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## Select Poetry.

### SPRING.

A flush of green is on the boughs,  
A warm breath panteth in the air,  
And in the earth a heart pulse there  
Throbs underneath her breast of snows.  
Life is astir among the woods,  
And, by the moors and by the stream,  
The year, as from a torpid dream,  
Wakes in the sunshine on the buds;  
Wakes up in music, as the song  
Of woodland pool the gleam receives,  
Through bright flowers, overbraided leaves  
Of broken sunlight, golden green.  
She sees the owl's white wicker stay  
Awhile, to gather after him  
Snow-ropes, frost-crystallized diadem,  
And then in soft showers pass away.  
She could not love rough winter well,  
And cannot choose but mourn him now;  
So wears awhile of her young brow  
His gift—a gleaming icicle.  
Then turns her, loving, to the sun,  
Uphaves her bosom's swell to his,  
And, in the joy of his first kiss,  
Forgets for aye that sterner one;  
Old winter's pledge from her he reaves—  
That icy-cold, though glittering spar—  
And girdles her with a green cymar,  
And zingles round her brow with leaves.  
The primrose and wood-violet  
He tangles in her shining hair,  
And teaches elfin breezes fair  
To sing her some sweet canonet.  
All promising long summer hours,  
When she in his embrace shall lie,  
Under the broad doom of brighter sky,  
On mossy couches starred with flowers.  
Till she smiles back again to him  
The beauty beaming from his face,  
And, robed in light, glows with the grace  
Of Eden-palaced cherubim.  
O earth, thy glowing loveliness,  
Around our very hearts has thrown  
An undimmed joyance all its own,  
And sunn'd us o'er with happiness.

## A Good Story.

### THE PASSIONATE CHILD.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

A dark eyed boy sat playing at draughts with a little sister, two or three years younger than himself. His motions were deliberate and his manner absorbed, showing that he was deeply interested in the game. Suddenly a flash went over his face, and an angry word against his sister leaped from his tongue.  
"I didn't mean to do it," said the little sister, in a deprecating voice.  
"Yes you did mean to do it!" The boy's black eyes lighted up with a fierce radiance; and there was a restless twitching of his hand, as if the impulse to strike was trembling along his nerves.  
"Silence, sir!" exclaimed the mother of the children.  
"Yes you did mean to do it!" repeated the boy, more passionately, and without seeming to have heard his mother's injunction.  
"Silence, I say!" Angry blood now left a stain upon the mother's face. But a deeper stain dyed the boy's face.  
"I'll kill you one of these days!" he almost shouted, as he pushed the small table at which they were sitting with so much violence, that it fell over, with a jar and a crash. Springing up, in wild excitement, the mother caught hold of the boy, and struck him two or three blows blindly and in rapid succession, he meantime, struggling against her furiously.  
"Now lift that table, and pick up the checker board," said the mother, assuming an air of the sternest authority, as she released the boy, pushing him from her with such force that he went staggering half across the room. He stood still, on recovering himself, with his face yet deeply flushed, and his whole frame quivering with passion.  
"Did you hear me?" demanded his mother. The boy stirred not a foot.  
"John!" The mother's passion was increasing. Against this barrier to her will, the tide was swelling and foaming. But, she might as well have spoken to a statue. "Pick up that table!"  
No sign of obedience was visible.  
Still blinder in her passion, the excited mother sprung, with uplifted hand, towards the boy; but, with a quick motion. She was following, when a low voice, so solemn in its warning, that she could not resist the appeal, pronounced her name, and she paused and turned back.  
"Mary, Mary! As you love that child, forbear!"

"But what am I to do, Aunt Phoebe? Let him have his own way?"  
The mother sat down, trembling, the flush dying out of her face until it became pallid.  
"Rule him by the law of reason, Mary."  
"Reason! Talk reason to a child in the heat of passion!"  
"Not to the child, Mary, but to the mother."  
There was a slight appearance of surprise.  
"I am sure that I understand you, Aunt Phoebe."  
"The wise ruler," said Aunt Phoebe, "sits, first, in the region of calm debate, and before acting, determines the best mode of action. Was that your course just now?"  
"There was no time for cool debate. I was required to act. John's wrong-doing demanded prompt discipline. A passionate temper like his must be checked in the first outbreak. You must hold with a strong hand."  
"You did not succeed holding him in the present case, Mary."  
The mother's eyes dropped from those of her monitor, and fell on the floor.  
"What am I to do?" There was trouble on her face as she looked up, and despondency in her voice.  
"If we meet passion with passion, Mary, what is the result? A blinder and more desperate passion, in most cases; thus the evil against which we contend is made stronger instead of weaker. Does the arm grow feeble by use? If a child is timid, how do we induce courage?—by exciting his fears? Not so; we remove, as far as possible, whatever may awaken vague alarms, and teach him self-reliance, and the habit of looking past the mere surface of things, and understanding what is beneath. We help him to a condition of self-poise—help him to grow brave through his own mental power. Ridicule will not do this; nor experiments on his timidity, by which fear has sudden assault. If a child is inclined to the utterance of falsehoods, do we expose him to temptation in order to cure the evil. Will he not grow more indifferent to the truth? We show him the beauty and value of honor, integrity, sincerity and uprightness, so that he may fall in love with them. You cannot lessen the stream by obstructing its current. The source must be diminished."  
"He is so passionate! I tremble when I look into the future," said the mother as tears filled her eyes.  
"And you are passionate, Mary," replied the aunt. "Passion against passion has worked injury from the beginning, and will ever work injury. You were a passionate child; and, as a woman, have not learned the great and important lesson of self-control. This being so, I see cause why you should tremble in looking into the future. On you, more than any other human being, rests the momentous issue. If you do not control yourself, you will never be able rightly to control him. By force and punishment you may, for a time repress and subdue; but, steadily, under the reaction of passion against passion, will his fiery temper gain strength until, in the end, overleaping all barriers, it will dash onward at its own wild will."  
A shudder ran through the mother's heart. She had painful memories to warn and frighten—memories of deeds in her father's family, the result of unbridled passion, which had shadowed many lives. Yet never, until this hour, had the right way of discipline for her quick-tempered child been suggested. Passion against passion! How clearly she saw its folly and its madness! Passion against passion was a struggle in which each side gained power. It was an undying conflict.  
"He has disobeyed me," said the mother.  
"I ordered him to lift the table he threw over in a fit of temper, and he refused. Can I let that pass?"  
"Did you not make disobedience a necessity?" asked Aunt Phoebe, in her calm, penetrating voice.  
"I do not understand you."  
"Think a moment. Your command did not touch his sense of filial obligation; but only gave passion and wilder force. It was impossible for him to obey."  
"Impossible, Aunt Phoebe!"  
"Strike a spirited animal, already quivering with excitement, and will he not start to plunge? What if you cry, 'Wo-a!' Will that soothe the irritation! The boy was not responsible for his conduct, and you will do well not to hold him to any serious account."  
"But what am I to do, Aunt Phoebe? Let this outrage pass?"  
"No."  
"What then?"  
"Deal with it as a mother who loves her child, and seeks its highest good, should deal."

"Easily, said Aunt Phoebe. But the way—that is the question."  
"The true physician," replied Aunt Phoebe, "deals with causes rather than effects. Fever, for instance, he recognizes as an effect—the sign of some hidden obstruction to influence life—and he seeks, in applying his remedies, to reach this cause with as little disturbance of vital power as possible. If he can remove the cause, there results a peaceful cessation of the effect; but if he pursue a different course, assaulting fever as the real enemy, and attempting to dislodge it by a strong arm, a strife ensues, and the sick man is made worse, perhaps destroyed. Look deeper, my dear child, than these outbursts of passion, which but give signs of a hidden malady. John inherits a quick, blind temper from his mother. If she had subdued, in any degree, that temper before the boy was born, there would have been a weaker transmission of evil proclivity. But, as he has derived it in full force, the mother's next best thing is to begin overcoming it in herself, now, as the only way in which she can overcome it in her child. She must meet his passion with gentleness—his anger with such unmistakable love, as will melt it away like snow in the sunshine. She must be the wise physician, and deal with causes, not effects. Help him to see the evil of this quick, springing passion, and help him, in loving self-possession, to begin the work of conquest. Were you so taught and helped in your early years?"  
"Oh, no, Aunt Phoebe!" The young mother spoke with strong feeling. "Had that been so, I might have been a different woman now."  
"And thus, you see, by thinking back in your own case, through a wise and gentle government, this passionate boy may acquire the mastery over himself."  
"But what am I to do now?" asked the mother. "How am I to deal with John in this unhappy strife? He has defied me!"  
"Let passion die out for lack of fuel. Don't go near him for awhile. He will be surprised at this. Surprise him still more by the gentleness of your manner when you do see him. Say nothing of what has happened, or, if you do refer to it, speak in tender remonstrance, or calm admonition. Reproof, even, should be avoided, as that may give a spur to pride or passion, and the longer these can be left asleep the better. Let him feel that love, instead of anger, moves you. And in truth, Mary, anger against your children, let them do as they may, should never get a lodgment in your heart. It blinds the judgment, and makes wrong action almost a necessity. Speak to them calmly, or not at all. Wait until you get the mastery over your own feelings, before you attempt to deal with them in the way of rebuke or discipline. Then your words, though spoken softly as the low murmur of a flute, will go forth in irresistible power. As to the way in which every exhibition of evil temper in your children is to be met, no formula of action can be laid down. But if love, instead of passion, rule your heart, love will make you clear-seeing in every emergency. As to John's present offence, think of it not as a deliberate defiance of your authority, but as the outbreak of an unhappy temper, by the turbulent course of which he receives the greatest injury, and experiences the deepest suffering. Let pity yearn towards him, and a mother's true love extinguish all anger at disobedience. As soon as you can come into this state, go to him, and God will teach you what to say."  
The mother, in whom the current of feeling had entirely changed, now arose, and was moving from the room.  
"Not yet, Mary," said Aunt Phoebe.  
The mother paused and looked back, the sad, troubled expression of her face showing that her mind was far from being in a state of calmness.  
"Not yet, my child. It is too soon to meet him. Your heart is not still enough, nor your thoughts clear enough."  
She retired to her own room instead, and there sat down alone, in communion with herself. As she thought, from a changed state of mind, a tenderer love for her boy was born in her heart, and under its influence she went to him. After the boy's fits of passion, he usually fell into a sullen mood; from which he did not emerge, often, for hours. Every storm left marks of desolation behind. The mother found him, now, asleep. He had gone to his own chamber, fleeing from authority against which blind anger impelled him to react, and there let the wild fury of his sensitive spirit waste itself for lack of resistance. In the calmness that followed, he sunk into unconsciousness.

"John." A mother's voice could hardly have expressed a tenderer feeling. It went through the outward to the inner sense, reaching to the child's dreaming ear, and changing, as we see in a revolving view, the scenes that were before him in vision. An enemy had assailed him—an enemy against whom he was battling weakly and despairingly. He was in terror for his life, when, suddenly, his mother stood in place of the enemy, with smiles of love upon her face, and he flung himself in tears of joy upon her bosom. Half waking in the act, his arms were uplifted, and ere fully distinguished between the dream-life and the real life, he was clasping her neck, and covering her month with kisses. The tide of feeling had turned, and its strong current was flowing in the direction of love instead of anger.  
"Oh, mother! how I love you!" And the boy spoke truly. Love for his mother was a strong impulse in his heart, and all she needed for power to mold him to her will was self-government.  
"I didn't mean to be so wicked, mother," he said, still clinging to her neck. "Something in me spoke before I thought. I get angry so quickly, and it seems as if I couldn't help it. And I'm always so sorry. I'm sorry now, and I'll do anything if you will forgive me."  
A kiss of forgiveness was laid upon his lips, and sealed by another on his forehead.  
"Passion is a bad thing, my child," said the mother, gravely, yet with no love lost from her tones.  
"I know it, mother. Trouble came into his large black eyes.  
"Out in the cemetery, where we go sometimes," said the mother, after pausing to think for a few moments, "is a small grave, and on the head-stone is cut the words, 'Aged eleven years.' It is now twenty years since that grave was made, and the body of a little girl laid therein. I saw the funeral. I stood by when the earth went rattling down upon the coffin, and felt the shudder that crept through all hearts. She died from a blow, and the hand that gave the blow was the hand of her own brother, not three years older than herself. He struck her in blind passion, and she died. Poor boy! He became motherless not long afterwards. The blow killed mother and sister both."  
John's face grew pale. He remembered the sentence "I will kill you one of these days," that had been flung so readily from his lips; and shivered at the thought of its fearful condemnation.  
"Mother," said the boy, and then his eyes turned from her face, and he flushed and seemed confused.  
"What is it, my son?" The kindness of her manner reassured him.  
"You won't be angry with me?"  
"No, no, dear. Say just what is in your thought."  
"I am so quick to be angry."  
"I know it, my child."  
There was another evidence of hesitation.  
"Well, John, speak out."  
"When I get angry, please don't get angry too, mother. It makes me worse, and I can't help it." The blood, burned, in his face, and he looked half-frightened, as if in dread of a violent reproof.  
"What shall I do?"  
The mother's frame quivered in her efforts to retain a composed exterior, as she asked this question.  
"Kiss me, even if I am naughty. Talk to me just as you are talking to me now. Oh, mother!" And his arms went round her neck again. "I love you so much, and can't bear to have you cross. Don't scold me when I'm bad. It isn't me that's naughty, but something in me; and when you scold I forget everything."  
"I will try, John; but you must try also." The mother's heart was full. She could not trust herself with many sentences.  
An hour afterwards, a bitter word against his sister leaped wildly from the lips of John. Almost before she could restrain herself, a sharp reproof was on the tongue of his mother, but reflection came in time, and she shut her mouth in silence. The look she gave her boy subdued him instantly. Leaving his sister, he came across the room, and putting his arm around his mother's neck, said, with penitent seriousness.  
"I forgot myself, mother."  
She only kissed him in reply, and he went back in his right mind, and stronger for the moment of forgetfulness.  
"Well done, Mary!" whispered Aunt Phoebe, bending towards her niece. "You have found the way."

"If so, may God give me strength to walk therein," was the low reply.  
"So surely as you look to Him in love for your child, so surely will He give thee strength," said Aunt Phoebe. "Never again meet passion with passion; but as you met it just now, and the evil will grow weaker, daily, for want of alimony; and as it grows weaker, self-control will grow stronger, and the boy, in advancing toward manhood, will advance into rational self-control, which alone can save him from that dominion of passion which mars the lives and destroys the peace of so many men. This result is worth all it may cost; perpetual vigilance is the price of civil freedom; so perpetual vigilance the price of spiritual freedom. The foes that assault our heart, seeking to find us in the thrall of evil passion, are more subtle and deadly than outward foes, and we must be ever on our guard. You will not always be able to parry their attacks. But, let no failure produce discouragement. If you fall, rise again, and gird yourself for the battle, and you will surely come off conqueror in the end."  
The prophecy of Aunt Phoebe was fulfilled. Love was strong in the mother's heart; and it had power by knowledge and experience. She was blind before, but now she saw clearly; and so love worked by intelligence, and the result was good. The passionate boy grew milder and more controllable under changed discipline, and when manhood found him, it found in the possession of himself.  
Horses sometimes run for cups, but not half so many as men do.  
When people are crazy to marry, they attach no consequence to consequences.  
It is a noticeable fact, that even Jove himself made a great fool of himself as often as he got in love.  
Average states its keeper to surflet those who wish him dead.  
The most dangerous foe to freedom is a benevolent and popular despot.  
The mariner's compass has done some of the most important needlework in the world.  
The heart is a book which we ought not to tear in our hurry to get easily at its contents.  
We had better be out of the world than have everybody wishing us out of it.  
Even if your heart is in a cause, it doesn't follow that you should put your foot in it.  
Bullets can sing and whistle, but they are not pleasant musicians.  
A lover often brings suit in the court of a lady's heart without being able to sue out an attachment.  
Every day that you live you purloin from life; you live at the expense of life itself.  
When the loved one is absent, every beautiful thing seems her shadow.  
The love of wisdom is rare; the wisdom of love still more so.  
Court jesters are not the only wits that make fools of themselves.  
The statesman pleads for the poor and ignorant; the demagogue pleads to them.  
In the grand theatre of human life, as in other theatres, a box ticket takes us through the whole house.  
Do the best you can where you are, and when that is done, you will see an opening for something better.  
Those who make their breakfast on cold charity are not likely to get it warmed for dinner.  
That wondrous book, whose leaves are the strata of the rocks, waited six-thousand years for readers.  
It is vain to struggle against change and confusion. The whole world is turned upside down every twenty-four hours.  
An English writer says that Arkwright wrote his name upon the streams. We don't see how he could; streams are not stationary.  
In the interchange of leaden and iron compliments between soldiers, it is thought more blessed to give than receive.  
The laws, according to Cicero, and silent amid arms; but, alas, lawyers are silent neither in war nor peace.