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[FOR THE PILOT.]
THE REBS IN G—;
 OR,
INCIDENTS OF THE INVASION.

BY HUDIBRAS.

Why this grouping of men? Just see!
 Why this gen'ral hubbub in G—?
 Why this hastening to and fro?
 Why this confusion? Who does know?
 I'm sure the Fourth comes not in June;
 Nor Christmas either quite so soon.
 Then why do men their business close,
 If not a holiday? Who knows?
 "The rebs! the rebs!" I hear them cry.
 Oh now I know the reason why—
 That wagon train retreating past,
 Tells true, the rebs are come at last.
 Skeddiddle Darks! There they come!
 Skeddiddle! Run! You rascals, run!
 A squad of "Yanks," who yet remained,
 Now put out like "lightning chained."
 And true as truth! the rebs appear!
 In all their nasty, filthy gear,
 Who could think it? In peaceful G—,
 A hostile rebel horde should be?
 My muse is strange; but twice we've met,
 And I'm afraid she'll fool me yet.
 I'm in a plight just at this time,
 For want of an appropriate rhyme.
 EUREKA fair, come to my aid.
 What shall I say? and how be said?
 I knew you'd not desert me so.
 Here she comes, and now we'll go—on.

Of all descriptions, east and west,
 Of rebel habits—none is best.
 (Superlative for positive;
 Poetic license, as I live).
 Their uniform is gray, you know:
 Their character the same—that's so.
 There now, two lines, just sixteen feet,
 And rebels line described complete.

A nasty, dirty, lousy set—
 Excuse, dear friends, the epithet:
 A thieving, pil'ring, roguish band,
 Who came to steal, lay waste the land.
 Destroy our towns, and cut our throats,
 I marvel not how men "took boats,"
 And left for parts to rebs unknown,
 Wisely leaving their wives at home.
 'Tis well that Blondin's rope was there,
 To span those misty depths of air;
 Or else Niagara's rolling sea,
 Had borne some friends far, far away.
 'Tis said two townsmen—men from G—,
 Of standing high, and high degree,
 Approached the Falls at ninety speed,
 And crossed the rope, mounted on steed?
 Abreast they crossed—oh, wondrous feat!
 Thou Blondin yield, you have been beat!
 If this be true, there's no use talking,
 The thing is "played"—this tight-rope walking.

The darkies, too, with reason ran.
 By droves they ran, as darkies can.
 In fields they hid, and corpses thick,
 And recluse bends along the creek.
 In Cooffey's cave a legion were,
 By friends of their's directed there.
 A squad of rebels scouting past,
 Discovered their retreat at last.
 They "bagged" them all, and bore away,
 The poor things back to slavery.

Do you remember, reader dear,
 The evening when the rebs came here?
 They came in files—by fours and twos,
 Some minus hats, and others shoes.
 They broke their ranks, and canvassed town
 In search of horses, clothes, and so on.
 They took alike, merchants', doctors',
 Preachers', lawyers', rum concoctors'.
 They took the black, the sorrel, grey,
 They even took "de little boy."

Some women, wild with fright and fear,
 Could not their screams and cries forbear.
 "My Good Gracious! Did you ever!"
 Echo answers—"no, I never."
 "Charlie's gone, and Bet and sly!"
 "Will they burn the town? Oh, my!"
 "Oh, yes! My Dear!! Look There!!! The
 Smoke!!!!"
 In grief unbounded, thus they spoke;
 And thinking sure the town was doomed,
 They very, very nearly swooned.

Jenkins and his horse-thief men,
 Passed through to Chambersburg, and then
 We thought that we again were free
 From South'n rule and chivalry.
 "Tis just a raid, they'll not come back
 This way; but take another track.
 Let's take up arms and harass them.
 This do ye all, if you are men."
 But others more discreet and wise,
 Or else perhaps, through cowardice
 Said—"No, indeed, not quite so fast;
 They're coming yet; they're not all past.
 We're under their dominion now,
 Let's live in Rome, as Romans do."
 One, Sam—a stalwart man and brave,
 Said "No! I must a rebel have."
 True to his word, he soon did catch
 A carrier bearing a dispatch.
 Enthusiasm now went round.
 Excitement raised, and all were bound
 To take each rebel that came through;
 And some there were for "killing," too.
 Old Homer, he alone could write
 The noise and tumult—well indite
 The scenes that on our streets to day,
 Made G— a place in history.

A train with negroes then soon came.
 "Halt you rascals! Stop that train!"
 Cried out a dozen men or more;
 Indeed, perhaps, there were a score.
 It is not necessary here
 To tell, the names of all that were
 Engaged in this affair of love
 For Country and for God above.
 Suffice it then—they did succeed,
 The rebs were captured, negroes freed.
 TO BE CONTINUED.

A Good Story.
BAD COMPANY.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"I'm afraid you are keeping bad company."
 The young man to whom this was addressed
 started, colored, and looked more than half
 fended. Countenance and manner rejected the
 intimation.

"An enemy hath spoken evil of me," was his
 firmly uttered reply.

"It is not from the evil which men say of
 us, that we suffer injury. It is the evil done
 in us that really hurts."

"You are a little mysterious to-day, Uncle
 Philip. What has bad company to do with in-
 ner-wrought evil? As to bad company, how-
 ever, it is but right that I should make to you a
 firm denial."

"In the face of which, Henry, I must repeat
 that I am afraid you are keeping bad company,"
 replied the uncle, with a seriousness that left no
 doubt of his being in earnest.

A struggle in the young man's mind between
 anger and affection was plainly visible. His
 eyes, calm and reproachful, rested upon his
 uncle's countenance. After a momentary sil-
 ence, he said:

"I thought you knew me better, Uncle
 Philip. What have I done to forfeit your con-
 fidence? To make my word in your regard as
 the idle wind? I have had nothing in life to
 hurt me like this!"

And the young man turned partly away to
 hide the motion that was getting too strong for
 him.

"We have other companions than those of
 flesh and blood," said Uncle Philip.

The young man started and took a deep breath
 of relief.

"Is that all you mean?" The shadow went
 from his face.

"What do you mean? Bad thoughts?"

"More than that."

"What?"

"Bad companions."

The shadow came back again.

"You remember Milton's 'Myriads of spiri-
 tual beings,' and St. Paul's 'Cloud of witness-
 es.'"

"Oh!"

"Not bad thoughts, but bad spirits I mean,
 Philip. It is the company of these that I fear
 you have been keeping; and they have power
 to hurt you in the most vital places."

"What is your evidence?" asked the nephew.

"I saw a book on your table last evening that
 few young men can read without injury to the
 imagination. I believe that an impure or pro-
 faner image in the mind—a gross or sensual
 thought—will as certainly allure evil spirits,
 as a decaying animal will draw around it a flock
 of carrion birds. Believing as I do, that our
 spirits are as much among spirits as our bodies
 are among the bodies of men in this outer world,
 I cannot do less than warn you against every
 mental state that can, by any possibility, attract
 the evil instead of the good. You grasp my
 thought. You understand what I mean by bad
 company. Outwardly, for all that I know, or
 fear, your life is blameless—your company un-
 exceptional. But the discovery of that book
 on your table has alarmed me for your safety.
 The worst kind of bad company we can keep is
 made up of those subtle, impure, depraved and
 selfish spirits that crowd the world of mind
 and perpetually seek to draw near and corrupt the
 souls of men. They are ever on the watch for
 a door of entrance into our hearts; and we open
 the door for them when we have, unchaste de-
 sires or bad thoughts. You may know of their
 presence by this, that they hold the imagina-
 tion to impure images, or inspire the thought
 with plans for the execution of evil deeds, or
 fill us with uncharitableness. The opposite of
 all this marks the presence of good spirits.
 We may associate with the evil or good; may
 have heavenly or infernal companions, as we
 will. We choose our own company in the inner
 or the outer world. See what is involved! If
 we are right as to the interior, all that is ex-
 ternal is safe. Nothing can really hurt us.
 But if the heart be as a nest of unclean birds,
 if our souls, enemies be in the citadel of life,
 we are in danger of losing everything."

Henry had dropped his eyes to the floor, and
 partly turned away his face to hide the crimson
 stain that covered it.

"That is the only evidence you have that I
 keep bad company?" he said, with a sobered air.
 "No."

Philip turned quickly, with a flash of sur-
 prise.

"I have noted other indications of late."
 "What are they?"

"You are getting too much inclined, in your
 judgment of others, to search for evil instead
 of good; to find blemish instead of beauty."
 "Is that so, Uncle Philip?"

"According to my observation. It didn't
 use to be so. There was a time when your
 charity was a broad mantle. Of late it has
 become a torn shroud. Why this change?—
 One thing is certain, the influences that move
 you cannot come from angelic spirits; for they
 seek out and develop the good in man for
 which they have affinity. It is plain that you
 have permitted yourself to be influenced by
 other companions. Spirits of a baser sort, who
 take pleasure in detraction."

"Your speech sounds harsh, Uncle Philip,"
 answered the nephew. "I cannot be altogether
 as you intimate."

"I speak strongly, because I wish to be heard.
 Your feet, it seems to me, are leaving the pleas-
 ant ways in which they have so long walked,
 and I wish to get them back to the old true
 paths. I will turn a leaf or two in your mem-
 ory, and by what we find there shall your
 present state be judged. It was only yester-
 day that one spoke kindly of Mrs. Noble, in
 your presence, and extolled her good qualities.
 How did you respond, Henry?"

"Not as I should have responded," he an-
 swered, frankly.

"You spoke of her faults and peculiarities;
 of the petty wrongs she had done; of her un-
 charitableness toward others—and this to her
 injury; for the one who had seen and admired
 her good qualities was influenced by what you
 said, and will, I fear, when she thinks of Mrs.
 Noble, remember more of what you affirmed
 than of the good which she had seen."

"It was wrong in me; very wrong!" said
 Henry, in real self-condemnation. "What
 could have possessed me at the time?"

"It was not my Henry of old," replied Uncle
 Philip, with a regretful tenderness that
 touched the young man; "but my boy hurt
 and demoralized by bad company."

"Dear Uncle! don't use the words bad com-
 pany. They sound so harshly—involve so
 much that does not exist. I cannot bear
 them."

"It is always best and safest to call things by
 their right name, Henry. That you have been
 keeping evil company of late is, alas! too ap-
 parent. There has been demoralization; I
 will not call the work done in your mind by
 any softer phrase. A year ago, if Harvey
 Long had been mentioned in your presence,
 you would not have curled your lip, nor uttered
 an expression of contempt for a harmless
 young man. Harmless, did I say? That does
 not give a just idea of his character. I should
 rather speak of him as useful, honorable, and
 faithful in his sphere of life. He is not bril-
 liant, nor has he the cultivation seen in many
 others; but no man can say aught against his
 integrity. A kind son and brother, he has
 sustained his family since his father's death in
 comfort and respectability. For this he should
 have all honor. This you should tell of him
 when his name is mentioned, and not seek to
 hurt him with contemptuous and depreciating
 language. Of yourself, kind by nature, you
 would not have done so mean a thing. Bad
 associates transfused their spirit to you and
 ruled you for the time. You opened the door
 for them, and they crowded in, possessing your
 thoughts and feelings. Ah, my boy! if you
 had been with angel companions you would
 have felt and spoken very differently of this
 young man. They would have recognized his
 good qualities, and touched your heart with
 their own kindness."

"I am angry with myself, Uncle Philip,"
 said his nephew, shame spots marking his face.
 "How could I have so forgotten to be just and
 generous! Harvey Long never injured me;
 why should I have sought to injure him? It
 must be as you say. An evil spirit hath done
 this."

"Nothing so rapidly depraves the moral
 sense as bad company," replied the uncle.—
 "We see how this works in the visible world of
 men. How does it work? Not so much by
 physical as by mental impressions. It is the
 wicked thought exciting the bad affection, or
 the bad affection giving wings to the wicked
 thought, by which harm is done. These cor-

rupt, sensualize, distort, and mar the human
 soul. From these come all the worst effects of
 bad company. And if this be so of our mor-
 tal companions, who are seen and known, how
 can it be otherwise with the invisible spirits of
 evil, whom we draw into association whenever
 we give rein to vile imaginations, or permit
 envy, ill nature, malice, or unkindness, to rule
 our conduct."

"I will to keep better company in future,"
 said Henry. "The associates to which you
 have referred, be they wrong thoughts or bad
 spirits, have done me harm. Why should I
 seek to injure my neighbor by detraction? To
 hide his good and expose his evil? This is
 not the work of true men."

"No, Henry, it is the work of demons. And
 I pray you come out from their midst. Shut
 against them all the doors of your heart, and
 open its windows heavenward, that you may
 have angel companions. These, if you will
 permit them, will gather around and keep evil
 from your thoughts. They will lead you into
 all good, and fill your heart with kindness in
 place of envy; with peace instead of that
 fretful disturbance which ever accompanies
 uncharitableness and self-indulgence. We
 cannot dwell alone, either as to our bodies or
 our spirits. The inner as well as the outer
 world is peopled with intelligent beings; with
 the bad and the good. The choice of compan-
 ionship is mainly with ourselves. Let us see to
 it that in either case we keep good and not bad
 company."

POETRY RUN MAD.
 SENTIMENTALIST IN COURT.

"What is your name?"
 "My name is Norval; on the Grampian
 Hills."
 "Where did you come from?"
 "I come from that happy land, where care
 is unknown."
 "Where are you lodging now?"
 "I dreamt I dwelt in marble halls."
 "Where are you going to?"
 "Far, far o'er hill and dale."
 "What is your occupation?"
 "I played on a harp of a thousand strings."
 "Are you married?"
 "Long time ago. Polly put the kettle on."
 "When were you married?"
 "'Twas twelve o'clock, one starlight night.
 I ever shall remember."
 "How many children have you?"
 "There's Doll and Bet, and Moll and Kate,
 and —"
 "What is your wife's name?"
 "O, no, I never mention her."
 "Did your wife oppose your leaving?"
 "She wept not when we parted."
 "In what condition did you leave her?"
 "A rose tree in full bearing."
 "Is your family provided for?"
 "A little farm well tilled."
 "Did your wife drive you off?"
 "O, sublime was the warning."
 "What did your wife say that induced you
 to slope?"
 "Come rest in this bosom."
 "Was your wife good looking?"
 "She was all my fancy painted her."
 "Did your wife ever treat you badly?"
 "Oft in the stilly night."
 "When you announced your intention of
 emigrating, what did your wife say to you?"
 "O, dear, what can the matter be?"
 "What did you reply?"
 "Sweet Kitty Clover don't bother me so."
 "Where did you last see her?"
 "We met—'twas in a crowd."
 "What did she say to you when you were
 leaving?"
 "Go, forget me."
 "Do you still love her?"
 "The minstrels returned from the war."
 "What are your possessions?"
 "Old Dog Tray."
 "What do you purpose to do with him?"
 "Send him to the other side of Jordan."
 "How do you promise to make a living?"
 "Pull off your coat and roll up my sleeves."
 The Judge could stand it no longer, and ac-
 cordingly sent the rhymer up for three
 months.

WEALTH is not acquired, as many persons
 suppose, by fortunate speculations and splendid
 enterprises, but by the daily practice of indus-
 try, frugality, and economy. He who relies
 upon these means will rarely be found destitute,
 and whosoever relies upon any other will gene-
 rally become bankrupt.

If your friend go into a speculation, don't,
 because he happens to break, break with him.

Choice Poetry.
Who Will Care for Mother Now?

BY CHARLES C. SAWYER.

During one of our late battles, among many other
 noble fellows that fell, was a young man who had
 been the only support of an aged and sick mother
 for years. Hearing the Surgeon tell those who
 were near him, that he could not live, he placed his
 hand across his forehead, and with a trembling
 voice said, while burning tears ran down his fever-
 ed cheeks:—*Who Will Care for Mother Now?*

Why am I so weak and weary?
 See how faint my heated breath,
 All around to me seems darkness,
 Tell me, comrades, is this death?
 Ah! how well I know your answer;
 To my fate I meekly bow
 If you'll only tell me truly
 Who will care for mother now?
 Chorus: Soon with angels I'll be marching,
 With bright laurels on my brow.
 I have for my country fallen,
 Who will care for mother now?

Who will comfort her in sorrow?
 Who will dry the falling tear,
 Gently smooth her wrinkled forehead?
 Who will whisper words of cheer?
 Even now I think I see her
 Kneeling, praying for me! how
 Can I leave her in her anguish?
 Who will care for mother now?
 Chorus: Soon with angels, &c.

Let this knapsack be my pillow,
 And my mantle be the sky;
 Hasten, comrades, to the battle,
 I will like a soldier die.
 Soon with angels I'll be marching,
 With bright laurels on my brow,
 I have for my country fallen,
 Who will care for mother now?
 Chorus: Soon with angels, &c.

Little-or-Nothings.

A man should occasionally stop to take breath,
 but not other people's.

We bid many guests welcome when at heart
 we wish them well gone.

Love is most intelligible when it is unable
 to express itself in words.

Rob a man of his life and you'll be hung;
 rob him of his living and you may be applauded.

A pretty female artist can draw the men
 equally well with a brush and a blush.

Men are very uncertain; it is much safer to
 back a horse than a man any day.

Men are sometimes constant through weak-
 ness and bold through fear.

Beauty is like a guinea; when once changed
 at all, 'tis gone in a twinkling.

To know when to conceal our ability requires
 no small degree of it.

Generally speaking, the beggars most ashamed
 of begging are those that have to beg par-
 don.

Let us moderns appreciate our dignity, we
 shall be the venerated ancients of future mod-
 erns.

Many persons are never capable of hard
 thinking except when they think hard of their
 neighbors.

The highest degree of cunning is an apparent
 blindness to snares which are evidently laid
 for us.

The devil is no better judge than to carry
 away gold; it will do his work all the better
 left behind.

The temple of eternal truth stands half be-
 low the earth—made hollow by the sepulchres
 of its witnesses.

The hypocrite is worse than the atheist; the
 latter makes only a light jest of religion, the
 former a sober one.

A public speaker should never lose sight of
 the thread of his discourse; like a busy needle,
 he should always have the thread in his eye.

"Sir, this horse you sold me can't be made to
 budge the first step." "Well didn't I guaranty
 him as never starting?"

The bow has ceased to be a weapon of war-
 fare; javelins have gone into disuse; and bombs
 are exploded.

Most persons choose their friends as they do
 other useful animals, preferring those from
 whom they expect the most service.