

THE PILOT
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The Pilot.

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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 particu-
lar 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 ad-
vantage 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 pur-
chase on as good terms here as the New York mer-
chants.

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, Gun-
powder, Twankay and Skin.

Oolong, Souchow, 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 de-
scription 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, be-
lieving 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 cer-
tificates, some of them from EMINENT PHYSICI-
ANS, 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 ex-
pectorate freely. Two or three doses will invariably
cure Tickling in the Throat. A half bottle has ef-
fectually 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 adminis-
tered 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,
22 North Sixth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
For sale by Druggists in city, county, and every-
where
[Sent. 29, 1863-3m.]

J. W. BARR'S

Mammoth Store

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 Store room,

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, Japanned 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,
with price and quality of his wares. My price
shall be low! Low! Low!

Save money by purchasing at headquarters.

Ed. 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 HAR-
RISBURG, Pa. This popular and commodious
Hotel has been newly refitted and furnished through-
out 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 Semi-
nary 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 ex-
perienced Female Teacher. A limited number of
Pupils will be received into the family of the Prin-
cipal, as Boarders. For terms and further informa-
tion, address
JOS. S. LOOSE.
Greencastle, Sept. 22, 1863-2m.

Select Poetry.

REMEMBER.

BY ALICE CARY.

In thy time, and times of mourning,
When grief doeth all she can
To hide the prosperous sunshine,
Remember this, O man—
"He setteth an end to darkness."
Sad saint, of the world forgotten,
Who workest thy work apart,
Take thou this promise for comfort,
And hold it in thy heart—
"He searcheth out all perfection."
O foolish and faithless sailor,
When the ship is driven away,
When the waves forget their places,
And the anchor will not stay—
"He weigheth the waters by measure."

O outcast, homeless, bewildered,
Let new thy murmurs be still,
Go in at the gates of gladness
And eat of the feast at will;
"For wisdom is better than riches."

O diligent, diligent sower,
Who sowest thy seed in vain,
When the corn in the ear is withered,
And the young flag dies for rain—
"Through rocks He cutteth out rivers."

A Good Story.

AUNT KEZIAH'S PHOTOGRAPH.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

It's got to be dreadful fashionable; now-a-
days, for folks to present their pottysgrafs to
one tother; and somehow or ruther, people
has got into a grate notion of asking me for
mine. I expect, just between you and me,
that it's because I'm such a good looking wo-
man, naturally. Folks in ginal don't keer
nothing about having nobody's picter unless
they happen to be kinder slick looking.

A couple of weeks ago, a mighty fine gen-
tleman called here; and introduced himself as
the Honorable Mr. Barkington from Rhode
Island, and an intimate friend of Goy Sprague.
what used to be, afore he got married. He
sed he'd heern tell a sight about me, and my
ambrill, and my doughnuts, and as he was
round seeing the celebrities, he thought he'd
give me a call. I told 'him I was tickled to
death to see him, though, to tell the truth, I
warn't a mite tickled, for I had been a clean-
ing out the sink room closets, and had on the
awfullest raggedest old gownd—that ever you
set eyes onto! It was more fit to put into the
rag bag, than onto the back of a docent woman,
but calico costs so much, and the store keepers
speckerlate so like time, that I'm determined
not to buy nothing that I can comfortably go
without. I mean to make my old rigging last
jest as long as it will hang on.

The fact of it is, no woman is glad to see a
strange gentleman when she aint dressed de-
cent, and if she knows she haint a looking
well, ten to one she won't be able to appear
like herself. But I'm used to perdicaments,
and exerted myself to be as peart and sociable
as though I didn't know that there was two
tremenjus holes in each of my elbows, and a
slit as long as my arm in the skirt of my
gownd. But then, it's stylish to show yer
petticoat, you know.

We talked about Mr. Sprague. Mr. Bark-
ington sed he was a fine man, and I told him I
thought his green house was the finest! I
seed it last winter, and its about the best look-
ing bilding in the place. I told him I should
think the governor would be apt to make a
mistake, when he come home nights, and git
into his brother's house instid of his'n, for
they was jest as much alike as two peas—only
one had a flag staff onto it, and tother hadn't.

And then conversation dropped. There
was quite a little silence. Mr. Barkington
picked his nails—and I braided my apron
strings. Then I happened to think about the
weather, and we talked that clear into the
ground. Then, he began on my doughnuts,
and he kept that topik a going so long that I
began to smell a very large rat.
I went and got a plateful, and some cheese,
and set onto the table, and told him to help
hisself; and I was well satsfied that he
warn't a soft soaping me, when he sed that my
doughnuts was the best he ever seed; for he
cleared that plate quicker'n yer could pull off
yer boots with a patunt boot jack, unless yer
boots was of that kind that yer have to sleep
into—called a perfect fit.

At last, he got up to start, and sez he—
"Mrs. Small, my dear madam, I have a
greate favor to ask of you."

"Wall," sez I, "drive ahead! I feel putty
favorable."

"Thank you," sez he, "I want your carte!"
"My cart?" sez I, "why, have you broke
down?"

"No," sez he, "but I should like to have
your carte."

"Oh, you hain't got any of yer own, I
s'pose?" sez I, wondering what on airth the
critter was trying to make out.

"Yes," sez he, "I've got some at home.—
Shall I enjoy the pleasure of sending one to
you?"

"You're very clever," sez I, "but I don't
need it. I've got four of my own, beside the
blue one, and the wheelbarrow. I s'pose you
wanted to buy one?"

"Well—yes—I'd buy it, if I couldn't get
it any other way."

"Any other way?" sez I, "Well, I declare!
you must be a smart man to think I'm going
to give away my cart, that cost me as much as
ten or fifteen dollars!"

He stared his eyes open—rubbed his nose
—looked at his finger nails—and suddintly
bust out a laffing.

"Oh, ho!" sez he, "I understood it! ha! ha!
he! he! ho! ho! You thought I wanted a
vehicle, and I wanted your photograph pic-
ture."

"The land!" sez I, "then why didn't you
tell me so?"

He ixlattered to me that carte was the
perlite name for a card picter, and promised to
send me his'n. And I told him I'd ask the
Major, and if he was willing, I'd have mine
taken, and he should have one.

Then we shook hands, and he went off, and
glad was I to git rid of him, for I hadn't half
finished fixing them closets.

I thought it over, and concluded to go to
Portland rite off, and have some pottysgrafs
taken. I spoke to Augustine, my son's in-
tended, what's a staying with me—about it,
and she advised me to have em full length;
and took without my hat or cap. She told me
to go to a regular hair dresser, and have my
wig fixed up stylish, and she thought I should
look better than I should with a cap onto me.
I didn't think so, but she's a nice gal, and to
oblige her I was willing to lose some of my
good looks. A person can afford to, you know,
that's a little more'n common hunsun.

I thought I'd have Napoleon with me, for
nobody would be satsfied with my pottysgrafs
unless the old mare was in the mess. She
and the ambrill is a part of myself, and one
hain't compleat without tother.

Well the next day, I mounted the old mare,
and ride into Portland. I wore my nicest blue
morinow gown, with my flag skirt, and several
other ornaments. I put my hoss up to the
stable, and went into a place what said over
the door that hair dressing, and barbering,
was done here. There was a whole parcel of
men folks inside—but I hain't afraid of no
body when I have my umbrill with me, so I
waited, and told the barber what I
wanted.

He esquarted me into another room, and
asked me what style I'd have my wig fixed
into. I told him the very fashionabest he
knowed of.

"Well," sez he, "that's two rats, a couple of
nice, and a cataract."

"What?" sez I, "what's them to with my
hair?"

"Oh, only to roll it over," sez he, "the—"
"The land of massy!" sez I, jumping up
onto a little table among the bottles of hair
ile, "if there's anything on airth I'm afraid
of, it's one of them longtailed wiggles called
mice! why I wouldn't have one into my hair
for nothing on the footstool! I should swooned
in less'n a minit!" and I began to tuck my
self up, for fear there was some of the little
vermits round some wheres.

"Perfectly harmless, madam," sez the bar-
ber beginning to twiddle away at my wig, "and
the cataract has a charming effect."

"Cataract?" sez I, "no sirc! you don't
come that kind of a game over me! not by
two chalks!" My Aunt Bets had a cataract
onto her left eye once, and didn't see nothing,
without a spy glass, for six months!"

He kinder laffed to hissself, and explained
that rats and mice was little wads of curled
hair to roll yer own hair round, and cataracts
was big wads of hair to hitch on behind, like
a big leather trunk onto the hinder part of a
shy.

I let him fix me to his mind, and then I
looked into the glass, and creation of Adam!
I never seed the likes! you would have need
ed a double lential pair of spetteroles to have
recognized yer Aunt Kezia! I didn't look
no more like myself than I did like any other
man, if I did so much! There was a grate

hump on each side of my head, and two lit-
tle humps besides, and a top not rite in the
middle of the forced kinder above—jest for all
the world like the feathers on our crotple
crowned hens to home, and a big bunch of
false hair a dangling behind—half as heavy as
a sack of corn.

I paid the bill—went to the stable, got
Napoleon, and sot to sail for a daggeratype
office. The door was open, and as I didn't
want the trouble of onmounting, I clapped in
the spurs, and rid rite in!
There was four or five wimmen in there, and
severil men. Such a screeching and hopping
as there was! Anybody would have thought
Napoleon was the fust hoss that any of em
had ever seed! Two of the women swooned,
and fell into of the men's shirt bosoms; and
one of the men jumped out of a winder, leav-
ing his coat tail and a large part of his trow-
sloons hitched onto a nail in the winder stool!
I told the feller that owned the place what I
wanted—and he tried to purswade me to get
off, and he took a standing alongside of the
old mare; but I told him no! I was part of
her, and she of me! and it would never do
to have us sepperated!

He went to work, and fixed a little brass
muzzled cannon onto three long legs, and pint-
ed it rite at me and Nap. The old mare prick-
ed his ears up, and snorted, and acted dread-
ful oneasy.

The man stepped back, took a sight at us,
winked fust one eye at me, and then tother;
and at that minit, the old mare—having been
in the army so long and used to guns—sot her
head and tail, and went rite at that are machine
of his'n, and smashed it all into 'kindling wood
in less'n no time, and nigh about beat my brains
out against a mess of picter frames.

The man was mad, and he flew at her with
the remonants of his machine and put in the
licks the master. This was a leetle too much
for me—I riz my ambrill, and we had one of
the tightest skrimmages that ever transpirated!
I split his profile for him, and nighly took all
the skin off my hands a doing of it.

He come to, doxologised, and offered to take
my pottysgrafs for nothing, but I wouldn't let
him. I rid over to Diggins, rite opposite, and
got it fixed 'splendid! To be shure, and my
rats and mice was kinder squelehed, and my
cataract was a leetle 'one sided; but then, take
it all together, was slick!

You tell Obijah R. Green if he'll send me
his cart, I'll send him mine and the old mare's,
and run the risk of the Major's being mad.

Little-or-Nothings.

War is murder set to music.

Joys are our wings, sorrows our spurs.

Fortune and the sun make insects shine.

Jewish history is God's illuminated clock
set in the dark steeple of time.

Christmas is a season when gobblers are
gobbled.

In peace, men are depleted with lancets; in
war with lances.

A man who has but one arm can quadruple
t and be fore-armed.

The hair of an Arabian beauty is long and
dark, like a tempestuous winter night.

If Old Nick has a knack at lying, he is a
kind of Knickknack.

Always pay the miller his dues. Don't let
there be a mill-due upon you.

Ladies never weep when full-dressed, but
are content with the rain of tears—on the
handkerchief.

To some persons the thunder is the watch-
man's rattle, waking him out of the deep sleep
of sin.

We verily believe that women adorn them-
selves for their enemies even more than for
their friends.

We oftener say things because we can say
them well than because they are sound and
reasonable.

If you are insulted in a gentleman's house,
let the first thing you open be not your mouth
but the door.

It is said that a parson first invented gun-
powder. This may be hard to believe until
one gets married.

Inconsistancy may at times be better than
constancy. The latter, like a sullen porter,
sometimes lets in better company than it lets
out.

If some of our very conservative men had
been present at the creation, they would have
said, "Good God, what is to become of chaos!"

Men often attempt, by the light of reason,
to discover the mysteries of eternity. They
might as well hold up a candle to see the
stars.

True moral courage is the diamond pin
which may unite poetry and mildness with a
world braving stoicism.

The source of the best and holiest, from the
universe up to God, is hidden behind a night,
full of too-distant stars.

A noble anger at wrong makes all our softer
feelings warmer, as a warm climate adds
strength to poisons and spices.

The hypocrite in religion kneels, like the
first rank in a regiment, only that he may take
better aim at some one who stands opposed to
him.

A guest is often the paste and cement of two
quarrelling married halves, because shame and
necessity compel them to be courteous to each
other.

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 bright thought pierces the dark drizzle of
nature and of the soul, resolving itself into
a white mist, and the mist again into glittering
dew, and the dew may fall on flowers.

How holy is the joy and the pain of pure
unspotted music! Its jubilee and its sounds
of woe are not for any one circumstance in
life, but for life, for existence itself; and noth-
ing is worthy of its tears but eternity.

People who attend church are very apt to
close their eyes during the scattering of the
Divine seed as they do at the barber shop
when their heads are powdered.