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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 glide 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
 gage," exclaimed Miss Susan Blodgett, a
 plump and rosy-cheeked Yankee girl, about
 fifteen years of age, to her brother, who was
 sitting in a field behind his father's house,
 looking at the poplars.

"Who's come, Sewze?" inquired Zedekiah,
 who 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
 like the head like our big bull dog."

"O, stop yewer tarnal blackguardin', Sewze,
 be decent. I s'pose the feller's a forrinner,
 pretty much all of them air sort of critters
 as much hair on their faces as they dew on
 their heads. It's the fashion where they came
 from."

"Then they'd better stay there, and not come
 to frighten 'n' honest people into fits," replied
 Zed. "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 concludet tew run
 and did so into the house, where I soon ar-
 rived heard Jewlia introduce the feller tew
 our Count Gasparivo, from Littleeye."

"Whew! but don't that sound awful grand,
 Zed," observed Zed. "Count Gasparivo
 is a calowlate our family can flourish
 on the strength of that. I feel as though
 I were an inch taller already. Neow dew
 go straight home, Sewze Blodgett, and
 yewer hair, and put yewer red bumbuzen
 on, and then go intew my room, and lay
 Sunday go-tew-meetin' 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 tarnal goslin.
 Perhaps this ere Count Greenenthrauss,
 who's come, Zed, bag and baggage, lug and
 gage," interrupted Susan. "Can't yew call the
 feller by his right name, Gasparivo?"

"I'll try and hit as near tew it as I can," re-
 plied Zed. "But I s'pose 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
 damnation."

"Git out, Sewze Blodgett; yew're the
 best 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 s'pose I want tew steal away Jewlia's
 dew yew?"

"Yew're so tarnal 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
 playguy 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 tarnal 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
 articles 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 oc-
 casion 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 me-
 dicine, 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 Zede-
 kiah?"

"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 tarnal 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, heow 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."

"Heow dew yew dew, Mister Count Been-
 yergasp?" said Zedekiah, as he stepped for-
 ward and rather sheepishly offered his hand.

"Gasparivo, yew tarnal 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 raily 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 s'pose not," re-
 plied Zedekiah. "How's the potato crop in
 yewer part of the world?"

"What dew yew s'pose 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 cewws."

"And for the Lord's sake dew try and polish
 yewerself 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 cewws.

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
 arp you 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 cewws, 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—any thing 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 see al-
 ways four-handed—an individual never.

If womankind 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 man 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 woman 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 cor-
 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 stationery.

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 warned 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.