

**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 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, at 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 merchant.

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, Souckong, 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, 1862-3m.] No. 51 Vesey St., N. Y.

**Select Poetry.**

**THE AMERICAN BOY.**

"Father, look up and see that flag,  
 How gracefully it flies;  
 These pretty stripes—they seem to be  
 A rainbow in the skies."

"It is your country's flag, my son,  
 And proudly drinks the light,  
 O'er ocean's waves, in foreign climes,  
 A symbol of our might."

"Father, what fearful noise is that,  
 Like thundering of the clouds;  
 Why do the people wave their hats,  
 And rush along in crowds?"

"It is the noise of cannonry,  
 The glad shouts of the free;  
 This is the day to memory dear—  
 'Tis Freedom's Jubilee."

"I wish that I was now a man,  
 I'd fire my cannon too,  
 And cheer as loud as the rest—  
 But father, why don't you?"

"I'm getting old and weak—but still  
 My heart is big with joy;  
 I've witnessed a many day like this—  
 Shout you aloud, my boy."

"Hurrah for Freedom's Jubilee!  
 God bless our native land!  
 And may I live to hold the sword  
 Of Freedom in my hand!"

"Well done, my boy—grow up and love  
 The land that gave you birth;  
 A home where Freedom loves to dwell  
 Is a paradise on earth."

The widow, at these words, sprung up, and at a single bound throwing herself towards the picture, with arms stretched out, as though to defend it, exclaimed:

"Take away this portrait! carry off my only consolation! my sole remaining comfort! never! never!"

"But, madam, you only will be deprived of it for a short time, and—"

"Not an hour! not a minute! could I exist without his beloved image! Look you, sir, I have had it placed here, in my own room, that my eyes may be fastened upon it, without ceasing, and through my tears. His portrait shall never leave this spot, not one single instant, and in contemplating that will I pass the remainder of a miserable and sorrowful existence."

"In that case, madam, you will be compelled to permit me to take a copy of it. But do not be uneasy—I shall not have occasion to trouble your solitude for any length of time, one sketch, one sitting will suffice."

The widow agreed to this arrangement; she only insisted that the artist should come back the following day. She wanted him to set to work on the instant, so great was her longing to see the mausoleum erected. The sculptor, however, remarked that he had another work to finish first. This difficulty she sought to overcome by means of money.

"Impossible," replied the artist, "I have given my word; but do not distress yourself; I will apply so diligently, that the monument shall be finished in as short a time as any other sculptor would require, who could apply himself to it forthwith."

"You see my distress," said the widow; "you can make allowance for my impatience. Be speedy, then, and above all, be lavish of magnificence. Spare no expense, only let me have a masterpiece."

Several letters echoed these injunctions during the few days immediately following the interview.

At the expiration of three months the artist called again. He found the widow still in weeds, but a little less palid, and a little more coquettishly dressed in her morning garb.

"Madam," said he, "I am entirely at your service."

"Ah! at last; this is fortunate," replied the widow, with a gracious smile.

"I have made my design, but I still want one sitting for the likeness. Will you permit me to go into your bed-room?"

"Into my bed-room? For what?"

"To look at the portrait again."

"Oh! yes; have the goodness to walk into the drawing room; you will find it there now."

"Ah!"

"Yes; it hangs better there, it is better lighted in the drawing room than in my own room."

"Would you like, Madam, to look at the design for a monument?"

"With pleasure. Oh! what a size. What profusion of decorations! Why, it is a palace, sir, this tomb!"

"Did you not tell me, madam, that nothing could be too magnificent? I have not considered the expense; and by the way, here is a memorandum of what the monument will cost you."

"Oh, heavens!" exclaimed the widow, after having cast an eye over the total adding up. Why, this is enormous!"

"You begged me to spare no expense."

"Yes, no doubt, I desire to do things properly, but not exactly to make a fool of myself."

"This, at present, you see is only a design; and there is a time yet, to cut it down."

"Well, then suppose we leave out the temple, and the columns, and all the architectural part, and content ourselves with the statue? It seems to me that would be very appropriate."

"Certainly it would."

"So let it be then, just the statue alone"

Shortly after this second visit, the sculptor in Italy, prescribed by his physician, he presented himself once more before the widow who was then in the tenth month of her mourning.

He found this time a few roses, among the cypresses, and some smiling colors played over half shaded grounds.

The artist brought with him a little mode of the statue, done in plaster, and offering in miniature the idea of what his work was to be.

"What do you think of the likeness?" he inquired of the widow.

"It seems to me a little flattered; but you are making him an Apollo!"

"Really? well, then, I can correct my work by the portrait."

"Don't take the trouble—a little more, or a little less like, what does it matter?"

"Excuse me, but I am particular about likenesses."

"If you absolutely must—"

"It is in the drawing room yonder, is it not? I'll go in there."

"It is not there any longer, replied the widow, ringing the bell.

"Baptiste," said she to the servant who came in, "bring down the portrait of your master."

"The portrait that you sent up in the garret last week, Madam!"

"Yes."

At this moment the door opened, and a young man of distinguished air entered; his manners were easy and familiar; he kissed the fair widow's hand, and tenderly inquired after her health.

"Who in the world is this good man in plaster?" asked he, pointing with his finger to the statue, which the artist had placed upon the mantle-piece.

"It is the model of a statue for my husband's tomb."

"You are having a statue of him made?—The devil! Its very majestic!"

"Do you think so?"

"It is only great men who are thus cut out of marble, and at full length; it seems to me too, that the deceased was a very ordinary personage."

"In fact his bust would be sufficient."

"Just as you please Madam," said the sculptor.

"Well, then let it be a bust, then—that's determined?"

Two months later, the artist, carrying home the bust, encountered on the stairs a merry party. The widow, giving her hand to the elegant dandy, who had caused the statue of the deceased to be cut down, was on her way to the Mayor's office, where she was about to take the second oath of conjugal fidelity.

If the bust had not been completed, it would willingly have been dispensed with. When sometime later, the artist called for his money; there was an outcry against the price; and it required little less than a threat of legal proceedings before the widow, consoled and remarried, concluded by resigning herself to pay for this funeral homage, reduced as it was, to the memory of her departed husband.

**Little-or-Nothings.**

The memories of joys and sorrows are their pale ghosts.

The man who is hung dies in a fit—a pretty close one.

He that loves not the early morning loves not the memory of his youth.

A cross wife, like the bird of Minerva, does most of her hooting at night.

Do you endorse a scoundrel when you make your mark upon his back?

A slow pulsation is the sign of a long life, not only in individuals but in law-suits.

It is a very uncomfortable thing for a man to get tight—in his boots.

Generally women adorn themselves for their enemies even more than for their friends.

It is very well for a man to be a wit if at the same time he is something better.

To the contemplative soul there is no littleness; the least of things is infinite.

We can bid poverty welcome if it is considerate enough not to come at too late a time.

It is sometimes very well that we appear fools so that we may endure fools.

Let him who would write heroic poems make his life a heroic poem.

Originally the term of human life was a thousand years; but that was before there were doctors.

Sweet is the music of the sea-shell. We can't say as much for that of the bomb-shell.

Put a couple of Englishmen before two huge beef-steaks, if you want to see sweep-steaks.

The child of a sorrowing mother catches from her the trick of grief, and sighs even amidst its playthings.

Happiness abounds most among the lowly; there are more blossoms in the valleys than on the hills.

An industrious girl's needle is an instrument by means of which she both sews and reaps.

'Tis well enough for an attractive wife to have a repulsive husband. The rose isn't complete without its thorn.

It is a remarkable fact that, although common sheep delight in verdant fields, religious flocks are not anxious for green pastors.

There is many a slip between the cup and the lip, but there are many more slips after the cup has been drained by the lips.

He who will not keep the weeds out of his garden has nothing but weeds to keep out of the yard of his soul.

The man of the world maintains an upright carriage and a crooked soul; the mere scholar often possesses neither the one nor the other.

Let your troubles be what they may, never say die. Let your hair turn gray or white, but never say dye.

He is an admirable man who has as much wit, as if he had no sense and as much sense as if he had no wit.

He who differs from the world in important matters, should the more carefully conform to it in indifferent ones.

Sleep soothes and arrests the fever-pulse of the soul, and its grains are the quinine for the cold fit of hate, as well as for the hot fever of love.

He who is satisfied to travel upon his feet may be able to keep his carriage, but he who is content with only riding may not long be able to keep his feet.

The generality of men more easily forgive a rival than a faithless woman—unlike women, who always hate the female rival more than the faithless lover.

**A Good Story.**

**AN INCONSOLABLE WIDOW;**  
 OR,  
**The Effects of the Lapse of Time.**

How rapid is the progress of oblivion, with respect to those no more! How many a quadruple shall we see, this winter, exclusively made up from the ranks of inconsolable widows.—Widows of this order exist only in the literature of the tombstone. In the world, and after the lapse of a certain period, there is but one sort of widows inconsolable—those who refuse to be comforted, because they can't get married again!

One of the most distinguished sculptors was summoned, a short time since, to the house of a young lady, connected by birth with a family of the highest grade in the aristocracy of wealth, and united in marriage to the heir of a title illustrious in the military annals of the Empire.

The union formed under the happiest auspices, had been, alas! of short duration.—Death, un pitying death, had ruptured it, by prematurely carrying off the young husband. The sculptor was summoned by the widow.

He traversed apartments silent and deserted until he was introduced into a bed room, and found himself in the presence of a lady, young and beautiful, but habited in the deepest mourning, and with a face furrowed with tears.

"You are aware," said she with a painful effort and a voice half choked by sobs: "You are aware of the blow which I have received?"

The artist bowed with an air of respectful condolence.

"Sir," continued the widow, "I am anxious to have a funeral monument erected, in honor of the husband whom I have lost."

The artist bowed again.

"I wish that the monument should be superb, worthy of the man whose loss I weep, proportioned to the unending grief into which his loss has plunged me. I am rich, and I will be willing to sacrifice all my fortune to do honor to the memory of an adored husband.—I must have a temple—with columns—in marble—and in the middle—on a pedestal—his statue."

"I will do my best to fulfill your wishes, Madam," replied the artist; "but I had not the honor of acquaintance with the deceased, and a likeness of him is indispensable for the execution of my work. Without doubt, you have his likeness?"

The widow raised her arm and pointed despairingly to a splendid likeness painted by Ambury Duval.

"A most admirable picture!" observed the artist, "and the painter's name is sufficient guarantee for its striking resemblance to the original."

"Those are his very features, sir; it is himself. It wants but life. Ah! would that I could restore it to him at the cost of all my blood!"

"I will have this portrait carried to my studio, madam, and I promise you the marble shall reproduce it exactly."

**\$100 REWARD!** for a medicine that will cure  
 Coughs, Influenza, Tickling in the Throat,  
 Whooping Cough, or Rattle 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 lessens 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 will be low! low! low!!!

Save money by purchasing at headquarters.  
 All work warranted.  
 August 25, 1863. J. W. BARR.

**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 travelling 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, 1862-2m.