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

BY HUDIBRAS.

[CONTINUED FROM NO. OF AUG. 18TH]

'Twas on a morning clear and bright,
 The rebs had left the previous night;
 And on the streets were knots of men,
 Grouped here and there discussing them.
 Somewhere before the Union House,
 Stood eight or ten—one with a blouse;
 Who in the army once had been,
 And "lousy rebs" before had seen.
 With vauntings loud, and loud bombast,
 About his valor and the vast
 Experience he before had had
 With rebels, war and things as bad,
 He then began attack on those
 Who left when rebels bellies
 Approached the town. "I laughed," said he,
 "When first the rebs did come, to see
 The men and women, black and white,
 Skedaddle out of town and sight!
 There's C——. I thought that he would die,
 Through fright and fear and misery!
 If he could once a battle see
 He would not scare so easily."
 "J——, where were you two weeks or more?
 You must have run or kept in-door."
 "I run away from rebels! No,
 Two millions could not scare me so.
 I run, who to the wars have been,
 And rebels there abundant seen!"
 He scarce had finished when arose
 A cry of "rebels! rebels! close!"
 A bursting bomb could not disperse
 Ten men so soon, or scare them worse.
 That man with blouse—that soldier brave
 Who never ran from rebel knave,
 Got out of sight by some fast gait,
 Before the rest could arbitrate
 Which way to go, or what to do,
 Remain or else skedaddle too.
 One S—— who ran away before,
 Was ta'en for this and nothing more.
 It to their minds flashed like a streak,
 Hence they agreed to stay—"be meek!"
 This resolution scarce did make,
 Till G—— again the rebs did take.

Old Jenkins and his light brigade
 Passed through—"to make another raid,"
 Said one: but soon did change his mind,
 As infantry were close behind.
 We did not think, could not believe,
 That it was so—could not conceive
 How Lee could dare the Lion brook.
 Right in his den. He sure mistook
 The North for cowards—craven band,
 If they would not defend their land.
 But speculations now are vain;
 That Lee is here, is very plain.
 What he expects, or what will do,
 A week or two will serve to show.

A reb on foot and one on horse—
 The former bad the latter worse;
 Do differ in their styles and ways,
 As March and August in their days.
 The latter swore and cursed the town—
 Did threaten now to burr it down:
 Anon, the males would all arrest,
 Unless they yield to their request.
 But when the footmen did appear,
 Although they first created fear,
 More civil and more gentle too,
 They, finally, themselves did show.
 They asked for things, but never said—
 "Unless you give, you'll lose your head."
 The richest sight we e'er did see,
 Came off one evening in G——.

Old Rhodes commanded the advance,
 And stopped o'er night, lest he perchance,
 Might run himself against a snare,
 Prepared for him by "Yankees" ware.
 His commissariat was lame,
 And quartermaster's stores the same;
 And wishing to enhance his own,
 Made requisitions on the town.
 An order came for saddles, tin
 And onions. Sure it was a sin,
 The great, exorbitant, big loads
 Of things required by Gen'l Rhodes.
 He even did demand some lead,
 With which to bruise the giver's head!
 Unprecedented in all time
 Will the demands of reb Rhodes shine!

Well, everybody did their best,
 To meet in full the reb's requests,
 Be sure humiliation great,
 It was—thus greedy rebs to state.
 But then, unless the thing was done,
 The vandals, they would burn the town;
 At least they threatened so to do.
 We doubt the truth of this much, though.
 Men who never worked before,
 Were seen to bear their little store
 Of saddles, onions, and so on,
 To save from ruin our pretty town.

A man of stature small, but stout,
 With a white coat or round-a-bout,
 With breeches black, and "some" gaiter,
 Came marching down—the sights to see.
 Great fear was pictured on his face,
 But then he hoped to win the grace
 Of rebels dire, by things he bore—
 Onions, red-beets, and what more!
 "Hallo!" I heard some fellow say—
 "The price of onions—what are they?"
 Poor H——, his face grew very red,
 But not a word or sentence said.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A Good Story.
 ONE KIND OF EMBEZZLEMENT.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

John Perkins and Silas Tower were walking in company. It was morning, and they were on their way to business. Perkins was a young man—perhaps eight-and-twenty; and Tower was approaching the middle age.

"Ah," said Perkins, in a tone of fretfulness, "here comes Matthew Baldwin."

The person thus alluded to was at that moment crossing the street, and as he reached the sidewalk he stopped in front of our two friends. He was a rough-clad, brown-faced man, with a frank, open countenance, and he earned his bread by hard work from day to day.

"Good morning," said Matthew Baldwin.

Perkins and Tower returned the salutation.

"Mr. Perkins," pursued the laboring man, with a show of nervousness in his manner, "could you make it convenient to let me have a little money this morning?"

"I declare, Matthew, you have hit me in a most unfortunate time," replied John Perkins, laughing. His laugh was a business laugh.

"I am sorry, sir," said the laboring man—"The bill is only eight dollars; and I need the money very much. If you could contrive to spare me part of it—"

"No, no,—hold on a few days, Matthew, and you shall have the whole of it. I haven't got it now. If I don't see you when I have it, I'll send it in to you."

Matthew Baldwin turned away with a reluctant step, and the two friends pursued their way.

"Poor Matthew is disappointed," remarked Tower.

"Yes, I suppose so," responded Perkins.

"I had half a mind to offer to lend you the money for him."

"I'm glad you did not, Silas; for then I should have been forced to pay him."

"But, John, you surely would not keep the poor man out of his money if you could raise it for him."

"I don't like to pay myself short," was Perkins's reply.

Silas Tower believed that he knew his friend's fault, and he determined to speak his mind freely.

"I think," he said, in a careful, considerate way, "that you could have paid Matthew Baldwin eight dollars if you had so wished. Am I not right?"

"If I had wished to pay away all the money I have with me, I suppose I could. But I don't like to do that."

"Why not?"

"Why not?" repeated Perkins, with elevated eye-brows. "Why—because I like to have a little money by me."

"And for what can you need money more than to pay an honest debt to a hard-working, needy man? Now, John, you must pardon me if I speak plainly."

"Go ahead," cried Perkins, with a light laugh.

"Then here it is," continued Silas Tower: "If you had eight dollars in your pocket when Matthew Baldwin asked you to pay him that sum, the money really belonged to him. He had worked for it, and you had received the full value of the demand. You had no more right, in honor, to keep that money than you would have had to embezzle a like amount."

"Upon my life, Silas, you put it strong; but I don't see it. Do you like to be without money?"

"No; but I would rather be without money than to be in debt."

"Do you mean to say that you would have paid away your last dollar had you been in my place a few minutes ago?"

"Certainly I would. And why should I wish to keep it? If I have money in my pocket, which is not already appropriated, I use it to supply my wants—"

"And to meet emergencies," suggested Perkins.

"Yes—to meet emergencies," admitted Tower. "And what greater emergency can arise than the coming of such an application as Baldwin made to you? When a friend wants to borrow money of me, I apt to consider my own convenience first; but when a man comes to me for money which I owe him, I pay it if I have it in my possession. In the first place, the money is really and truly his, and I only have it in keeping for him. Matthew Baldwin is a poor man, working hard to support himself and family; and when you hired him, you knew that he needed the pay for his work from day to day—or, at least, from week to week—"

When he had done his work, you owed him eight dollars; and, if you had eight dollars in your pocket, the sum was his, and not yours; and when he asked you for it, and you told him you could not pay it, you were acting out what I should call one kind of embezzlement."

John Perkins laughed.

"And," pursued Tower, taking no notice of the interruption, "there is another reason why you should have paid him the money, even though it took your last penny. You should have done it for your own good. While a man is in debt he cannot afford to waste money; he needs to save with a careful hand; but he will not save if he carries money just for the sake of spending it. Now mark me, John, and say if I don't tell the truth: If you made it a fixed rule of your life to pay all your debts as soon as they were due, you would, in one sense never be in debt; and you would then never be spending money which was not yours.—This determination, put in practice, would free you from all embarrassment, and I ad you into the confidence of your fellows. In short, the man who never gets into debt, or who, if debt must come, holds the liquidating of that debt as of the chiefest necessity, will be pretty sure to prosper; and in the end, he will not be likely to be called upon to pay away his last dollar. And now, my dear fellow, if you want my advice, I can give it to you."

"Go ahead."

"Do you go back this very morning, and pay Matthew Baldwin what you owe him. Go now, before you go to your work. If it takes the last dollar, go and do it. Or, if you have but the eight dollars, go and tell him so, and ask him to divide with you."

"I guess I must think of it awhile," said Perkins, with another laugh.

"At all events," added Tower, "you will allow me to speak with you again on the subject?"

"Certainly."

At this juncture the two friends separated, Tower going to his store, while Perkins pursued his way to the machine shop, where he earned two dollars and a half a day. This was Monday morning.

On Tuesday morning John Perkins saw Matthew Baldwin in the street, and he avoided him—shrank off down a narrow by-way, so as not to meet his poor creditor.

On Wednesday morning John Perkins saw Matthew Baldwin again; but he was not forced to dodge out of his way, for this time the poor laboring man was standing in the door of a physician's office.

On Thursday morning, as John Perkins was going to his shop, he saw in the street ahead of him, Matthew Baldwin and Silas Tower, engaged in conversation. Directly Baldwin crossed the street and went away, while Tower waited for Perkins to come up. The two friends shook hands, and passed the compliments of the morning.

"Poor Baldwin is in trouble," said Tower, as they walked on.

"Ah, how so?" asked Perkins.

"His wife is very sick—has been sick over a week; and two of his children are down with diphtheria. One of them the doctor thinks will die. Poor fellow! I pity him. What with nurses to hire, and medicine to buy, and provisions of all kinds so high, he finds it hard to get along. I lent him five dollars this morning; or rather, I paid him in advance for some work which he had promised to do for me."

John Perkins seem to be a little nervous.

"By the way," pursued Tower, after they had walked on a little while in silence, "have you paid Baldwin that eight dollars yet?"

"No—I haven't," replied John, reluctantly.

"Have you got money enough with you to pay it?"

"No."

"How much have you?"

"Not over three or four dollars."

"Now John," said Tower, with a sudden earnestness, "I am going to ask you a question, and you can answer me, or not, as you please. What have you done with the money you had Monday morning?"

At first John Perkins could not tell what he had done with it; but finally he made out to account for a part of it. There was two theatre tickets at fifty cents each. One oyster supper for himself and a friend—a dollar. A horse and wagon for a moonlight ride—two dollars. And then he owned to numerous glasses of soda and beer. In all he accounted for six dollars, or thereabouts.

"I declare," said Tower, shaking his head, and speaking with solemn seriousness, "I would not like to borrow money of Matthew Baldwin for such purposes."

"How?" uttered John. "Borrow—of Matthew Baldwin?"

"O, you need not try to hide the truth, John. You know what I mean."

At this point the friend separated; and as John Perkins walked towards the shop the words of Silas Tower rang in his ears. Did he know what his friend had meant? Aye—that he did; and when he reached his place of work he reflected long and seriously.

"I declare," he muttered to himself, as he rolled up his sleeves, and arranged his tools "I think Tower is right. I could have paid Baldwin last Monday morning if I had only thought so. I wish I had." He set his lathe, and fixed a bar of iron for turning. "If I had paid him," he continued, as he watched the bits of iron drop from the revolving bar, "I should at this moment be better off than I am. Of course I shouldn't have borrowed money to go to the theatre with, nor to pay for horses with. By the powers! Silas told me the truth. That money honestly belonged to Matthew Baldwin."

And so, through the day, John Perkins talked with himself upon the subject thus brought before him, and before night he had resolved that he would turn over a new leaf.

On Friday morning John Perkins saw a man carrying a little coffin into Matthew Baldwin's house. The sight caused him to reflect more deeply than he had done on the day before. That little coffin, with its tale of bereavement and wo, led him into sympathy with the sufferers; and the thought that his failure in duty might have added to the suffering of the lowly household smote him to the heart.

Saturday evening Perkins knocked at Matthew Baldwin's door. The poor man answered the summons. He was bowed with grief and his eyes were red with weeping.

"Pardon me for calling at this time," said Perkins, in subdued tones; "but I thought you might need the money I owed you."

"Indeed, sir, I do need it; and I thank you for your kindness in remembering me." The man's face brightened as he received the money, and he expressed his thanks again.

"In the time to come," said John Perkins. "I may have considerable work for you to do; and I promise that you shall never again have occasion to ask me twice for what is your due."

And he kept his word.

People who were acquainted with John Perkins, and who saw him often, fancied that he walked more stately and proudly than he used to walk; and the impression with some was, that he had met with a stroke of good fortune. The grocer, and the baker, and the butcher were among those who imagined that a large sum of money had fallen to him.

Six months passed away. John Perkins and Silas Tower were walking together as we have seen them before.

"My dear Silas," said John, in continuation of a conversation already begun, "I owe it all to you. To you I am indebted for my emancipation from one of the meanest and most galling states of servitude that ever laid its yoke upon the neck of man. Six months ago I was hampered with petty debts, and I was growing more and more inclined to shirk the payment of them; but it is so no more. I now regard a debt as a thing to be shunned; but if I must incur a debt, I pay it as soon as I can. If I had an enemy, and was malevolent enough to wish him ill, I can think of no greater evil to call down as a curse upon him—that a state of bondage to perplexing, harassing debt.—N. Y. Ledger.

JOE ROWE, who is an incredulous dog, was listening to a wonderful story told by old Brown, in which his daughter Mary bore a conspicuous part. Joe looked wise and doubtful.

"If you don't believe it you may go to the house and ask Mary, and take it from her own lips."

Joe took him at his word; the old man followed on to see the result, and found Joe kissing Mary very sweetly.

"What on earth are you about?"

"Taking that awful tough story from her lips—but I am satisfied now."

And so is Mary.

TWO SWIMMING JOKES.—A gentleman went in swimming lately, and while performing his ablutions, somebody stole his covering, and compelled him to sit behind a lumber pile till near midnight, when he ventured to scud home as a model artist. "Miss Brown, ain't you afraid that your boy will get drowned goin in swimmin' so much?" "Well, Miss Smith, I shouldn't wonder, for he's just rogue enough for that."

Little-or-Nothings.

It is said that night air is injurious to health. What other kind can we breathe at night.

To be careful is the true way to guard against care.

If you are not happy, marriage may untie the knot.

Revenge is much more punctual paymaster than gratitude.

The most troublesome fools are those who have some wit.

A young enchantress may in time come to be called an old witch.

Errors loves to walk arm in arm with truth to make itself thought respectable.

The fire of genius, however brilliant, seldom has power to warm the hearthstone.

Be pure but not stern; have moral excellencies, but don't bristle with them.

Faith, like a feather-bed, is generally improved by an occasional shaking up.

In the affairs of love, the longest experience is the greatest disqualification.

Truth bears the stamp of no man's name; it is God's own coin.

Fools are the worst of all thieves; they rob us of time and temper.

True delicacy is always more wounded by an offence from itself than to itself.

The cottage is sure to suffer for every error of the furniture, the cabinet, or the camp.

Children often glance off from their parental probabilities at very unexpected angles.

Perfect tranquility and a shining reputation cannot be enjoyed at the same time.

It is time enough to think of victory when we have assured the means of avoiding defeat.

Humanity toward a subdued foe is as noble as the valor displayed in encountering him.

The sound of a kiss is not so loud as that of a cannon, but its echo often lasts much longer.

It seems a pity that a man's glands cannot, like a snail's, secret a dwelling-house for him.

We never walk so straight to the grave of a friend as we are forever walking to our own.

A married couple are often the happier for making the fitness or adaptedness they don't find.

Men require to know all the minutiae of a future state; they would pick the lock of Heaven.

There is very little charity or benevolence in a deed, if the doer thinks there is a great deal.

Heaven could execute its purposes just as easily without great men as without little ones.

Rich men place their own busts in their halls, but put the statues of the gods out in their yards.

Balaam blessed when he wanted to curse, and scurrilous editors praise when they think they abuse.

Many women think of nothing but dress.—To them the horizon is but the blue crinoline of creation.

The world's experience preaches in vain, every man thinking himself an exception to all general rules.

If God bestows upon you the terrible gift of genius, accept it thankfully, but with fear and trembling.

The apron-strings of an American mother are of india rubber; her boy belongs where he is wanted.

He who reforms himself has done more towards reforming the public than a crowd of noisy patriots.

It takes a very true man to be a fitting companion for a woman of genius, but not a very great one.

The philosopher takes his track by observation; the man of genius and the wild goose trust to an inner sense.

When a strong brain is weighed with a true heart, it seems like balancing a bubble against a wedge of gold.