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# The Pilot.

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**ADVERTISING RATES.**

Advertisements will be inserted in this paper at the following rates:

1 column, one year.....	\$70.00
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1 square, (ten lines or less) 3 insertions.....	1.00
Each subsequent insertion.....	25
Professional cards, one year.....	5.00

**The Great AMERICAN TEA COMPANY,**  
 51 Vesey Street, New York;  
 Since its organization, has created a new era in the history of  
**Wholesaling Teas in this Country.**  
 They have introduced their selections of Teas, and are selling them at not over Two Cents (.02 Cents) per pound above Cost, never deviating from the ONE PRICE asked.  
 Another peculiarity of the company is that their TEA TASTER never allows himself to be deceived by the styles for particular localities of country, but he helps the Tea Buyer to choose out of their enormous stock such TEAS as are best adapted to his peculiar taste, and not only this, but points out to him the best bargain. It is easy to see the incalculable advantage a Tea Buyer has in this establishment over all others. If he is no judge of Tea, or the MARKET, if his time is valuable, he has all the benefits of a well organized system of doing business, of an immense capital, of the judgment of a professional Tea Taster, and the knowledge of superior salesmen.  
 This enables all Tea buyers—no matter if they are thousands of miles from this market—to purchase on as good terms here as the New York merchants.  
 Parties can order Teas and will be served by us as well as though they came themselves, being sure to get original packages, true weights and tares; and the Teas are warranted as represented.  
 We issue a Price List of the Company's Teas, which will be sent to all who order it; comprising  
**Hyson, Young Hyson, Imperial, Gunpowder, Twankay and Skin.**  
**Oolong, Souchong, Orange and Hyson Pekoe.**  
 Japan Teas of every description, colored and uncolored.  
 This list has each kind of Tea divided into Four Classes: namely: CARGO, HIGH CARGO, FINE, FINEST, that every one may understand from description and the prices annexed that the Company are determined to undersell the whole Tea trade.  
 We guarantee to sell all our Teas at not over TWO CENTS (.02 Cents) per pound above cost, believing this to be attractive to the many who have heretofore been paying enormous profits.  
**Great American Tea Company,**  
**Importers and Jobbers,**  
 Sept. 15, 1863-8m.] No. 51 Vesey St., N. Y.

**\$100 REWARD!** for a medicine that will cure  
 Coughs, Influenza, Tickling in the Throat,  
 Whooping Cough, or relieve Consumptive Cough,  
 as quick as  
**COE'S COUGH BALSAM.**

Over Five Thousand Bottles have been sold in its native town, and not a single instance of its failure is known.  
 We have, in our possession, any quantity of certificates from eminent PHYSICIANS, who have used it in their practice, and given it the prominence over any other compound.  
 It does not Dry up a Cough,  
 but loosens it, so as to enable the patient to expectorate freely. Two or three doses will invariably cure Tickling in the Throat. A half bottle has often completely cured the most strenuous cough, and yet, though it is so sure and speedy in its operation, it is perfectly harmless, being purely vegetable. It is very agreeable to the taste, and may be administered to children of any age. In cases of GROUP we will guarantee a cure, if taken in season.  
 No family should be without it.  
 It is within the reach of all, the price being only 25 CENTS. And if an investment and thorough trial does not "back up" the above statement, the money will be refunded. We say this knowing its merit, and feel confident, that one trial will secure for it a home in every household.  
 Do not waste away with Coughing, when so small an investment will cure you. It may be had of any respectable Druggist in town, who will furnish you with a circular of genuine certificates of cures it has made.  
 C. G. CLARK & CO., Proprietors,  
 New Haven, Ct.  
 At Wholesale, by  
**Johnston, Holloway & Cowden,**  
 23 North Sixth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.  
 For sale by Druggists in city, county, and every where [Sept. 29, 1863-8m.]

**J. W. BARR'S**  
**Mammoth Store**  
 and Tinware Store Room,  
 A few doors South of the Diamond, Greencastle, Pa.  
 THE undersigned having purchased Mr. Nead's entire interest in the Tinning business, wishes to inform the public at large, that he has on hand, at his extensive Store room,  
**COOK, PARLOR AND NINE-PLATE**  
 Stoves. Among them are the Continental, Noble Cook, Commonwealth and Charn, which he will sell cheap for cash. The very best quality of  
**Tin, Japaned and Sheet Iron Ware,**  
 in great variety.

**SPOUTING**  
 of the best material, for houses, &c., manufactured and put up at the shortest notice.  
 All are invited to call at this establishment, as the proprietor is confident in rendering satisfaction, both in price and quality of his wares. My price shall be low! low! low!!!  
 Save money by purchasing at headquarters.  
 All work warranted.  
 August 26, 1863. J. W. BARR.

**WELLS COVERLY.** DAVID H. HUTCHISON.  
**COVERLY & HUTCHISON**  
 Have become the Proprietors of the UNITED STATES HOTEL, near the Railroad Depot at HARRISBURG, Pa. This popular and commodious Hotel has been newly refitted and furnished throughout its parlors and chambers, and is now ready for the reception of guests.  
 The traveling public will find the United States Hotel the most convenient, in all particulars, of any Hotel in the State Capital, on account of its access to the railroad, being immediately between the two great depots in this city  
 Harrisburg, August 4, '63-8m.

**GREENCASTLE SEMINARY.**  
**MALE AND FEMALE.**  
 THE subscriber will open a Male and Female Seminary at Greencastle, on the first Monday of October next. Instruction will be given in all the Branches usually taught in a first class school. MUSIC and other Ornamental Branches will be taught by an experienced Female Teacher. A limited number of pupils will be received into the family of the Principal, as Boarders. For terms and further information, address  
**JOS. S. LOOSE,**  
 Greencastle, Sept. 22, 1863-2m.

**Select Poetry.**  
**FAR AWAY FROM THOSE I LOVE.**  
 BY GEORGE COOPER.  
 Far away from those I love,  
 In the city's pomp and noise,  
 Memory bids me look again  
 On my long departed joys,  
 And before my vision brings  
 The old house where I was born,  
 With the fields where purled the brook,  
 And where waved the golden corn:  
 Brings to me the village church,  
 With the elms before the door,  
 And the tenms beneath their shade,  
 Waiting for the service o'er;  
 Brings the chimies which seemed to say  
 "Hasten, hasten, be not late;"  
 And the knot of shining lads  
 Talking at the snow-white gate;  
 Brings the graveyard near the church  
 Where my blessed mother lies,  
 Where I often walked at eve  
 With sad heart and streaming eyes;  
 Brings the tranquil sunset hour,  
 Bathing all in sweet repose,  
 When along the winding lane  
 Singing home the milkmaid goes;  
 Brings to me the dear old woods  
 In their robes of green and gray,  
 Deep in those resounding haunts  
 When a child I used to play;  
 Brings the school-house near the woods,  
 And the merry times I had  
 Coasting down the slanting hill  
 When the fields with snow were clad:  
 Oh the bliss that thrills my soul  
 As I look upon each scene!  
 O'er the stream of many years,  
 That has rolled its way between,  
 Time may take all else from me,  
 But impressed upon my heart  
 Are the joys my childhood knew,  
 Never, never to depart!

**A Good Story.**  
**THE LOVER'S HATE.**  
 BY WM HENRY PECK.  
 Laura, the wife of William Pembroke, had been betrothed from infancy to her kinsman, Sir Heron James, and at one time there had been a warm friendship between them, but no true love upon Laura's part; though Sir Heron loved her with all the fervid passion of a fierce and fiery nature, and looked forward with more than eager impatience to the time when he should be able to place a husband's impassable prohibition before the gay nobles and gentry who fluttered around the shrine of Laura's loveliness.  
 Among these admirers was William Pembroke, and Sir Heron often bit his moustached lips as he fancied he saw Laura's eye sparkle and her soft cheek crimson beneath Pembroke's ardent yet respectful glance.  
 The commands of his King hurried Sir Heron from saloon to camp, and from love-making to the field of battle. Cursing his fortune, the jealous baronet departed.  
 A year passed quickly; and then came the news that Sir Heron had perished in Germany. Another year flew by, and then Laura became the happy wife of William Pembroke.  
 Within less than a month after the marriage came a letter from the supposed dead baronet, stating that he had been severely wounded the year before and left for dead upon the field; but that he had recovered to find himself a prisoner; and that at length he had escaped, soon to return to England to claim the bride he had deemed his own from her infancy.  
 Dreading the terrible and furious nature of Sir Heron, Laura persuaded her husband to go to America, that Sir Heron's rage and disappointment might have time to cool before he and she should meet face to face again. Pembroke, though brave and determined, was of a mild and quiet temperament, so that he yielded readily to the desires of his beloved bride.  
 Two years had passed and little Albert was aged a year, when his father one summer's evening was strolling along the banks of the Hudson, admiring the tints of the departing day, and missing much the presence of his wife, who, upon the fatal eve, was detained by accident in the mansion, barely a mile from the river.  
 Pembroke was plunged in thought when a sharp blow upon his shoulder attracted his attention from heaven to earth. Turning quickly, he grew slightly pale as he said, in a tone of wonder:—  
 "Sir Heron James!"  
 "The same, William, Lord Pembroke, for I suppose you have heard of the death of your late kinsman, though you may deem the title unsuited to these forests," replied the baronet.

"I knew not, Sir Heron, that my kinsman was dead," said Pembroke, coldly, "nor are the tidings so welcome as you suppose."  
 "Nor the bearer so welcome as the tidings," sneered Sir Heron. "But as you recognized me you snatched at your sword hilt. Why the gesture?"  
 "It was involuntary. You startled me."  
 "It was the gesture of guilt, William Pembroke!" thundered Sir Heron, drawing his sword, and speaking hoarsely.  
 "I have to quarrel with you, Sir Heron," replied Pembroke, with calm dignity.  
 "But I have with you, base livered scoundrel, even for the sake of your false-hearted wife," cried Sir Heron.  
 "An insult to her name is a crime," exclaimed Pembroke, as his sword clashed against the baronet's.  
 Pembroke was brave and skillful, but he was no match for the battle-tried veteran before him, and after a brief and furious combat, Sir Heron sheathed his bloody sword, and looked down upon Pembroke's ghastly body, saying:—  
 "Vengeance will begin, but not end."  
 Raising the body in his powerful arms, he bore it to the edge of the cliff, and tossed it far from him, watching it with a grim smile of triumph until it plunged beneath the water far below.  
 "A year shall pass," said he, turning away, "and then I will to my wooing again with the fickle Laura. Till then let her wear a widow's weeds; but when my wife, as she shall be, it will be vengeance well done to tell her 'twas I who slew William Pembroke."  
 The next day a tall and fair-haired man, of haughty mien, but dissipated air, stood upon the spot which was still red with Pembroke's blood. He held a glove, soiled and stiff with dried gore, in his hand, and examined it closely.  
 "As I thought," said he, placing the glove in his bosom. "Sir Heron was the assassin.— But he has fled, no doubt; and, save him and me, who knows of the deed. Lady Pembroke is a widow, and now between me and the title, with all the estates entailed, there stands one frail obstacle—the life of an infant boy! Sir Heron, I'll not betray you wherever you may be, for you have almost made plain Jack Holton, John, Lord Pembroke, since I am heir-at-law after this puny boy."  
 The anguish of the youthful mother and widow was fearful, nor had she the melancholy solace of knowing what had bereft her of her adored husband, nor of giving the body Christian burial. The marks of a fierce struggle, the bloody stains upon the cliff, the lost one's plumed hat and broken sword, proved that murder had been done, but the dark waters below gave not up the noble and beloved dead.  
 A year of sad and tearful widowhood found Lady Pembroke still sad and tearful, and as that year passed away, Sir Heron again appeared in America, and claimed the hand he swore the pledge of years had made his own.  
 "I honor you, Sir Heron," was the calm and dignified reply to his offer, which was soon a demand, "but I can never love you. My heart is in the grave of my husband."  
 "And pray where may that be?" sneered Sir Heron, illy hiding his rage.  
 "You may know—I do not," replied Lady Pembroke, with a glance of bitter and lasting distrust that drove the blood from his swarthy cheek.  
 "She suspects," muttered Sir Heron, as he stood alone. "When a woman suspects she believes, and of her own free will she will never call me husband. But love and revenge urge me on. She shall be mine."  
 "When a warrior mutters then give way," laughed a shrill voice near him, and turning, he confronted Jack Holton.  
 "You in America!" exclaimed Sir Heron, with a flash of hate from his dark eyes.  
 "Why not I, as well as Sir Heron and any other of the former suitors of my fair Lady Pembroke?" said Holton.  
 "So, you intend to pay court to the fair widow, Mister Jack Holton?"  
 "Plain Mister, as yet, Sir Heron," retorted Holton, with more emphasis upon the *as yet* than he intended. "Chance may make me a lord. Why should I not try for the prize?"  
 "You are her husband's first cousin," said Sir Heron.  
 "I was—he is dead. But I am not her cousin. If she will have me I am her servant—in other words, her husband."  
 "A knave, a rascal, a villain," growled Sir Heron, looking keenly after the cunning courier as he tipped unceasingly away. "He knows that nothing save the life of little Albert stands between him and the broad lordship of Pem-

broke. You cannot deceive me, sleek knave. Could you do it safely, you would ring the neck of that blue-eyed urchin you so gently pat upon the cheek. Come, I must guard against the mischance that may rob me of the guardianship of the estate during the boy's minority. Humph! I have a plan that will baffle Master Jack Holton and win me the widow. That boy! How like he looks to the dead Pembroke! The likeness makes me think of—no. I will not harm a hair on that boy's head. But Master Holton grows insolent—the gauster. Play no tricks with me, wily hound, or I'll crop your ears to the centre of your skull."  
 Within the month another calamity bruised the sad widow's stricken heart.  
 Little blue-eyed Albert, young Lord Pembroke, disappeared!  
 In vain all search, all prayers to Heaven! The child could not be found, nor even a clue to the mystery of his absence. What words could give vent to the mother's lament? What condolence could soothe her unspeakable woe?  
 "O, lost child of my murdered husband! was the increasing moan and fearful wail of her anguish.  
 The rage of Holton was like a tempest, and as blind, for he knew not whom to accuse. As he knew nothing of the mystery, he feared that the child lived; and until time or accident should prove Albert no more, he dared not claim the title of lord nor ownership of the estates.  
 "Tell me, Sir Heron," he demanded one morning, after a night of deep meditation, "is this not a plot of yours?"  
 "Of mine! Why of mine? By my soul, Jack Holton, I think all the world knows who is more interested in this matter—you or I!"  
 "Do not bandy words with me, Sir Heron," cried Holton, fiercely. "Does the boy live?"  
 "You are as able as I am to answer, yes or no. And now, ox-cumb, one word. It is not a gentlemanly pastime to kill puppies, but upon provocation justifiable."  
 Holton shrank from the glare of the soldier's scowling eyes, and turning away, saying:—  
 "I will baffle you, even at the altar, though the act undoes me forever."  
 "What does the popinjay mean?" thought Sir Heron, twisting his great moustache in grim perplexity. "Baffle me at the altar! The fox scent my trap! Bah! I will kill Master Fox, and there's an end of him."  
 That night Sir Heron led Lady Pembroke apart, and said:  
 "Grief can be cured, my lady; and I have cure for yours, while you have one for mine. What will you give me in exchange for your son?"  
 "Ah! then he lives!"  
 "Not so loud, Madam! or I say no more. I have not said that he lives, but I believe it. I have a suspicion that may lead to proof of fact. I will take up this baffled search for the boy; but ere I commit myself, I demand a promise from you."  
 "Find him, Sir Heron, and, as I live, all that woman can honorably give I will give you!" exclaimed the half-crazed mother.  
 "You will become my wife, Laura?"  
 "Yes—though—"  
 "No more! I ask simply *yes*. Will you swear to become my wife the same day that I shall place Albert in your arms?"  
 "My boy again in my arms! Oh, for that blessing, anything!"  
 "The pledge shall be written, a great forfeit attached, and you shall sign it before witnesses—for I trust not in woman's promise," remarked Sir Heron, brutally.  
 The contract was made and signed before several witnesses. One of them Jack Holton grinned diabolically as he attached his signature, but Sir Heron smiled his grim smile of unceasing, and muttered:  
 "The fox looks like a wolf, and wolves are outlawed all over the world."  
 Two days after Sir Heron led little Albert, well, rosy and laughing to his overjoyed mother, who nearly swooned with excess of happiness as she pressed him to her bosom.  
 "Your cure is permanent," said Sir Heron; "now heal fit."  
 There could be no evasion; there was no escape. Lady Pembroke was married to Sir Heron at nine o'clock that same night, and as he pressed a kiss on the shrieking lips of his reluctant bride, he turned to Holton and said:  
 "The boy is too healthy to die while I live."  
 "Let this man speak," said Holton, and as he spoke a tall figure strode face to face with Sir Heron, and let fall a mantle from its features.  
 "Lord Pembroke!" cried Sir Heron, appalled. "Alive or dead I do not fear you!"

But his sword was too slow to parry the quick dagger thrust of the avenging husband, which was buried in his bosom thrice within an instant, and Sir Heron fell. But not alone, for his left hand, in clutching for support, grasped Holton's throat, and the very last act of his life was to end that of Jack Holton by running his sword through him, and grasping:—  
 "Sir Fox—with me—you at least."  
 The villains died, glaring hate from dying eyes.  
 After the subsidence of the joy over his return, Lord Pembroke explained that Holton had found him senseless upon the Hudson's shore, and held him a close prisoner ever since, wishing, but fearing to kill him, and hoping he would die.  
 Little Albert explained that Sir Heron had hidden him in an Indian's wigwag, keeping him content with toys and promises.  
 Soon after the tragic end of Sir Heron, Lord and lady Pembroke, with Albert, returned to their native country.

**"MY BEST FRIEND."**  
 So said my niece, Katie Goodwin, one morning, as I closed the book I had been reading. It was about Christ's love and kindness even to his enemies. "I want to be like Jesus," said Katie. And she uttered the words as if she really meant what she said.  
 Now Katie was a sweet, amiable girl. We all loved her. There was so much that was gentle and lovable about her, and nothing seemed to delight her so much as when she was helping the poor, or leading some blind female across the street, or reading to some little child the story of Jesus and his love to sinners.  
 I can assure you that Katie loved Jesus, and nothing was so pleasant to her as hearing, or singing, or speaking about her Saviour. Oh! with what delight and sweetness, too, did she sing those words, beginning—  
 "I think when I read that story of old,  
 When Jesus was here among men,  
 How he called little children like lambs to his fold,  
 I should like to have been with him then."  
 And how she always brightened up when she came to the words—  
 "Yet still to his footstool by prayer I may go,  
 And ask for a share of his love;  
 And if I thus earnestly seek him below,  
 I shall see him and hear him above."  
 Shall I now let you into a little secret?—  
 One morning, soon after breakfast, I had occasion to go into Katie's bedroom; and when I do you think I found her? Seated upon a high chair near the window, holding in her hands a nicely bound book.  
 "Katie," I inquired, "do you like to be alone?"  
 "Sometimes, aunty; but I don't feel lonely."  
 "What is that book you hold in your hand?"  
 "My Bible, aunty; and I have been reading about my best friend."  
 "Who is your best friend, then, Katie, I asked.  
 "Jesus Christ."  
 "How do you know he is your best friend?"  
 "Because, he loves me—the Bible says he does."  
 "But your father and mother love you.— Are not they your best friends?"  
 They are my best earthly friends, aunty; they love me, but not as much as Jesus does; they are not like Jesus?"  
 "I think your mother would do or suffer almost anything for you, Katie," said I. "What has Jesus done for you, that she or your father either would not do?"  
 "Oh, aunty, your know, Jesus was nailed to the cross. He died for me."  
 I could scarcely refrain from tears as I saw the earnest manner in which the dear child uttered these words; but being anxious to find out what she knew about the death of Jesus, I asked her:  
 "Why did he die for you, Katie?"  
 "Because he loved me, aunty; that he might wash away my sins, and make me one of his own children."  
 "And did he die for no one else but you, Katie?"  
 "Oh, yes, aunty, for you, and for father, and mother and all the world."  
 Then, looking me full in the face, she inquired: "Now don't you think Jesus is my best friend, aunty?"  
 I took her upon my knee, but for several moments I could not utter a word. At length I said:  
 "Jesus is, indeed, your best friend. He is the friend of sinners; yes of those who were anything but his friend. While we were yet sinners Christ died for us."  
 Jesus is your best friend—even if you do not as yet feel it. You must think about him—what he has done for those who have sinned against and grieved him; and sure I am that if you only carefully read the life of Jesus, and think why did Jesus do and suffer all this, you will begin to feel that he is your best friend.