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Select Poetry.

NAME IN THE SAND.

BY G. D. PRENTICE.

Alone I walked on the ocean strand,
 A pearly shell was in my hand,
 I stooped and wrote upon the sand
 My name, the year, and day;
 As onward from the spot I passed,
 One lingering look behind I cast,
 A wave came rolling high and fast,
 And washed my lines away.
 And so methought, 'twill quickly be,
 With every mark on earth from me!
 A wave of dark oblivion's sea,
 Will sweep across the place
 Where I have trod the sandy shore
 Of time, and been to me no more;
 Of me, my day, the name I bore,
 To leave no track or trace.
 And yet with Him who counts the sands,
 And holds the water in his hands,
 I know a lasting record stands,
 Inscribed against my name
 Of all this mortal part has wrought,
 Of all this thinking soul hath thought,
 And from these fleeting moments caught,
 For glory or for fame.

A Good Story.

BISHOP SIMPSON'S ADDRESS,

Delivered at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, before the First Anniversary of the U. S. Christian Commission.

On the evening of the 29th ult., an immense number of people—citizens of Philadelphia and delegates and visitors from all the loyal States—met in the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, to celebrate the First Anniversary meeting of the U. S. Christian Commission.—GEO. H. STUART, Esq., Chairman of the Commission, presided, and after making some remarks, introduced Rev. Dr. ROBERT PATTERSON, of Chicago, who delivered an able address in behalf of the Commission. The Philadelphia Presbyterian says:—

On the conclusion of Dr. Patterson's speech, which brought most vividly to mind some of the terrible sufferings and hardships endured by our noble soldiers on the field, Mr. Stuart introduced to the audience the Rev. Bishop Simpson, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, a "one distinguished in the Church of Christ throughout the world." This distinguished speaker and most eloquent divine then made the following address:

Among all the meetings which have ever been held on the face of this earth, in Church or in State, there never has been a meeting quite the equal to this. There have been large assemblies; there have been most important assemblies; but when we consider the age of the world, the circumstances under which we convene, the pressure that is upon us, the sorrow in many of our hearts—struggling with hope—the efforts made to relieve the sick and the wounded, made so by war, I repeat it, there has not been a meeting precisely of this character ever held upon the face of this earth. You have had, it is true, in this city, and in other cities, kindred meetings; but this is the anniversary of the United States Christian Commission!

And when I look over this assembly, I almost voluntarily ask, Who are here? I see the military officer from his command in the navy; see here the Chief Justice from his bench; see here one who formerly graced your Chair of State; the merchant is here from his counting-room; and the professional man is here upon his office; and here, mingling with all these, are youth and beauty, matron and maiden; and among us, the soldiers themselves, who, partially disabled, are taking a little rest from the fatigues of war.

Why are we here? It is because of the interest felt in those upon the battle-field. And when I listened, sir, to the report which was read, and the statements which have been made, I feel almost oppressed with a sense of the magnitude of the work which you have undertaken to do. For whom are you proposing to provide religious reading and religious instruction, to some extent, medicines, clothing, comforts, consolation? Why, sir, the army and the navy contain more than one million of men; and while sitting on this platform, my mind occurred to this thought: If you take all the men in the cities of New York, of Brooklyn, of Boston, of Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Pittsburg, Cincinnati, St. Louis, and Chicago, and combine them all together, the army of the United States exceeds them all in number. And it is for such an army that you are proposing to undertake these means of instruction! Why, the States of this Union have been nobly providing for the unfortunate sick, and furnishing asylums for them; but

what has your great State of Pennsylvania, or your sister metropolitan State of New York to do, compare with the work which you of this Christian Commission have in hand?

Then, again, I turn to another view, and ask, if we limit our cares to the sick and the wounded only, how many there are? One hundred thousand men are said this night to be sick in camp, and in the hospital. One hundred thousand! More than all the men capable of bearing arms in the whole city of Philadelphia! If every husband, and father, and son grown to years of manhood, in this whole city, were lying sick in hospitals, they would not make the number of those who are sick now, scattered all over our land. This, then, is the work which you have undertaken to do. And to do it requires wisdom, energy, sacrifice, and outpouring means, such as only a free and a great people can bring themselves to the point of affording.

But, sir, I have hopes for the success of this Commission in its enlarged projects, because of the sympathy which its objects have in almost every family, and in almost every bosom. One out of five of all the grown men in the United States are now in the army. If our Northern population is estimated at twenty millions, ten millions being men, and five millions of the remainder being under eighteen years of age, as your statistical tables will show, we have left but five millions of grown men in the loyal parts of the United States, and more than one million of these are now in the army, or more than one-fifth of the entire male population fit for bearing arms.

And, sir, how many sympathies connect them with friends at home! It has been my lot, Mr. President, to travel extensively; and I have noticed, from week to week, as I have visited the congregations in my field, that more and more of them are habited in black. I am ever thus reminded that friends have lost friends and that hearts are mourning with a sorrow that nothing can alleviate but the consolation that these friends have died in the service of their country! And when the wives, sisters, and mothers of these men in the army, shall lay their hands to this work, and when friends who have been left at home, and in health, shall unite in it, I have hopes that this great work of yours will be accomplished, and this Commission successfully perform the work given it to do.

I need not refer to reasons why it should be successful. Are we not under obligations to the defenders of our country? They are not only brethren and friends, but they have stepped in front of us to receive the shafts of the enemy. Look out to-night, and see where they are. While your streets are covered with the snow, and your streams are being filled with ice—while the winds of heaven, with their wintry blasts, are beginning to be piercingly severe, see the hundreds of thousands of your brethren, and friends, and acquaintances, and neighbours, who are now in need of protection and comforts! And is there a heart that will not be moved—a hand that will not be ready to stretch out to these suffering ones all possible aid?

But, Mr. President, this good work presents to me cheerier aspects. I do not know, sir, what will be the fate of our country; it is not for me to say. I know this, and my soul relies upon it—"the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth;" and he is working out some great wise purposes in all the movements of men, and in all the combinations of evil men which can possibly be formed on the earth. For though the floods may rise, the Lord in the heavens is higher than they.

I love sometimes to look out and see the indications of Providence. When this Western world of ours was found, there were strange combinations of circumstances preceding and connected with it. There were the discovery of the art of printing, of gunpowder, an extension of the science of navigation, a revival of letters in the schools and colleges, when the Lord would lay open this Western world, and stretch it out to receive a population which should make it the "land of the free, and the home of the brave." And now, sir, while this present season of trial is upon us, I look back to strange activities and strange combinations in other directions just preceding this period. I see our Government sending out its wisest men to explore our bays and rivers, and make charts of the whole coast, under the influence of some great idea of preparation. Without this preparatory work, what would our ships and vessels of war have done in reference to our blockading expeditions?

Then I look again, and I seem to see God's hand of preparation in the material world. He

has just stretched out his hand and lifted off the covering from the silver bosom of mountains in the Nevada Territory, and shown us wealth that, if we were but to take the crust of it into Wall street, would make all the brokers in the land almost shout for joy. I have been asked, What if our national debt increases?—I am no financial man—I have no teachings on the subject of finance—but have this to say, that if our country survives this storm—if our ship of State comes into port, we have not only money enough in these mountains to pay off every sailor and soldier, but money enough to line with silver every deck of every vessel, and all its spars, and give to our soldiers on their return silver arms instead of their iron ones!

Well, sir, I see more than this. I live in the West. My home is among the great prairies. I have been watching agricultural fairs. I have said, What means all this excitement in reference to agriculture? Every man seems to be inventing a plough, or a drilling machine, or a reaper, or a mowing machine, or something else to husband labour or augment its power. I did not understand it. But we had just built workshops, and made ships, and were throwing out reapers and mowers by the million, when the necessity came, and the young men left their ploughs and their fields; and had not God given us these implements, we had never been able to feed these soldiers.

Well, sir, I look again. That same West is connected with the East. Our coal-boats used to run down our rivers, and our streams directed all our trade. But you gentlemen of the East, far-seeing merchants and bankers, turned our attention eastward. You ran your locomotives through or over mountains, across valleys and rivers, and bound us to your Atlantic ports; and just, sir, when the enemy shut off the mouth of the Mississippi, we transfer the mouth of our railroad rivers to your Philadelphia and your New York. God was preparing the way for it.

I look again. And although it is but a simple matter, I have often said to myself in the last five years, what is the meaning of all this amount of inventive genius spent in the direction of the sewing machine? I visited in New York large factories, where these were made in immense quantities, and apparently the world would soon be filled with them, I said. I wondered why it was. When I look over the land, and see the hundreds of thousands of men needing clothes—and when I turn my eyes to the villages and country places, and in almost every house, these machines, multiplying their powers by tens and by hundreds—then I have seen why God gave man just now the sewing machine.

Well, now I look in another direction—to the great revival of religion a few years ago, in which you, sir, and others, took so active a part, to the prayer-meetings and the young Men's Christian Associations that were formed. What did they mean? A little before that the churches were stirred up to making books and religious tracts—the presses of every denomination, and of religious associations, were set agoing, and the land seemed as if it would be filled with religious literature. The Lord was preparing. And I now see how you can send, according to your report, your tens of millions of tracts to the army. All the presses were working by steam, and the tracts were ready to your hand. God was in it. Then, in that connection, this revival came. It took us from our denominations—it brought businessmen from under the shadow of the pulpit to where their hearts were warmed by close fraternal association; and they learned to work, together, commenced as laymen to work, held meetings of prayer, carried religion into their shops and counting-rooms; and when the trial came—when they were needed to accompany their benefactions with spoken words of comfort and consolation—they were all marshalled and ready, a full regiment, in the noble work of this Commission, with you, sir, as their General, to lead them. And, sir, I thanked God that, whether the nation will or will not change its generals, we have no need to-night to change ours.

Now, all these are some of the indications of the hand of God, as I think, and they give me encouragement. The soldiers must be cared for. We are under obligations to them; we dare not leave them nor forsake them; they are our brothers; tears of sympathy are flowing for them; prayers are being offered for them, and strengthening, and blessing them—a work which the hand of God has been for some time past wonderfully preparing.

But let us look at another view or two. The first is this. I prize this work because of its effect upon the soldiers of my country. Men

will respect themselves, when they feel that the eyes of the virtuous and the good are upon them. Some one has said that in the ragged-schools and reformatories of the world, the first great step in the reformation of their occupants is to put upon them clean clothing, and wash them, and make them feel they are respectable—that some body cares for them. Sir, when the soldiers who are fighting our battles are lying far from home and kindred; if they are allowed to lie forsaken, destitute of sympathy, in temptation, and want, and wretchedness, unable to do any thing for themselves, it is no wonder that they sink in vice, and that to some extent the feeling come, "It is useless for us to do any thing, for our country cares nothing for us." But when these soldiers are sick, and there have come and sat down by them angels in human form, and wiped, as a mother's hand used to wipe, the cold sweat from the brow, and placed, as only a sister's hand can place, the cordial to the fainting lips—when they find whole thousands of the community willing to pray for them, and wishing them well, and sending out delegates from all parts of the country to their comfort and relief, the soldier feels as if he were cared for—he respects himself, for he sees that he is respected, and he rises to do nobler deeds than ever.

You have the story of Alexander when a young man. When he was about to ascend the throne, he called his young men around him. He gave to one a cloak, to another a spear, a shield, a valuable garment, until he had distributed all he had. "But," said one of the young men to him, "Alexander, what did you reserve for yourself?" He replied, pointing upward, "Hope! And then," said he, "I seem to myself to be standing where the eyes of the whole world are upon me."—It was this that nerved him to swim the river, and that gave him power to drive the hordes of the East before him, and dream even of universal sovereignty. When the soldiers of our country, our fathers, sons, and brothers, know that all the ladies of the land, and men from the bench, and bar, and counting-room, and places of responsibility, are all cheering them on; why, sir, their strong arm will be nerved; and taking their weapons anew, they will go forward, bounding over forts, leaping over ramparts, scattering the enemy before them; and victory will come upon our standards!

And then, sir, when these men return to our land, they will not come back as a curse to us. A writer in Great Britain says, that one of the greatest elements of her weakness is the return of demoralized soldiers, who are a curse to the community. Not only have these men talked with and prayed with the soldiers, but, Christian-like, they have brought physical comforts in their hands, and ere they have ministered spiritual consolation, they have, following the example of the great High Priest of our profession, who opened the blind eyes, unstopped the deaf ears, healed the sick, and cleansed the lepers; and thus it has been that their hearts have been opened to religious instruction, and they have listened to words that sounded as words never spoken before; and when they return, they will come with Christian hearts and sympathies; and not only sing the sweet songs of Zion on the battlefield, but to their children around the hearth, in the church, and along the streets and highways. And I am not certain, sir, but we need Christian soldiers to come back to put more bold courage in the hearts of Christian men and women at home. We need not only to have faith, but to add to our faith bravery, and possibly Christianity, tried in this very war, is to result in a greater boldness and bravery in our Christian churches at home.

But, sir, my mind sometimes exults in this thought—we are proving our Christianity in the eye of the world. We read the writings of infidelity. Sometimes they talk about humanitarianism, about ameliorating the condition of the human family; and they represent Christianity as dogmatical, controversial, speculative, and as away from the wants and necessities of man. But, sir, in this hour of our darkness, when the clouds are upon us, when men are falling around us, and women are sorrowing, who go into the field to minister to the soldiers? Is the infidel there? No, sir. They all hide their deformed heads, and Christianity steps out in all her nobleness and beauty! Yes, sir, Christianity is still young. Though nearly two thousand years are upon her, there is no wrinkle on her brow, no stoop in her form; the lustre has not gone from her eye; she steps upon the mountain-top and over valleys, dropping comfort and consolation into the camp of the soldier, as well as upon the churches of the living God;

and it is in such scenes as these that Christianity is vindicating herself to be, as she is, the child of God, the messenger of mercy to men.

And, sir, our Christianity, in this free country of ours, is occupying a great position. They tell us we must have State endowments, State churches, large fees for the support of ministers, and for the progress and perpetuity of Christianity. But go where old institutions are—and I revere them—go among them, and you find this: that never in France or Germany, or even in old England in all its glory, there was never a Christian Commission to attend to the wants of a Christian army. It has been reserved for Christian America, where Church and State are disunited, where the State gives the Church legal protection, and where she smiles upon the State in turn. It is for disenthralled Christianity to bring forth her rich fruits, and show her power to minister to all the sons of men.

Now, sir, I rejoice in all this; and when I look over the field, and see what God is doing, I feel willing to bear the affliction, knowing that although I cannot tell just when it shall be—"in even time it shall be light"—and that when God has proved us, he will give us the victory.

Why, sir, is that flag of ours ever to be lost? Are those stars of heaven ever to fade away? No, sir! Have you ever thought that no nation on earth ever had a cluster of stars on its flag till the United States prepared its flag? There was one nation, or tow, that had a lone star, but never a combination. I know not how to account for it. I cannot tell precisely how it came; but I have thought our old fathers were men who looked up to God. They saw clouds; but they saw beyond the clouds, into the clear stars shining in the sky.

I shall never forget how I felt when once wrecked on the Pacific coast. The storm was wild, and a thousand of us, it seemed, were to be buried in the ocean. We stood on deck, in a way to prevent the noble steamer from careening, though it seemed as if she must go to pieces. I looked up. But by-and-by, in the midst of the storm, the clouds gently parted. I saw one clear star shining there. It seemed as though an angel's eye was looking down from the throne of God. In a moment more it was gone. I looked, and looked again, and in fifteen minutes I saw the clouds part again; and now two stars shone down upon us. So I took courage. I said, the storm is passing away. God made that star of hope to shine out clear upon the dark and troubled sea. And the men were cheered in heart.

Sir, when I look at that flag, I sometimes ask myself, "Where did our fathers get it?" Did not some angel hand clip it from those heavens of blue, and send it, with its stars, as angels' eyes, to gaze down upon the suffering sons of humanity, and lead them to look upward, and beyond the heavens, to their Father and their God above?

Let those stars shine! Let no power beneath the cross control them! And although, as in the apocalyptic visions, there may come a fog that may seem to blot out one-third of the stars of heaven; and the smoke may come up out of the pit, and obscure its glory, yet God will drive away the thick darkness, and the stars shall shine, and victory shall perch upon our standard, and God shall give us glorious triumph!

At the conclusion of Bishop Simpson's address, which was repeatedly applauded, Mr. Stuart exclaimed, "May God bless Bishop Simpson." To this prayer a hearty "Amen" was responded by the whole congregation.—The Chair continued, "May I long spare his valuable life to the Church of Christ.—Brethren, you know not what it has cost this dear friend to stay here to-night. I shall not allude to it. His love has prevailed, and led him to come here to-night at great risks, and in setting aside of other important calls, to speak to us as he has in such eloquent tones."

The cheeks of a woman's heart should, like a wind-harp, be sweetly musical, but not, like a wind-harp, give out its kisses and love-tones to all winds alike.

A well-known American citizen says that he understands "nearly all living tongues." We know some very lively ones that he would be apt to find incomprehensible.

LET a new star be discovered—another diamond upon the frontlet of eternity and unborn millions are inheritors of glory of its knowledge

YOUNG ladies rarely kiss each other except when there are gentlemen to see them do it,