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Choice Poetry.

HE CAME AND WENT.

BY MILLIE.

He went with manhood's fearless pride
 On his young life; I could not hide
 The bitter tears—for I was weak—
 But wiped them softly from my cheek.
 I wiped the tears back, for their brine
 Hid from my eyes this boy of mine;
 My noble boy! The gift I gave
 To the great throng, or land to save!
 Well, none but God can ever tell
 How my heart surged with ebb, and swell
 Of pain, and will to hush the pain,
 And grow a woman once again;
 But it was hard to hush it then.
 When he stood there with other men,
 So far above them, that his form
 Seemed like the thunder o'er the storm!
 And, though I knew that such brave sons
 Should van with Northmen as the ones
 To wrench with sturdy grasp the sword
 From Rebeldom's unholy horde;
 Yet, even with God's own help, my heart
 Could hardly from its idol part!
 And well I knew that Pride and Woe
 Stood in my footsteps grand and slow!
 Pride for the great and massive breast,
 The fearless brow my cheek had pressed;
 Pride for the frame of Norman mold,
 And untamed courage, fierce and bold!
 Well, yes, and woe, too, for the death
 Couched in a sword without its sheath!
 Woe for the musket, shell and ball—
 Woe for the ghastly wound—and fall!

He went! I saw him out of sight,
 And as he went, Hope brought her light,
 And showed me, how in future days,
 He would return with pomp and praise.
 And still my flowing tears confessed
 How Hope could much more soothe my breast,
 If power were mine, on the red field,
 His life with my poor life to shield!
 I thought not how, with dauntless pride,
 He for a nation's weal had died!—
 I cared not that his life was given
 For LIBERTY, and GOD, and HEAVEN!
 I was no Spartan dame of yore,—
 I was a mother—ah! no more
 A mother—but a childless one,
 Shriving in tears a lifeless son!
 I prayed for calmness, strength and peace,
 To bear my share of sacrifice,
 And still not murmur! but the lad
 Was all the wealth I ever had!
 And then to know that nevermore
 His breast would clasp me as before;
 Well, Reason is too cold a steel
 To soothe a wound it can not heal!
 He came! but not as Hope had said,
 Hope never told me he was dead:
 Through all of summer's flush, and burn,
 I never dreamed of this return!
 My hand lay on his heart, ah! me!
 His heart was cold, as cold could be!
 And where the FLAG was proudly pressed,
 Wounds glimmer'd from lifeless breast!
 With all this wildness in my brain,
 With all this agony and pain,
 If I had still another son,
 I'd do as I've already done!
 I'd give my very life-blood even!
 For God is with our land! and Heaven
 Will garner up each lowly mile,
 Given for God, and HOPE, and RIGH!
 —The Religious Telescope.

A Good Story.

MARRIED BY COMMAND.

Once upon a time there lived near the fort of Marienburg, in Prussia, a farmer of the name of Reival. He had two daughters—charming girls. The two daughters were in love, and engaged to be married to two soldiers—one each, of course. Brothers they were, and as strapping fellows as ever Great Frederick could wish to see. It was expected that the regiment in which the brothers served would soon be at a neighboring fortress; and then the marriage would take place.

Charlotte, the younger sister, was sitting on the day in question, busily employed in knitting, while watching her father's goats, when an old gentleman, of noble and majestic carriage, stopped before her. He held a cane in his hand, and wore a military hat and boots, and a great coat with a large cape.

The young shepherdess had never seen this gentleman before, and his presence—she knew not why—inspired her with a feeling of awe. After regarding, for some time with an arch smile, he thus addressed her:

"What is your name, my pretty miss?"

"Charlotte Reival, at your service," replied she.

"At my service! Well perhaps I may require your service. How old are you, now?"

"Eighteen at Candlemas."

"What is your occupation?"

"I am shepherdess to my parents, who are farmers in the valley."

"Not yet."
 "Have you a dowry?"
 "I do not know."

"Well, here is something towards one, if you will serve me as you promised to do just now," he said, placing in her unwilling hand a purse containing two hundred florins.

So strange did this proceeding appear to the simple and timid shepherdess, that she was quite alarmed; and, believing this fine gentleman to be a sorcerer, his gold seemed to burn her fingers. In the meantime the stranger had taken a note-book from his pocket and had written a few words on a sheet of paper, which he carefully sealed.

"To gain two hundred florins," said he, "you have only to carry this letter to the fort of Meirenburg. If you show this seal all the guards will let you pass. You must ask for Major Keller, the commander, and give the letter into his hands. Do you understand, and promise to do what I told you?"

Charlotte wished to reply in the negative, but to refuse seemed to her even more difficult than to accept; so that, not knowing what to say, she was silent, and the stranger, concluding that her silence gave assent, left the letter and the purse.

When he was out of sight, the terror-stricken girl ran to her sister, and related her adventure.

Catharine was the very reverse of her timid, gentle sister. She was a fine, independent, spirited girl, who would go through anything to gain her end; she liked nothing better than a mystery and even danger had a charm for her.

"A commission for Marienburg!" exclaimed she, "it is a God-send. Call him a good angel, rather than a demon, who brought it. Our betrothed, the sergeants Albert and Ludwig Hosten, have been on the march for the fortress the last three days. By these means we may obtain news of them, and perhaps even see them to-day. What a surprise for them, and what joy for us! to say nothing about the two hundred florins, which are not to be picked up every day."

Saying these words, she took the purse; and turning the precious letter first to one side and then on the other, she called upon Charlotte in the names of their betrothed, to go immediately to the fort, while she took care of the goats.

"Never!" replied Charlotte; "I shall never have courage. If you go in my stead, I will make over the two hundred florins to you."

"I will accept half," replied Catharine, quickly, "we shall thus both have a dowry, and—who knows?—perhaps be married to-morrow."

Letter in hand, Catharine soon reached the fortress, the gates of which were opened to her at the sight of the mysterious seal. She was much pleased with the deference which was paid her, and made up her mind that the stranger must have been some great personage, and that the letter contained something important. She examined it over and over again, burning with curiosity to know the contents. She endeavored to peep into the envelope, but in vain. "If I should, without knowing it, cause a coup d'etat or a revolution!" exclaimed she. "But after all, what are the secrets of peace and war to use. The great thing is to ascertain if Albert and Ludwig are here."

The commander, a crabbled-looking old soldier, who had grown grey in service of his king and country now entered to relieve her suspense. Having eyed her from head to foot, he said:

"One of the fair sex asked for me. It was you, young girl. Here I am. What can I do for you?"

"Is it Major Keller, commander at Marienburg, to whom I have the honor of speaking?"

"The same."

"I am commissioned to give this letter into your hands, major," said Catharine, presenting the letter.

"From whom did you receive it?" continued he.

"From a stranger who passed down the road about an hour ago."

"Let me see," he said, starting as he recognized the seal, and taking off his hat, he made a military salute.

Catharine was quite astonished to find that the dispatch of which she was the bearer received as much honor as herself.

Having read the letter, Keller burst into a sudden fit of laughter, and then as suddenly grew grave again, and taking out a double eye glass silently regarded her for some time.

"Would you like to be a Vivandier?" asked the determined major.

"Vivandier? That would depend on the Regiment. If it were, for instance, in the third—"

"What is your dowry?" interrupted the major.

Catharine, thinking the major's question very original, and wondering what he would say next, answered, "Not a large sum—one hundred gold florins; the carriage of the letter which I have given you."

"Well, that is a dowry for a soldier."

"Certain!—especially for a sergeant."

"But you have told me if the fifth company of the third regiment—"

"Yes, yes; we will see about that." It is a company of picked men, measuring five feet six inches; I doubt if your finger—

Permit, me Mademoiselle," said he, drawing his sword, and taking her measure with the blade.

"Five feet at least. Not amiss, not amiss!"

"Major, do you wish to enroll me in the king's army?" exclaimed she.

"It is already done, my darling. I have but to choose the corps, and I think you will belong to the Grenadiers."

"To the Grenadiers! Ah, well! What does it matter? You are joking, commander."

"Joking—with this! Stay, there is no longer any mystery; you may read it yourself."

"Catharine took the letter from Major Keller's hand, and read the following:

"Order to Major Keller to one of the handsomest men in the regiment, and to marry him to the young girl—the bearer of this dispatch. (Signed,) KING FREDERICK H."

"The king! It was the king! Good heavens!"

"The king himself. Are you not delighted to have made his acquaintance?"

Catharine was stupefied, and exclaimed—"To marry me! I will never give consent."

"Your consent," replied Keller, showing her the letter; "of that there is no mention here."

Saying these words he rang the bell, and said to the soldier who answered his summons:

"An order from the king for the chaplain. A marriage to be solemnized in half an hour."

"In half an hour!" cried Catharine. "It is impossible! It is wilful injury."

"When I say half an hour, perhaps a quarter will suffice. The time to measure eight or ten genadiers, and to choose one among them of the right proportions," said he, measuring Catharine with his eye. "About five feet four or six inches. A fair complexion to form a contrast, Mademoiselle," continued he with a military salute, "I shall be at your service in a few minutes."

Presently Keller returned, holding a paper in his hand.

"I have found your man," said he; "and you are to sign this promise of marriage with him for the chaplain, as the law requires the consent of both parties."

Catharine, recovering from her dejection, exclaimed: "Consent! Ah! this paper has to be signed? You must have my name? Well, major, I will allow myself to be cut into pieces rather than sign that paper!" added she, standing in an attitude of determination before the surprised major.

"Really you would make an admirable grenadier," said he. He then read aloud the promise of marriage, as follows: "We, the undersigned (you will add your name,) and sergeant Hosten, of the third regiment of the grenadiers—"

Hearing the name of Hosten, Catharine changed countenance.

"Can it be Ludwig?" thought she; "then, indeed, fortune has favored me."

The major went on reading—"Promise to take each other as man and wife. Marienburg, 15th March, 1780. There, Mademoiselle, you see it is not long. Will you sign this paper? Yes or no? No, did you say? Then we must take strong measures," said he, as he was about to pull the bell.

Catharine stopped him, saying, "I beg your pardon, major; I did not quite understand.—The name of the intended, if you please."

"Sergeant Hosten," replied Major Keller.

"Is it possible?"

"And why not? Make yourself easy. He is a brave, handsome fellow, five feet five inches and a half at least."

Catharine could hardly believe her ears, so providential did this circumstance appear to her; the distress which she had experienced but a few minutes ago was suddenly changed at the mention of this name, into ecstasies of joy.

"Well, do you still refuse?" said the major.

"I consent, major, and am ready to sign.—Long live King Frederick!"

"All in good time, I was sure of it—I know the sex."

When he had left the room, Keller called Sergeant Hosten.

Albert (for this was the young sergeant's name) now entered, making a military salute. On perceiving the young girl, he exclaimed: "Catharine, the sister of my betrothed! What an unexpected pleasure!"

"Albert, my sister's lover! Oh, cruel mistake!" ejaculated Catharine, her dream of happiness once more vanishing in the air.

"Commander, what are your orders?"

"They are these, Sergeant Hosten. In the king's name you are appointed to marry this young girl."

At the words, "in the king's name," Albert shouldered his arms; but on hearing the words which followed, he suddenly let his gun fall, and stood as if petrified.

"Do you understand?"

"Yes, commander," said Albert mechanically.

"A quarter of an hour is given you to become acquainted with each other, and sign the promise of marriage."

"Pardon—excuse, major," cried Albert.—"Doubtless his majesty's commands—it is my duty to—but you understand that in a quarter of an hour—"

"Are you speaking at random?" inquired the major.

"No, major, no! But the surprise, the arrangement. Scarcely arrived at the garrison, and to be all at once married! It is like a cannon which goes off before the match has taken light. After all, what claim have I to Mademoiselle's hand?"

"Five feet and nearly six inches. She is contented with that. Look at her, and take example by her."

"What! does Mademoiselle consent to this marriage?"

"She asks nothing better."

"That is to say, major," put in Catharine, "permit me—"

"You cried," "long live the king!" and volunteered to sign immediately," said the major.

"I was mistaken, commander, replied she. "I thought it was Ludwig Hosten, my betrothed, and it is Albert Hosten, his brother, who is my sister's affianced husband. You deceived me by telling me he was in the fifth company."

"It was a month ago," replied Albert. "I exchanged with my brother. You see, major, it was thus the mistake arose."

"Pooh! pooh! Have done with all these stories! The king's letter is all I care about," exclaimed he, reading it again. "Order to Major Keller to choose a soldier of the garrison, and to marry him immediately to the young girl who presents this letter to him. Nothing is said there about sister, brother, or lovers.—You, my dear, were the bearer of the letter, and you, sergeant, I have chosen. You shall be married. These are my orders. You have but five minutes," said he pulling out his watch; "you have only ten left. Make up matters, I will leave you together until my return."

"One moment, major, and you shall know all," said Catharine detaining him. "It was not to me, Catharine Reival, that the king gave this letter, but to my sister, Charlotte Reival, whom he met on the road. Charlotte did not dare to come to Marienburg, so I came in her stead. Therefore, it is my sister who is to marry Albert, and if you marry me to him, you surely disobey the king."

"Really, if it were true," said Keller, hesitatingly.

"I am to marry Charlotte Reival, by the orders of his Majesty," said Albert.

"If you doubt my word," continued Catharine, "have Charlotte brought here; she will confirm all I have said."

"Send for Charlotte," supplicated Albert.

"Peace and sign. I shall be back before long," said Major Keller, as he left the room. For some time Catharine and Albert were silent.

"How are we to get out of this scrape?" at length asked Catharine.

"I would blow up Fort Marienburg, sooner then marry you!" cried Albert, furiously.

"And I would rather be buried alive than marry you!" exclaimed Catharine, weeping.

"Poor Charlotte! When our parents betrothed us, who would have imagined that such a great misfortune as this should separate us?"

"And separate us just as we were about to be united!"

"But it is not yet done! It is impossible if neither of us sign."

"Do you know what I fear, Albert?—That they will dispense with our signatures, and marry us in spite of ourselves."

"In spite of ourselves!" cried Albert, in a paroxysm of rage. I would sooner tear the hair from your head, my good Catharine. That is the least I owe Charlotte."

"I would sooner scratch the eyes out of your head, my dear Albert," said Catharine in an ecstasy of grief. "Ludwig may depend upon that."

TO BE CONTINUED.

Little-or-Nothings.

Very old nothings are apt to please very old fools.

Many a fast young man has knocked a cord-wainer out of his boots.

A widow, whose lands supply rich grazing for a thousand cattle, is an attractive grass widow.

Sailors are never so lively as when they are in the shrouds.

The things, that are really for us, naturally gravitate to us.

The objects we most passionately desire are generally those that we know least about.

The coquette pursues her lover, and makes him think he is pursuing her.

No two words more distinctly express cause and consequences than—gin and bitters.

The head of a pure old man, like a mountain-top, whitens as it gets nearer to heaven.

It has been discovered that athletic persons die for the want of breath.

The great truths that are brought to light are new and old at their birth.

Every hungry fellow is willing to be a martyr when he has a chance at the steak.

When we say of some men that they are self-made, we do so out of respect to our Maker.

It is very unskillful flattery to tell a man that he isn't half so big a fool as the world thinks him.

The highest degree of cunning is a pretended blindness to snares which we know are laid for us.

The earth is an example of forgiveness, for to him who wounds and lacerates her gentle bosom she yields her greatest treasures.

Even a reprobate's son is likely to pay due regard to the will of his parents if it makes him the heir of their property.

A tyrant cannot well bind one end of a chain around the arms or legs of a people without binding the other around his own neck.

There is frozen music in many a heart that the beams of encouragement would melt into glorious song.

The religious prosecutor abominates the smell of a raw heretic, but greatly enjoys the odor of a roasted one.

We have seen a couple of sisters who had to be told everything together, for they were so much alike they couldn't be told apart.

Some philanthropists are so bitterly fanatical against hanging that they would gibbet all who are in favor of it.

Amidst society the Christian avows his faith; in solitude he feels it. Upon the plains and in the valleys he believes; in the mountains he sees.

Virtue finds its securest home among the sons of poverty and toil, as a green and blooming spot is safest from violations when shut in by the unsightly and rugged rocks.

We weep, to acquire the reputation of tenderness; we weep, in order to be pitied; we weep that we may be wept over; we even weep to avoid the scandal of not weeping.

We have all seen the tragedy of imprudent genius, struggling for years with paltry pecuniary difficulties, at last sinking, chilled, exhausted, and fruitless, like a giant slaughtered by pins.

The earth is a great factory wheel, which at every revolution on its axis, receives fifty thousand raw souls and turns off nearly the same number worked up more or less completely.

It is not to be supposed, that the Devil would give half as much for the services of a sinner as he would for those of one of the folks that are always doing virtuous acts in a way to make them displeasing.