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# The Pilot.

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## Select Poetry.

### HOME AGAIN.

Home again! home again!  
Once more beneath the roof  
That sheltered me in childhood,  
Protected me in youth;  
And gathered round the fireside,  
With those we love so well.  
Oh none but they, who've lost their home,  
Its charm can truly tell.  
Home again! home again!  
By that bright, cheerful hearth,  
Wherever we've assembled,  
Since childhood's early birth:  
To listen to those household words,  
So simple, yet so true,  
They seem like pearls, like precious stones,  
Like stars in Heaven's own blue.  
Home again! home again!  
How sweetly does it sound,  
When those once absent, now returned,  
The lost ones truly found;  
Then gathered round the social board,  
We drink each other's health,  
We wish for each, for one, for all,  
Prosperity and wealth.  
Home again! home again!  
How warm is friendship's grasp,  
How welcome smiles, familiar smiles,  
Affection's earnest clasp,  
We'll fond memory then return,  
To happy days of yore,  
And pledge each other mutual vows,  
To part from home no more.

### DEFENSE OF REV. I. J. STINE.

#### The Other Side of the Story.

That great "sensational story" so freely circulated in connection with my arrest and imprisonment, nearly four months ago, having run the rounds, and the first fury of the storm having somewhat subsided, the public may now be prepared for—as the public is certainly entitled to—the other side of the story.

I nothing would extenuate, nor set down ought in malice. My friends do not need any public defense of my character; my enemies need not heed any such defense: my position in relation to the "stars and stripes" is known alike to both. But, as I have had, rather extended notice of late as a "supposed rebel spy," and have been consequently "somewhat distinguished" away from home, that much larger class than either friends or foes, who know nothing or little of me, except from the startling tale of my supposed "disloyal and treasonable conduct," may have been expecting at least some show of defense, if they have not taken it for granted that I was really guilty of all the bad things said about me. And for the satisfaction of strangers I may be allowed, even now, I presume, to "respectfully report."

My task is a delicate one, indeed, but no longer, of quite so delicate a nature as it would have been at any time past. I have hitherto refused to enter into a public vindication of myself, and the "points" in my defense have not been brought out—although, by some, persons the "case" may have been thought quite desperate, and, in the absence of published testimony to the contrary, a case quite hopeless. But facts are stubborn things. And, no doubt, men are more ready to acknowledge their errors, and to change their minds, when they find themselves mistaken, than we sometimes give them credit for being. At any rate, it is hoped that, whilst it may not be possible under some circumstances to remove all doubts and satisfy all minds, yet, a generous public will accept the defense now offered, seeing that the defendant in this case relies not so much on the abilities of his counsel as on the evidence adduced. It may be permitted almost any one to show, if he can on good and impartial testimony, and at the proper time, though that time be of his own choosing—that he has been an innocent and injured man.

A few days after the battle of Antietam, I was arrested in Harrisburg, on charge of "betraying Capt. Palmer of the Anderson Troop, into rebel captivity," and the next day, on appeal to the Governor, honorably discharged. The parties concerned in the investigation of the case, were:—Gov. Curtin and Col. A. K. McClure, who both understood the matter, and Brig. Gen. A. Porter, Provost Marshal Kleckner, and a fellow by the name of Evans, who did not know anything at all about it.

On Thursday, October 23d, I was treacherously decoyed away twenty-three miles from my little family—made less the very next morning, God taking one to Himself—and at Newport, Pa., re-arrested, hurried off to Philadelphia, and contrary to the terms of the order for my arrest, thrust like a criminal into Moyamensing Prison; \* whence, on Saturday following

\*I was kindly treated by "the keeper of the prison" and his assistant.

ing, I was taken to Fort Delaware, and there kept in close confinement, denied even privileges and comforts freely granted the most villainous sympathisers with treason and rebellion, for seven weeks. During this time, however, with all sorts of false and foolish rumors, I had the satisfaction—though under the circumstances a melancholy satisfaction—of receiving several letters of sympathy and testimonials of disinterested friendship, even from some of those who might have been supposed to be most aggrieved. I accepted these two very different sorts of treatment as quite naturally bestowed upon a traitor, "long suspected of secession proclivities," and taken in the very act of hiding from pursuing Justice, "on a visit to his wife."

The charges reported as preferred against me were three. Only one of them, however, was of any consequence, as the other two were evidently added just for the sake of effect; it being considered by honest men that the first was already settled, and, no doubt, by some others that it could not be made to stand alone. The story of the plan plotted for the capture of Gov. Curtin at Hagerstown, was so ridiculously absurd and evidently false as to need no testimony to the contrary. And as to that other hardly more plausible story of my leading Stuart's raid on Chambersburg, there was certainly some mistake. "The evidence of respectable men and women"—not offered in substantiation of either of the other charges—must not be with mere denunciations set aside. Yet we should never be too positive. It is an easy thing to be mistaken. Even if right in some particulars, we may be wrong in others. "It seems to me" is sometimes a better form of expression than "It is," and "If I mistake not" is certainly not so harsh as "You did." Our aim should be to advance the truth; and yet we should be sure we are right, before going ahead too far. I saw John go down the street; but Mary declares it was somebody else, and a difference arises, which it may not be an easy thing to settle satisfactorily.

In connection with the two charges just specified, that of "betraying" Capt. Palmer was vociferously re-iterated. My comparative silence, and that of others really most concerned, would be easily misconstrued, and all sorts of surmises and conjectures would be made. But is silence under accusation always an indication of guilt? It might be expected by those who did not understand the reason for a contrary course, that, if innocent, I should undertake publicity to refute the charges so publicly preferred; whilst others would just as naturally insist upon laying "the burden of proof" on the other shoulder: and no evidence of guilt was ever produced against me. Now, where there is a difference of opinion, it may be not always prudent to add to the dispute, even in self-vindication, and with a certain prospect of showing positively who is in the wrong. Mine was published, North and South, as an "important arrest." And until within a few days past, the time had not yet come—the time when any demonstration should be made in my defense. The life of another was in jeopardy. Capt. Palmer was on the wrong side of "the line"—not for my legal protection, but for his safety. Self demanded vindication and reparation; but Prudence whispered secrecy, "for fear of the Jews." Release from Prison, on my "parole of honor" to hold myself in readiness to answer to the charges preferred, at any future time, directed by the Honorable Secretary of War, as soon as he was made acquainted with the facts, was certainly all that under the circumstances could be asked and given. Any other course might have been fatal to the safety of Capt. Palmer.

It is confidently believed that the accused had perfected a plan to have Gov. Curtin captured. "When the Governor visited Hagerstown the rebels had left. He remained there a short time, and within an hour or two after he returned a part of the rebel cavalry made a grand dash into the town, and from certain remarks which fell from some of their lips, they were evidently in search of him. He escaped only a few hours before the rebels made the dash."—Harrisburg "Telegraph" and other papers.

"This must have happened a couple of days after the battle of Antietam; for the Governor went to Hagerstown the next day."  
"Now, we know from reliable persons who were in Hagerstown at the time mentioned, that no rebel cavalry dashed into that place; nor, indeed, have there been any 'rebel cavalry' in Hagerstown since the day of the battle."—Greencastle "Pilot," Nov. 4, 1862.

Rev. H. Baker, pastor of the Lutheran Church at Newville, Pa., has personally informed me that he was in Chambersburg at the time of the "great raid," in frequent conversation with some of Stuart's officers and men, and, no doubt, mistaken for me. Mr. B. is a loyal man.

But it is quite different now. The Captain's safe return, after an imprisonment of four months in the South, changes the programme entirely. And—although it may not be either prudent or necessary to publish the particulars of his capture and captivity—if there be a shadow of doubt resting on the minds of any in relation to my loyalty, and particularly in the matter of the charges on which I was arrested and imprisoned, I may be allowed to refer, if not to "the law in such cases made and provided" yet, certainly, to "the testimony." Truth, like murder, "will out," and conscious innocence need not always be in haste to vindicate itself. Time has sometimes shown that some men, notwithstanding all their faults, are still not quite so bad as some others, taking themselves as the standard, would like to make them out. I have thought of this, and have not allowed myself to forget the wise man's admonition: "Let another man praise thee, and not thine own mouth; a stranger, and not thine own lips."

As early as November 4, Maj. John Rowe, of Greencastle, Pa., wrote me: "I have no doubt you will be released in a few days—at least as soon as the Governor can give it his attention. I know you are innocent of every charge preferred against you, and will see that you get your liberty, if I have to spend a month in effecting it." And that "month" was freely given.

Four days later, Col. A. K. McClure wrote me from Harrisburg. "I have been collecting the facts and testimony in your case for several days, and will in a very short time be able to present the matter so clearly that your discharge can not be a matter of doubt. I was amazed at the publications in the papers, giving the reasons for questioning your loyalty. I knew that you had not been in communication with rebels in Chambersburg, for I was there all the time myself; and I knew also that the alleged attempt to betray Gov. Curtin at Hagerstown was equally false, for there were no rebel cavalry (at the time) within ten miles of that place. Bardwell..... has escaped, and bears cordial and positive testimony to your fidelity in all your movements with Capt. Palmer..... Fully persuaded of your entire fidelity to the Government, I shall not cease until you are honorably discharged."

About the same time also, Rev. D. H. Focht, of New Bloomfield, Pa., published in the Press some statements which showed conclusively that, as the rebel raid on Chambersburg was made on Friday evening, the 10th of October, and as I "was at New Bloomfield, Perry county, Pa., from the 7th to the 10th," and "on Friday, the 10th, at ten or eleven o'clock, A. M., left New Bloomfield, to go to Shippensburg, by way of Newport and Harrisburg—a distance of nearly eighty miles on the way, but from the North, to Chambersburg—I could not have led that raid; and as there was abundant evidence that I was at Shippensburg from Friday afternoon at four o'clock till Tuesday morning at nine, it would appear that I was not in Chambersburg.

The People's Advocate, published at New Bloomfield, named the stories of my treason "gross fabrications;" and the Greencastle Pilot of November 4, not pretending "to decide the case so easily" as some other papers, very generously devoted two full columns editorial to my defense—difficult as was the position thus assumed, for the reason that prudence did not allow that "a full statement of all the circumstances should be made public."

I have nothing to say for myself, especially why sentence of entire freedom from all suspicion of treason may not be pronounced upon me. I have no excuse to offer for any part of my conduct in all this affair—no regrets to conceal—no honors to claim. If I have done well, it was that which I desired; if not, it was that which I could—I have honestly endeavored to do that which it was my duty to do. And if an unbribed and unprejudiced jury may make return that, in their judgment, the story of my disloyalty and treason was a groundless fabrication, I am sure I cannot help it. I may be permitted, however, to offer up the prayer: "From all suspicious people, Good Lord, deliver us."

During my imprisonment, my hopes for the safety of Capt. Palmer were mingled with fears of his danger—by no means diminished, but very much aggravated, by the groundless and needless reports circulated by the daily papers. Nor was my situation certainly any the more comfortable for the trying condition of my family.

Without a home, and with no means of support—her husband imprisoned as a traitor and

her babe buried out of her sight in one day—I had reason to be concerned for my sorrowing, suffering wife. "I knew that she stood and wept over the tiny coffin and the 'little grave' alone. I knew that she was watching alone, day and night, for weeks, at the bed-side of another little household pet—the only one left us of four. But enough." I may not tear from the secret places of the heart griefs too deep and too sacred for exposure. The faith of woman sometimes stands firm when that of man is shaken. "A prudent wife is from the Lord;" and, until after my return, "the half was not told me," especially how near that little one lay for more than seven weary days and nights at the very gate of death. But it was the Hand of Love that dealt these after-blows. "The good Lord," chastening whom He loves, sees fit to divide the wife's too heavy sorrows, and thus to save her for me, by doubling the mother's griefs and cares. Surely it is good to be afflicted when Jehovah's hand is that which holds the rod. "He hath done all things well."

My reputation as a loyal man, and especially as a minister of the Gospel, has been suffering. Under a charge of treason and a violation of the most sacred obligations of friendship—with an imputation of guilt and the stain of consequent imprisonment resting upon me, I could not, of course, impose my services on the Church; and, as I did not choose to go South, I have been unemployed when I should have been most busy—spending upon a poor man should have been making. And who is to blame? Whilst by my freedom much suffering might have been saved an innocent family, and the almost certain exposure to fatal danger of a valuable officer avoided, let no one understand me as casting reflections where they do not belong. I may be allowed to think my arrest, as a friend has written it, "utterly foolish and unjust;" but I must be subject to "the powers that be," as they are "ordained of God." I must sustain my country's Government—not, indeed, in its errors, but in its great principles, and especially in all honest efforts to sustain itself—if I would sustain my country. I have no fault to find, except with the pitiable miscreant—and I have discovered him—who, reckless of consequences, and as if from no other motive than to betray Capt. Palmer and injure me, fabricated the story of my disloyalty—and the cowardly wretch who acted as the decoy—an office altogether unnecessary—in securing my arrest—as if I were no better known than they. If they have thought to magnify their office, they have only shown their baseness. But even they deserve pity rather than censure; and I am just here reminded by an angel over my right shoulder, of that petition: "Forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors."

To his excellency, Gov. Curtin, to Judge Knox, of Philadelphia, Col. A. K. McClure, and Rev. D. H. Focht and others—to the Advocate of New Bloomfield, and the Pilot of Greencastle, I am under very great obligations for sympathetic aid in time of need, as also to the Press and the Shippensburg News for important corrections:—an especially to Major John Rowe, of Greencastle, Pa., who personally visited Harrisburg several times in my behalf, and, with Col. McClure, spent several weeks in collecting and arranging facts and testimonies, do I owe a debt of gratitude, which I hope to be paying for a long time to come. Gov. Curtin has personally assured me that he required but very little to convince him of my loyalty; and in refutation of the charge of "betraying" Capt. Palmer, his own statements must be my final testimony.

I. J. STINE.

SHIPPENSBURG, PA. Feb. 10, 1863.

Did you ever know a young widow who wouldn't get married a second time—if she could?

Did you ever know a man to be particularly hard on one vice without having a pet vice of his own?

Did you ever know a widower to let the girls alone till "a year of decency" was over?

Did you ever know a tobacco chewing Christian to feel any compunction for desecrating the house of God with the vile juice of the weed?

Did you ever know a man to grow in grace by feeding on slander?

Did you ever know a toper who wasn't once a moderate drinker?

Did you ever know a grumbler to possess energy enough to correct or amend whatever he grumbled at?

Did you ever know a toady that wasn't a hypocrite?

## Little-or-Nothings.

The ship, upon which a lady best likes to embark on the sea of enjoyment, is courtship.

The Devil is no fool, and yet those who play the devil are necessarily playing the fool.

Marriage must be favorable to longevity; an old maid never lives to be more than thirty.

The battle of life needs no generals; every man is his own commander.

A lover must have his clothes handsomely cut out, or he may be handsomely cut out himself.

Matches are not made in heaven, and match-makers never go there.

A small fortune is a good servant; a large one is often a bad master.

The only silent sounds we know of are these that belong to a codfish.

There is no surer help than a failure in a great object.

Nothing defiles the mouth so much as a quid of tobacco except impure words.

Love, law, and bad weather, are things we had better keep out of if we can.

On most occasions, the importance of calmness is in exact proportion to its difficulty.

Some men are musical glasses; to produce their finest tones, you must keep them wet.

We sigh for the Past and long for the Future; the Past is a child, the Future is an angel.

Painting is the intermediate somewhat between a thought and a thing.

A sharp tongue makes deeper and more painful wounds than sharp teeth.

It is better to succeed without a precedent than to fail by example.

Words, like the rest of the air, are capable of great condensation.

A rogue is a roundabout fool; a fool in circumstances.

In politics, what begins in fear usually ends in folly.

Law is like a scolding wife—very bad when it follows us.

The way of life through this thicketed wilderness is plainer, and more marked every time an humble, hearty pilgrim soul goes through.

Whatever the peace societies may say, a brave soldier is a noble man; our hearts nod insouciantly with the nodding plume of the hero.

A man of maxims only is like a Cyclops with one eye, and that one in the back of his head.

The Earth, with its scarred face, is the symbol of the Past; the Air and Heaven of Future.

A traitor to his country may "read his history in a nation's eyes," but it will be very poor reading.

Amidst dangers, the body sometimes backs to the soul as the child runs to the mother, and advances again with its hand in hers.

Courage is a power which strengthens in proportion to the jeopardy, as a tree-root elms in the sway of hurricanes.

The poet says, "full many a maiden so far as our observation extends

Many of the lions of society, like their namesake of the forest, are unable to look a true man in the eye.

Many persons have our best society in their own heart and souls—the purest memories of earth and sweetest hopes of heaven: their loneliness is not solitude.

Human deeds and human lives are never understood until they are finished. You can no more tell in advance how manhood will turn out than how a child will grow up.

Of one thing we may at all be certain, that friends departed, whenever we listen to them, speak in deeper, richer tones, than when they were with us.

If you would have a lady think that you are consuming with love of her, don't let her see you too often with a cigar in your mouth. She will be apt to think there isn't much flame where there is so much smoke.