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# The Pilot

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**Select Poetry.**

**SONG.—THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER**

On Saco's bank, where the lilies stoop  
 To kiss the placid water,  
 And the willows o'er its blossom droop,  
 I first met the farmer's daughter:  
 Her eyes met mine, as she took the flowers,  
 Which I from the heath had brought her;  
 How full of bliss were the few short hours  
 I spent with the farmer's daughter!

The dew was still on the grassy lea,  
 The morn when first I met her;  
 The words were sweet that she spoke to me,  
 Ah! can I e'er forget her!

The swallow rock'd on the flickle spray,  
 And dipp'd in the flowing water;  
 The robin warbled a blithesome lay,  
 As I kissed the farmer's daughter.

I journey'd far, to a distant shore,  
 But my mind was sad and weary;  
 And as I thought of the days of yore,  
 My heart was again with Mary.

I long'd to be by her side, once more,  
 And I sped again o'er the water;  
 And found the spot where we met before,  
 But found not the farmer's daughter.

The robin's song I no longer heard—  
 The scene was dark and dreary;  
 Hush'd was the voice of tree and bird,  
 For they miss'd the voice of Mary.

And near that bank, where the lilies stood  
 To kiss the placid water,  
 And the willows o'er its blossom droop,  
 Is the grave of the farmer's daughter.

**A Good Story.**  
**MARRIED BY COMMAND.**

[CONCLUDED.]

At this moment Major Keller entered, followed by two soldiers. Albert and Catharine separating, suddenly looked anxiously towards him.

"All in good time," exclaimed the major. "You are agreed at last. I expected as much I know the fair sex." Then turning to Albert, he said in a low voice: "In case of any hesitation on your part, my fine fellow, I have brought you two comrades from the reinforcement, charged to take you before a court-martial, if you have not signed at the fourth beat of the drum. There is the first," as the drum was heard outside. Albert started at the sound. "You know the discipline," continued the major; "disobedience to the king—penalty of death—shot immediately! Come sergeant," added he pointing to the table, "take the pen. Now for the conjugal flourish!"

Catharine suddenly gaining her self possession, exclaimed: "He will not sign major; he does not wish to sign—neither do I! He detests me—I execrate him! Ask him if it be not so."

Keller was quite puzzled to make of this sudden change, and said addressing Albert, "Your betrothed is joking, I imagine?"

Albert answered, timidly: "But she is not my betrothed, commander. Charlotte, her sister is my betrothed."

"Always the same story! I will not stand it any longer," said Keller. And addressing the soldiers: "Advance—shoulder arms, present arms. You know the orders: that is enough." The two men, obedient to the command, placed themselves on either side of Albert. Major Keller then addressed the latter in a low tone: "Pay our court now, and I will aid you as well as I can with my experience of the fair sex; and the drums will serve as a serenade. If at the second beat you are not at the feet of your intended—if, at the third, she does not hold out her hand—if at the fourth you do not sign, it is evident that you would rather marry a score of balls, and they shall be served to you, hot."

At these words Albert shuddered, involuntarily. "Twenty balls!" thought he, "and he will do as he says. Good heavens!"

"Not a word to the young girl," continued Keller, still speaking in an undertone. "Re spect for the feelings of fair ladies. I wish for her free consent." Having said this, Keller twirled his mustache, and stationing himself in front of the young people, took up a newspaper and began to read.

After a short interval the drums were heard, and the major spoke. "Sergeant Albert Hosten," said he, "what are your sentiments towards Catharine Reival, whom his Majesty has appointed to be your wife?"

"Now is the time," said Catharine, in a low voice. He is relaxing. Say that I inspire you with horror."

"Well, yes, said he with an effort, "Catharine inspires me." He had got so far when the drums beat the second time. He suddenly interrupted himself and, as they beat louder, fell on his knees beside her, exclaim-

ing: "I love you Catharine—I love you with all my heart—I adore her, commander—I adore her!" Turning to Catharine, who knew not what to think he said, in an undertone: "I hate you, never fear; but do not contradict me, or I am dead."

"Very well," said Keller, at the third beat, as he watched Albert in the act of kissing Catharine's hand. "Sergeant Albert Hosten, does Catharine reciprocate your sentiments?"

"Yes, commander, she loves me—she loves me, to desperation; but excuse the first moment—she is in reality as delighted as I am."—She thanks the king; she thanks you." Again the drums were heard. "Is it not so, my good Catharine?" Then in a low voice—"It is for Ludwig! He is lost if you do not give me your hand."

Catharine was quite distracted at these words; this was the only thing that could shake her determination. If Ludwig were in danger she would do anything to save him. She was silent. The sound of the drums decreased.

"For Ludwig," said Albert, emphatically, and poor Catharine could no longer resist, and gave her hand to Albert.

The drum ceased.

"You see, major," cried Albert triumphantly, "she has given me her hand!"

"So much the better! Now, Sergt. Hosten, and you Catharine Reival, you have only to sign the engagement, which is on the table."

At these words they looked at each other in consternation, for they knew that if they signed they could never retract.

"You first, sergeant."

"Yes, major—certainly I am going"—Then hearing the drums he started, and approached the table. He hesitated, but the drums beat again; he took the pen, then threw it down, and pressed his hand across his head in great perplexity. The drums continued to beat. "Shot! shot!" thought he, quickly taking up the pen again and preparing to sign.

Catharine, who had been eagerly watching his movements, caught his hand. "Oh you will not do that, Albert."

"No, never!" cried Albert recovering himself; "rather die!" Then, after a pause, during which the last beat of the drums grew fainter, and at last ceased. Keller, who had been attentively observing the scene, now said, as he slowly rose:

"You have not signed?"

"No, sir, replied Catharine, resolutely. "I will marry no one on earth but Ludwig."

No, major, I look forward to meeting Charlotte in heaven."

"Well, execute your orders," cried Keller to the two soldiers. "Arrest the sergeant.—Forward march! To the court martial, to be instantly judged, and shot as a rebel to the commands of the king."

"Albert!" shrieked Catharine.

"Farewell, Catharine," answered Albert, surrendering his arms to the soldiers, and preparing to follow them. "Be happy with Ludwig, and tell Charlotte that I die for her."—At these words Catharine sank into a chair, in a paroxysm of grief. But, just as the soldiers were leaving the room with Albert, the sound of drums was again heard. There were cries of "To arms! to arms!"

"What is that?" cried Keller, in a tone of astonishment.

Soldiers belonging to the King's escort here entered the apartment, and among them was Ludwig. They were followed by an officer who announced His Majesty the King!

Catharine's eyes suddenly met the those of Ludwig. "Ludwig here!" "What good angel sent you?"

"My company entered the fort at the same time as that of his Majesty; and Charlotte—"

"Charlotte with the king!" exclaimed Albert.

"Yes, Charlotte," said the king, advancing, holding the trembling girl by the hand.

Keller bent one knee to the ground, but was immediately raised by the king, who said, "No ceremony here, major; I am here incognito. I bring Charlotte Reival, in order to convict her of being a little rebel against the commands of her king."

"How is that, sire?"

"About an hour ago I was walking in the fields, like a simple mortal, when I met the goddess of grace, who answers to the name of Charlotte. I considered that in marrying her to a handsome soldier, I should make an admirable couple. You know that is one of my hobbies. I therefore gave her a letter for you, major, in which, without her knowledge, I charged you to find her a husband."

"I received a letter, sire, but this young girl was the bearer," said he, pointing to Catharine.

"Ah! ah! Catharine, the sister of my messenger, she who had the courage to take her place. Another rebel."

"I was ignorant, sire that I had the honor of carrying an order from your Majesty," said Catharine.

"And if you had known it, what would you have done?"

"Well, to tell the truth, I should not have delivered it. My brother, for instance, or my great aunt, who is sixty-six. We should have seen if the major would have found some very handsome soldier to marry her."

"Courageous and clever, as they told me—and charming, in fact, as her sister!" exclaimed Frederick, kissing her on the forehead. Kings have the same privilege as old men, continued he. "Imagine my surprise, major, when, about half an hour ago, passing the place where I met Charlotte, I still found, quietly watching her goats, the young girl whom I believed to be already betrothed to a grenadier at Marienburg. She told me all—she asked my pardon," said he, smiling. "But I am angry; I have been relentless, and I have brought the criminal to the fort, where I intend that my commands shall be executed by a regular marriage."

"For pity's sake, sire," entreated Charlotte, looking at Ludwig, "my hand is not free, I am already betrothed. I conjure you to take my sister in my place."

"Always your sister! But it is probably too late. I suppose you have already married Catharine, major, as I commanded."

"Nearly, sire. I have measured mademoiselle; above five feet. I have measured my choice soldiers, and chosen one of five feet six inches—Sergeant Hosten. Here he is," said he, pointing to Albert. "But I had to do with two obstinate people. The young girl resisted, the sergeant made wry faces; in short, I was just threatening him with court martial and discharge of musketry, when your majesty—"

"Discharge of musketry!" exclaimed the king. "Oh, major, that was rather too military."

"The guns were not yet loaded, sire," replied the major, smiling; "it was merely a joke of mine. I know the fair sex."

"And why, Mademoiselle Catharine Reival," continued the king, "would you not marry Sergeant Albert Hosten?"

"Because I am betrothed to Sergeant Ludwig Hosten," answered she boldly.

"That has been her song for the last hour, and I would not believe her," said the major.

"A letter was brought me from your majesty—a command to marry the bearer. The bearer was Catharine. I have not deviated from that; I only attend to orders. Catharine will marry Albert unless your Majesty gives a counter-order."

"Oh, sire, a counter-order!" pleaded Charlotte.

"Sire, a counter-order in the name of heaven!" implored Ludwig and Albert, kneeling before the king.

"How is it that you do not join in the entreaties, Catharine?" inquired Frederick.

"Because, counter-order or no counter-order I will marry no one but Ludwig, my betrothed."

"Charming, charming!" cried the king, laughing. Then addressing the three young people at his feet, "Rise, my children—Albert and Charlotte, stand here," said he, pointing to his right. When they had done as he commanded he added, "Ludwig and Catharine, stand there," pointing to his left. They obeyed. "Two brothers—handsome grenadiers," said he smiling: "two sisters—superb girls.—Now, Major Keller, measure each of the couples."

Keller gravely unsheathed his sword, and proceeded to measure the young people. "Five feet six inches, against five feet one inch and a half; and five feet five inches and a half, against five feet two inches."

"The couples are not amiss; but Albert would be more suitable to Catharine," responded the major.

"Bah! for half an inch!" exclaimed the king. Besides, Catharine and Ludwig may grow yet. Decidedly, I will give the counter-order, and make two matches instead of one. Of course I shall add two hundred golden florins to those I have already given."

"Oh, sire, how can we thank you enough?" cried the four young people at once.

The two couples were united and thus the cloud, which had so suddenly obscured their bright hopes, was quickly dispelled, and only caused the sunshine of their happiness to seem the brighter.

[FOR THE PILOT.]  
**AN ESSAY ON**  
**MODESTY VS. FLATTERY.**

BY A SOJOURNER.

Mr. Editor:—Whilst sojourning in your beautiful town, I thought I would spare a few moments in giving expression to my thoughts upon the subject of MODESTY, through the columns of your interesting paper.

MODESTY consists in a purity of manners—in an humble opinion of our own merits, acquisitions and talents, when compared with those of others around us. So refined a feeling as modesty in ourselves, is the highest compliment that we can give to the superiority of those with whom we have daily or weekly intercourse, or with those with whom we associate more or less frequently, and cannot fail of engaging every prepossessing opinion in our favor, and of conciliating in favor of our interests, every influence which they can expect, and every effort that can be brought to bear to our advantage:

"In the modesty of fearful duty  
 I read as much, as from the rattling tongue  
 Of fancy and audacious eloquence."

If we take a look at the vast multitude of the inhabitants of the earth, from the earliest ages to the present time, we find that every person has been a friend to the modest and unassuming, and an enemy to the presumptuous and impudent:

"With that dull, rooted callous impudence,  
 Which dead to shame, and ev'ry nicer sense  
 Ne'er blush'd, unless, in spreading vices snares,  
 He blunder'd on some virtue unawares."

To be a friend to the modest man or woman, is in accordance with virtue and justice; for we find that it was the intention of the Creator of the Universe, that every one should be endowed with modesty enough to see, in others, at least, its opposite vices, presumption, pride and affectation, and to check them by unequivocal and uniform disapprobation and censure. It is thus that we find, in almost every instance, that the modest man is sure to engage every person within the limits of the circle of his acquaintances in his favor; and the arrogant and insolent person is almost as certain to make secret, if not open, enemies of every one with whom he may chance to have an intimate connection.

Nothing contributes more to aid persons in obtaining a just knowledge of themselves and others; nor is there any quality with which we are endowed that serves to display, more strikingly, the good sense and soundness of intellect of its possessor, than does modesty, where it is acknowledged to be the predominant quality. Where pride, conceit, or affectation hold their injurious sway, they tarnish the brilliant lustre of every other shining quality—they corrupt the mind and vitiate the good taste and good judgment—and display to its fullest extent a weak mind and disordered intellect.

But when we find a person destitute of modesty, we also find, in every instance, that it is attended with other injurious associates. We find that such persons are ever ready to listen to the deceitful tongue of FLATTERY, from that self-love and false estimation of their own attainments, and which is the fruitful source of many of the evils of mankind:

"Parent of wicked, bane of honest deeds,  
 Pernicious flattery! thy malignant seeds,  
 In an ill hour, and by a fatal hand,  
 Sadly diffus'd o'er virtue's gleamy land,  
 With rising pride amidst the corn appear,  
 And choke the hopes and harvest of the year."

Yea, truly has it been said:

"'Tis an old maxim in the schools,  
 That flattery's the food of fools,  
 Yet now and then you men of wit,  
 Will condescend to take a bit."

Nothing is more dangerously situated than the mind that is open to flattery—it listens with eagerness to, and believes every thing that is said in its favor, and awakens, in its possessor, feelings of envy, hatred and malice against every one who will not condescend to yield to its influence:

"Base envy withers at another's joy,  
 And hates that excellence it cannot reach."

Nor does flattery only act with an injurious effect upon the minds of those who are flattered; because the person who resorts to flattery, the twin-sister of deceit, very seldom does so without having some selfish object in view, and often, very often, makes use of means for which there is not the least foundation, and which go far beyond the bounds of truth and honor—and those who, for the promotion of some sinister object, will descend to flattery and a base violation of truth, may justly be considered as entirely destitute of every moral virtue which

serves to render one person superior to another:—

"The only amaranthine flower on earth  
 Is virtue: th' only lasting treasure, truth."

The modest person will not listen to the tongue of flattery, or if listened to, it is entirely disregarded—it is passed by as the idle wind which he regards not. He views the flatterer with contempt and disdain, and spurns him from his side as he would a wild beast, or venomous reptile:

"Good actions crown themselves with lasting bays,  
 Who deserves well, needs not another's praise."

He knows his own worth as well as any one who would presume to tell him, and cannot be deceived in relation thereto. In his own disposition you will find him humane, benevolent and obliging—in his manners he is affable and polite.

No virtue is displayed to more advantage—no virtue more enhances the beauty of the female character, than MODESTY. For what, may it be asked, without being charged with flattery myself, is more lovely than the blushing beauties of a modest maid. But, it is nevertheless true, that

"The firmest purpose of a woman's heart  
 To well-tim'd, artful flattery may yield."

However much it may contribute to make man admirable, it is the peculiar ornament of the female sex—it is one of the most charming and enduring qualities—it far outshines, and is very essential to every one of their other embellishments.

The most homely form has an impressive beauty about it, while modesty, the twin-sister of virtue, remains. But the moment modesty is lost, then may it be said with justice, that every other accomplishment, is not worthy of consideration. When this invaluable virtue is lost, the finest moulded form, although encircled in expansive and fashionable hoops—yea, the most striking beauty, the most graceful movement, only brings to mind the recollection that without it, it is impossible for a female, notwithstanding her other acquirements, to be truly amiable:

"Beauty is a flower  
 Which springs and withers almost in an hour."

But modesty, is a jewel of inestimable value, the best gift of Heaven, the wealth that never encumbers nor can be transferred. But, notwithstanding the truth we have asserted, who among us is not susceptible of being won by the fascinating charms of female beauty, although, perhaps, devoid of this invaluable gift.

"Oh! what a fearful gift is personal beauty," says a writer, "both to its possessor, and to those who prefer to walk in its light. It cannot be denied that in these days of vanity, beauty is often the ruin of those whom it outwardly adorns. Few have sufficient humility and modesty to bear the flatteries which swarm, like summer flies, around the painted beauties of an hour. Few can bear even a respectable share of personal beauty, without yielding to the flattest pride, and the most repulsive vanity. Amid the attention which is bestowed upon the outward form, the mind and heart are neglected. Soon impertinence usurps the place of modesty, and the vain babblings of an empty mind take the place of a meek and quiet spirit." The spell with which outward beauty has held a host of admirers, is gradually broken; all that are solid and sensible retire; and what was spoken by the wise man, comes to a sad fulfillment: 'Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall.'

It has been said, that ALL THE VIRTUES have been represented by painters in the form of females; and, in our humble opinion, none is more justly entitled to this distinction than MODESTY, for without it, female beauty would be like the most lovely flower that blooms, but yet possesses no sweet fragrance, or like the sweet Morning Glory that hides its beauties upon the appearance of the bright luminary of the day.

In conclusion, I trust that the gentlemen of Greencastle may never be deterred by modesty from the performance of good and virtuous deeds, and that the fairer-sex may be endowed with the meek modesty of the blessed Virgin Mary.

GREENCASTLE, PA.

The gate of a gentleman's door-yard is always neat and tasteful. In more senses than one you may know a gentleman by his gait.

Heed not that your years are many; wisdom and truth and virtue have no more old age than the angels.

Generally the office-seeker who gets nothing, gets what is good for him and exactly what he is good for.