

THE PILOT
 IS PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY MORNING BY
 JAMES W. M'CRORY,
 (North West Corner of the Public Square.)
 at the following rates, from which there will be no
 deviation:
 Single subscription, in advance..... \$1.50
 Within six months..... 1.75
 Within twelve months..... 2.00
 No paper will be discontinued unless at the option
 of the Publishers, until all arrearages are paid.
 No subscriptions will be taken for a less period
 than six months.

The Pilot.

VOL-III. GREENCASTLE, PA., TUESDAY, APRIL 28, 1863. NO. 13.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Advertisements will be inserted in THE PILOT at
 the following rates:

1 column, one year.....	\$70.00
1/2 of a column, one year.....	35.00
1/4 of a column, one year.....	20.00
1 square, twelve months.....	8.00
1 square, six months.....	5.00
1 square, three months.....	4.00
1 square, (ten lines or less) 3 insertions.....	1.00
Each subsequent insertion.....	.25
Professional cards, one year.....	5.00

Select Poetry.

A MOUND IS 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 Mo-
 bile. 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 daylight. I had heard so many stories of
 robberies and murderers, and of strangers be-
 ing attacked from mere wantonness, that I pre-
 ferred 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 ac-
 quainted with the city, the old timidity wore
 off, and I finally accompanied some of my
 brother officers to places where the more start-
 ling episodes of real life in the great city oc-
 curred. 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 pro-
 posed 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.
 was then admonished to put my money fairly
 upon the card. I pushed the piece further on,
 and the confusion I exhibited must have in-
 formed the bystanders that I was slightly ver-
 rant touching the rules, regulations, and mys-
 teries 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 rep-
 resenting five dollars. I had won. I smiled at
 my luck, and when the cards were next shuf-
 fled, 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 excit-
 ing 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
 the 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 incli-
 nations 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 mid-
 night, 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 Muni-
 cipality, 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 differ-
 ent 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 gentle-
 men 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 them up, on
 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 aston-
 ishment 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 che-
 ques to my accumulated venture.

Again the banker began to throw off his
 cards, right and left. The knave came up
 to the right. I had won.—The queen came up
 to the left—lost! The Hoosier drove his
 hand into his bosom, and brought forth a pock-
 et-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 in 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 near-
 er. 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 in-
 stinct 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 shoul-
 der, 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."

Mersey! what a letting down was that! In-
 stead 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 re-
 solved 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 like-
 wise a great many men of Honor to be found,
 men of courage, reën of sense, and men of
 letters are frequent, but a true gentleman is
 what one seldom sees. He is properly a com-
 pound of the various good qualities that em-
 bellish 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 bright-
 ness of his imagination so all the great and
 so'id perfections of life appear in the finished
 gentleman with a beautiful glos 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 guid-
 ance; 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 slan-
 derer's 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 be-
 lieve 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 com-
 pany won't.

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

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

Little sincerity is to be expected between
 belligerents. Even their cannon-ball argu-
 ments 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 some-
 what 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.