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Select Poetry.

"AT THE LAST."

[This beautiful poem appeared originally in the *Pittsburg Independent*, written on the passage. "Man goeth forth unto his work and to his labor until the evening."]

The stream is calmest when it hears the tide,
 And flowers are sweetest at the eventide,
 And birds most musical at the close of day,
 And saints divinest when they pass away.

Morning is lovely, but a holier charm
 Lies folded close in Evenings' robe of balm.
 And weary man must ever love her best,
 For Morning calls to toil, but Night to rest.

She comes from Heaven, and on her wings doth bear
 A holy fragrance, like the breath of prayer;
 Footsteps of angels follow in her trace,
 To shut the weary eyes of Day in peace.

All things are hushed before her, as she throws
 O'er earth and sky, her mantle of repose:
 There is a calm, a beauty, and a power
 That Morning knows not, in the Evening hour.

"Until the Evening" we must weep and toil,
 Plough life's stern furrow, dig the gaudy soil
 Trend with sad feet our rough and thorny way,
 And bear the heat and burden of the day.

Oh! when our sun is setting, may we glide,
 Like Summer Evening, down the golden tide;
 And leave behind us, as we pass away,
 Sweet, starry twilight round our sleeping clay.

An Address.

ADDRESS OF WELCOME.

BY REV. E. BRIDENBACH.

At the reception of the *Nine Months' Soldiers*
 in Greencastle, Pa., May 23, 1863.

SOLDIERS:—In the name of this vast multitude, we greet you with an earnest welcome to your homes. When we call to mind the purpose for which you left us and the manner in which you acquitted yourselves, it is with extreme pleasure we now address to you words of congratulation. At no period in all the past has such a contest ever existed as that in which you were engaged. When we look into history and inquire into the character of other wars, we find, indeed, that rebellion is not a new thing. Other nations have been necessitated to meet it. They have been compelled to maintain their authority: not by the skill of diplomacy, but by a resort to the last and sternest means. But, nowhere can we find a rebellion whose inception was based on such enormous wickedness, and whose hope of success was girdled by such manifest treachery, theft and falsehood. When the purpose for which other wars were undertaken will be partly forgotten, this one, on account of its magnitude and character, will carry with a freshness and an immortality that will never fade. It will always be remembered as the great rebellion. Nations to the remotest time will read, ponder and wonder, not only at the deeds of stupendous valor, written in the blood of slaughtered martyrs; but also at the egregious folly of those who sought the dismemberment of the best government ever devised.

The impartial record will testify that on the one side, the struggle was for human rights, for government and for law, and on the other for the establishment of despotism and oppression. On the one hand, for the perpetuation of social and religious privileges, to be enjoyed with equal freedom by all classes; and on the other hand, for the elevation of a haughty aristocracy and the initiation of the vilest tyranny. It will then be frankly admitted that the sons of the north were banded together for the purpose of upholding the integrity of those just and honorable principles, which he at the very foundation of successful government, and through the wisdom of which we were on the march to a national elevation and grandeur never equalled; while the sons of the south were leagued together in a crusade against the best institutions, the dearest rights and most sacred privileges. Then it will be acknowledged that a too lenient government only unsheathed the sword, when longer forbearance and tolerance would have become suicidal—and when the nation was in danger of being held up to the contempt of the world as the digger of its own grave, the maker of its own coffin and the weaver of its own shroud, in which to wrap and bury her glory from the sight of man forever.

The question is now forced upon us whether we shall have one government, or whether we shall eventually have ten or twenty, occupying the same territory now occupied by these United States. Whether we shall bequeath to our posterity as our forefathers bequeathed to us, a union untorn, cemented by the bonds of mutual dependence and mutual interests; or whether we shall bequeath to them a divided

inheritance, when each one will be compelled to hold his own share only with bayonets, bristling on every side. Some, indeed, are so short sighted as to imagine that it would be far better when terms of amity cannot be maintained to separate in peace, each one to follow their own interest, independent of the other, than to have this present national strife. A view, which if carried out, would result in the creation of innumerable difficulties and vexations. Instead of having one prosperous and strong nation, we would have a multitude of small principalities, any amount of bitter jealousies, and ruinous contentions. We can not for a moment passively consent to our disruption into a multitude of fragments.—No one can look at the issue fairly and honestly and remain undecided where lies our honor, our safety and our happiness.

You, soldiers, had no difficulty in your minds to determine where you would cast your sympathy and support. When, nine months ago, you voluntarily entered in the service of your country, you gave a significant expression to your feelings and purposes; with a spirit resolved to do what you could, to keep our government an unbroken whole, and our country from devastation. You responded to the call of the Chief Executive for 300,000 men. You shouldered your muskets, and buckled on your knapsacks, and marched cheerfully whenever and wherever you were commanded by your superior officers. You showed by your valorous deeds and your heroic bearing, that you felt that you were right, and the consciousness of this sustained and animated you in all your fatigues and dangers.

In the after years of your life, you will have no occasion to refer back with regret to your campaign. Your posterity will not be compelled to reflect upon your deeds, or hear your names mentioned in connection with them, with the crimson blush of shame. When the names of Lee, Jackson, and others, will always be associated with what is now and ever will be regarded as most infamous in its conception, and most cruel in its attempted execution; those of your military leaders will be associated with a cause, commending itself more and more to the good judgment and confidence of the world. And while a host of deluded followers, who have been and are now fighting for the establishment of a proud oligarchy or some thing worse, will when excited passion has calmed to sober reflection, find cause for self-reproach and shame; you and your companions in arms, will have the proud consciousness that you were engaged in a noble work; and with an eye directed to the Stars and Stripes floating unrent, you can bless God that you were permitted to aid in keeping it from being trailed in the dust. Your mission was your country's safety and your country's honor.—You did your part well. The accounts that came to us of your operations were such as to fill us with confidence in your valor, and your earnestness. Your memorable charges at Fredericksburg—going up repeatedly to the cannon's mouth—and your more recent achievements at Chancellorsville, made neither your friends nor your country ashamed of you.—We honor you for your work.

The gallant conduct of the 5th corps is thus officially recognized by its commander, Gen. Meade. "I cannot adequately express the satisfaction with which I witnessed the ready and cheerful obedience to all orders by the troops of my command. Their submission to every privation, and sacrifice and exposure, night marches through mud and rain, fording deep streams, using the axe and spade more than the musket, and yet ready at all times to go forward and meet the enemy. It is such good service as this that tries and makes the real soldier, and it is my earnest desire to bear full testimony to the credit acquired by, and due to the officers and men of the 5th corps." Tyler's brigade, belonging to this corps, we find highly complimented for its coolness and bravery in the last engagement. When the balls were whizzing thick and fast, and the shells rushed howling through the air, the men of this command continued stubbornly to resist the advance of the foe; four separate and desperate charges were made upon the enemy, driving him back each time, and the position thus gained was held, until, as we are told, compelled to retire, only because of exhausted cartridge boxes.

Such a recognition of your services shows your heroic daring and cool determination.—You have gained for yourself a name, inferior to none, upon that hotly contested field. Pennsylvania may well be proud of her nine month's men. They have received no praise they did not fully deserve, and which is not frankly

and honestly accorded to them. We thus feel assured that the officers and men of the 126th, have added new lustre to their names, and reflected the highest credit upon Franklin county. One thing is no doubt regretted by you, as well as by us all, which is, that you had not the honor, during your time of enlistment, to participate in the taking of that citadel of treason; to drive from the seat of usurped authority its occupant; and to hoist the banner of Union and loyalty, where now floats vauntingly the ensign of treachery. This would have been a matter of the most earnest congratulation; the crowning excellence of your campaign. Though you were denied this additional honor, you nevertheless feel rewarded in the conviction that you materially aided in hastening on its reduction. If you were not permitted to mount the fortifications around Richmond, and purge that doomed city of its treason, you aided at least in breaking the way that leads to this result.

In extending to you, in the name of this community, our fraternal greeting on your safe return from scenes of carnage and of death, we cannot fail to be reminded of the sad fact, that some of those who went with you have either been left behind, lying buried on the field, they so nobly contested or have been brought home by their friends to lay them away among their sleeping dead. While our hearts are filled with gladness on account of your merciful deliverance, how is not that gladness oppressed by the recollection of their absence. How much more joyous would the emotions of the soul be, if all who left with you could this day grasp the hand of their loved ones, and make their hearts radiant with the smile of pleasure. But, alas! it is not so. God in his providence has ordered it otherwise. Gloom and sorrow has been permitted to enter one and another household. How great that sorrow. Who can weigh it or measure its depth. Go to the mother with the melancholy tidings, that a dearly loved son has fallen in the day of battle; he on whom she leaned in her declining years, with strong maternal confidence, and what waters of bitterness are not stirred up within her soul. Go to the wife and tell her that he, to whom she had plighted her youthful love, lies buried among the slain. Go to those noble manhood she looked for everything that was honorable and considerate toward her, and around whose heart had entwined the delicate tendrils of her warm affection, is no more, and what a flood of tears will testify to the depth of her anguish. Tell the fatherless child, old enough to comprehend the meaning of the language, Father is killed in battle, or among the missing, uncertain whether dead or a prisoner, and the little heart seems ready to break in the agony of its grief. Crying, oh! my papa, my papa. Yes, there is grief, deep, bitter grief, in some of our households this day. The mourner sits silent, thinking of the brightness of the past, and the darkness of the present, while the oppressed heart gives utterance to its sorrow in a flood of tears. I know when you think of your fallen comrades, drawn toward each other by your common dangers and privations, and cherishing toward each other the feeling of brothers, that the gladness of the present hour becomes tinged with a melancholy sadness. But they are gone—they fell, but not ingloriously. Brave and noble soldiers they were. Their work will be appreciated, and their memory will be cherished by grateful people.

When you left us we fondly hoped and earnestly prayed, that you might all be spared to return. In your fatiguing marches, in your tents or when on the battle field, the kindest wishes of your friends were with you. You were not forgotten. Our daily prayers ascended up to heaven for your preservation and your success. Our hopes are to some extent disappointed, and our prayers answered, only so far as divine wisdom and goodness has judged best. God has permitted the lives of some to be sacrificed for the salvation of the nation. You he has suffered to come back; some it is true with maimed limb, or with the scar of honor or wounds still fresh, but the greater part unhurt. Considering the greatness and variety of your exposures the wonder is that so many are safe. It must have been a merciful Father in Heaven, who watched over you and kept you. Blind must be the mind that cannot see his protecting hand and stupid he who fails to recognize in this an overruling Providence.

Officers of the 126th, and soldiers of companies B, C, E, and K, we thank you in the name of our fellow citizens, for what you have done for our country. We thank you for the protection you gave us when following close upon the heels of the foe, when invading the

soil of Maryland, and threatening our own homes and for the readiness you manifested to meet him on the fields of the Antietam. We thank you for the vigor and energy you displayed so soon as ordered, in following him across the Potomac and driving him beyond the Rappahannock, thus relieving us of the anxiety occasioned by the proximity of his presence. We felt assured when we bade you farewell, that you would honor the flag under which you had enlisted. In this we are not disappointed. No stain has come upon it by any act of yours. You bore it proudly aloft wherever you went. Your work has been nobly performed. We can, therefore, congratulate you on the honorable distinction you have thus achieved, and with true hearts extend to you our earnest welcome to your cherished friends and firesides—a welcome that springs spontaneously from every loyal and patriotic heart.

POSITION IN SLEEPING.

It is better to go to sleep on the right side, for the stomach is very much in the position of a bottle turned upside down, and the contents of it are aided in passing out by gravitation. If one goes to sleep on the left side the operation of emptying the stomach of its contents is more like drawing water from a well. After going to sleep let the body take its own position. If you sleep on your back, especially soon after a hearty meal, the weight of the digestive organs, and that of the food, resting on the great vein of the body, near the back bone compresses it, and arrests the flow of the blood more or less. If the arrest is partial the sleep is disturbed, and there are unpleasant dreams. If the meal has been recent and hearty the arrest is more decided; and the various sensations, such as falling over a precipice, or the pursuit of a wild beast, or other impending danger, and the desperate effort to get rid of it, arouses us, and sends on the stagnating blood; and we wake in a fright, or trembling, or perspiration, or feeling exhaustion, according to the degree of stagnation, and the length and strength of the efforts made to escape the danger. But, when we are not able to escape the danger—when we fall over the precipice—when the tumbling building crushes us—what then? *That is death!* That is the death of those of whom it is said, when found lifeless in the morning—"That they were as well as they ever were the day before," and often it is added, "and ate heartier than common!" This last, as a frequent cause of death to those who have gone to bed to wake no more, we give merely as a private opinion. The possibility of its truth is enough to deter any rational man from a late and hearty meal. This we do know with certainty, that waking up in the night with painful diarrhoea, or cholera, or bilious colic, ending in death in a very short time, is properly traceable to a late large meal. The truly wise will take the safe side. For persons who eat three times a day, it is amply sufficient to make the last meal of cold bread and butter and a cup of some worm drink. No one can starve on it; while a perseverance in the habit soon begets a vigorous appetite for breakfast so promising of a day of comfort.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

COL. GILLEM, one of the finest of gentlemen and strictest of officers, was one day, rep remanding one of his soldiers, who was slightly intoxicated at the time. After the Colonel had concluded, the soldier remarked:

"Yez wuddint have occasion to talk to me so ef I had a pistol." The Colonel mused astonishedly asked:

"Well, sir, what would you do if you had a pistol?"

"Why, I'd shoot—meself, sir."

At a theatre in Nantes, during a performance, a boy fell over the gallery railing, struck three people in the different tiers of boxes as he descended, and finally landed in a vacant seat in the pit, to the great astonishment of a gentleman who was enjoying the play from that part of the house. The boy was found to be uninjured.

A SPEAKER in a meeting, enlarging upon the rascality of the devil, got off the following pithy words: "When I was about getting religion, the devil tried to dissuade me from it, and told me if I did get religion I could not go into gay company, and lie, or steal, or do such and such thing, but I have found him out to be a great liar."

One half of this generation are born to be the wives of the other half, and the mothers of all the rest.

Little-or-Nothings.

A spendthrift, like a race-horse, soon runs his race.

A preacher's word should be law only when it is gospel.

To reduce a debt is by far the best way of contracting one.

Knowledge cannot make wisdom, but, on the contrary, may smother it.

Languid war can do nothing which negotiation or submission will not do better.

A goose pen is a fitter thing for some authors to lie in than to write with.

A gentleman can probably marry any lady of his acquaintance—if he pleases.

Fortune is kind to only a few; the fortunate should be kind to the rest.

A sweet temper in a wife is worth more to a husband than a sugar-plantation.

People sometimes undertake to go ahead and find they can't go a single foot.

Common sense is valuable in all kinds of business, except love-making.

Contentment is a beautiful invention for the exclusive benefit of the lower classes.

Two pair of lips, in close league, can speak a language sweeter than words.

If neglect of business isn't a failing in a merchant, it is pretty sure to lead to one.

The bad example which a man is most apt to follow, is the one that he sets himself.

A melancholy man preys upon himself, as distressed monkeys are said to eat their own tails.

With a magnificent diamond, a man can generally cut his name upon the hardest female heart.

He who asked the daughter's hand and got the father's foot, had the consolation of knowing that his wooing was not bootless.

At some taverns you have to pay cash for your victuals, but are furnished with vermin on tick.

The Here feels the breezes of Hereafter as the land the breezes from the ocean. And it needs them.

You may buy a house, but probably you will not be able to keep it long if your wife isn't a good house-keeper.

Every political leader thinks, that like a church choir, he should have an organ—with a big bellows attachment.

The breed of calves is said to have improved, but most of us would prefer Aaron's yellow one to any heard of since his time.

Husband and wife should be adapted to each other's needs. A woman without arms and a man without legs would be a fair match.

Woman is an interesting book, but not always an open one; she's a volume that is sometimes tightly clasped.

Very few poets can, like the Titan, steal fire from heaven, but some of them steal the wood and coal their fire is made with.

Malefactors used to be kept upon their gibbets after execution, that they might grin down examples upon the folks below.

If an author tries hard to write unlike anybody else, it is pretty certain that no one will ever try to write like him.

Nature has supplied remedies for the great evils—has balanced genius with adversity, ambition with perils, virtue with calumny.

Nothing ought to be easier than to wait when we cannot go forward, or to make no final resolve when we have no alternative.

If you drink a spider without knowing it, he may not hurt you. There is probably less poison in him than in the knowledge that you have swallowed him.

We love peace, but not at any price. There is a peace more destructive to the manhood of living man than war is to his material body. Chains are worse than death.

Human hope has bespoken the sympathy of the angles in its flights as naturally as ships at sea hail other ships and give them packages to bear home, heeding not that they are of larger proportions or of swifter sail.