

THE PILOT
 IS PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY MORNING BY
JAMES W. M'GRODY,
 (North West Corner of the Public Square.)
 at the following rates, from which there will be no
 deviation:
 Single subscription, in advance..... \$1.50
 Within six months..... 1.75
 Within twelve months..... 2.00
 No paper will be discontinued unless at the option
 of the Publishers, until all arrearages are paid.
 No subscriptions will be taken for a less period
 than six months.

The Pilot.

VOL-III GREENCASTLE, PA., TUESDAY, JANUARY 12, 1864. NO 42.

ADVERTISING RATES.

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

1 column, one year.....	\$70.00
1/2 of a column, one year.....	35.00
1/3 of a column, one year.....	20.00
1 square, twelve months.....	8.00
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 his enormous stock such TEAS as are best adapted to his peculiar wants, 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, Twankey and Skin.
Oolong, Souchong, Orange and Hyson Peko 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 effected 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.
 Proprietors,
 C. G. CLARK & CO.,
 New Haven, Ct.
 At Wholesale, by
Johnston, Holloway & Cowden,
 28 North Sixth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
 For sale by Druggists in city, county, and everywhere [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 Charn, which he 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.
 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.

[FOR THE PILOT.]
THE REBS IN G—;
 OR,
INCIDENTS OF THE INVASION.

BY HUDIBRAS.
 Mr. Editor:—Alone in my studio—the light extinguished—deep in the night—darkness all, save a few ghost-like flickerings from the dying embers in the stove—all surrounding things favorable for the digestion, and atonement by the prospective reformation, for follies perpetrated during the holidays, I sat meditating—ruminating over "things that have been," when a visitress appeared! It was my Muse! How cordially we met! What a hearty pressure of hands—what an affectionate smucking of I—; why pen, would you write that word? You remember in the early autumn, she and I were wont to hold weekly trysts, and "Incidents of the Invasion" were produced. You remember, too, how just then some phantom whispered "Captain," in my ear! The simple articulation of this empty title frightened my Helicon friend, and she deserted me forthwith. Hence my prolonged silence. But anon, like all my hopes, the "Captain" was soon played out. With the complete discomfiture of these ambitious expectations, this friend in need, my Muse, again appears; and now, if nothing untoward occurs, the "Incidents" will be now continued.
 These are some facts, some fancies offered by way of apology for the long silence of
 HUDIBRAS.

The sun again in grandeur rose,
 And legions showed in death's repose!
 Far scattered o'er that widened plain,
 Lay piles of dead, by traitors slain!
 Could demons fell, from hell's own gate,
 This scene with calmness contemplate?
 More cruel e'en than devils are,
 Are those who first provoked this war.
 Eternity e'en lengthened twice,
 And hell's fell mirrors doubled thrice,
 Were yet too short, too good for those
 Who first in arms for treason rose!
 'Tis not our purpose here to tell,
 How many in that battle fell—
 How fields and meads were crimsoned o'er
 And brooks flowed red with human gore!
 How Meade's brave boys, like Spartan true
 (And Lee's no less were Spartan too),
 For these long days near Classic G—
 Did fight the death for victory—
 How finally the former fell
 Did Lee and all his hosts rebel;
 And once again in Moxey's land
 Compelled the rebs to take their stand!
 By other lips let this be told,
 Let other pens this scene unfold.
 Our purpose in this piece of rhyme,
 Is simply to beguile the time—
 To tell this "Incidents" of fun,
 How all were scoured, and some did run,
 When rebels first appeared in G—
 For aye that town will noted be!
 If then our readers fair and male,
 Do wish us to resume our tale,
 Come back again to native G—
 And leave old Gettysburg with Lee.
 Will next an "Incident" of fun
 Relate, in truth it was a run
 The race at worse than forty time
 Of Major H— and Charley S—.
 TO BE CONTINUED.

Miscellaneous.
THE WISE MAN TAUGHT WISDOM.

One day in early spring, the youth Solomon sat beneath the palms in his father's garden, and bending his eyes on the ground, seemed deep in thought. Nathan, his teacher, stepped up to him and inquired,
 "Why sittest thou here so thoughtfully?"
 Solomon raised his head, and replied,
 "Nathan, I should like to behold a miracle."
 The prophet smiled, and answered,
 "That is a wish I also indulged in, in my youthful days."
 "And was it fulfilled?" hastily inquired the royal prince.
 "A man of God," thus Nathan continued, "approached me once, holding the seed of a pomegranate in his hand. 'Behold,' said he, 'what will become of this seed.' Thereupon he made a small hole in the earth with his finger, laid the seed in it, and covered it up again. When he had withdrawn his hand, the earth divided, and I saw two tiny leaves appear. But scarcely had I seen them before they closed together, and became a smooth, round stem, enveloped in a rind; and the stem became visibly higher and thicker.
 "The man of God spoke to me, saying, 'Pay attention.' And whilst I was watching, there sprang seven branches from the trunk, like unto the seven arms of the candlestick on the altar. I wondered; but the man of God made signs, and bid me be silent and attentive.—

Behold,' said he, 'new creations will take place.'
 "Thereupon he took water in the hollow of his hand from a brook that was flowing past, and sprinkled therewith the branches three different times; and the branches now hung full of verdant leaves, spreading refreshing shade around us, mingled with sweet-smelling odors. 'Whence,' I exclaimed, 'arises this perfume, in addition to the cooling shade of the leaves?'
 "Dost thou not see," answered the man of God, 'those purple flowers, hanging in clusters, and peeping between the leaves?'
 "Before I could yet reply, a soft breeze arose, and, rustling through the leaves, cast the flowers to the earth, like to flakes of snow floating down from the clouds. Scarcely had the blossoms fallen, when the beautiful red pomegranates appeared between the leaves, like the almonds on Aaron's staff. The man of God then left me, sunk in silent wonder."
 Nathan ended. Hastily Solomon exclaimed—
 "Where is he? What is the name of the holy man? Is he still alive?"
 Nathan answered,
 "Son of David, I have related a dream?"
 When Solomon heard these words, he became sorry at heart, and said,
 "How canst thou thus deceive me?" he said.
 But Nathan continued:
 "I have not deceived thee, son of David.—Behold! in thy father's garden thou canst see all that I have related in reality. Is not the same the case with every pomegranate, and with other trees?"
 "Yes," answered Solomon; "but gradually, within a wide space of time."
 Then answered Nathan,
 "Is, then, the miracle the less wonderful or divine because it takes place in quiet and without show? I should think it the more wonderful.
 "Study the works of Nature," he continued, "then you will learn to believe in the Most High, and not pine and wish for miracles by human hands."

A PHILOSOPHIC DARKEY.

A correspondent of the Cincinnati Gazette writing from the Cumberland River, gives the following humorous colloquy with a philosophic darkey:
 "I noticed upon the hurricane deck to-day an elderly darkey with a very philosophical and retrospective cast of countenance, squatted upon his bundle, toasting his shins against the chimney, and apparently plunged into a state of profound meditation. Finding, upon inquiry, that he belonged to the 9th Illinois, one of the most gallantly behaved and heavy losing regiment at Fort Donelson battle, and part of which was aboard, I began to interrogate him on the subject. His philosophy was so much in the Falstaffian vein that I will give his views in his own words as near as my memory serves me:
 "Were you in the fight?"
 "Had a little taste of it, sa."
 "Stood your ground, did you?"
 "No sa, I runs."
 "Run at the first fire, did you?"
 "Yes, and would hab run sooner had I knowed it war comin'."
 "Why, that wasn't very creditable to your courage."
 "Dat isn't in my line, sa—cookin's my per-feshin."
 "Well, but have you no regard for your reputation?"
 "Reputation nuffin to me by de side ob life."
 "Do you consider your life worth more than other people's?"
 "It's worth more to me, sa."
 "Then you must value your life very highly?"
 "Yes, sa, I does—more dan all dis wuld, more dan a million ob dollahs, sa, for what would dat be wuth to a man wid de bref out ob him? Self-preserbashun am de fust law wid me."
 "But why should you act upon a different rule from other men?"
 "Because different men set different values upon dar lives; wine is not in the market."
 "But if you lost it, you would have the satisfaction of knowing that you died for your country."
 "What satisfaction would dat be to me when de power of feelin' was gone?"
 "Then patriotism and honor are nothing to you?"

"Nuffin whatever, sa—I regard dem as among de wanities."
 "If our soldiers were like you, traitors might have broken up the Government without resistance."
 "Yes, sa, dar would have been no help for it; wouldn't put my life in de scale 'ginst any guberner dat eber existed, for no guberner could replace de loss to me."
 "Do you think any of your company would have missed you if you had been killed?"
 "Maybe not, sa—a dead white man ain't much to dese sogers, let alone a ded nigga—but I'd missed myself, an' dat was de pint wid me."
 It is safe to say that the dusky corpse of that African will never darken the field of carnage.

BATING ICE-CREAM RAW.

On a very warm and sultry evening during the summer of '48, as Doctor B— and myself were seated in a fashionable saloon of our town, indulging in the cool luxuries which the proprietors of the establishment know so well how to prepare, and chatting the while upon such subjects as fancy and caprice suggested,—a tall, lumber-looking fellow of about twenty-three, made his appearance, and after looking about him some time in bewilderment and doubt, seated himself at a table close by the one at which we were sitting. The young man was apparently a stranger, and from the country; and the illuminated sign, with "Ice-Cream," "Confectionaries," &c., blazoned thereon, had evidently taken him in. Knowing the Doctor to have a great propensity for practical joking, I turned to see what effect this new arrival would have on him; and one glance at his restless, twinkling eye, satisfied me that there would be sport.
 After sitting some time as if uncertain how to proceed, the young man plucked up sufficient courage to address us, and inquired whether he could "get some ice-cream, and a couple of confectionaries;" stating, at the same time, that he had "never been at the cannaw afore, and didn't know how people acted at sich places." He was informed by the Doctor, that if he would ring the small bell which stood upon the table, his wishes would be gratified. The green "an did as he was directed, and in due time was served with the ice-cream and "confectionaries." After eyeing for a few minutes the articles before him, he took the spoon from the glass, took a small quantity of the cream, and put it to the tip of his tongue; and then looked about the room with an air of great satisfaction and delight. Soon, however, another idea seemed to strike him; he rammed the spoon deep into the glass, took it out heaped full, and in a moment its contents had disappeared.
 At this instant I felt a twitch at my side—the next the Doctor was on his feet—had clutched my arm convulsively, and with one hand pointing towards the victim, almost screamed:
 "Shocking! that young man is eating his ice-cream raw!"
 Down went ice-cream, spoon, confectionaries and table, upon the floor; out leaped the victim at least ten feet towards the middle of the room, grasping for breath—eyes protruding from their sockets—and countenance exhibiting marks of the greatest terror and helplessness. In a moment the Doctor was by his side—felt his pulse—unbuttoned his coat, waistcoat, and shirt collar, as if to admit fresh air; then gently pushing him into a chair, commenced fanning him with the skirt of his coat. It was then that the victim's tongue first became loose, and with imploring look, he half whispered, half screamed—
 "Oh, kin I live?"
 Upon this the Doctor looked mysterious, felt his pulse again, examined his tongue, and then, in a solemn tone, replied—
 "It may be, young man, that by implicitly following my directions, you can yet escape the consequences of your rashness and folly. I would advise you to—"
 "Anything, I'll do anything you tell me, so as I kin get over this spell, and find my way home agin."
 "Well, then, sir, take off your coat." The young man did so. "Tie a handkerchief about you." He was obeyed. "And now, sir, go to the door, run three times around this square with all the might in you; and then come back to me, and I will tell you what further to do."
 The young man vanished, and we resumed our seats; in a few minutes, however, he returned, puffing and blowing and apparently in better spirits.

"Now," said the Doctor, "do you put on your coat, button it up close to your chin; go to your lodging place, and turn into bed immediately; and let me advise you, young man, that hereafter, before you undertake to eat ice-cream see that it is properly prepared; and let me particularly charge you (and here he assumed a very serious air,) never again do you eat ice-cream raw."
 The young man stammered forth his thanks, and then left—we followed soon after.—*Yan-kee Blade.*

Little-or-Nothings.

Often those smart least who are least smart.
 To renovate an old hat, take it to an evening party.
 Men resort to all sorts of disguises and then complain bitterly that they are not understood.
 When we think of the Future, we do not often think of the Future of Futures.
 Great opportunities are generally the result of the wise improvement of small ones.
 Masked balls and masked batteries are dangerous concerns.
 It should be remembered that a bare assertion is not necessarily the naked truth.
 Opportunities, like eggs, must be hatched when they are fresh.
 It is right to make an example of men whom it would be wrong to take as an example.
 He who is just as old as his dog is a man of our-age.
 He who carries musical compositions in his hat puts on airs whenever he walks out.
 The soldiers in war and the farmers in peace alike win their triumphs in the field.
 Woman are accustomed to talk, but with men it is the converse.
 In many cases, authorship is but another name for penury.
 There are times, when although speech might be silver, silence is gold.
 Ardent spirits are unfavorable to bodily toil. The greatest pedestrians walk on water.
 Every young lady knows her lover by heart, but that's often a very uncertain kind of knowledge.
 Small talents are needed as well as great ones; there are occasions where a candle would be as useful as the sun.
 Mankind are always happier for been happy once; the memory of happiness is happiness.
 The efforts of a strong man, aided by the counsels of a sensible woman, rarely or never fail to succeed.
 Virtue is not its own reward. You might as well say that when a man has planted a tree he has tasted its fruit.
 A mean man never knows he is mean; he only thinks himself cautious, just as a near-sighted person seems to be looking far away.
 Conscience is like a clock; it is meant to indicate soul time. But a man can set his conscience, or he can let it run down.
 In this world we must deal with fact. It is vain for men to try to live in mid air—they were made with feet and not with wings.
 The tall blue mountain clasps and kisses and warries the blue beautiful beyond, parent of silver streams, householding heaven on earth.
 If a woman can in no other way make her lazy husband support her, she can try her finger nails on him. Let her like a prudent hen, scratch for a living.
 Death we can face: but knowing, as many of us do, what is human life, which of us is it, that, without shuddering, could, if conscientiously we were summoned, face the hour of birth!