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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 BUYERS not only devalue his time to the selection
 of their Teas as to quality, value, and particu-
 lar 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 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 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 pur-
 chase 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, 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 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.

\$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 cer-
 tificates, none of them from **EMINENT PHYSICI-
 ANS,** who have used it in their practice, and given it
 the preeminence over any other compound.
 It does not Dry up a Cough,
 it loosens it, so as to enable the patient to expe-
 corate freely. Two or three doses will invariably
 cure Tickling in the Throat. A half bottle has of-
 ten 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 adminis-
 tered to children of any age. In cases of **GROUP**
 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 every-
 where [Sept. 29, 1863.-6m.]

J. W. BARR'S
Mammoth Stove
 and Tinware Store Room,
 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, Commonwealth and Charm, which he will sell
 cheap for cash. The very best quality of
Tin, Japanned and Sheet Iron Ware,
 in great variety.

SPORTING
 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 Sper-
 matorrhoea, induced from Self-Abuse; Involuntary
 Emissions; Impotency, Nervous Debility, and Im-
 pediments 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 effec-
 tually removed without medicine, and without dan-
 gerous 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 him-
 self cheaply, privately and radically. This Lecture
 will prove a boon to thousands and thousands.
 Sent under seal, in a plain envelope, to any ad-
 dress, on receipt of six cents, or two postage stamps,
 by addressing the publishers,
CHAS. J. O. KLINE & CO.,
 127 Bowery, New York, Post Office Box, 4586.
 Jan. 27, 1864, sep221y.

Select Poetry.
THE LOVES OF SPRING.
 BY MRS. L. H. BIGNOURNEY.
 I love the earliest grass,
 That dons its mantle green,
 And ventures with such fearless eye
 Dissolving snows between.
 I love the unfolding bud
 That like a babe awakes,
 When Spring beside its cradle-shoath
 Her watch maternal takes.
 I love the ivy-plants,
 Aspiring through the sod,
 To climb the sacred Temple walls
 Where the Christians worship God.
 I love the snow-drop pure
 That hides the nipping air,
 And bendeth like a ducille child
 To say its evening prayer.
 I love the brooklets small
 That glide o'er hill and plain,
 And full of gladness sing His praise
 Who broke their icy chain.
 I love the moss and fern
 Whose undistinguish'd gem
 Scarcely a busy throng regard,
 Yet God remembereth them.
 I love all living things,
 That share our Father's love,
 And by their beauty lure our souls
 To seek His home above.

A Good Story.
A HUSBAND'S SECRET;
 OR,
THE MYSTIC LETTER.
 BY W. O. EATON.

"O love! what is in this world of ours
 That makes it fatal to be loved?"—DOR JUAN.
 They passed from before the altar of God,
 a wedded pair, in the presence of a few friends
 of the bride; and though there were not want-
 ing those among the spectators who uttered
 evil forebodings as to their future life, the
 bride, at least, was happy.
 A year before, while Grace Dane was earn-
 ing a fair livelihood in the Northern city, as a
 seamstress, chance made her acquainted with
 Henry Mowbray, a wealthy young merchant
 from the West, who had come for a permanent
 residence to the city in which she lived. Ac-
 quaintance ripened into friendship, and love
 and marriage followed in its train.
 But little was known of Mowbray's previous
 history. He was sad and reserved in general.
 But he was known to be a man of means and
 of a stainless mercantile reputation. The few
 living kindred of Miss Dane were residing in
 Canada. She was left almost entirely to her-
 self, at the age of twenty, in making her choice;
 and as she was fascinated with the address and
 personal appearance of Mowbray, she did not
 hesitate to accept the man who told her that
 he loved her.
 He was a tall, erect, swarthy, dark-haired
 man, with an almost feminine mildness in his
 dark-blue eyes, yet a firmness of mouth and a
 manliness of carriage which commanded respect
 from all.
 Grace was a blonde beauty, with golden hair,
 and a face and figure which formed as great a
 contrast with her husband's as one could well
 imagine. A fawn by the side of a lion. She
 was all ardor, truthfulness, and fondness, and
 seemed to live upon her smiles, which were
 sad ones at the best; and ere long she saw to
 her sorrow that he was subject to moods of
 gloomy abstraction.
 "Can it be that he repents his choice—and
 is tired of me?" sighed she, examining her-
 self in a mirror. "Does he think he has mar-
 ried beneath him? Or—can he ever have
 loved another?"
 In time her face took the dismal hue of
 jealousy. An accident confirmed it, and made
 her wretched.
 One day when he had seemed more than
 usually gloomy, and was absent from home,
 she went into his study, and on the desk there
 found an unfinished letter, commencing thus:
 "DEAR HELEN: I have a sad disclosure to make;
 a secret long on my mind. You may reproach me
 for it, but I have loved, and still love another—
 After all that has transpired—"
 The sentence was incomplete, as if the task
 had been too painful to be pursued, or the
 writer had taken time to consider about it, and
 in his agitation of mind had left the letter ex-
 posed.
 "Dear Helen!" murmured the wife, pale,
 and striving to suppress the tumult of her
 agonized heart. "It is what I have often sus-
 pected. This Helen must be some former
 lover or present paramour, and he is in trouble

regarding her. About to disclose, perhaps,
 that he is now married. But he still calls her
 dear Helen! Now, I am indeed wretched.—
 Oh that this letter was finished!—that I might
 be rid of this torment of suspense. To be
 jealous with cause and be kept in the dark is
 the worst of miseries. I could not feel such
 anguish if I knew all. Shall I ask him?—
 No! I have too much pride to beg a secret
 which he willingly keeps from me. I will
 leave it as it was, and say nothing."
 Replacing the letter as it had lain, the un-
 happy young wife left it with a shudder, as if
 she had discovered a corpse there.
 Before his usual hour, Mowbray returned
 home that day, and repaired hastily to the
 study, where he found and seized the tell-tale
 document.
 "Tis as I thought," he murmured, with a
 sad smile, gazing at the writing. "I left it by
 mistake; and it was mis-addressed, too. This
 shows how my mind wanders. It is useless.
 I will destroy it."
 Tearing the sheet to pieces, he paced the
 apartment in great perturbation of spirit.
 "O God! what a discovery. Oh that it had
 been made before. Too late! Too late! And
 I have sacrificed an innocent being. Would
 that I had died before I ever came hither.—
 My good name will be blasted, and she—I
 must not think of her! I will reveal nothing
 before I go. Go I must, if I would not add
 to the misery I have caused. When I have
 arrived in M—, I shall know better how to
 act. But how shall I ever hold up my head
 again? And what defense will be believed?"
 Agitated as Mowbray was, he did not ob-
 served, when he met his wife, that there was
 a marked alteration in her look.
 She, however, noticed the increase of his
 gloom, and though she partly attributed it to
 the imagined suspicion on his part that she
 had read the letter, she still resolved not to
 refer to it, unless she was questioned upon the
 subject.
 Her unhappiness and suspicion were greatly
 augmented when in the evening he said to
 her:
 "Grace, love."
 "What would you have, Henry?"
 "I wish to tell you that I am going on a
 long journey to-morrow."
 "Are we going, Henry?" she asked, with a
 faint smile and fluttering hope.
 "No, love. I go upon business, and it is of
 such a nature that I should be but a poor com-
 panion for you while it lasts. You will try to
 be contented—won't you?"
 "I must," she answered, in a broken voice,
 while the tears coursed down her undecieving
 face, unused to hide emotion, ever ready to ex-
 press it, rather.
 "You are unhappy, Grace. But I think it
 may be some relief to you, to know that it
 pains me, this necessity, as much as it can
 you."
 "And is it a necessity?" she quickly asked,
 regarding him with searching eyes.
 "Assuredly. And though it is a matter
 which I cannot explain to you, I will say this
 much—I feel it is for the best. And one day
 you will know all."
 "And your business here. Who will take
 charge of it while you are gone?"
 "Ralph, my head clerk, has all directions
 for that."
 "How long shall you be gone?" asked she,
 gazing at him hopelessly and doubtfully.
 "I cannot tell you. But in a short time I
 shall know, and shall write to you."
 "You know that I love you?"
 "I am sure of it, my dear Grace, as sure as
 that I love you."
 The young wife said no more; but on the
 morrow, as they were parting, the conviction
 stealing upon her that she would never see
 him again, she held her finger up and said
 gravely:
 "You will never return to me."
 He hesitated, and replied only:
 "It rests with God. Good-by."
 The carriage rolled away, and she was left
 alone. Young, beautiful, surrounded by lux-
 ury, yet feeling the full meaning of the phrase:
 "a life of splendid misery." With what
 poignant significance came the words to her
 memory:
 "If every heart's unwritten care
 Were stamped upon the brow,
 How many would our pity share
 Who move our envy now!"
 The chamber of a dying woman! It was
 in a richly-furnished mansion in a Southern
 city, the residence of a cotton-merchant named
 Maurice Worthley.

The sufferer, it was apparent, was not from
 the last stage of her mortal career. The glare
 of day was softened by curtains which rustled
 gently with the mild and fragrant airs of au-
 tumn. The noiseless steps of a few persons in
 the room, their tender solicitude and attentions,
 their grave glances and low whisperings, denoted
 their anticipation of the dreaded hour.
 "Has he come?" murmured the patient.
 "Not yet," was the mild reply of a young
 lady who was bathing her temples.
 "Perhaps he will not?" suggested the suf-
 ferer, with an inquiring glance; and as she
 turned to watch the look of her attendant, she
 revealed an extreme beauty, exquisite even in
 the decline of death, such loveliness as, when
 the spirit leaves it, never permits the bereaved
 ones to be reconciled to their loss.
 Worthley, who was present, stepped silently
 to the bedside and answered:
 "I do not doubt that he will be here. He
 must have received my letter long before this,
 and the words were very urgent. He must be
 here to-day. Keep up a good heart."
 She smiled thankfully for the hope, and
 closed her eyes for a moment. Suddenly she
 opened them, and eagerly exclaimed:
 "I hear some one coming up the walk. It
 must be he. Look!"
 In another moment the door was opened,
 and, covered with dust, Henry Mowbray en-
 tered the apartment, and proceeded straight-
 way to the bed, placed his arms around the suf-
 ferer, and their sobs were intermingled.
 "Blessed be God that he has permitted me
 to arrive in time, my dear Helen!" exclaimed
 Mowbray; "and I owe great thanks to you,
 Maurice, for having sent me the tidings."
 Worthley bowed, but said nothing.
 "O Henry, Henry, when we last parted, I
 little thought you intended to abandon me.
 I never gave you reason, and I have loved
 you till the last."
 The agony of Mowbray, at this reproach,
 could only be expressed by loud sobs and in-
 articulate sentences.
 Worthley tried to soothe him, and whis-
 pered in his ear:
 "Beware that you do not tell her that you
 are married—if it is so. None have heard of
 it but me."
 "I have been wrongly judged by you all, it
 seems, and I have myself been the victim of a
 cruel artifice. If you feel able, Helen, to hear
 my explanation, I will make it. If not, I will
 wait till you are stronger."
 "No, no; let me hear it now. I am strong
 enough Henry, and it will make me stronger
 to hear your vindication. I feel that you have
 been wronged, and that you love me still."
 "When I left you, as you knew, I was called
 in haste to the West, to visit a dying mother.
 Detained much longer than I expected, I wrote
 several letters to you, directed to the care of
 your brother Ambrose, then in this city, as I
 supposed. But I never received a reply to
 them; and afterwards heard that you had left
 with him to his home in Cuba. On this I
 wrote to him, and not long after received this
 letter from him, which, as you will see, up-
 braids me for having abandoned you, and states
 that you died in his arms, and of a broken
 heart. I thought this true, and wondered that
 he had not received my letters to you; but as
 his next and final reply to my inquiries was
 one of denunciation and apparent doubt, I
 pursued the inquiries no farther. And since
 that time, until I heard from Mr. Worthley
 of your presence here, I have been left to feel
 that I was the victim of unavoidable mischance,
 misapprehension, and the despised survivor of
 the wife whom I have ever fondly loved. But
 as I find that Ambrose grossly deceived me as
 to your death, I believe he must have intercept-
 ed and with held my letters to you—thus car-
 rying out old antipathy he conceived from me
 from the first. For you know, Helen, how he
 opposed our marriage."
 She faintly murmured her surprise and con-
 viction that her brother was the guilty party;
 and while she glanced over the letters, Worth-
 ley took Mowbray aside, and informed him
 that his brother-in-law, Ambrose Peroy, had
 done all he could to prevent the return of
 Helen; but she, impelled by a desire to see
 her husband once more before she died, though
 she had often written to him, but never re-
 ceived an answer—the letter, doubtless, hav-
 ing been kept by his enemy—had once more
 come to M—, and besought him to leave no
 means unemployed which might ascertain her
 husband's whereabouts and bring him back to
 her, ere she was summoned to the grave.
 "I had long before heard of your marriage in
 the North," continued Worthley, in a whisper.
 "Though it is best for her that she should re-

main in ignorance of it. She can be spared,
 at least, that useless wound. And, pardon me,
 Henry, if the letter I wrote to summon you
 higher contained a severe reflection upon your
 conduct. I, too, was in the dark."
 "Alas! we have all been in the dark," re-
 plied Mowbray, regarding his wife with unutter-
 able anguish. "Look at me, dear Helen,
 and tell me that you feel assured of my love
 and sincerity."
 His wife made several vain efforts to speak,
 for her mortal struggle was beginning. Hope
 had nerved her, and her long-suffering spirit,
 now satisfied regarding her husband, seemed
 impatient, to fly from its frail tenement. At
 last she succeeded in saying, feebly:
 "I have nothing to forgive, Henry, I am
 going, very soon. Pardon my doubting. We
 will meet with God!"
 With the parting kiss he gave her, Mow-
 bray inhaled her last breath. Her eyes look-
 ed fondly upon him, closed, and he felt a slight
 pressure of her hand.
 "Helen!"
 She spoke no more.
 She was dead.
 Even he had thought it best, she was be-
 yond his power to reveal his second marriage.
 The hand of death had anticipated the recital!
 The hour was not wanting in a new pang
 and a new surprise for Mowbray, while he was
 mourning bitterly over the loss of his first love.
 The door was again opened, and a lady en-
 tered, with a wild and pained look of inquiry.
 It was Grace.
 Overwhelmed by despair, she had formed a
 hasty resolve to follow her husband, and had
 succeeded in readily tracking him to M—,
 where she had arrived in time to see her rival
 a corpse.
 She approached the couch—the secret still
 a mystery to her—and gazed upon the lifeless
 loveliness of one who had loved her husband
 first, but naught the more fondly. Mowbray
 was too much absorbed in the contemplation
 of the dead, to notice the approach of the liv-
 ing wife.
 Worthley guessed intuitively who she was,
 and, quickly drawing her aside, made a hur-
 ried explanation of all, and it was a balm for
 her lacerated heart more precious than life
 itself to her.
 Retiring to another apartment, she awaited
 the presence of Mowbray, and in that inter-
 view exonerated him.
 "They never loved who loved but once,"
 she said, quoting a saying which had often
 been debated upon her; "and you were
 the victim of a villain's hatred, and unavoidable
 mistake."
 The reunion of Henry with Grace was an
 unexampled one, but attended with no reproach.
 They live still in the city where the beautiful
 and unfortunate Helen died, and Grace keeps
 her grave bright with native flowers through-
 out the year. Her eldest born is named for
 Helen, and the family feel that she smiles upon
 them from above, where loves are imperishable
 as the souls that give them birth.
 As to the fratricidal Ambrose, he did not
 long survive the sister he had murdered by
 piecemeal. He was shot in a duel by one to
 whom he had admitted his villainy, and who
 had denounced him publicly as one not fit to
 live.—N. Y. Mercury.

Old men's eyes are like old men's memo-
 ries; they are strongest for things a long way
 off.

If you see a man in the habit of slapping
 his pocket, you may set him down as a coarse-
 minded, vulgar, miserly curmudgeon.

A parent's forgiveness of a daughter when
 her heart is broken, is pardon after execution.

Very often men out their love-teeth, as they
 do their wisdom-teeth, very late in life.

It isn't desirable that time should mellow
 people who are too soft already.

There is often quite as much to be educated
 out of young men as into them.

It is a great thing in this rainy world to be-
 hold a day that doesn't look like a night.

Some of our tongue-valiant men never draw
 a bead, but imbibe a great many.

There are generally a good many more steps
 to love than to it.

They say that the ground is the only reli-
 able bank, but it is broken every day.

Vanity is a greater slanderer than malice.