

**THE PILOT**  
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# The Pilot.

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**ADVERTISING RATES.**

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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 his 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 MAKER, 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 who 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 often 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.**  
**FINISH THY WORK.**  
 Finish thy work, the time is short;  
 The sun is in the west;  
 The night is coming down—till then  
 Think not of rest.  
 Yes, finish all thy work, then rest;  
 Till then, rest never;  
 The rest prepared for thee by God  
 Is rest forever.  
 Finish thy work, then wipe thy brow;  
 Ungird thee from thy toil;  
 Take breath, and from each weary limb  
 Shake off the soil.  
 Finish thy work, then sit thee down  
 On some celestial hill,  
 And of its strength-reviving air  
 Take thou thy fill.  
 Finish thy work, then go in peace;  
 Life's battles fought and won,  
 Hear from the throne the Master's voice,  
 "Well done! well done!"  
 Finish thy work, then take the harp,  
 Give praise to God above;  
 Sing a new song of mighty joy  
 And endless love.  
 Give thanks to Him who held thee up  
 In all thy path below,  
 Who made thee faithful unto death,  
 And crowns thee now!

**A Good Story.**  
**WOUNDED AT DONELSON.**  
 BY MARY C. VAUGHAN.

"I must go! If I could resist the impulse that leads me to the scenes of excitement and danger, and the fierce wild life of the soldier, I cannot still the small but ceaseless cry of conscience. It tells me that I ought to devote myself to my country in this dark hour of trial—I cannot give it the life."  
 Thus soliloquized Jarvis Weston, as he sat alone in his office long after the busy streets were hushed, and all around were buried in the night's profoundest slumbers.  
 "But Effie, what will she say? and my mother? My life, in one sense, belongs to them both. Have I a right to without their full and free consent? Have I a right to peril their happiness as freely as I would my own life? Yes, yes, for our country calls upon its daughters, no less than upon its sons, for sacrifice. I am decided. To-morrow must see my plans arranged."  
 The next day was a busy one. At noon he found an hour's time to tell his mother what he had done, to seek her approval and blessing. Neither were withheld.  
 Jarvis was her only son, her only child.—But she bade him go to the defence of his country, and gave him her blessing. His heart was calmed and lightened by her strong loving words. He hoped to find in his betrothed a woman like his mother—one who could forget self and give royally in the day of great needs.  
 It was evening before he could go to her.—Through the lace draperies of the window, whose blind the servant had forgotten to close, besaw her sitting alone. A shaded light threw its downward radiance over her. Her face, with its pure Greek lines, was in profile—he needed not to have been a lover to have found it beautiful. Her rippling hair, golden in the mellow light, shaded the low straight brow, and fell in light curls over her snowy neck.—Her half-reclining attitude showed the outlines of her superb figure to the best advantage.—One hand, fallen at her side, held the book she had been reading. The other she leaned upon as in deep thought. Was she thinking of him? Perhaps. Jarvis Weston's was a lover's heart. No wonder it beat tumultuously as he sprang up the steps and rang the bell.  
 A moment more and he was in her presence, holding her hand in his, reading something very pleasant in her smiles and blushes, thinking most unfriendly that forgotten blind he had thought so friendly five minutes before. He did not want the passers-by to behold his raptures, so he sat down at a polite distance from Effie Moore, and let words, instead of caresses interpret his feelings.  
 He forgot for a time the tidings he had to impart. Or, more truly, he strove to forget that by his own act he had decreed a separation between this lovely girl and himself; that it was possible, even more than possible, that when they parted, it must be forever.  
 Meantime she was chatting gaily of some plans she had formed, of some parties she and her lover were to attend, and of the near future that was to be so happy and brilliant. It was very hard to tell her that all these plans were to be frustrated; and yet it must be done.

Done at once, for in three days his regiment was to march.  
 He had written her a note the previous evening, telling her what he thought of doing; he wondered that she did not help him by alluding to it.  
 "Effie, I don't think I shall be able to go with you," he said, at last, hesitatingly. "I shall be away in a week," he added, as he saw surprise and annoyance flash across the face she turned to him.  
 She turned pale as she saw his stern, sad look. She gasped his name, but stopped there, watching his face eagerly.  
 "Did you get my note? I thought it would have prepared you for this. Yes, it is true. I am going to war. I enlisted this morning. My mother has blessed me and given her consent. I have nobody else but you; you will not withhold yours?"  
 So he questioned, looking at her still for an answer. None came. He took her hand. It was very cold, and there was no response to his pressure.  
 "Speak to me, Effie, are you willing I should go?"  
 "Have you really enlisted?" she asked coldly.  
 "Really, my pet."  
 "It is useless then to ask me if I am willing. I think you should have asked that before.—My views of the matter can be of little consequence now."  
 Her tone was freezing, a little raised, clear, incisive, reminding one of the tinkle of icicles on the winter day.  
 "I thought it my duty to go, Effie. Do you think it was no sacrifice for me to leave you, my darling? Only help me to bear it, dear. I have my part to do for my country, dearest, and though it is hard that any trouble should fall upon you, you have yours also. Men must act, now, and women must suffer. It must be so, darling. Tell me if you are willing to show yourself a true little patriot, and bid me God speed?"  
 "I have told you it is useless. What can I say, now? And I suppose you have made yourself a pitiful lieutenant, or something of that kind."  
 "Not even that, dear. I am only a private."  
 She drew her hand hastily from his, and paced the room.  
 "This is too much—too much," he heard her say.  
 "It was not enough to leave me, but he must disgrace me also," and she flashed upon him an angry glance.  
 I don't want to belong this scene. It presents a woman, a young girl, in a most unlovely aspect,—a selfish, tyrannical one. It shows an angry woman, trampling unceremoniously upon her own heart, that she may wound another's.  
 "No, no; I don't love you," she said at last, almost in a scream, so great was her angry excitement. "Why should I, when you care so little for me? You, who have now my promise to marry you, and then deliberately leave me. Not only that, but disgrace me, as well. You are going? Go then. No; I will not say good-bye. I don't care for you at all. I never wish to see you any more."  
 These words were ringing in Jarvis Weston's ears when he found himself again upon the side walk. It was no pleasure to him, then, to look through the lace drapery, and see Miss Moore restlessly pacing the floor, her small hands clenched above her brow, and tangled in her brown ringlets, her face flushed, her eyes sparkling, all the calm, lady-like repose of manner, the gentle expression, departed from face and figure. His whole feeling was—  
 "What a pity 'tis I love her so, that even this is not sufficient to tear her from my heart."  
 He had expected that parting to be a sore pang; but he had thought Effie Moore leal and true, and he had not looked for aught like this. After this, it was not easier for him to go away, as one would, perhaps, think. He almost felt that he had not counted the cost—certainly he had not expected to sacrifice his love for his country. It was much, very much, to have his mother's prayers—there was one earthly love that never could change, let what would come.  
 "Mother, you will pray for me, and think of me, and love me," were his last words, and the mother knew that he was thinking of that other love, that had grown to be part of his being, and was lost.  
 So the young soldier went away with a very sad heart. Ambition, patriotism,—his wild, exciting life—nothing could heal the wound, or make him forget the girl who had scorned him.

And how was it with Effie Moore? Was she happy? Could she forget? Did she find herself justified by her conscience or her heart for the deed she had done?  
 She was a motherless girl, and her father, immersed always in business and politics, had thought his duty done by his child when he gave her a luxurious home, sumptuous dress, and perfect freedom. No sweet confidences ever passed between this father and daughter. Jarvis Weston had sought his approval of his suit, and gained it, for he was wealthy, and rising in his profession, besides being of an old family. Beyond questions of that sort, Mr. Moore did not trouble himself.  
 He heard that Jarvis had gone to the war; gone, too, as a private, and he called him a "foolish young chap." It did not strike his dull perceptions that his daughter was greatly affected by his absence, so he gave no further heed to a matter of so little importance.  
 Others saw that Effie Moore was somewhat thinner than of old, somewhat absent in manner, a little less stately, but the change was not very perceptible, and people had so much to talk about, to think of, in those early days of the war, that there was little comment upon the change. It was supposed that Jarvis Weston was still her lover, and there was enough to account for her altered demeanor.  
 Battle after battle was fought, and in each Jarvis Weston distinguished himself. He rose from the ranks, rose grade after grade, until long before the battle winter of '62 was ended, he was captain of the company in which he had been a member at the first. Thus far he had escaped unharmed. He had seemed to bear a charmed life. Always in the thickest of the fray, shot and shell rained all around him, leaving him untouched. And so drew on the fatal days of the siege and surrender of Fort Donelson.  
 Over the wires quickly flew the tidings of that desperate fight to the western city where Jarvis Weston's mother and Effie Moore lived. It was a period of terrible suspense and apprehension. Mrs. Weston spent the hours upon her knees, "wearying heaven with prayers." Effie was like a mad creature, in the solitude of her own apartment, or the great parlors, where she ordered herself denied to all callers.  
 The servant thought she must be ill, losing senses, but her imperious manner checked their expressions of wonder and offers of aid. Then came the tidings of surrender, and then slowly, all too slowly for hearts agonized by fear and apprehension, the list of the killed and wounded. Among the lists, conspicuous, was the name of Jarvis Weston, captain of the gallant —, "Badly wounded," that was the report, and scarcely an hour later a telegram reached Mrs. Weston, informing her that his condition was desperate, and that he had been removed to Cairo.  
 There was no time to be lost, and Mrs. Weston was hastily preparing for the sad, hurried journey to his side, when a lady, who would not be denied, was ushered into her presence.  
 As she advanced, she threw aside the thick veil which entirely hid her face, and disclosed the features of Effie Moore.  
 Mrs. Weston received her coldly. Her warm mother's heart, that cherished Jarvis, in its inmost depths as the most precious of earthly things, could scarcely expand to cordiality in the presence of her who had so cruelly treated him. If she had been allowed a choice in the matter, she would not have received her at all. Reluctantly she took the offered hand, then pointed to a seat, with a brief—"Pardon me; I am, as you see, very busy."  
 "You are going to your son—to Captain Weston?"  
 The mother looked her surprise that such a question should be needed.  
 "Assuredly," she replied. "The train leaves in an hour; and I must beg to be informed at once what has procured me the honor of this visit, for I must not be delayed."  
 Her tones were cold, almost disdainful, for she was impatient of the girl's presence. How the reply surprised her!  
 "Mrs. Weston, let me go with you. I know I am all unworthy, but I cannot live here. If I could only hear him say that he pardoned me, perhaps I might bear to live."  
 "Why do you wish to go?" Mrs. Weston asked coldly. "You who cast him off—who told him you did not care for him—who refused to give him God-speed! Perhaps he had been less reckless of his precious life but for you. No, no. Go home. I cannot talk with you—and he, is very low, and I will not have him agitated."  
 "Oh, Mrs. Weston! I have deserved it all, I know. You cannot reproach me as my own

heart does. I have loved him all the time, but it was my wicked pride, my selfishness. Oh, let me go! I will not speak to him. He shall not see me. Only let me look upon him once more."  
 And she prevailed, at last. When the train left, two muffled figures occupied seats in one of the cars, silent, grief-stricken, conscious only of the hours that seemed so long, as the train dashed swiftly onward towards its destination.  
 Weeks passed. The sparks of life lingered in the sick man's breast, but oh, so dimly, that often that pale watchers bent to listen if indeed the breath were not forever silenced. He had not recognized them. He had been conscious of nothing since that awful night when, with three desperate wounds, helpless and bleeding, he had lain half stretched across a log, half immersed in melting snow and mud, on the field where the fight was still raging. A Rebel soldier had spread his own blanket over him, and telling him that he would soon return to claim his prisoner, had left him there. Then the boom of cannon, the rattle of musketry, and the terrible shouts and groans of the combatants, had mingled in one dull roar, and consciousness had lapsed into that long insensibility.  
 The spring sun shone warmly into the little room where, screened by curtains, his cot was shut off from the sad sight and sounds of the great hospital ward, when he once more opened his eyes with the light of consciousness shining from them. A female form bent over him, bathing his brow, and smoothing back the masses of dark black hair. Was it an angel? he thought, for he saw only shining curls of golden brown, and a pale, pale cheek, and then, without sound, the vision had flitted away.  
 His mother was there when again he opened his dazzled eyes. Joy overcame him. He was not a prisoner then; but where was he, and how came she there? The rough walls, the plain white curtains, the narrow cot—surely this was not home. Too weak for thought, he fell asleep again, with his hand in hers, before his feeble, half uttered questions had been answered.  
 And so the days passed—two and three. More than once, half-waking, he had seen that light, fitting figure, but when the mist of dreams and weakness had passed, only his mother answered when he spoke. Once he thought of Effie, but the thought brought a mental pang, and of that was born a restless movement, that darted fire through all his unhealed wounds, and he fainted. Still the thought would recur. In his sleep he felt a cool hand on his brow, not lighter nor softer than his mother's but that sent a thrill, half pain half joy, through all his being. He woke one day, and laying with closed eyes, conscious of that touch, yet not daring to move lest it should be withdrawn. A murmur fell upon his ear—sweet, loving words, then a kiss, light as a snowflake, on his forehead, with his unwounded hand he clutched the sleeve that swept across his breast, and opened his eyes upon—his angel.  
 If angels ever blush and weep, she might have been one—Effie Moore, kneeling there so wan, so ethereal, yet with the light of true love shining in her eyes, and the peace that comes of pardon gain, on her pure brow.  
 It was a feeble clasp that held her to her lover's breast but she could not have broken from it if she would. And thus the mother found them—he sleeping the deep sleep of exhaustion, with a peaceful light upon his face—she watching him, still circled in that slight embrace, with ineffable joy and gladness shining from her eyes.  
 The past was forgotten and forgiven. There came the hospital chaplain—Jarvis would have it so—with a witness or two of his comrades, and made the twin one. Once Effie had dreamed of kneeling at the altar, in satin and laces, to take her marriage vows upon her. A lovelier bride, she knelt, in simple gowns of white, beside that bed of pain, tender care, and presence had made a couch of roses for the wounded soldier. And the mother gave her a blessing, and joy and peace brooded over the strange bridal.—N. Y. Ledger.  
 Some men can never hold their own in conversation except by holding their own—tongues.  
 Next to God, we are indebted to women, first for life itself, and then for making it worth having.  
 The currants in our gardens are easily stemmed; the current of life isn't.  
 A bachelor's face is often the worse for wear—a married one's for wear and tear.