

THE PILOT
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The Pilot.

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ADVERTISING RATES.

Advertisements will be inserted in THE PILOT at the following rates:

1 column, one year.....	\$70.00
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1 square, six months.....	5.00
1 square, three months.....	4.00
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 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, Sauchang, 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 this 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 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, 1863-3m.]

J. W. BARR'S
Mammoth Stove
 and Tinware Store Room,
 A few doors South of the Diamond, Greencastle, Pa.

THE undersigned having purchased Mr. Nead's entire interest in the Tinuing business, wishes to inform the public at large, that he has on hand, at his extensive Stove store,
COOK, PARLOR AND NINE-PLATE
 Stoves. Among them are the Continental, Noble Cook, Commonwealth and Charm 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 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.

Select Poetry.
AUTUMN.

The last beam of summer
 Hath sped from the hill;
 Tho' warbler and hummer
 Are lingering still.

The fleecy disport
 Draws nearer the fold,
 For days have grown shorter,
 And nights become cold.

And shrivelled leaves flutter
 Above the seared grass,
 While wailing winds mutter
 Their dirge as they pass.

The fair buds we cherished
 And strove to keep fair,
 Have one by one perished,
 Despite all our care.

Yes! all our proud vaunting,
 And glory, and power,
 When weighed, are found wanting
 To save e'en a flower.

Each object around us
 Proclaims with a sigh,
 That autumn has found us
 And winter is nigh.

Yet tho' the sweet faces
 So prized are no more;
 Still autumn hath graces
 And gladness in store.

The beams but forsake us
 To light other aisles,
 And soon will o'ertake us
 Again with their smiles.

Thus hope, like the season,
 May summer elsewhere;
 But rarely till reason
 Succumb to despair.

Then yield not to sorrow,
 The gloom of to-day
 May vanish to-morrow,
 Or glow in its ray.

Miscellaneous.
THE LITTLE PHILOSOPHER.

"What do sailors mean, uncle, by saying that a vessel sails so many 'knots an hour'?"
 "What are knots, sir?"
 "So many knots an hour means so many miles an hour, Robert?"
 "Why do they say 'knots' then?"
 "It is a nautical phrase, Robert, used principally by sea-faring people."
 "But there must be some reason for their using such a term. Has it anything to do with knots such as we make in a piece of string?"
 "Well it has, Bob, something to do, as you say, with knots such as we make in a piece of string, for the term comes from knots that are made in the log-line with which every well-furnished vessel is supplied."
 "A log line, sir? Pray what is that?"
 "It is a line that is fastened to the log, by means of which a ship's speed is determined."
 "And what is a log?"
 "I see there is no getting rid of your questions until I have satisfied you upon the whole subject."
 "I must say, uncle, I should like very much to know a little more about it."
 "Very well. Let us go back to the beginning of the matter. In order to navigate a vessel over a pathless ocean, it is necessary to find out, by some means or other, how fast she is going; for it is quite plain, even to landsmen like ourselves, that if a captain is ignorant of the speed of his vessel, it will be impossible for him to tell how far he has gone from the port he has left, or how near he has approached the port he is going to."
 "Any one can see that."
 "Well, then, how is he to find out the exact speed of his vessel? An experienced seaman might give a rough guess, towards it by throwing a chip overboard and watching the rate at which a vessel passes it; but that would be a very uncertain method at best, and would lead to very serious errors. A more reliable mode or method has been invented, consisting of the common log-line and half minute glass, which I will now explain to you."
 "I have often heard of 'throwing the log,' uncle, but never had the curiosity to ask what it meant."
 "The common log is a flat piece of wood in the form of a quadrant, with a sufficient quantity of lead fixed to the circular edge to keep it steady, and in a perpendicular position on the surface of the water. Can you understand so much of the apparatus, Robert, from the brief description?"
 "Yes, I think I can."
 "Well, next there is the line. This line, or log line, as it is called, is fastened to the log in a peculiar manner. It is about one hundred and twenty fathoms long, and is divided into

paces of fifty feet; each space being marked or separated by a small strap of cloth or rag just as a yard stick or foot rule is marked by a line cut in the wood or metal. Have you any difficulty in conceiving such an apparatus as that, Bob?"
 "No, sir, not at all."
 "Now, then, there's the half minute glass, the other part of the contrivance. You know what the hour-glass is?"
 "Yes, sir. I had one some time ago, and I used to amuse myself by watching the sands run out by the clock. In very damp weather it would take a few seconds longer to run out than in fine weather."
 "Well, we have nothing to do with that on the present occasion. All I wanted to know was, whether you had ever seen an hour-glass. You say you have, therefore I have only to remark that the half-minute glass is precisely similar, only that its sands run thirty seconds instead of an hour, or sixty minutes, as in the case of the one you have just referred to. The knot of fifty feet marked upon the log-line bears the same proportion to a mile as a half-minute does to an hour."
 "Let me try that on the slate, Uncle John."
 "Well, never mind figuring it out now, I am aware there is a little difference, and to be exact each knot should be fifty feet eight inches, but what I am stating is near enough for our purpose."
 "I think, uncle, you must be wrong; 30 seconds are the 120 part of an hour, while 50 feet are much more than the 120th part of 5,280, which is the number of feet in a mile."
 "Not in a nautical mile, Master Robert, which is 6,079 feet, and not 5,280, like our landman's mile. But to proceed: a half-minute, we will say, bears the same proportion to an hour as fifty feet do to a mile. Now let us imagine ourselves on board a fine clipper ship going pretty nearly before the wind. We are watching the operation of throwing the log.—One of the seamen stands with a large reel, round which is wound the log-line, another holds the half minute glass, standing along side the former, while a third holds the log, which he now throws over the ship's quarter into the sea. The log remains stationary while the line runs out. When he observes the first mark is going over the ship's side, which is usually a red flag at the distance of ten or twelve fathoms from the log, (that quantity, called stay line, being allowed in order to carry the log out of the eddy of the ship's wake,) he gives notice to the man who holds the glass to turn it; and soon as the sand in the glass is run out the line is immediately stopped; then the number of knots and fathoms which had run off at the expiration of the glass, being considered as miles and parts, gives the distance the ship has run the preceding hour. If, for instance, she has taken off ten knots while the half-minute glass was run out, then she has been going ten nautical miles per hour; if five knots, then five miles per hour, and so on."
 "Thank you, thank you, Uncle John, I really fancy myself a sailor. I see that as plain as A B C. I now know something about the meaning of 'ten knots an hour.'"

QUESTIONS ALL AROUND.

One of the best things we have heard for some time, fell under our observation a day or two since. Our friend Jones wanted a servant girl in his family, and went to an intelligence office and made known his want to the proprietor. Says Jones—
 "Have you any first rate servant girls for the kitchen? I want one that can mind her own business and attend to her work."
 "Oh, yes," says the proprietor, "any quantity—let me show you one."
 Jones is at once introduced to a daughter of the Emerald Isle, and is greeted with—
 "Ah, does ye want a servant?"
 "Yes," says Jones.
 "How many hev yer in yer family?"
 Jones answered.
 "And hev yer hot and cold water?"
 Answers again.
 "How many children hev yer? and do yer make yer girls wash Sundays? Is the church far away?"
 All these questions, with about fifty more were answered heroically by Jones, when he thought it about time to take the laboring oar himself.
 "You look," says Jones, "like a pretty nice girl, but I want to ask you one question; Do you play the piano?"
 "No."
 "Then," says Jones, very blandly, "you won't answer my turn."
 And away went the astonished Celt, feeling for once that she had caught a Tartar.

OLD MOSS AND HIS WONDERFUL DOG.

During the summer of 1850, a gentleman by the name of "Old Moss," who was considerably a wag, was travelling on a steamboat up the Mississippi River. He had with him an ugly cur that he called "Major." Old Moss was seated with a number of men in the cabin, and as was usual with him, was boasting of what he could do. The captain who was standing near, remarked that what he said might be true, but he did not believe it. Moss replied that he would bet him treats for all the gentlemen present that he would make his dog do three things, he telling him to do them. The captain took the bet.

Old Moss then opened the door and went out on the guards, followed by the captain and gentleman present, who was quite anxious to see the sport. Moss seized his dog by the nape of the neck and tossed him overboard. As soon as he touched the water, Moss yelled out—
 "Swim, Major, swim!"
 The dog swam, of course. Moss kept his eyes on the dog. As he perceived that the dog could touch the ground, he yelled out—
 "Wade, Major, wade!"
 Major waded till he landed on the ground, when Moss shouted out—
 "Shake yourself, Major, shake yourself!"
 Major shook himself. Moss turned to the captain, who, with the gentleman present, were convulsed with laughter, and said—
 "There! I have won the bet."
 It is useless, perhaps, to say that the captain paid the treats.

BEAT 'EM ALL.

The Rev. Solomon Stoddard, of Northampton, the ancestor of all the Stoddards—and a troop they are of worthy sons of a worthy sire—had a black boy in his employ, who was, like the most of black boys, full of fun and mischief, and up to a joke, no matter at whose expense. He went with the parson's horse every morning to drive the cow to pasture. It was once a piece of table land some distance from the village; and here, out of sight, the neighbors' boys were wont to meet him and "race horses" on Sunday morning. Parson Stoddard heard of it, and resolved to catch them at it and put an end to the sport. Next Sunday morning he told Bill he would ride the mare to pasture with the cows, and he (Bill) might stay at home. Bill knew what was in the wind, and taking a short cut across the lots, was up in the pasture away ahead of the parson. The boys were there with their horses, only waiting for Bill and his master's mare. He told the boys to be ready, and as the old gentleman arrived to give the word, "Go!" Bill hid himself at the other end of the field where the race always ended. The parson came jogging along up, and the boys sat demurely on their steeds, as if waiting for "service to begin." But as the good old man rode into line they cried "Go!" and away went the mare with the reverend rider sticking fast, like John Gilpin, but there was no stop to her or him. Away, ahead of all the rest, he went like the wind; and at the other end of the field Bill jumped up from under the fence, and sang out.
 "I know'd you'd beat, massa! I know'd you'd beat!"

AMONG THE GRASSES.—A darkey preacher arose to announce his text as follows:—"In de fust pistol ob clover, and at the two hundred and ninty-fub warse—"
 "Hold up, Doctor!" shouted one of his hearers; "you have got on de wrong book; you mean the psitol of Timothy, I s'pose."
 The preacher hesitated a moment with a very profound look, and said:
 "Well, I must cave in dis time; though I knowed dat de text was somewhere among de grasses."
 "MASSA! Massa? one ob your oxen am dead!"
 "One of the oxen dead?"
 "Ya as, Massa."
 "Where is the other one?"
 "Oh, he am dead too."
 "Why didn't you say both of them was dead then?"
 "Case, Massa, was afraid you couldn't bore it."
 What horrid, strange, suggestive, unaccountable noises we hear in the depths of night. The stillness of night is a vulgar error. All the dead things seem then to be alive.
 The sculptor and painter reject life as prosaic, and create a death which they call poetic.

Little-or-Nothings.

Are all forgers blacksmiths?
 Be whatever you will, but, first of all, be yourself.

The best preachers are those who preach by example.

It is more dishonorable to distrust a friend than to be deceived by him.

The hungry mouth no more readily finds food than the hungry mind finds truth.

We love women as women love babies—all the better for their weakness.

Men cannot make satisfaction for sin, though they seem to find great satisfaction in it.

A fellow without credit finds it harder to get into debt than others do to get out.

Many a man who thought himself rich has found these hard times a cure for the piles.

The officer or soldier who fights only for ambition or pay, is a Cain in uniform.

To defend a political editor against abuse is like holding an umbrella over a duck in a shower.

A Missouri paper says that the Digger Indians are never known to smile. They must be grave Diggers.

Young lovers should remember that the most fiercely-burning fire-brands are those kindled at the altar.

A man's stomach is his weak part. The weapons to subdue him the most readily are found in the kitchen.

Widows have been compared to green wood, which, while it is burning on one side, is weeping on the other.

The gentlest effort may put a wedding ring upon the finger. A thousand-horse power may not suffice to pull it off.

Though we travel the world over to find the beautiful, we must carry it with us, or we find it not.

Even a virtuous woman is not attractive if she makes herself a vinegar-cruet, a pepper-box, or a mustard-pot.

Men who most pride themselves upon their knowledge of the world, generally know only its crooked alleys and dirty lanes.

There are birds of the parrot tribe, whose tongues are longer than their whole bodies; they must be the lawyers of the commonwealth of parrots.

A man is apt to think that his personal freedom involves the right to make his fellow-men do just as he pleases.

As a general rule, the less an editor knows, the more he writes, and, the more he writes, the less his readers know.

The persons spoken of in scripture as having ears but hearing not, eyes but seeing not, must have been a cross of corn and potatoes.

Some men can be influenced only by the cudgel. Their consciences are as tough as alligators' backs, and their backs as sensitive as alligators' bellies.

They say there are tropical flowers that expand with a perceptible sound. The full opening of the blossom of love is generally audible in a kiss.

Those who seem most indifferent to us in our joy may prove the warmest friends in our sorrow. The springs that are coldest in summer never freeze in winter.

The mind of the child has been called a sheet of white paper, but how often nurses and ursing maids are allowed to write it all over with their pot-hooks and hangers.

The bigot in religion, like and African buffalo, sees right forward, but nothing to the right or left. He would not see a legion of angles or devils at a distance of ten yards on either side.