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## Select Poetry.

### THE TREE OF LIFE.

Come hither, weary souls,  
 And drop thy burden here;  
 If thou would'st be made whole,  
 A blessed tree is near;  
 Upon the high-way side it grows—  
 And sweetly healths human woes.  
 It only suits the soil  
 Where broken hearts abound;  
 Yet visits every isle  
 Where gospel truth is found—  
 'Tis planted for the health of man,  
 And by a heavenly husbandman.  
 Upon the roads it stands  
 To catch a pilgrim's eye,  
 And spreads its leafy hands  
 To beckon strangers nigh—  
 Breathes forth a gale of pure delight,  
 And charms the traveler's weary sight.  
 Its friendly arms afford,  
 A screen from heat and blast;  
 Its branches well are stored,  
 With purity of choicest taste—  
 And in the leaf kind juices dwell,  
 Which sore and sickness quietly heal.  
 But stand not gazing on  
 The branches of the tree;  
 Go under, and sit down,  
 Or sure it helps not thee—  
 There rest thy aching feet and side,  
 And in this resting-place abide.  
 No sooner art thou set  
 Beneath its shadow there,  
 But all the scalding heat,  
 And all thy fretful care—  
 And every pain from thee will drop,  
 As fruit comes tumbling in thy lap.  
 This is the tree of life,  
 Which first in Eden grew;  
 But Adam, with his wife,  
 Concealed it from our view—  
 Then it was fixed on Calvary's top,  
 And is the pillar of my hope.

## Good Stories.

From the Waverley Magazine.

### THE TWO COUSINS.

BY EDWARD E. ROGERS.

It was Matilda's first morning in the country. She felt like an uncaged bird—as if she could scale fences and bound over fields as lightly as the forest fawn. She came down to breakfast dressed in plain calico, a rustic sun-bonnet in her hand, and thick-soled morocco boots on her feet, "ready," as she said, "to have a good time."  
 "You will go with me, won't you, Bessie?" she said, turning to her country cousin, a pretty maiden of seventeen summers.  
 "Oh, certainly," was the response; "I will go immediately after breakfast. After I have shown you my pet ducks and chickens I will take a walk with you through the woods."  
 Matilda's appetite was unusually poor, she was so absorbed by the thought of the pleasure in prospect.  
 "Come, Bessie," she said as soon as they had risen from the breakfast table, "are ready?"  
 "Yes."  
 "Now, girls, don't go too far," said Bessie's mother. "I am afraid Matilda will romp too much for her strength."  
 "No fear of that, Aunt Charlotte. Why, I have walked three times up and down Chapel Street in one day. Bessie will be the one who will tire out first."  
 Bessie, according to her promise, went to the barn-yard first. There were hens, turkeys, and ducks; some promending about evidently to show their fine feathers; some rolling in the dirt, others leading troops of little ones. Matilda was delighted, and could not leave the running little ducks," as she called them, until she had taken at least a dozen in her hand and kissed them.  
 "Now, cousin," said Bessie, "let us turn down this lane and go over to the woods, yonder."  
 "How shall we get through these bars, Bessie?"  
 "Jump over them, of course."  
 "You don't mean so?"  
 "I do, though," said Bessie, bounding over them with a cricket-like agility. "Now let me see you do that."  
 "Oh! I can't."  
 "Well, crawl through," and Bessie let down one of the rails.  
 The course led through a corn-field, in which the young plants were just beginning to grow. Bessie was telling her cousin about planting and hoeing, and how corn and potatoes are cultivated, when Matilda exclaimed:  
 "See those black hens yonder! they are picking up the corn, aren't they?"

"Black hens! Oh, they do sing so nicely. I am sure you wouldn't care anything more about canaries, if you could hear them sing once. I will run out there and scare them, and then they will sing as they fly. Now listen;" and Bessie ran out into the field to scare them. Up they flew, screaming—"caw! caw! caw!"  
 "Oh, horrid! You don't call that singing?"  
 "I was only thinking of a chapter on Irony which I learned last winter in Boyd's Rhetoric," said Bessie, quietly.  
 Soon they reached a meadow covered with tall grass. Bessie led the way, trampling down the grass to make a path for her cousin.  
 "What if we should find a snake, Matilda?"  
 "A snake!" whispered the city cousin in a suppressed scream; thinking of those frightful looking creatures she had seen in the traveling museums. "A snake! Let us go back!"  
 "Oh, I don't believe there are any here; if there are, I'll kill them;" and Bessie caught up a stick from the grass. By her bold manner she restored the courage of the half-frightened girl, and they went on.  
 It was nine o'clock. The dew had all disappeared from the grass, and the heat was becoming oppressive. Both of them were glad to enter the shade of the woods; to which Bessie had alluded at the breakfast table. They had just seated themselves beneath a spreading oak tree when Matilda spied a little red and yellow animal, and she asked Bessie what it was.  
 "A squirrel, cousin. Catch him and bring him to me."  
 Matilda sprang up, not doubting that a few steps would bring the bright-eyed little stranger into her hands. She ran in pursuit, increasing her speed, till she found that squirrels can run faster than girls, and then gave up the chase. She came near being vexed at Bessie for telling her to do such a foolish thing. She sat down again, and then they listened to the wild strains of bird-song coming from tree tops far and near.  
 "Oh, delightful! delightful!" said the young city lady; "I would rather hear it than the splendid music of the opera I heard night before last."  
 Bessie was listening to the sound of an axe in the hands of a woodman, at no great distance; and so she got up and peered through the trees to find out who he was. By his manner and dress she knew it was a young farmer living close by her father's house.  
 John Percival was dressed in a farmer's clothing, it is true, but for all that he was a true child of genius, a botanist, a lover and silent observer of Nature in her thousand forms of beauty. Bessie suddenly commenced looking about for flowers, and in a short time gathered some rare specimens.  
 "What are you going to do with those, Bessie?"  
 "Smell of them; see how fragrant they are;" and she brought them to Matilda. "Do you carry them, and you will soon see what use I shall make of them. Let us walk this way;" and she led her toward the place where the young farmer was chopping.  
 Matilda now, for the first time, saw the young man in the distance. She was turning to go in another direction, but Bessie stopped her, saying:  
 "You have taken me for a pilot, and I must be pilot for the whole voyage."  
 Matilda had become possessed of the idea that farmers are inexpressibly verdant, and she had repeatedly said she wouldn't "even look at one of those country clowns." Bessie was going to have her own way this time. She led the way directly toward the young man, with whom she felt intimately acquainted.  
 "Good morning, Mr. Percival," she said, smilingly; "let me introduce you to my cousin, Miss Welton, from the city."  
 Miss Matilda Welton couldn't help looking at one of those "country clowns" now, if she had tried. That look was a thing of magic; it accomplished a complete revolution of ideas in the mind of the accomplished city lady.  
 "What a noble-looking man! What an intelligent countenance! What expressive eyes! What a gentlemanly deportment," she said within herself. "How unlike the stupid creature I had supposed a farmer must be."  
 "Let Mr. Percival take those flowers," said Bessie; "he will analyze them for you."  
 Certainly, if you wish," said Mr. Percival, as Miss Welton presented them smilingly, saying that she felt an interest in Botany, and that an analysis of those specimens before her would give her much pleasure.  
 As he picked them to pieces, showing the most intimate acquaintance with petals, pistils

and stamens, all the while talking enthusiastically about the wonders of the natural world, then by a natural transition discoursing reverently of the skill of Nature's God, and of his love shown in creation, the maiden became strangely interested in him; and every time those earnest black eyes were thrown upon her, Cupid was making impressions upon her heart.  
 Matilda was pretty, but not handsome. She possessed a cultivated mind, and the young farmer was not slow in discovering it. As they left him he remarked, carelessly:  
 "If you happen to find some other varieties in your walk I shall be happy to assist you in analyzing them."  
 They thanked him, assuring him that they would do their best in finding rare specimens, since the analysis of those before them had given so much pleasure.  
 Matilda was "tired out" when she reached the farm house, but the thought of those "rare specimens," and that "handsome young farmer," (who Bessie knew would come over and talk Botany in the evening,) took so much of her attention that she was scarcely aware of her fatigue.  
 Mr. Percival did come that evening; and Bessie said "she knew he would come again; she hadn't watched the direction of those black eyes for nothing."  
 According to Bessie's prediction, he came; and, when Miss Matilda Welton went home, she carried with her the certainty that he would come and see her in the city.  
 Now, dear reader, I need not go any further; for you know, of course, what happened. I need only repeat what Mrs. Margaret Percival often says, quoting the words of a great poet—  
 "Honor and shame from no condition rise;  
 Act well your part,—there all the honor lies."

## THE POET'S MISSION.

BY HESTER C. LAUREATE.

The angel of light lifted the star-spangled curtain of Night, and the morning light dawned fair upon the sleeping world, while the glorious sunlight flooded sea and land. And, as the angel gazed through boundless space, his eye rested upon the form of sleeping childhood. The angel gazed, and with one harp-note of heavenly music thrilling through her inner soul, and awakening a new life within her, the child opened her eyes upon the glad sunlight, happy thoughts and wild longings rushing tumultuously through her heart, stirring, its fountains as they were never stirred before. The angel soared away to his home of light, knowing that her mission to the child of earth was done; she had awakened the child heart to a woman's life, and illumined its dawning with the light of genius.  
 The child went to the school-room, and her playmates wondered why it was that the merry Estelle joined in their childish sports no more, and why she wandered from the playground, and its laughter-loving throng, to the quiet and loneliness of the wayside spring. But, had you asked that fair, young creature if she was lonely there, she would have told you no! that there was companionship for her in the whispering of the tall trees bending over her; and that in the babbling spring she found more of companionship than in the wild laughter of her former playmates; while in her young heart a fount of song was gushing, which to her seemed but an undefinable feeling of happiness, a joy unknown before.  
 The child knew not that a poet's soul was hers. Her instructors marked the growing earnestness of her deep, dark eye, and the kindling flush that oftentimes passed over her cheek, leaving paleness where it had rested; they marked her passionate devotion to the old tales of poetry and romance, her deep reverence for the beautiful, and they said, "The child is not for earth;" and they called her "the beautiful dreamer."  
 Years passed away; the child of the old time had come forth into the world a noble, gifted woman; and the early womanhood of Estelle was beautiful as her childhood had been. She had passed the years in a deep and earnest search for knowledge, and mist after mist had rolled away since we looked upon the child heart. The heaven-born music then playing so sweetly upon her heart-strings had now found utterance; and, speaking the word reverently, in its deepest, holiest meaning, Estelle was a poet. A poet! not a mere rhymist of meaningless verses, but one who understood her mission truly, who felt that it was hers to elevate, to make purer, to refine.  
 She standeth by the wayside spring as in childhood, but not as then, alone. Another is by her side, and the lovelight beameth bright in his eye as it meeteth her own; but, as she

looks upon him, tears gather in her earnest eyes, for there is sternness marked upon the features which never before had looked upon her with other looks than of love. His voice sounded cold as he saith,  
 "Estelle, did I not see your name in the 'Magazine' as an author?"  
 The blinding tears were swallowed, and a happy look of pride rested for a moment upon her features as she answered—  
 "You did, Adolphe."  
 "May I ask why I was not informed of your intention of becoming an authoress?"  
 "I wished to surprise you, Adolphe."  
 "You have surprised me, indeed!"  
 Bitter sarcasm was in his tone as he uttered the last words, and strangely sounded harsh words from Adolphe, in the ear of Estelle; but the determined will of a strong mind was in the maiden's heart, and she stood by the streamlet in the pride of conscious innocence, her tall form unbent, her firm lip quivered not as she said,  
 "You are displeased, Adolphe."  
 "I am, Estelle. But this shall be as naught if the name of Estelle has made its last appearance as a public writer."  
 "It has made its first, Adolphe—I trust not its last."  
 "Then, Estelle, what say you when I say that you and I must part?"  
 "I would say so be it; but I would also say, Adolphe Raynier is far from being the man I had thought him to be."  
 "He is not the man you thought, if you thought he would wish to call a woman his wife who strove but to win laurel leaves. What would her husband, what would her home be to her?"  
 "It would be what I once hoped my home would be, were Adolphe Raynier my husband, and his home my home—dearer than aught else on earth."  
 "Then, Estelle, say but the word! dream of fame no more, and be my own Estelle, as you have been since childhood."  
 Her heart throbbed heavily; that allusion of his to the happy days now gone forever had almost made her waver. For a moment her spirit was fettered, but another note from the harp-strings of the angel of her childhood swept suddenly across her heart, filling her soul with the beauty of her hidden inner life—her power to confer good upon her fellow mortals; and she wavered no more, but said, sadly,  
 "Adolphe, oh, Adolphe! you speak to me of fame and laurel leaves; compared to your love they are to me as naught; but, Adolphe, I dare not do as you bid me, not even if I would."  
 "Dare not, Estelle! Why?"  
 "Because, Adolphe, our Father in Heaven has given me a mission to perform on earth; He has given me a gift which it were wrong for me to cast aside—a light which it were a sin for me to quench. A gift with which I may call the world weary back from the pathway of sin to the love and admiration of Nature; and as they learn to look upon Nature in its true light, they cannot forget the Creator. A gift with which I may proclaim to the young and unformed mind the duties and the objects of a true life, and which may help to lead him nearer to his God; for true poetry is Heaven-born in its deep yearnings for a purer and a holier life. I cannot cast aside this gift, not even for you, Adolphe."  
 "Your decision is made, Estelle?"  
 "It is; and now farewell; I would be alone."  
 The beautiful dreamer was alone with her Creator; Duty had triumphed over love.  
 And now, her mission ended, some few of her fellow creatures made better by her sojourn on earth, the bright angel has borne Estelle to "sun-bright clime, where the flowers are fadeless, and where the morning changeth not to-night."  
 A QUICK QUARTER.—A boy worked hard all day for a quarter of a dollar. With the quarter he bought apples, and took them to town and sold them in the street for one dollar. With the dollar he bought a sheep. The sheep bought him a lamb, and her fleece another dollar. With the dollar he bought another sheep. The next spring he had two sheep, two lambs and a yearling sheep. The three fleeces he sold for three dollars, and bought three more sheep. He now had six with a fair prospect. He worked where he found an opportunity, for hay, and corn and oats, and pasturing for his sheep. He took the best care of them and soon had a flock. Their wool enabled him to buy a pasture for them, and by the time he was twenty-one he had a fair start in life, and all from a quarter earned in one day.

## Little-or-Nothings.

Men are never so easily deceived as when they are plotting to deceive others.  
 Sorrows grow less and less every time they are told—like a lady's age.  
 The form which God's providence on earth oftenest takes is that of a good woman.  
 Temperance is a Rarey that may be always relied on to tame the night-mare.  
 A clock or a watch is all the better for being a second-hand timepiece.  
 Success is not genuine merit, but it is a good counterfeit.  
 It takes but a rough trailer to fit a man with a suit of tar and feathers.  
 Innocence is no security against temptation; it is exactly what temptation conquers.  
 Every unmarried lady of forty has passed the Cape of Good Hope.  
 Embrace as many opportunities as you please, but only one woman.  
 In uttering a great thought, use no word that doesn't weigh a pound.  
 A soldier saves his own life by slaying his enemies. He kills for a living.  
 Sour people should be hung on sour apple trees; crabbed ones on crab-apple trees.  
 Every sound spoken over the round world which we ought to hear will vibrate to our ears.  
 Women may be nearer akin to angels than man is, but she got intimate with the devil first.  
 Spiritual life is the rippling of a soul-river between its undulating banks and beneath its rejoicing trees.  
 The physician who is advertising to cure "all kinds of female weakness" must be the most wonderful of all possible doctors.  
 It would seem to be dangerous to walk abroad when the leaves shoot and the flowers display their pistils.  
 Some of the young women may think single blessedness an excellent thing, but most of them know a game wren worth two of that.  
 We may be in far better health to-day than we were yesterday, but we are nearer dissolution.  
 An ostentatious man not unfrequently sets up his statues of the heathen gods and worship of the true God alike for show.  
 Every man is not so much a workman in the world as a suggestion of what to be. Men walk as prophecies of the next age.  
 What man shall dare tax another with imprudence? Who is prudent? The men we call greatest are the least in this kingdom.  
 A physician should have a cheerful countenance. A sentence of death on his face is as bad as a warrant for execution signed by the governor.  
 People with short legs step quickly, because legs are pendulums, and swing more times in a minute the shorter they are.  
 Apology is egotism turned wrong side out. Generally the first things a man's companion knows of his short-comings is from his apology.  
 The true way of reaching the Right is through the heart of the Wrong: he who goes around it finds but the other side of Wrong and the wrong side of Right.  
 There may be as honest a difference between two men as between two thermometers. The difference in both cases may arise from difference in position.  
 The mirage of desert paints the things of earth in the heavens. There is more glorious mirage, which, to the eye of the Christian, paints the things of heaven upon the canvas of earth.  
 The true reader loves poetry and prose, fiction and history, seriousness and mirth, because he is a thorough human being, and contains portions of all the faculties to which they appeal.  
 The house may draw visitors, but it is the possessor alone that can detain them. We cross the Alps, and, after a short interval, we are glad to return—we go to see Italy, not the Italians.