

**THE PILOT**  
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# The Pilot.

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**ADVERTISING RATES.**

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Each subsequent insertion.....	.25
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**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 not only devotes his time to the selection of their Teas as to quality, value, and particular 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 wants, and not only this, but points out to him the best bargains. 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 Tea 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, 1863-3m. 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, some of them from **EMINENT PHYSICIANS**, who have used it in their practice, and given it the preeminence 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 of ten completely cured the most stubborn 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 **CROUP** 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 merits, and feel confident that one trial will secure it a home in every household.

Do not waste a way 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.  
 [Set. 29, 1863-3m.]

**J. W. BARR'S**  
**Mammoth Stove**  
 and Tinware Store Boom,  
 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, stove.

**COOK, PARLOR AND NINE-PLATE**  
 Stoves. Among them are the Continental, Noble Cook, Commonwealth and Charm which will sell cheap for cash. The very best quality of Tin, Japan 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.

WES. All work warranted.  
 August 25, 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, '63-3m.

**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.

**Choice Poetry.**  
**A SOLDIER'S LETTER.**

Dear Madam, I'm a soldier, and my speech is rough and plain,  
 I'm not much used to writing, and I hate to give you pain,  
 But I promised that I'd do it—thought it might be so  
 If it came from one who loved him, perhaps 't would ease the blow,—  
 By this time you must surely guess the truth I faint would hide,  
 And you'll pardon a rough soldier's words, while I tell you how he died.

'Twas the night before the battle, and in our crowded tent  
 More than one brave boy was sobbing, and many a knee was bent,  
 For we knew not when the morrow with its bloody work was done,  
 How many that were seated there, should see its setting sun.

'Twas not so much for self they cared, as for the loved at home;  
 And it's always worse to think of, than to hear the cannon boom.

'Twas then we left the crowded tent, your soldier boy and I,  
 And we both breathed freer standing underneath the clear blue sky:  
 I was more than ten years older, but he seemed to take to me,  
 And oft'ner than the younger ones he sought my company.

He seemed to want to talk of home, and those he held most dear,  
 And though I'd none to talk of, yet I always loved to hear.

So then he told me on that night, of the time he came away,  
 And how you sorely grieved for him, but would not let him stay;  
 And how his one fond hope had been that when this war was through,  
 He might go back with honor, to his friends at home, and you.

He named his sisters one by one, and then a deep flush came,  
 While he told me of another, but did not speak her name.

And then he said, "Dear Robert, it may be that I shall fall,  
 And will you write to them at home, how I loved and spoke of all."  
 So I promised, but I did not think the time would come so soon,  
 The fight was just three days ago—he died to-day at noon.

It seems so sad that one so loved as he was should be gone,  
 While I should still be living here, who had no friends to mourn.

It was in the morrow's battle, fast rained the shot and shell,  
 He was fighting close beside me, and I saw him when he fell,  
 So then I took him in my arms, and laid him on the grass—  
 'Twas going against orders, but I think they'll let it pass—  
 'Twas a Minie ball that struck him, it entered at the side,  
 And they did not think it fatal till the morning that he died.

So when he found that he must go, he called me to his bed,  
 And said, "You'll not forget to write when you hear that I am dead,  
 And you'll tell them how I loved them, and bid them all good-by!  
 Say I tried to do the best I could, and did not fear to die:  
 And underneath my pillow there's a curl of golden hair,  
 There's a name upon the paper, send it to my mother's care.

Last night I wanted so to live, I seemed so young to go,—  
 Last week I passed my birthday, I was but nineteen, you know,  
 When I thought of all I'd planned to do, it seemed so hard to die,  
 But then I prayed to God for grace, and my cares are all gone by."  
 And here his voice grew weaker, and he partly raised his head,  
 And whispered, "Good-by, mother,"—and so your boy was dead!

I wrapped his cloak around him, and we bore him out to-night,  
 And laid him by a clump of trees, where the moon was shining bright.  
 And we carved him out a head-board as skillful as we could—  
 If you should wish to find it, I can tell you where it stood.  
 I send you back his hymn book, and the cap he used to wear,  
 And a lock I cut the night before of his bright curling hair.

I send you back his Bible: the night before he died,  
 We turned its leaves together, as I read it by his side,  
 I've kept the belt he always wore, he told me so to do,  
 It has a hole upon the side, 'tis where the ball went through.  
 —So now I've done his bidding, there's nothing more to tell,  
 But I shall always mourn with you, the boy we loved so well.

**MARY C. HOVEX.**  
 —Evangelist. April, 1863.

**Miscellaneous.**  
**A Backward Cow Ride.**

During the Revolutionary War when a corps of the American army was encamped near the borough of Elizabethtown, New Jersey an officer, who by the way, was more of a devotee of Venus than of Mars, paid his addresses to a lady of distinction, whom he was in the habit of visiting nightly. On a discovery of the repeated absence of the officer, and of the place where interviews with his Dulcinea were had, some waggish friends resolved to play off a handsome trick at his expense, which should deter him from a repetition of his visits.

The officer, it appears rode a very small horse of the pony kind, which he left untied with the bridle reins over his neck, near the door, in order to mount and ride off without delay, when the business of courting and kissing was over; and the horse always remained until backed by the owner without attempting to change his position. On a certain dark and gloomy night, when the officer had, as usual, gone to pay his devotions to the object of his dearest affections, and was enjoying the approving smiles of the lovely fair one, his waggish companions went privately to the door of the house where the officer was, took his bridle and saddle from the horse, which they sent away placed the bridle on the tail and the saddle on the back, and crupper over the horns of a quiet old cow, who stood peaceably chewing her cud, near the spot. Immediately thereafter they retired some distance from the house, and separating, raised the loud cry of alarm, that the enemy had landed and were marching into the village.

Our hero, on hearing this, took counsel from his fears, and snatching a hasty kiss, he shot out of the door with the velocity of a musket ball, and mounted into the saddle, with his back toward the head of the cow, and plunging his sharp spurs keenly into her sides, caused her to bawl out with excessive pain, and she darted in her best gallop toward the camp. The officer still plying his spurs with all his wine on board—finding himself hurried rapidly backward, manège of all his efforts to advance hearing the repeated bawlings of the tortured beast, imagined that he was carried off by magic, and roaring out most lustily that the devil had got him—was thus carried into the very centre of the camp.

The sentinels hearing the noise, discharged their pieces and fled, and alarm guns were fired—the drums beat to arms, the officers left their quarters and cried "turn out," with all the strength of their lungs. The soldiers started from their sleep as if a ghost had disturbed their dreams, and the whole body running half naked as quick as possible in gallant dishabille, prepared to repel the terrible invader. When, lo! the ludicrous sight soon presented itself to their eyes of the gallant officer, mounted on a cow, with his face towards her tail—her tongue hanging out—her sides gory with the gouging of the spurs, and he himself almost deprived of reason, and half petrified with horror.

A loud roar of laughter broke from the assembled band, at the rider and his steed; the whole corps gave him three times three cheers as he bolted into camp.

He was carried to his quarters in triumph there to dream of lovers, metamorphoses backward rides, sterner advances, and alarm of invasion, and thereby garnish his mind with materials for writing a splendid treatise on the novel adventure of a cow ride.

**On Hogs.**  
 A Providence paper gives us the following adroit dialogue:  
 "Friend," said a shrewd Quaker, to a man with a drove of hogs, "hast thou any hogs in this drove with large bones?"  
 "Yes," replied the drover, "they all have."  
 "Hast any with long heads and very sharp noses?"  
 "Yes."  
 "Hast any with long ears, like those of the elephant, hanging down over his eyes?"  
 "Yes, all my drove are of that description and will suit you exactly."  
 "I rather think they would not suit me, friend, if they are such as thou describest them. Thou may'st drive on."

THE celebrated Dr. Bently, of Salem, was noted for his pertinacity in refusing to exchange with his brethren. Having been asked his reason, he said that "he was not going to have any strange hogs rooting round his sty."

**A Word for Total Abstinence.**

One Sabbath afternoon we were going to church, in company with a very dear friend, Rev. J. Madison Mayall, in the city of Brooklyn, opposite New York. As we walked along the street, passing many beautiful houses, and meeting with flocks of happy children on the way to Sabbath School, suddenly, as we turned into a narrow street, we beheld a sad sight.—It was a man—somebody's father, perhaps,—and once some fond mother's darling boy,—now a sot, reeling against the railing on the sidewalk. He was overcome with strong drink.

2. Oh, what a sad condition! How low the drunkard makes himself, and how miserable!—more wretched than the dumb beasts, and more undone than the wretchedest slave. And yet these unfortunate men have warm hearts and loving natures nearly always. Intemperance loves a shining mark, and destroys the noblest of the race.

3. Dear children of the Day-school, as you pass such a ruined man as this, anywhere, remember the law of love commended by the Savior. Have hearts of pity for him. Never mock or insult him, but go to him with a helping hand, and as you go, send up a prayer to God in quest of blessing and strength for the poor inebriate.

4. Love for strong drink is formed in youthful days. So beware. All your book-learning will be useless if you make shipwreck of your integrity. Be solid as a rock for temperance. "Touch not, taste not, handle not."—Thousands of young men are in greater danger of saloon and drinking-bars at home than their fellow-thousands are of bullets on the battlefield. It is honorable to fall a patriot for liberty, but it is shameful to be slain in this war that Satan wages from bottle mouths.—*School Visitor.*

**Don't Break the Sabbath.**

A young man lay tossing from side to side on a straw bed, in one corner of a dark room in a prison. "What brought you here?" said one who went to visit him in his distress.—"Breaking the Sabbath," said he, "breaking the Sabbath. Instead of going to the Sabbath School, I went a fishing on the Sabbath. I knew I was doing wrong; my mother taught me better; my Sabbath School teacher taught me better; my minister taught me better; my Bible taught me better; my conscience reproved me all the time I was doing it; but I hated instruction and despised reproof—and here I am in prison. I did not believe those who taught me and warned me. I had no idea that it would come to this—but here I am. Lost! Undone!"

But I hear some one say, "What harm can there be in taking a stroll in the woods, or on the hill? What harm in just sitting down on the bank to fish? What harm! What harm! Why, this: God is disobeyed. He says, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy."—The moment you resolve to have your own way, and seek your own pleasures, instead of obeying God, you let go of compass, rudder, and chart. Nothing but God's word can guide you safely through this life. Forsake that, refuse to obey its teachings, and you are lost."

**This Hand never Struck Me.**

We recently heard the following most touching incident: A little boy had died. His body was laid out in a darkened, retired room waiting to be laid away in the lone, cold grave. His afflicted mother and bereaved little sister went in to look at the sweet face of the precious sleeper, for his face was beautiful even in death. As they stood gazing upon the form of the one so beloved and cherished, the little girl asked to take his hand. The mother at first did not think it best, but as the child repeated the request, and seemed very anxious about it, she took the cold bloodless hand of her sleeping boy, and placed it in the hand of his weeping sister.

The dear child looked at it a moment, caressed it fondly, and then looked up to her mother through her tears of affection and love, and said:  
 "Mother, this little hand never struck me!"  
 What could be more touching and lovely.  
 Young readers, have you always been so gentle to brothers and sisters, that were you to die, such a tribute as this could be paid to your memory? Could a brother or sister take your hand, were it cold in death, and say, "This hand never struck me!"

You're a queer chicken, as the hen said when she hatched out a duck.

Where did Noah strike the first nail in the ark? On the head.

**A Beautiful Figure.**

Life is beautifully compared to a fountain fed by a thousand streams, that perish if one be dried. It is a silver cord, twisted with a thousand strings, that part asunder if one be broken. Frail and thoughtless mortals are surrounded by innumerable dangers; which make it much more strange that they escape so long than that they almost all perish suddenly at last. We are encompassed with accidents every day to crush the mouldering tenements we inhabit. The seeds of disease are planted in our constitutions by nature. The earth and atmosphere, whence we draw the breath of life, are impregnated with death. Health is made to operate its own destruction, the food that nourishes containing the elements of decay; the soul that animates it by vivifying first, tends to wear it out by its own action; death lurks in ambush along the paths. Notwithstanding this is the truth, so palpably confirmed by the daily examples before our eyes, how little do we lay it at heart! We see our friends and neighbors die among us; but how seldom does it occur to our thoughts that our knell shall, perhaps, give the next fruitless warning to the world.

**Family Records.**

The post office in a town in Dixie was kept in the bar-room of a tavern, a great resort for loungers. An old chap more remarkable for his coarseness and fidelity than for his manners, was sitting there one day with a lot of his boon companions, when the Methodist minister, a new comer, entered and asked for letters.

Old Swipes spoke up bluntly,  
 "Are you the Methodist parson just come here to preach?"  
 "I am," pleasantly replied the minister.  
 "Well," said Swipes, "will you tell me how old the devil is?"  
 "Keep your own family record," replied the minister, and left the house amid the roars of the company.

A young man in a highly elaborate sermon which he preached while supplying an absent minister's pulpit said several times, when giving some new expositions of a passage:  
 "The critics and commentators do not agree with me here." The next morning as he was ruminating on his performances, a poor woman came to see him with something in her apron. She said her husband had heard his sermon, and thought it was a very fine one; and as he said "the common taters did not agree with him here," he had sent him some of the best Jersey Blues.

GOOD, ANYHOW.—At the dinner table of a hotel, somewhere in Ohio, not long since, a "green un," unable to restrain the cravings of his appetite, pitched into a large dish of rice before him. A waiter mildly informed him that it was intended for a desert, and that he had better eat something else first. Greeny replied:  
 "Desert be blamed, I don't care if it's a wilderness, it's good I'm going to eat it."

A family in New Jersey employed a girl to do housework. The mistress observing that her new help was much addicted to Methodist hymns asked her if she belonged to that church.  
 "No," she replied, "not exactly a member, but I have been tuck in on suspicion."  
 "Probation, you mean?"  
 "No, I don't, (in a sharp accent, and with a dogged manner,) I know what I mean; I was tuck in on suspicion."

"Ma, has your tongue got legs?"  
 "Got what, child?"  
 "Got legs, ma?"  
 "Certainly not, but why did you ask that silly question?"  
 "O, nothing, only I heard pa say your tongue was running from morning till night, and I was wondering how it could run without legs—that's all."

A CABIN BOY on board a ship the captain of which was a religious man, was called up to be whipped for some misdemeanor. Little Jack went crying and trembling and said to the captain: "Pray, sir, will you wait until I say my prayers?" "Yes," was the stern reply. "Well, then," replied Jack, looking up and smiling triumphantly, "I'll say them when I get ashore!"

"Please, mister, give me a bundle of hay."  
 "Yes, my son. Sixpence or shilling bundle?"  
 "Shilling."  
 "Is it for your father?"  
 "No, guess 'tain't—it's for that hoss, my father don't eat hay!"