was this: From near the foot of the pyramid to the northern horizon stretched the line which divides the sandy desert from the fertile plain which extends to the Nile. The line of separation was wavy and marked by a little canal, which had still in it some of the water left by the inundation. To the east of this line, following up the landscape to the river, and vanishing in the northern horizon, spread the most fertile plain in the world, covered with green crops, dotted with villages of brown mud houses overshadowed with palms, and marked by a faint line of causeway here and there, and by many threads of blue water. To the east was the Nile, about five miles from us at the nearest point, but winding away from the farther

north to the utmost south. Beyond the river spread the beautiful city of Cairo; its white citadel crowning a lofty rock, and being itself backed by the rocky heights of the Mokulum hills. These eastern hills then spread away southward into the Arabian desert, which allowed the eye no rest till it came round to the river again. The circuit of a landscape was completed by the Libyan desert; the parched, glaring desert where nothing was to be seen on the interminable sands but a line of camels pacing along in the heat, and a few brown Arab tents not far from the pyramid. For a few miles to the south of us, and close round about us, were clustered a crowd of pyramids—some larger some smaller, but none to compare with the one we stood on. Of these, the most interesting were those of Sakhara, which we had visited the day before. They stand amid the Necropolis, (the great burying ground of the mighty old city of Memphis), of which nothing now remains but a statue here and there, and some scattered blocks of sculptured stone; nothing else but the tombs, which are enough to show this was a great city indeed.

Here, in these tombs, which are chambers cut out of the rock, and adorned with columns and pictured walls; in these tombs and others were men busy sculpturing and painting at a time when we have been apt to suppose the earliest generations were learning how to live on the rude earth. These pictures on the walls, however, show the way of life of the Egyptians to be not very far behind our own. I have seen what the possessions of men were in those days, from these memorials in the chambers of their graves. I have seen their flocks of cattle, their poultry-yards, their fields in seed-time and harvest, their fisheries, their hunting and shooting parties, their boats with many oars and gay-colored sails, their beautiful furniture, couches, easy chairs, lamps and vases, very like the handsome of ours at the present day; their kitchens, with the slaughtering of cattle, and the cooking of the joints of beef; their wine-presses and their wardrobes of rich clothes and handsome necklaces; their arms and war-chariots, and the bridges and fortified towns they passed over or stormed. I have seen the weaving of gay cloth, and the steeping and spinning of flax; rope-making; glass-blowing, just such as may be seen at Newcastle any day; the building of houses, the carving of statues; games at ball, and gymnastics, wrestling, and playing the harp.

What is of far more consequence, as occurring long before any clear tidings that we have elsewhere of men's condition of mind and life; there are solemn pictures and sculptures about death and burial, and the state of the soul. I have seen and the body laid out and embalmed, carried on a bier to the boat, and borne in the boat to lake or river which usually lay between cities and the burial places. I have seen the ferryman, the dog which waited on the further shore, and the judges who were to assess the deeds of the deceased. I have seen the weighing of his deeds, and his admission into the presence of the approving gods, by means of his integrity, the symbol of which he carried in his right hand. Thus early did the people of this country believe that soul lived after the body was dead, and that its integrity was the means of its blessedness.

These had been prepared for their owners, occupied by the embalmed bodies, and closed up for a future age to open; the mighty pyramids had been built, and their appearance had grown familiar to generations; and their builders—tens of thousands in number—had long slept in their graves, with a rich Arab entered the country, with his flocks and servants and family, to seek subsistence for them all in the fertile valley of the Nile, as the people on his own plains were more than could be fed. This rich Arab and his train traversed the Delta, no doubt, to arrive at the great city of the great monarch of Lower Egypt; and he must, it is thought, have seen the obelisk now standing at Heliopolis, which all travellers admire, and have looked with amazement like ours at the Great Pyramid. This visitor was received with favor and pomp by the mighty king, and made much of for a time. This was ANAHAM. As I stood, the other day, looking at the way he came, and wondering at my lot in seeing the very things he saw, and considering how refined and advanced were the people whom he visited, the history of the world did appear to stretch itself out so as to confound our early notions, and made us humble as to the rapidity of human progress. In those days women reigned and were obeyed without question. Not only were there long and regular reigns, but the supremacy was unquestioned when in the hands of a woman; a token of high civilization; as was the function of the priesthood, with whom was lodged a science and philosophy which we have reason to believe has since commanded the veneration of the world when delivered by Greeks, and might do so still if we could fully recover them.  
A few generations after this, a young slave was brought into the country, and

placed in the house of an officer of State. We all know the story of Joseph; how he became the minister of this great country; in his rising greatness; and how he changed the whole political condition of Egypt by buying up all the land for the monarch. From the time of that seven years' famine, the kings of Egypt were possessors of the whole land and river—as the present ruler is; and, as now, the provision for an unmitigated despotism was complete; as also for great improvements under the sway of a wise sovereign; an object which Joseph may have had in view as much as the interests of the King.

In various buildings of his early time I have seen the unbacked brick—crude brick it is called—which came to be made without a large admixture of straw to bind it. The soil of the Nile valley is moistened, worked up with cut straw, moulded, and laid in the hot sun of this country to dry. Some such bricks bear the name and mark of very early kings. To make these was the work assigned to the Israelites, in which they were so cruelly oppressed. I could see them with my mind's eye, as if it were but the last century; as I looked down from the pyramid in the brick remains below us, and the wellings of the plain, and over toward Gehen, which was given to the Israelites while they were in Egypt; and again over the eastern hills, through which Moses led his people when the oppression became too bitter to be borne. Nearer to these hills, and close by Cairo, lies the Island of Rhoda, where tradition says Moses was found by the King's daughter. But this is of course a doubtful point, and one which I need little while gazing on the same edifying features of natural scenery as we were before him all the days of his youth.

One impression has taken me by surprise. I used to wonder—and always did till now—at that stupor of the Israelites which so angered their leader—their pining after Egypt after finding it impossible to live there. It was inconceivable how they could long to go back to a place of cruel oppression, for the sake of anything it could give. I now wider no longer, having seen and felt the desert, and knowing the charms of the valley of the Nile. One evening lately just a sunset, the scene struck upon my heart, impressing it with the sense of beauty. A village was beside an extensive grove of palms, which sprang from out of the thickest and richest clover to the height of 80 feet. Their tops waved gently in the soft breeze which ruffled the surface of a small pond lying among grassy shores. There were golden lilies and sharp shadows among banks where a stream had slowly made its way. The yellow sandhills of the desert then showed themselves, between the stems of the more scattered palms. Within view were some carefully tilled fields, with strong wheat, lupins, and purple bean blossoms, and cucumber patches were set far off. Cattle were tethered beside the houses; and on a bank near by a woman and a boy and a girl, basking in the last rays of the sun with evident enjoyment, though the magical coloring given to Egyptian atmosphere could not be so striking as to English eyes. But what most interested me in the memory of the Israelites, wandering in the desert, where there is no color except at sunrise and sunset, but only glare, parched rocks, and choking dust or sand!

I will not attempt now, for no one has ever succeeded in such an attempt, to convey any impression of the appalling dreariness of the depths of the desert. I can only say that when it rose up before me in contrast with that nook of the valley at sunset, I at last understood the surrender of heart and reason on the part of the Israelites, and could sympathize in their forgetfulness of their past woes, in their pining for verdure and streams, for shade and good food, for a perpetual light of the adored river, instead of the hateful sands which hemmed them in whichever way they turned.

This is not the face for even the most reverential inquirer into the relation between the Egyptian theology and philosophy, and the system of Moses. That great subject must be left untouched, now and here; and I must come down at once to the time when Egypt had sunk from her highest pitch of greatness, and had been conquered, first by the Persians, and then by Alexander the Great. I will only observe that Moses was the son-in-law of a priest, and must therefore have been of the priestly caste; of that caste which held more power, more knowledge, more wealth, and a higher station than any other. An old Egyptian historian declares that Moses was himself a learned priest of Heliopolis. We cannot suppose this to be true; but it shows how he was connected in the popular belief with the priesthood, and how naturally much of his system must have been derived from the institutions of the country he was brought up in.

The despised Israelites spread and conquered their enemies, and became a nation powerful enough to have acknowledged intercourse of war or peace with the kings of Egypt. King Solomon married a princess born and reared in the Nile valley;

and when Solomon died, his father-in-law, Shishank, went up against Jerusalem, and brought home many captives and grievous spoil. I have seen on the walls of the great temple of Karnak, at Thebes, a sculptured group of Jewish captives, whom the conqueror was holding by the hair of their heads and raising his war-knife over them, while they implored mercy with uplifted hands.

Those battle pieces abound on the walls and gates of the grand old temples which are ranged along the Nile valley as far as it has been explored; and they remind every one who looks at them of the battles of Homer's poems—except in the great point that Homer makes the gods take part in wars, while the Egyptian gods were of too high an order to be so debased by human passions. Some scholars think that Homer had seen the city of Thebes, of which he gives such magnificent reports, and where he represents the gods as coming down to visit the noble inhabitants. It is pleasant to think, while gazing abroad, that the father of poetry saw what I now see, and wrought his Epics and his mind from looking on the sculptured walls that I have been studying. About another great man—the first of his class—the old Herodotus, whom scholars venerate as the father of history, there is no such doubt. We have his account of Egypt in his day; and so remarkable is his veneration for the antiquity of the Egyptian usages and edifices, that I shall ever think of him as standing before the great monuments of the land—a learner—as we are. He knew well enough, and plainly declared that the Greeks derived their religion from the Egyptians—a thing which it would be hard to doubt when we think of their account of the scene after death—their river Styx, their ferryman Charon, their dog Cerberus, and the judges. All this natural, and solemn amid the funeral scenery of Memphis was borrowed and spoiled by the Greeks—as was much else which is supposed to be their own. If any thing is called Greek more emphatically than another, it is the philosophy of Plato; but Plato lived thirteen years at Heliopolis, studying philosophy under the priests, who were considered masters of all learning. No one will undertake to say that we should have had Plato's philosophy as it is, if he had not studied under Egyptian sages for thirteen years. This happened nearly 400 years before the time of Christ.

Now, after considering these things, and seeing what Egypt was while the rest of the known world was in an infant or barbarous state, what becomes of our pride of knowledge and achievement? It is clear that the Egyptians of the time of Abraham, and for generations before his day, could do things of which we are incapable, and had knowledge which is yet concealed from us. Amid their abstract religion and high philosophy, they pursued a fierce and cruel warfare, as was men's way in the early ages of the world. Amid our noble and purer religion, and the lights of many thousand years, men and nations now are quarrelling and fighting, and cannot even carry the point that every member of society shall have sufficient food. Surely, there is matter for deep consideration here.

The land of Egypt is now inhabited by Arabs, who know nothing, hope nothing, care for nothing, but living on as quietly as they can under a despotism which they cannot resist. Parents cut off their children's best finger, that they may be unable to write or to fire off a musket; and if a man earns any thing that he likes, he conceals it lest it should be taken from him. They choke up the solemn old temples with mud mts, and build their hovels on the holy roofs. They burn statues for lime, and split the head of a granite colossus to make mill-stones. They light fires against the painted walls of antique tombs, and in search of treasure, crush under foot the bones of the kings. The temples are filling up with the sand of the desert, and the tombs are decaying under the ignorance and violence of man. But the sand of the desert is a friendly preserver, and may be only withdrawing a great book of knowledge for a time, for restoration when it can be better used. The key to the hieroglyphic language which they bear has been discovered. While secure of this, and knowing that a vast monumental treasure lies safe and dry beneath the sand for one thousand miles along the valley of the Nile, we may trust that the light of old Egypt will not be lost, but burn more brightly when the ages have removed living man further into the future. In those days there will be some one to take a truly rich and curious and varied Survey from the Pyramids.

Our journey has been prosperous to the last degree; almost too glorious. We are off next for Sinai.

LIFE OF A GENTLEMAN.—He gets up leisurely, breakfasts comfortably, eats a tart breakfast, talks insipidly, dines superficially, kills time indifferently, sups elegantly, goes to bed stupidly, and lives uselessly.

## The Ruling Passion strong in Death.

Mazarin felt no compunction in cheating at cards, which were at that period the ruling passion of the court; and miser as he was, habitually risked the gain or loss of fifty thousand livres in one night; while as a natural consequence, his temper ebbed and flowed with his fortune. Perhaps the most amusing anecdote connected with his avarice, multitudinous as they were, was an equivocal which occurred only a few days before he breathed his last, and within an hour after he had obtained the absolution, which his confessor had for a time withheld.

The Cardinal had just transmitted his will to Colbert, when some one scratched at his door, which having been interlocked, Bernouin, his confidential valet-de-chambre, dismissed the visitor.

"Who was there?" asked Mazarin, as his attendant returned to his bedside.

"It was M. de Tubeuf, the president of the chamber of accounts," replied Bernouin; and I told him that your eminence could not be seen."

"Alas!" exclaimed the dying man, "what have you done; he owed me money, perhaps he came to pay it; call him back instantly."

M. de Tubeuf was overtaken in the ante-room, and introduced. Nor had the cardinal deceived himself. He was indeed come to liquidate a heavy gambling debt; & Mazarin welcomed him with a bright smile as though he had years of life before him in which to profit by his good fortune, took the hundred pistoles in his hand, and asked for his jewel casket, which was placed upon the bed, when he deposited the coins in one of the compartments, and then began to examine with great interest the valuable gems which it contained.

"You must give me leave, M. de Tubeuf," he said, with emphasis, as he lifted a fine brilliant and passed it rapidly across the light, "to offer to Madame de Tubeuf."

The president of accounts, believing that the cardinal, in acknowledgement of the heavy sums which he had from time to time gained at the card-table on his account since he had been too ill to act for himself, was about to present him with the precious gem which he then held in his trembling fingers, moved a space or two nearer the bed, with a smile upon his lips.

"To offer to Madame Tubeuf," repeated the dying miser, still gazing upon the jewel, "to offer to Madame de Tubeuf—my very best compliments!"

As he ceased speaking he closed the casket, and made a sign that it should be removed.

Nothing remained for the discomfited courtier but to make his bow and depart; with the mortification of feeling that he had been for an instant so far the dupe of his own wishes, that while he was yet alive, Jules de Mazarin could make up his mind to give away anything for which he had no prospect of receiving an equivalent.

—MIS PARDON'S LOUIS THE FOURTEENTH.

A True Ghost Story.

Dr. Fowler, Bishop of Gloucester, in the early part of the eighteenth century, was a believer in apparitions. The following conversation of the bishop with Judge Powell is recorded:—

"Since I saw you," said the lawyer, "I have had ocular demonstration of the existence of nocturnal apparitions."

"I am glad you are become a convert to truth; but do you say ocular demonstration? Let me know the particulars of the story."

"My lord, I will. It was—let me see—last Thursday night, between the hours of eleven and twelve, but nearer the latter than the former, as I lay sleeping in my bed, I was suddenly awakened by an uncommon noise, and heard something coming up stairs, and talking directly towards my room. The door flying open, I drew back my curtain, and saw a faint glimmering light enter my chamber."

HOME.—A man's house is his earthly paradise. It should be of all other spots, that which he leaves with most regret, and to which he returns with most delight. And in order that it may be so, it should be his daily task to provide every thing convenient and comfortable, and even the tasteful and beautiful should not be neglected!

"A few sunny pictures in simple frames adorned, A few precious volumes—the wealth of the mind; To kindle the fancy or soften the heart; Thus richly surrounded, why, why should I roam? Oh! am I not happy—most happy at home!"

TRUE COURTESY.—"Manners," says the eloquent Burke, "are of more importance than laws. Upon them, in a great measure, the laws depend. The laws touch us here and there, now and then. Manners give us what we want, soothe, corrupt or purify, exalt or debase, barbarize or refine, by a constant, steady, uniform, insensible operation, like that of the air we breathe." They give their whole form and color to our lives. According to their quality they aid morals—they supply them or they totally destroy them."

FRIENDSHIP.—We believe in love, but have little faith in friendship—and least of all, in those men who profess the most. So long as you have a pocket full of money, or power to confer benefits and to dispense favors, there is no lack of what the world calls his friends. Smiles and compliments, and helping hands, meet you every where; but when the day of adversity comes, those smiling friends will fall off.

"Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn hath blown." Most of us in our "salad days" are disposed to trust in the professions of friendship, and believe that all that glitters is gold. It is, however, but a morning dream, and the sooner the delusion is broken, the better for our interests, if not for our hearts. In youth we are all poets and optimists by nature, but as our sun of life ascends, the dews of affection dry up, the flowers of hope wither and close, and the beautiful mist rises from the vales and vanishes from the hills. Life becomes stern and rugged and real; and every man must fight his hard battle or fall on the field.

SYMPATHY.—Russell was singing the dismal song entitled "The Gambler's Wife," and having uttered the words—

"Hush! he comes not yet!  
The clock strikes one!  
He struck the key to initiate the sufferer  
knell of the departed hour, when a respectfully dressed lady ejaculated, to the amusement of everybody, "Wouldn't I have fetched him home!"

HANDSOMELY ROASTED.—The Boston Post acknowledges that it has met the fate of most newspapers, and been once in its lifetime handsomely roasted. The affair was as follows:—

"The Strange Young Lady.—It is now going on eight years since we, then mere boys, began to use the scissors; but though inexperienced in the ways of the world, we have not been often hoaxed—nor should we have been "snicked in" by the Hinchman, Ky., Standard, had it not been for a very bad headache on the morning of cutting out the editor's paragraph stating that "A young lady, whose name he has not been able to ascertain, came into his dwelling two days before and has since remained with his family. She has not spoken a word since her arrival, but she weeps almost incessantly."