

**THE PILOT**  
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# The Pilot.

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**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 devoted to the selection of the  
 best styles for particular localities of country, but he  
 helps the TEA BUYER to choose out of their enormous  
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 wants, and not only this, but points out to him the  
 best bargain. 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 MARKER,  
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 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 mer-  
 chant.  
 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, 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 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.

**Select Poetry.**  
**WHAT IS A YEAR?**  
 What is a year? 'Tis but a wave  
 On life's dark-rolling stream,  
 Which is so quickly gone that we  
 Account it but a dream.  
 'Tis but a single, earnest throbbing  
 Of Time's old iron heart,  
 Which tireless is and strong as when  
 It first with life did start.  
 What is a year? 'Tis but a turn  
 Of Time's old brazen wheel;  
 Or but a pang upon the book  
 Which Time must shortly seal.  
 'Tis but a step upon the road  
 That we must travel o'er;  
 A few more steps, and we shall walk  
 Life's weary road no more.  
 What is a year? 'Tis but a breath  
 From Times old nostrils blown  
 As, rushing onward o'er the earth,  
 We hear his weary moan.  
 'Tis like the bubble on the wave,  
 Or dew upon the lawn:  
 As transient as the mist of morn  
 Beneath the summer's sun.  
 What is a year? 'Tis but a type  
 Of Time's oft-changing scene;  
 Youth's happy morn comes gaily on,  
 With hills and valley's green:  
 Next summer's pines succeeds the spring,  
 Then Autumn, with a tear;  
 Then comes old winter; death and all  
 Must find a level here.

**A Good Story.**  
**SOMEBODY.**  
 BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"Who is that young lady?"  
 "Her name is Perkins," was the answer.  
 "There's a style about her not often met  
 with."  
 "Yes; I've noticed her on the street a great  
 many times. Once seen, she is likely to be  
 remembered."  
 "Perkins? Perkins? What family of Per-  
 kinses?"  
 "I can't enlighten you beyond the fact that  
 her father is said to be very rich. He is from  
 New York, I have heard. You know the ele-  
 gant house Randall built?"  
 "Yes."  
 "He's bought that property."  
 "Ah! then he must have a few spare dol-  
 lars. What is his business?"  
 "He has none, I believe."  
 "A retired merchant, I presume."  
 "No doubt."  
 "He's got a stylish looking girl for a daugh-  
 ter, that's certain. Just observe her now, as  
 the light falls over her! Isn't that a face,  
 once seen, to be remembered? What a bril-  
 liant pair of eyes! Full of fire and feeling—  
 And such a complexion! As the poet would  
 say—  
 Like the apple tree blossom  
 From the dew-fountains fed  
 Is the bloom of her cheek,  
 With its white and its red."

Thin, wide nostrils, and lips of which a sculp-  
 tor might dream! Ah! that is a face of ex-  
 quisite perfection."  
 "Beautiful, certainly; yet to me it fails in  
 womanly softness. She carries her head a lit-  
 tle too proudly."  
 "Conscious superiority cannot always hide  
 itself. Gifted, accomplished, and, for a nature  
 like hers, something undisciplined, we may  
 infer, it can hardly be a cause of wonder, or  
 even rebuke, that pride should a little vaunt  
 itself. The wonder would be at a different re-  
 sult. We forgive in some what we never tol-  
 erate in others."  
 "Did you see that?" asked the other, his  
 tones expressing surprise.  
 "I did."  
 "What do you think of it?"  
 A young lady, well known to both of the  
 gentlemen who were conversing, had just been  
 presented to Miss Perkins, who received the  
 introduction with an icy stiffness of manner,  
 that could not be called lady-like. Her head  
 drew itself up with an undisguised haughti-  
 ness, her lips closed proudly, her eyes looked  
 coldly into the crimsoning face of the modest  
 girl who stood before her. Conscious superi-  
 ority was stamped on attitude and expression.  
 "It doesn't just please me," was replied to  
 the question. "And yet, she looks beautiful,  
 even under the veil of pride. The manner of  
 her education, and the social sphere in which  
 she has moved, have conspired to give her  
 false ideas of personal consequence. So I ex-  
 plain it."  
 "She will not gain much in the estimation of  
 people in our circle by putting on airs of supe-  
 riority towards Mary Langdon."

"No; but when she comes to a mere intimate  
 acquaintance with Miss Langdon, she will  
 honor her as an equal."  
 There was an unsatisfied shrug in response.  
 Remarks of this character were not confined  
 to the interlocutors we have introduced. The  
 air, manner, style of beauty, dress and conduct  
 of Miss Perkins, drew upon her observant eyes  
 from all directions. She was noticed on the  
 street, in company, at public places—every-  
 where, with a minuteness of observation that  
 girls of less dash and pretension escape. Sen-  
 sible people, and those who understood what  
 the word lady meant, were not favorably im-  
 pressed by Miss Perkins. They saw snobbish-  
 ness—a homely but expressive word—where  
 others saw an air of genuine superiority, to the  
 manner born.  
 "She acts as if she were somebody, and  
 knew it," was said by another, as he looked  
 after her, moving across the room, on the arm  
 of a young man not over highly esteemed for  
 moral worth in the community. Her step was  
 very stately.  
 "The ground is hardly good enough for her  
 feet. There ought to be a great deal of real  
 substance back of all this."  
 "And is, without doubt. She is hardly the  
 fool to build so imposing an edifice on a poor  
 foundation."  
 "I don't know. Real worth is not, usually,  
 pretentious. I am always suspicious in cases  
 of this kind."  
 "What do you know of her family?"  
 "Nothing. Common report says that Mr.  
 Perkins has immense wealth. He is some re-  
 tired merchant prince, I suppose."  
 "He doesn't strike me as a very princely  
 looking man."  
 "No. But men don't always, in the outer  
 aspect, reveal their true quality."  
 "Who is this Perkins?" The question was  
 put to a third person, who came up at the mo-  
 ment.  
 "A retired shoemaker or leather-dealer,  
 which ever you will."  
 "No!"  
 "It's a fact, and nothing to his discredit;  
 rather to his honor, that he had energy enough  
 to make a fortune out of the slender materials  
 that were given into his hands."  
 "Are you certain of this?"  
 "Yes; I have it from one who knew him  
 thirty years ago, and who has worn shoes of  
 his manufacture. He started in life, as a jour-  
 neyman shoemaker; saved enough to open a  
 shop for himself; got along by industry and  
 economy; and finally accumulated a handsome  
 fortune, which he is now enjoying."  
 "And this handsome, proud, dashing young  
 lady, who can treat Mary Langdon with indif-  
 ference, as though beneath her, is his daugh-  
 ter; I must get a little closer to her, and see  
 what are her personal merits."  
 "The Langdons live opposite the Perkins-  
 es?"  
 "Yes."  
 "And in a fair humbler manner."  
 "Yes. Mr. Langdon is poor, and Mary give  
 lessons in music, French and Italian, in order  
 to lighten the burdens that rest upon her father."  
 "And a noble girl she is—worth a hundred  
 of your painted, butterfly chits, who in all  
 public places offend the eyes of sensible men  
 and women. Mr. Langdon, once among our  
 wealthiest citizens, but now reduced in circum-  
 stances, is as far above common men, as to  
 character, education, mental endowments, and  
 social accomplishments, as his daughter is above  
 the crowd of girls I have designated. Look at  
 him and then at Mr. Perkins. You will be in  
 no doubt as to which is made of fine, and which  
 of common stuff."  
 The two gentlemen, soon after, found them-  
 selves in a group of which Mary Langdon and  
 Miss Perkins formed a part. The former was  
 quiet and observant, the latter gay, talkative,  
 and disposed to make herself a central attrac-  
 tion. A new book was mentioned, and the  
 opinion of Miss Perkins asked. She had not  
 read it, but ventured a flippant criticism on  
 the author.  
 "Have you read the book, Miss Langdon?"  
 asked one of the gentleman who had joined the  
 group.  
 The question was meant to bring the two  
 young ladies in contrast.  
 She smiled, and said, "Yes."  
 "How were you pleased?"  
 "The reading of that volume," she replied,  
 in her sweet, unobtrusive way, "is a thing to  
 be remembered. To me it was a rare plea-  
 sure."  
 "He draws his characters with great skill."

"Yes," she answered; "with a skill that  
 makes them stand out, individualized, to your  
 mind as clearly as characters in real life stand  
 out. And yet none of them are the men and  
 women we see."  
 "Hilda is charming," remarked one of her  
 auditors.  
 For that sweet type of pure womanhood all  
 women should thank him," said Miss Langdon,  
 as a new beauty, born of spirit, flushed her  
 gentle face.  
 "And all men, too," was answered; "for  
 such an ideal in the mind of a woman, must  
 lift her in some degree, above selfishness and  
 conventionality, making her more worthy of  
 her high mission—and more worthy she be-  
 comes, the more surely will man rise to higher  
 and purer altitudes."  
 "What do you call her mission?" here broke  
 in Miss Perkins smartly. "To sew on buttons,  
 and nurse babies?"  
 And she laughed a gay laugh. The conver-  
 sation had gone beyond her depth, and she  
 made an effort to draw it back into shallow  
 water.  
 "Two or three pairs of eyes were turned upon  
 her face, suddenly, though not admiringly.—  
 No one answered. After a pause, Miss Lang-  
 don said:  
 "I have read many descriptions of St. Peter's  
 at Rome; but never had the vast interior so  
 clearly represented to my mind as in this book.  
 And the remarkable thing is, that the descrip-  
 tion which is really subordinate to the incidents  
 that hold your deep feeling in the story, leaves  
 on your mind, an almost daguerreotype impres-  
 sion. I stood, for the time, amid its isles and  
 chapels, awed by its grandeur, and bewildered  
 by its untold wealth of ornaments  
 A cloud was visible over the face of Miss  
 Perkins, and it veiled, to more eyes than one,  
 the beauty that played over it, like sunshine,  
 a little while before. She felt the superiority  
 of Miss Langdon, and it made her angry.—  
 Again she threw in a remark, intended to  
 change the subject of conversation: but she  
 failed as before, and drew eyes upon whose  
 expression by no means flattered her vanity.  
 "Do you sing, Miss Perkins?" asked one of  
 the group.  
 "No sir," was answered, with a slight toss of  
 the head, and an air meant to convey the im-  
 pression that she thought singing a vulgar ac-  
 complishment.  
 "You play; I have heard you." And the  
 young lady was taken to the piano, on which  
 she pounded expressionless, through a difficult  
 piece of Italian music, which her teacher had  
 given her as an exercise, and into the theme  
 of which she had not the appreciative taste to  
 enter. There was a sudden stillness in the  
 room, when the first chords of music ran through  
 it with an emphasis; but, in a little while, the  
 murmur of voices began again, and soon half  
 drowned the throbbing instrument.  
 Miss Perkins left the piano in disgust and  
 ill-humor at the close of her first performance,  
 much to the relief of all sensitive ears. Then  
 Miss Langdon took her place, at the request of  
 more than one.  
 The same stillness pervaded the room at  
 her first touches, as in the case of Miss  
 Perkins; but how different were the touches  
 and how prolonged the silence! There was  
 no effort at brilliancy; no choice of impos-  
 ing subjects; no loud clash of the strings.—  
 She was not performing in the effort to extor-  
 t a reluctant admiration, but to give, if possible,  
 pleasure to her listeners. And so she took  
 familiar themes, light and pleasing; or tender  
 with pathos; or sweet with bird-like melodies  
 —her fingers all the while playing with the  
 keys as if every touch were a sentiment. The  
 murmur of voices did not go on again after the  
 first stillness; but every ear listened until the  
 last note died. Then words of praise, or ex-  
 pression of delight, passed from lip to lip.  
 Miss Perkins heard them, and they stung her  
 pride.  
 "Nothing but a teacher!" she said with a  
 curling lip, to a girl who sat near her; "and  
 this is her card. Perhaps she'll get a new  
 scholar to-morrow."  
 The girl laughed at her pretty smartness, but  
 did not admire the spirit in which she had  
 spoken. It happened that within ear distance,  
 one of these independent, free speaking, not  
 over-delicate individuals, met in all companies,  
 happened to be standing. Mary Langdon was  
 one of her favorites, and the remark of Miss  
 Perkins, which she heard distinctly, put the  
 match to her quick feelings. Turning towards  
 her, she asked, loudly enough for at least half  
 a dozen to hear—  
 "Can you tell me in what respect a shoe-  
 maker is better than a teacher?"

We by no means justify this unladylike  
 rudeness. We merely give the fact. Miss  
 Perkins had provoked a rebuke, and it was  
 given in no honeyed shape. Her face burnt  
 crimsoned red in an instant, and she bent it  
 down low to hide the tell-tale glow.  
 "This was rather severe, Miss Casper," said  
 one of the gentlemen, whose curious observa-  
 tion had already been drawn towards Miss Per-  
 kins.  
 "I know it was," she answered; "but the  
 shallow upstart provoked me beyond endurance.  
 You heard her remark about Mary Langdon?"  
 "No."  
 "She said, with a curl of her thin lip, that  
 Mary was only a teacher, and that her sweet  
 performance just now was given as a card  
 Contemptible!"  
 "That was rather sharp."  
 "It was the mean snarling of a little soul.  
 Who and what is she, I wonder? A shoe-  
 maker's daughter! I've searched out her pedi-  
 gree. People that put on airs must expect to  
 be sifted to the bottom, as she and hers have  
 been. Her mother bound shoes for a living,  
 when her father, cobbler, married her. That  
 was their beginning."  
 "No disgrace to them," was answered.  
 "Nobody said it was; my grandfather was a  
 blacksmith, and my father made barrels in his  
 younger days, but I don't see that I am better,  
 in consequence, than the highly accomplished  
 daughter of a highly educated, honorable gen-  
 tleman, for all that. Miss Perkins! Pah!  
 What is she in her self? She has but little  
 mind; is poorly educated; has no real accom-  
 plishment; is vulgar and badly behaved in the  
 streets, and public places; is proud, vain, and  
 self-conceited. Why, she hasn't a claim be-  
 yond a certain taken style of beauty—taking,  
 I mean, to a class of young men who cannot  
 see mind and feeling in a face—to any kind of  
 social position."  
 "You forgot her father's money."  
 "Throw that in, if you will, as a make-  
 weight. She needs it in all conscience!"  
 "That is the stylish, handsome, dashing,  
 pretentious Miss Perkins?"  
 "It is."  
 "I thought her somebody."  
 "And you find her just—nobody!"  
 "Alas! how the fine gold is dimmed."  
 "There is no fine gold to dim," replied Miss  
 Casper. "I have only rubbed of the tinsel,  
 and showed you the coarse-grained substance  
 beneath. All is not gold that glitters."—*N.  
 Y. Ledger.*

**Little-or-Nothings.**  
 By preparing for the worst, you may often  
 compass the best.  
 You had better pay for one drink than run  
 up a score.  
 Love is a compound of honey and gall, mixed  
 in various proportions for customers.  
 No doubt it is a great deal pleasanter to die  
 for some beautiful women, than to live with  
 them.  
 Oftentimes those best able to dispense chari-  
 ties are most in the habit of dispensing with  
 them.  
 The book of a malignant writer cannot re-  
 flect its author without reflecting on everybody  
 else.  
 A military man is generally vain. His vani-  
 ty makes him strut, and his strut re-acts upon  
 his vanity.  
 No man deserves to be praised for his good-  
 ness, if he has too little strength of character  
 to be wicked.  
 Of what use are forms, seeing that at times  
 they are empty? Of the same use as barrels,  
 which, at times, are empty too.  
 Envy pursues its victims throughout life.—  
 It ceases to gnaw only when the grave-worm,  
 its brother reptile, begins.  
 An indiscreet man is more hurtful than an  
 ill-natured one; the latter attacks only his en-  
 emies—the other injures friends and foes alike.  
 The most agreeable of all companions is a  
 simple, frank man, without any high preten-  
 sion to any oppressive greatness; one who  
 loves life, and understands the use of it, oblig-  
 ing, alike at all hours; above all, of a golden  
 temper, and steadfast as an anvil. For such a  
 one we gladly exchange the greatest genius, the  
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 native town, and not a single instance of its failure  
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 We have, in our possession, any quantity of cer-  
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 ANS**, who have used it in their practice, and given  
 it the preeminence over any other compound.  
 It does not Dry up a Cough,  
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 rate freely. Two or three doses will invariably  
 cure Tickling in the Throat. A half bottle has ef-  
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**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.  
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