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## Select Poetry.

### WHY SHOULD WE MOURN?

Why should we mourn? the loved one sleeps  
In sweet eternal rest  
Where flowers of beauty alliant weep  
Above her lowly breast!  
Where storms no more shall rage around,  
Or sin or sorrow come;  
Where peace, sweet peace alone is found—  
The grave, her earthly home.  
'Tis sad to view the lonely spot  
Where bending willows wave,  
Where sleeps our idol of earth  
Within the darksome grave.  
Yet sweetly in the blue above,  
And guard that spot with heavenly love  
And o'er it weep a tear—  
But on, my child, yet cannot thou know  
The tears that fall for thee.  
How deep the gloom, stern sorrow throws  
Around thy loss and me.  
Canst hear thy little children call  
Thy name as comes the even?  
Dost view our tears of sorrow fall  
In thy bright home in Heaven?  
But no—'tis vain—thou canst not hear  
Death lies between us now;  
The grave is lying cold and drear,  
Death's angel on the hearse.  
But yet again those eyes shall shine,  
Thy voice wake from the dust,  
And immortality be thine,  
Amid the pure and just.  
Then mourn no more—the loved one sleeps,  
From sin and sorrow free  
Bright angels guard her tomb, why weep?  
For an angel pure is she!  
And when a few more suns shall fall,  
A few more days pass o'er,  
We'll meet her as we tread the skies,  
And parted be no more.

## A Good Story.

### CAN YOU AFFORD IT?

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

The question was answered by a look of surprise.  
"Afford it? I'm not sure than I take your meaning."  
The questioner, a lady in middle life, smiled and she responded in the query.  
"Can you afford the possession of so costly an ornament?"  
"Still in the dark," said the young man with whom she was conversing. "Costly?"  
"Expensive is the better word, Thomas. I would have said expensive. The original cost isn't much, for the article is cheap in our market. It is the expense of maintenance afterwards that should be taken into consideration."  
"Ah!" Light glinted upon the young man's perceptions.  
"You apprehend me?"  
"Not clearly."  
"I plain words, then, can you afford to take Araminta Brown for a wife?"  
"Why not?"  
"Have you counted the cost?"  
"I believe so."  
"May I see your estimate, Thomas? Don't look me officious or over-curious. I'm an old hand, as you are aware, and my true friends catch their privilege sometimes, when they more than usually interested, as I do now. I've made no proposal yet."  
"None."  
"Ah! I'm glad of that, so you may retire from the field without dishonor."  
"Retire! I've no thought of retiring, Mr. Hardy."  
"A prudent soldier will retire, and give his pes for successful encounter in another field, he sees the odds too strongly against him."  
"Still enigmatical. Am I pressing forward to dangerous a conflict?"  
"To my judgment you are."  
"Puzzled still."  
"The encounter, Thomas, to which I refer is our world's battle. Marriage makes or mars men; and I think I have studied your character closely enough to be satisfied that it'll make or mar you. You don't want a pret-doll—a bundle of useless accomplishments, a vain show-girl—a dainty butterfly in the field of fashion—but a woman for a wife. It'll be all very pleasant to dance and flirt; to go by the sea-side in pale moonlight; to time music while your charmer sips; to talk of and poetry—but, my friend, these are on the bloom on the grape. The essential of it is all below, and the grape must come to wine-press. Think of that, Thomas! Is the rich juice in the heart of Araminta?"  
"A sober hue of thought crept into the face of Thomas Wilder. He began to comprehend something of what was in the lady's mind.

"Life is not all a holiday," continued the lady. "The play is short, and when the curtain falls, we go back into sober and often hard reality. The summers' airs, in which the butterfly and dainty humming-bird, enchant us with their grace and beauty, continue only for a brief season. The winters are long and cold. What of the butterfly and humming-bird, then? Gone to warmer climes, or dead. My friend, there is no hope in the butterfly, or the humming-bird. I do not hold the comparison good," said the young man in reply. "Araminta is not a mere butterfly. She is a girl of mind and feeling."  
"Not much mind, Thomas; and as to feeling, that may be in the right or wrong direction. But let us go back to my first suggestion. There is a practical dollar-and-cent side of the question, which it would be folly to ignore. What will be the cost of this alliance? That determined, the next query comes in order: 'Can you afford it?' I think not. But this is for your decision. What is your salary?"  
"Fifteen hundred."  
"Liberal, as the times go."  
"Do you look for an increase?"  
"No, but there have been intimations which lead me to believe that an interest in the business will be offered at no very distant period."  
"Ah!—I'm glad to hear you say so. But that is a thing on which no reliance can be placed."  
"None at all."  
"So that in estimating the expense of marriage, the salary alone must be taken into account."  
"Very well. Now, what do you suppose it will cost you to dress Araminta, according to her present style?"  
"The young man shook his head.  
"Give an estimate," said the lady.  
"Two hundred dollars a year."  
"He put the sum large, so as to be sure of including the outside penny."  
"Six hundred,"  
"You're jesting!" answered the young man.  
"No."  
"Six hundred dollars?"  
"Or seven, maybe. The safer estimate is seven. Shall I give you some of the figures?"  
"If you please."  
"Take your pencil and follow me. I happen to know the young lady's milliner, and dress-maker, and am posted in a few items. She is fashionable. Do you know just what that means?"  
"I presume so."  
"Let us see. The fashions change twice a year, at least. Sometimes three or four times. Four times with the ultras; and Araminta is a little inclined to be the ultra-fashionable in dress. It is this spring, we will say. Well, the wardrobe of your wife—you have married Araminta—needs replenishing. And, first, there is a bonnet. Of course, the winter bonnet won't do for spring; and, besides, she has worn it so long that she hates to be seen in the street."  
"And gentlemen's wear costs more than ladies', you think."  
"Which shows how well you are posted. Put down twenty-five dollars for the bonnet."  
"You're jesting," Thomas Wilder looked blank.  
"Just the cost of her bonnet this spring, as I happen to know. So put down twenty-five dollars, and twenty-five more for a spring mantle. Add forty dollars for a full-trimmed silk dress."  
"Forty dollars?"  
"And thirty for a plainer one." She must have a dress for a dinner party.  
"Well, I've got the items down," said the young man, but in a tone of incredulity, as if his friend were making sport.  
"Perhaps you think the price of these silk dresses high. Your mother wore black lustring at a dollar a yard, and ten yards were a full pattern," said Mrs. Hardy.  
"Just my thought."  
"So I inferred. You met Araminta at Mrs. Blanchard's last week. We were both there. Did you notice the elegant dress she wore?"  
"Not particularly. But I remember that she looked charming. I feel the whole effect, but have no eye for detail."  
"That dress cost forty-five dollars. You can figure it out yourself. Fifteen yards of silk at two dollars and twenty-five cents a yard. How much?"

"Thirty-three seventy-five," answered the young man, who was quick at figures.  
"Trimming and making twelve dollars."  
"Over forty-five!" Look and voice expressed astonishment.  
"Just so. Fashion plays into the hand of trade. Wide skirts, flouncing and trimming, cut deeply into dress goods of all kinds, and swell the mantle-making bills enormously in the eyes of those who have to pay them. Let us see, you have provided two silk dresses, a bonnet, and a spring mantle. What is the cost?"  
"One hundred and twenty dollars." There was an unmistakable depression in Wilder's voice. The thermometer of his feelings was running down.  
"Valencienné collar and sleeves, twenty dollars more. Lace bordered handkerchief, eight dollars. A Chantilly veil, twelve; lace parasol, eight. Bracelet, pin and earrings, new style."  
"There, there, there! No more!" And the young man crumpled the piece of paper on which he had been figuring, and thrust his gold-pencil into his pocket with an air of desperation.  
"You think me trifling," said Mrs. Hardy.  
"If you are in earnest, I am all at sea," was answered.  
"Better be at sea in a tight ship, than too the breakers of a coast like this, my friend. It is just as I say. The cost of maintaining the luxury of a fashionably dressed wife, however desirable the article may be, is not within the range of your ability. Another item which must be considered is the summer tour item, Araminta, goes to Saratoga and Newport, as you are aware. The cost of an extra outfit will not fall below one hundred dollars, and the expense of the thing—you will have to join her for a part of the season, at least—cannot safely be entered under one hundred and fifty dollars."  
"It doesn't follow," answered Wilder, making a feeble attempt to rally from the effects of these astounding intimations, which came marshalling their forces under the guise of hard facts, "that my wife must go to Newport and Saratoga, and sport the wardrobe of a duchess. The woman who marries me must adapt herself to my circumstances. Again, if the cost of furnishing Araminta is so great, how does her father maintain himself? His business is only of moderate range, and he has four daughters in society. I think there must be some exaggeration in your estimates."  
"Mr. Brown has failed in business twice, to my certain knowledge, within the past fifteen years," said Mrs. Hardy.  
"I remember, now, that he was in trouble about five years ago," returned Wilder.  
"When he got a settlement with creditors at forty cents on the dollar, as I had certain information at the time."  
"Hum-m-m." The young man dropped his eyes to the floor, and sat musing for some time.  
"Fail twice?" He looked up at Mrs. Hardy.  
"Yes, twice, and may have to do it once or twice more, ere getting those four expensive daughters off his hands, who are fitly educated for taking their husband, if they succeed in capturing foolish young men who have their own way in the world to make—your case, Thomas—along the hard road of anxious care, incessant toil and sharp humiliation which their father has trod and is still treading. He never goes to Saratoga or Newport. You did not find him there last year?"  
"No."  
"Nor the year before?"  
Wilder shook his head.  
"He must stay at home, and 'financier,' as you men call it, through all the dull, hot summer months, in order to keep off the disaster of failure, which hangs ever over his head like the naked sword of Damocles."  
Wilder looked down at the floor again, and sat without replying.  
"Can you afford the expense?" inquired his maternal friend.  
"I'm afraid not." There was a depressed air about the young man. Araminta Brown, arrayed in the fine feathers that make a fine bird, had captivated his fancy; nay, more, she had qualities which, under better training and influences, would have given a preponderating side to her character, and these Wilder had recognized.  
After leaving Mrs. Hardy, he went home, and in sober communion with himself, reconsidered the whole question. To advance or recede—that must be decided now. For a time he argued against his friend, Mrs. Hardy, and doubted the fairness of her estimate touch-

ing the cost of dressing a lady who followed in the wake of fashion; then, her character for sincerity and truth weighed on the other side, and certain considerations which she had presented loomed up into grave importance.  
Still in doubt and perplexity, still undecided was our young friend when tired nature bore him away into dream-land, but did not remove from thought the subject on which it dwelt so intently. He was with Araminta, and more charmed by his charmer than ever. They were walking in a garden among flowers, she in colors decked as gaily as the children of spring and summer, and with breath to her lover, as perfume laden as theirs. Then they were passing down the city's crowded streets, and ever and anon paused to admire the beautiful things displayed in windows. A splendid bracelet attracted Araminta's attention, and she uttered a desire to become its possessor. They entered the store, and soon the brilliant thing was glittering on her wrist. Fifty dollars was the price. As Wilder took the money from his purse, and was handing it to the jeweler, a pair of stern eyes looked into his. The jeweler was transformed into one of his employers, and the expression of his eyes made his heart sick.  
"She is your wife?" said the employer.  
In one of the usual kaleidoscope changes that accompany dreams, our friend found himself, a moment afterwards, at his desk, deep in the mysteries of accounts and business. He was aware of voices near him, in conversation, and understood that he was the subject of discourse.  
"Shall we take him into the firm?"  
Almost breathlessly he waited for the answer. It came in these words:  
"No; that would be imprudent. His marriage with an extravagant girl will involve him in expenses beyond the dividend his interest would yield. Debt and temptation must follow, and we know where they lead. I'm sorry. But the step cannot be taken."  
"His salary will not support him now," remarked the first speaker.  
"Of course it will not."  
"What then? Will it be debt and temptation?"  
"Can it be anything else?" was the response.  
"Then 'is it safe to retain him as a clerk?"  
"I think not."  
The answer came with such a shock upon the dreamer that he awoke. Starting to his feet he crossed the room two or three times before his bewildered thoughts were clear.  
"Only a dream," he murmured, in a tone of relief, as he sat down again at the table from which he had arisen, and recalled, in each minute particular, the vision which had haunted his imagination. "Only a dream," he repeated; "but how full of warning!"  
"Did he marry Araminta Brown?" The question now put in sober earnest, "Can I afford it?" received such an emphatic "No," that the argument closed, and was never opened again. Araminta has been consoled by another lover; who may become her husband; but we pity the husband unless his coffers are deep; and even then should he happen to possess a heart, he will find that he has given gold for the tinsel.—N.Y. Ledger.

### WHAT IS LOVELY?

Will every one of our readers please understand that, as says an eminent writer, a woman may have all the outward marks of beauty, and not possess a lovely character. It is the benevolent disposition—the kind acts—and the Christian deportment. It is in the heart where meekness, truth, affection, and humility are found—where we look for loveliness, nor do we look in vain. The woman who can soothe the aching heart, smooth the wrinkled brow, alleviate the anguish of the mind, and pour the balm of consolation in the wounded breast, possesses, in an eminent degree, true loveliness of character. She is the real companion of man, and does the work of an angel. It is such a character that blesses with warmth and sunshine, and maketh the earth to resemble the Paradise of God.

### MAHOMET

undoubtedly understood how to raise troops for his wars, and to make them fight. He ordained that the soldier who performed any single exploit in battle should not be refused, during the whole expedition, whatever his age or deformity, a kiss from any woman that he chose to ask for it.

### FANCY

can lay only the past and the future under her copying paper, every actual presence of the object setting limits to her power: just as water distilled from roses, according to the old naturalists, lost its power exactly at the periodical blooming of the rose.

## Little-or-Nothings.

As long as a miser lives, his money chest is very sure to be heir-tight.

A fly in a man's butter is decidedly the least pleasant of all kinds of butterflies.

It is to be supposed that a soldier will be raw till he is exposed to fire.

When a vain boaster talks, echo herself praises him—but she is alone in her praise.

Humor in conversation is better than humors in the blood.

It is no doubt a great deal easier to accuse one of the sexes than to excuse the other.

Every abridgment of a good book is a foolish abridgment.

As small print most tires the eyes, so little affairs most disturb and annoy us.

Oftentimes the most costly thing we get is that which is given us.

An order issued by poor and imbecile rulers is the order of things.

They say that justice isn't sold in our courts—but those who try to obtain it, often are.

Great talkers use their minds as spendthrifts their cash, bestowing it on all objects alike.

Fear springs sometimes as well from want of judgment as from want of courage.

The elements of water, earth, fire and air, are no more the instruments of life than they are of death.

Folly has more commentators than wisdom—perhaps because her works are more numerous.

A man may stand or walk upon a couple of pumps and yet never indulge in the luxury of cold water.

The people of London, who boast of living in a realm upon which the sun never sets, live in a city upon which it never shines.

If good luck befall you, think that it may be a blessing to somebody else, and that your turn may come next.

Dr. Rush says that physicians are the servants of the sick. We suppose, then that oculists are eye servants.

People should never kiss those of their own sex; we never kissed a boy in our lives—except occasionally a pretty tom-boy.

The only way to escape the importunities of beggars is to make yourself look like one of the brotherhood.

It may perhaps be thought difficult to decide which is the most destructive—the mortar in the field or the mortar in the drug shop.

A live turkey would seem to be less noisy than a dead one, for one makes only a din, the other a dinner.

In these days when sacks are fashionable female dresses, a gentleman may be thankful to the lady who gives him the sack—and its contents.

It is very absurd to think that the best trial of truth must be the multitude of believers in a crowd where the fools are to the wise men as ten to one.

There are persons who are never abreast of the age; they dive into the stream of the past and never come up again—their heads stick in the mud.

We like to see a noisy mountain brook put its broad shoulders ever and anon to the wheel of a mill, and show that it can labor as well as laugh.

Far sweeter music to a true woman than the tones of a harp or piano touched by her hand, are the cheerful voices of husband and children made joyous by her presence.

Some people keep their sterling worth in all changes of fortune; others if changed in condition, lose their character. Bars of gold are less prized than diamonds, but gold reduced to dust is valuable, while diamond dust is worthless.

The tree of liberty rears itself with independent grandeur, and graciously fills the world with its order, while its branches, streaming magnificently towards heaven, make it appear as if the stars were only the golden fruit of its wondrous limbs.