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

BY HUDIBRAS.

Poor H— had scarcely dumped his load, when a "big man" came up the road. In his arms some bacon sweet. He had with which old Rhodes to greet. Two hundred pounds his fighting weight. Big J— is "some" when walking straight; But now his head was slightly bent, Inclined as if by discontent.  
 "By Diker, what a harry way," As marching, he was heard to say.  
 Next came a tall, stout, stalwart man, With twenty pounds or more of ham. He threw it on the pavement—"There, Confound the rebels ev'rywhere."  
 Both men and women, too, were there; And boys and girls, and ladies fair, With loads of vegetables, good, And bacon, bread and other food. But still there was a lack of stuff— Of bacon, bread, not quite enough, And it was said—"The Council will be held in custody until The requisitions are all met."  
 This put these men in quite a sweat The Clerk—you all dō know his face— A man of comeliness and grace. On his upper lip there's hair; The balance of his face is bare. Too small for knapsack or for gun, But not too small for our fun. THE PILOT he does edit—well, No more is requisite to tell; Unless, excuse me, I might say, His name is W. and A.  
 This man was seated high in air, The "look" of sheer and blank despair; Was noting down, and kept account Of all the things—the full amount Of all that Gen'ral Rhodes desired, Or, rather I should say, required.  
 Poor Will, we all did pity him, When there was a lack of tin, And bread, and bacon, saddles, all For which the rebels made a call.  
 "Dear friends, be kind, do give—" he said, "I know you all can spare some bread, And all the things for which they ask. Just think, it is an easy task. And if you don't, then I must go To Richmond. Do not treat me so." But all his prayers would not avail; Like rebel threats, they all did fail.  
 The Council met and called the roll, And in committee of the whole. They went to Rhodes—the rebel chief, To see if he would give relief.  
 "Dear sir, the things that you desire, Are more than we can well acquire. We've met as well as we could do, All your demands and wishes too."  
 "All right, good men, now you can go, I'm busy, do not bore me so."  
 The rebs some private things did take, Besides the calls that Rhodes did make. Unauthorized, some footmen bold, Of by-stander's new hats took hold; And doffing then their own grey caps. They gave them to these hatless chaps. Sometimes they got, sometimes did not, The hats that they so gently sought.  
 Friend Harry S—, you know him well— He lost his arm, in battle fell. Was standing by, suspecting naught. When some big reb his good hat caught, He turned around—"That is my hat." He showed such coolness, courage, that The rebs scarce knew which way to look, And Harry his good hat retook. But J—, a tinner of the town, Less lucky was, and more "took down." His boots were rather good and big, The thing exact, for rebel rig.  
 This J— was walking out the road, His "pants in boots"—their beauty showed, "Halt there, my man," some rebel cried, And Jimmie's boots with a'rice eyed.  
 "Come, take them off," he coolly said. Our friend was slow—"Come go ahead—I want them for myself, you know, You can easily bare-foot go."  
 Poor J— now drew his boots, and gave Them to this rebel thief and knave.  
 We all were glad one morn to find Old Rhodes had left. The corps behind Came up and passed on through the town To ruin they were marching down. We counted them, their guns and all; To me, said one, "There'll be a ball Somewhere in Pa. Come on and dance, Come on and see the war-steeds prance. Come on and hear the cannon's roar. The bomb's shrill shriek, and what all more! The Yank's deep death groans, and his cries For mercy sweet, and then he dies. No sound do I so much enjoy As th' cries and groans of a Yankee boy, Pierced to the heart with "rebel" lead, Or if it penetrate his head, To see him wréathe in agony. And hear his words before he die. I love the din of battle, boys, The horrors dread of war, are joys To me, who loves the shed of blood And eat the hearts of Yanks for food." Do you?

TO BE CONTINUED.

**A Good Story.**  
 AS YOU HAVE OPPORTUNITY.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

Mr. Frazier sat reading in his counting-room. He was in the midst of a piece of interesting news, when a lad came to the door and said, "Do you want a boy, sir?" Without lifting his eyes from the paper, Mr. Frazier answered "No" to the applicant, and in rather a rough way.  
 Before the lad reached the street, conscience had compelled the merchant to listen to a rebuking sentence.  
 "You might have spoken kindly to the poor boy, at least," said Conscience. "This is an opportunity."  
 Mr. Frazier let the paper fall from before his eyes, and turned to look at the lad. He was small—not twelve years old, to appearance—poorly attired, but clean. The merchant tapped against one of the windows in the counting-room, and the boy glanced back over his shoulder. A sign from the merchant caused him to return.  
 "What did you say, just now?"  
 "Do you want a boy, sir?" The lad repeated the words he had spoken, hesitatingly, a few moments before.  
 Mr. Frazier looked at him with a suddenly awakened interest. He had a fair, girlish face; dark brown eyes and hair; and though slender and delicate in appearance, stood erect, and with a manliness of aspect that showed him to be already conscious of duty in the world. But there did not seem to be much of that stuff in him that is needed for the battle of life.  
 "Take a chair," said Mr. Frazier, an involuntary respect for the lad getting possession of his mind.  
 The boy sat down, with his large, clear eyes fixed on the merchant's face.  
 "How old are you?"  
 "I was twelve, sir, last month," replied the boy.  
 "What splendid eyes!" said the merchant to himself. "And I've seen them before. Soft, dark, and lustrous as a woman's!"  
 A way back in the past the thoughts of Mr. Frazier went, borne on the light from those beautiful eyes; and for some moments he forgot the present in the past. But when he came back into the present again, he had a softer heart towards the stranger lad.  
 "You should go to school for a year or two longer," he said.  
 "I must help my mother," replied the lad.  
 "Is your mother very poor?"  
 "Yes, sir; and she's sick."  
 The lad's voice shook a little, and his soft woman's eyes grew brighter in the tears that filled them.  
 Mr. Frazier had already forgotten the point of interest in the news after which his mind was searching, when the boy interrupted him.  
 "I don't want a lad myself," said Mr. Frazier, "but maybe I might speak a good word for you, and that would help, you know. I think you would make an honest, useful lad. But you are not strong."  
 "Oh, yes, sir, I'm strong!" And the boy stood up in a brave spirit.  
 The merchant looked at him with a steadily increasing interest.  
 "What is your name?" he asked.  
 "Charles Leonard, sir."  
 There was an instant change in the merchant's manner, and he turned his face so far away that the boy's eyes could not see its expression. For a long time he sat still and silent—so long that the boy wondered.  
 "Is your father living?" Mr. Frazier did not look at the boy, but still kept his face away. His voice was low, and not very even.  
 "No, sir. He died four years ago."  
 "Where?" The voice was quicker and firmer.  
 "In London, sir."  
 "How long since you came to America?"  
 "Two years."  
 "Have you been in this city ever since?"  
 "No, sir. We came here with my uncle a year ago. But he died a month after our arrival."  
 "What was your uncle's name?"  
 "Mr. Hoyle, sir."  
 There came another long silence, in which the lad was not able to see the merchant's countenance. But when he did look at him again, there was such a new and kind expression in the eyes which seemed almost to devour his face, that he felt an assurance in his heart that Mr. Frazier was a good man, and would be a friend to his mother.  
 "Sit there for a little while," said Mr. Frazier, and turning to his desk, he wrote a brief note, in which, without permitting the lad to see what he was doing, he enclosed two or three bank bills.  
 "Take this to your mother," he said, handing the note to the lad.  
 "You'll try and get me a place, sir, won't you?" The boy lifted to him an appealing look.  
 "O yes. You shall have a good place. But stay; you haven't told me where you live."  
 "At No. — Melon street."  
 "Very well." Mr. Frazier noted down the street and number. "And now take that note to your mother."  
 "The merchant did not resume his newspaper after the lad departed. He had lost all interest in its contents. For a long time he sat, with his hand shading his face, so that no one saw its expression. If spoken to on any matter, he answered briefly, and with nothing of his usual interest in business. The change in him was so marked, that one of his partners asked if he were not well.  
 "I feel a little dull," was evasively answered.  
 Before his usual time Mr. Frazier left the store and went home. As he opened the door of his dwelling, the distressed cries and sobbings of a child came with an unpleasant shock upon his ears. He went up stairs, with two or three long strides, and entered the nursery, from which the cries came.  
 "What is the matter, darling?" he said, as he caught the weeper in his arms. "What ails my little Maggy?"  
 "Oh, papa! papa!" sobbed the child, clinging to his neck, and laying her wet face close to his.  
 "Jane," said Mr. Frazier, looking at the nurse, and speaking with some sternness of manner, "why is Maggy crying in this manner?"  
 The girl looked excited, but pale.  
 "She's been naughty," was her answer.  
 "No, papa! I ain't been naughty," said the child, indignantly. "I didn't want to stay here all alone, and she pinched me and slapped me so hard. Oh, papa!" And the child's wail rung out again; and she clung to his neck, sobbing.  
 "Has she ever pinched and slapped you before?" asked the father.  
 "She does it most every day," answered the little girl.  
 "Why haven't you told me?"  
 "She said she'd throw me out of the window, if I told! O, dear! O, dear! Don't let her do it, papa!"  
 "It's all a lie!" exclaimed the nurse, passionately.  
 "Just look at my poor leg, papa." The child said this in a hushed whisper, with her lips laid close to her father's ear.  
 Mr. Frazier sat down, and baring the child's leg to the hip, saw that it was covered with blue and greenish spots, all above the knee; there were not less than a dozen of these disfiguring marks. He examined the other leg and found it in the same condition.  
 Mr. Frazier loved that child with a deep tenderness. She was his all to love. Her mother, between whom and himself there had never been any true heart-sympathy, died two years before; and since that time, his precious darling—the apple of his eye—had it been left to the tender mercies of hired nurses, over whose conduct it was impossible for him to have any right observation. He often feared that Maggy was neglected—often troubled himself on her account—but a suspicion of cruelty like this, never came into his imagination as possible.  
 Mr. Frazier was profoundly disturbed; but even in his passion he was calm.  
 "Jane," he said steanly, "I wish you to leave the house immediately!"  
 "Mr. Frazier—"  
 "Silence!" He showed himself so stern and angry, even in his suppressed utterance of the word, that Jane started, and left the room instantly.  
 Mr. Frazier rung the bell, and to the waiter who answered it, said:  
 "See that Jane leaves the house at once. I have discharged her. Send her trunk wherever she may wish it taken. Here is the money that is due. I must see her again."  
 As the waiter left the room, Mr. Frazier hugged his child to his heart tightly again, and kissed her with an eagerness of manner that was unusual with him. He was fond, but quiet in his caresses. Now, the sleeping impulses of a strong heart were all awake and active.

In a small, back chamber sat a pale, sweet-faced, patient looking woman, reading a letter which had just been left for her by the post-man.  
 "Thank God!" she said, as she finished reading it, and her soft, brown eyes were lifted upward. It looked very dark," she murmured, "but the morning has broken again."  
 A light, quick step, was on the stairs; and the door was pushed hastily open.  
 "Charles, dear!"  
 The boy entered with an excited countenance.  
 "I am going to get a place, mother!" he cried to her, the moment his feet were in side the door.  
 The pale woman smiled and held out her hand to her boy. He came quickly to her side.  
 "There is no necessity for you getting a place now, Charles. We shall go back to England."  
 "Oh, mother" The boy's face was all aglow with sunbeams.  
 "Here a letter from a gentleman in New York, who says that he is directed by your Uncle Wilton to pay our passages to England, if we will return. God is good, my son. Let us be thankful!"  
 Charles now drew from his pocket the note which Mr. Frazier had given him, and handed it to his mother.  
 "What is this?" she asked.  
 "The gentleman who promised to get me a place, told me to give it to you."  
 The woman broke the seal. There were three bank bills, of ten dollars each, enclosed and this brief sentence written on the sheet of paper—  
 "God sent your son to a true friend. Take courage. Let him come to me to-morrow."  
 "Who gave you this?" she asked. Her pale face was growing warm with sudden excitement.  
 "A gentleman. But I do not know who he was. I went into a great many stores to ask if they didn't want a boy, and at last I came to the one where the gentleman was, who sent you this letter. He spoke, roughly to me at first, and then called me back and asked me who I was, and about my mother. I told him your name, and how father had died, and you were sick. Then he sat a good while, and didn't say anything; and then he wrote the note, and told me he would get me a place. He was a kindlooking man, if he did speak roughly at first."  
 "Did you see what name was on the sign?"  
 "I never thought to look," replied the boy.  
 "I was so glad when I came away. But I can go straight to the place."  
 "I will write the gentleman a note, thanking him for his kindness, and you must take it to him in the morning. How light it makes my heart feel to know that we are going back to dear England! God is good to us, my son, and we must be obedient and thankful."  
 Just before the evening twilight fell, word came up to the woman that a gentleman had called and wish to see her.  
 "Go and see who it is, Charles," she said to her son.  
 "Oh, mother! It's the gentleman who sent you the note!" exclaimed Charles, in an under tone, coming back quickly. And he wants to see you. Can he come up?"  
 There was a hasty glance of a woman's eyes around the room, to see if everything was in order, then a few slight changes in attire.  
 A man's firm tread approached the door. It was opened, and the boy's mother and the boy's new-found friend looked into other's faces.  
 "Oh, Edward!" fell from her lips, in a quick, surprised voice, and she started from her chair, and stood strongly agitated, before him. He advanced, not speaking until he had taken her hand.  
 "Florence! I never thought to see you thus!" He said it in a calm, kind, evenly modulated voice, but her ears were finely enough chorded to perceive the deep emotion that lay beneath. He said it, looking down into the dark, soft, tender brown eyes. "But I think there is a providence in our meeting," he added.  
 They sat down and talked long together—talked of the times gone by, and of the causes that separated them, while their hearts beat only for each other—of the weary years that had passed for both of them since then—of the actual present in their lives.  
 "I have a motherless child," he said at last, "a tender little thing that I love, and to day I find her body purple with bruises from the cruel hand of a servant! Florence! will you be a mother to that child? You have a noble boy, who is fatherless; let me be to him a father! Oh, Florence! there has been a great void in our lives. A dark and impassible river has flowed between us for years. But

we stand, at last, together and if the old love, fills your heart as it fills mine, there are golden days for us in the future."  
 And so it proved. The lady and her son did not go back to England, but passed to the merchant's stately residence, she becoming its mistress, and he finding a home there, and a truer father than the one he had, in former years, called by the name.  
 "Do good as you have opportunity." Only a week before the lad's application to the merchant, had this injunction been urged, in his hearing, by an eloquent preacher, and the words, coming to his thought, led him to call back the boy after his cold, almost unkind repulse.  
 Many times he thought of the incident afterwards, and of the small event on which such life-long issues hung, almost trembling in view of what he might have lost, had that slight opportunity for doing good been neglected.—N. Y. Ledger.  
 It is less injurious to society that a good doctrine should be accompanied by a bad life than that a good life should lend its support to a bad doctrine.  
 Many persons confess their depravity, but defend their conduct. They are wrong in general, but right in particular.  
 Many of our cares are but a morbid way of looking at our privileges. We let our blessing get mouldy and then call them curses.  
 When a lady, fishing for a lover, cunningly adjusts her features for the purpose, each of them is at an acute angle.  
 Prejudices are like rats, and a man's mind like a trap; they get in easily, and then perhaps can't get out at all.  
 If you would paint your face all over with tracks, harbor vicious thoughts. If you would be good-looking, be good.  
 We hear of the state of original sin. The united states of original sin are doubtless the world, the flesh, and the devil.  
 True poets seem as old as the stars, with blossoms of youth bursting from their heart forever and filling the world with perfume.  
 You may be sufficiently sensitive, but don't imagine yourself a conductor for everybody's lightning—running the thing into the ground.  
 Some hypocritical prayers in church are intended to cheat the congregation, others the Lord.  
 As long as men smell of whiskey and tobacco, the women have a right to defend themselves with musk.  
 What is most useful is generally least exhilarating. Light has no color, water no taste, air no odor.  
 The young fellow who engages himself to halt a dozen young women is undoubtedly a beaux of promise.  
 Many persons write articles and send them to an editor to be corrected—as if an editor's office were a house of correction.  
 If a woman tells more than the truth in speaking a rival's age, she will probably make the thing even in stating her own.  
 An author had better ask himself why he is going to write a book, than be asked afterwards why he has written it.  
 Many persons write because they have nothing to do, not duly considering that they have also nothing to say.  
 Memory is at the enchanted threshold of the Past, but Hope stands in the doorway of the Future.  
 He is the greatest man whose strength carries up the most hearts by the attraction of his own.  
 In a large assembly, men will decide with more justness by raising the hand than by reasoning.  
 A book is entitled to be examined good naturedly. It shouldn't have a cross-examination.  
 It isn't necessary that one's wife should be tall. It is enough if she is short and sweet.  
 Most men have a much greater curiosity to know what is said than to know what is true.  
 Simple words are sometimes loaded like shells and explode a century away.