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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 rule.
 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, 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, 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, 1863-5m. 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 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 your money 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,
 28 North Sixth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
 For sale by Druggists in city, county, and every where. [Sept. 29, 1863 - 6d.]

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, Common wealth and Charm, which he will sell cheap for cash. The very best quality of
 Tin, Japanned and Sheet Iron Ware,
 in great variety.
SPROUTING
 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.

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 Spermatoborrhoea, induced from Self-Abuse; Involuntary Emissions, Impotency, Nervous Debility, and Impediments to Marriage generally; Consumption, Epilepsy and Fits; Mental and Physical Incapacity, &c. &c. By **REV. C. C. WELLS, M. D.,** Author of "The Green Book," &c. &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, "bleeds," 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,
W. & A. G. CLARK & CO.,
 127 Bowery, New York, Publishers, 1863.
 Jan. 27, 1864. sep27-ly.

Select Poem.
BE HAPPY AND LIGHT-HEARTED.

Be Happy and light-hearted
 While youth is in its spring;
 For early joys and pleasures
 Will fleet with rapid wing.
 In sunny days of brightness,
 When smiles and gladness beam,
 Be happy and light-hearted
 Ere they vanish like a dream.
 No time is like the spring time
 Of youth's bright golden morn,
 Love brightest in the heart gleams,
 Ere pierced by sorrow's thorn.
 Then laugh in joy and gladness,
 Let each hour pleasure bring;
 Be happy and light-hearted
 While youth is in its spring.
 In youth we know no danger,
 And laugh at friendly fears;
 Neglect kind counsels given,
 Leave regret for after years.
 When we drink the cup of pleasure,
 It may danger with it bring;
 Yet be happy and light-hearted,
 While youth is in its spring.

A Good Story.
COMFORTED.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

Close drawn curtains—stillness; such deep surrounding stillness that breathing was audible. In this dimness and silence sat, through the long days, refusing to be comforted, a mother who had lost her child:—Not a child in the innocence of infancy, but in the fragrance and purity of young womanhood.
 A sorrow like this is hard to bear. It touches the very springs of life, and dashes their waters with bitterness. It weighs down the heart with a burden that makes every pulsation weak and painful. Clouds envelope the sun, and the earth is in shadow.
 "If I could only see her in my dreams," said Mrs. Ellsworth, to a friend who had left the outside cheerful world, and come into the gloomy apartment where the bereaved one sat nursing her sorrow. "If I could only see her in my dreams, it would be something. But, since the day her face was shut from me by the coffin lid, neither to outward sight nor inward vision has it again been visible. Through how many hours of the night have I kept awake, hoping that I might see her in the darkness. I was not afraid. Dear, dear child! She has gone from me as completely as if I were sailing over an ocean, and she had dropped down into its fathomless depths. Is there no return of our beloved? My faith begins to fail. I had not thought of the spiritual world as very distant. I had believed the separating veil thin. Thought gives presence and love conjunction, as to the spirit, whether we be in the body or out of the body; so I had said, and so I had believed. But now I sit and think of Margaret for hours, yet do not perceive her presence."
 The friend made no attempt to meet the state of Mrs. Ellsworth by theory or doctrine. She understood her case, and knew that there was no comfort in words. So, after sitting in silence for a little while, she said:—
 "You knew Mrs. Garland?"
 "Yes."
 "Have you heard about her?"
 "No! What about her?"
 "Not that her husband was killed at Gettysburg?"
 "Why, no! Killed at Gettysburg?"
 "Yes; and what makes the case sadder, his body could not be found. She will never know the place of his burial!"
 "Have you seen her?" asked Mrs. Ellsworth.
 "No; my acquaintance was too slight to warrant intrusion. But you were an intimate friend, I think."
 "We have been quite intimate. Poor Mrs. Garland! How does she bear this terrible affliction?"
 "I have not happened to meet with any one who has visited her."
 Mrs. Ellsworth, who had been sitting in a languid attitude, almost too spiritless to move, left her chair and began walking about the room. A new interest had been awakened in her mind. The grief of a friend had, for the moment, overshadowed her own:
 "You will go and see her," suggested the visitor.
 Mrs. Ellsworth stood still. She had not been out of her house—scarcely out of her chamber—since her daughter's death.
 "The words of a very dear friend give comfort in sorrow. The heart is sustained by sympathy."

"We are near and dear friends; her affliction is heavier than mine; I will go to her," said Mrs. Ellsworth.

Temperaments are different, and so are the principles on which character is based. No two minds bear sorrow alike. The heart of Mrs. Ellsworth failed her as she crossed the threshold of her friend's dwelling. She had come to offer the comfort of her presence—not to deal in fruitless words—and now she felt that even her presence could only add gloom to the darkness in which Mrs. Garland was enshrouded. A few moments of waiting and then a servant invited her up stairs. The chamber in which she found her friend was not in twilight shadows, but cheerful with tempered light. As she entered she met a pale, suffering face, and eyes running over. The face hid itself on her bosom. Tears mingled with tears, and sobs answered to sobs.
 "It was so kind in you to come," said Mrs. Garland, as they sat down together. "I have thought of you so many times, and wished to see you."
 A baby sat on the floor—a baby ten months old. His nurse had gone down stairs. He was half alarmed at the presence of a stranger, and put up his hands to be taken. His mother lifted him into her arms, and he nestled his head close down against her bosom, but with his eyes on Mrs. Ellsworth's face.
 "Dear baby!" said Mrs. Ellsworth, the moisture glistening in her eyes.
 "Margaret loved him so! I never look at him that I do not think of Margaret," returned Mrs. Garland. "And he was so fond of her—dear girl that she was! I dreamed of her last night. She was standing in the very room, with Eddy in her arms. How plainly I can see her!"
 "O, I would give all that I have in the world for just such a dream! to see her, even in my sleep. Oh, yes, she loved Eddy. Come, darling." And Mrs. Ellsworth, in whose heart was born at that instant a tender yearning to wards the child, held out her hands. The baby felt the new-born love, and responded by leaping into Mrs. Ellsworth's arms, and laying his head down sweetly on her bosom.
 "Just so he would spring into Margaret's arms," said the mother.
 "She loved all little children. A baby was her delight." And something of that very delight transfused itself through the soul of Mrs. Ellsworth. Since her own little ones lay on her breast, she had never perceived such beauty in a baby.
 And Margaret had loved this baby so tenderly! had so often held him in her arms, and felt his head against her bosom as she felt it now! A thrill of strange pleasure ran along her nerves. She had an intimation of Margaret's presence such as had not been given since the veil of death dropped down between them.
 "She so tenderly loved little children while in this world," said Mrs. Garland, "that, I doubt not, God has placed her in the midst of them. Their pure spirits are going upwards daily and hourly. Angels are gathering them, like fragrant harvest, from thousands of earthly homes, and garnering them in heaven. I have often pictured Margaret to my thought, surrounded by babies and little children, in ministering to whom she found a purer and more un-fading delight than she ever knew upon the earth."
 The countenance of Mrs. Ellsworth lightened. Her eyes glanced upwards; the close compression of her quivering lips gave away to something like a smile.
 "While my thought has dwelt too often with the body in the grave," she answered, "even when it followed her across the dividing river, it realized no actual condition of life—saw her in no congenial associations—realized nothing. Dear friend; you have put stones beneath my sinking feet. It may not just be as you have imagined; but one thing is plain to me now—the pure and innocent loves of her heart will not flow forth to be lost like water in sand."
 "No, no," said Mrs. Garland. "Defect in impediment, hindrance are of this world. They are born of evil. But, in heaven, every pure desire—every tender love—is gratified. Let our souls take up their rest in this; let us find some relief to pain in the sure faith that it is well with our departed ones; and that, if they come to us in spirit, they will be able to draw nearer to our souls are calm and resigned to God's will, then if they were shrouded in despair, and turbulent with complaint."
 "Yes, yes. It must be so," returned Mrs. Ellsworth. "A new suggestion comes to me. Have I not so hidden my spirit away amid pall and cloud, that my child could not find me? Her love is still the same. Her thought could not have turned itself from me. Why have I had no sign of her presence?"
 Mrs. Garland reached her hand for the child, who was still in Mrs. Ellsworth's arms; but Mrs. Ellsworth drew him closer, saying:
 "Let him remain—dear baby! I have hardly acknowledged it to myself, but since he has been lying here, Margaret has seemed almost in bodily presence beside me. I came to grieve with you, dear friend, in your deep sorrow, and lo, my heart has been comforted!"
 "I have been hiding away from my darling," said Mrs. Ellsworth, talking with herself as she went homeward. "I have so darkened all the chambers in which my soul dwelt, that she could not find me. I must open the windows; I must let in the light; I must clothe my spirits with fairer garments. I must no longer think of my loss, but of her gain. As God's kingdom in the heavens into which she has been borne is a kingdom of mutual love and service, my life must dwell among useful things if I would be in association with angles—and she is an angel."
 That night she had a dream of Margaret. She came in her spotless garment, holding little Eddy in her arms, and smiling down upon him with looks of ineffable sweetness. How real it all was!
 "Take him dear, mother!" She held him forth, and he sprang to the arms of Mrs. Ellsworth.
 The smile on Margaret's face grew tenderer, as she said:
 "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."
 The dream passed. And the morning came. But a sense of Margaret's presence remained. If she thought of her sadly; if she repined at her loss; if she sat down with folded hands, gathering gloomy states around her, this sense of presence began to fade. The departed one to move afar off. But, in all cheerful work, in all self-forgetfulness, in all service for another, she felt her very near. Sometimes she could say:
 "Margaret has been with me all day long."
 And so she was comforted. In an almost constrained effort to leave her own sorrow, and try to soften the pain that lay close and hard upon another spirit, she had found the way of consolation.

A COURT SCENE.

There was a hush in the police court-room as the red-nosed judge took his seat upon the bench, and shouted:
 "Bring the prisoner into court."
 "Here I am, bound to blaze, as the spirit of turpentine said when he was all a-fire," said the prisoner.
 "We will take a little fire out of you. How do you live?" asked the judge.
 "I ain't particular, as the oyster said when they asked him if he'd be roasted or fried."
 "We don't want to hear what the oyster said, or the spirits of turpentine, either. What do you follow?"
 "Anything that comes in my way, as the locomotive said when it ran over a little nigger."
 "Don't care anything about the locomotive. What is your business?"
 "That's various, as the cat said when she stole the chicken off the table."
 "If I hear any more absurd comparisons, I will give you twelve months."
 "I'm done, as the beefsteak said to the cook."
 "Now, sir your punishment shall depend on the shortness of your answers—I suppose you live by going around the docks."
 "No, sir; I can't go around the docks without a coat, and I ain't got none."
 "Answer me, sir. How do you get your bread."
 "Sometimes at the bakers, and sometimes I eat taters."
 "No more of your stupid nonsense. How do you support yourself?"
 "Sometimes on my legs and sometimes on a cheer, (chair)."
 "How do you keep yourself alive?"
 "By breathing, sir."
 "I order you to answer this question correctly. How do you do?"
 "Pretty well, I thank you Judge. How do you do?"
 "I shall have to commit you."
 "Well, you have committed yourself first, that's some consolation."
 The prisoner went out of the court with a jerk, and was hastened to jail.

Affect not the society of your inferiors in position—they will consider you a restraint upon them. Court that not of the great—they will receive you only upon sufferance.

Little-or-Nothings.

Art is woman's nature.
 Remembered love is a reflected ray from a departed sunset.
 In books and periodicals, lies are written only on paper; in church-yards on marble.
 Tell not your secrets in a corn-field; it has thousands of ears.
 Treat the butcher with respect; he is a being of flesh and blood.
 Generally the greatest humbug is he who talks of humbogs the most glibly.
 The voice gets hoarse from long talking, but speaking eyes can speak on forever.
 It is better to labor under aberration of mind than aberration of morals.
 Among men the highest grades are best; with railroad tracks the contrary is true.
 It is impossible for an artist to take the likeness of a red-nosed man in water colors.
 Show may easily be purchased; but happiness is always a home-made article.
 Masters a little blind and servants a little deaf get along together admirably.
 With the most ardent nature it is either love or hate; there is no twilight in the tropics.
 When gentleness and violence play for woman's love, the mildest gamester is the readiest winner.
 There may be counsels too weighty for women to bear; he knows little who tells his wife all he knows.
 If you are in want of a farthing-gale, cool yourself with a fan worth but the fourth of a penny.
 He who gives up is soon given up; and to consider ourselves of no use is the almost certain way to become useless.
 A true woman is as sweet as a cherub, meek as a saint, and innocent as a dove, something between a flower and an angel.
 Ladies should not, in their desire to be thought ethereal, inhale too much ether at a time.
 In fruits, a pleasant sour is generally thought better than sweet; in dispositions and tempers, never.
 We don't expect some people to recognize merit, for a man can't recognize what he knows nothing about.
 There are notes in music called hush notes. 'Twere well if a good many singers had no other.
 Those who must ventilate their thoughts by fretting and scolding, had better do a little patching to the house they live in.
 Wordsworth says that "the tall mountains sleep night and day alike. Certainly the very tall ones always have their white night-caps on."
 The truest self-respect lies, not in exacting honor that is undeserved, but in striving to attain that worth which receives honor and observance as its rightful due.
 In the foolish strife between patrician and plebeian, jack-draws and jays, it is only our sham feathers that make us despised—and deservedly, for all shams are despicable.
 We love the wild, high flying spirit whom men call Time. They have pronounced him cruel and treacherous. They have painted them like an old wizard, winged to bear away his victims in his talons. That is not the spirit whom we see. We see an angel, young with the youth of all eternity—his brow bedewed in its starry dawn. He folds his arms about our treasures, and he beckons us with a smile. Further, further, onward, upward, ward home.