

THE PILOT.

GREENCASTLE:

Tuesday Morning, June 9, 1863.



Gen. E. B. Tyler's Parting Words.

At the expiration of the term of service of the men of his Brigade, Gen. Tyler delivered a brief but well-timed and earnest farewell address. He complimented the men upon their march to Antietam; their good conduct at Sharpsburg; their march and exposure at Snicker's Gap; their gallantry at Fredricksburg and at Chancellorsville. It was only necessary to observe "Your noble bearing in our recent movements in the face of the enemy and on the march, and to your strictly temperate, moral and gentlemanly deportment, to satisfy the mind of any one that your promises have been fully redeemed."

The concluding paragraph of the address ought to be set in letters of gold. We hope not only every returned soldier, but every soldier, whether in or out of the field, may read the counsel he gives—and the General does what he advises others to do, to abstain from intoxicating drinks. He says:—"I regret parting with you, but you have faithfully served your full term, and we have no further claim upon your service here. In bidding you adieu, may I not add one word of caution. May I not ask that you ever remember the proud name you have earned for yourselves, and that you guard against committing a single act that will tarnish your fair fame. *Shun, I beg of you, the 'tempting bowl.'* Meet those who will greet you as you pass homeward as becomes sober patriots. Let not the sting of intemperance mar the pleasure your presence must give those who so dearly love you. And rest assured, wherever you go, my best heartfelt wishes will follow you, and I shall ever regard the time we have spent together as among the most pleasant days of my military life. And now, may the good Father of all guide, shield and protect every one of you, and permit us to meet soon again, with our now distracted country at peace."

One-Hundred-and-Fifty-Eighth.

Since the return of the Nine months men, the only regiment remaining in the field, which may be properly called a Franklin County regiment, is the One-hundred-and-fifty-eighth Pennsylvania Infantry. Our readers know the material of which it is composed. The men are sturdy farmer's sons and stout mechanics and laborers. Not only in their physical condition do we pronounce this an excellent body of men, but in intelligence, moral character and patriotism and willingness to endure hardship, no other in the service excel them. Every order is obeyed with alacrity.

For a month or more past, this regiment has been encamped near Little Washington, North Carolina. This place is on the north side of the Pamlico river, a few miles south of where the Tar river empties into the Pamlico; this latter river flows into the Sound of the same name. Although our boys have not yet been brought into what may, in the full sense of the term, be called a battle, yet in some skirmishes in which they have been engaged, they have displayed a great deal of energy and bravery. No rebel force has been allowed to encamp within many miles of Washington.

It is not probable they will long remain at that place, but a more active campaign, than has been known in the North States, for the past six months, will soon be inaugurated. We will look with confidence to our men to sustain the cause of the country, the honor of their native State and the respect of the people of this country.

Col. McKibben, who was at home for some weeks, having been rendered unfit for duty from injuries resulting from being thrown from his horse, has recently rejoined his regiment, and is again ready to be arrayed against the foe he has so often met in battle.

We shall soon hear news from this quarter.

THE NEWS.

It was reported in Cincinnati, on Friday, that Gen. Johnston is marching upon Memphis, instead of attempting to relieve Pemberton at Vicksburg. The rumors came through divers sources, and obtained some credence.

Advices from General Grant, to the 30th and 31st of May, assure the Government that the siege is progressing favorably. General Sherman and McPherson had advanced their batteries of artillery to within fifty yards of the Rebel fortifications. Reinforcements were reaching the Union army, and General Grant was now in a position to carry on the reduction of Vicksburg, and attend to any enemy who might attack his rear. The fall of this Rebel Gibraltar is deemed near at hand.

Washington, June 5.—It has been determined to make a separate Military Department of Pennsylvania and Maryland, along the border of Pennsylvania.

The New Orleans Era, of the 27th, contains the following: Gen. Banks moved down the Red river with his army, crossed to Bayou Sara and thence to Port Hudson, where he united his forces with those of General Augur. The gunboat under Farragut were to move upon the 24th. The mortar fleet opened upon Port Hudson on the night of the 24th, silencing several of the enemy's guns. Port Hudson is now, therefore, closely besieged and hemmed in, and the fall of this stronghold will be speedy, even should Gen. Banks not order an assault on the works. Colonel Grierson is cooperating with General Banks. The garrison at Port Hudson is estimated at 10,000 men—they are scantily supplied with provisions.

The New Orleans Era, of the 28th says:—We learn from an authentic source that our army before Port Hudson is in a satisfactory position, and everything promises fair for an important and successful close of the campaign against the rebel stronghold.

Newbern, N. C., May 29.—On the 27th inst., Major-General Foster visited the camps of nine months' men, and made an eloquent speech to each regiment. General Foster told the soldiers that he could not part with them; that they must not leave him and our sacred cause at this stage of the Rebellion; that he would give them all the advantages accompanying a re-enlistment, including a furlough of thirty days to each regiment, and so arrange it that while one regiment departed another should be ready to return, which proposition appeared to meet with general favor. General Foster then called upon the nine months' men for a new artillery regiment, to consist of twelve companies of one hundred and fifty men each. This regiment was organized upon the spot, and the officers were appointed. Some of the regiments offered to furnish three companies for this new command, which will be ready for service in a short time.

The desire of that portion of the Eighteenth Army Corps, now in South Carolina, to return here under their old chief, where they can have active service, is arousing the sympathies of the whole Department in their behalf. Numerous letters are continually reaching General Foster from the officers and men now separated from him against the express orders of the President, containing appeals for their return of a most affecting character, together with a general offer to re-enlist for the war if their wishes are granted. Rather than have any ill-feeling existing between the two Departments, General Foster is willing to furnish General Hunter with two black regiments for each white one returned.

Washington, May 31.—The following telegraph was received at the Navy Department to-day:—

Flag-Ship "Black Hawk," Mississippi Squadron, near Vicksburg, via Cairo, May 30, 1863.—To Hon. Gideon Welles, Secretary of the Navy:—Sir, I have the honor to inform you that the expedition I sent up the Yazoo, under command of Lieut.-Commander Walker, after taking possession of the Fort at Haines Bluff was perfectly successful.

Three powerful steam rams were destroyed at Yazoo City. One was a monster 310 feet long and 70 feet beam, to be covered with nine-inch iron plates. A fine Navy Yard, with machine shops of all kinds, saw mills, blacksmith's shops, &c., were burned up. The property destroyed and captured amounted to over \$2,000,000. Had the monster iron ram been finished she would have given us some trouble. One battery was destroyed at Drury's Bluff. Our loss on the expedition was one killed and seven wounded.

DAVID D. PORTER,

Acting Rear Admiral Commanding.

Colonel Kilpatrick, the hero of a recent brilliant raid through Virginia, has added to the laurels there achieved by another excursion through the enemy's country. On Saturday, the 30th, at the head of his small, but valiant band, he left Gloucester Point, opposite Yorktown, and passing in a northeast direction, crossed the Dragon River, at the small village of Saluda, and thence through Middlesex county to Urbana, its capital. The Rappahannock was here crossed, and the expedition continued its journey, through the counties of Westmoreland and King George, to a point near the headquarters of General Hooker. At the Dragon River it was discovered that the rebels had burned the bridges, and that a large body of Stuart's Cavalry had been stationed at a point above, where it was believed our forces must necessarily cross. Colonel Kilpatrick, however, was too shrewd for the Rebel Commander, and by means of a hastily constructed bridge which they subsequently destroyed, his men were transported, over in safety. Subsequently divided into columns, the principal body, under command of Colonel Davis, moved south to Pine Tree, in the lower part of Middlesex, where they captured the chief leader of the bushwhackers in that section, and also a mail carrier. Among the letters in the possession of the latter was one from General Stuart to the guerrilla chief, promising protection against the expected Union raids. Col. Davis reached Urbana on Sunday morning. The other column, after leaving the Dragon, and moved in a northeast direction, and on Monday morning

arrived in front of Urbana, after having had a short and successful skirmish, and were subsequently taken across the Rappahannock in transports protected by gun-boats. Thus ended a raid which has equaled in its daring any attempted by the rebels, while its result have been of the most beneficial character.

REMINISCENCES OF A SOLDIER.

No. 2.

GREENCASTLE, June 5, 1863.

Mr Editor:—We never will forget the occurrences of a night last November—during the short halt of the army at Spotted Tavern. An impenetrable pall of mist and clouds overhung the earth. The scintillations of the scattered camp-fires, dimmed by the enveloping fog, lent a weird appearance to the scene. It was near the turning hour of night, all the troops comfortably bunked were courting "Nature's sweet restorer—balmly sleep," and silence and darkness reigned supreme. The measured tread of the lonely sentinal, and his occasional call for the Sergeant of the Guard, were the sole noises which disturbed the unworldly calm. Dick and Pete were both on duty to-night, and it was about the hour at which the latter was to relieve the former. Pete was awakened by the Corporal, and unaccompanied by him, who thought so much labor useless, he started for his post. When he approached, he called Dick, but received no response, and the thick darkness prevented him from discerning any object save the bulky guard-house. He entered this dreaded tenement. It was empty as a vacuum itself. Where were the prisoners?—Where was Dick?—What mystery was this? He was about to call the Corporal to be instructed, when a thought struck him, it perhaps would not be best. He then resumed his search for Dick, and found him leaning against the guard-house, sound asleep. Three or four stout kicks restored him to consciousness.

Dick—What's wrong?
Pete.—Every thing I should think. Where are the prisoners?

Dick.—Thunder and lightning, Pete! You don't say they have escaped?

Pete.—They are not in the house.
Dick.—Ten thousand curses on that vinegar! I used some with my pork to day, and it made me sleepy.

Pete.—Ha! ha! ha! Dick, that's a good one.
Dick.—What's to be done?
Pete.—How many were they?

Dick.—Two.
Pete.—Does the Captain know their here?
Dick.—No.

Pete.—Does the Sergeant of the Guard?
Dick.—Yes.

Pete.—Are their names registered?
Dick.—No.

Pete.—Nor the charges against them, of course?
Dick.—No.

Pete.—We must fix this matter some how, Dick, or we'll be punished severely.

They sat down then, each one ruminating, and endeavoring to concoct some scheme by which they might escape the consequences of Dick's unseasonable slumber. Some thirty minutes had been spent in deep cogitation, when Dick's countenance suddenly lit up with joy, so much so that it emitted rays there in the gloom, and Pete thoughtfully applying a lucifer, it ignited, and he lit his pipe. He then enquired of Dick the cause of this marked exhibition of such profound delight.

Dick.—We will arrest two niggers and put them in. It was dark last night, when the prisoners came here, and the Sergeant never recognized their color.

Pete.—So far so good. But where is the document containing the charges against the prisoners? In that will be a statement of their names and every thing, and unless it can be dispensed with, the plot will not succeed.

Here poor Dick's countenance grew dark again, and it was not recognizable from the thick gloom around it. In answer to Pete's question, he said:

The sergeant of the guard has the O. B. papers concerning the cursed prisoners. It was late when they came in, and I remember of him saying that he would not disturb the Captain to-night with them.

Pete.—Your plan is very good, Dick, as far as it goes. It only requires a few additions to make it entirely successful, and I think I have them!

Dick.—What are they, Pete?
Pete.—If we can steal the document from the sergeant and destroy it, all will be well.

Dick.—Good! I'll do it.

Pete.—Well go immediately, so that we get through with our business, before my two hours roll 'round.

Dick started off in haste. Pete sat down to await his return. In less than ten minutes he saw something like an *ignis fatuus* approaching. He was about running away, when it hailed him—"Hallo, Pete! I've got it!"—it was Dick, his countenance lit up again with joy.

Pete.—Did you succeed, Dick?
Dick.—Yes. Here it is.

Pete.—Good. Now let us go and arrest the darkies.

With fixed bayonets they both started off to a neighboring tent, where the cooks were known to bunk. Very unceremoniously they entered. Several pricks with the bayonet awoke the snoring blacks.

Pete.—Boys get up, come along.
Dark No. 1.—Whor massa, whor?
Pete.—To the guard-house.

Dark No. 2.—We wor'nt 'toxicated massa.
No. Oh, massa!

Pete.—Come on I tell you, or we'll string you both on our bayonets: and I don't want you to make the least noise.

Dark No. 1.—Yes. We wor'nt 'toxicated.
Pete.—Hush.

Soon the darkies were safe in the house.— Luckily they had been on a drunk the evening before, and innocently they expected their imprisonment was for this. Dick started to his quarters and Pete remained on guard. Soon his two hours expired, and the third relief came 'round.

3rd Relief.—Are the prisoners all right?
Pete.—All right, and Pete went to his quarters.

In the morning all was well. The Sergeant of the guard was down-cast. I suppose mysteriously, he had lost some valuable document. But he was very "mum." The darkies continued saying, "We wor'nt 'toxicated, massa, we wor'nt." By their own lips they were condemned, and charges of drunkenness were confirmed against them, for which they were kept under guard forty-eight hours.

No one, to this day, but "our mess," and now the readers of the Pilot, knows anything to the contrary than that the darkies were the regular prisoners.

PASSING EVENTS.

Files of the Pilot.—We have several files of last year's Pilot, which we will sell cheap.

Produce.—A large amount of produce has been transported over the Franklin Railroad during the past ten days or more.

At the old Place.—Mr. JAMES W. BARR, having returned from "the wars," will be found by his customers, at his old stand.

The News.—Mr. S. H. EBY, still conducts his News and Periodical establishment in the Post Office room. He has always the best dailies, weeklies, and choicest magazines on hand.

Counterfeit.—People should keep a sharp look out for counterfeit files on the Bank of Northumberland. The genuines are red lined, while the bad are in black and white.

Address.—The address delivered by Rev. E. BREYENBAUGH, at the reception of the Nine months' men, will be found on the first page of to-day's paper.

Mr. RESINGER, formerly of the vicinity of Upton, Pennsylvania and now of Iowa city, Iowa, is now on a visit to his friends in this section. He has succeeded remarkably well in the West.

A Company.—We would suggest that the returned soldiers organize into a Military company. It would keep alive old associations, and indeed it might be made useful in case of some sudden emergency. We leave the matter with them.

Music.—We had the pleasure of hearing the other night, some really excellent music. It is so seldom we hear a violin or guitar, that, although the serenade was not intended for us, we listened with fond pleasure.

Corn and Locust Blossoms.—The locust trees contain any quantity of blossoms, and according to the old "signs," we may expect a plentiful crop of corn. But we are of the opinion that depends upon the weather and good farming than upon Almanacs and old womanish "signs."

Sickness in Winchester.—We learn that the camp fever prevails to an alarming extent in Winchester, Virginia. There were five hundred cases at one time in the city. It is confined almost entirely to the citizens, the disease not having spread much through the encampments of the Union soldiers.

Enrolling Officer.—JACOB SNOOK, Esq., has been appointed Assistant Provost Marshal for Antrim township. He commenced enrolling about two weeks ago, but we understand that some days since, he received an order to stop enrolling until further notice. But that the enrollment will be again commenced, few doubt.

P. S.—Since writing the foregoing, we learn that Mr. SNOOK has again commenced to enroll the militia.

Departure for South Carolina.—Sergt. Major SNOOK of the 55th Reg., P. V., left this place on Monday morning of last week, to rejoin his regiment in South Carolina. ENANUEL CARPENTER went with him as a recruit for this noble regiment.

Sergt. MILLER, of company G., leaves to-day (Monday) for the same destination. They were very welcome visitors here, and carry back with them to the rest of our boys, many kind regards and private messages. May they live to come back at the close of their term of service! If so, we know they will come as honored, faithful soldiers of their country, and meet with the welcome they deserve.

Report of the Ladies' Aid Society of Greencastle, Pa.—The Ladies' Aid Society of this place and vicinity, sent during the past week, to the Christian Commission of Philadelphia, three boxes of Hospital stores, with the following contents:—

Box No. 1.—58 shirts, 15 pairs of drawers, 24 slings, 1 sheet, 3 pillow-cases, 4 bundles of rags, 55 bandages, 8 bottles of wine, some dried fruit and some lint.

Box No. 2.—16 cans of jelly, 7 cans of peaches, 5 cans of tomatoes, 2 jars of jelly, some rice and dried fruit.

Box No. 3.—Containing lint.

EMMA M. APPLE, Secy.

June.—The fairest month of all the year has opened—beautifully and smiling as ever. The leaves of the forest trees are covered with their varied foliage. The earth is carpeted with green. The perfume of sweet scented flowers is wafted on every breeze. The chirring of birds, the rippling of brooks, the balmy zephyrs, all invite us to enjoy the beauties which the hand of Nature has spread out before us.

—Mark how green the groves,
The primrose banks how fair;
The balmy gales awake the flowers.

* * * * *
—The law' rock abuts the palace gay,
And o'er the cottage sings;
For Nature smiles as sweet I ween,
To shepherd as to kings.

To the Reader.—Madam, Miss, or Sir, indeed it is a very hard matter for us just now to regale you with local items. Accidents don't often happen of late, our town is so quiet, and the weather has been so warm, that we do hope you will excuse us, for this time at least. If houses are burned (which we do not wish); if suicides and murders take place (which we pray may not be); or if somebody grows large radishes, beets or cabbage; or if some one presents us with good cigars, old grape, or any other nice little affairs, to make our heart grateful—we promise to give you plenty of local gossip. We know you wouldn't want us to go to work like these naughty dailies, and invent some horrid story, just to make the paper take. No, you want sound, reliable information, such as we always try to give you.

What will you have?

Pic-Nic.—Quite a large number of our young ladies and gents, went up to PARSELL'S Knob, on last Tuesday, and in that romantic retreat, held a "delightful" pic-nic—at least they all so affirm.—Scrambling up the mountain side, gathering "wild-wood flowers," on the way, songs and mirthful conversation, were all "hugely" enjoyed, and made the ascent seem less difficult than it would otherwise have been. Upon the summit a rich repast was spread by the ladies—thoughtful and kind as ever. From this point can be seen, with the naked eye, several of the towns, and a large portion of this beautiful Cumberland Valley. The "views" were pronounced "splendid."

The "wanderings of the party among the "green braes" and by the "winding rills," and on the "pleasant banks and green valleys below," we cannot trace—for the printer was not there.

Dr. Henry G. Chritzman.—Our gallant and young townsman has been for some time, Assistant Surgeon in the 8th Pennsylvania Cavalry. In the fight on Saturday night, May 2nd, after the unfortunate retreat of the 11th Army corps, the Cavalry was sent to the front, and made a couple of semi-circles, scouring the country, and for some distance literally cut their way through the enemy's ranks. The regiment lost heavily in this expedition. The Doctor accompanied the Cavalry the whole way through, and not only acquitted himself in the performance of his official duties, but fought desperately, to prevent the wounded, from falling into the hands of the rebels. The next morning he took charge of a United States Hospital near United States Ford. It was there that he extracted the ball from the forehead of Lieut. ROWA. The Doctor has received the highest praise from the Medical Director, and from the commandant of the regiment.

Ter-Centenary Celebration.—One of the largest, if not the largest, congregations we ever saw assembled in this place, composed of the Upton and Greencastle congregations, besides the people of other denominations, met in the German Reformed Church in this place on last Sabbath, to commemorate the ter centenary festival now being held throughout the bounds of this denomination in Europe and America. The origin of this religious festival will be found in an article in another column.

The morning exercises opened with the chanting of the Te Deum, by the choir. This was their first attempt at chanting, and may be considered highly creditable. The Reading lesson for the morning was the xvi Psalm and part of Matthew xxi chapter. Prayer by the Rev. T. G. APPLE, pastor of the United congregations. After which he proceeded to deliver a very able sermon from Matthew xvii, chapter 18th verse.

He gave an account of the history of the early church, of the causes which tended to produce the Reformation. He spoke eloquently of the Reformers—LUTHER, ZWINGLI, MELANCTHON, CALVIN, and others; of the labors of FREDERICK III, OLEVIANUS and URSINUS in producing the Heidelberg Catechism; the use of this symbol of faith, and the duty of every member of the Reformed Church to become better acquainted with it, and to have that high regard for it, which it deserves. It was a sermon which clearly presented the main points of the doctrine of this Church. After prayer by the Rev. REILLY, tutor in the Theological seminary at Mercersburg, Pennsylvania, the choir sang most beautifully the piece entitled, "A Hundred Years to Come," 146th Hymn, and Benediction.

Although the exercises were protracted, every one in that large congregation listened attentively to every word by the minister. In the evening, the Rev. WALTER KREBS, of Waynesboro, preached a sermon on the subject of the Trinity, setting forth the views of the church upon this doctrine. The church was nearly decorated in honor of the occasion. Its windows were crowned with ever-green arches, connected together by festoons, while down their sides hung pendants, made from the same material. The front of the choir loft was neatly festooned. The decoration of the pulpit displayed much taste. On the entablature above the pulpit were placed, kind festoons of spruce, the words, "Heidelberg Catechism," and the dates 1563 and 1863, and the number 300, all prominently made from the "leaves of the tree." As a whole, the appearance of the Church reflected great credit on the taste of those who organized it, and the celebration itself, extending as it is intended to last through this entire year, will constitute an epoch, not soon to be forgotten by the members of the German Reformed Church, and those who lot it has been to be participators in it.