

THE PILOT
 PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY MORNING BY
JAMES W. M'CRORY,
 (North West Corner of the Public Square.)
 at the following rates, from which there will be no
 deviation:
 Single subscription, in advance..... \$1.50
 Within six months..... 1.75
 Within twelve months..... 2.00
 No paper will be discontinued unless at the option
 of the Publishers, until all arrears are paid.
 No subscriptions will be taken for a less period
 than six months.

The Pilot

VOL-V GREENCASTLE, PA., TUESDAY, MARCH 15, 1864. NO 2

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
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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, 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 a superior salesman. 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, Souehong, 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 effectually 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 everywhere [Sept. 20, 1863.-5m.]

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, leeches, instruments, blisters, 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,
CHAS. J. C. KLINE & CO.,
 127 Bowery, New York, Post Office Box, 4688.
 Jan. 27, 1864.-sep22ly.

J. W. BARR'S Mammoth Store
 and Tinware Store Room,
 A few doors South of the Diamond, Greencastle, Pa.

The undersigned having purchased Mr. Need'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, both in price and quality of his wares. My price shall be low! low! low!!!
 Save money by purchasing at headquarters.
 All work warranted.
 August 25, 1863. J. W. BARR.

Select Poetry.
DO YOU OWE THE PRINTER?
 BY REUBEN RAINBOW.

Come, sinful debtor in whose breast
 Some conscience may revolve,
 Come, with your coward fear oppress'd,
 And make this wise resolve:
 I'll seek the printer, though my debts
 Do like a mountain rise;
 I know his wants, I'll pay him off,
 Whatever else defies.
 Perhaps he may take my excuse—
 Perhaps believe I lie;
 But if I perish I will pay,
 And thus his thoughts defy.
 Straightway I'll to his sanctum go
 And seek him face to face;
 I'll over fork the "tin" that's due,
 And thank him for his grace.
 Although ashamed thus late to go,
 I am resolved to try;
 For, if I stay away, I know
 In infamy I'll die.
 I know his patient nature well—
 Delinquents he'll forgive;
 He'll kindly pardon debtors' sins,
 And bid such suppliants live.

A Good Story.
IN THE LAST TIME.
 BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"An opportunity like this doesn't come to a man every day. Go in, and win; that is my advice."
 The speaker was past middle age; and he who listened had made the record of about an equal number of years in his Book of Life.
 "The stock will double on its present quotation in less than sixty days, Mr. Cushing," pursued the speaker, with ardor. "I've given you a hint of what is doing, and a hint only; but, take my word for it, the stock will go up like a balloon. It's down to twenty now; but it will range between the thirties and forties in a month."
 "And go down faster than it went up, Mr. Slooam," was answered.
 Mr. Slooam shrugged his shoulders, and looked arch and knowing.
 "Of course, you'll be out of danger. Forewarned, forearmed. It's a fancy, I know.—But there's a game up, and I happen to have seen the winning cards. Take ten thousand dollars of this stock now, and in thirty days you may sell out at fifteen or twenty thousand. The thing's as sure as death. There's not a particle of risk. The stock's been at twenty for the last year, and can't get below that figure. You can sell at twenty-five or thirty, while it's on the rising numbers, if you don't care to wait longer for higher chances."
 "If I understand you," said Mr. Cushing, "there is no solid basis for the anticipated rise."
 "None at all; but that's no concern of your's or mine. We don't operate for a rise; but only take advantage of what we know is going to be."
 "After sixty days the stock will fall."
 "Yes; and then stand from under, is the word. You may not find me the owner of a share."
 "Somebody will lose."
 "Of course."
 "And be swindled, of course," said Mr. Cushing.
 "You may call it by what name you please. But that isn't the question now. Go in and win the word."
 "This winning, I think you said, just now, was as sure as death?"
 "Death sure, Mr. Cushing!"
 "The remark has set me to thinking, Mr. Slooam."
 "Ah! What of your thoughts?"
 "There is a last time coming for us all."
 "So the preachers say." Mr. Slooam shrugged his shoulders, in a way peculiar to himself.
 "When some of the 'fancies' will rule at very low figures, I apprehend. For one, I should not like to hold them largely. I'm afraid their value would be light among the treasures we are commanded to lay up in heaven."
 "You're too serious, Mr. Cushing. I don't see what this going in on a rising market has to do with treasures in heaven. We're not talking about dying, but living. The stock will move up in spite of anything you or I can do; and for the life of me, I can't see where the harm is in taking advantage of a rise."

"All that I would gain, somebody else must lose," said Mr. Cushing.
 "Of course."
 Mr. Cushing shook his head. "It won't suit me, friend Slooam. I should be certain to hear of some duped and unfortunate loser on the very stock I sold as a fair article, when I knew it to be valueless above a certain rate.—If I were to buy at twenty, I'm afraid my conscience would never permit me to sell at thirty or forty, when I knew the purchaser would be swindled out of half his money."
 "You're too squeamish, Mr. Cushing! I call myself an honest man, and a Christian man also. And for the life of me, I can't see any harm in taking advantage of a rising stock, 'fancy' or no 'fancy.'"
 "Excuse me, Mr. Slooam," said the other, "but your remark about being a Christian man leads me to say, that I'm afraid Christianity hangs very lightly on the conscience of a stock speculator."
 "Did you never speculate in stocks, Mr. Cushing?" The interrogator frowned a little. He felt the remark as rather personal.
 "Yes."
 "What about the Christianity of your conscience, ha?"
 "It hung too lightly, sir; too lightly. I've gone in, a few times, on the rising market, and won. But for every dollar gained, I made a loss in another direction."
 "Ah! That was unfortunate."
 "So I felt it to be."
 "You had one consolation, Mr. Cushing."
 "What?"
 "The stock speculations saved you."
 "How so?"
 "Of course, the misfortunes you speak of, had no connexion with them; so what you lost by one hand you made up with the other."
 "On the contrary, Mr. Slooam, they were intimately connected; and the losses were in consequence of the speculations."
 "That's a little remarkable."
 "But no less true, sir."
 "What was the nature of these losses?"
 "There are two kinds of riches, Mr. Slooam, earthly riches and heavenly riches. Gold and good. I gained gold and lost good. In securing earthly treasure, I laid up just so much less of treasure in heaven."
 "I can't understand why, Mr. Cushing.—You don't cheat anybody. Speculation is neither robbing nor stealing. The article is in market, and you buy at current quotations.—When a rise takes place, you sell. It may happen, and often does, that the price falls, and then you lose. You have adverse as well as favorable chances. The thing is all open to the day."
 "Gambling, sir; mere gambling," answered Mr. Cushing. "A strife to gain what others may lose, not a system of reciprocal benefits, which is the Christian law of social life. It is founded in an intense and eager selfishness, that will not wait for the slow returns of useful work. It helps nobody; and generally hurts everybody whom it may happen to reach. Money, where it does not come as a gift or benefaction, should always represent a useful equivalent. It is a sign of value. But, when it would possess my neighbor's money without a fair return, then, am I not covetous? Do I not desire his good? Am I not violating a divine commandment? The agriculturist, the manufacturer, the merchant, the artisan, and all who are engaged in productive work or useful employments, serve the common good, and become sharers, by virtue of this service, in the commonwealth; but the speculator, like a tumor in the body, draws in the rich blood, and gives back nothing but fever, unhealthy excitement, disturbance of the useful functions and pain. That tumor, sir, is no part of the true body of society, and it will be extirpated in the last time. It may grow, as other evil things grow here, but its life is opposite to heavenly life, and it will not be found in heaven."
 "You are too serious altogether," Mr. Slooam made answer. "This is an extreme and abstract view—more ethical than practical."
 "Than practical! Why, my dear sir! the evil consequences of what I am condemning, all right thinking men see and deplore. The causes lie, as I have intimated, in an intense and eager selfishness, that grasps for gold as the robber grasps for plunder. Neither the speculator nor the robber cares for others; he does not gain by work, production, or benefit of any kind, and take his money as the reward of things useful; but by the law of force or artifice. Is it not so? Think!"
 Mr. Slooam was silent.
 "There is a last time for us all, my friend," said Mr. Cushing, speaking even more seriously

then before; "a last time that is sure to come. You and I have stepped across the line of middle age. I will be fifty in a month; and you have already accomplished the half century. Five, ten, fifteen, twenty years at most, and we shall be missed from our places among men. Have you made your will?"
 The question coming so unexpectedly, gave Mr. Slooam a start.
 "Yes, of course," he answered; "I am too systematic to neglect a thing of so much importance. Life is uncertain."
 "And in making it," said Mr. Cushing, "you consider well the nature and value of your property, and dispose of it with justice and judgment. As no part of your earthly possessions could be taken into the other life, you provided for their equitable distribution."
 "I did."
 "As a wise and prudent man. And then, Mr. Slooam, did not your thought go beyond to that state of existence which succeeds? To that real world, where we are to abide forever? Did you not think of the 'riches divine,' which are spoken of in God's Holy Word, as possessed by the righteous there? Of the treasure which our Lord enjoins upon us to lay up in heaven? In leaving everything of the world behind us at death, our future becomes a thing of momentous consideration. The wealth of this world is represented by gold and silver—that of the spiritual world into which we rise at death, by goodness and truth. If we do possess spiritual riches at death, if we have no good in our hearts, nor truth in our minds, we shall be poor, miserable and wretched in the other world."
 "These things have pressed themselves on my consideration of late; and your remark about the gain in this fancy stock speculation, being as sure as death, sent them trooping through my mind again. But I have occupied both you and myself to long. Good morning?"
 "So you decline this opportunity?" said Mr. Slooam, as his friend moved away.
 "I turn from it, with a shudder at the thought that I was for an instant tempted. No, sir; there is a last time coming, and it may not be far off. I will not burden my conscience with any transaction that is against the law of heaven, into which I hope to rise when mortal shall put on immortality. Good morning!"
 And the two men parted, one to ponder more deeply on the principles of rectitude and the laws of heavenly life by which man must be governed if he would build his house upon a rock; the other to forget warning and suggestion in the selfish love of gain that impelled him to the use of any means not in contravention of human law, by which gold was to be won.
 "Have you heard from Mr. Cushing within a day or two?" asked a business friend, addressing Mr. Slooam two or three weeks subsequently.
 "No. Why do you ask? Is he sick?"
 "Very sick. The last I heard of him, the doctor had but small hope of his recovery."
 "You shook me! Mr. Cushing! Can it be possible! What ails him?"
 "Some disease of the heart, I understand."
 "And not expected to recover?"
 "No."
 Mr. Slooam's countenance grew serious. His thought recurred to his last interview with Mr. Cushing, and he felt a slight chill running along his nerves. In drawing so near to his friend and acquaintance, death seemed to stand most unpleasantly near to himself.
 All day the thoughts of Mr. Slooam kept turning to the sick man, and in the evening he called at his house to make inquiry as to his condition.
 "Will you go up and see him?" asked the sad-face wife of Mr. Cushing.
 Mr. Slooam went up to the death-chamber; for, to one of them, that last time had indeed come. A pale, placid face, and clear calm eyes met him. The Angel of Dissolution had placed his signet there, and none could mistake the sign. Mr. Cushing smiled feebly, but sweetly, as he took the hand of his old business friend.
 "I am pained to find you so ill," said Mr. Slooam, in a troubled voice.
 The smile did not fade from the sick man's lips, as he answered feebly:
 "The time has come sooner than I expected; but I am not afraid. I think there is some treasure laid up in heaven. If the amount is not large, it is in good securities, I trust; no 'fancies,' friend Slooam! No speculative stocks. Nothing but what is truly spiritual and substantial—that is, of love to God and the neighbor."
 He shut his eyes, the smile still lingering about his mouth. But it began fading slowly;

and when it died away, tranquil peace rested calmly where the light had been. He was at rest.
 "No 'fancies' in the lost time," said Mr. Slooam, communing with his thoughts as he walked, in sober mood, homeward. "Will it be so in my last hour of extremity? Will there be no worthless securities in the treasure I have sought to lay up in heaven, when I go stripped of earthly possessions, into the eternal world? God help me, if my soul were required to-day! I thought him weak and foolish, when he would not go in and win, as I have. I am richer to-day, through the operation, by over five thousand dollars—somebody will be poorer in the same amount in sixty days—but I am glad Cushing held back. He could not have died so peaceably with that burden on his mind. 'Fancies' amid the securities sought to be laid up in Heaven! I never thought of that before. I must look closer to my investments; for what shall I profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"
 On the next day, Mr. Slooam sold out all his speculative stocks; and has not, since, sought to gain a single dollar, except legitimate trade. He cannot forget Mr. Cushing, nor the inevitable last time that comes to all.—N. Y. Ledger.

Little-or-Nothings.
 Heaven deals with us on no representative system. Souls are not saved in bundles.
 A great mistake sometimes turns out better than a good intention.
 Miserable men have generally no bowels for others and no mercy on their own.
 Never chase a lie; let it alone and it will run itself to death.
 Never put off till to-morrow that which you can do to-day.
 Undoubtedly woman is Heaven's uttermost work.
 A canter across a fine field may be a pleasant thing; but we hate a canter in the pulpit.
 The first part of married life is the shine of the honeymoon; the rest too often common moonshine.
 If you crack rough jokes at other people's expense, you may get your head cracked at your own.
 Perfection to the artist, like the horizon to the voyager, is ever equally afar off.
 For one who deplors his own follies you will find a hundred who bitterly deplore those of their neighbors.
 People may be instructed by those who have less sense than themselves—as a man may be guided by a finger board that has no sense at all.
 Confine not your charities to the good. If you give to the undeserving, you but do to them what heaven has done to you.
 In ancient times there were but "three Graces;" in these days every lady thinks she has at least three times that number.
 When God had created the world he pronounced it good. The ascetic pietists call it a dead failure.
 By pulling your finger from the water you leave no hole in the fluid, and by dying you leave no vacancy in the world.
 In romance, disguise sometimes conceals grandeur, but in real life it is generally the shelter of disgrace.
 One of the commonest instances of metamorphosis is a toper's turning into a grog-shop—and not much of a metamorphosis either.
 He who can irritate you whenever he likes is your master. You had better turn rebel by learning the virtue of patience.
 There are a great many subjects to be wise or witty upon—and just as many to be ignorant or foolish about.
 The spirit of innovation is often pestilent. People will not look forward to posterity who never look backward to their ancestors.