

THE PILOT
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JAMES W. M'CRORY,
(North West Corner of the Public Square.)
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deduction:
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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.

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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
1/4 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

U. S. 5-20's.

THE Secretary of the Treasury has not yet given notice of any intention to withdraw this popular Loan from Sale at Par, and until ten days notice is given, the undersigned, a "GENERAL SUBSCRIPTION AGENT," will continue to supply the public.
The whole amount of the Loan authorized is Five Hundred Millions of Dollars. NEARLY FOUR HUNDRED MILLIONS HAVE BEEN ALREADY SUBSCRIBED FOR AND PAID INTO THE TREASURY, mostly within the last seven months. The large demand from abroad, and the rapidly increasing home demand for use as the basis for circulation by National Banking Associations now organizing in all parts of the country, will, in a very short period, absorb the balance. Sales have lately ranged from ten to fifteen millions weekly, frequently exceeding three millions daily, and it is well known that the Secretary of the Treasury has ample and unailing resources in the Duties on Imports and Internal Revenue, and in the issue of the Interest bearing Legal Tender Treasury Notes, it is almost a certainty that he will not find it necessary for a long time to come, to seek a market for any other long or permanent Loans, THE INTEREST AND PRINCIPAL OF WHICH ARE PAYABLE IN GOLD.
Prudence and self-interest must force the minds of those contemplating the formation of National Banking Associations, as well as the minds of all who hold idle money on their hands, to the prompt conclusion that they should lose no time in subscribing to this most popular Loan. It will soon be beyond their reach, and advance to a handsome premium, as was the result with the "Seven Thirty" Loan, when it was all sold and could no longer be subscribed for at par.
IT IS A SIX PER CENT LOAN, THE INTEREST AND PRINCIPAL PAYABLE IN COIN, THUS YIELDING OVER NINE PER CENT PER ANNUM at the present rate of premium on coin.
The Government requires all duties on imports to be paid in Gold; these duties for a long time past amounted to over a Quarter of a Million of Dollars daily, a sum nearly three times greater than that required in the payment of the interest on all the 5-20's and other permanent Loans. So that it is hoped that the surplus Coin in the Treasury, at no distant day, will enable the United States to resume specie payments upon all liabilities.
The Loan is called 5-20 from the fact that Bonds may run for 20 years, yet the Government has a right to pay them off in Gold at par, at any time after 5 years.
THE INTEREST IS PAID HALF-YEARLY, viz: on the first days of November and May.
Subscribers can have Coupon Bonds, which are payable to bearer, and are \$5, \$10, \$50, and \$100; or Registered Bonds of same denominations, and in addition, \$5, \$10, and \$10,000. For banking purposes and for investments of Trust-moneys the Registered Bonds are preferable.
These 5-20's can be taxed by States, cities, towns, or counties, and the Government tax on them is only one-and-a-half per cent, on the amount of the Bond, when the income of the holder exceeds Six Hundred dollars per annum; all other investments such as income from Mortgages, Railroad Stock and Bonds etc., must pay from three to five per cent. tax on the income.
Banks and Bankers throughout the Country will continue to dispose of the Bonds; and all orders by mail, or otherwise promptly attended to.
The inconvenience of a few days' delay in the delivery of Bonds is an unavoidable one, the demand being so great; but as interest commences from the day of subscription, no loss is occasioned, and every effort is being made to diminish the delay.
JAY COOKE,
Subscription Agent,
114 North Third St., Philadelphia.
Dec. 8, 1863-64.

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GREAT DISCOVERY!
KUNKEL'S
Bitter Wine of Iron.
For the cure of weak stomachs, general debility, indigestion, diseases of the nervous system, constipation, acidity of the stomach, and for all cases requiring a tonic.
This wine includes the most agreeable and efficient Salt of Iron we possess: Citrate of Magnetic Oxide combined, with the most energetic of vegetable tonics, Yellow Peruvian Bark. The effect in many cases of debility, loss of appetite, and general prostration of an efficient Salt of Iron, combined with our valuable Nerve Tonic, is most happy. It augments the appetite, raises the pulse, takes off muscular flabbiness, removes the palor of debility, and gives a florid vigor to the countenance.
Do you want something to strengthen you?
Do you want a good appetite?
Do you want to build up your constitution?
Do you want to feel well?
Do you want to get rid of nervousness?
Do you want energy?
Do you want to sleep well?
Do you want a brisk and vigorous feeling?
If you do, try
Kunkel's Bitter Wine of Iron!
This truly valuable Tonic has been so thoroughly tested by all classes of the community that it is now deemed indispensable as a tonic medicine. It costs but little, purifies the blood, and gives tone to the stomach, renovates the system, and prolongs life. I now only ask a trial of this valuable tonic.
COUNTERFEITS.
Beware of COUNTERFEITS.—As KUNKEL'S BITTER WINE OF IRON is the only sure and effectual remedy in the known world for Dyspepsia and Debility, and as there are a number of imitations offered to the public, we would caution the community to purchase none but the genuine article, manufactured by S. A. KUNKEL, and has his stamp on the top of the cork of every bottle. The very fact that others are attempting to imitate this valuable remedy proves its worth and speaks volumes in its favor.
The BITTER WINE OF IRON is put up in 75 cent and \$1 bottles, and sold by all respectable druggists throughout the country. Be particular that every bottle bears the *fac simile* of the proprietor's signature.
General Depot, 118 Market st., Harrisburg, Pa.
For sale in Greencastle, by J. H. HOSSTETTER, and all respectable dealers throughout the county.
Prepared and sold, Wholesale and Retail, by
KUNKEL & BORTHER,
Apothecaries, 118 Market Street,
[Nov 9, '63-6m] Harrisburg.

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 3, '63-3m.

AMERICAN TEA COMPANY.

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 Manager, 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 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 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 relapse 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 croup, 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, country, and everywhere
[Sept. 29, 1863-6m.]

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 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 a 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.
J. W. BARR.
August 25, 1863.

THE GREAT CAUSE
OF
HUMAN MISERY.
Just Published in a Sealed Envelope. Price six cents.
A Lecture on the Nature, Treatment
and Radical Cure of Seminal Weakness, or Spermatorrhoea, Induced from Self-Abuse; Involuntary Emissions, Impotency, Nervous Debility, and Impediments to Marriage generally; Consumption, Epilepsy and Fits; Mental and Physical Incapacity, &c.—By ROBT. J. CULVERWELL, M. D., Author of "The Green Book," &c.
The world-renowned author, in this admirable Lecture, clearly proves from his own experience that the awful consequences of Self-Abuse may be effectually removed without medicine, and without dangerous surgical operations, bleedings, instruments, rings, or cordials, pointing out a mode of cure at once certain and effectual, by which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately and radically. This Lecture will prove a boon to thousands and thousands.
Sent under seal in a plain envelope, to any address, on receipt of six cents, or two postage stamps, by addressing the publishers,
CAS. J. C. CLINE & CO.,
127 Bowery, New York, Post Office Box, 4586.
Jan. 27, 1864-sep22ly.

Dear Pilot:—I herewith send you some pages from my Scrap-book. If you think it will amuse any of the young folks, you may print it. It was read in years ago, at an old fashioned celebration of the Twenty-second of February:—

WASHINGTON'S COURTSHIP.

There are three little epochs in Washington's life With interest for all peculiarly rife;
The expectant young mother most anxiously pries Into the time of the birth and the state of the skies—
What star at that hour propitiously mild, Shed its soft influence over the child,
And guided the hand that wrote the decree—
"The bravest and noblest of men shall he be."
Young maidens that smile with a blush on their cheek And for a good husband quite laudably seek,
Pass over his birth, and his childhood days When his greatness, itself in the future, betrays,
And fingers intent o'er the tale of his love Well noting the hours he spent with his dove—
Then sighs for the charms that could conquer a heart, The crash of proud armies had never made start.
The third of these epochs was Washington's death. 'Twas then in deep reverence the world held its breath When his death-knell was tolling humanity wept Through the cause of their weeping unconsciously slept;
And the heart of all nations was shrouded in gloom, As Liberty's Father was borne to his tomb.

Thus songs of solemnity, wit, or of mirth, Might be drawn from his courtship, his death or his birth.
But the latter we leave—an appropriate lay, With all the minutia of a child's natal-day,
For the matrons and Doctors—whoever may please, To weave into muse, at their hours of ease,
And the death of that hero's a theme of too lofty a flight
For the muse of a novice just learning to write.
Then his courtship we take as suiting our tongue,
And leave all the rest again to be sung.

Then let me observe in making a start, That George possessed a susceptible heart,
For yet in his youth when scarcely fifteen, (The like in those days may often be seen,) He fell into love beyond head and ears,
With a young lady of double his years;
And mad with this first, his puppy-love fashion He followed the leadings of true lovers fashion—
Dreamt dreams that his beauty was with him nearby, But awoke disappointed to weep and to sigh—
Took walks at the twilight in silence alone— Held distant converse with the "man in the moon"—
Sat musing, and oft, at the edge of the tide Where the calm Indian waters so peacefully glide,
And thought on the wavelets as like a young bride They embraced the white pebbles that lay at his side—

Then pictured in fancy or thought in a dream Himself was the pebble—his beauty the wave of the stream.
Thus oft he enjoyed the highest of bliss The token of love—the pledged-faith kiss,
And likewise in manner of Homer's time He prayed to Errato and scribbled in rhyme—
Love-ditties inscribed to his clamer so fair Describing her eyes and her beautiful hair;
Then soaring away to the blue heights above He sought for the length and breadth of his love.

But in vain did he sigh—in vain did he sing, No response from that heart his efforts could bring,
From some cause or other, we cannot tell why, His passion was doomed all fruitless to die.
Whether the Lady in a lady-like way Rejected the advances that George would essay,
Not deigning to lend her dignified ear To the suit of a stripling of fifteen year—
Or whether some rival more skilled in the game, Had flattered for that heart a previous claim,
And finding some grace in the young lady's eyes, By the rights of a squatter came in for the prize,
It boots me not here, neither elsewhere to show For to tell you the truth myself I don't know.

Yet Ladies, to you I would here say a word, And lend me an ear—please let me be heard,
If suitors you have, as is doubtless the case— (It has ever been so from the first of the race,) Be slow in assenting—be slow to deny.
First study him well by the light of his eye; And should he prove honest and upright and true,
And noble of soul, and love only you, I ask you—entreat you, by all I have sung,
Never refuse him because he is young.

And should you, young gents, by a lady be smitten, And she from some cause presents you a mitten—
Resist the temptation to wind up your life With the poisonous cup or the suicide's knife,
Take courage, remembering their's nothing more sure Than that time will your passion entirely cure.
And be cheered by another a happier thought "In the sea are good fish as ever were caught."
But pardon, we pray you, this early digression, And we hasten to tell you, with modest expression,
Of what a short courtship you'll doubtless consider Forerunning the marriage of George and a "wider."

When Washington found to his boyish distress, That the lady to whom he would pay his address,
Was little inclined to answer him yes, For reasons unknown we only can guess,
He turned on his heel, with a tear in his eye, And resolved in his heart a martyr to die—
To take for his bride the whole human race, And kneeling before her with lover like grace,
To offer his sword, with a chivalric air, In defence of her rights and her liberty fair.
His resolve being taken he soon was away,

Where his Country was calling the brave of the day, To repel the fierce savage who found his delight In brutally drinking the blood of the white
And soon by his deeds in humanity's cause, He won a fair name and envied applause,
His virtues were sung in the songs of each hearth, And a blessing implored on the day of his birth.
Thus fighting our battles a hero so bold, 'Mid unbroken forests and winter so cold,
He once on a time, for so we are told, Was forced to encamp in the comfortless wood,
And repair to a town in the best way he could, To provide for his men some clothing and food.

He had centered his way over many a mile, Attended alone by his Bishop the while,
And Pinetion's car—with the steeds in full chase, Had completed one-half of its diurnal race,
When he met with a man of considerable station, Who urged him to dine at a neighboring plantation,
Offering him more than a soldierly ration, Politely he answered the gallant request,
Though slow to become the gentleman's guest, But over-persuaded he halted in fine,
Conditioning thus that he might quickly dine, For duty, said he, "is calling—away."
And I cannot alight if there's any delay, Assured on this point he dismounted to wait,
For a dinner, soon served in Patrician-like state, Course followed course of the dainties of life,
Gotten up for the occasion by the gentleman's wife, But pleasanter far than the wines and the pies,
Was a charming young widow with a pair of black eyes.

The Colonel had fought for the rights of his land, But the seige of those peepers he couldn't withstand,
Like a magnet exerting some magical power Her charms had enchained him the very first hour
Yet how his brave heart was taken by storm By the beautiful face and the plump little form—
How her words to his ear, though but simple and plain,
Were the notes a happy—a Heavenly strain—
How the light of her eye, as the suns beaming ray, Found its way to his soul illuming its day—
How he drank in her smiles as a part of the draught, When the ruby Katawby together they quaffed—
Or how, in bad manners, by others unheard In the ear of his charmer he whispered a word,
It was never intended that I should relate, Excepting it were in part to abate
The confiding assurance, if those who prate About reason in love, as though it were wise,
To talk about seeing when the boy has no eyes, Or if those who affirm with the air of the right " 'Tis naught but a hoax—this love at first sight."

The dinner soon over, the steed at the gate Stood pawing and eager—unwilling to wait,
But his rider for once, in a lover-like way Forgot for awhile the cares of the day,
And surrendered himself with childish delight, To the warfare of love—a new kind of fight,
But billing and cooing we cannot tell why, Is always accounted exceedingly dry,
Whenever there chances a third party by, And thus to the lovers as often they do
The moments till evening most tardily flew, And anxiously eager they awaited the hour,
When Morpheus kind with his softening power, Had led the old-folks in the embrace of sweet sleep
To the Kingdom of Nod—there he vigils to keep; And then, Oh! ye lovers, imagine the bliss
The parents in bed—and alone with his Miss!

What passed from that hour till the dawning of day, I'm not real certain I can truthfully say,
And it needn't at all, to you be surprising If here I should give you just merely surmising,
Whether they courted in *bon ton style*, Sitting in opposite corners the while,
And glibly discussing the news of the day, Or what such an one's done and what other folks say,
Or whether they folded the arms of circumvallation, While discussing the affairs of this great Yankee nation,
In the style more affectionate than practiced in town,
On the pages of history has never come down, But if reason might teach when we only surmise,
Her teachings would run somewhat in this wise— From all that was not in itself democratic,
His thoughts and his actions were ever erratic, We have, therefore, a right, as every one should,
Assuming our premises, thus to conclude— He did up his courting in the popular way,
In lovers embrace till the dawning of day.

The gray streak of morn found the Colonel awake But not as yet, ready his journey to take,
His policy was in the battles of life, Never for once to depart from the strife
Till the enemy's flag in the dust he laid low, And bore off in triumph the sword of his foe,
So here in storming this gentler redoubt He faithfully carried his principles out,
The seige was a short one—three days and three nights,
When the widow surrendered her natural rights, Assuming again the pledged-faith vow,
No will but her lovers forever to know.

The engagement thus made and the courtship thus ended,
The Colonel completed his journey intended, Admitting himself that for once in his life
He had wandered from duty in seeking a wife But, lest into scenes of our festival mirth
When we sing of his courtship and hear of his worth, The dark-boding spirit of envy be carried,
We now take our leave before he is married, But ere we depart in a preacher-like way,
Exhorting, entreating, we earnestly pray,
That unmarried youth who their liberty prize, May beware of young widows with sparkling, black eyes.

Little-or-Nothings.

A young dairy woman is "for Cows and a market."

A poor fellow is badly mewed when locked into a small room with a big cat.

Sin has a great many tools, but a lie is the handle that fits them all.

To tip one fashion over by another is undoubtedly the tip of fashion.

A thick warm dress in winter is a portable wood-economizing stove.

Wring not ears from a woman. It is little else than to make a dish-cloth of her.

Ladies should never put pins in their mouths. Their lips should be roses without thorns.

Money is the metal wheel-work of human activity, the dial-plate of our value.

If men show their faith by their works, the faith of a good many would seem to be in the Devil.

Every man wishes to have his own individual farm or lot, but the grave yard is the common lot.

Ambition often puts men to doing the meanest offices; as climbing is performed in the same posture as creeping.

An unjust acquisition is like a barbed arrow, which must be drawn backward with terrible anguish or else will by your destruction.

May God grant us sometimes a hard nut to crack, for, after such nuts, the table-wine of life tastes deliciously.

The too frequent use of authority impairs it. If thunder were continual, it would excite no more sensation than the noise of a mill.

The reason why women has her way so much oftener than man is that both he and she are conscious that her way is the best.

Say what is right, and let others say what they please. You are responsible for only one tongue—even if you are a married man.

Up in the heavens the fogs of our days must one day be resolved into stars, even as the mist of the milky way is parted by the telescope into suns.

A strong but sinful spirit rises upwards, not like the lark to make music, but like the falcon to dart down on his prey.

Taking an enemy into one's mouth to steal away his brains isn't so bad as swindling a friend. You had better take in an enemy than take in a friend.

The years pelt a young girl with the red roses till her cheeks are all fire. By and by they begin throwing white roses, and the morning flush passes away.

In the old temples, oracular revelation were received in sleep. A great many people seem to seek for oracular revelation in the same condition in our modern churches.

When we see two young lovers kneeling at the altar, the heart's wish is that they may resemble the married in heaven, who, according to Swedenborg's vision, always melt into one angle.

If you see a miserly hypocrite praying on a Mount of Olives, probably he is about to build an oil mill up there; if weeping by the brook Kedron, you may conclude he is about to fish for crabs.

If unfortunately you find yourself riding the devil of anger, you had better ride the brute half dead, till he falls down, that you may not have to mount him again for a quarter of a year.

He that gives good advice builds with one hand; he that gives good counsel and example builds with both; but he that gives good admonition and bad example builds with one hand and pulls down with the other.

To pardon those absurdities in ourselves which we cannot suffer in others is neither better nor worse than to be more willing to be fools ourselves than to see others so.