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Select Poetry.

PRISONERS OF HOPE.

Turn you to the stronghold, ye prisoners of
 hope.—ZACHARIAH 9: 12.
 Prisoners, art thou worn and weary,
 'Neath sin's heavy, galling chain?
 Dost thou in deep anguish struggle,
 Its dark bonds to burst—in vain?
 "Deep and heavy is the bondage
 Under which I vainly pine:
 Is there hope for one so wretched?—
 Shall I ever freedom find?"
 Weary captive, why thus sadly
 Dost thou shed the bitter tear?
 E'en for thee is found a ransom:
 Hope shall yet thy spirit cheer.
 Raise thine eye, that long has rested
 On the chains that sin has wound
 O'er thy spirit,—see how precious
 Is the rest in Jesus found.
 See how glorious is "the stronghold"
 Thou may'st find in Jesus' blood;
 If thou wilt "believe" thy Saviour,
 Thou shalt all His mercy prove.
 "Tell me, can I come Jesus,
 With my sins, my doubts, my fears?—
 Will he listen to my pleading?
 Will he wipe away my tears?"
 "Will my sorrow move His pity?
 Will he calm this tempest wild
 In my bosom! Tell, oh! tell me,—
 Will He own me as His child?"
 Mourner! say, was it the righteous
 Jesus came to seek and save!
 Was it such he came to ransom
 From sin's power—from the grave?
 Fly to thine Almighty Saviour,
 Lost and ruined!—trust His grace!
 To His cross by faith fast clinging,
 There thou'lt find thy hiding-place!
 —New York Observer.

A Good Story.

INHERITED WEALTH.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

Timothy Chandler was five-and-thirty years
 of age, and he had a wife and four children.—
 His oldest child was a boy, fourteen years old
 and Tim had married young,—while his young-
 est was a girl of six. His wife was one of
 those busy, tidy, loving women, who seem raised
 up by Heaven to show to a degenerate age, how
 much the wife and mother can do towards
 making fireside heavens on earth. Tim was a
 cooper by trade, and no man could have asked
 for a better business than he had in his power
 command. And Tim was one of those kind
 hearted, generous, free-spoken, impulsive men,
 who can so easily engage the love and esteem
 of their fellows.
 But Tim had faults. He had some very bad
 faults. He was a discontented mortal, and he
 was a convivial mortal. He envied those who
 possessed more worldly wealth than did he; and
 he spent a large portion of his own effects in
 the company of riotous companions. In short,
 Tim was becoming intemperate. It was to be
 seen in the unsteadiness of his step; in the
 natural flush of his cheek; and in the dying
 light of his once clear, bright eye. And, alas!
 it was to be seen in his once happy home—but
 happy not now. It was to be seen in the
 fading of the bloom upon his wife's fair cheek;
 in the tears that stole down her drooping
 cheeks; in the sighs that broke from her heavy
 bosom; and in the look of deep unrest that
 shone upon the faces of his elder children.
 And it could be seen, too, in the foot-marks of
 desolation that was beginning to creep around
 the cottage.
 "Timothy," said his wife—it was early in the
 spring, before the children were up—"Joseph
 and William must have some warmer clothing.
 The ground is beginning to freeze and they
 suffer."
 "That's easier said than done," replied Tim,
 with a rough, uneasy way. "They'll have to
 wait till I can make a raise. Confound it!
 Why was not I born as other folks are born?
 Why wasn't good luck in my star? Why
 wasn't there a fortune left to me by wealthy
 parents?"
 The wife made no response. This was her
 husband's envious hobby. When he felt the
 need of money he invariably found fault with
 his Fate.
 "Look at Stiles," he continued, growing
 more bitter; "and look at Butler; and at
 Crane;—see how they live." They had money
 to burn. They inherited wealth from their
 parents. They didn't have to work, and dig,
 and be dunned for what they can't afford.—
 "I wish on this poor luck, I say!"

Hannah Chandler could not help speaking
 what she felt. She had heard this same com-
 plaint so often and had tried to cheer her hus-
 band so much, that she felt like telling him
 the truth.

"Timothy," she said, in the kindest way,
 but yet with firmness, "you do wrong to talk
 so; you do wrong to allow your thoughts to
 flow in that direction. Instead of looking at
 those who are peculiarly better off than you
 are, why not look upon those who are worse off.
 Instead of mourning for what you cannot pos-
 sess, why can't you think of what you might
 possess if you would?"

"Well—what might I possess?" asked Tim,
 abruptly.

"You might possess enough. There is no
 mechanic in this town with a better trade.—
 You might possess enough to make your home
 a comfortable and a happy one. O, my hus-
 band, listen to me," she cried, with her folded
 hands upon her bosom. "You are making us
 all very unhappy—you are making us all very
 miserable. Your children feel it. In the
 street they hear your name coupled with un-
 holy things. They bow their heads in shame
 —in a shame which their father—"

Without allowing his wife to finish the sen-
 tence, Timothy Chandler started from his chair,
 and seized his hat, and went out into the shed,
 where he busied himself in working up some
 odd bits of wood until the children were up,
 and breakfast was ready. And this was the
 way he always did. He had not yet come to
 treating his wife with much harshness; but he
 would not listen to her when she spoke of his
 faults. When breakfast was over he went
 forth to his shop, but the words of his wife
 were not forgotten. He could not so easily put
 them from him. He could not hide from him-
 self the fact that his children were suffering;
 but unfortunately, the presence of this fact did
 not lead him into a healthful state of mind.—
 It made him fret, and he straightway laid it
 upon the shoulder of Stiles, and Butler, and
 Crane, who had been born with fortunes.

As time wore on Tim Chandler became worse
 instead of better. His wife suffered more, and
 his children suffered more; and he, too, suffer-
 ed more. His shop was much of the time
 neglected, and his income was so small that he
 had none for his home. His wife worked hard
 with her mop and her needle, while he spent
 a great part of his time at the village tavern.
 And as Hannah Chandler sat by her work-table
 during those long winter evenings, with her
 children crawling close to the fire to warm their
 shivering bodies, she prayed continually for
 her wayward husband.

One night—or rather, one evening—Tim sat
 in the bar-room of the tavern. He had drunk
 but little that day, for he had no money, and
 he had not yet fallen so low as to get trusted
 for his rum. His appetite for the exciting
 beverage was keenly active, and he was wait-
 ing for some of his friends to come in, in hopes
 that they would ask him to drink. He had
 asked them so many times—he had spent so
 much for rum for others—that he looked now
 for a return of the favor.

The bar-room was of a moderate size, with a
 deep, broad fireplace standing out from the
 wall, and in the recess beyond the chimney
 was a wooden bunk, upon which the hostler
 slept during the few hours of night that he
 had for rest. Upon this bunk was an old buff
 robe, and upon that buffalo robe was Tim
 reclining. As he thus quietly reclined, two
 gentlemen, who had reached the inn at a late
 hour, and had had a supper ordered for them-
 selves, entered and took seats near the fire.—
 They did not notice the man upon the bunk,
 and when the landlord went out, which he did
 shortly after they came in, they evidently
 thought that they were the sole occupants of
 the place.

"Webber," said one of the gentlemen, after
 a silence of some moments ensued between
 them, "before we went in to tea you asked me
 to drink."

"Yes, Carleton—I did."

"And I refused."

"I remember."

"Well," said he who had been called Carle-
 ton, "since you asked me to drink with you,
 and I have refused, I feel that I may tell you
 why I do so."

Webber threw the stump of his cigar into
 the fire, and then remarked—

"Tell me by all means. I remember that
 we used to take a glass together before you
 moved away from our town, though not often."

"I never drank much," resumed Carleton;
 "and finally I quit it entirely. I'll tell you
 how it was. It was a very simple affair; but
 still, in our journey through life we shall find

that circumstances, very trivial in themselves,
 sometimes exert wonderful influences over us.
 My parents were very poor, as you must re-
 member; but they left me with a fair educa-
 tion, and many good lessons of life. As I
 grew up I longed to be rich. Close by me
 lived John Boynton. He had inherited great
 wealth from his parents, and flourished in grand
 style. I envied John Boynton. When I
 thought how easily he came by his money, I
 was almost disheartened at my own prospect;
 and very often I found myself complaining be-
 cause my parents had not left me something
 with which to make a start in the world. I
 married, and went into business; but the old
 complaint was upon me. I dreamed of Alad-
 din's lamp, and of the magic ring, and, spent
 half my time in wishing that I had them; and
 during all this time I was in the habit of using
 intoxicating drink. I didn't drink much,
 though I often drank more than I ought.

"Well, one day I picked up a paper from my
 native town, and saw therein that John Boy-
 nton was dead. Aye—more than that: he had
 died poor and degraded, and his children were
 left entirely destitute. Their mother had died
 of a broken heart a year before! And this
 was the end of a man whom I had so envied.
 His wealth was all gone—he was gone—and
 all that his children could inherit from him
 would be shame and sorrow.

"I went home and reflected. I saw my wife
 and children sitting by the hearth, and I fan-
 cied that I could detect lines of sorrow upon
 their faces. I walked out into the pale moon-
 light, and my thoughts came down to a plain,
 practical issue. I asked myself: Shall I have
 an inheritance to bequeath to my children?
 When I am gone, shall those loved ones in-
 herit anything from their father which shall
 be of value to them in their great work of
 life? And I said to myself: I may not leave
 them money—I may not store up for them a
 hoard of material wealth; but I can leave for
 them that which is better: I can leave to them
 a father's name unsullied; a father's honor un-
 tarnished; and a father's LIFE after which
 they may copy with safety.

"I went back to my home, firmly resolved
 in my new course. I kissed my wife and chil-
 dren; and when I retired, I prayed that God
 would give me strength. And from that mo-
 ment I have not faltered. I cast away the cup
 and its associations forever; I ceased to envy
 those who might be richer than myself; and
 am now at work, with hand and heart and soul,
 to lay up for my children an inheritance which
 cannot be lost to them by any revulsion of
 earthly fortune. Now you know why I refused
 to drink with you. And surely you forgive me."

"More, more than that," cried Webber,
 reaching forth his hand. "I forgive you; and
 I bless you for the lesson. From this time
 forth I am with you. The last cup has been
 pressed to my lips—the last convivial hour is
 passed. Here, in this warm grasp, is my
 pledge!"

The host came in, and the two guests arose
 and left the room. In a little while Tim
 Chandler glided down from the bunk, and moved
 towards the door. In the entry he met a
 number of his boon companions, who were just
 in for a time.

"Hi-lo! where now, Tim? Come—join us.
 What'll ye have?"

"Not now—not now," replied Tim.

"Then come and take a glass."

"No—not now."

And with this Tim Chandler hurried out of
 doors. The snow-track was hard and smooth,
 and the air was sharp and cutting. But Tim
 noticed not the cold. He walked slowly,
 thoughtfully on, ever and anon muttering to
 himself, with his head bowed, and his hands
 clenched. Finally, when he had come within
 sight of his own cottage, he stopped, and spoke
 aloud. He had been thinking deeply, calmly,
 and solemnly, and his decision had been arrived
 at with clear comprehension and firm pur-
 pose.

"Tim Chandler can leave his children an in-
 heritance!" he said, with his feet planted firm-
 ly, his swelling breast thrown nobly out, and
 his head proudly erect "These arms are stout;
 this heart is strong; and this brain can be clear
 again. As God lives, and suffers me to live,
 my children shall have an inheritance which
 will not cause them to blush for the father
 who left it!"

Carleton had made one convert that night of
 whose existence, even, he did not know.

Timothy entered his house, and sat down by
 the fire. His wife was alone, and had been
 weeping. He dared not speak then, but suf-
 fered her to retire with the weight of sorrow

still upon her. And Hannah Chandler slept,
 and dreamed, and did not dream of the angle
 that came to her home.

In the morning Timothy was up first. When
 his wife came out he had a warm fire built, and
 the tea-kettle on. She looked into his face,
 and through the blue cloud, came a light which
 had long been hidden, gleaming upon her like
 golden rays from the morning sun, penetrating
 to her soul as did the old love-light in the
 years ago. While yet she stood, gazing
 upon him like one in a dream, he reached
 forth and took both her hands.

"Hannah," he said, with voice as strong and
 firm as man ever spoken, and in tones as true
 and tender as were those which fell from his
 lips before the altar, "from this hour I begin
 to make an inheritance for my children. It
 may not be money—it may not be material
 wealth; but if I live, at shall be an inheritance
 which they shall not blush to own in the years
 to come. It shall be a FATHER'S NAME un-
 sullied; a FATHER'S HONOR untarnished; a
 FATHER'S EXAMPLE which may be safely fol-
 lowed! Help me in the work, Hannah. Love
 me as you ever have; and trust me as you would
 trust your own soul. And may God bless and
 keep us to the end!"

And did Hannah help him? Oh! how she
 loved and cheered him!—how she clung to
 him, and blessed him! How bright was the
 heavens of that home!—how sweet the music
 of its angel voices.

And Timothy Chandler went forth to carve
 out the inheritance for his children. His arm
 was strong, and so was his heart. His soul
 was firm, and so was his purpose. The years
 crept on apace, and the frost of age was upon
 his brow as white as snow. His work was done,
 and he sat down in the evening of life, by his
 Hannah's side, to rest and repose. He had car-
 ved out the inheritance, and he lived to see his
 children, and his children's children enjoy it.
 As father, and as grandfather, he was tenderly
 loved and worshipped; and as friend and citi-
 zen he was honored and respected; while, as
 counsellor and guide, to the young and to the
 middle-aged, none stood higher than did he.

Timothy Chandler had not been able to lay
 up much money for his children; but did he
 not give to them for an inheritance something
 far greater worth—something nearer the
 worth of heaven? Ah—did he not?

AN AMUSING SCENE.

Here is an amusing scene from the vaude-
 villa of the Prisoner of Rochelle, which, says
 a Paris journal, keeps the audience in a roar
 of laughter every night of its performance.
 "Corporal Cartouch" amuses himself by going
 through the manual exercise, while "Leza,"
 seated at her work-table, abstractedly questions
 him concerning matrimony.

Leza—If a girl would fall in love with you,
 Corporal, what would you do?

Corporal—(Manœuvring with his musket).
 Present arms!

L.—She would doubtless look to you for—

C.—Support!

L.—And what a heavy burden you'd have

to—

C.—Carry!

L.—Your butcher and baker would, have

to—

C.—Charge!

L.—And your prospects, of course, would

not—

C.—Advance!

L.—And you'd have to—

C.—Bout face!

L.—And never have any—

C.—Rest!

L.—Now, Corporal, pray give me your—

C.—Attention!

L.—A man of your years is not able to bear

such a—

C.—Load!

L.—But you are not in your—

C.—Prime!

L.—Your wife may—

C.—Bout!

L.—Leave you, but she will soon—

C.—Return!

L.—And then you will have to bear all on

your—

C.—Shoulder!

L.—You should be—

C.—Ready!

L.—I think you have some other—

C.—Aim!

L.—And you'd throw all your epistles into

the—

C.—Fire!

[Fires the musket.]

To win love and esteem, it is far better to be
 gracious than graceful.

Little-or-Nothings.

Cavalry are the wings of war.

It takes four springs to make a leap year.

It is well that the poet's heart is full of
 sympathy; he finds little elsewhere.

Party zeal is often received as a substitute
 for every excellence.

A man may undertake so many things that
 he can't overtake half of them.

A bad man, when he is alone, is in the com-
 pany of fiends.

An unhappy death is God's frown, a happy
 one is His smile.

The worst and most unendurable of all our
 ills are the imaginary ones.

With what kind of fire did Samson lay waste
 the fields of the Philistines? Fox-fire, to be
 sure.

When you are told to obey the golden rule,
 don't think that it means the rule or sway of
 gold.

Armies don't like to be hard-pressed. We
 can't say how it would be with an army of wo-
 men.

Many a preacher complains of empty pews
 when they are really not much emptier than
 the pulpit.

The loud tones in which some people appear
 to reason imply that reason is a great distance
 from them.

'Tis little wonder that men so often lie when
 they find how many enemies they make by tel-
 ling the truth.

Good works are the fruit of righteousness,
 not the cause. The tree makes the apple, not
 the apple the tree.

"I am surprised, wife, at your ignorance.—
 Have you never seen any books at all?" "Oh,
 yes, in a number of cases."

Every sound spoken over the round world
 which we ought to hear will vibrate to our
 ears.

A man with an influenza must be content to
 stand or sit still. He can't travel unless his
 nose does, and the influenza stops that.

A fortress is generally captured more easily
 the second time than the first. This is as true
 of a widow's heart as of other strongholds.

If the proverb that valor is fire, and bullying
 smoke, is true, that other proverb that where
 there is smoke there must be fire is false.

"I am astonished, my dear young lady, at
 your sentiments; you make me start." "Well,
 sir, I have been wanting you to start for the
 last hour."

If a railroad man were to listen to the rail-
 ing of a set of sharp-tongued woman around a
 tea table, he would think it a rare specimen of
 the T-rail.

Some of the epitaphs in our country bury-
 grounds show that persons who try to be pa-
 thetic are more comic than those who aim to be
 funny.

A bad man may brave courage in some things,
 but it lurks not in his badness; it is his re-
 deemingly trait. The stoicism of the savage is
 a savage virtue.

A brave heart may dwell in a body that dan-
 gles tremulously in the unstrung plight of
 its material fibres—as a strong man may lodge
 in a creaking hovel.

Many a man, who would shudder at the bare
 thought of being visited here by a single dis-
 embodied spirit, feels no dread or apprehension
 at the thought of visiting a world of spirits.

Some of the boldest conceptions of genius
 are fortuitous, starting up and vanishing almost
 in the perception; like that giant form, some-
 times seen amid the glaciers, afar from the
 opposite traveller, moving as he moves, stop-
 ping as he stops, yet in a moment lost, and
 perhaps nevermore seen, although but his own
 reflection.

Genuine bravery has an acute perception of
 danger. No man is so cautious of the move-
 ment of the ship as the stout-hearted captain.
 No heart beats so fast in the battle, no eye
 seeks so many risks, as the eye and heart of
 the commander, whose rigid muscles do not
 flutter as he utters his stern monosyllables in
 the crisis.