

**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, AUGUST 25, 1863. NO. 24.

**ADVERTISING RATES.**

Advertisements will be inserted in this 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

**Original Poetry.**

**[FOR THE PILOT.]  
 A MEMORY.**

BY W. T. BLAIN.  
 Music.—"Then You'll Remember Me."

The past! alas, the bitter past,  
 Is living o'er again,  
 And memory, as a chilling blast,  
 Is rushing through my brain.  
 I sit in sadness here alone—  
 My heart how truly sad—  
 And think of happy days now gone  
 'Till I am e'enmost mad.  
 I'm with that happy throng again,  
 That groupe so dear to me,  
 And hear them prattle o'er again  
 In all their childish glee.  
 How swelled my heart with love and pride,  
 As with them day by day,  
 I romped and capered by their side,  
 As childish e'en as they.  
 I see her, too, that chosen one,—  
 A smile upon her brow—  
 Majestic form—so kind her tone;  
 Ah, yes, I see her now!  
 Her arms about my neck are thrown,  
 Love beaming in her eye;  
 A love so pure was never known  
 By any, even I.

**A Good Story.  
 ANDY'S FRIEND.**

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

Andy Patterson was a poor boy—very poor; and it was generally conceded that he had no friends. Andy's father had been dead some years, having died poor and degraded. The character of the father had left a stain upon the name of the child, and our hero had to suffer. Away in a miserable hut, by the edge of the wood, where the highway wound out from the town around the foot of a steep hill, lived Andy Patterson, with his mother and three little sisters. The mother was a feeble woman, and as she shrank away from the world, the world knew but little about her. It knew that she was poor; and that she wore garments patched and faded; and that she did not court friendship;—and, furthermore, it supposed that she was not worth noticing. Of the children, Andy was sixteen. Sarah was twelve; Harriet was ten; and Lucy was eight. These three girls were not strong. They had been born while their father was very intemperate, and the sad effects of the parent's sin lay heavily upon them. Some people wondered Mrs. Patterson did not send Sarah out to work—why she did not give the child away to some good person who would take it and bring it up. Once the girl did go to live with a woman in the village, but her strength failed her, and her mother took her home. The widow found some work to do, but she was not able to do much. The labor of supporting the family devolved almost entirely upon Andy, who worked willing and cheerfully when he found work to do.

Andy Patterson was very brown from exposure to sunshine and storm, and his garments were of the poorest kind. People said he was poor and degraded, and the boys of the village did not associate with him. He did not attend church, nor did he go to the Sabbath-school. He was a religious boy, they said. But the people of that town knew but very little of the boy whom they thus denounced. They said he was going to grow up to be just what his father had been, though he lacked his father's smartness.

Now the truth was, Andy Patterson did not inherit his father's characteristics. Physically and mentally, he took the condition of the mother; and as she had not been known in that section before Mr. Patterson married her, people never understood her.

One evening Andy came home with the marks of tears upon his cheeks. His mother saw that he had been weeping, and she asked what had happened.

Ah, it was the same old story—he had been out by sneers and insults.

"Mark Larrabee called me names, which made my blood run hot and cold. I gave him no provocation—none at all. I was in the post-office while the mail was being distributed, and he asked me if I expected any important letters from the seat of government. Of course this caused a general laugh among the thoughtless ones, and he strutted as though he had done something smart. When he spoke to me again, with another taunt, I asked him to mind his own business; and then he twitted me of being the child of a drunkard! O, mother—it is well that you obtained that solemn pledge

from me. Had it not been for the promise I had given you, I think I should have maimed Mark Larrabee for life."

"Then," said the widow, taking the hand of her son, and pressing it to her lips, "you have reason to thank God that you were restrained. It is better as it is, Andy. I know it is hard; but—look there, my son."

She pointed to a picture which hung against the wall. It was an engraving, in a black frame, and its story was this: Jesus Christ, almost naked, with cruel thorns about his brow, bending beneath the weight of a ponderous cross, was scourged and hoisted at by the unfeeling crowd that followed at his heels.

"So suffered the Son of God," pronounced the widow. "It is hard, my son—very hard; but do not yet despair."

"I don't despair," returned Andy; "though I often wish that I might die."

"Die, Andy!"

"I don't mean die and leave you, mother.—But—it's too bad. I wish I could find something better to do. Mark Larrabee is going into a great store in the city; he is going in with Mr. Philip Brown, who owns the large mills on the river. Larrabee got the chance because he had friends, and because his folks have money."

Mrs. Patterson spoke such words of comfort and cheer as she could command, and after a while her son became calm and reconciled; and then an hour was spent in studying. The widow was a good scholar, and her poor children had learned far more from her instruction than many children of the same age had learned at the common school.

When the spring opened Andy got a chance to work on a neighbor's farm at twelve dollars a month; and there he remained till the crops were harvested in autumn. Once or twice during the summer Mark Larrabee came home from the city on a visit. He was dressed very finely, and wore kid gloves, and carried a cane, and smoked cigars, and drank brandy and water at the hotel; and when he met Andy Patterson he turned up his nose as though he had encountered something unclean.

When the cold winter came again Andy left the farmer's, and went home; but he was not idle. He sawed wood in the village, thus earning enough to support the needy ones; and sometimes he felt able to purchase little dainties for his mother and sisters.

Spring came again, and Andy was seventeen years old. He was small of his age, and slight of his frame; but his health was good, and his constitution strong. One evening, in the early part of April, just after the sun had gone down, and while the family in the humble cot were eating supper, a cry for help was heard from the road. Andy ran out, and found that the stage had got stuck in a mudhole, and that one of the wheels had been broken. One of the passengers was in a great hurry to reach the village, as he intended to take a private team and ride over to the woolen mills that evening. He could walk to the hotel very easily, but how should he get his trunk along?

"Here is Andy," said the driver,—"he'll wheel your trunk up."

"Certainly," replied our hero, in a prompt, cheerful tone; "I'll do it with pleasure."

"Do it," said the driver, "and I'll pay you."

"I guess there won't be much to pay, sir."

And thus speaking Andy ran off, and soon returned with his barrow, upon which the trunk was fixed by its owner.

The gentleman who owned the trunk, and who walked by Andy's side as he trudged on with his load, was a kindly looking, middle-aged man, whose ruling characteristic seemed to be—good sense. He entered into conversation with the youth, and was not long in finding out how matters stood with him. And then he conversed upon general topics, such as might come within the scope of the boy's understanding.

"But," said the man, as they stopped a moment to rest, "do you tell me that you have never attended school?"

"Not since my father died."

"But you have some one to teach you."

"Ah, sir,—I have a good, kind mother—God bless her! She teaches me!"

The daylight was fading; but there was a glimmering in the sunset horizon, and as the face of the boy was turned that way, it was easy to see the bright tear-drop that rolled down his cheek. He picked up the barrow once more, and trudged on, and at length they reached the tavern in the village. When the trunk had been taken off, the gentleman took out his pocket-book, and handed to Andy a bank-note.

"Here's a dollar, my boy. That will pay you, won't it?"

"O, sir—it's too much."

"I guess you can find a use for it. At any rate, I am satisfied, if you are."

Andy thanked the gentleman from the bottom of his soul, and his tones of tremulous gratitude plainly showed, and then turned his steps homeward.

"What is it, my son?"

"A dollar, mother. See."

The widow took the bank note, and as she examined it by the light of the candle, she uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"What did you say it was, Andy?"

"A dollar."

"There must be some mistake. It is a ten dollar note."

"The gentleman told me he gave me a dollar."

"Ah," said the widow, "I see how he made the mistake. Look? he only saw that figure."

It was simple. The upper right-hand corner of the bill, where the "10" had been mutilated just enough to entirely remove the cypher, so that only the figure "1" was left. The gentleman had only noticed this figure, and had supposed that he was giving away a one dollar bill.

"What will you do, my son?"

"I will carry it back at once."

"You have no desire to keep it?"

"Mercy! I would sooner die!"

"Bless you, my boy! Go and do as you have said."

Andy had some few chores to do, and when they were done he went to the village, but the gentleman was not at the tavern. The old stage-driver was there, however, and to him Andy told his story.

"Why didn't you keep it, Andy? You are poor, and that man is rich."

"Keep it!" repeated the boy, straightening himself to the proudest height. "I'd rather burrow in the ground, with hares and foxes, and live on roots, than do such a thing, John Alden. I may be poor, but God knows I am not a villain. You will see the man. Give him this, and tell him if he has a mind to send me a dollar, he may do so. If I do not misjudge him, I think he would rather send me the dollar than not."

"By the glory!" cried stout John Alden, clapping the boy upon the shoulder, "you're a pattern. You're true blue. You're honest, Andy. Ah, there's the supper bell. I'll do the errand, and bring you an answer."

As Andy Patterson left the tavern, he met Mark Larrabee upon the sidewalk, but Mark did not look as he had looked a few months before. His clothes were not so spruce, and his head was not carried so high.

Andy stopped in at the post-office, where he heard two men talking.

"Mark Larrabee has lost his place, I hear," said one.

"Yes," replied the other. "He got into rather rough ways. In fact, he was dishonest. I heard of his making one pull of a hundred dollars."

"Why didn't they prosecute him?"

"His father fixed it up by paying the money."

"Well, his father may save him this time, but I don't believe they can make an honest man of him."

As Andy walked home, he wondered how a boy could do such a thing as steal money. He wondered at it very much as the healthy, normal man wonders at the infatuation of the suicide.

On the following day, towards the middle of the forenoon, while Andy was at work in the shed, his mother came and informed him that a gentleman wished to see him. Our hero went into the house, where he found the man for whom he had wheeled the trunk on the previous evening.

"My boy," the man said, in an off-hand, easy manner, "the stage-driver gave me the bank-note you handed him; and I have been thinking, while walking down here, that some kind spirit must have torn off the corner of that bill for our especial benefit. I supposed it was a one-dollar bill when I gave it to you; and I certainly should never have known to the contrary if you had not returned it." However, it has led to a little prospect of business. From what I saw of you last evening, and from what John Alden has told me, in connection with this bank-note affair, I am inclined to the opinion that I want you to help me. My name is Philip Brown. I own a store in this city, and I own the woolen mills in the adjoining town. A year ago I took Mark Larrabee into my employ, but he did not suit me exactly. Will you go with me?"

Andy looked down at his poor clothes.

"You shall have garments suitable to the change. Will you go?"

Andy looked around upon his mother.

"Yes, my son," she said. "The man who seeks for honest merit as this man has sought for it, recognizing the jewel even in this lowly station, must himself be honest and upright; and with such I joyfully trust you."

And Andy Patterson went with the merchant, whom he served so faithfully and well that, at the end of a year, he was placed in a position of great responsibility, and his wages were increased to such a sum that he was able to place his mother and sisters in a better home.

But Andy's preferment was not particularly out of friendship to himself. He rose upon his own sterling merits—rose to be a partner with Philip Brown—rose to be a merchant upon his own capital—rose to fill posts of honor and trust for his country. Should I call him by another name, thousands would recognize him.

Who was Andy's Friend? The reader will say he had several of them. Perhaps he had. His mother was his dearest earthly friend; and yet, in those times when she sought to save him from evil, she had pointed him to a Friend who could care for both mother and child. Aye—even at this day, in his home of wealth, Andy preserves a time-worn, faded picture, in a black frame—a picture of One bearing a cross, toiling beneath the burden, scourged and spit upon, with drops of blood starting from his thorn-pierced brow. And the picture has a lesson for him yet. Ah—a lesson for us all, while life is ours!

**Jeffries' Thousand Sayings.**

451. The person we generally love the most is the one we see in the mirror.

452. The more ignorant some of us are, the more will we try to make the people believe we are wise.

453. There are many professors who are not half so sorry for the sins they have committed as those they can no longer commit.

454. Every man that finds a nest of golden eggs should be allowed to cackle over them.

455. No people are capable of self-government who will first count the cost of liberties.

456. Great and good men are the common property of mankind, as all nations have a share in the wealth of their intellects.

457. In arguing with a fool you throw away both your learning and eloquence.

458. Every fashion that is useful improvement should be adopted.

459. To kill one man because he has killed another is the law of vengeance, but the law of God says as much to the jury as it does to the assassin—Thou shalt not kill.

460. The man that has become enamored of himself has chosen a fool for a lover.

461. Good lawyers, like good ministers, are the salt of nation; but a one-horse lawyer is a nuisance in any community.

462. As marriage was not designed for infants, children should not be allowed to pop question before they are weaned.

463. It is wrong to meet out justice according to the wealth or poverty of the offender.

464. A man's worth consists in his virtue and not in his dollars and cents.

465. Beauty adorned in the flowers of virtue is more lovely than that arrayed in the jewels of Golconda.

466. The bad mechanic will always condemn his material.

467. There are some professors so spiritually-minded that they seldom ever draw a sober breath.

468. We should pen our injuries in the snow, but our benefits in brass.

469. He that pours in his rum pours out his reason.

470. The man that provides not in summer must want in winter.

471. We should never mourn for that we cannot have.

472. A dollar in the hand is worth two in the ledger.

473. None of us should be idle, the hen with one chicken is as busy as the one with twelve.

474. The most poisonous and deadly worm in the community is the worm of the still.

475. To know that we are welcome is as good as a feast.

It is remarked that if women are angels, it is a great pity that so many angels' wings are clipped.

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

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

**Little-or-Nothings.**

A civet-cat should be a good hunter; she never loses her scent.

What did Lot do when his wife turned to salt? Got a fresh one.

Neglected hours, like neglected women, are sure to avenge themselves.

Truth's supreme revelations come in sorrow to men, and in war to nations.

'Tis sweet for love to pay its debt, but sweeter for love to give its gift.

There is room for many things in this large world of God's, but none for vacuums.

Don't believe in any aristocracy without pluck at its backbone.

There are terrible trials from which the feeble come out infamous, and the strong sublime.

There are a great many men of tried inability and convicted deficiency.

God needs to be surelier God to bear with us than even to have made us.

We may safely waive just so much care of ourselves as we honestly bestow elsewhere.

Every man is wanted, but no man is wanted much. We come for condiments, not for corn.

If a man has but one eye, let him get a wife, and she will be his other I.

Silence is the best remedy for anger. If you say nothing, you will have nothing to unsay.

The good can welcome the cold embrace of day as smilingly as if it were the last grasp of love.

It is said that the pig ran away from the butcher because he had heard that prevention is better than cure.

Women should remember that men would often ring their pretty fingers only to wring their tender hearts.

Let us be patient. A conflagration would no doubt cause a dawn, but better wait for the break of day.

The husband who devoured his wife with kisses, found afterward that she disagreed with him.

The young fellow who makes engagements with the ladies only to break them is a beau of promise.

The artificial register of a man's voice above its natural compass is like a sham fight—it is a false-set-to.

Salutary laws to prolong the life time of peace have been wrought out of wrath by the sword.

We sometimes make our virtues from our worn-out sins, but they smack of what they are made of.

Many calumnies are injurious even after they are refuted. Like Spanish flies, they sting when alive and blister when dead.

Walk in what direction you please, you will find that a firm foothold and a strong hand have preceded yours.

Some people stand stock still till the moss grows on them, and then, self admired, cry out, how verdant and virtuous!

There are faults slight in the sight of love, errors small in the estimate of wisdom; but truth forgives no insult.

The word *politic* is a satire on government. It has for ages signified *cunning*, intimating that the state is a trick.

The noses of the Romans are no longer Roman. The nasal bridges of the people have declined with the fall of the Emperor.

Old books, as we all know, are extravagantly eulogized, but they are books of the world's youth, whilst new books are the fruit of its age.

Better too few words from the woman we love, than too many; while she is silent, Nature is working for her; while she talks, she is working for herself.

If a sad widow has a fascinating admirer, there are generally pin-hole in the night of her despair, through which a ray of hope can find its way to him.