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## Select Poetry.

### SONG OF THE SORROWFUL.

BY ANDREW DOWNING.

I am sad, and I am lonely—  
 O'er the long lone path I tread,  
 Clouds and darkness hover only;  
 O! I would that I were dead!  
 For the clouds will ne'er be risen,  
 Nor the darkness disappear,  
 Nor the calm blue fields of Heaven.

All the world is dark and dreary,  
 Life's a tedious march at best,  
 And my sad heart, worn and weary,  
 Sighs for peace and longs for rest.  
 Hope and joy have fled forever,  
 Love lies low with bleeding wing;  
 By my pathway never, never  
 Pleasure's wild flowers will up spring.

O! the Past was bright and pleasant,  
 But the Future cannot be;  
 And the waters of the Present  
 Leave the vale of misery.  
 All around is darkness only—  
 All around the path I tread;  
 I am sad and I am lonely,  
 O! I would that I were dead!

## A Good Story.

### PRIDE;

OR,

### THE FOLLY OF BEING TOO HASTY.

BY MRS. W. L. BERRY.

"Do you really mean it, Fred?"  
 "Mean what, Charles?"  
 "To again propose to Miss Percy Pierce."  
 "I do, indeed—and that, too, this very evening. I have sent her a note informing her that she may expect me this evening at seven o'clock."  
 "Well, Fred, take my advice and you will not do it."  
 "For what reason?"  
 "For several; among which are these. In the first place you have proposed twice and she has refused, which is sufficient why I would not try again. Then I do not think she is worthy of you, which I am sure is a very good reason; besides, I do not think she is all she pretends to be."  
 "Stay, Charles, you have said enough. Do not insult me by saying that she is not all that she pretends to be. She is a perfect model of a female virtue, honor and beauty. Why not worthy of me? Is she not perfect in all the various accomplishments pertaining to a lady? But she is rich—would to God she were not, or that I had riches and honor to lay at her feet; she might then look more favorably upon me. But because I have proposed twice is no reason why I should not do so again. Charles, do you mind the great lawsuit that has just been decided in your father's favor? He lost it the first time, and the second time; but did not the third time put him in possession of six thousand dollars? Why did he not, after the first decision of the court, give up all hope of recovering what he thought was his just due?"  
 "Because he knew he was in the right; he knew he had been wrongfully used, and sought justice of the law."  
 "Well, I know I am in the right. I know I love her, and, in spite of two refusals, have reason to believe that she loves me; and if we were upon equal standing in society, she would accept my offer immediately. I'll try once more, and if then refused, Charles, good-bye."  
 "You say that if you were her equal in society you have every reason to believe she would accept your offer! Why does she not now, if she loves you?"  
 "Pride, which often governs woman's better feelings; but once more I am determined to see her, and see if she will not look more favorably upon me."  
 "And you say you have reason to believe she loves you; what makes you think so?"  
 "I need not tell you, Charles, that it was she that first sought in my society. You are aware of that!"  
 "I am."  
 "You know I never went much into society with her on account of late bereavement in the family. But, while visiting her, she was all kindness and tenderness towards me; every look, every word told plainly that she felt strongly for me. She is young, so am I; and when I asked her if she loved me well enough to become my wife in three years, she took my hand and told me no, burst into tears and left the room. This was six months ago. Three months ago she again invited me to call upon her; again I asked her the same question with the same success; and the same depth of feel-

ing was shown as in the former occasion. Two weeks ago she again requested my company.— I visited her; she was cheerful and appeared happy. I did not broach the subject nearest to my heart on that occasion; and, as I left her that evening, she warmly pressed my hand and told me she hoped that she would not have to bid me call again. A few evenings afterwards I met her in company; she showed great indifference towards me, but still she was not partial to any of the rest. Charles, I scruple not in saying that she loves me; but pride often conquers the strongest love; for she is a descendant of an old and aristocratic family, while I am naught but a poor unknown youth, eagerly striving to gain a proud position among society."  
 "And you will gain it, there is no doubt, Fred. The United States senate constrains a seat for you, and are making giant strides towards filling it. When is it you appear before the public with that oration; what is the subject?"  
 "Columbia, the Child of Britannia."  
 "Ah! that is it, and I prophecy a great success for you; it will be your first road to fame. Now, if you are determined to again propose to her, why not wait for a time until you have gained a certain position in society; when she sees that you are rising hastily before the world, she will plainly see that you are going to gain a proud distinction; she will then eagerly accept your offer. Does she know that you appear before the world with that oration?"  
 "No, and I do not wish her to know it until after I have had an interview with her."  
 "Why not?"  
 "Because I wish to gain her if possible before I gain public applause; if she refuses me this time, I'll bid adieu to her and all woman-kind."  
 "If wealth and position should afterwards become yours, would you not go back to her and again press your suit?"  
 "No! this will be my last effort, although it will not banish my love for her, for that is as firmly fixed as the stars; and as long as heart beats, or pulse throbs, I shall love her; but the pride that now governs her love will then restrain me from drawing near her."  
 "Then I see that pride will be the cause of sacrificing both your affections. Fred, if you value your future happiness, cast your pride away. Refrain from again seeing her for one year, and then you will have the height of your ambition gratified."  
 "Charles, is it as I say; I will gain her consent to share my future fortune while I am yet humble, or never. Let me see, it is getting late; and as my business requires my attention, I will bid you good-bye."  
 "Farewell, Fred, and I do most heartily wish you success; but would rather you would follow my suggestion."  
 "Tis impossible." And they parted.  
 Fred was yet a youth, not having gained his majority. He was a noble specimen of the male sex, not what most people would call exceedingly handsome, but still he was attractive. There was something about the noble brow and expressive eye which told plainly of a beautiful internal nature and great strength of mind. He was possessed of superior talents, and was fitting himself for the bar. He had been long noted in the lyceum, to which he belonged, for his superior powers of eloquence. It had been proposed to him by the members of the lyceum to deliver a lecture for their benefit. He at first strongly objected, but was finely persuaded to comply with their request, and immediately set himself about preparing it; and "Columbia, the Child of Britannia" was his theme. In three days he was to make his debut before the public as a lecturer.  
 He had been acquainted with Miss Pierce six months, and, as you are aware, during that time he had twice asked her to become his when he could appear before her every way worthy and equal to her. His success you are aware of. He was determined to once more press his suit before he had gained any public applause. If she refused him this time he was determined to bid adieu to her forever.  
 The time appointed for his visit was now at hand, and he made way towards the most aristocratic part of the city. He came to a large and noble-looking mansion, whose exterior told plainly of the interior; and this was the home of Miss Percy Pierce. She was a beautiful girl; she had, some ten months since, been bereaved of a kind and indulgent father, whom she most tenderly loved; her mother had died while she was but an infant. Her father had been extensively engaged in the mercantile business, and some years before had retired with

an immense fortune, but did not long survive his retirement.  
 A fierce disease laid him low and proved fatal to him. He left his entire fortune to Percy, his only child. An aunt that had lived with them since the death of Percy's mother still remained and superintended the household.— That Percy loved Fred there was no doubt; but pride, which had been born and cultivated in her, restrained her from complying with the dictates of her heart. Had Fred been wealthy, or had he held a position in society that he was soon to do, she would at once have accepted him; or, had Fred taken the advice of his friend, and waited a certain length of time before he again proposed to her, years of unhappiness would have been saved them both; but pride held a conspicuous place in his as well as her better nature.  
 He ascended the marble steps and rang the bell; the door was immediately opened by the old porter. Fred was told to go directly to Percy's parlor; thither he went, and found her alone. She arose from her seat and warmly welcomed him. If Fred had thought her beautiful before, he thought her lovely now; a half melancholy smile illuminated her handsome features; her complexion was light; her hair hung in golden ringlets down her alabaster neck and shoulders; her eyes were of a clear, mild blue, shaded with long light lashes.  
 They both stood a moment silent; their eyes met, and from that glance each read the love of the other. He led her to a seat and seated himself by her side; then he again told her the tale of his love, and again asked her to become his. He waited for an answer; she became terribly agitated; she trembled like an aspen leaf; great tears, like pearls, gushed from out her eyes and flowed down her lovely cheek. He, too, gave way to his feelings, and mingled his tears with hers. They sat thus a moment, when she arose, and, without saying a word, left the room.  
 Fred sat as though entranced after her departure. Presently the door opened, but, instead of Percy returning, a card was handed to him, upon which was written—"Tis impossible."— Without further delay he prepared to leave; and, as he was opening the door she again came up to him. "Fred?" she said. "Percy, farewell?" said he, and he hurried out. He returned home, and there found his friend Charles awaiting him.  
 "What success, Fred?"  
 "Do not ask me, Charles."  
 "No, your looks tell plainly of your feelings: she has again refused."  
 "She has; but, Charles, she loves me: I am satisfied of that. I have bid her farewell, and, Charles, I soon do the same to you. Were it not for my engagement Thursday evening, tomorrow evening would find me a day's journey from this place."  
 "You do not mean it."  
 "I positively do; and Friday I will leave this place, and I hold most dear; Charles, excuse me, I would be alone; call and see me in the morning and I will tell you all."  
 Charles immediately withdrew. Fred retired, and sought sweet repose to while away his sorrow. The time passed away, and he had made every preparation necessary for leaving as soon as his lecture engagement was fulfilled.  
 It was Thursday evening; and the large Town Hall was beautifully illuminated and adorned in honor of the young lecturer that was to make his first appearance. At an early hour the hall was filled to excess; and, as the hour of opening drew near, the speaker was called to the stand. As he ascended the rostrum a loud burst of applause welcomed him; on being introduced to the audience he arose and came near the front of the rostrum. Immediately opposite him, upon the front seat, sat Percy. When he first saw her he was slightly embarrassed, but immediately regained his composure and commenced his lecture. And for two hours did that vast audience sit in breathless silence as though entranced, so great, so mighty was his eloquence, and so masterly did he handle his theme.  
 As he closed his discourse and resumed his seat tremendous applause greeted him. Percy was like a marble statue from the beginning to end; in fact, so deeply was she fascinated with his speaking that, even after they had begun to disperse, she sat in mute astonishment, wondering if that could be the Fred she loved so well but dare not own it.  
 The next day Fred bade adieu to his most intimate friends; he also addressed a brief note to Percy, telling her he should always remember her, but being thrice rejected he would never trouble her more. When this was com-

pleted and despatched he sprang aboard the train and was being rapidly carried away from his home, and not until two years had rolled by was he heard again; at that time he addressed a letter to Charles, to whom he briefly told the incidents of his absence. He had gone through his studies, and had been admitted to the bar; was now just elected to a seat in the halls of the legislature. He very meekly inquired after Percy; and concluded by telling his friends to remember him to her.  
 He continued to rise in public opinion for the next five years, when he was chosen to the United States Senate.  
 Percy had indeed been unhappy. Upon receiving his note informing her of his intended departure, she immediately sent a messenger to bring him to her. But alas! she was too late. He had gone. She now thought over her folly, and plainly saw where she had erred. She had many suitors for her hand, but she decidedly refused them all. She lived on during the fifteen years that followed the same that she had during her childhood. But when she became aware of the high position he now filled she was determined to once more see him; and, for that purpose, hastened to the capitol. When the house opened and the spectators were admitted, she was among the first to gain admission, and procured a conspicuous seat. Nearly all the members was present, but among them all she did not see one that bore the resemblance to Fred.  
 Presently a man with a lordly mein passed through the room and took his seat near the front. As her eyes first caught sight of that figure a crimson blush spread over her beautiful face; her brain whirled, and she nearly fainted. She had seen the Fred of her youth; but when the speaker called silence, it aroused her from her peculiar position, and she regained her senses.  
 One after another of the gifted senators arose and argued the point before the house. Presently Fred's commanding figure was seen to rise; he argued long and strongly the question; and, as he was about to resume his seat, he glanced among the spectators, his eyes caught that of Percy's. A word of meaning was in his glance; it caused him to suddenly stop in his argument, and, amid confusion, took his seat.  
 That night while setting in his room, he received a note from her, wishing his presence at her room at the hotel. He simply wrote on the back of the one he received,—"Pride— thrice rejected," and returned it by the same one that brought it.  
 Almost broken-hearted she returned to her home and employed her time in charitable purposes. Fred soon received a foreign mission; he bade adieu to his native land, and went to dwell in foreign court; there he stayed until old age subdued his pride, and he once more sought his native shore, and return to the place he abruptly left years before.  
 Great change had taken place during his absence; all who had been schoolmates of his were either dead or separated to different parts of the world. His old friend Charles, he found, and a happy meeting took place between them. Long did they sit and talk over the incidents of their younger days, but not one word was said about Percy. Fred did not mention her, and Charles would not wound his feelings by referring to her.  
 A week passed since his return, and he was about to leave again. Charles requested him to call that evening, as an old friend was to be there and would like to see him before he again departed. At an early hour Fred was at his friend's door and was met by Charles, who ushered him in to the parlor and closed the door; and, as he passed in, was met face to face with Percy. Neither spoke a word, but Fred clasp her to his bosom. Pride was forgotten then in their old age, and they mingled their tears together over the folly of their youth.  
 An hour passed, but what was said during that time is left, reader, for you to conjecture. Suffice it is for us to say, that Charles was called and he was instructed to summons a minister; and before they again parted they were united in the holy bands of wedlock; the pride of their youth had been conquered, and in their old age received its reward.  
 There are child-like Christians, whose heads are reckoned white with age on earth, but they are called flaxen-haired on high. We call them wrinkled here, but there they call them dimpled. They seem to us to be very dull and still, but the hand of the Almighty rocks their cradles when they cry.  
 Live and let live is no motto for war-times.

## Little-or-Nothings.

A shoemaker *reaxes*, and a wagoner *wains*.

In every old book we find, if not the shadow, the *type* of the age in which it was printed.

Mediocrity is a plant that bears but one flower—*envy*.

It is far easier to see small faults than large virtues.

She who can compose a cross baby is greater than she who compose books.

The sun is no worse for shining on muck, and the muck no better for being shone on.

If you let your throat be seared with daily lies, your very cravat will tighten around it.

Love is a butterfly that shakes dust from his wings into the eyes of his votaries.

Cider becomes sour by working; men's minds gets so by not working.

Men are generally an octave below women in voice, and a good many octaves in everything else.

This is a hard world. Every rose has its thorn, but not one thorn in a hundred has its rose.

When a man who has been rich finds himself compelled to break, his friends are apt to break with him.

Sin is as much a forerunner of misery as the forward wheels of a coach are of the hind ones.

If wine gets men into quarrels, it sometimes gets them out. Ask your opponent to take a glass with you.

Beauty has its privileges; a woman who has plainness of face must not expect to be indulged in the luxury of plainness of speech.

The most cheerful and soothing of all fire-side melodies are the bleeding tones of a cricket, a tea kettle, and a loving wife.

A woman is not fit to have a baby who doesn't know how to hold it; and this is as true of a tongue as of a baby.

Men become what they are from woman's influence; so, although men make laws, the women make the law makers.

The seamstress who rigs out young men by the brisk use of her thimble, is undoubtedly a thimble-rigger.

If "wit's a feather," many of our young ladies have a great deal of wit about their heads, however little in them.

There are worse serpents than those that crawl in the grass, and they deserve to lose their skins twice as often.

As the true gentleman will appear, even in rags, so true genius will shine out, even through the coarsest style.

Poverty, like other bullies, is formidable only to those who show that they are afraid of it.

Whether discretion is or is not "the better part of valor," it is most certain that diffidence is the better part of knowledge.

A man may be old and young alternately twenty times a day, as bright and cheerful thoughts and sad and despondent ones succeed each other in his mind.

It is a misfortune that the head of dullness, unlike the tail of the torpedo, loses nothing of its numbing and lethargising influence by reiterated discharges.

The soundest argument produces no more conviction in an empty head than the most superficial declamation; as a feather and a guinea fall with equal velocity in a vacuum.

Some silly spirits are seized with a misgiving about their faded hopes of future happiness; just as timid depositors and note holders are sometimes smitten with panic and rush to the banks to demand their deposits.