

THE PILOT
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The Pilot.

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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 TEAS are not only selected with care to the selection of their Teas as to quality, value, and particular styles for particular localities of country, but he takes the Tea buyer to, choose out of their enormous stock such TEAS as are best adapted to his peculiar taste, 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, 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 a Tea Buyer—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 tastes, 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, Soulong, 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, and the prices annexed that the Company are determined to pay for all 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.

Select Poetry
THY WILL BE DONE.
 BY J. G. WHITTIER.

We see not, know not, all our way
 Is light—with These alone is day;
 From out the torrent's trouble drift
 Above the storm our prayers we lift,
 Thy will be done!

The flesh may fail, the heart may faint,
 But who are we to make complaint,
 Or dare to plead, in times like these,
 The weakness of our love of ease?
 Thy will be done!

We take with solemn thankfulness
 Our burden up, nor ask it less;
 And count it joy that even we
 May suffer, serve or wait on Thee.
 Whose will be done!

Though dim as yet in fane and line,
 We trace Thy picture's wise design,
 And thank Thee that our age supplies
 Its due relief of sacrifice, and
 Thy will be done!

And in our unworthiness,
 Thy sacrificial wine we press—
 If from Thy ordeal's heated bars,
 Our feet are seared with crimson scars,
 Thy will be done!

If, for the age to come, this hour
 Of trial hath vicarious power,
 And blest by Thee, our present pain
 Be Liberty's eternal gain,
 Thy will be done!

Strike, Thou the Master, we Thy keys,
 The anthem of the destinies!
 The minor of Thy loftier strain,
 Our heart shall breathe the old refrain,
 Thy will be done!

is no myth. Cause and effect are always in just relation to each other. They were so in the present case. A few days previously some of the principal men in the Engineer Corps had called on a professor in the College to ask about Edward, and also about another graduate, who had likewise put in an application for the vacant place.

"Which shall we take? If I have any personal preference, it is for young Parsons," said the Engineer; "but as our field of operation is far distant, we must select our men with care, for we shall have to keep what we take even if any should prove indifferent."

"I have no interest in either of them," replied the professor, "beyond what is felt for students generally. Parsons is a very clever young man; not quite as studious as he might be. We had to put him back last year. His own fault, for he has ability enough."

"A little too fond of pleasure, perhaps," said the Engineer.

"Well, yes; he enjoys the world as he goes along. I've often said to him that he was hardly enough in earnest; that we were living in an earnest age, and that only to earnest people, was success possible."

"What of the other young man?" asked the Engineer.

"Scarcely so bright as Parsons, but patient and persevering."

"One of the earnest ones to whom you have referred?"

"Yes, sir; and bound to succeed in anything he undertakes."

"Good at mathematics?"

"O yes."

"How in regard to health?"

"Sound, sir."

The Engineer mused for a little while, then remarked:

"Young Parsons has strong friends—we are pressed to give him the appointment; but the best man for our purpose must have the place."

And so it was that Edward Parsons lost this opportunity.

"Just my luck!" It was three years afterwards. Failing to get into an Engineer Corps, Edward Parsons had taken a clerkship in the office of a railroad company, at a small salary. There were other clerks in the office, and as the business of the company was large, requiring many employees to fill a variety of positions more or less responsible, changes and promotions were things of frequent occurrence. Knowing this, Edward had accepted the clerkship as a stepping stone to some higher place. But his peculiar "ill luck" still attended him. For three years he had waited, but no advance ment came. Others were put forward, some quite rapidly—but he remained in his first position.

"Just my luck!" he said, fretfully and despondently, to himself one day; after these three years of waiting and hoping for advancement. The work of the office was particularly pressing; and in the midst of it Edward had taken a "three days' holiday" to himself, for his annual indulgence in rail shooting, along the banks of the Delaware. A fellow clerk had said to him, in view of the pressure of work on the office:

"It's hardly right for you to be away just now, for your absence will make it harder for us."

"I can't help it, if it does, I am not going to kill myself. If a fellow can't have a day or two now, and then, what is life good for? Let the company get additional clerks in the office. We need them badly enough."

So he dropped his coat when the tide was pressing, and went away to enjoy himself. While absent, the President of the Company came to the city. He had often noticed Parsons, on his visits to his office. The bright, handsome young man had attracted him. Several times a natural desire to advance him to a better position had been obstructed through some untimely absence from his desk on the part of Edward, or for some other reason, for the existence of which he was himself to blame. On this occasion, the President had an important place, at one of the middle stations on the road, vacant. The salary was double what Edward received.

"It will just suit that young man," said the President to himself, referring in his thought to Edward Parsons. "He should have been advanced long ago. I don't like to see a capable clerk passed over as he has been."

"Where is young Parsons?" asked the President, on looking through the office, and seeing his desk vacant.

"He's been absent for a day or two," was replied.

"Sick?"

"No?"

"What's the matter? Too many hands for the work?"

"So far from it, we are really short-handed. Every clerk is overtasked."

"Why, then, is Parsons absent?"

"Rail and reed birds are in season. He's off shooting."

"Hadin' you better fill his desk?" said the President, a little angrily.

"O no. He's faithful and does his work well. You can't always count on him, it is true; but, for the desk he occupies, I don't think I could find a better man."

"O, well, that is for you to decide. But it wouldn't do for me to have him in my office. I want a first rate man for F— station. Who shall I take? Parsons was in my mind; but this rail shooting has settled him."

"When Edward Parsons returned from his three days' sport in the marshes, sun-browned and feverish from exposure to miasma, he learned that his desk-companion, who came into the office only a year before, had been sent to F— station on a salary of eighteen hundred dollars a year."

"I heard the President asking for you," said a fellow clerk. "If you had been here I've no doubt you would have got the appointment."

The miserable, desponding answer we have already heard—"Just my luck!"

"It was the rail shooting that did the business for you," said the other.

"No—it was my luck! If I had remained at my desk, the President wouldn't have come I'm baffled and tantalized in this way, until I'm out of heart. A fellow like Jones for F— station! It's too bad! It's just the place I wanted. I would have had some chance to show what is in me—some chance to have rewards. As to vegetating here, it doesn't suit me at all. I shall try something else if there isn't a change very soon."

Thirty years have passed since my first observation of Edward Parsons. His "ill luck" was just then beginning. He had failed to graduate, and been put back a year. His "ill luck" has dogged his steps to the age of fifty. I saw him last week. He looked worn and haggard—a disappointed and disheartened man.

"More 'ill luck," he said in answer to a question about his affairs. "Things always go against me!"

"What has happened?" I asked.

"Well, you see—" He talked earnestly. "After fighting for it almost a year, I got a contract from the government. I had to bid low of course, but took good care, as I thought, for a margin. Well I've worked on the contract for six months, and delivered over fifty thousand dollars worth of goods. I set my profit down at twenty-five per cent, and therefore ought to have made ten thousand dollars. Think of my disappointment at discovering myself actually ten thousand dollars in debt!"

"How can that be?" I asked.

He shrugged his shoulders, looked wretched, and replied:

"An error in calculation. I was late with my proposals, and went over the figures hurriedly. Putting a four instead of a three, made all the difference. I discovered the error last week, and threw up the contract, a ruined man."

"Very unfortunate!" I said.

"O, it's just my luck!" he answered. "I might have known how it would be. If you or any other man had obtained the contract, a fortune would have been made; I lost all the little I had, and am thrown in debt. But it's my luck—the Fates are against me!"

"And he turned from me, as miserable a looking man as I had seen for a year."

What I think you, my young friend, just starting in the world? Was it all luck? It may be worth your while to determine the question.

It is, enough to scare anybody, to have a hot thought come crashing into his brain, and plowing up those parallel ruts where the wagon-train of common ideas were jogging along, in their regular sequences of association.

It is the most momentous question a woman is ever called on to decide, whether the faults of the man she loves will drag her down or whether she is competent to be his earthly redeemer.

What will paralyze small minds, may incite larger ones, as the breath that extinguishes the candle will kindle and strengthen the flame upon the hearth-stone.

An earthquake is a terrible grave-digger.

Little-or-Nothings.

Beauty often suffers, but it oftener makes others suffer.

Society is a group of thinkers, and the best heads among them win the best places.

The sewing-machine is the Juggernaut of poor women.

A joy is never dead, so long as we can remember it.

The point upon which many women seem most sensitive is the *embroiderment*.

An egotistical article is an I-sore to the reader.

We judge, from occurrences in the city, that the break bone fever is exceedingly prevalent.

Music is the only earthly bliss that the imaginations of men have transferred to Heaven.

Poverty is the only load which is the heavier the more loved ones there are to assist in supporting it.

It is often the case that men, for the sake of getting a living, forget to live.

All the blows we strike should be for a purpose. Every nail driven should be as another rivet in the machine of the universe.

If you dream that you are with an angel, and wake up to find yourself with your wife, happy are you if you think your dream realized.

"You don't understand your business, Boniface; did you never have a gentleman stop with you before?" "No, not if you are one."

Whatever is, is right, if only men are steadily bent to make it so by comprehending and fulfilling its designs.

Every fact is impure, but every fact contains the juices of life. Every fact is a clod, from which may grow an amaranth or a palm.

Sit at home, and the spirit-world will look in at your window with moonlit eyes; run out to find it, and, rainbow like, it will have vanished.

Where the wash tub and the axe are constantly in requisition, there is little time for the book, the pencil, and the guitar.

The poet should describe, as the painter sketches Irish peasant girls and Danish fishwives, adding the beauty and leaving out the dirt.

Drink water. From water Venus was born. It is the mother of Beauty, the girdle of earth and the marriage of nations.

Absolute, peremptory, facts are bullies, and those who keep company with them are apt to get a bullying habit of mind.

If a woman has a heart, she should never suffer it to lie in her bosom as dead capital; it ought to circulate and pay interest.

Joy is of itself worth something if only that it crowds out something worse before one lays down his heavy head and sinks into nothingness.

All lecturers, all professors, all schoolmasters have ruts and grooves in their minds into which their conversation and their thoughts are perpetually sliding.

Society is a strong solution of books. It draws the virtue out of what is best worth reading as hot water draws the strength of tea leaves.

Most lives, though their stream is loaded with sand and turbid with alluvial waste, drop a few golden grains of wisdom as they flow along.

The ludicrous has its place in the universe; this was illustrated in the practical jokes of kittens and monkeys long before Aristophanes or Shakespeare.

At thirty we are all trying to cut our names in big letters upon the walls of this tenement of life; twenty years later we have carved it or shut up our jack knife.

\$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 **EMMENT RHYSOIAN**, 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 infallibly cure Tickling in the Throat. A half bottle has often completely cured the most stubborn cough, and, 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. To 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 its 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, or furnished 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 Store
 and Tinware Store Room,
 A few doors South of the Diamond, Greencastle, Pa.

THE undersigned having purchased Mr. Barr'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, 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, as to price and quality of his wares. My price will be low! low! low!!!
 Save money by purchasing at headquarters.
J. W. BARR,
 August 25, 1863.

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 subscribers 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.

A Good Story
JUST MY LUCK.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"Just my luck!"

I glanced toward the speaker. He was a handsome young man, with a healthy, intelligent face, and something in look and manner that attracted you irresistibly.

"Just my luck!" He spoke with a fretfulness of tone that showed him to be seriously annoyed. "Somebody must trip, and, of course, it falls to my lot."

A few brief inquiries led me into the secret of his trouble. Edward Parsons was at college, and had failed on examination-day. He must be kept back another year from honorable graduation.

"How was this?" I felt interested enough to make a few more inquiries. Why had he not passed with the thirty students who were to receive diplomas. Was it only his "ill luck?" Were the fates against him?

Edward was handsome, intelligent, and sojial; fond of billiards, fond of driving, fond of company. He was, not dissipated—was guilty of no excesses, or immoralities. Life flooded his veins, and he enjoyed the passing hours. Study and pleasure are very apt to jostle each other. If pleasure is simply for reinvigoration, it serves a high purpose; but when it is permitted to interfere with study or work, it injures. In the case of Edward Parsons, the billiards, the driving, and the pleasant company, had drawn him away from books and classes. He saw his deficiencies when near the closing term, and worked hard to make up for lost time; but he had sprung to his tasks too late. This was his "luck"; nothing more, nothing less.

"I am sorry for him. It is really unfortunate," said a friend. "He would have got a place in an engineer corps but for this. His application was in and favorably considered. Had he passed his examination, the appointment would have been made. His failure to graduate has shut the door against him."

"What a pity!" I said.

"Yes. But he has only himself to blame. Perhaps the lesson will do him good."

"Just my luck!" It was a year afterwards. The sentence fell from the lips of Edward Parsons. He was annoyed, excited, chafed. Had he failed again? Not in the examination; he had his diploma in his pocket. But he had failed to get an appointment in a corps of engineers about starting to make a survey for a projected railroad in California. His application was backed by influential friends, and strong efforts were made to secure the position, which was regarded as most desirable—particularly so, as he had studied with a view to civil engineering as a profession.

"Just my luck!" So he interpreted his failure to get the place, which was given to a classmate; who had not been considered over brilliant by his fellow students. But this luck