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Select Poetry.

WHEN THIS CRUEL WAR IS OVER.

BY CHARLES G. SAWYER.

Dearest love, do you remember,
When we last did meet,
How you told me that you loved me,
Kneeling at my feet?
Oh! how proud you stood before me
In your suit of blue,
When you vowed to me and country
Ever to be true
Weeping sad and lonely,
Hopes and fears how vain!
When this cruel war is over,
Praying that we meet again!

When the summer breeze is sighing
Mournfully along;
Or when autumn leaves are falling,
Sadly breathes the song,
Oh! in dreams I see thee lying
On the battle plain,
Lonely, wounded, even dying,
Calling but in vain.
Weeping sad and lonely, &c.

If amid the din of battle
Nobly you should fall,
Far away from those who love you,
None to hear you call—
Who would whisper words of comfort,
Who would soothe your pain?
Ah! the many cruel fancies
Ever in my brain.
Weeping sad and lonely, &c.

But our country called you, darling,
Angels cheer your way;
While our nation's sons are fighting,
We can only pray.
Nobly strike for God and liberty,
Let all nations see
How we love the starry banner,
Emblem of the free.
Weeping sad and lonely, &c.

A Good Story.

IF I HAD KNOWN OF THIS.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"Dearest mother," so she wrote, "how my heart is aching to see you! Three years—three long, long years! What an age it seems! In the Fall, Henry said that I should visit you in the Spring; and now the maple leaves are out, and golden butternuts spangle the green fields, but he does not speak of it. I wonder if he has forgotten? How could he forget?—Last evening I had it on my tongue to say that Spring was here, and did begin the sentence, but he interrupted me with a complaint about something wrong in our housekeeping matters, and I had no heart to touch the subject again. If things go wrong, and worry him, while I am here and trying to do my best, they would become intolerable during my absence. It is plain that I am not to see my dear old home this Spring. Henry cannot spare me. Well, well; no doubt all is for the best. But, I am a weak child instead of a strong woman; a weak child, longing for my mother.

"Henry is kind—I love him, dear mother! Yes, I love my husband, oh so tenderly and so truly! I try to be a good wife; I try to enter into all his plans; to help him in everything. But, his heart is set on this world more than mine. He lives only for what is external, while my thought is all the while receding—all the while dwelling among these things unseen. I am not as strong as I was last Spring, nor so stout—I looked over some of my dresses, laid by a year ago, and find that they will have to be taken in before I can wear them.—I was surprised at this, for I have not been sick—only a little drooping. My appetite was poor all winter, and is no better now. I try to eat, in order to keep up my strength, but have to force nearly every mouthful.

"Don't mind the stains on this page, mother; I can't keep my tears back while I write for thinking how only my poor written words will go to you—how, only, from this sheet I can look up into your dear, dear face, and not feel my living eyes upon you, not clasp your neck, not feel your kisses on my lips. Three years—such long years! Mother, oh, mother! what ails me?"

The pen dropped from nerveless fingers, and the writer's pale, gentle face, wet with tears, was laid upon the blotted sheet before her.—Down stairs, in the room just beneath, sat Henry Willis, her husband, with busy brain. He was a strong, earnest man, whose heart was in his work. For three or four years he had been all absorbed in laying the foundation on which to build a temple dedicated to fortune; and now, the walls beginning to rise, he could think of little beyond the plans and progress of this temple. It was not designed to be very imposing or spacious, for his ideal was not

grand; but, such as it was, it had, even while yet only shadowed forth, become the dwelling place of almost every thought.

Henry Willis had not forgotten his promise to let his wife visit his mother. All through the winter it had been remembered, if not spoken of, but with diminishing pleasure as the Spring approached. Now, he did not see that he could possibly let her go. Such absence would abridge his comfort materially; and, besides, the expense troubled him. To fit her out with proper clothing for the visit, and pay the cost of travel, would not take less than one hundred dollars; and there were so many things he could do with the sum of money.

"I wonder she can think of going, when she knows it will cost." So he was talking to himself in the room below, while she sat writing, as we have seen above. "I work too hard for my money to throw it away after this fashion. I wish she took more interest in things; was as earnest to get ahead as I am. I don't understand her. It's as my father said before me—'Women are riddles.' O, well! I must only make the best of it. Esther never crosses me in anything, and if I scold, never says a hard word back. I sometimes wish that she was sharper than she is, even if she was sharp on me sometimes. As to going home this Spring, I don't see that it is possible. There is too much to do, and I can't spare the money. She's said nothing about it, and I guess don't intend to. Maybe she's waiting for me to speak; or, maybe, she sees just how it is, and has concluded in her mind that it won't pay. Of course, I shall make no allusion to the subject, if she doesn't. I don't understand this way some people have of looking back, and hankering after old places and former things. I look straight ahead, and build my hopes in the future. The past has little in it that I love or care for, while the future is full of becoming pleasures. Ah, well! We're not all formed alike. It takes every kind to make a world."

How little did Henry Willis comprehend the woman he had taken to be his wife. Her gentleness, her sweetness, her tenderness had won him; but he was too much in the world, and a man of the world, to comprehend the wants of such a nature. His inner life reflected only external things—it was dark on the internal side.

There followed a kind of interregnum in the thought of Mr. Willis—a brief confusion—as he ceased speaking. Then he found himself listening, with pauses of the breath—listening upwards. He knew that his wife was in the room above. How very still it was! He could not hear a sound—not a footfall, or movement of any kind. A weight of concern dropped suddenly on his feelings. Rising, he went up stairs, oppressed with a vague uneasiness.

"Esther!" he called, on opening the door of his wife's room, and seeing her at a small writing-table, with her face bowed down and hidden. She did not stir nor answer. "Esther!" There was alarm in his voice now, as he crossed the floor quickly. "Esther!" he repeated, as he laid his hand on her. But there came no response. He tried to raise her head, but it sunk down from his imperfect hold; not, however, before he had seen her face, that was pale and death-like. His heart gave a wild bound of fear as he caught her in his arms, and carried her to the bed.

It was only a fainting fit; yet, not until long after the physician's arrival, did the weary soul take up its burden of mortal life again, and then only with a feeble effort.

To the husband's anxious inquiry—"What does it mean, doctor?" this, at first scarcely comprehended, answer was given: "There is some unsupplied want in her life, Mr. Willis. I have seen it for a long time. There are natures which cannot live on bread alone, and her's, I think, is one of them. If you can discover and supply this want, well; if not, she will go on drooping and failing. A little while and the grass will be green above her."

The physician understood, in part, the case, and this was his prescription—better than lancet or drug, than pill or powder.

Along with his half unconscious wife, and the doctor's at first not clearly understood warning in his mind, Mr. Willis passed the night that followed—sleepless. He was wiser before the day dawned, for, every word of that unfinished letter, over which the poor wife's heart and strength gave way, had been written down in his brain. It was read, and then the blotted pages laid carefully out of sight. But what a revelation it proved!

"If I had known of this?" How many times, in the long, sleepless hours of that night,

did Henry Willis thus give voice to his concern—and all the while light came stealing into his mind with the gradual increase of breaking day. "Natures that cannot live on bread alone." Strange words when spoken by the doctor; but now full of meaning.

Back into the heart of this man, who had, for a few years, lost himself amid the attractions of mere sensuous things, came old ideals of life—old tenderness—old appreciations—old loves.

"I have been too hard, and coarse, and cold, for this purer nature," he said, with brimming eyes, as he bent over the low-breathing sleeper, and looked at her almost spiritual face. "And now, if I would keep her, I must be soft, and gentle and warm. Drifting, drifting, drifting away, and I saw it not! The angel of my home, with wings half raised to depart, and I dwelling in conscious safety!"

He shuddered as he realized the danger that impended.

The day had broken, and now the morning sunbeams were looking in through the half drawn curtains that shaded the windows of Mr. Willis's bed-room. Mr. Willis, worn out with the night's watching, had laid his head upon a pillow, and was asleep. In the long rest of exhausted nature the wife had gathered up a portion of strength, and when the sunbeams awoke her, she looked around in bewilderment of mind. Partly rising on one arm, she saw her husband's face close beside her, on the very pillow which had supported her own head. He sat in a chair, with his clothes on, and was asleep.

"Henry!" She called his name, putting her hand on him as she spoke. Her voice and touch aroused the sleeper.

"How are you, darling?" He was wide awake in a moment, looking at her with tender, yet troubled eyes.

"I'm very well. What has been the matter Henry? Why are you sitting here with your clothes on? Have I been sick?" Mrs. Willis, with whom memory was becoming active, looked from her husband's face to the table where she had been writing.

"You had a fainting spell, dear," was answered, and as Mr. Willis said this, he pressed his wife gently back upon the pillow from which she had arisen. "I never dreamed you were getting so weak. But I see it all now.—We strong, rough men, don't comprehend everything."

A soft smile went faintly over the pale face of Mrs. Willis, giving it a sad and touching beauty. Her silken lashes fell trembling down on her cheeks. Her wan lips quivered. Now the doctor's admonition came in full force to her husband, and all it meant was apprehended. He felt that to lose her, would be to lose that which made life really precious. The old true love that had in it no worldliness—that was so full of sweetness—that saw its objects as an embodiment of purity and grace—was revived in his heart, and he wondered how it could ever have failed.

"As soon as you are strong enough, Esther, to bear the journey, you must make that visit to your mother. If I had known—" The husband checked himself, for this was betraying the fact that he had read her unfinished letter.

"I am strong enough, Henry." Her eyes flashed open, and he saw rainbows in the tears that gilded her lashes.

"You want to see your mother very much?" "Oh, Henry!" The wet lids quivered and closed. Three years is a long time, Henry," she murmured, with her eyes still shut.

"I know it is darling. But I was so absorbed in my work—so lost in business and plans—that I did not enter, as I should have done, into your feelings. But, I see it all now. You shall go home at once, and every year, if your heart desires it.

What light, and warmth and beauty came into the pale, wasted countenance.

"You are very good, Henry; and it will be selfish in me to leave you, even for a short time; but I am not so strong as I was dear. Somehow, I'm giving way both outwardly and inwardly. For the whole of last year, I pined to see my old home—to lay my head against my mother, and feel her arms around me. I could not help it, dear, though I tried hard. You are good and kind; I love you with my whole heart; and I ought not to feel as I have felt."

The eyes of Mrs. Willis were full of love as she looked up into her husband's face.

"If I had only known of this! And I might have known," was the self-condemning answer.

In less than a week Mrs. Willis was in her mother's arms. Her husband stood by, comprehending in a slight degree, through recently obtained perceptions, something of her ineffable joy. She was passing away from him, but he had drawn her back.

Thenceforth, food, other than natural bread, was given for the sustenance of a life whose wants reached far above those things which perish in the using.

A DISAPPOINTED WOMAN.

A few months since a gentleman had the misfortune to lose his wife, a literary lady of some reputation. After grieving for a number of weeks, a bright idea entered the head of the widower. He thought that he could do something to lessen his sorrow, and for that purpose he called upon a lady of his acquaintance, and requested to speak a word with her in private. Thinking that she was about to receive a proposal, the lady prepared to listen with becoming resignation.

"Myrrha," said he with downcast eyes as he took her hand, "you knew my wife!"

"Certainly."

"It is not good for a man to be alone."

"Perhaps not."

"Did you ever reflect upon that part of the marriage service which required couples to cleave unto each other till death do us part?"

"I have."

"I have often reflected upon it myself. Now death has parted me from my wife, and I feel very lonely."

"I should think it likely."

"I think I must do something to restore to me her kind consolations, and the memory of her virtues."

He pressed the lady's hand and sighed. She returned the pressure, and also suffered a sigh to escape her.

"My dear," he said, after a long pause, "I'll come to a point at once, I have a proposal to make."

"A proposal?"

She blushed and covered her face with her hands.

"Yes. I have concluded to write my wife's biography. Now I had but little skill in literary exercises, and if you will correct my manuscript and write the heading of the chapters, I will give you five dollars."

She sprang from his side and her eyes flashed with anger.

"I'll see you hanged, first and then I won't—~~you—~~"

She left the room not being able to express her feelings. The widower sighed, took his hat, and went home. He has not yet published nor proposed. It was a pity to be so misunderstood.

DUTIES OF A MOTHER.

She should be firm—gentle—kind, always ready to attend to her child.

She should never laugh at him—at what he does that is cunning—never allow him to think of his looks except to be neat and clean in all his habits.

She should teach him to obey a look—so respect those older than himself; she should never make a command without seeing that it is performed in the right manner.

Never speak of a child's faults or foibles or repeat his remarks before him. It is a sure way to spoil a child.

Never reprove a child when excited nor let your tone of voice be raised when correcting. Strive to inspire love, not dread—respect, not fear. Remember you are training and educating a soul for eternity.

Teach your children to wait upon themselves—to put away a thing when done with it. But do not forget you were once a child. The griefs of little ones are too often neglected; they are great for them, and never in any way rouse their anger if it can be avoided.

Teach a child to be useful whenever opportunity may offer.

Shirts hung out to dry have often been thought ghosts, many mermaids have been made out of seals, many times a school of horse-mackerels have been taken for the s. a. serpent.

Mother-Love is the first token of God's notice, the first trace of God's care. Father-power and right construct order and constitute home.

A cornstalk is a vegetable that often bears three or four ears; the human vegetable never bears more than two.

The soul that has no established limit to circumscribe its endeavors loses itself. He that is everywhere is nowhere.

Little-or-Nothings.

Over-warm friendships, like hot potatoes, are quickly dropped.

Every cook should circumnavigate the world of kitebean literature.

It is beauty's privilege to kill time, and time's privilege to kill beauty.

A verb is a word signifying to be, to do or to suffer; woman's life is a verb.

A man may be nettled by a rose—if his sweethearts gives it to his rival.

A widow, whose lands supply rich grazing for a thousand cattle, is an attractive grass-widow.

The crow is a brave bird; he never shows the white feather.

To make your coat last; avoid using it; to make your virtues endure them continually.

Dandies and nanny-goats never fail to pride themselves upon their kids.

Bacon says that "good schools make men." Then they are man'factories.

The miser is a wretch who starves himself in one world to be damned in another.

If a man thinks he belongs to a superior cast, probably the cast is in his eye.

Envy is unquestionably a high compliment, but a most ungracious one.

Old age is a relentless tyrant; it forbids the pleasures of youth on pain of death.

Love may seem to be where it isn't; it can never seem not to be where it is.

Live with the culpable, and you will be very likely to die with the criminal.

Before you form an intimacy with a man, learn how he acted with his former friends.

To the greater part of mankind it is less dangerous to do an injury than much service.

If we live according to nature we can never be poor; if according to opinion, we can never be rich.

They say at death we first begin to live—that we lie down in the grave just to take breath.

The wine of life goes, into adversity, into vinegar; and friends, that hugged the bottle, shirk the cruet.

Though love cannot dwell in a heart, friendship may; the latter takes less room—it has no wings.

Little differences keep up the commerce of friendship between sensible men, and destroy it between fools.

Waste not your benevolence on the notoriously ungrateful; it is like sowing seed upon the surface of the sea.

Some women paint their faces, and then weep because it doesn't make them beautiful. They raise a hue—and cry.

Teach people their duties, and they will know their interests. Change as little as possible, and correct as much.

Commentators often write upon books as men with diamonds write upon glass—obscuring light with scratches.

The parent, who gives away a loved child in marriage, but pays back to wedlock the good gift it bestowed upon him.

Judas betrayed our Lord for thirty pieces of silver; many professing Christians have, by a similar service, made ten times the money.

A glutinous bodied man, whose bones are not even muscles, and whose muscles are pulp, is necessarily a coward.

Alas for those women whose staff is their needle; for when they lean upon it, it pierces, not their side, but their heart. The needle has slain more than the sword of war.

The cries of the poor never enter into the ears of the covetous man; or, if they do, he has always one ear ready to let them out than the other to take them in.

Justice upon earth seems fonder of punishing than rewarding. She is neither blind, as some have represented her, nor clear sighted; she is one eyed, and looks fixedly and fondly with her one eye upon edge tools and bladders.