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Select Poetry.

THE PARTING.

BY HORACE B. DURANT.

At night, upon the lonely pier,
Beside the rolling river,
We parted last, my brother, dear—
Ah! shall it be forever?
Upon thy fast receding barque
I gazed all lonely hearted,
Until it vanished in the dark—
And thus we two parted!

Full oft we've seen the azure sky
Bedimmed with smoke of battle,
And heard the screaming shell go by,
The deadly bullets rattle;
Full oft we've roamed the land and wave,
Through fair, through stormy weather;
Our hearts were patient, strong and brave,
As soldiers true, together.

Beneath the southern sun we've stood,
Upon the lonely picket;
By sedgy marsh, mild darkling wood,
In deep and tangled thicket;
Beside the camp fire's flick'ring glow
We've slept, of home scenes dreaming;
The earth our only couch below,
The stars above us gleaming.

Yet thou art gone; I am alone;
And here at evening gleaming,
I listen to the wintry moan,
And wonder where thou'rt roaming;
I know, wherever thou may'st be,
That thou of me art thinking;
And whether on the land or sea,
Thou'lt do thy part unshrinking.

May God preserve thee, brother mine,
Through every dark-winged hour;
And guide each weary step of thine
In tender care and power;
For, oft before, I know His wing
Of mercy hath been o'er us;
And we may trust Him still to bring
Us safe through toils before us.

Then fare thee well until we meet—
How blest that joyous meeting,
When home again, our weary feet
Shall come to fondest greeting!
Then in the golden day of peace,
Unbroke by battle's thunder,
We'll calmly live till life shall cease,
And death alone shall sunder.

A Good Story.

THE STREET WANDERER; OR, THE BIRTH OF CRIME.

He was scarce past his childhood, and yet, at a glance, I perceived that he had commenced life's warfare for himself, that necessity had, with a stern, unbending brow, pointed out to him the way he was to take, and taught him young as he was, that his fate must be to battle for himself on the path of life. His very humble tattered dress, the sorrowful expression which had settled on his pallid yet interesting features told their own story, and I involuntarily sighed while observing him. "Want alone," I mentally exclaimed, "has hitherto been his companion; light hearts, gamboling playmates of his own years, exuberance of the young spirit, which gives buoyance to the foot, throws sunshine on the heart, and 'neath whose spell all things seem beautiful—be, poor boy! has never known. He knows not of the green fields and flowers, of murmuring brooks and leafy trees, amidst whose branches sweet music dwells; in some pent-up, crowded alley in his home, and his young mind hath been awake in confines close, amidst scenes of toil and misery."

The gentle and dejected expression of his countenance first attracted my attention, and, unobserved by him, I watched his movements as he slowly advanced down the crowded street, toward the spot where I stood. Occasionally he paused, and after looking up and down the busy thoroughfare, apparently awaiting or looking for some expected object to come in sight, he resumed his saunter, keeping close to the wall so as to avoid intercepting the way of the numbers who were hurrying past him. The more I saw of the boy, the more was my interest in him increased, and my desire to know what object had brought him thither. So young, could his design be criminal? had he been initiated into the craft of pocket-picking? did he thus linger amidst the bustle of the crowded pathway to mark where he could successfully seize the spoil? I looked at him more earnestly as he approached me still nearer, and I felt that in the bare suspicion I had done him injustice.

While I was thus speculating on his character, he paused within a few paces of me, and gazed earnestly down the street, where something appeared to be exciting his attention. Following the direction of his earnest look, I perceived at a little distance a gentleman on

horseback slowly advancing, while looking inquiringly at the houses he was passing, as though in search of one of them in particular. He had arrived within a few yards of the place where I stood, when he halted, and dismounted, and in an instant the boy I have spoken of was at his side, and touching the ragged apology for a cap which he wore, evidently tendered his services to hold the horse. The horseman cast a hasty glance at the little fellow, and was apparently about to resign the reins into his hands when the door of the house before which he was standing opened, and a servant advanced to address him. I indistinctly caught the words "from home" and "to-morrow," when the functionary retired to the house; the horseman remounted, and cantered down the street, leaving the boy disappointedly and wistfully gazing after him.

Yes, I saw the gleam which had irradiated the little fellow's face vanish; and fancied I heard a sigh which his young breast heaved forth as he turned away dejectedly from the spot. Thus unsuccessful, I saw him next, from some of the passers by ask charity, but so timidly, that I saw he feared the repulse of harsh words, which, as I watched him, in some instances met his solicitations; while others passed him without the slightest notice. Apparently very tired, he now seated himself on a door step, still looking eagerly about him, as though anxious for another opportunity to present itself, when he might with success offer his services. While he was thus employed, an open carriage came rattling up the street, and, pulling up, a lady alighted at the house immediately opposite to where the young street wanderer sat. I watched the play of his features as his gaze rested upon two little fellows of apparently his own age who were in the carriage, and who, in spite of an elderly-looking nurse's efforts to restrain them were gamboling with each other rather boisterously. In the true spirit of boyish glee and mischief, they were endeavoring with parasols to push off the hat of the footman, who, seemingly as much amused as themselves, while standing by the carriage awaiting the lady's return, was giving them opportunities to accomplish their object. Yes, right joyous were they; and with their costly dresses, rosy cheeks, and bright eyes, presented a striking contrast to the little fellow who, in rags and wretchedness, from the door-step, was earnestly observing them. I would have given much to have known his thoughts in these moments; to have read, like the pages of a book, the feelings of his heart, while watching them in their gambols. There was no envy in the expression of his countenance; but, by the fixedness of gaze, I judged that the sight of the carriage and its young occupants at that juncture, had given birth to a train of thoughts and ideas as new as they were, perhaps, saddening. Did he think that fate had dealt hardly with him? Did he in his cogitations become bewildered in a labyrinth of thought in endeavoring to account for the why of their being so differently situated? or did fancy in his young brain raise some strange speculation on the world and the disigns of Him who made it?

After a short time had elapsed, the door of the house opened, and the lady came forth, she entered the carriage the footman mounted behind, away they rattled down the street, and were soon out of sight. I turned to look at the boy; he seemed to have fallen into a reverie, sitting motionless, while his gaze rested on the part of the street where the carriage had disappeared.

When I again observed him, he had left his seat, and was rapidly crossing the street, to meet a female who, attired somewhat above the common garb, was advancing on the opposite side, and bearing in her arms a rather bulky parcel, which she appeared inconveniently to carry. As I had seen him salute the horseman, the street-wanderer, in addressing her, touched his cap and evidently tendered his service to carry the parcel. The woman paused a moment to look at the applicant, when, either deeming him too diminutive for the burden, or actuated by a spirit of economy, with some brief but decisive remark, she turned from him and resumed her walk. At the same moment a boor of a porter, rather than diverge from his path, knocked roughly against the boy, who was standing on the pavement, and sent him staggering against the wall, continuing his weary tread onward, without as much as turning his head to see whether or not the little fellow had fallen.

Thus twice had I seen the cup held to his lips and dashed away; twice had I seen him strong in hope, and twice in disappointment deep. Where now, boy, is thy energy? where thy spirit, thy resolution? Methinks thou

needest them now. Alas! thou art but a child; and at thy age the green fields, where the birds are blithely singing, or the jocund playground with your kindred spirits, where sport hath its daring and its perseverance too, were more fitting places to bring forth such exalted qualities than the crowded street—where want, perhaps, spurs thee to attempt; where fortune frowns upon thee, and hope, seems to whisper only to deceive! courage thou hast no more.—Energy, it has left thee, else wouldst thou not so dejectedly hang thy head, and creep along the street; as though thou wert upon forbidden ground, or trespassing in sharing the light of the fading day, and the breath of heaven with those who are heedlessly hurrying past thee.

After his last, unsuccessful application, I next saw the dispirited little fellow turn down a small, little-frequented street, and with the intention of meeting and speaking to him I made a short detour, soon gaining the opposite end of the street which I had seen him enter. The buildings consisted entirely of warehouses, which were closed for the night; and knowing that he could scarcely have entered one of them, I was not a little surprised to find the street apparently deserted. Advancing a few paces, however, the mystery was soon solved. Nestling in the corner of a warehouse doorway, with his head resting on his little hand, my eyes fell upon the wanderer I was in search of. Absorbed in his grief I approached him unseen, unheard. Ah! need I say that he was weeping bitterly?

Reader, the boy had a home; I saw it; a cellar, whose bare walls and brick-unglazed floor bespoke it the abode of poverty and misery.—He was not an orphan; for on a heap of rags which served for her bed, I saw an emaciated figure which he called his mother, a brother and a sister, too, were there, younger than my guide, and in their tattered, dirty garments, scarcely distinguishable from the bed of rags on which they were huddled beside the dying woman. He was not an orphan; the young street wanderer had a father. Him, too, I saw; a rude, bear-eyed drunkard, whose countenance it was fearful to look upon; for there might be seen that the worst passions of our common nature had with him obtained a perilous ascendancy—a brute, whose intellect, perhaps never bright, had become more brutal under the influence of the fire spirit, to which he bore conspicuous marks of being a groveling soul-and-body slave. To me he appeared like the demon Ruin midst the wreck around. On him, now that the wife could work no more, were they dependant. Need I say that there were days when they scarce tasted food, when the young wanderer had been unsuccessful in the streets? and when hungry, tired, and dejected, he gave current to his grief, as when I found him in the midst of his heart-breaking sorrow?

Yet my first surmise was painfully correct. He had, indeed, commenced life's warfare for himself; young as he was, it was his fate to battle his way on the path of life, and not a soul to advise and guard him against the demon Crime, whose favorite haunts are the footsteps of the ignorant and needy.

Reader, how many of the victims of crime who fill our prisons, were their histories known, would prove to have commenced life like this boy! Not always, then, let us un pitying behold the criminal, who, in his early manhood or the prime of life, is banished from his country, or suffers the dread penalty of death, without reflecting how much those who brought him into the world were concerned, in so melancholy an issue—without reflecting that, like the little fellow of whom these pages tell, he may have had a father little better than the brute of the field, and in his childish years have been turned out to get his bread—a wanderer in the streets.

STONING THE WRONG HOUSE.

In the good town of Raleigh, North Carolina, was and still is an excellent inn; which in court time was frequented by judges, lawyers, litigant and jurors.

Upon one occasion, Judge B—, as sound a lawyer as he was an inveterate humorist, was holding a court at Raleigh. Several very difficult cases were to be tried, one of which, having been submitted in the evening the jury was escorted to a room in an adjoining building connected with the inn, and familiarly known to the habitues as "Collier." In the same building were also lodged a number of young disciples of Blackstone, who compensated themselves for their professional labors by a friendly game of the classic amusement of "Poker." Their creature comforts were attended to by a one-eyed negro who rejoiced in the name of Jake. It seems that this functionary had some

trouble with the jury which resulted in the introduction of his back to the cat. On the other hand, Jake was a special favorite with the young lawyers, who paid him liberally, and for whom he entertained a corresponding regard. Under these circumstances it would not be a matter of doubt as to which party was most carefully waited on by the sable mercenary of gin and juleps.

Judge B—, in the meantime, was lodged in the main building of the hotel. With him, also, Jake was a favorite, and after he had concluded the examination of some papers, he addressed the attendant, with inquiries as to what the young gentlemen were doing.

"Nottin, massa, nottin! only a little game of poker, dat all."

"Eh! that's all?"

"Yes, sah! dat all."

"The young scamps! they ought to be at their books! a nice way to procure their cases! To-morrow some of them will be asking me to put off trials, because they have not time to get ready!" grumbled the old Judge. "I say Jake, can you get me a pile of bricks?"

"Sartin Judge—I 'se git a pile of bricks—oven break—get bats."

"Very well—go bring a pile into the yard."

"Yes sar," said the obsequious darkey, and in a short time he returned with the assurance that the bricks were ready.

The Judge accompanied him to the yard.

"Now Jake, tell me which room these fellows are in?"

"Dat de room, massa!" but the cunning negro, instead of indicating that occupied by the lawyers, pointed to one in which the unoffending jurors were in deliberation.

"Oh! ho! now, now, Jake, do as I do?" and suiting the action to the word, his honor commenced pouring a perfect storm of brickbats against the room of the supposed delinquents. Bang! bang! they went, Jake's missiles performing no secondary part in the concert, until the pile was exhausted, and the startled jurymen began to imagine themselves assailed by the whole town. Still they could not escape, but huddled together, bore the assault.

In the mean time the Judge, totally unconscious that he had been stoning his own jurymen, was chucking over the dismay he imagined he had brought upon the lawyers.

They did not however, as he expected, vacate the premises, and he prepared for a second bombardment.

In the mean time Jake, convulsed with laughter, had gone to the room of the lawyers.

"Yah! yah! yah!" screamed the negro, rolling in laughter, "d'ye hear 'em? Did yer hear de bricks? Wait a leetle! Here more bime by," and proceeded as clearly as his cacophonary paroxysm would allow him to explain the mistakes into which he had led his honor.

He had scarcely withdrawn when Judge B— summoned him to collect another pile of bricks, which was forth coming as readily as the first. The same tornado visited the astonished jury, but the same result followed, for the very good reason that they could not get out even if they would. The Judge supposing them to be the gamblers, was proportionately irritated that he could not break up their party.

"Jake!"

"Yes sah!"

"Bring another pile of bricks!" and once more these formidable projectiles were laid before him.

"Now, Jake at the windows."

Smash! crash! whiz! bang! they went and every thing else gave way, as brick after brick penetrated the jury room. The fortress was no longer tenable—the laws of arms justified a capitulation, and a general flight took place.

Unfortunately the Judge in his zeal and wrath, never thought of making his retreat; and as the jurors were separating, imagine their horror at discovering that the learned Judge himself was their assailant, and had been besieging them during the night after this judicial extra fashion. Too late the Judge found out his mistake; and petrified with astonishment, he stood detected with his hand raised in the act of hurling a brick through the windows of the jury room.

Great was the confusion! That Judge B— should do such a thing! That a high functionary should so far compromise the decorum of his character, the dignity of his office! It could not have been credited had it not been seen—but unfortunately the judge was detected in flagrant delicto.

The only way left was to make a full explanation, and this the Judge did, with many hearty maledictions on Jake. The lawyers munificently rewarded the negro, upon whom

the Judge could not very well take vengeance without admitting his confederacy with him; and the jurors were ever careful of drawing the wrath of that dusky dignitary.

The Judge acknowledged he was beaten, and interfered no more with his young lawyers, at their games of "Poker."

Little-or-Nothings.

He dines sumptuously who dines out of debt.

A dead hen is better than a live one; she will lay wherever you put her.

Happy is the hearing man; unhappy is the speaking man.

Ladies have their full share of talk—and ours too.

We are no more born for ourselves than we are born by ourselves.

Children are the strongest pillars of the temple of wedded love.

Marrying a disagreeable woman for the sake of her money is swallowing a silver-coated pill.

People have but poor reason to be proud of their ancestral line if it was a hempen one.

The miser hides his savings, but the early school-boy saves his hidings.

The spendthrift and the miser despise each other, but not a particle too much.

It is said, that, with a Yankee, every day is a day of reckoning.

Persons dead to shame may not unfrequently prove alive to the horsewhip.

The wind is feminine for it is fickle and generally has a new shift every day.

The paths marked out by the habits of society are often as devious as sheep-paths through the woods.

The only way to escape curtain lectures is either to live single or sleep in a bed without curtains.

You may be sure that all will be pulled down without you, if there is nothing firmly set up within you.

Often at fashionable balls we have seen a good many goats, and a pair of kids to every goat.

It is difficult to love those whom we do not esteem; and quite as difficult to love those we esteem more than ourselves.

The globe nurses her children by taking them on her lap. Her surface life is a process of lactation that they may be fed and grow.

Too often, when people have fancied that the world was becoming Christian, Christianity was in fact becoming worldly.

Some men, measured alone by their Sundays, would seem to be saints. But alas for the other six days of the week!

To be a philosopher is to secure a retreat from the world, as it is man's, into the world; as it is God's.

Why should not women be doctors? We call Nature "she," and Nature is the greatest doctor of them all.

"I love you" are three words, which if tangled as they frequently are in a knot, can never be restored to their original position.

We may make angels of our own tender and kind and loving thoughts and feelings by letting them fly to others.

We are told to pray in a corner, but a good many Christians, so called, are never cornered in that way.

In the sinner's life, the roses perish, and the thorns are left; in the good man's, the thorns die and the roses live.

If a man uses a corkscrew too often at a sitting, his movements are likely to get as crooked as the instrument.

Hurricanes, it is supposed, are caused by all the women in the world talking at once. But their infrequency seems to militate against the theory.

What a strange thing an old dead sin laid away in a secret drawer of the soul is! Must it sometime or other be moistened with tears until it comes to life again—as the dry animal-coule, looking like a grain of dust, becomes alive if wet with a drop of water!