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# The Pilot.

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**ADVERTISING RATES.**

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

1 column, one year.....	\$70.00
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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,**  
 61 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 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—who 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. 61 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 tea 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 Tinning 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.**  
**LOOK NOT UPON THE DARK SIDE.**

BY EVA S. ALLEN.

Oh, look not on the dark side,  
 Life has enough of care  
 To weave into its tissues,  
 Enough black threads are there;  
 But turn thee to the sunlight,  
 Or if o'errest the sky,  
 Remember clouds will be dispelled  
 By sunshine by-and-by.

Look not upon the dark side,  
 But count thy blessings o'er,  
 And thou wilt start in wonder  
 At the largeness of thy store;  
 Or if thy haughty neighbor hath  
 Of wealth the lion's share,  
 Oh, think he lacketh thy home rest,  
 And thou hast not his care.

Think of thy hoarded treasures,  
 Thy stores of princely wealth,  
 Thy innocent true pleasures,  
 And Life's best-blessing, health.  
 Stand forth in ermined garments  
 That Virtue's hand hath given,  
 Bearing upon thy manhood's brow  
 The signet seal of Heaven.

Go to thy life work bravely,  
 Toil in thy labor's yoke,  
 And light shall be the bondage,  
 And harmless fall the stroke—  
 While plough and loom and ledger,  
 And workshop, forge and field,  
 Send forth their titled noblemen,  
 Truth's sceptre proud to wield.

Aye! thou art of the noblest,  
 Thou standest in the van;  
 For the best of God's creations  
 Is an honest toiling man;  
 One who with firm endeavor  
 Does battle for the right,  
 And keeps the lamp of Virtue  
 Well-trimmed and burning bright.

Then look not on the dark side,  
 Though mists may hang between  
 The world-life of the present,  
 And the far, dim Useen;  
 Yet soon those clouds of Error,  
 Dispersed shall roll away,  
 And thou shalt see the dawning  
 Of a new and glorious day!

—Saturday Evening Post.

**Miscellaneous.**  
**A NORTH DEVONSHIRE LEGEND.**

**How a Fiddler's Spirit Troubled His Daughter's Household.**

A work entitled "The North Devon Scenery Book," recently published in England, furnishes a number of North Devonshire legends, one of which deserves a place in Howitt's History of the Supernatural. We quote:

"Not many years ago an old man was living in the village who possessed a fiddle and was able to discourse merry music upon it. There was a large upstairs-room in his house which was called the dancing chamber, and here the boys and maidens of Combmartin used to assemble once a month, and dance, and talk, and flirt in their honest country fashion, and otherwise enjoy themselves after their day's work.

"When the fiddler was dead, his daughter married, and she and her husband continued to live in the old man's house. But as the husband could not play the fiddle the dancing chamber was of no use, and it was consequently converted to domestic purposes.

"The alterations had scarcely been completed when the hour became suddenly uninhabitable. Every night the most fearful noises rang from the floor to the roof—noises as though a score of horses were galloping up and down the old dancing chamber, to the accompaniment of the loud cracking of whips and other similar unnatural sounds.

"So that, as you may suppose, the family got but scanty rest at night; and were nearly driven to their wits' end by fright and perplexity.

"At last the husband betook himself to the parson of the parish, and asked for advice and assistance in so disagreeable a state of affairs.

"The parson suggested that such kinds of alarming noises were frequently caused by rats, and counselled him to procure the services of an expert in the killing of such unpleasant vermin.

"In about a week the man again paid a visit to the rectory, evidently wrought up to a pitch of desperation by his broken sleep and troubled dreams.

"It was no rats," he said; they had haunted in vain for such things; it was a spirit—whose he couldn't tell, but there was no doubt that it was a real spirit; and the only thing to be done was to have it laid by the parson. If, he added, it should be too strong for one parson he hoped the rector would be

good enough to get two other clergymen to join him, for he had been assured there was no spirit so powerful as to be able to stand out against the united powers of three persons.

"The rector, however, declined to revive the old custom of exorcism; and consequently his parishioner went home with a troubled and an angry heart.

"A few days afterwards he came back once more, with a gleeful countenance, and said that the spirit was laid, and that he himself had been able to effect the desired result.

"Partly swayed by the absolute necessity of doing something to penetrate the mystery, partly persuaded by the sensible exhortations of the rector, he and his wife had instituted another thorough search in the haunted rooms, and, after much ripping up of roof and floor and waistcoat, they discovered an old silk waistcoat belonging to the deceased fiddler, snugly concealed in the thatch immediately above the dancing-chamber. In one of the pockets of this garment were two half crowns.

"It became, therefore, immediately plain to them that the old man had been troubled at the loss which his family had sustained through the concealment of his hoard; and that the above mentioned noises were the unnecessarily-strong means which had been taken to draw his daughter's attention to the hidden treasure.

"In proof of this opinion it happened that henceforward the disturbance totally ceased; and to this day, happily for the inhabitants of the cottage, the spirit has remained at rest."

**THE MARRIAGE ALTAR.**

Judge Carlton, in an excellent address before the Young Men's Library Association at Augusta, Me., thus sketches the marriage scene:

I have drawn you many pictures of death; let me sketch for you a brief but bright scene of beautiful life. It is the marriage altar. A lovely female, clothed in all the freshness of youth and surpassing beauty, leans upon the arm of him to whom she has just given her self up forever. Look in her eyes, ye gloomy philosophers, and tell me, if you dare, that there is no happiness on earth. See the trust, the heroic devotion which compels her to leave country and parents, for a comparative stranger. She has lunched her frail bark upon a wide and stormy sea; she has handed over her happiness and doom for this world to another's keeping; but she has done it fearlessly, for love whispers to her that her chosen guardian and protector bears a manly and noble heart. Oh, woe to him that forgets his oath and his manhood!

Her dark wings shall the raven flap  
 O'er the false-hearted,  
 His warm blood the wolf shall lap,  
 Ere life be parted,  
 Shame and dishonor sit  
 On his grave ever,  
 Blessing shall hallow it,  
 Never! Oh never!

We have read all the history of the husband who, in a moment of hasty wrath, said to her who had but a few moments before united her fate with his:—

"If you are not satisfied with my conduct, go, return to your friends and to your happiness.

"And you will give me back that which I brought to you?" asking the despairing wife.

"Yes," he replied, "all your wealth shall go with you; I covet it not."

"Alas!" she answered, "I thought not of my wealth—I spoke of my loves; can you give these back to me?"

"No!" said the man as he flung himself at her feet; "No! I cannot restore these, but I will do more—I will cherish them through my life and in my death; and never again will I forget that I have sworn to protect and cherish her who gave up to me all she held most dear."

Did I not tell you there was poetry in a woman's look—a woman's word? See it there! the mild, the gentle reproof of love, winning back from that harshness and rudeness the stern and unyielding temper of an ugly man. Ah, if creation's fairer sex only knew their strongest weapons, how many of wedlock's fiercest battles would be unfought; how much happiness and coldness would be avoided.

**FEMALE DELICACY.**—Above every feature which adorns the female character delicacy stands foremost within the province of good taste. Not that delicacy which is perpetually in quest of something to be ashamed of, which makes merit of a blush, and simpers at the false construction its own ingenuity has put upon an innocent remark, this spurious kind of delicacy is as far removed from good taste as from good feeling and good sense.

**WILLING TO MAKE IT RIGHT.**

Mr. M., of Northern Vermont, is not distinguished for liberality, either of purse or opinion. His ruling passion is a fear of being cheated. The loss, whether real or fancied, of a few cents, would give him more pain than the destruction of our entire navy. He one day bought a large cake of tallow at a country store at ten cents a pound. On breaking it to pieces at home, it was found to contain a large cavity. This he considered a terrible disclosure of cupidity and fraud. He drove furiously back to the store, entered in great excitement, bearing the tallow, and exclaiming:

"Here, you rascal, you have cheated me! Do you call that an honest cake of tallow? It is hollow, and there ain't near so much of it as there appeared to be at first. I want you to make it right."

"Certainly, certainly," replied the merchant. "I'll make it right. I didn't know the cake was hollow. Let me see; you paid ten cents per pound. Now, Mr. M., how much do you suppose the hole would weigh?"

Mr. M., returned home with the dishonest tallow, but was never quite satisfied that he had not been cheated by buying holes at ten cents per pound.

**GIVE HIM A TRADE.**

If education is the great buckler and shield of liberty, well developed industry is equally the buckler and shield of individual independence. As an unerring resource through life give your son, equal with a good education, a good honest trade. Better any trade than none, though there is ample room for adoption of every inclination in this respect. Learned professions and speculative employments may fail a man; but an honest handicraft trade seldom or never—if its possessor chooses to exercise it. Let him feel, too, that honest labor crafts are honorable and noble—the men of trades—the real creator of whatever is most essential to the necessities and welfare of mankind, cannot be dispensed with. They, above all others, in whatever repute they have been held by their most fastidious fellows, must work at the ore of human progress, or all is lost. But few brown handed trade workers think of this, or appreciate the real power and position they compass. Give your son a trade, no matter what fortune he may have.

**A BIT OF ADVICE FOR BOYS.**

"You were made to be kind," says Horace Mann, "generous and magnanimous. If there is a boy in school who has a club-foot, don't let him know that you ever saw it. If there is a poor boy with ragged clothes, don't talk about rags when he is in hearing. If there is a lame boy, assign him some part of the game which does not require running. If there is a hungry one, give him part of your dinner. If there is a dull one, help him to get his lesson. If there is a bright one, be not envious of him; for if one boy is proud of his talents, and another is envious of them, there two are great wrongs, and no more talents than before. If a larger or a stronger boy has injured you, and is sorry for it, forgive him, and request the teacher not to punish him.—All the school will show by their countenance how much better it is than to have a great fist."

**ONE EXTRA PLATE.**

"I have always one extra plate to my table," said a Christian woman. The command is "Be careful to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares." As I never know when the angel will come, I think it wisest to be always ready and waiting for them. I have set this example for a long course of years, and my testimony is that my hospitality has rarely been abused, and that I have been honored many, many times by sheltering and feeding the angles of God. These have brought a blessing with them; and now, as I shall soon be done with earth tables, I would recommend all who desire to entertain Christ, to set an extra plate for his messenger."

UNCLE SAM had a neighbor who was in the habit of working on Sunday, but after a while he joined the church. One day he met the minister to the church he belonged, "Well, Uncle Sam," said he, "do you see any difference in Mr. P. since he joined the church?" "Oh, yes," said Uncle Sam, "a great difference. Before, when he went out to mend his fences on Sunday, he carried his axe on his shoulder, but now he carries it under his overcoat."

Death and the sun are this in common—few gaze at them steadily.

**Little-or-Nothings.**

There is a truth of fiction more fully veracious than the truth of fact.

The two faculties of speech and speech-making are wholly diverse in their natures.

The hours should be instructed by the ages, and the ages explained by the hours.

A Sheriff's officer is a man who never leaves another in distress.

Conscience is a Monitor, but the Monitors in most bosoms are iron-clad.

Beware of women who seem very sweet.—Dealers in candy are not always candid.

A man who is too lazy to investigate charges of guilt should be ashamed to believe them.

All mercantile houses, where duties are well attended to, are sure to become custom houses.

The heart, like a watchman, should confine itself to its regular beat.

It is easier to make up one's mind to early rising than one's body.

An uncongenial marriage often ruins two excellent persons.

Plain truth, like a plain face, is generally unpopular.

Ridicule is a kind of weapon that should have a button of good nature on the point of it.

A young lady should take heed when an admirer bends low before her. The best beau is dangerous.

The bark of a medicinal tree may save one's life; the bark of a dog may save his property.

Many rhymers forget that Pegasus doesn't show to advantage with his name and tail in curl-papers.

It is as important in guarding your secrets as in protecting your treasure, to keep your chest locked.

A quiet and witty man combines the qualities of two kinds of champagne—still and sparkling.

Perhaps the infant, when he sighs and weeps, hears as in a sea-shell the moan and roar of the ocean of life.

Whilst ordering the arrangements in front of your house, bear in mind that a man is often judge by his gait.

Great men may sacrifice prudence in pursuit of great objects. He can well spare his mule and panniers, who has a wing chariot instead.

Be calm amid troubles. To jump and bounce because you are in hot water is to behave like a potato or a dumpling.

Have a clasp to your purse, and a button to your pocket, but let not the one be too hard to unclasp, or the other to unbutton.

Life is a burden, but it is imposed by God. What you make it, it will be to you, whether a millstone about your neck or a diadem upon your brow.

It may be very easy not to bear false witness in court, but not easy to avoid detraction in conversation; very easy not to be drunk, but hard to be sober.

We should watch over our propensities. A man is never safe unless he is in the act of coloring his nature as a rebel, and forcing it into submission.

It is in vain that you let your mind run out after help in times of trouble; it is like putting to sea in a storm. Sit still and feel after your principles.

Sometimes there is so much meaning in the lips of a woman, that we know they have a message for us, and wait almost in awe to hear their accents.