

**THE PILOT**  
 IS PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY MORNING BY  
**JAMES W. M'CRORY,**  
 (North West Corner of the Public Square.)  
 at the following rates, from which there will be no  
 deviation:  
 Single subscription, in advance..... \$1.50  
 Within six months..... 1.75  
 Within twelve months..... 2.00  
 No paper will be discontinued unless at the option  
 of the Publishers, until all arrearages are paid.  
 No subscriptions will be taken for a less period  
 than six months.

# The Pilot.

VOL-III. GREENCASTLE, PA., TUESDAY, MARCH 17, 1863. NO. 7.

**ADVERTISING RATES.**

Advertisements will be inserted in THE PILOT at  
 the following rates:

1 column, one year.....	\$70.00
1/2 of a column, one year.....	35.00
1/4 of a column, one year.....	20.00
1 square, twelve months.....	8.00
1 square, six months.....	5.00
1 square, three months.....	4.00
1 square, (ten lines or less) 3 insertions.....	1.00
Each subsequent insertion.....	.25
Professional cards, one year.....	5.00

**Select Poetry.**

**UNIVERSAL PRAISE.**

Would that praise was universal,  
 Would that every soul could sing,  
 Praise to God the great Creator,  
 Praise to the Eternal King;  
 Nature, then, and human nature,  
 All combined the world around!  
 Nodding hills and smiling valleys,  
 Would their Author's praise resound.

Hail the great Eternal Father!  
 He whose spirit moved upon  
 The dark face of mighty waters;  
 Hail his well beloved Son!  
 Praise him for the earth and heavens,  
 For his care to ancient Night;  
 All he saw, and the division  
 When he said, "let there be light!"

Praise him as the stars of heaven;  
 Loudly as they silent move!  
 Lift the earth to heaven descending,  
 With pure praise as angels' love!  
 Praise him as the heavenly being,  
 In whose footsteps we have trod,  
 Songs of praise be universal  
 To the Great Eternal God!

**A Good Story.**

**THE BETTER WAY.**

**A STORY FOR MOTHERS.**  
 BY T. S. ARTHUR.

The last fretful child was in bed, and a hushed quiet reigned through the house. With feet that stirred no echoes in silent air, Mrs. Lawrence gliding from the chambers, and returned to the breakfast-room, where her husband sat reading. He did not look up from the page on which his eyes were bent, nor seem to observe her entrance.

There was a weight on the heart of Mrs. Lawrence as she sat down by her work-table under the gas-light, and took a small basket in her lap—a weight, and also a sense of relief. Her active, restless, noisy, and too often turbulent and contentious brood, were asleep and safe from outward harms; for this a sentiment of thankfulness lay unspoken on her lips. But with the stillness that succeeded came troubled memories, self-reproaches, questions as to the right and wrong of her own life among her children, doubts, fears, anxieties.

Not in sweet peace, like the passage of a summer day, had closed the twilight hours in Mrs. Lawrence's home on the evening of her introduction to the reader. They had fallen in the rain of passion. Tired, fretted, and ill-fatured, the children met a like state in their mother; and angry chafed against blind willfulness. So the day had closed in storm; and now, in the brooding hush that followed, Mrs. Lawrence sat down with the pressure of misgiving on her heart:

"What am I to do with these children?"

The words leaped out suddenly, giving Mr. Lawrence a start. He did not, however, let his eyes fall away from the page he was reading, nor beyond a slight change of position, intimate a consciousness that his wife had spoken. When the full heart breaks silence, it does not usually rest in a single utterance.—Mrs. Lawrence went on after a brief pause:

"I am out of all heart with Johnny!"

Mr. Lawrence let his book fall, and his eyes fell upon the shadowed countenance of his wife.

"And Lydia is such a trial!" So fretful and irritable. Johnny keeps her in trouble all day long. You don't know what a time I have with them."

Still Mr. Lawrence did not answer. Not that he was indifferent; not that his thought was on his book, or away from the present.—His thought was with his wife and children, and on his mind lay a pressure of concern.—"What was it best for him to say? That question perplexed and kept him silent. He did not wish to blame his wife, and hesitated even an intimation that the fault might lie at her door. She was very sensitive, and could not bear to have him say a word that involved disapproval.

"What am I to do?" Mrs. Lawrence looked steadily at her husband, and paused as though expecting him to answer. "You saw how it was a little while ago."

"Yes."

Something in the voice of her husband, as he uttered this single word, chafed on the feelings of Mrs. Lawrence. She was not ignorant of the fact that she had lost temper, and dealt rather harshly with Johnny before sending him to bed, and that something in the voice of her husband sounded like accusation or rebuke.

"What am I to do?" she repeated the question with just a touch of asperity in her tones.

"There are two requisites of good government," said Mr. Lawrence, raising the book to his eyes, and affecting to read—"self government, and a wise administration. Without the former, the latter is impossible."

He let the book fall into his lap, and looked calmly at his wife. The quick blood was already mounting to her face. She understood him thoroughly.

"I wish, you had the trial of, them for a week or two!" Mrs. Lawrence spoke with considerable sharpness.

"I am not desirous of changing places, Ruth," answered the husband in a calm, soothing voice. "The difficulty of your's I fully understand; and I know that you are filling it far better than I could. Patience, forbearance, and self-control are above all things needed; and these are not my special virtues."

"I do the best I can," said Mrs. Lawrence, her tone softening a little, but expressing more discouragement.

"Are you certain about that?"

The blood, which had commenced receding from the face of Mrs. Lawrence, went flushing back again, mounting to the very temples.

"Yes, I am certain!" She spoke emphatically, and then shut her lips with a close pressure.

"If we were all doing the best in our power, Ruth, our lives would be far nearer perfection than they are. Heaven knows, my shortcomings are a continual reproach. So, take that back, my dear, and think it over a little."

There was something so impassioned, and so kind in her husband's manner, that the excitement in Mrs. Lawrence's mind began to die away; and thought grew clearer in consequence.

"I might do better, I suppose," was her answer, in a falling tone; "but no one is perfect."

"Of course not. If we were perfect, there would be no occasion for trial and discipline. But, one thing is certain, we might all come a great deal nearer to perfection than we are in the habit of doing. Isn't that so?"

"Yes," The admission came half reluctantly.

"It is so in my case," said Mr. Lawrence. "Not a day closes, in which I do not look back and sigh over short comings. The great source of all our troubles in life, Ruth, lies within ourselves. I see this more clearly every day. If I could always be right with myself—if I could always possess my soul in calmness—I could deal with events as they touched me, and rarely experience a jar. It is from an undue reaction against the circumstances of life that I experience so many disturbances. And as it is with me, so it is with you and others. This getting right with ourselves is the great achievement."

Mrs. Lawrence dropped her eyes away from her husband's face, and sat silent for some time.

"Without self-government," said Mr. Lawrence, seeing that his wife did not reply, and wishing to turn her thought exactly into the true channel, "it is impossible rightly to govern others. We must be calm ourselves, if we wish to produce calmness in other minds; patient, if we would produce patience; just and discriminating, if we would produce like conditions. It is the disturbance we ourselves feel that so often creates disturbance in those we seek to influence. Now, let your thoughts go down into your own consciousness, Ruth, and see how it has been with you in this and other days of more than ordinary trial with our restless, impulsive, hard to govern children.—From some cause your nerves were unstrung, and you were not able to possess your soul in patience. In almost your first contact with the children, there came a jar, and after that everything went wrong."

Mr. Lawrence ceased speaking, and an expression of pain went over his countenance; for suddenly his wife dropped her face into her hands and commenced sobbing. The truth he wished her to see had gone home. From any other lips she could have taken the admonition calmly, but nothing gave her such deep grief as the knowledge that her husband saw in her any fault. She was not angry, but hurt and humiliated. It was plain, from his language, that he thought her government in the household exceedingly defective—so at least it seemed to her—and the impression that this judgment was correct went profoundly into her own convictions. And, in truth, her dealings with her little family were not in all things wisely ordered. Just the thing most needed her husband had suggested—self government. But she could not receive the suggestions without pain, at least not from him.

Only a few moments did Mrs. Lawrence sit sobbing; then she arose, and passing from the

room, went to the chamber where her children were asleep, and throwing herself, in half abandonment of feeling, across a bed, let the tears flow at will. Ah, that was indeed an hour of bitterness! But the lesson had gone home.

Mr. Lawrence sighed as his wife left the room, and then turned to his book, but he knew as little of its contents an hour afterwards as then.

One the next morning, with a prayer on her lips for strength and patience, Mrs. Lawrence left the pillow where sleep had been sweet for at least a portion of the night. Already the voices of her waking children admonished her that duty must begin. Through many wakeful hours had she reviewed the past, admitting its errors, and resolving to do differently in the time to come, and now the time was at hand.

An angry cry from one of the children sent a shiver along her nerves, and gave her heart a quick throb. She understood its meaning.—Johnny, her oldest boy, had wilfully annoyed his sister. Usually, on such occasions, which were of daily, and sometimes of almost hourly occurrence, the mother would come down like a storm on the offender, and she felt impelled to do so now. But, conscious of her own disturbed state, and aware that, if she gave way to her feelings, all self-control was gone, she stood still for a little while, to collect her thoughts, and then, with slow steps and a repressed manner, into the room occupied by the children.

"What is the trouble here?" she asked, but in a voice so strange to them, under the circumstances that they all grew silent, and looked at her in mute inquiry.

"What is it, Johnny?" There was no threat of punishment, no anger, no excitement in the mother's tones, but a tender concern, that was almost sad.

"There it is," said the boy, drawing his hand from behind him, and reaching a doll's head to Lydia. He had just snatched it from her.—"I was only in fun."

"Do you think that the right kind of fun, Johnny?" asked Mrs. Lawrence, in a calm, serious voice. Then she added: "Come, Lydia; I want you to dress quickly this morning.—You're almost always late in getting ready."

There was something so unusual in the way their mother spoke to them, that the children moved to the work of dressing themselves with an alacrity and good temper that surprised Mrs. Lawrence. In facing one of his shoes, Johnny broke the tie, when a word of impatience fell from his lips. On the very last occasion of a similar accident, the snap of the tie had been responded to by Mrs. Lawrence in the sentence, angrily spoken, "There it is again, you careless boy! I believe you break your shoe strings on purpose!" Of course, such a speech did not in any way improve Johnny's temper.—Now, with the impatient word, his eyes went up to the face of his mother, half fearfully, half deprecatingly. He had felt the pleasant warmth of her sunnier mood, and did not wish it changed. It was grateful to his young heart. The old impulse stirred the mother's feelings at sound of the breaking cord; but she was in the better way, and not easily to be pushed aside. It was surely worth an effort to keep her feet therein. So, forcing back the wave of passion, she said, kindly:

"Is it broken so badly that we must throw it away?" And, stooping to examine the cord, she answered her own question, in a cheerful way: "O, no. A knot here will make it all right. Shall I tie it for you?"

"O, no, mother, I can do it myself," replied Johnny, in a bright, brave voice, and he bent over the shoe with the earnestness of a right purpose.

"Don't pull quite so hard, dear," said Mrs. Lawrence, as she saw Johnny begin the work of lacing his boot again after the tie was mended.

"No, ma'am, I'll take care."

How quickly kind, thoughtful dealing with this impulsive, self-willed child had wrought a change in his temper; and his mother, in seeing the effect, saw the cause also—and she felt both encouragement and rebuke. What had wrought this almost magical change? It was self-discipline! She perceived and acknowledged the truth. Getting power over herself was the first and greatest difficulty. That attained, and all beyond was comparatively easy.

At the breakfast table, Mrs. Lawrence noticed that the children appeared to regard her with a half curious interest. Johnny took his place quietly, instead of in the noisy, dashing way peculiar to that young gentleman; and Lydia, freed from his annoyances, forgot herself so far as to give sisterly attention to a little brother who occupied a high seat by her side.

But an incident occurred that came near destroying the harmonious balance of things thus far maintained—a common incident, and one with which few mothers exercise patience. A cup of milk and water was overturned, and the contents left upon the table cloth. It was Johnny's work, and carelessly done.

"You!" Only that one word escaped the lips of Mrs. Lawrence; but the flash in her eyes, and the color on her face, betrayed the irritation that was near overmastering her.—Instead of smarting reproof, however, there came a kind remonstrance, and the startled boy looked grieved and grateful at the same moment.

"I didn't mean to do it, mother. It was an accident," he said, with a troubled air, instead of the defiant or indifferent one usual on these occasions. "And I'm sorry."

A grave quiet followed this incident, for all felt how narrowly they had escaped a scene of passionate disturbance, which, contrasted with the harmony that prevailed, made them shrink from its bare imagination. Peace, order, and a spirit of mutual kindness were felt to be so sweet, that the danger of losing them gave an impression of pain. By some means the means of escape more vividly realized than by Mrs. Lawrence. She saw that on her successful effort at controlling an impatient spirit, everything was due. Had the stormy words, which leaped to her tongue, found an utterance, how would all have changed in a moment! She was not so cheerful during the rest of this meal; but her subdued gentleness of manner, and thoughtful attention to the wants of every child more than made up for the sunnier countenance, and as effectually repressed disorder and unkindness.

When had a meal passed, before this one, free from strife among the children, or angry reproof from the mother? The occasion was memorable.

"How well the children behaved this morning," said Mr. Lawrence, as he stood drawing on his overcoat, preparatory to going out. There was a tone of pleasure in his voice; and something beyond this, also, not to be concealed—approval of his wife, and encouragement to persevere. He would not have ventured in words all that he wished look and voice to convey.

"Better than usual," she simply replied. Then, after a pause, added: "If it would only last."

"And why not?" Mr. Lawrence ventured to say.

"Children are very uncertain. Their moods change like the changing wind, or like the skies of April."

"Be a sun in their April sky, dear," said Mr. Lawrence, kissing his wife tenderly, and then, not waiting to see the effect of his words, turned off and left for the day's business.

Mrs. Lawrence stepped into the parlor alone, and sat down with tears in her eyes. Very clearly opened her duty before her. She saw the way in which she should walk; but had she strength to keep her feet therein? Self-conquest first! Yes, that was the requirement now. How easy had been the control of the children thus far, after self-control was gained. How clearly she had seen what was best to be said and done, and what a power had dwelt in mildly spoken sentences. Obedience had seemed spontaneous. Act followed word as by enchantment. Ere yet her thoughts ran clear, came a new occasion for prompt work. Left only a few minutes to themselves, the natural tendencies of the children had borne them away into strife. Johnny, the master of discord among them, forgetful of the pleasant breakfast season, was at his old tricks again; and the sign thereof was a passionate scream, followed by loud accusations from Lydia.

Mrs. Lawrence sprung to her feet, under the usual angry impulse felt on these occasions, and, with the will to punish in her heart, strode across the room, and was in the hall before thought and memory arrested her steps.

"No—no—no! This is not the way!" And, as she said this, she drew both hands tightly against her breast and stood still for some moments, the strife between the children yet going on. Then, with deliberate movement, she went up stairs to the nursery, where the children had gone after leaving the breakfast-room. Her usual way of coming upon them when they were in trouble among themselves, was with a loud, imperious demand, and a hurried execution of punishment on the one that appeared, at the first glance, most in fault.—Nearly always a certain degree of injustice was involved in these punishments, and their effects were, in consequence, evil instead of good.—Of this she was often painfully conscious.

So quietly did Mrs. Lawrence now enter the nursery, that the children were not aware of her presence until she was half across the room. Suddenly the strife ceased, and Johnny and Lydia who were in angry contention, hushed their discord and stood with a rebuke shamefacedness before their mother, in marked contrast with their usual air of dogged defiance or shrinking fear on these unhappily too frequent occasions.

"This is very sad, my children," said Mrs. Lawrence, with grief instead of anger in her voice. And then sitting down among them, with calmness and patience, went to the real cause of trouble, and succeeded in gaining what she had never gained before, a mutual penitent acknowledgment of wrong, and a promise to be kinder and more forbearing one towards another.

"It would require many pages to give all the incidents, trials, self-conquests on that day; and they would be found deeply interesting to every true mother. By the strength of genuine love for her children, into which flowed a heavenly power; Mrs. Lawrence kept the balance of her mind; and when the evening shadows fell again, and her husband came home, there was sweet tranquility, order, love and peace in their dwelling.

"How pleasant the children are with one another," said Mr. Lawrence, in a low voice, leaning toward his wife, as she sat sewing, after tea, and glancing at Johnny and Lydia, who were reading together from the pages of the same book.

"Yes," She answered no further, but, after looking towards the children a few moments, with a calm, almost serious yet not troubled face, let her eyes fall again upon her sewing. But the eyes of thought were looking away down into her own soul, and conning the lessons of that day's experience written in strong characters.

"You must have discovered a new method of government," said Mr. Lawrence.

The eyes of his wife were again lifted to his face.

"I have," was her simple answer.

"Indeed! Well, it seems working to a charm. Does it involve any secret?"

"No." Her eyes, in which light and feeling began to play, were still upon his face.

"On what is it founded?"

"On self-government." Her eyes lingered in those of her husband for a moment, and then fell down upon her work—lingered just long enough for him to see tears beginning to suffuse them.

"Nothing more was said. They understood each other. But the lesson of that day was the lesson of all succeeding days for Mrs. Lawrence. Many years have passed since then; and all who know her family consider it the best ordered, and her children the best disciplined, of any within their circle. She had learned the better way, and, learning, walked therein.

The greatest miracle ever wrought by love is the reformation of a coquette.

Avarice is more opposed to economy than liberality is.

To grow up to the skies, we must first be planted low in the dust.

We don't wear ear-rings as women do, but they bore our ears as if they thought we out.

A stethoscope is a pocket spy-glass for looking into people's chests with your ears.

Converse with a mind that is grandly simple, and merely literature looks like word-catching.

The thought should always travel from the brain to the lips by the way of the heart.

The flower-girls can always raise the wind when the flowers blow.

Take not the echo of your own voice as confirmation of what you say.

Hollow groans might issue from most people's chest in these hard times.

When Daphne was changed to a tree to escape the wooing of her lover, she was more wood than ever.

If you would have your pig weigh heavy, lead him to the scales. Then he will be pig led.

It is sometimes necessary to test the soundness of a man as we do that of a tea-cup—by giving him a few smart thumps.

The government doesn't give the soldier a bond to secure his life, but it gives him a sword as security without bond.