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Select Poetry.

THE SOLDIER'S BURIAL.

Where shall we lay our comrade down?
 Where shall the brave one sleep?
 The battle's past, the victory won,
 Now we have time to weep!
 Bury him on the mountain's brow,
 When he fought so well;
 Bury him where the laurels grow—
 There he bravely fell!
 There lay him in his generous blood,
 For there first comes the light
 When mornings earliest breaks the cloud,
 And lingers last at night!
 When though no flow'ret there may bloom
 To scent the chilly air,
 The sky shall stoop to wrap his tomb,
 The stars will watch him there.
 What though no stone may mark his grave,
 Yet fame shall tell his race,
 Where sleeps the one so kind, so brave,
 And God will find the place.
 Bury him on the mountain's brow,
 Where he fought so well;
 Bury him where the laurels grow—
 There he bravely fell!

A Good Story.

THE FATAL STEP.

BY MARY E. LEE.

"Of all the sad words of tongue and pen,
 The saddest are these—it might have been."
 In the valley of Mohawk, about forty miles
 from its source, stands a large old-fashioned
 house whose weather-scathed walls seem long
 to have withstood the actions of the elements.
 A date graven on a corner stone of the under-
 pinning points far back to the commencement
 of the revolution as the era of its origin, which
 statement the antique style of the superstructure
 fully corroborates. At the foot of an exten-
 sive lawn in front flows the quiet river whose
 peaceful waters have long since ceased to mirror
 the plumes and tomahawks of the warlike
 tribe whose name it bears. Far to the south,
 looming up in cloud-wreathed grandeur, rise
 the terminating peaks of the Catskill range,
 while on either hand extends a luxuriant plain
 studded with neat farm-houses and grazing
 herds of cattle, all bespeaking quietude and
 comfort. Thus beautiful by nature, and no less
 by art and affection, were rendered the scenes
 of Walter Leland's boyhood days.
 The pride of the home circle and the delight
 of his companions, Walter never lacked the
 tender assidues of one, nor the cordial, heart-
 felt greetings of the other. If a skating or
 coasting party was started, he must be at the
 head of it;—if a fishing party proposed, no
 one but Walter could take the lead; in fact,
 he was the life of every circle, and a favorite
 with all who knew him.
 If any one was in trouble and it was in his
 power to lend a helping hand, the opportunity
 would never be allowed to pass unimproved,
 although it might cost some self-denial on his
 part; ever noble hearted and generous almost
 to a fault, it was not surprising that he was
 beloved by every one.
 And yet with many good qualifications there
 was one great failing,—he was too easily influ-
 enced, often yielding to the wishes and opin-
 ions of others when he should have had a mind
 of his own. Full well the temper knew his
 vulnerable point, and assailed him there in an
 evil hour, when the promptings of his better
 nature were no match for the legion hosts of
 evil persuading.
 In the winter of his seventeenth year a select
 school was organized at a village about
 half a mile distant. Walter had heretofore
 enjoyed good common school privileges, and
 his parents now thought best to avail them-
 selves of an opportunity to give him a more
 advanced education. Accordingly he was en-
 rolled as one of the pupils, and being a bright
 scholar and fond of study, soon won the appro-
 bation and regard of his teacher.
 At the commencement of the second week a
 new scholar appeared by the name of Robert
 Mason, an intelligent, fine looking boy of eigh-
 teen; he was, however, wild and impetuous,
 and for the past few years of his life had not
 been accustomed to the best of his associates.
 The temptations of the city, where he had al-
 ways resided until this time, had proved too
 much for his powers of resistance, and when
 but a mere boy he had learned to love the wine-
 cup.
 Robert and Walter were very soon acquaint-
 ances, and from acquaintances became fast
 friends. There was much attractive in both,
 for in many points of character they were sim-

ilar, and yet in others as widely different;—the
 former being artful and intriguing, while Wal-
 ter, unaccustomed to schemes of evil, seldom
 suspected it in others.
 One day as he was leaving the school-room,
 his friend invited him to spend the next night
 at his boarding place.
 Walter thanked him, and promised that he
 would if his mother consented.
 Upon reaching home he proceeded directly
 to the sitting room to look for his mother as
 usual, and tell her the little experiences of
 the day; he found her busily engaged in the
 family sewing. Without scarcely waiting to
 take off his hat he lay aside his books, he said—
 "Mother, may I stay with Bob Mason to-
 morrow night?"
 "I should think, my son, that it would be
 far more proper to ask him home with you first;
 besides, I am very desirous of seeing this friend
 for whom you profess such a warm attach-
 ment."
 "You would like him, mother; no one could
 help liking him; he's as whole-souled a fellow
 as ever lived."
 "I am certainly very much prejudiced in his
 favor from your description, and trust that he
 is all that you think him to be."
 "I know Bob will be disappointed if I don't
 go to-morrow night."
 "Oh, I have no particular objections to your
 going, Walter; I only suggested the propriety
 of here visiting here first."
 "I will do just as you say," replied the du-
 tiful son, fearing that he was urging a consent
 beyond his mother's wishes.
 "You may accept the invitation, and next
 week I would like you to invite Robert here."
 "Yes, I will, and we shall have capital fun,
 for it's good skating on the branch."
 It was ever with the deepest solicitude that
 Mrs. Leland watched over her only son, for she
 foresaw the temptations to which his peculiar
 temperament would render him liable. Oh!
 who can number the earnest prayers, or mea-
 sure the untiring watchfulness of a pious
 mother? and sad is it to know that they should
 ever be forgotten when the boy, merging from
 the sunny paths of childhood, takes his place
 from among the moving throng of actors in
 life's great arena.
 The next night, according to promise, Wal-
 ter remained with his friend, and after tea the
 latter proposed that they should take a short
 walk.
 "But we must learn our lessons for to-mor-
 row, first," replied Walter; "don't you study
 evenings?"
 "Yes, sometimes, but not to-night."
 "Why not?"
 "Because I have company, and don't consid-
 er it polite to mope over books under such cir-
 cumstances."
 "But you mustn't allow yourself to fall in
 to-morrow's recitations on my account."
 "Never mind about that; I shall slip through
 some way; come on; you can study enough
 after we get back. I say take a little comfort
 as we go along."
 Walter knew that Algebra problems for the
 next day were difficult, and that they ought to
 be studying, but he was the guest and supposed
 he must submit to being entertained, whether
 lessons were learned or not.
 About ten minutes walk from Robert's
 boarding place was a kind of restaurant and
 oyster saloon, which answered several purposes,
 and thither he conducted his friend.
 "What are you going to do here?" inquired
 the latter.
 "Why, get some oysters of course, aren't you
 fond of them?"
 "Yes, very."
 Walter glanced around the apartment as they
 entered with a good deal of curiosity, for al-
 though he had passed there several times, he
 had never before stepped over the threshold.
 And not at all did he like the appearance of
 the lounging occupants, some of whom were
 smoking cigars over games of whist and euchre,
 while others related the most incredulous stories
 to groups of gaping, bloated-faced listeners,
 evidently astonished themselves at their powers
 of retailing baseless scandal. But his atten-
 tion was soon directed to the oysters, of which
 Robert had ordered a generous supply, and the
 merits of which were very soon discussed.
 "Now for something to drink," said he, ad-
 dressing the waiter.
 "Yes, sir, what will you have?"
 "Oh, something a little stronger than water,
 to keep oysters down;" was the reply, casting
 a furtive glance at Walter.
 "For two?"
 "Yes, of course."

"None for me," said Walter, turning towards
 the door.
 "Why, certainly," replied the other; "do
 you suppose that I am mean enough to drink
 alone?"
 "You drink alone if at all."
 "Pshaw! I'd like to know the harm of tak-
 ing a single glass."
 "The harm is this,—I might acquire a taste
 that has proved the ruin of thousands."
 "Pretty well said, for the first time," sneer-
 ed a bystander; "come, boys, here's a young
 temperance lecturer just feathered out, let's
 get him on the stump and give him three
 cheers!"
 Upon this the rabble gathered round, and
 poor Walter heard nothing but taunts and jeers
 upon every side. One accused him of coward-
 ice, and another said he was afraid of breaking
 his mother's apron-string, while a third passed
 him a chair, saying that he looked as if some-
 thing to lean against would be acceptable.
 Walter entertained a sensitive horror of be-
 ing made a laughing stock, and almost decided
 to take just that one glass, and thereby prevent
 any more words.
 Robert, who was watching him closely, saw
 that he wavered, and improved his opportuni-
 ty.
 "Come," said he, "this is capital; just try
 it; what's the use of being afraid?"
 "I'll wager five dollars," said a voice near
 by, "that he doesn't touch it; he's afraid that
 his head will take to describing circles!"
 Walter raised the glass to his lips and hesi-
 tated.
 "That's right," said one; "hold on a minute
 —you must make your will first, for who can
 tell what the effect may be!"
 He paused only an instant longer;—the ex-
 citement of the hour, together with the fumes
 of the intoxicating drinks, were overpowering,
 and the proffered cup was drained to its dregs!
 Oh! fatal step! and yet it was only one
 among many that are daily taken—one among
 many that almost hourly swell the dread ac-
 count that must stand against the great reckon-
 ing day!
 It is needless to follow the erring wanderer
 through each successive step in the downward
 scale of evil; for his history is only that of
 thousands who lack sufficient strength of prin-
 ciple to refuse the first glass. Little had he
 thought of yielding to the first temptation, and
 as sure was he of resisting the next, and the
 next—until repeated failures taught him his
 own weakness. The eddying whirlpool was
 drawing him in, while every "next time" he
 resolved to be free; but the chances of escape
 were fast lessening, and more and more swiftly
 flowed the dangerous current that had already
 wrecked myriad numbers on the shoals and
 quicksands beneath!
 A few short years passed by, and Walter Le-
 land saw that his character, once so fair and
 unimpaired, was gone! no one would trust him
 —no one seemed to care for him, except the
 dear ones at home, who still plead earnestly
 and tearfully for the stray lamb of the field.
 Tired of life and wearied of scenes that re-
 minded him of his once innocent boyhood, he
 bade adieu to all his heart-held dear, hoping
 to drown sad recollections in the novelties of a
 stranger land.
 Young couples, if they are wise, will not
 devote their whole honeymoon to merely amus-
 ing and carressing each other. Let them re-
 member the pastry-cook, who, when his ap-
 prentices first came, always gave them a sur-
 feit of pies to insure their subsequent indif-
 ference.
 For ten years he wandered self-exiled and
 alone, a withering curse still clinging like a
 shadow to him, deeper and deeper he drank to
 stifle the pangs of conscience; then in sober
 moments would come a mother's voice in mourn-
 ful cadence, begging him to leave the path of
 vice. At length he could endure it no longer,
 and with a light purse and a heavy heart start-
 ed for the land of his birth. He had occasion-
 ally written home, but in consequence of roving
 about from place to place, letters from there
 seldom reached him; and it was now two years
 since he had heard any thing at all. The day
 on which he arrived was a calm and cloudless
 one in the latter part of spring, and never did
 the Mohawk valley look more enchantingly
 beautiful. Few changes had taken place in
 the outward appearance of the old homestead;
 and as he beheld it again after a long absence,
 it seemed almost as if he was a boy once more,
 and his past life only a troubled dream.
 He knocked at the front door and was admit-
 ted by a stranger. Upon enquiring for Mr.
 Leland he was admitted into the sitting room,
 where the old gentleman sat reading. Walter

saw at once that he was not recognized, and
 advanced to make himself known.
 "Father, have you forgotten your only son?"
 The old man looked for a moment, and then
 grasped his hand, exclaiming—
 "Walter! can it be that my prayer is answer-
 ed?"
 "I trust so; but where is mother?"
 "She is dead, my son; we laid her in the
 church-yard three months ago."
 "O, God!" exclaimed the heart-broken man,
 "is not my cup of anguish full!" and he bow-
 ed his head and wept as he had never done before.
 He remembered her kindness, her gentle-
 ness and love, and the poor return made for
 all,—how she had warned and intreated him
 to consider well the path he was treading,—
 and then of the many times he had lisped his
 evening prayer beside that mother's knee, till
 it seemed as if the remorse of a whole life-time
 was centered in that hour!
 As the shades of twilight drew on, he bent
 his steps to the newly made mound in the lone
 church-yard, and there in true penitence offer-
 ed the first prayer that has passed his lips for
 many years. He knew that the better of his
 life was gone, and the remainder seemed almost
 a worthless consecration, but the unconditional
 promises, "Whoever will, let him partake of
 the waters of life freely," proved a strong hold
 for his new-born spirit, and he faltered no
 longer.
HERO WORSHIP.
 Carlyle defends himself with great modesty
 for taking up the subject Heroes and Hero
 worship by saying "Great men taken up in any
 way are profitable company."
 In spite of all the sham reviewers of his lec-
 tures on this subject, and the vulgar saying
 that no man is a Hero to his own valet," it
 would not be difficult to show that there is a
 natural principle of reverence for some great
 men in human nature.
 The child, whose nature is unbent by any
 straight jacket educational forms, shows it in
 many ways. He looks up to his parent as the
 greatest of all beings, inferior, only, to the gi-
 ant and bugbears of nursery tales; he trusts
 implicitly in his power and wisdom, believing
 that he can do all things.
 A mother told her little boy of the great God
 in the sky who thundered; of the kind God
 who loved little children and would take them
 to Heaven if they were good. The little fel-
 low looked up with sparkling eyes and said,
 "Father will carry me to Heaven if I am good."
 Are not traits of this kind, coming from the
 youngest prattlers, proof that there is in them
 a natural budding of reverence for whoever is
 greatest? And does he ever lack a fit subject
 for this feeling?
 As the child grows older, the influence of
 some pedagogue is superadded with ferule and
 rod, more potent to command respect, than were
 ever Jove thundering in might, or the will of
 the all-ruling fate.
 These characters are moreover overpowering to
 his comprehension. He can never be their
 equal. The boys who excel at marbles, goal
 or ball, are looked upon in nearly the same light,
 and soon he begins to regard them as crowned
 heroes. He may possibly be, such himself, if
 he will but wait and work.
 When his ideas expand, the number that
 he can find worthy of worship is undiminish-
 ed; the boy who had been on a long journey,
 the one who had been to the circus, one who
 has rode a spirited horse, or been to a hocus
 pocus performance, or one who can swear
 smoke, or chew tobacco, range themselves on
 the peaks of his Olympus, and when one
 or all of these cease to command his homage,
 the lad with the spending money, the bully,
 the bragging stage-driver, take form and shape,
 and stalk forth into the foreground, boldly
 take their places. These, again, yield to others,
 fully equal to them in his enlarging views, who
 in varied succession call to him to fall down
 and worship. Thus far nature goes.
 Education is but little more than placing
 before the mature minds worthier objects of
 worship.
 The ancients regarded Saturn, the sire of all
 the Gods, as the one who planned and ruled
 their Golden Age in a manner worthiest of
 the olden times. A nineteenth century man
 is educated in the belief that the divinity of
 his worship should be practical, every day
 Golden Age, taking form as an honored old
 man with gold headed cane, full wine cellars,
 gilt carving, armorial devices, and his very
 image wherever seen, acknowledged by willing
 offerings of bowing, scraping, and bared heads.
 Is it not well so? To speak with reverence
 of great men, to whatever age they belong; to

erect universities dedicated to their merits, is
 it not worthy true men? We think so. How
 much of contemporary work which soon be-
 comes classic, is thus called forth. And that
 we, too, may record our name upon the golden
 tablet, how it cheers us on in the rugged path-
 way of life. Then let us not deny Hero wor-
 ship, but carefully educate the human mind to
 the worship that is worthiest.

Little-or-Nothings.

The strongest words are generally the often-
 est broken."

There is no fear that a man of skull can't
 scull himself over the sea of life.

The beautiful is as useful as the useful;
 perhaps more so.

Hope, the last resource of the miserable,
 comes to all but the damned and the sicksea.

A smart young woman can judge by a kias
 of the quality of her lover's liquor.

Little squalls don't upset the lover's boat;
 they drive it all the faster to port.

The book of a growling, snarling, snapping
 author may very properly be dog's-eared.

Those blockheads who are always itching to
 write should be scratched with thorn and briar
 bushes.

An old maid sometimes bites her lips in rage
 at finding that nobody wants to bite them in
 love.

Seem as you are. When you are simply com-
 fortable don't pretend to be tremendously hap-
 py

Do not wait supinely for opportunity to come
 to you, but go and seek her in the highways
 and hedges.

A man's wife often gives him all the moral
 strength he has. She is at once his rib and
 his backbone.

The best way of raising money is by the
 lever of industry. The griping miser raises
 his by screwpower

People have so often picked crows with each
 other that it seems strange there is a feathered
 raven left in the woods.

When annoyed half to death by an everlast-
 ing talker, we scarcely know which is the worse,
 a footpad or a tonguepad

A lady who has lost all her teeth on one side,
 should take care not to laugh out of the wrong
 side of her mouth.

Perhaps moles were originally men, and be-
 came what they are from continually burrow-
 ing under ground, as many men do in our day.

If a fellow has an ugly club foot and a hand-
 some wooden one, what is he to do when told
 to put his best foot forward?

Somebody says that a pun has nothing in it.
 No more has soda water; its attraction consists
 in its effervescence and volatility.

Our tokens of compliment and love are for
 the most part barbarous. Rings and other
 jewels are not gifts, but apologies for gifts.

The world is in a state of bankruptcy; the
 world owes the world more than the world can
 pay, and ought to go into chancery and be sold.

Because you can't get all you want, don't
 neglect what you can get. Squeeze out of
 the world all the juice there is in it.

A woman out west, describing her run-away
 husband, says: "Daniel may be known by a
 scar on his nose, where I scratched him."
 We think Dan did well to run away.

Do your duty, however dangerous. Death
 comes to all, and the world does not need your
 bodily presence so much as it does your moral
 heroism.

The simplest thing turn out to be unfathom-
 able mysteries; the most mysterious appearances
 prove to be the most commonplace objects in
 disguise.

Life is adjusted to the wants of the stronger
 sex. There are many torrents to be crossed in
 its journey, but their stepping stones are
 measured by the stride of man, not woman.

Jupiter made a wound upon his head to let
 Minerva, the goddess of wisdom, find her way
 out, and ever since many mortals have thought
 it necessary to scratch their heads to enable a
 wise idea to escape.