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

BY HUDIBRAS.

Let's leave old G—, and go away—
 To G—, just for a holy-day.
 Let's leave old G—, our native town,
 And then to Gettysburg go down.

Oh! Gettysburg! Oh classic ground!
 Home of my youth for four years' round!
 Oh blooming fields! Oh copses green!
 (Oh for the days that once have been!)
 These hills how oft I've roamed among!
 Those dales how oft with music rung,
 When years ago we used to there,
 Rehearse our infant speeches rare!
 We thought not then a few more years,
 Would give that place the name it bears!
 We thought not then in time to come,
 "Round Top" would ring with bursting bomb!
 And Culp's big hill—oh now how great!
 And Rock Creek where we used to skate,
 We little thought would ever be,
 A place so great in history!
 The grave-yard, where we used to walk,
 With ladies fair, to have a talk,
 We did not think in sixty-three,
 Would be the place it's proved to be!

July of eighteen sixty-three,
 Did open our classic G—.
 The college bell's accustomed chime,
 The town-clock's cheerful stroke of time,
 The smithy's deep-toned business noise,
 The gleesome note of playful boys,
 The maiden's well-timed matin lay
 All these in gloom were hushed to-day!
 No ploughboy's early strain was heard,
 No insect's hum, no warbling bird,
 No notes of vocal nature wild,
 Which soothe the soul—so sweet, so mild!
 These, too, were hushed, and in their stead,
 The war-steed's quick stepped, prancing tread,
 The fife's shrill note, the bugle's sound,
 The shouts of armed men marching round,
 The click of arms, the clash of steel
 Unsuspected to stay the Nation's weal.
 With sounds like those the welkin rang,
 With sounds like these, and frightful clang.

As the sun the zenith neared,
 A distant thunder loud was heard.
 It was the "cannon's deaf'ning roar"—
 The fearful death-toned note of war.
 It was the war-dogs maddened growl—
 His howl for blood—oh, what a howl!
 The vales contiguous echoed long,
 With its reverberations strong.
 Its sound reflected, scarce had died,
 When to their arms the rebels hid.
 Another roar now burst, and yet,
 Another still another met,
 Until an unremitting sound,
 Did make the very hillocks bound.
 Sad to think, that ev'ry war,
 Sent souls to hell! What is this for?
 "Thou shalt not kill!" and can it be,
 That men have eyes, yet will not see?
 The battle raged now fearfully,
 The bursting bombs flashed terribly.
 Antagonist, both North and South,
 Fought to the very cannon's mouth.
 It wavered now for Meade and right—
 Anon it changed for Lee; and night
 Found traitors vile possess the field—
 The Union boys were forced to yield
 Can pen describe, or tongue e'en tell
 The woe, the murderous slaughter fell,
 Which made those classic brooks flow red
 With blood by bandit traitors shed?
 Great heaps of mangled corpses lay—
 Poor victims of that bloody day.
 All bless their ashes—laud them well,
 For Country and for God they fell.
 And many more whose spark of life,
 Was dimmed by that day's cruel strife;
 Whose life-blood trickling slow away,
 Left them in pain and misery,
 Cried out in agony—that cry!
 "Oh, take me Father—help me die!"
 Let's leave that field—that charnel house,
 No trumpet more to arms will rouse
 Those heroes brave who fell to-day
 For Country and for Liberty!

TO BE CONTINUED.

I WILL TAKE HER.

"You ought to marry!"
 "Never."
 "I know a good girl for you."
 "Let me alone."
 "But perhaps, you—psaw!—you don't
 know her. She is young."
 "Then she is sly."
 "Beautiful."
 "The more dangerous."
 "Of good family."
 "Then she is proud."
 "Tender-hearted."
 "Then she is jealous."
 "She has talents."
 "To kill me."
 "And one hundred thousand dollars."
 "I will take her."

It is always the best of a bad position, but
 not to put yourself in a bad position because
 we can make the best of it.

A Good Story.
THE GHOST-RAISER.

My Uncle Beazly, who commenced his commercial career very early in the present century as a bagman, will tell stories. Among them he tells his single ghost story so often that I am heartily tired of it. In self-defense, therefore, I publish the tale in order that when next the good, kind old gentlemen offers to bore us with it, everybody may say they know it. I remember every word of it.

One fine autumn evening, about forty years ago, I was traveling on horseback from Shrewsbury to Chester. I felt tolerably tired, and was beginning to look out for some snug way-side inn, where I might pass the night, when a sudden and violent thunder-storm came on. My horse, terrified by the lightning, fairly took the bridle between his teeth, and started off with me at full gallop, through lanes and cross roads, until at length I managed to pull him up just near the door of a neat looking country inn.

"Well," thought I, "there was wit in your madness, old boy, since it brought us to this comfortable refuge." And alighting I gave him in charge to the stout farmers' boy who acted as hostler. The inn-kitchen which was also the guest room, was large, clean, neat and comfortable, very like the pleasant holstery described by Isaac Walton. There was several travelers already in the room—probably, like myself, driven there for shelter—and they were all warming themselves by the blazing fire while waiting for supper. I joined the party. Presently, being summoned by the hostess we all set down, twelve in number, to a smoking repast of bacon and eggs, corned beef and carrots, and stewed hare.

The conversation naturally turned on the mishaps occasioned by the storm, of which every one seemed to have his full share. One had been thrown off his horse; another driving in a gig, had been upset into a muddy dyke; all had got a thorough wetting, and agreed unanimously that it was dreadful weather—a regular witches sabbath!

"Witches and ghosts prefer for their sabbath a fine moonlight night to such weather as this!"

These words were uttered in a solemn tone, and with strange emphasis, by one of the company. He was a tall, dark looking man, and I had set him down in my own mind as a traveling merchant or pedler. My next neighbor was a gay, well-looking, fashionably-dressed young man, who bursting into a peal of laughter, said:

"You must know the manners and customs of ghosts very well, to be able to tell that they dislike getting wet or muddy."

The first speaker, giving him a dark fierce look, said:

"Young man, speak not so lightly of things above your comprehension."

"Do you mean to imply that there are such things as ghosts?"

"Perhaps there are, if you had courage to look at them."

The young man stood up, flushed with anger. But presently resuming his seat, he said, calmly:

"That taunt should cost you dear, if it were not such a foolish one."

"A foolish one!" exclaimed the merchant, throwing on the table a heavy leathern purse. "There are fifty guineas. I am content to lose them, if, before the hour is ended, I do not succeed in showing you, who are so obstinately prejudiced, the form of any one of your deceased friends; and if, after you have recognized him, you allow him to kiss your lips."

We all looked at each other, but my young neighbor, still in the same mocking manner, replied:

"You will do that, will you?"

"Yes," said the other, "I will stake these fifty guineas, on condition that you will pay a similar sum if you lose."

After a short silence, the young man said gayly,

"Fifty guineas, my worthy sorcerer, are more than a poor college sizar ever possessed; but here are five, which, if you are satisfied, I shall be most willing to wager."

The other took up his purse, saying in a contemptuous tone:

"Young gentleman, you wish to draw back?"

"I draw back!" exclaimed the student.—

"Well! if I had the fifty guineas, you should see whether I wish to draw back!"

"Heré," said I, "are four guineas which I will stake on your wager."

No sooner had I made this proposition than the rest of the company, attracted by the sin-

gularity of the affair, came forward to lay down their money; and in a minute or two the fifty guineas were subscribed. The merchant appeared so sure of winning that he placed all the stakes in the students hands, and prepared for his experiment. We selected for the purpose a small summer-house in the garden, perfectly isolated, and having no means of exit but a window and a door, which we carefully fastened, after placing the young man within. We put writing materials on a small table in the summer-house, and took away the candles. We remained outside, with the peddler among us. In a low solemn voice he began to chant the following lines:

"What riseth slow from the ocean caves
 And the stormy surf?
 The phantom pale sets his blackened foot
 On the fresh green turf."

Then raising his voice solemnly he said:

"You asked to see your friend, Francis Villiers, who was drowned, three years ago off the coast of South America—what do you see?"

"I see," replied the student; "a white light arising near the window; but it has no form; it is like an uncertain cloud."

We—the spectators—remain profoundly silent.

"Are you afraid?" asked the merchant in a loud voice.

"No I am not," replied the student firmly.

"After a moment's silence the peddler stamped three times on the ground, and sang:

"And the phantom white, whose clay-cold face
 Was once so fair,
 Dries with his shroud his clinging vest
 And his sea-tossed hair."

Once more the solemn question:

"You would see revealed the mysteries of the tomb—what do you see now?"

The student answered, in a calm voice, but like of a man describing things as they pass before him:

"I see the cloud taking the form of a phantom; its head is covered with a long veil—it stands still."

"Are you afraid?"

"I am not."

We looked at each other in horror-stricken silence while the merchant, raising his arm above his head, chanted, in a sepulchral voice, and the phantom said, as he rose from the wave.

He shall know me in the south!
 I will go to my friend, gay, smiling, and fond,
 As in our first youth!"

"What do you see?" said he.

"I see the phantom advance; he lifts his veil—'tis Francis Villiers!—he approaches the table—he writes!—'tis his signature?"

"Are you afraid?"

A fearful moment of silence ensued, then the student replied, but in an altered voice:

"I am not."

With strange and fantio gestures, the merchant then sang:

"And the phantom said to the mocking seer,
 I come from the south;
 Put thy hand on my hand—they heart on my heart—
 Thy mouth on my mouth!"

"What do you see?"

"He comes—he approaches—he pursues me—he is stretching out his arm—he will have me! Help! help! Save me!"

"Are you afraid now?" asked the merchant, in a mocking voice.

A piercing cry, and then a stifled groan, were the only reply to this terrible question.

"Help that rash youth!" said the merchant bitterly. "I have, I think won the wages; but it is sufficient for me to have given him a lesson. Let him keep his money, and be wiser for the future."

He walked rapidly away. We opened the door of the summer-house, and found the student in convulsions. A paper signed with the name "Francis Villiers," was on the table. As soon as the student's senses were restored, he asked vehemently where was the vile sorcerer who had subjected him to such a horrible ordeal—he would kill him! He sought him throughout the inn in vain; then, with the speed of a madman he dashed off across the fields in pursuit of him—and we never saw either of them afterwards.

That, children, is my ghost story!

"And how is it, uncle, that after that you don't believe in ghost?" said I, the first time I heard it.

"Because, my boy," replied my uncle, "neither the student nor the merchant ever returned; and the forty-five guineas, belonging to me and other travelers, continued equally invisible. Those two swindlers carried them off, after having acted a farce, which we, like ninnyes, believed to be real."

Sextons and undertakers are the cheerfulest people in the world at home, as comedians and circus clowns are the most melancholy.

HOW TO POP THE QUESTION.

Gracious, sez I, "It's now time to lock after Nance."
 "Next day down I went. Nance was alone, and I axed her if the squire was in? She said he wasn't."
 "Cause," said I, making her believe that I wanted him, "our colt has sprained his foot, and I came to see if the squire would lend me his mare to go to town."
 She said she guessed he would. I'd better sit down and wait till the squire comes in.
 "Down I sot; she looked sorter strange, and my heart felt mighty queer around the edge.
 "Are you going down to Betsy Miller's quilting?"
 "After a while," sez she.
 Sez I, "reckon I would."
 Sez she, "suppose you'll take Patience Dodge?"
 Sez I, "I mought, and then I moughten't."
 Sez she, "I heard you was going to get married."
 Sez I, "I wouldn't wonder a bit."
 I looked at her and saw the tear a cummin'." Sez I, "maybe she'll ax you to be bridesmaid."
 She riz up, she did—her face was red as a beet 'Seth Stroks?' and she could not say anything more, she was so full.
 "Won't you be bridesmaid, Nance? I sez."
 "No," sez she, and burst out.
 "Well then," sez I, "if you wont be the bridesmaid, will you be the bride?"
 She looked at me—I swon. I never saw anything so awful purty. I took right hold of her hand.
 "Yes or no," sez I, "right off."
 "Yes," sez she.
 "That's the sort," sez I, and gave her a kiss. I fixed matters with the squire. We soon hitched traces to the trot in double harness for life, and I never had cause to repent my bargain.

DON'T LAUGH.

"Mississippi rejoices in the possession of the rude talents that distinguish a backwoods preacher known as 'Uncle Bob.'
 "On one occasion 'Uncle Bob' went to minister to the spiritual wants of some 'brethering' who convened semi-occasionally at a little out-of-the-way church known by the very classic name of 'Coon Tail.' Inspired by a crowded house, Uncle Bob turned himself loose in his most tragic style. He beat, stamped, and vociferated terribly. For some time previous the rude pulpit had been unoccupied. Invited by the apparent security and quiet of the place, a community of 'bumble-bees' had built a nest beneath. Uncle Bob's peculiar mode of conducting the services had disturbed the insects; and just as he was executing one of his most tremendous gestures an enraged bee met him half way, and popped his sting into the end of Uncle Bob's huge nose. He stopped short, gave sundry vigorous but ineffectual slaps, when he heard a half-suppressed titter from some merry youths in a far corner of the house.—Turning toward them with ill-concealed rage, he exclaimed, 'No laughing in the house of God; I allow no laughing in my meetings—I'll thrash the first man that laughs as soon as service is over!' This threat checked the incipient merriment. Uncle Bob regained his composure, forgot the bees, and soon warmed up to a forty-two hok. But again, in the midst of the most impassioned gesticulation, a bee struck him full in the forehead; he bowed, dodged, and beat the air frantically, until a roar of laughter rose from the congregation.—Uncle Bob looked at them a moment with mingled feelings of rage and disgust, and then shouted, 'Meetin's dismissed! Go home!—Just go home, every one of you! But as for me [taking off his coat], I don't leave this hill as long as there's a bumble-bee about the house!"

"There was a sermon and a bumble-bee's nest spoiled that day, certain."

"ARRAH, me darliot!" cried Jamie O'Falagen to his loquacious sweet-heart, who had given him no opportunity of even answering her remarks during a two hours ride behind his little bay nags in his oyster-wagon—"are ye after knowin' why yer cheeks are just like my ponies there?"

"Sure an' its because they're red, is it?" quoth blushing Bridget.

"Faith, an' a better raisen than that, ma-vourneen. Because there is one uv thim each side of a wagin' (wagon) tongue!"

Many run about after felicity, like an absent man hunting for his hat while it is on its head.

Little-or-Nothings.

War isn't a game of live and let live.

A person with a bad cold generally seems to think it can be snuffed out.

Musicians are often hard to get along with; they are a crotchety people.

The beautiful tresses of young ladies are beau strings.

There are letters of marque, and a great many letters that are in nowise letters of mark.

The great poet rubs our eyes with common clay, and we see the stars and flowers anew.

A blunt truth is very likely to bruise a man without penetrating him.

Of all the heathen deities, the hungry man would probably prefer Pan.

Don't tempt to cudgelling unless you have some ability to cudgel.

Charity may sometimes gush forth from the hardest heart like silver water from the rock.

If an allegation is made against you, consider the character of the alligator.

The most and the best that is done for you must be done by you.

Better be accused of a vice, being innocent, than acquitted of it, being guilty.

Terrible are the wounds that War inflicts upon a nation, but Peace heals them at last with the olive oil.

When the wind whistles through your key-hole, it expects you to whistle with it. It is sounding the key-note.

When the head and the heart act each other's parts, both perform indifferently. Let each stick to its role.

A young woman may get her lover upon his knees if she can, but she should never let him get her upon them.

A great soul has nothing to do with consistency. He may as well concern himself with his shadow on the wall.

The world is not greater than man. No man is called on to lose his own balance for the world's advancement.

The demagogue blows up the flames of political discord for no other occasion than that he may thereby handily boil his own pot.

If you are in a book store, and the bookseller knocks you down with the first volume of a book, you knock him down with the second.

It is said, that of all the teas, Souchong condescends most to scandal, but a good many reputations have been blown up by gunpowder.

A truth breathed by pale and gentle lips may be more crashing than the heaviest cannon-ball or the most terrible thunderbolt.

Many a spiritual shepherd takes up the crook, not that the sheep may be fed, but that he may never want a warm woollen suit and a joint of mutton.

The great poet tell us that music soothes the savage heart. So, if you are captured by the Indians sing and whistle with all your might.

If you can't make a village or a parish or a family think alike, don't suppose you can make a world pinch or pad its beliefs to a single pattern.

Let us learn the mild lesson nature teaches that our own orbit is all our task, and that we need not assist the administration of the universe.

Love, in a tiny form, may enter into the heart through a small aperture, and, after it gets in, grows so big on what it feeds on that it can never oqueeze out again.

The familiar experiment of the hydrostatic paradox, in which a capillary column of water balances the ocean, is a symbol of one man's relation to the whole human family.