

THE PILOT
18 PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY MORNING BY
JAMES W. M'CRORY,
(North West Corner of the Public Square.)
at the following rates, from which there will be no
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Single subscription, in advance..... \$1.50
Within six months..... 1.75
Within twelve months..... 2.00
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The Pilot.

VOL-V GREENCASTLE, PA., TUESDAY, MAY 17, 1864 NO 11

Select Poetry.

THE SNAKE IN THE GLASS.

BY JOHN G. SARR.

Come listen to awhile to me, my land;
Come listen to me for a spell;
Let that terrible drum
For a moment be dumb.

For your uncle is going to tell
What befel
A youth who loved liquor too well.

A clever young man was he, my lad;
And with beauty uncommonly blest.
Ere, with brandy and wine,
He began to decline.

And behaved like a person possessed;
I protest
The temperance plan is the best.

One evening he went to a tavern, my lad;
He went to a tavern one night,
And drinking too much
Rum, brandy and such.

The chap got exceedingly "tight,"
And was quite
What your aunt would entitle a "fright."

The fellow fell into a snore, my lad;
Tis a horrible slumber he takes;
He trembles with fear,
And acts very queer.

My eyes! how he shivers and shakes
When he wakes.
And raves about horrid great snakes!

'Tis a warning to you and to me, my lad;
A particular caution to all,—
Though no one can see
The vipers bight ke.

To hear the poor lunatic bawl:
"How they crawl!
All over the floor and the wall!"

Next morning he took to his bed, my lad;
Next morning he took to his bed;
And he never got up
To dine or to sup.

Though properly physicked and bled;
And I read,
Next day, the poor fellow was dead!

You've heard of the snake in the grass, my lad;
Of the viper concealed in the grass;
But now, you must know,
Man's deadliest foe

Is a snake of a different class;
Alas!—
'Tis the viper that lurks in the glass.

A warning to you and to me, my lad;
A very imperative call—
Of liquor keep clear;
Don't drink even beer.

If you'd shun all occasion to fall;
If at all,
Pray take it uncommonly small.

And if you are partial to snakes, my lad;
(A passion I think rather low)
Don't enter, to see 'em,
The Devil's Museum!

'Tis very much better to go,
(That's so!)
And visit a regular show.

A Good Story.

THE IMPRESSED YANKEES.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

In 1814, Commodore Sir Thomas Hardy
commanding the British squadron which was
blockading the New England coast, sent word
home to England, in one of his reports, that
the schooner *Adder* had been cast away on the
coast of Maine, by running upon the rocks in
a dense fog, and that a number of her crew
were drowned.

The report of Sir Thomas was probably true,
"to the best of his knowledge," but there were
some little particulars connected with the loss
of that schooner which the Commodore may
not have understood. However, he that as it
may, these particulars were known to certain
spout Yankee fishermen; and I had them from
the son of one of the actors, so will I give
them to the reader.

One bright morning in July, 1814, a small
Yankee fishing smack was being hauled out
from one of the coves on the eastern shore of
Manhagan Island. Her commander and own-
er was a stout, hard-fisted Yankee, named Jed-
ediah Robinson; and his crew consisted of
three beside himself. There was his son Sam,
a tall, spanking lad of eighteen; and his son,
Ezekiel, a promising boy of sixteen. The
fourth man of the crew was called, "Old Ro-
binson." He was Jedediah's father, and was
a hale, hearty patriarch of sixty. As soon as
the smack had been hauled out from behind
the headland, her keel was taken aboard, and
her sails given to the light breeze that came in
from the ocean. Jedediah wished to catch
some fish to carry into Portland, where he not
only expected to find a ready market, but where
he also expected to obtain a good return in
money.

"What's the matter?"
It was Zeke who had said "hellow;" and
his father had asked, what was the matter.—
Zeke was forward, and his father had the
helm.

"Look o' thar!"
"Look where?"
"Jes' look at that ere chop."

"Fire an' brimstone!" exclaimed Jedediah;
"it's British cruiser, as sure as the world!—
She's got guns, or I'm a sinner!"

Sure enough, it was a British cruiser, though
not a very large one. It was a schooner, car-
rying four guns, with the English flag at her
peak, and a squad of men at her bows. How-
ever, a British frigate, or even a ship of the
line, would not have been more unwelcome;
for the fishermen could have resisted the one
as easily as the other.

The smack had started out with the wind a
little forward of the larboard beam, and the
schooner was coming down across her bows.

"Perhaps," said Jedediah, "she won't trou-
ble us."

But the words were no sooner out of his
mouth than BANG went a gun from the
schooner's bows, and a round shot ploughed
up the water under the stern of the smack.

"Everlastin' Salvation!" ejaculated Old Ro-
binson, trembling with dread alarm.

"Don't be afeared," said Sam. "We'll
heavetp, and see what the crittur wants."

The smack was brought up to the wind, and
in a little while the Englishman lowered a boat,
which came alongside with a lieutenant and
six men. The officer, and four of his compan-
ions, armed to the teeth, leaped on board, and
demanded to know who was captain of the
smack.

"I be," said Jedediah.
"You are a fisherman?"
"Yaas."

"Well—we want some."
"Fish?"
"Yes."

"Haint got a fish, sir. We was jest a goin'
out to ketch some."

"Exactly," intruded Sam. "Ef you'll
come this way, say abaout termorrer, mebbe
we'll hev some for ye."

"I think I can do better," said the English-
man, with a twinkle in his eye. "There's one
thing we need more than we do fish. We want
men. You seem to have a large crew for such
a craft as this; and I guess you'll have to di-
vide with me."

"Don't say that, mister."

"I do say it; and so it must be. I must
have two of you. I'll let the smack keep the
oldest and the youngest, and I'll take the
others."

"No, no," cried Jedediah; "don't do that.
This ere old man is my father, and these are
my boys. Don't separate us."

"You two I must have," said the officer, in-
dicating Jedediah and Samuel with his finger.

"You can go with me quietly, or you can go
as we shall take you."

Sam edged up to his father's side, and whis-
pered in his ear:

"Dad, can't you see a hole through a lad-
der?"

"Eh?"

"Can't you see a hole through a ladder?—
He's bound to take us, an' we've got to go.—
Let's go quietly, and pretend to like it. Don't
ye take?"

Jedediah comprehended; and, more still,
he saw the force of his son's remark.

"Wal," he said, turning to the officer, "ef
you take us, you'll pay us?"

"Certainly."

"An' you'll treat us well?"

"If you behave yourselves, certainly."

"We don't want to go a bit; but we'd ruther
go decently than be lugged off like sheep:
Fishin' don't pay nothin' extra, an' I s'pose
father an' Zeke ken ketch enough tew find the
folks in vittles."

"All right," responded the Englishman.—
"Take what traps you want, and come along."

When they went below, Jedediah found an
opportunity to whisper to his father, and he
bade him keep up a good hearty, and wait for
the result.

"It may be," he said, "at they'll keep us
sometime; but I rath'er reckon as how't they
won't have us so long as they think for."

"Don't do nothin' rash, Jed."

"Let Sam an' me alone for that."

twenty men. Her full complement of men
was thirty; but from a scarcity of seamen in
the blockading fleet, she had been forced to
sail short-handed. The lieutenant who had
boarded the smack was the commander, and he
had for under officers two midshipmen and a
boatswain. It was not thought proper to put
the two new men into the same watch, so Jed-
ediah was put into the starboard watch, and
Sam into the larboard. Manhagan and the
smack was soon out of sight, and Sam went at
work like an old sailor, seeming desirous of
showing that he meant to do his duty.

"I declar, for it," said Sam, addressing his
father on the following morning, "I rath'er
like this. It's enough sight better than ketchin'
fish, ain't it?"

"Sartin it is," replied Jedediah.

Sam pretended that he did not see the com-
mander standing close behind them, though he
had been careful that his words should be loud
enough to reach that individual's ears.

On the second day our heroes discovered
that the schooner was, for awhile, to stand near
by the mouth of Kennebec, to intercept any
Yankee traders that might attempt to pass in
or out, as it was known that a good many quite
respectable yessels were owned in Bath and
Hallowell. On the morning of the fourth day
the schooner was enveloped in a dense fog, and
by noon there was a drizzling rain. There
was but little wind, and the vessel's head was
kept well seaward, so that she might not run
ashore. In the afternoon father and son met
in the gangway.

"Say, dad, this ere fog 'll be likely to hold
on some time."

"Yes," replied Jedediah. "I shouldn't
wonder ef it kept thick all night."

"Ef it does," said Sam, in a low, impressive
whisper, "this ere schewner may run onto the
rocks."

"Eh, Sam—what d'ye mean?"

"Never mind now, dad. I've got an idee,
but I don't know as I'll make it work. How-
sumever, you'd better stand by. It'll be your
fust watch below. Look out an' don't go to
sleep. Come up in an hour after you've watch
turn in, an' ef I'm at the helm, jest keep yer eye
peeled. Ye needn't look for anything, though
till I'm relieved."

Jedediah was very anxious to know what
was coming, but Sam couldn't stop to explain.
He said they'd better not be seen together.

The fog and drizzle continued through the
day, and when the first watch was set at night,
they seemed to be enveloped in a veil of ink.
By dint of a little management Sam got the
helm at ten o'clock. There was a slight breeze
from the eastward, and he had directions to
keep the schooner's head south-east, which of
course brought her very near to the wind on
the larboard tack. The commander was below,
and one of the midshipmen, as was his custom
in such weather, had stowed himself away be-
neath a tarpaulin. There was one man station-
ed at the taffrail, and the rest was on the look-
out forward.

Sam had begun at the helm not more than ten
minutes before he had an opportunity to com-
mence operations. He was alone, and no one
was observing him. To open the binnacle was
a simple matter, and unscrew the glass cap from
the compass was also simple, though it took
him some little time to do it, but he got it off
at length, and then took out the card, and with
his pocket-knife, loosened the magnetic needle
so that he could turn it from its place. When
this was done he just reversed the needle, that
is, he put the south-pole under that point on
the card marked North. Then he set the card
back upon its pivot, put on the glass top, and
closed the binnacle. The compass looked as
honest as could be, and the card trembled upon
its point as freely as ever, but instead of show-
ing the schooner to be sailing south-east, it in-
dicated that she was going in exactly the op-
posite direction. Sam gradually put the helm
up, keeping her off until the wind was fairly
astern; then he eased it a little, but still keep-
ing her moving around, until finally the wind
took the mainsail upon the other side, send-
ing the boom over by the run.

"Hellow!" our hero shouted, at the top of
his voice. "Hellow here, Mr. Midshipman!
The wind's all chopped up! Glory to Gracious!
What shall I dew?"

The officer of the deck crawled out from his
nest, and hurried to the binnacle.

"What ye up to, ye lubber?"

"Good gracious, ye'd better ax what's the
wind up to," returned Sam. "This is one o'
them reg'lar Seguin' twisters. By golly, it
whopped around like chain lightning!"

Sam had turned the schooner head just to
the opposite point from the one on which she
had been standing, so that by the altered com-

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pass, she still appeared to be sailing upon her
own course. She seemed to be sailing south-
east, whereas she was, in fact, going north-west.

The commander was called up, and of course
he imagined that the wind had suddenly chop-
ped around.

"I guess," said he, after he had considered
the matter, "that we'll stand on as we are till
morning, and then reckon the fog, and work
our way back again. In such a fog as this our
present course is the safest."

After the mid-watch had been set, Sam met
his father in the gangway again.

"Dad have ye kept any sort o' reckonin'
since this ere fog come?"

"Yaas."

"An' whar should ye think we was whar
the wind gin that onaccountable turn?"

"We was about twenty miles southeast o' Se-
guin. We didn't make much headway on the
wind."

"But we're makin' good headway now?"

"Yaas—we're runnin' off five or six knots."
"Then we'll be ashore afore this fog's gone."

"Eh?"

"We'll be ashore afore the sun's up."

"Sam?"

"It's jest so, dad, and ye've got to stand
by for a jump."

And thereupon, in a very low whisper, Sam
told his father what he done.

"Everlastin' salvation! Ye don't say so!"
"Sartin as preachin'."

"Glory!"

"—ah! Be quiet, dad an' keep yer eye peeled.
Have a hammock ready to take with ye,
when ye jump over. Easy—here comes some-
body."

At four o'clock the last watch was called.
At half-past four the look-out at the bows
discovered something.

"Breakers ahead!"

At that moment two men, each with a ham-
mock, jumped over the quarter.

In a moment more the schooner struck upon
some sunken rocks, and was quickly on her
beam-ends.

Before another night our two Yankee fish-
men were in Bath, and on the following morn-
ing a large party went down to the mouth of
the river, where they found the schooner sunk
among the rocks inside of Seguin. Those of
her crew who had escaped with their lives had
taken themselves off, and as a fishing smack,
which had been moored about a mile distant,
was missing, it was supposed that they had
taken her and made sail for the Passamaquoddy.

At all events, they were never seen again
on that coast, and the owners of the missing
smack more than made himself whole from
the wreck.

Little-or-Nothings.

An active life, like a rapid current, may
purify itself by motion.

The smallest woman may fill the biggest
heart.

Men seem to get very tall in prosperity, but
in hard times they generally find themselves
short.

When a horse's age is in question, he is gen-
erally judged out of his own mouth.

At home "you probably sleep in one tick; in
the woods, in a good many.

Fancies are the flowers of the soul; thoughts
are its stars.

Gluttony is as common a vice as drunken-
ness; man sinned in eating before he did in
drinking.

Poverty is like a panther; look it sternly in
the eye, and it will be likely to turn and flee.

Violent friendship sometimes engenders en-
mity; as ice may be made by the chemical ac-
tion of heat.

Persons who usually write their names il-
legibly never do so on a subscription-list.

Second disappointments are most severe, like
relapses in sickness.

Many who say they have given up would be
much mortified at being given up by others.

Enough of human life is wasted in the world
to people many larger worlds.

It would generally be a good rule, that when
the child transgresses, we should strike the
father.