

THE PILOT.

GREENCASTLE:

Tuesday Morning, Nov. 24, 1863.



FEARFUL SOUNDS IN THE DARK.

In the dark our ears become preternaturally vigilant. Blind people hear better than those who see, and most of us hear many sounds in the night that would make no impression on our tympanums by daylight. The worst of it is that in absence of the assuring light we are apt to attribute every noise to the worst possible cause that the imagination can assign for it. We ought to trust in the care of a watchful Providence as implicitly at midnight as at midday—but we don't. The great volume of sound comprised in the voice of the day having spent itself, and comparative silence having succeeded, the occasional voices of the night are heard with wonderful distinctness. Discarding obvious probabilities, the timid, trembling in their beds, construct out of the slenderest possibilities theories of appalling horror. If a stair creaks, as stairs, for some weird purpose of their own, will creak at the watching hour, it is a burglarious foot ascending; if a rat is plying his dental saw behind the eaves, it is a robber effecting an entrance; if the wind whistles through a keyhole, it is a thief's signal; if a sash rattles, it is somebody trying the shutters, or the handle of the door. Furniture, especially old furniture, has a way of making queer little noises in the night, as if it were stretching its limbs after being relieved of its daily burden, and "somebody in the room!" is the illogical inference from the premises. Then to the superstitious the howl of disconsolate curs, that are as much afraid of the dark as children, is full of melancholyodings, and there are other nocturnal "acoustic effects" of various kinds that seem to the querulous sense like the echoes of yawning graves and things of that kind. We say nothing of those hairy devils, the cats, whose wails and yells are worthy of pandemonium itself. How pleasantly the rooster's cheerful "lawn" breaks in upon all these ear-stabbing nuisances, and how delightful the first gleam of dawn, that brings with it a sense of safety, and sleep, the offspring of tranquility. But, after all, the voice of the night are most saddening to the lonely watcher who fears neither ghost nor burglar. If that watcher be a woman waiting for her truant lord, how every footstep that passes the door seems to tread upon her heart. All the neighboring husbands—and some of them are wild ones—have gone home, but yet he comes not. Where is he? In a drinking saloon? In a gambling house? Or in some other place yet more horrible for a true loving wife to think of? What are she for robbers? what can they steal of any value to one from whom a husband has already stolen peace and hope. What is life to the outraged and forsaken, that she should fear the midnight assassin.

To the tender watcher in the sick-room, where life and death contend for husband, child or parent, brother, sister or dear friend, the night is inexpressibly terrible. The fitful breath, the fluttering pulse, felt so often with trembling fingers, the dismal ticking of the time-piece that seems beating "funeral marches to the grave"—what sensations they create. Well says the inspired writer, "Sorrow endures for a night; joy cometh with the morning."

"RETIRING FROM BUSINESS."

If there is anything for which a veteran merchant is peculiarly unfit, it is retirement. So long as the mind and body retain their vigor let him continue to mingle in the business world. It is his element, and nothing else can supply its place. He may be more than rich enough—a millionaire, but no amount of money can make idleness a blessing to a busy-minded man. He may say to himself, "I have made enough." He may think that to persevere in adding to his already superabundant wealth will look like greed. Or he may fancy that he has done his part in the toil and labor of the world; that he requires rest and quiet; that it would be pleasant to enjoy exemption from care and responsibility, and to have his time at his own disposal. But the chances are that he could not be happy without labor and excitement, and that the leisure he covets would hang heavily on his hands. We refer here to the strictly business man, whose energies from youth upwards have been almost exclusively employed in mercantile pursuits. He has "sons," perhaps, whom he wishes to put in his place. But the sons, born to fortune, are not like their father. He worked for wealth—upon them it has fallen spontaneously, a golden shower. The odds are that they will go down to the store at lunch time instead of nine o'clock, as "the governor" used to do, and transact business so loosely, and spend money so lavishly, as soon to make a frightful hole in the capital of the firm. Such consequences have ensued from the premature retirement of the head of a house, in more than one instance,

within the range of our experience. How much better is it for a wealthy parent, when he finds the responsibilities of his business too heavy, to divide them by making his son his partner—thus retaining a position which enables him to be "their guide, philosopher and friend."

THE NEWS.

We have exciting news from East Tennessee. Parson Brownlow has found it necessary to leave Knoxville, and sends a despatch to Cincinnati stating that fighting was in progress "all about Knoxville." A despatch from Gen. Burnside himself conveys the idea that everything was going well with us and that ultimate victory was certain. It is quiet probable that a heavy battle has been fought at Knoxville, and the siege of that city is now going on. As the place is fortified to some extent it is believed that the Rebels will not be able to dislodge our forces without great loss and probably defeat. The latest reports by mail say that General Burnside and Hartsuff were concentrating their forces to resist the advance of General Longstreet.

Knoxville, Tenn., Nov. 9, 1863.—The facts touching the affair at Rogersville are these:—The Rebels, under Gen. Williams, on Friday last, surprised the camp of the Second Tennessee Infantry and the Seventh Ohio Cavalry, near Rogersville, at daylight. A panic ensued. The Second Tennessee made a stand, and 600 were captured. The Seventh Ohio abandoned the ground and fled to Morristown, in a state of utter demoralization. The latter lost 200 prisoners, making a total of 800 men lost. The Illinois Battery lost four guns. Much sympathy is felt for Col. Garrard, of the Seventh Ohio, who did his best to rally his men, but they got so long a start of their commander, he could not overtake them.

General Burnside intends to dismount the regiment, and give them some exercise as infantry. The greatest mortification is felt at this faux pas. The Rebels, after their success, ran one way, and our troops ran the other. At last account all was quiet, the Rebels having fallen back to Moccasin Gap, the same point to which Col. Garrard had driven the same party two days before.

General Shackelford telegraphs that all is quiet along the Little Tennessee.

Washington, Nov. 19.—The following has been received at the headquarters of the army: Cumberland, Md., Nov. 18.—6:30 p. m.—Brig. Gen. Cullman, Chief of Staff.—Gen. Averill has arrived at New Creek, at or near Covington. He encountered and dispersed a portion of Imboden's command on their way to reinforce Echols. He captured twenty five prisoners in this skirmish. I am happy to inform you that there is not at this time an organized force of rebels within the bounds of the new State of West Virginia. I also send you a copy of a telegram just received from General Sullivan.

B. F. KELLY, Brigadier General. Harper's Ferry, Nov. 18.—Gen. Kelly: My cavalry under command of Col. Boyd, of the 21st Penna. cavalry, has returned, having been up the valley to New Market, fighting Gillmore and White's command at Mt. Jackson, bringing in 27 prisoners, 2 commissioned officers, 30 head of cattle, 3 four-horse teams, besides 30 tents and all the horses and equipment of the prisoners. He destroyed a number of tents and a quantity of salt. The men also helped themselves to a wagon load of tobacco, about five 500 pounds. Our loss was 2 men killed, 3 wounded and 3 missing.

J. C. SULLIVAN, Brig. Gen.

Singular Case in Montreal.

A singularly dangerous and unlawful act was recently perpetrated in this city, by which a British subject was in broad day light, in one of the most public streets, seized without warrant or authority, and by threats of personal injury, by means of loaded sticks in the hands of ruffianly kidnappers, forced into a cab and driven rapidly to the St. Lambert wharf, conveyed on board the ferry-boat, thence into the cars, hurled off with railroad speed to the United States. The victim of this high handed act is W. J. Louis Redpath, a British subject, formerly a resident of New York, and recently employed in the commercial Agency of this city. In the cab and in the boat the kidnappers cautioned Redpath against making any noise, showing him as their warrant a letter purporting to be signed by Mr. Giddings, American Consul-General, authorizing them to apprehend two men, named respectively Louis and Burke, and convey them to the States, promising that all their reasonable expenses would be paid on reaching New York. On arriving at Burlington, he was taken before the sheriff, who said, on being showing the warrant signed "Giddings," that he thought they had no right to detain Redpath.

They confined him in jail at Burlington for a day or over, and afterwards took him to New York, where he was conveyed to head quarters and locked up for the night. While in the cell an officer asked Redpath to sign a paper, setting forth that he had accompanied Jones to New York of his own accord, and would not

hold him responsible in any way, on which condition only would he be liberated. Redpath refused and was locked up for another night, being refused permission to see or communicate with his friends. A lawyer was permitted to visit him by promising to use his influence to obtain Redpath's signature to the paper. He informed the latter that as the writ of habeas corpus was suspended, the only thing he could do, if he must have his liberty, was to sign the document in question. Redpath, who is consumptive, and had suffered from confinement, was obliged to consent, to save his life, and on being conveyed to the office of the Chief of the detective force, signed the paper, and was discharged on Thursday. Redpath remained a short time in New York with his friends, and returned here on Saturday night.—From the Montreal Herald, Nov. 11.

Very sad, but sadly true, is the following fearful incident, which occurred not long since at a cemetery not far distant from Wheeling, Virginia:—

Theodore, a bright boy of thirteen, had died. His brother, Hanson, but five years of age, seemed to regard his death as a commonplace affair, and all attempts to rouse him up to a consciousness or seriousness on the subject were vain. He seemed unchanged—unmoved. The funeral cortege reached the grave; the solemn burial services were read; and the old sexton commenced the work of covering the remains, but no sooner had the first lump of clay fallen upon the sounding box than little Hans, who stood regarding the impressive services without a sign of emotion, suddenly raised himself to his full height and, with clinched hands and a look of defiance that seemed fearful, he exclaimed, in a shrill voice arresting instantly the attention of all. "Old man, stop! I'll kill you if you cover my brother in that dark hole!" and, with a wild maniac scream that sounded piercingly mournful, he fell motionless to the earth. The great deep of many hearts was broken up, and tears fell like rain drops.

PASSING EVENTS, &C.

Latest News!—A new supply of Boots and Shoes cheaper than ever, at KUNKELS'.

GUM SHOES of all kinds and sizes, at KUNKELS'.

WHAT has become of the Greencastle and State Line turnpike company?

THE Singing School at Canebrake, meets on every Saturday evening.

A drove of turkeys were driven through town last Wednesday.

THE ladies will find the latest styles bonnets at the Military establishment of Mrs. KATE WUNDERLICH.

FILES of The Pilot.—We have several files of last year's PILOT, which we will sell cheap.

Sale of Town Property.—NATHANIEL MARLIN, Esq., has sold his fine residence on North Carlisle street, to WILLIAM KREPS, Esq., for \$3,650.

THE General Synod of the German Reformed Church in America, was convened at Pitsburg on the 18th instant.

BANK President.—Wm. McLELLAN, Esq., has been elected President of the Bank of Chambersburg. He will make a most able officer.

PERSONS wishing a neat Boot and Shoe made, to order, by the best of workmen, should call at KUNKELS'.

I door north of Hostetter's Drug Store.

THE Seminary recently opened by Rev. J. S. LONER, is in a flourishing condition. The number of pupils is constantly increasing. It is one of the very best of schools.

IRWIN & RHODES advertise that they will sell their stock of Hardware at reduced rates, from now until the 1st of January, 1864. Now is the time to buy.

THE new fractional currency is coming into circulation. It gives general dissatisfaction. The paper is apt to split. We hope some improvement may be made.

ATTENTION is directed to the advertisement of A. W. WELSH, who has recently opened an entire new stock of Hardware, in the room on the N. E. corner of the Public Square, next door to Hostetter's Drug Store.

THE 77th Pennsylvania regiment is now in Gen. JOE HOOKER'S command. This regiment lost severely in the Chickamauga fight, and now numbers between one and two hundred effective men. Most of the officers were taken prisoner, and are now in Richmond.

LIEUT. W. L. WADDEL, (son of Mr. JOHN WADDEL,) formerly of this place, paid our town a flying visit last week. The Lieutenant belongs to one of the Ohio regiments in Gen. GRANT'S army. He has been in the service over two years. His brother was killed in one of the assaults on Vicksburg.

Sudden Death.—Mr. JACOB M'CURK, an aged and highly esteemed citizen of this place, died very suddenly at his residence, on Monday evening last. Mr. M. received, while weighing a load of hay, an attack of the Palsy and lived but a few hours afterwards.—Mercesburg Journal.

GEN. JENKINS (rebel) "on account of his daring operations in Pennsylvania," was some time since, made a Major-General, and now has command of a division (formerly Hood's) in BRAGG'S army.—The rebels surely, ought to make IMBODEN a Lieutenant-General, for he is the greater thief of the two.

Tazewell Republican.—We have received a copy of this paper. It is published in Pekin, Tazewell county, Illinois. W. W. SKILLERS, Esq., formerly of the Tazewell Republican, is editor and publisher. Mr. S. is a forcible writer, and the present number shows unmistakable evidences of his ability. We wish him success in his western home.

Kicked by a Horse.—Mr. JOHN SHELITO, living near Marion, was kicked in the abdomen, by a horse, and badly injured, on last Tuesday morning.

P. S. Mr. SHELITO died on Thursday morning from the injuries thus received. He was buried in the Lutheran graveyard on last Friday afternoon. He leaves a wife and several children.

The Reason.—We had missed our sprightly little friend the Pilot, for some weeks and could not account for its absence. Last week it came to hand, with an apology for its failure to be present at roll-call, in the announcement that the publisher had been very ill, and was scarcely yet able to be about. The apology is amply sufficient. "Jeems." In this season of partridges and buckwheat cakes, we will indulge the hope that you will soon be brought up to fighting weight again, and that the Pilot may always be on hand again, with the latest from Antrim.—Spirit and Times.

Thanks, Mr. Spirit. Nothing more palatable than buckwheat cakes and partridges.

If you want to sell goods, advertise. If you want to buy a farm, If you want to sell a farm, If you want employment, If you want to employ help, If you want to buy a house, If you want to sell a house, If you want to buy or sell a lot, If you want to buy or sell cattle, If you want to buy or sell grain, If you want to advance your interests, generally, advertise.

Serious Accident.—We learn that Mr. HENRY LYNNE, an age and highly respected citizen, was so severely injured on Saturday 7th inst., by a hay rack falling upon him, that his life is despaired of. It seems that he was having the hay rack put up in a stable which he recently had erected upon his premises near this town, and was in act of making an examination of it previous to its being securely fastened, when it accidentally fell striking him upon the head, and seriously wounding him.

P. S.—Mr. LYNNE died from the effects of the injuries above mentioned, yesterday leaving a large number of friends and acquaintances to mourn his loss.—Boonsboro' Odd Fellow.

Thanksgiving Day.—Next Thursday, 26th inst., is the day appointed by the President of the United States, for thanksgiving and prayer, to be observed by all loyal and christian people. Every place of business will be closed. We think this day should be strictly observed, and families should make such preparations the day previous that it will not be necessary to open store or shop for a single instant on that day. There is no individual in this community, who has so much business on hands, but that he can give this day to the service of God and his country. It is only love of gain that will prompt any one to disregard it.

Religious services at 11 o'clock, A. M., will be held in the Presbyterian Church. Rev. J. W. WIGHTMAN will deliver the thanksgiving sermon. A collection will be taken up in the church on this occasion, by the "Ladies Aid Society," for the benefit of the United States Christian Commission. The proceeds will be used for the relief of our prisoners in Richmond.

Rebel Deserters.—A great many rebel deserters have been taken through this place since the 1st of October. Ragged, tired, worn out, and disappointed and deceived, these men came across the Potomac, and gave themselves up to the Federal authorities. It is not long since, as we were informed, that a squad of about twenty rebel cavalry, mounted and with all their equipments, came into Hagerstown, and gave themselves up. At first, as they rode furiously, the citizens were somewhat excited, thinking it was the advance party of another set of "raiders." This is the way we want them to come back into the old Union—surrendering themselves and all their arms, acknowledging their errors, and swearing allegiance to the United States.

Since the above was written, a small squad of seven of these deserters, were taken through to Chambersburg, under a guard of two Connecticut soldiers. This party were from Virginia, and had been impressed into the rebel service about two months ago, under the last conscription act. They belonged to LYNBODEN'S gang. They came into our lines ten days ago.

Thanksgiving Hymn.—The following hymn, from Dr. Boardman's "Selection of Hymns," is admirably adapted for the services of the approaching Thanksgiving Day:—

Praise to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days;
Bounteous Source of every joy,
Let thy praise our tongues employ;
All to thee, O God, we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow.

All the blessings of the fields,
All the stores the garden yields,
Flocks that whitens all the plain,
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain;
Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

Clouds that drop their fattening dews,
Suns that genial warmth diffuse,
All the plenty summer pours,
Autumn's rich, overflowing stores;
Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

Peace, prosperity, and health,
Private bliss, and public weal,
Knowledge, with its gladdening streams,
Pure religion's holier beams.
Lord, for this our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

Tobacco.—In some of the eastern and western States, tobacco raising has been engaged in pretty extensively for a number of years. Since the commencement of the present war, more attention has been paid to tobacco culture than formerly. It now pays magnificently. The tobacco crop of Lancaster county, Pennsylvania, will amount the present year, to over half a million of dollars. It is there cultivated in several patches of from one to three acres upon each farm.

The first and fullest attempt in Antrim township, was made last season.

Mr. CHRISTIAN HOOVER'S experiment in raising tobacco may be of benefit to some of our readers. He prepared about two acres and a half of ground, upon the farm of Mr. J. B. WYSE, half a mile east of town on the Brown's Mill road. In the beginning of June last he set out his plants in square rows, the hills being three and a-half feet apart. The plants consisted of the following varieties, viz: Connecticut, Pennsylvania, Virginia and Havana. The tops were frequently cut off so as to allow the leaves to grow large. The labor expended in hoeing, etc., was equal to the daily labor of two persons during the three months or more of the tobacco season. The first crop was cut off the ground in the latter part of August; and when dry it will make about 4000 lbs. The tobacco is of very good quality.

The second crop was easily worked, and turned out tolerably well. The whole, however, made several hundred pounds. Seasons when the frosts do not come early, the second crop can be made to pay considerably more than the expenses incurred in working both crops.

From the foregoing, it will be seen that raising tobacco in this county will pay. Other and larger experiments will be made next summer.

We will be pleased to hear from any of our readers on this subject.

Caught at Last.—JOE HOOKER, the sharpest, holdest and most notorious horse thief ever known in these parts, has been caught at last. We believe he was arrested at his house in Frederick, Md., whither his family moved last winter, after his escape here. He is believed to be the head of the gang who have stolen so many horses in this neighborhood during the past four months. He will be lodged in the Chambersburg jail. Farmers should not relax their vigilance, for doubtless his accomplices will continue this nefarious business. We hope the whole party may be caught.

Since the foregoing was written, we have seen one of the party who made HOOKER'S arrest. For some time it has been believed that most of the horses stolen, were concealed for a while in some out of the way place on the mountain, and from thence sent into the Washington city market, when good opportunity was presented. On last Tuesday afternoon four young men, (one from the town and three from the township,) set out to institute a search on South Mountain. After a hunt of several hours they found their labor was fruitless. They then proceeded to Frederick city, Md., whither HOOKER'S family moved last winter after his escape here. By cautious inquiry, and by resort to a stratagem which it suits not to put in print, they learned where he lived, and further—that he was at home. On Wednesday evening they, with a couple of police officers, surrounded the house; three of them entered, and went up stairs to a dark room, which the robber-chief usually occupied, and forcing the door open, arrested him after a slight resistance on his part. After a hearing before a Magistrate, he was committed to the Frederick County prison, there to await the proper requisition from the authorities of this State.

It was ascertained, too, where his horses were supposed to be concealed. That night, the party of four, proceeded to a farm six miles from Frederick. After a search through the stables, a horse stolen from Mr. DERRICH ten days before, was found and identified. The farmer objected to the proceedings. Next morning he was arrested, and gave bail for his appearance at court.

Fourteen horses and three mules were found in the stables. It was supposed that four horses could do all the work on the farm. Whether this man was fully aware of HOOKER'S character and business, remains to be proven before court. We are not prepared to give judgment.

Great credit is due our young men for ferreting out this business. The reward offered, we think, should be paid them, and in addition, a suitable testimonial from the owners of horses. One of them has incurred great personal risk.

Terms Reduced to Old Prices!—Godey's Lady's Book for 1864.—The publisher of Godey's Lady's Book, thankful to that public which has enabled him to publish a magazine for the last thirty-four years of a larger circulation than any in America, has made an arrangement with the most popular authoress in this country—MARION HARLAND, Authoress of "Aloha," "Hidden Path," "Moss Side," "Nemesis," and "Miriam," who will furnish stories for the Lady's Book for 1864—This alone will place the Lady's Book in a literary point of view far ahead of any other magazine.—Marion Harland writes for no other magazine.—Our other favorite writers will all continue to furnish articles throughout the year.

The Literature is of that kind that can be read aloud in the family circle, and the elegy in immense numbers are subscribers for the Book.

GODEY'S immense Double Sheet Fashion-Plates, containing from five to seven Full length Colored Fashions on each plate. Other magazines give only two. Far ahead of any Fashions in Europe or America. The publication of these plates cost \$10,000 more than Fashion-plates of the old style, and nothing but our wonderfully large circulation enables us to give them. These fashions may be relied on—Dresses may be made after them, and the wearer will not subject herself to ridicule, as would be the case if she visited the large cities dressed after the style of the plates given in some of our so-called fashion magazines.

TERMS:—One copy one year, \$3. Two copies one year, \$5. Three copies one year, \$6. Four copies one year, \$7.

Five copies one year, and an extra copy to the person sending the club, \$10. Eight copies one year, and extra copy to the person sending the club, \$15. Eleven copies one year, and an extra copy to the person sending the club, \$20.

And the only magazine that can be introduced into the above clubs in place of the Lady's Book is Arthur's Home Magazine.

Godey's Lady's Book and Arthur's Home Magazine both one year for \$3.50. Godey's Lady's Book and Harper's Magazine both one year for \$4.50. Godey, Harper, and Arthur will all three be sent one year, on receipt of \$6.00

Treasury Notes and Notes of all solvent banks taken at par. Be careful and pay the postage on your letter. Address L. A. GODEY, 323 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.