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Original Poetry.

[FOR THE PILOT.]

The Memory of Simon W. Rupley and  
 George Missavy.

BY DIOK.

His heart beat in his country's cause,  
 He volunteered to fight;  
 He died for Freedom's holy Laws,  
 He battl'd for the right.

When in the bloody battle's fray,  
 He feared not Death or Grave;  
 Through Rebel ranks he made his way,  
 He died full nobly brave.

Beloved by all, we can but mourn,  
 For RUPLEY, brave and true;  
 He fought for country and for home,  
 His flag—red, white and blue.

Sleep on! in peaceful, quiet sleep,  
 We will e'er grateful be;  
 And often will our tongue repeat,  
 Thanks, heartfelt thanks, to thee.

The one who shared thy joy on earth,  
 Now weeps in anguish deep:  
 No more around the family hearth  
 Shall they together meet.

But this she has to cheer her heart,  
 Although he's "neath the sod;  
 He for his country noble fought,  
 And now lives with his God.

And by his side another fell,  
 Whose early Death we all deplore;  
 The booming cannon rang his knell,  
 He'll ne'er draw bayonet more.

Yes, by the side of RUPLEY lays,  
 Our honored MISSAVY;  
 And every loyal heart now pays,  
 Homage to their memory.

GREENCASTLE, PA., 1863.

A Good Story.

ELONORA;

OR,

THE RESCUED MAIDEN.

BY EDWARD CARROLL.

In a western wild, environed by trees  
 and remote from any human habitation, stands  
 a little dwelling of the rudest and most primi-  
 tive construction. It is roughly built of un-  
 dressed logs, but an air of comfort and even taste  
 pervades the place, as if some fairy  
 had in sport surrounded the spot with all that  
 is beautiful. The rough logs on one end are  
 completely hidden by the luxuriant growth of  
 an enormous grape vine that mounts even to  
 the stone chimney; the beautiful climbing  
 rose blossoms about the small windows,  
 and hangs in rich festoons around the humble  
 doorway. On the stone door steps stands the  
 light, but symmetrical form of a maiden, of  
 not more than eighteen summers. She is clad  
 in a waist or sack of white linen, closely fitting  
 her rounded form, with a skirt of nicely dress-  
 ed deer-skin, sufficiently short to reveal a well  
 turned ankle and pretty foot. Her complexion  
 is pale white, but her cheeks vie in their rich  
 glow with the roses that surround her. Her  
 golden hair is carefully loosened and waves  
 about her as the breeze sweeps by; her eyes  
 are deep blue, and sparkling as sapphires, and  
 her lips, red ripe and pouting, are almost too  
 great a temptation for poor human nature to  
 withstand. The back of the cabin is densely  
 shaded by the thick forest, but in front extends  
 an apparently boundless prairie, towards the  
 west of which the sun is slowly sinking, and  
 as the rich golden glow of his beams falls upon  
 the young girl, seeming to invest her with a  
 halo of glory, she looks like an inhabitant of  
 some ethereal sphere rather than a mere mortal.  
 "At least so thought a young man, who at-  
 tending the rich dress of a western hunter,  
 stood leaning on his rifle at a little distance  
 from her. Turning to him, she spoke in tones  
 as sweet as a bell.

"I begin to be very uneasy about my father,  
 Dudley; he should have returned about two  
 hours ago, and I fear that some mishap has be-  
 fallen him."  
 "Do not fear for him, Elonora, he is proba-  
 bly detained by business, and no wonder; the  
 village is eighteen miles distant, and he does  
 not come very often; but why do you fear?"  
 "I am afraid he will fall into the hands of  
 those Ruggles, who has sworn vengeance on  
 me for refusing him my hand, and—"  
 "When he has refused him," interrupted  
 the young man, his handsome features flushing  
 with indignation.  
 "He has; but it seems to surprise you."  
 "I am surprised, for I fancied that he favor-  
 ed me, and at one time I thought you did  
 so."  
 "I have never favored but one," said she,  
 smiling; "but my father liked him at first,  
 and he detected him in a falsehood, and that

is something that he could never endure, so he  
 dismissed him civilly, but Ruggles swore re-  
 venge."

"Indeed! why did you not tell me before?"  
 "This is the first time I have seen you since;  
 but where can father be?" she continued, look-  
 ing anxiously down the rude path that led  
 through the woods.

"I wish your father liked me better, and I  
 would go on and meet him; but he will take  
 offence, I am afraid."

"Do go," said she, placing her hand on his  
 shoulder, and looking into his face with her  
 sparkling eyes, "go for my sake, and tell him  
 that I sent you."

It needed not another word to start the young  
 hunter, and throwing his long rifle gracefully  
 to his shoulder, he passed his arm around her  
 waist and imprinted a warm kiss on those  
 tempting lips, then turning with a firm elastic  
 step, he strode into the forest and soon disap-  
 peared.

He proceeded along at a quick pace for nearly  
 an hour, when suddenly he heard the report  
 of fire-arms at some distance. He bounded  
 forward rapidly for a few moments, and sud-  
 denly came upon three men engaged in a fierce  
 struggle. All seemed stout and athletic, but  
 two were young, while the third, whom they  
 were both assailing, showed by his gray and  
 uncovered locks, that he was hardly a match  
 for his opponents. Dudley recognized the old  
 man of whom he was in search, and brought  
 his rifle to his shoulder. Taking deliberate  
 aim at one of the young men he fired, but at  
 that instant the man for whom the ball was in-  
 tended fell to the earth, firmly lodged in the  
 yet sinewy arms of the aged hunter; that fall  
 saved his life, and the bullet whistled harmles-  
 sly over them as they struggled amid the long  
 grass and withered leaves. Dudley clubbed his  
 rifle, and leaped forward, to share in the contest,  
 just as the fallen young villain extricated him-  
 self from the grasp of the old man. As he  
 sprang to his feet the hunter paused in sur-  
 prise;—he recognized both of the assailants;  
 one was the William Ruggles of whom Elonora  
 expressed so much fear, the other was a reck-  
 less young gambler, who had lately arrived in  
 the nearest settlement. As soon as the two  
 saw the tall, muscular form of the young hunt-  
 er, they gave way, and stepping backwards a  
 few paces to where their horses (which Dudley  
 had not before perceived), were tied, they  
 hastily mounted, and galloped off in the direc-  
 tion of the cabin. Dudley raised the old man  
 to his feet, but found that he was so exhausted  
 with fatigue and the pain of a gun-shot wound  
 in his shoulder as to be unable to walk. Hur-  
 riedly he questioned him as to the origin of  
 the affray, and received the following account:

"I was detained in town by business till  
 quite late, and while hurrying home was over-  
 taken by those wretches, who immediately dis-  
 mounted and approached me. Ruggles pre-  
 sented his rifle at my head, and swore like a  
 villain, as he is, that unless I gave instant con-  
 sent to his marriage with my Elonora, he would  
 shoot me where I stood. You may imagine  
 my reply. I was got very choice in the names  
 I called him, and he fired, lodging a bullet in  
 my shoulder here. His companion also fired,  
 but missed me; a struggle then ensued, in the  
 midst of which you arrived. But they have  
 gone to the house and I cannot follow them.  
 Elonora, my daughter, what will become of  
 you!" and the old man covered his withered  
 face with his hands and groaned aloud.

"I will run instantly to her aid. Let me  
 support you into the bushes out of sight, in-  
 case they should return this way, and I will  
 hurry back to the cabin."

"That's right, my boy, do it—save her, and  
 I know how to be grateful; but do not wait to  
 help me, I can hop out of sight alone. Now,  
 fly!"

Dudley needed not this appeal, but darted  
 away as swiftly as the mountain deer. He was  
 remarkably fleet of foot, and in less than half  
 an hour he had cleared almost five miles, that  
 being the distance of the cabin from where  
 he started. As he came in sight of the dwell-  
 ing a smothered shriek fell upon his ear, and  
 in a moment more he saw the two horses gal-  
 loping away at full speed, and the fluttering of  
 female garments told that they bore away  
 Elonora. It was almost dark, but he could  
 see them ride through the prairie close to the  
 forest. A sudden thought struck him. He  
 knew that if they continued the course they  
 had taken, he could head them off by pursuing  
 a straight line through the forest. Pausing  
 long enough to load his rifle, he struck through  
 the tangled brush-wood with renewed speed.  
 It was growing dark rapidly, and now and then  
 the bold hunter dashed against a tree or stum-

bled over some fallen trunk, but undeterred  
 by these obstacles, and guided by his perfect  
 knowledge of the locality, he pressed forward  
 with rapidity. At last, when he was almost  
 exhausted, he emerged from the forest on to  
 the open prairie, and as he did so, caught a  
 glimpse of those he pursued, but a few paces  
 in advance of him. They were walking their  
 horses slowly, and with the noiseless, stealthy  
 step of the Indian, he pursued them; he even  
 caught what they were saying.

"We must be careful now," said the deep  
 tones of Ruggles, "for we are near that infer-  
 nal crack."

"Crack! what is that?" questioned his com-  
 panion.

"There is a large fissure or gulf near here,  
 that extends several miles in length, and is  
 about twenty feet wide on an average; there is  
 one place, however, used for crossing, where  
 it is not more than four."

"How deep is it?" said the gambler.

"Couldn't tell you, as I was never at the  
 bottom," replied Ruggles with a grating laugh,  
 "but throw a stone down, and it will dash from  
 side to side as long as the ear can hear it, so I  
 think it's deep enough; but here it is, we will  
 camp to-night where we are, and to-morrow, my  
 little beauty will go with us more willingly—"

"Say," he continued, addressing his prisoner,  
 "we will be married to-night, and my friend  
 here will perform the ceremony; how will it  
 suit you, my dear?"

Elonora made no reply.

"Stuffy, are you?" said he, "well, sulk it  
 out; you will behave better soon."

The two villains drew rein near the verge of  
 the fissure of which Ruggles had spoken, and  
 prepared to dismount. Ruggles first sprang  
 from his saddle, and lifting his prisoner from  
 the horse, he placed her on her feet. The mo-  
 ment she felt the firm earth under her, she  
 struggled to escape, but the scoundrel held her  
 fast, at the same time shouting—

"Curse the wench! Daniels—help me hold  
 her till I tie her hands, and stop her kicking."

Daniels stepped forward and seized the poor  
 girl by the arms, but as he did so, the sharp  
 crack of Dudley's rifle was heard, and with a  
 yell of mortal agony the gambler sunk dead  
 amid the tall grass. At the same instant, the  
 intrepid hunter rushed upon Ruggles, and  
 seizing him by the throat, compelled him to  
 release his hold on Elonora. Both now drew  
 their hunting knives, and a desperate combat  
 commenced. Under ordinary circumstances  
 Dudley was more than a match for his oppo-  
 nent, but as it was, wearied with his long run,  
 the chances seemed rather against him. Al-  
 ready was he wounded slightly, but the smart  
 seemed only to him additional strength. They  
 were contending on the verge of the awful  
 chasm, and each strove to hurl the other into  
 its depths. Dudley stumbled, and Ruggles  
 improving his advantage, pushed him into the  
 fissure. As he fell, he clutched at the girdle  
 of his enemy with his right hand, and sustain-  
 ed himself for a moment, while he sought with  
 his left some other support. His hand en-  
 countered a large and strong root of ivy, and  
 dropping his hunting knife, he grasped it firm-  
 ly, and then endeavored to drag down Ruggles  
 into the chasm. Long and fearful was the  
 struggle that ensued, but at last, concentrating  
 all his strength into one mighty effort, he tore  
 Ruggles from his footing, and pulling him  
 down to his side, swung him over the fearful  
 depths. As the doomed miscreant hung sus-  
 pended over his certain destruction, he with a  
 savage oath, struck desperately at the hunter,  
 with his knife, but another second and the  
 sound of his body dashing against the rocky  
 sides of the mighty chasm was heard; a shriek  
 like that of a lost spirit in torment, rung wild-  
 ly from the unfathomable depths, and still they  
 could hear the dull dashing of the body against  
 the rocks. Such was the end of one of the  
 foulest miscreants that ever tainted the pure  
 air of the prairies with his presence.

The bold heart of the young hunter was  
 faint within him as he dragged himself from  
 his perilous situation, but he had saved the  
 idol of his soul—his Elonora—and that was  
 sufficient to recompense him for any thing.

We will not repeat all the tender things that  
 were said on that occasion, nor tell all that oc-  
 curred in their ride over the moonlight prairie  
 on the horses that had carried the two villains.  
 Suffice it, they arrived safe at the cabin, where  
 they found Elonora's father, who had managed  
 to drag himself thither, and was anxiously  
 awaiting the return of Dudley with intelligence  
 of his daughter. He was almost wild with joy  
 at her safe return, and, after embracing her, he  
 placed her hand in that of her deliverer, but  
 said not a word—none was needed.

Should the traveler in the West ever stumble  
 upon the scene of this little incident, he  
 will find another and a larger cabin standing  
 near the one we have described; it is the  
 dwelling of Dudley and his wife, and the  
 number of little curly heads and blue eyes  
 within them, show that their union has been  
 abundantly blessed. The old man is yet liv-  
 ing, and his greatest pleasure is to sound the  
 praises of his children, and relate the story of  
 his daughter's rescue, and her husband's ex-  
 ploits.

VALUABLE SECRET.

"Sarah, I wish you would lend me your  
 thumb, I can never find mine when I want it."

"Why can you not find it, Mary?"

"If you do not choose to lend me yours I  
 can borrow of somebody else."

"I am willing to lend it to you, Mary—  
 Here it is."

"I knew you would let me have it."

"Why do you always come to me to borrow  
 when you have lost anything, Mary?"

"Because you never lose your things, and  
 always know where to find them."

"How do you suppose I always know where  
 to find my things?"

"I am sure I cannot tell. If I knew, I  
 might, perhaps, sometimes contrive to keep my  
 own."

"This is the secret. I have a place for  
 every thing, it is my rule to put it away in its  
 proper place."

"Yes, just as though your life depended on  
 it!"

"My life does not depend on it, Mary but  
 my convenience does, very much."

"Well, I can never find time to put my  
 things away."

"How much more time will it take to put  
 a thing away, in its proper place, than it will  
 to hunt after it, when it is lost?"

"Well, I'll never borrow of you again, you  
 may depend on it."

"Why! you are not affronted, Mary, I  
 hope?"

"O, no, dear Sarah! I am ashamed, and I  
 am determined, now, to do as you do—to have  
 a place for every thing and everything in its  
 place!"

A SHORT ANSWER.

One of the enrolling marshals, the other  
 day received a strong hint from a down town  
 female. Stopping at the lady's house he found  
 her before her door endeavoring to effect with  
 a vegetable huckster a twenty per cent. abate-  
 ment in the price of a peck of tomatoes.

"Have you any men here, ma'am?"  
 The reply was gruff and curt—  
 "No."

"Have you no husband, ma'am?"  
 "No."

"Perhaps you have a son, ma'am?"  
 "Well, what of it?"

"I should like to know where he is."  
 "Well, he isn't here."  
 "So I see, ma'am. Pray where is he?"  
 "In the Union army, where you ought to  
 be."

The marshal hastened round the corner.—  
 He didn't further interrogate the lady.

A DUTCHMAN looking for a person by the  
 name of Dunn, who owed him a small account,"  
 asked a wag near Sweeney's eating house  
 where No. 66 was, he "wished to find Mr.  
 Dunn." The wag told him to go to Sweeney's  
 and the first person at the first table was the  
 gentleman he was inquiring for.

The Dutchman went in, about as slow as a  
 jackass to a peck of oats, and this "first gen-  
 tleman," hapened to be an Irishman.  
 "Are you Dunn?" said the Dutchman.  
 "Done?" says Pat, "by my soul, I am only  
 just commenced."

Little-or-Nothings.

Men are apt to exhaust every absurd opin-  
 ion before they adopt a sensible one.

A dull and incessant talker is a tremendous  
 engine of colloquial oppression.

Ducks and geese shed no tear-drops, but they  
 shed numberless drops of water.

A noble thought, embodied in fit words,  
 walks the earth a living being.

A guide-board performs the functions very  
 well, considering that it is a blind guide.

A viper's tongue is said to be six inches  
 long; a scolding woman's has no end.

Many people's heads are like the head of a  
 glass of porter—all froth.

To every old man, his departed boyhood is a  
 Paradise Lost—fuller of poetry than Milton's.

Over-warm friendships and hot potatoes are  
 generally dropped as soon as taken up.

Men don't like to hang their hearts upon a  
 long female nose; and there isn't room to hang  
 it upon a pug.

Men don't like to hang their hearts upon a  
 long female nose and there isn't room to hang  
 it upon a pug.

Love isn't a healthy thing for a young man  
 it causes such tremendous swellings of the  
 bosom.

A lazy man's farm is always dressed in  
 weeds, as if he was dead, and it were his  
 mourning widow.

Genius and talent are a splendid fortune  
 that is often gambled away pretty much like  
 meager fortunes.

Many people consider the world as a worm  
 does the interior of a nut—simply a place to  
 feed and grow fat in.

Grumbling is all very well in place. It is  
 the deep bass that is needed to make up the  
 full harmony of being.

He who fishes in the sea of matrimony need  
 not trouble himself to put any bait upon his  
 hook—if the hook is gold.

If you are envious, you will grow lean as  
 your neighbor grows fat—just as if he fatten-  
 ed with the meat from your bones.

Study man among men. Observation, made  
 only in the cloister or the desert, is generally  
 as obscure as the one and as barren as the other.

If a married man were asked to say which  
 of his bones he would consent to spare, he  
 would probably decide, with a tear or two, to  
 part with his rib.

All nations can teach something as to cook-  
 ery. So every cook would be the better for  
 making a voyage like Capt. Cook around the  
 world.

The body is the soul's house, and, as the  
 house grows old, it often lets in upon its in-  
 habitant light from heaven through the chinks  
 made by time.

A young man will compliment his sweet-  
 heart upon the fragrance of her breath without  
 being ashamed that his own smells of rum and  
 tobacco.

A sulky fellow leaves his house for business  
 as an ogre leaves his cave for food, and returns  
 home joyless and grim to his silent wife and  
 creeping children.

Many a Christian, so called, has himself rol-  
 led luxuriously to church, as through, like  
 Elijah, he would go even to heaven in a car-  
 rage.

Truth is never a babe, and never a hag. As  
 at the first, so at the last—full bloom, yet  
 young; upon her brow sets and eternity of  
 beauty.

Life would indeed be a sad thing if the  
 many-colored creeds of the world did not, by  
 Almighty goodness make the white light of  
 the world to come.

Trust not always to the marks of time on  
 the face, for, like a dishonest tapster, he is  
 now and then apt to score double, or, like a care-  
 less one, for gets to score at all.

If man thinks of celestial spirits, he straight-  
 way names them angles, messengers; and there  
 has been no poetry, and there has been no piety,  
 which has not repose at ease, alike under their  
 flapping and their folded wings.