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## Select Poetry.

### A MOUND IN THE GRAVE-YARD.

A mound is in the grave-yard—  
A short and narrow bed—  
No grass is growing on it,  
No marble at its head.  
You may go and weep beside it,  
You may kneel and kiss the sod,  
But you'll find no balm for sorrow  
In the cold and silent od.

There's anguish in the household,  
'Tis desolate and lone,  
For a fondly cherished brother  
From the parent nest has flown.  
One lovely form is missing,  
One heart has ceased to beat,  
And the chain of love lies shattered  
At the desolator's feet.

Remove the vacant chair,  
His clothing put away,  
And all his little treasures,  
With your precious treasures lay.  
Strive not to cherish the tear drops,  
Which fall like summer's rain,  
For the sun of hope shines o'er them,  
Ye shall see his face again.

Oh! think where rests your brother;  
Not in his downy bed,  
Not on the tainted battle-field,  
In the cold and silent grave.  
But in the heavenly mansion,  
Upon the Saviour's breast,  
With loved one's arms about him  
He takes his sainted rest.

## A Good Story.

### A MIDNIGHT ADVENTURE.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

My friend was captain of one of the mail steamers plying between New Orleans and Mobile. He spent some days with me not long since, and among other adventures which had befallen him, he related to me the following:

I had been engaged on board the steamer something over a year, and was then serving in the capacity of mate. During the first few months I had been rather shy of New Orleans by night. I had heard so many stories of robberies and murderers, and of strangers being attacked from mere wantonness, that I preferred to keep myself as safe as possible.— Sometimes I spent the night at a hotel, where the officers of various steamers had assembled for a social time; and sometimes I went to the theatre. At length, however, as I became acquainted with the city, the old timidity wore off, and I finally accompanied some of my brother officers to places where the more startling episodes of real life in the great city occurred. From the hotel we went to the theatre; and from the theatre we went to some of the most famous gambling-houses.

Suffer me, my friend, to inform you here that I am a gambler. I have played a little, as I shall be obliged to confess; but the charm was broken, as you shall hear.

On the third or fourth visit to the gaming-house, one of my companions laughingly proposed that we should make a small venture at the Faro-table. With a smile upon my face I drew down a quarter-eagle. The banker asked me if I bet upon the queen. I told him yes, when he admonished to put my money fairly upon the card. I pushed the piece further on, and the confusion I exhibited must have informed the bystanders that I was slightly ignorant touching the rules, regulations, and mysteries of the Faro-bank. The banker began to slide off the cards, and presently he drew in the piece of gold which I had ventured, and threw down in its place an ivory cheque representing five dollars. I had won. I smiled at my luck, and when the cards were next shuffled, I placed my cheque back upon the queen. I won again; and again I smiled; for the thought that I was gambling did not enter my mind. It was sport—sport of a new and exciting kind. I bet upon the queen again, and again I won. Before the next play I calculated a little. It was not likely that the same card would win again; so I made my venture upon the ace. The queen lost, and the ace won.— At the end of an hour I had won seventy-five or eighty dollars, and then I went with my companions to the hotel, where we spent another hour before repairing to our boats.

After this I frequently accompanied my friends to the gaming houses; and I also made further ventures at the Faro bank. A love of excitement grew upon me before I was aware of it—grew upon me so strongly that more than once I ventured alone into a gaming house not far from our hotel. One evening four of us officers were at the St. Charles, and

after supper the question was started as to how we should dispose of the next few hours. Two were for the theatre, and two for the gaming-house. How should we decide? As neither party seemed willing to give up, it was finally arranged that we should go just as our inclinations led us. Two went to the theatre, and two started for the gaming-house. I was one of the latter. My companion was captain of an upriver boat, and before we set out he informed me that he must be on board by midnight, as he was to start early in the morning. This was all pleasant to me, as I had already made up my mind that I would be in my own state-room before the hour he had mentioned. So off we went, over towards the Third Municipality, nearly a mile and a half from our hotel, where we found the gaming-house we had planned to visit. We sat in the bar-room awhile, and smoked a cigar, and then went up into the hall. The company was large, and the playing seemed to be spirited. We lounged about, and observed the progress of the different games, and finally stopped at a Faro-table, where I made a venture, and lost. Another—and won. Then I bought twenty dollars worth of cheques.

When I bought my cheques there were seven players beside myself at the table. Two of them were either steamboat captains, and four of them were either merchants, or gentlemen of that stamp. They may have been gamblers by profession—regular blacklegs—but that doesn't matter. They appeared to be gentlemen, and certainly they behaved as such. The seventh man at the table was a study, and had there been an over-balance of apparent gentility in the company, I should not have stopped where he was. He was evidently a boatman, and when I had heard him speak, I made up my mind that he was a Hoosier. He had come down from the Ohio with his flat-boat, had sold his cargo and his useless lumber, and was now on a bit of a "time." He was truly a tough looking customer. He must have stood six feet and two or three inches high, with a frame like an ox. His shoulders were broad and heavy, his arms long, and muscular, and his hands so large and hard that it was difficult for him to put down his cheques. Of his face but little was to be seen, the lower part of it being covered by a thick, long beard of a grizzly color, while the upper part was shaded by the slouching of the broad rim of an old felt hat. I could see his eyes, and they were keen and bright enough. They looked black when in the deepest shade, but when his head was turned so that the light struck upon the face, they seemed to have a metallic lustre, changing from steel to brass. Presently those eyes were turned upon me with a threatening look, the owner seeming to intimate that I had started at him about long enough. At any rate I took it as a hint, and went on with my play.

My luck was changeful. I won, and then I lost. Then I won once more, and then I lost again. Finally I touched the knave with a dozen cheques, worth five dollars each, and won. The Hoosier had staked twelve cheques on the queen. He lost, and the banker pushed the pile on the queen over to me. I let the twenty-four cheques remain where they were, and the Hoosier put twenty four upon the queen. At this point my companion came and told me that he must be going. I was too much excited with the play to leave the table then, and I told him not to wait for me. The queen lost—the knave won—and again the banker passed to me the cheques which the Hoosier had lost.

Once more my companion asked me if I would go with him. I told him I could not. He went away without me.

Forty-eight cheques were upon the knave, in four stacks.

"Stranger, do you go them yer—all?"

The Hoosier asked me this question, at the same time pointing to my cheques. I told him, yes. He bought more cheques, and placed a number equal to mine upon the queen.

"This yer keard must win some time," he muttered, as he straightened up his stacks of ivory, and then he added, glancing over at my pile, "an' that yer knave's got to lose afore he's much older."

The dealer began to throw off the cards again. The knave came first. It had won. The queen came next. The banker turned it upon his left hand—the bank won—the Hoosier lost. As before, the cheques which came from the queen were passed over to me.

I hesitated—but the spell was upon me, and I could not break—and ventured then upon the knave again. The Hoosier eyed me sharp-

ly, and then ventured a like amount upon the queen, at the same time muttering to himself that such kind of luck couldn't last always.— Again the cards were slid off, and to the astonishment of all who were watching the game, the knave and the queen came out very near together—the knave to the right, the queen to the left. I had won—the Hoosier had lost. The banker now took in my smaller cheques, and gave me in exchange some worth twenty dollars each. My last stake had been four hundred and eighty dollars, and my present pile was consequently nine hundred and sixty.

"Make it a thousand!" whispered the Hoosier.

"Done," I replied. And I added two cheques to my accumulated venture.

Again the banker began to throw off his cards, right and left. The knave came up first. The queen came up to the left—lost! The Hoosier drove his hand into his bosom, and brought forth a pocket-book, from which he took a roll of bank-notes.

"Go yer two thousand!" he said, in a hoarse whisper. "I've got that much."

My first impulse, before he had spoken, had been to do that very thing, but now I hesitated. What had I to do with him? I was not playing with him—I was not betting against him. My play was simply against the banker, and his was the same. I told him as much.

"No, not," he said, eagerly. "It's agin' luck we're playin'." Then yer two keards is for it. The knave's yourn, an' the queen's mine: Go yer two thousand."

All that I had upon the table before me, save one solitary cheque twenty dollars, I had won; so I had little real risk to run.

"It's done," I said; and down went two thousand dollars upon the knave.

The Hoosier placed his venture upon the queen—there were some cheques, and some bank notes—in all two thousand dollars. His hand quivered a little as he pushed the pile forward; and then he turned to watch the movements of the banker.

The card began to move off once more, and this time the table was surrounded by an eager crowd. There was something novel in the spectacle of two men playing against each other at Faro; and it struck me as being excessively novel, too. But it was no doing of mine. The Hoosier seemed to have a sort of superstitious faith that our chances were running together. However, I meant to make this one venture further, and then break the spell, let it be win or lose. Right and left—right and left. The queen came up first—to the left! Lost! The knave came up—to the right! I had won again! I gathered up my gains, and then looked for the Hoosier; but he had gone.

"Perhaps you'll try the knave again?" said the banker.

I told him no. I had played enough. I pushed over my cheques, and he gave me the cash for them—some gold, and some bank-notes—to the amount of nearly six thousand dollars. I went to the bar, and took a glass of wine, and then I started for my boat. The night was dark, and I had a long distance to walk. I looked at my watch as I came through the hall, and found it to be an hour past midnight. I began to think I had been a fool. But there I was, and I must make the best of my way to my boat. So I started forth, at a brisk walk, intending to strike the Levee near the Mint, and then follow the course of the river. I had gone half a mile or so, when I heard heavy footsteps behind me. I increased my rate of speed; but the following steps still came nearer. I hurried on, but to no effect. The echo behind me was not to be outwalked. I felt for my pistol, but I had none. I had not brought it with me. I had a dirk-knife, and that was all. By and by the steps sounded so near to me that I turned to see who it was that thus pursued me. At the distance of only a few yards came a tall, gaunt figure, which I at once recognized by the light of the street-lamp—As the dull glare fell upon the ox-like form I knew it was the Hoosier!

I would have started to run, but it was too late. He was upon me, and his hand was upon my arm. I would have shouted for help, but he might have killed me to stop my noise. I would have drawn my dirk-knife, but the show of opposition might only have called the giant's strength down upon me to crush me. My instinct told me to be passive and wait for the worst. We were in a lonesome spot, with not a light visible save the few street-lamps that sent their sickly rays struggling through the dingy glass; and if the fellow meant to rob me, or to kill me, I knew not how to help myself.

"Stranger," he said, his voice sounding frightfully low and hollow, "you played agin' me to-night."

"No," I replied, trying to speak plainly—to speak calmly was out of the question—"I had nothing to do with you. I was playing against the bank."

"It's all the same," he continued. "Our luck run together, an' 'twas you agin' me, an' me gin you. It don't make no odds now. I'm dead broke. I haint got a single pic. Hold on. D'ye see this?"

He reached his right hand up over his shoulder, and, from beneath his coat, he drew forth the largest, longest, brightest, and most savage looking bowie-knife I had ever seen. My knees smote together, and my heart leaped to my throat.

"You've got money," he went on, as he held the gleaming weapon in his hand. "You won it—won all. I lost—lost all. I'm dead broke—not a pic. I want enough to get home. I paid twenty dollars, in clear, yaller gold, for this yer tooth-pick. Give me fifteen on it, an' I'll go. Ef ye're a man ye won't refuse that."

Mercy! what a letting down was that! Instead of seeking my life, the poor fellow had followed me for the purpose of pawing his bowie-knife! He was acquainted with none of those whom he had seen in the gaming-house, and he had no friends in the city. I feared him no more. As I spoke with him now, I felt that he was a true-hearted man.

"If you get fifteen dollars you will go back to the gaming-table again," I said.

His answer was slow and sure:

"I've tried it twice, stranger, an' when I try it agin I'll let you know."

I told the man to come with me.

"Come to my boat," I said, "and you shall have the money."

He said, perhaps I'd let him stay on board all night.

Of course I would.

As we walked along, I made up my mind just what I would do; and when we reached the boat, I took him to my state-room, and handed him a chair. Said I:

"My friend, I have made a resolution since we have been walking together. I have resolved that I will gamble no more. While you and I played at the same table, you lost just thirty-nine hundred dollars."

"Exactly," he replied.

"Well," I continued, "I am going to make up to you what you lost. I shall feel better to do so."

The Hoosier started in amazement.

"I do it as much for my sake as for your own," I went on, before he could make any answer; "and if I can feel assured that the event has cured both of us, I shall consider it as one of the most valuable experiences of my life."

The plain-hearted fellow seized my hand, and my offer was accepted; and when he told me that he would never play again, I believed him. He took the money, and all he could do in return was to make me accept his bowie-knife, and to promise me that he should always remember me with warmest emotions.

That was several years ago. I have not ventured a dollar at any game of hazard since, nor do I believe my Hoosier friend has done it either. I keep the long, heavy bowie-knife, and I never look upon it but I think how weak my knees were when my gaze rested for the first time upon its gleaming blade.—N. Y. Ledger.

## THE GENTLEMAN.

It is no very uncommon thing in the World to meet with men of Probity; there are likewise a great many men of Honor to be found, men of courage, men of sense, and men of letters are frequent, but a true gentleman is what one seldom sees. He is properly a compound of the various good qualities that embellish mankind. As the great poet animates all the different parts of learning by the force of his genius, and irradiates all the compass of his knowledge by the lustre and brightness of his imagination so all the great and solid perfections of life appear in the finished gentleman with a beautiful gloss and varnish; every thing he says or does is accompanied with a manner or rather a charm, that draws the admiration and good will of every beholder.

A GOOD MAN'S WISH.—I freely confess to you that I would wish, when I am laid down in my grave, to have some one in his manhood stand over me and say, "There lies one who was a real friend to me, and privately warned me of the dangers of the young; no one knew it, but he aided me in the time of need; I owe what I am to him." Or else to have some widow, with choking utterance, telling her children, "There is your friend and mine."

## Little-or-Nothings.

A man chased by wolves thinks that it isn't pleasant to travel with a pack at one's back.

The head learns new things, but the heart forevermore practises old experiences.

The physically blind are thankful for guidance; the mentally blind resent it as an insult.

Little lambs, little birds, little kittens, little children, are beautiful. Little souls are not.

If you would know a man mark his gait; most men step to the tune of their thoughts.

Strive to make everybody happy, and you will make at least one so—yourself.

The world doesn't know a fool's infirmities half so well as a wise man knows his own.

The gates of heaven are low-arched; we must enter upon our knees.

Praise is the hand maid of virtue, but the maid is much oftener wooed than the mistress.

Prosperity, like a comet, threatens while it shines.

The snake's poison is in his teeth; the slanderer's is in his tongue.

Honest mirth lengthens life; death is often laughed out of his fell intentions.

It is almost as easy to be contemptuous as contemptible. He who is the first is both.

Infidels are generally credulous. They believe everything but the word of God.

The mind, like the eye, sees all things rather than itself.

Relations, always take the greatest liberties, and frequently give the least assistance.

A man may go over the world and round the world without ever being in the world.

Most Married men must think the devil is slow of foot, they so often catch him.

The child of a very wealthy man may be considered a million-heir.

A Field officer usually puts young men upon his staff. Nature selects old men for staff-service.

He, who is ingenious in contriving artificial appetites, generally proves an ingenious self-tormentor.

The freedom of a people is in less danger of being suddenly devoured than of being nibbled away.

Never associate with a person that doesn't pay his debts. If a fellow won't pay, his company won't.

All the months of the year come with errands and gifts to the framer; there is not a Judas among the twelve.

Many minds are Mammoth caves, all underground, and unlighted but by the torches of selfishness and passion.

Little sincerity is to be expected between belligerents. Even their cannon-ball arguments are all irony.

In the first garden, woman and the devil were two distinct agencies. In some modern gardens they are combined in one.

If the body is, as an old author calls it, the bridegroom of the soul, many a good-looking body is worse married than Socrates was.

A helping hand is often like a switch on a railroad track—but one inch between wreck and smooth-rolling prosperity.

If a great fool is breaking your windows by pelting them with guineas, you are a greater one if you sally forth to cudgel him.

A man that everybody knows to be a liar may perhaps be excused for lying. It seems to do him a vast deal of good, and nobody any harm.

It is better that one's armor should be somewhat bruised by rude encounters than hang forever rusting on the wall.

Don't always be troubling yourself about the effect of what you do and say—shouting to hear the echo of your own voice.

The talent of success is simply doing what you can do well; and doing well whatever you do—without a thought of fame. Fame never comes because it is craved.