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Select Poetry.

HEAVEN.

BY ANNIE AUSTAIN.

Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it
entered into the heart of man, the things that God
prepared for them that love him.—1. Cor. : 2-9.

Though lovely is our lower world,
And clad with beautiful grace,
It hath no likeness to that home—
Our future dwelling-place.

Earth's flowers, its streams, its singing birds
Are not like those above,
For there no saddening changes come
To turn the tide of love.

The cup of pleasure here we drain,
But taste its dregs at last:
We turn to see the cheering sun,
But meet the wintry blast.

But pleasure there hath no alloy,
Its sun no setting ray;
It needs not fading earthly light
To glaze its fadeless day.

O, when we reach the river-side,
And catch a gleam of heaven,
No earthly scene will memory cast
Across the lovely vision.

Press onward, then, through earthly life,
Its storms and changes dare;
Thy goal, thy future home is heaven,
A world without compare!

A Good Story.

OUR RICH COUSIN;
OR,
THE LUCKY LISTENER.

BY ALEXANDER H. SWAYZE.

She's come, Zed, bag and baggage, lug and
gauge," exclaimed Miss Susan Blodgett, a
plump and rosy-cheeked Yankee girl, about
thirteen years of age, to her brother, who was
sitting in a field behind his father's house,
Walden.
"Who's come, Sewze?" inquired Zedekiah,
he stopped work and leaned upon his rake.
"Our rich cuzzun, Jewlia Burnett, from Bos-
ton; and she's brought her feller with her."
"What sort of a feller?" asked Zed.
"About as cewt and cewruss lookin' one as
yew laid your eyes on, Zed. He's got
black hair all over his face, and looks very much
but the head like our big bull-dog."
"O, stop yewer tarna! blackguardin', Sewze,
be decent. I 'spose the feller's a forrinner,
pretty much all of them air sort of critters
as much hair on their faces as they dew on
heads. It's the fashion where they came
from."
"Then they'd better stay there, and not come
frightenin' honest people into fits," replied
Zedekiah.
"When I first saw him handin' cuz-
zun Jewlia out of the coach, I didn't know
whether tew faint away, bust out a laffin, or
cry."
"Finally, though, I conwelled tew run
did so into the house, where I soon ar-
rived. I heard Jewlia introduce the feller tew
as Count Gasparivo, from Italy."
"Whew! but don't that sound awful grand,
Zed?" observed Zedekiah. "Count Gaspariv-
o. I calowlate our family can flourish
on the strength of that. I feel as though
grown an inch taller already. Neow dew
go straight home, Sewze Blodgett, and
yewer hair, and put yewer red bumbeuzen
on, and then go into my room, and lay
Sunday go-tew-meatin' fixin's out on the
red dy for me tew put on."
"Put on when?" inquired Miss Susan.
"As soon as I get home, yew tarna! goslin.
Perhaps this ere Count Greenenhangrasso,
or something of the sort, will be here."
"Why, Zedekiah Blodgett, thow yew dew
not," interrupted Susan. "Can't yew call the
feller by his right name, Gasparivo?"
"All try and hit as near tew it as I can," re-
plied Zed. "But I 'spose he'll kind o' want
me to show him round among the natives."
"Don't for Heaven's sake show him to any
young children," said Susan.
"Why not?" asked Zedekiah.
"Because the dreadful lookin' face of his'n
be apt tew frighten 'em into a second-hand
stupor."
"Git out, Sewze Blodgett; yew're the
blackguard there is in Essex county,
along home with yew, neow, and dress up,
be somebody."
"What dew I want tew dress up for, Zed?
Don't 'spose I want tew steal away Jewlia's
dew yew?"
"Yew're so tarna! homely yew can't git a
feller, let alone a forrin count," re-
plied Zed.
"Can't I? Don't yew seem to believe it,
or impudence. Didn't 'Siah Hutchins
play up near dyin' on my account?"

"That was because yew was arter him, Sewze,
and not he arter yew."
"And didn't Bill Wiggins e'en a most cry
his eyes out," continued Susan, "cause I
wouldn't let him wait upon me home from the
concert?"
"Bill's been crazy this last three years, and
that accounts for his silly actions," retorted
Zed. "Taint no use blackguardin' with me,
Sewze, so yew may as well shet up and go home,
and make yewself as agreeable as ye can tew
our rich cuzzun."
"Hold yewer tarna! tongue, Zed, and look
and see who's comin' down the lane."
As Zedekiah turned and looked along the
lane leading from the house of his father to
the field in which he was at work, he noticed
the approach of two persons, the one, a splen-
didly attired and very beautiful young lady,
whom he judged might be about the same age
as his sister Susan, whilst the other was a tall,
thin-looking young man, dressed in the height
of fashion, who sported, besides a tremendous
black beard, an extensive mustache, with goatee
and imperial to match.
We may as well state here as anywhere, that
Miss Julia Burnett was the daughter of a re-
tired merchant, who resided some few years ago
in a suburban town within about five minutes'
ride of the city of Boston. Although this
gentleman was an individual of the strictest
integrity, and had made the large fortune he
possessed at the time our story commences by
means of lucky speculations in the plebeian
artifices of wax and candles, he had become,
long before the time his daughter visited her
poor relations in the country, proud, vain and
aristocratic to an unlimited and very absurd
extent.
Fashion was, in fact, the idol at whose un-
hallowed shrine Mr. Burnett, his wife and only
daughter most devotedly worshipped; and as
it was very fashionable, at the time here speci-
fied, for families of his peculiarly exclusive
class to ape foreign servants, and bow down
with studied humility to titled adventurers (or
those who assumed to be such) from foreign
lands, the family in question were overjoyed at
the introduction into their midst, on the occa-
sion of an evening party, of Count Gasparivo,
said to be an Italian of noble birth, whose
family lineage dated back to the first days of
the Roman Empire.
"I hope, my dear, said Mrs. Burnett to her
husband, as soon as the party in question was
over, "you invited Count Gasparivo to call
again. He is one of the finest talking men I
ever saw."
"Yes, and a nobleman to boot," replied the
husband. "Most certainly I asked him to call
again, and he was graciously pleased to accept
my urgent invitation. He dines with us to-
morrow."
"O, I am so glad of that I hardly know how
to act," returned the lady; for you know
Julia has just come out, and if she works the
card right, may be able to catch this distin-
guished nobleman for a lover and a husband.
Then we shall be envied by the richest and
most exclusive families in Boston, and become
at once the very head of its gay and brilliant
aristocracy."
"Which it has for a long time been my high-
est ambition to attain," responded Mr. Burnett.
"As to Julia's working her card right, why,
you must see, my dear, that she does so, and
then all will be well."
"Let me alone for that," replied the lady;
and the conversation dropped.
Next day the count punctually appeared
at the dinner hour, and Julia, acting strictly
upon her mother's instructions, played off the
artillery of her charms upon the distinguished
stranger with certain and most marked effect.
So the count immediately became a constant
visitor at Mr. Burnett's, and in less than six
months' time became the accepted and betroth-
ed lover of his daughter.
But Julia did not enter fully into this grand
matrimonial speculation without feeling consid-
erable regret for a poor young student of med-
icine, with whom she had become acquainted
whilst at school in Boston, about a year previ-
ous to her acquaintance with Count Gasparivo.
Edward Harley (the student in question) loved
Julia, and in her secret heart she loved him;
but well knowing that his unfortunate poverty
would prove an insuperable bar to their union,
she at once determined to banish, if possible,
his image from her mind, and marry a man
who, so far as wealth was concerned, should be
her equal if not superior.
Supposing she had found such a man in the
distinguished foreigner, who had very benevo-
lently offered his heart and hand, Julia thought-
lessly accepted of his splendid proposals, and

the marriage was appointed to come off at the
close of the young lady's present visit to her
poor relations in the country.
As Julia and her foreign companion approach-
ed within speaking distance of her country
cousins, the former, addressing Susan, said:
"Is that good-looking young man standing
beside you with a rake in his hand cousin Ze-
dekiah?"
"That's him, sartin'," replied Susan. "But
you hadn't ought tew call him good lookin'."
"Why not?" inquired Julia.
"Because he's as proud as Satan peow, and
that'll make him considerable preouder."
"Dew yew stop yewer tarna! gab, Sewze
Blodgett," interposed Zed, "and go home and
help ma'am get supper."
"Tea, yew mean," suggested Susan.
"Tea be darned! No, I don't mean tea,
nuther; I mean supper, sich as bread and milk,
pork and greens, and Injin Johnny-cake."
"Why, Zedekiah, beow yew dew run on be-
fore our rich cuzzun?"
"Allow me," interposed Julia, "to introduce
to both of you at once, Count Gasparivo, a dis-
tinguished Italian nobleman, who, I have no
doubt, will be happy to make your acquaint-
ance."
"Beow dew yew dew, Mister Count Been-
yergaspino?" said Zedekiah, as he stepped for-
ward and rather sheepishly offered his hand.
"Gasparivo, yew tarna! fool," whispered
Susan, loud enough, however, to be heard by
the whole company.
"I shall be at my last gasp before I git it
right, I raiilly believe," answered Zedekiah.
"Me vera well, but can not speak de vera
good Inglesse," said the count, as he touched
the tips of his kid gloved fingers to Zed's sub-
stantial hand, and then quickly withdrew it, as
if it had been stung.
"Yew can't, hey? Well, I 'spose not," re-
plied Zedekiah. "How's the potatoer crop in
yewer part of the world?"
"What dew yew 'spose he knows about po-
tatoes," interposed Susan; "he's a nobleman."
"Well, what if he is," returned Zed; "he
eats and drinks like other hewmans, don't he?"
"Bless me, how cloudy it has suddenly be-
come," observed Julia, with a view of turning
the conversation into a different channel. "It
looks as though it was going to rain right away,
so I think we had better all of us hasten into
the house."
"All but me," responded Zedekiah; "I can't
go, for I've got tew stack up this hay, and then
go arter the ceows."
"And for the Lord's sake dew try and polish
yewer self up a little afore yew come back where
our rich cuzzun is," whispered Susan, who
thereupon turned and followed Julia and the
count towards the house, whilst Zedekiah dili-
gently stacked his hay, and then started for a
pasture at some distance from the field after
his ceows.
As he passed on his way thither a narrow
thicket of alders that bordered on the highway,
and hid it partially from his view, Zedekiah
heard two men conversing together, one of
whom arrested at once his footsteps and atten-
tion by saying—
"I don't think it's best to go any nearer the
house, Chillins because if we do, we may be
observed by the wrong customers."
"Perhaps not," returned Chillins. "But
ar ye sure, Hobson, that yonder is the house
where the count is stopping?"
"Yes, I know it is; and his intended wife's
aunt lives in it."
"He's coming a new game, though, for a
fancy pickpocket," observed Hobson.
"One of the most accomplished covies in
the profession, Bill is," replied Chillins.
"What time did the count agree to meet us
here?" asked Hobson.
"At six o'clock; and it only wants ten min-
utes of it now," returned his companion.
"Do you suppose he has got some money for
us?"
"I know he has," replied Chillins, "for he
borrowed a hundred and fifty dollars from old
Burnett the day before he came here."
"Has he begun to bleed him already?"
"Of course he has, and will tell us all about
it as soon as he meets us here," replied Chil-
lins.
Thinking that, for the time being, at least,
he had heard enough, Zedekiah, instead of go-
ing after the ceows, hastened back to the house,
which he reached just after the supposed count
had, as Julia said, gone out for a walk.
"If it aint tew much trouble," said Zed,
"I would like tew have yew go out for a walk
tew, Miss Jewlia, along with me."
"Doesn't it rain?" inquired Julia.
"No, it's clearin' all off," replied Zedekiah.

"Upon the whole, cousin Zed," returned
Julia, after considering a moment, "I guess I
won't go."
"Perhaps, arter yew speak with me a minit
or tew privately, yew'll alter your mind," Zed
responded.
"For heaven's and airth's sake, Zed, what's
the matter with ye?" asked Susan. "What's
up?"
"The moon is, or will be soon," returned
Zed; who thereupon took Julia aside, and re-
peated in her astonished ears every word of
the curious conversation he had heard behind
the alders. Then, without further hesitation,
Julia hastily put on her bonnet and shawl, and
under Zedekiah's faithful championship, re-
paired by a circuitous path to the same place
of listening the latter had previously occupied.
The first words she heard were uttered by
Chillins, who spoke as follows:
"By gad, Count Bill Swazey, I hope after
you marry old Burnett's daughter, you wont
out the profession altogether. There's a nice
little job of breaking into a bank in New York
coming off soon, in which we shall very much
need your advice and assistance."
"Only give me time to get old Burnett's
daughter and a little of his cash," replied the
quondam count, and you shall have both. If
I could get the cash without the girl, I wouldn't
be bothered with her; but as that little thing
can't be done, I must make a virtue of neces-
sity and take the two."
"Tell us how you managed to come the no-
bleman over the old man," said Hobson.
"My dress, mustache and broken English
did that to perfection. But I'm in a hurry to
go, and here is fifty dollars, to divide between
you. Where's your team?"
"Hitched to a tree close by," replied Chil-
lins.
"All right. Good-night," said the count,
and turned back towards the house, whilst
Hobson and Chillins got into their chaise and
drove away.
"Then, in company with Zedekiah, Julia
rushed through the thicket of alders into the
highway, and as she caught up with the count,
addressed him thus:
"Villain, for once in my life I have been a
lucky listener, and overheard you unmask your
own true criminal character."
"Without answering a word, Mr. William
Swazey, alias Count Gasparivo, took to his
heels and decamped from Julia's presence; and
the next day Julia, accompanied by Zedekiah
and Susan, went home to her father's house,
where she exposed the count's true designs;
which so exasperated Mr. Burnett as to cause
him also to expose them to the police, who
soon after arrested both Swazey and his com-
panions, and discovered that they were old of-
fenders. So they each had a term in prison to
serve out; whilst Julia, allowing her secret
love to come to light, accepted the hand of
Edward Harley; and, as his wife, our rich
cousin, with her husband and little boy, is at
this present time enjoying an annual visit to
her country friends."

GOOD ADVICE.
Never cut a piece out of a newspaper until
you have looked on the other side where per-
haps you may find something more valuable
than that which you first intend to appropriate.
—Never put salt into your soup before you
have tasted it; I have known gentlemen very
much enraged by doing so—Never burn your
fingers every day, when they might have escap-
ed if they had been careful.—Don't put your
feet upon the table. True, the members of
Congress do so, but you are not a member of
Congress.—If you form one of a large mixed
company, and a different stranger enters the
room and takes a seat among you, say something
to him, for Heaven's sake, even although it be
only "Fine evening, sir!" Do not let him sit
bolt upright, suffering all the apprehensions
and agonies of bashfulness, without any relief.
Ask how he has been; tell him you know his
friend, so and so—anything that will do to
break the icy stiffness in which very decent
fellows are sometimes frozen on their debut
before a new circle. Take the PILOT yourself;
do not borrow it from your neighbor, and pay
for it in advance.
In Dante's journey through hell he found a
set of people who were suddenly taken up by
a fierce wind and borne about at its will with-
out any of their own; they never knew when
this wind was coming, but they could not rest
long—it always came. These might have been
holders of public office—this wind the breath
of party.
A corrupt ruler is but a reigning sin; and a
sin in office is not entitled to respect.

Little-or-Nothings.

Marry if you would prosper; a pair are al-
ways four-handed—an individual never.

If women do the greater part of the talking,
they also do the better part of it.

A beau dismissed by a belle and an arrow
dismissed by a bow are apt to be off in a hurry.

Few ladies are so modest as to be unwilling
to set in the lap of ease and luxury.

Stuffing is a good way to preserve a dead bird,
but a poor way to preserve a live person.

The most valuable help a man ever gets is
when he helps himself.

Man leads woman to the altar; in that act
his leadership begins and ends.

Don't put your watch under your pillow; a
man should never "sleep upon his watch."

There's many a slip between the cup and the
lip, and not a few between the first kiss and
the ring.

The roots of home catch at the centre of
the earth, and blossom over a cottage door in
sight of heaven.

Woman should be protected by men as the
rose is guarded by its thorn, the honey defended
by the bee.

The round of a passionate man's life is in
contracting debts in his passion which his vir-
tue obliges him to pay.

There is nothing so bad as the slave of de-
pendency when he attempts to dance in the
chains of rhyme.

Nothing so adorns the face as cheerfulness.
When the heart is in flower, its bloom and
beauty pass to the features.

We don't wear earrings as the women do,
but the dear creatures often bore our ears as if
they thought we ought to.

The great sin is limitation. As soon as you
once come up with a man's limitations, it is all
over with him.

People neither acute nor profound often say
the thing without effort, which we want and
have long been hunting for in vain.

The mountain summit sublimates its stillness
before us, an awe of draped majesty, a stalag-
mite of eternity.

The prospect of a hereafter defies itself in
life here; faintly but determinately, as a land
scape mirrors itself in a lake.

It is vain to struggle against change and con-
fusion. The whole world is turned upside
down every twenty-four hours.

In the interchange of leaden and iron com-
plements between soldiers, it is thought more
blessed to give than to receive.

The laws, according to Cicero, are silent
amid arms; but, alas, lawyers are silent neither
in war nor peace.

The soul that has no established limit to cir-
cumscribe its endeavors loses itself. He that
is everywhere is nowhere.

The best pill in the world is a grain of com-
mon sense, but it is not to be bought at the
apothecary's, for it is not a drug in the market.

An English writer says that Arkwright
wrote his name upon the streams. We don't
see how he could; streams are not stationary.

Nothing is more impoverishing than an inju-
dicious pursuit of wealth. Thousands of
searchers after the philosopher's stone have
died beggars.

He that sympathizes in all the happiness of
others, enjoys the safest happiness, and he that
is warmed by all the folly of others, has attained
the soundest wisdom.

Victor Hugo says, it is woe to a man to leave
behind him a shadow which has his form. It
is not strange then that a man is sometimes
afraid of his own shadow.

Choose a clergyman of cheerful spirit. If
you can get along with people who carry a cer-
tificate in their faces that their goodness is so
great as to make them very miserable, your
children cannot.

Have nothing in your dress or furniture so
fine that you cannot afford to spoil it, and get
another like it yet to preserve the harmonies
throughout your person and dwelling.