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# The Pilot.

VOL-V

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## ADVERTISING RATES.

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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 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 advantages a Tea Buyer has in this establishment over all others. If he is no judge of Tea, or the Marker, 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. 16, 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, a quantity of certificates, some of them from **MINISTERS OF PHYSICIAN**, 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 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, 28 North Sixth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

For sale by Druggists in city, county, and every where (Sept. 29, 1863-6m.)

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Mammoth Store 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 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.

**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 Spermatorrhea, 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. CLEVELAND, M. D., Author of "The Green Book," &c.

## Select Poetry.

### CONTENT.

I am not rich, nor am I poor,  
I have my foes, I have my friends;  
I now enjoy and then endure

The mercies which Jehovah sends:  
My days of life in bliss are spent,  
For life is bliss with sweet Content.

But life's not always peace and joy,  
Not always sunshine, love, and rest;  
But life hath strife and hate—alloy,  
And much of sorrow and unrest.

Yet seeming ills are wisely sent  
To kindly teach proud man Content.

The earth is fruitful, skies are bright,  
And God is good, and wise and true;  
The sun and moon give down their light,  
And Heaven's kind boons descend like dew.

Misfortune's clouds are quickly rent  
By light-rays from life's sun, Content.

Oh! then, my brother, sister, friend,  
Let not ambition, cloud, or woe,  
By baneful influence ever tend  
To make Content a stranger grow;

But let your life in bliss be spent,  
For life is bliss with sweet Content.

## A Good Story.

### SELLING MAPS;

OR,  
HIS FIRST BUSINESS EXPERIENCE.

BY W. O. EATON.

Horace Danton was eighteen years of age, living at home with his father and mother, and two sisters younger than himself, in a small town in Connecticut.

Horace had been in the millinery business in that town for two years. But the employer "up and busted" one day, leaving ambitious Horace on his oars.

So Horace talked incessantly about going to New York or Boston, and engaging in some kind of business there. He was tired of small places, he said; felt confident that in a great city he should ere long be enabled to go into business for himself, and make money "hand over fist."

His parents opposed the idea. His sisters tried to dissuade. In vain. He felt that he had the elements of a great salesman in him; and one day, feeling particularly gloomy and sullen, on account of a slushy snow-storm, which made the small town look duller and more like a wilderness than ever, he avowed that he would travel to one or the other of the cities on foot. For he had no money, and his parents, being poor, had none to spare.

The family were much "exercised," in consequence.

In course of the argument, the uncle of Horace arrived, and hearing of his desperate idea, strove to sneer him out of it.

"Why, here, Horace," said he; "here is a new map of California—you know the fever has just broke out; and now, if you're the smart salesman that you think you are, I should like to see you show it."

"How?"

"Why, try and see if you, with all your wit, can sell this one map, hereabouts. I don't believe you could sell a map; and if not, what need of your flubbing about going all the way to New York or Boston to seek your fortune, among strangers, without money, and afoot, too?"

"And his boots are giving out," chimed in his father.

"A map, pooh!" said Horace.

"Only twenty-five cents," said his uncle.

"And yet I know you couldn't even sell that."

"I wouldn't."

"You couldn't."

"I could—if I would—if you come to that. But it's too small business. Such a price!

And only one map."

"Dave Robbins has got ten of them—if you could sell them. But you just try one—if you dare!"

"I will!" suddenly exclaimed Horace, taking the map. "Add when?"

"Now," said his uncle, pleased at his firmness, but somewhat surprised.

"It rains and snows, and the roads are full of slush and mud," said his father.

"Never mind! I'm bound to show you that I can sell that one map, and will, too; if I have to go to every house in town."

Putting on a glazed cap and overcoat, he seized the map of California, and started off. It was really a horrible day. The soft snow had fallen in mammoth flakes upon an unfrozen ground, to the depth of nearly two feet; and then rain and snow, in equal parts, mingled and fell, to make the roads more dismal.

They were still falling, or rather running down, blinding the eyes of a few stragglers who waded, slipping, through the slush, half-covered with the adhesive but quick melting flakes, which made them look quite sheepish. Paddles and rivulets, here and there, diversified the way, in most uncomfortable frequency, and the pitiless clouds showed no sign of exhaustion.

"But I will sell a map!" muttered Horace, as he resolutely plunged on through the snowy mire. "I'll go it blind."

And so he did, for much of the time, the rude shower pelting his wrinkled eyes, and clogging his eyelashes, clinging to his hair, and soaking through his clothes, especially his boots, which were thin and old and had holes in them.

Wherever he saw a human face at a window, he walked up to the door and rang or knocked.

"Want to buy a map?"

"A map? No."

"Map of Cal—"

Bang would go the door, and away he would go.

"Might have waited till I had told what kind of a map it was," thought he.

Up at another door. Ring. Open.

"Have a map of California?"

"Map of California? Why, everybody's got a map of California. That's on the map of the United States."

"But this is a large one, just out."

"No; don't want any."

"Only twenty-five cents; let me—"

"Tell yer we don't want it. Twenty-five cents won't make us want it, will it?"

"But don't you know that the fever's just broke out?"

"I'll tell you what—you'll be likely to catch a fever, if you go around, such a day as this in the snow, trying to sell maps."

"If you've such a particular regard for my health, perhaps you'll buy this map, and let me go home. It's the only one I have left."

"You'd better keep it then, for your own use. Good-bye. Don't get lost in the snow or drowned in any of these ponds."

"I will sell a map, by thunder," he would ejaculate, "even if it snows hasty-pudding, after that. I've come so far, I'll never go back, until I sell this map."

Another door. Knock. Open—after waiting five minutes in the shower, drenched to the skin. The old lady who came had been a-bed, weary of sitting up, looking at the storm.

"Got a splendid map of California, ma'am, the land of gold, just out, only twenty-five cents. You'd better have it."

"What did you say the price on't was?"

"Only a quarter. Just look at it." And he displayed it, trying to step inside the door out of the torrent. She pushed him out again.

"Take care. Don't come inside, child. You're as wet as a mop-rag."

"But I don't want to spoil my map."

And anxious to show how large it was, he bent forward, so as to shelter it, till he nearly broke his back.

"I'll give you ten cents—and it's money thrown away; for I don't want it."

"And you couldn't have it, if you did, by Jupiter, ma'am, at that price. Do you suppose I've been walking all over town in this storm, to sell a map for ten cents?"

"Well? I didn't tell ye to. And do you know you don't ought to swear? It's again the—"

"Darn it! ma'am, do you think I came to hear a sermon, through all this slush? If you don't want the map, say so, and may you never see gold again."

"You won't get a cent from me," replied the old woman, humbly. "I shouldn't wonder if you came by the map by improper means."

"Nuff sed, shake, you old gipsy!"

And the disappointed, shivering Horace proceeded once more upon his slumping rounds.

"I'm ashamed to go home and tell uncle I couldn't sell a map," reflected he, coming to a pond, through which he must wade nearly to his waist if he proceeded. "But I'm in for it. Even if I should give the map away, I haven't got a quarter to show, to pretend I sold it."

And so, here goes. I will sell the map."

And through the sea of slush he wallowed, careless now of the state of the roads, being as wet as he could be.

At last he came to a blacksmith's shop on the outskirts of the town, and went in to see how it felt to be a little warm.

"Want to buy a map?" asked he, approaching the flaming forge.

"What kind of a map is it?" asked the blacksmith.

"Map of California. Just out. Enlarged plan. Great rush out there now. Miners digging five hundred dollars a day, some of 'em."

"So I hearn tell in the papers," said the blacksmith. "Give me one on 'em."

"Only one I've got left," said Horace, handing him the article, and pocketing the long-desired quarter.

"It's a grand map," said the blacksmith. "Sold any up to the factory—Jones's?"

"No. Think I could? Suppose I could, though. How many employed there?"

"About a hundred. Got any more?"

"I guess I can get a few more, and I'll come this way and go up there to-morrow."

Having disposed of his map, after walking about four or five miles, Horace went home, meeting his uncle with victorious face.

"Sold your map?"

"Rhyther. There's the quarter."

"Poohy tough work, wasn't it?"

"Got any more?"

"Want to sell some more?"

"Yes. Where can I get them?"

"I haven't got any more. But Dave Robbins has got ten, he would like to get rid of."

"I'll take 'em off his hands in the morning," declared Horace, sitting down to supper with a ravenous appetite. "I'll find a market for them."

Taking a bath to prevent a cold, and preparing a change of raiment for the morrow, he went to bed and dreamed that the sky was one vast map of California, and was snowing gold and silver upon him.

In the morning having obtained the ten maps, with heart elate, as the sun shone fair, though his boots were sadly out, and the walking quite as bad as the day before, Horace traveled away out to the factory, and went through every room, asking every one:

"Buy a map?"

He asked the question over a hundred times, and after spending three hours in the establishment, and fancying, scores of times, that he was on the point of selling the whole at one pop, he emerged from the building, having sold—two. Fifty cents' worth!

"I wish Old Job was here!" exclaimed he, bitterly, looking by turns at his yawning boots, his fifty cents, his eight maps left, and the unproductive factory.

"If that factory had any sense, it would be ashamed of itself. Only two maps to a hundred workmen! I hope the beggarly ninety-eight will be doomed to slave their lives away for poor pay, as long as they live; and may the two who bought my two maps go to California, and come home with a million of dollars apiece! Eight maps left. Where shall I get rid of 'em? Gracious don't I feel dry! I should like to get a drink. There must be some rum somewhere, though nobody's allowed to sell it. But where is it? I believe I could have sold these eight maps, if I'd had a little rum of some kind in me. Hallo! There's a saw-mill up yonder. I'll go up and try my luck there."

A dozen men he found in the saw-mill, resting for a lunch.

Approaching in a careless way, he listened to their conversation. What should the subject happen to be but the California excitement? Heavenly coincidence. Blessed chance for Horace Danton, with his eight maps!

"I'm tired of saw-mill dust," said one. "I wish I was out where the gold-dust is."

"And so do I," said another. "Here what does a man get, but poorly pay, when he has work; and that isn't always."

"Never knows how soon he may be discharged," added another, smothering himself, with bread and cheese.

"Everybody's going out there, since the last news. Over a thousand went last week from New York."

"What does it cost to get there?"

"What do you have to carry?"

Not waiting for the subject to be changed, in popped Horace with his eight maps.

"Any of you gentlemen want to buy a map—map of California, with all the principal known diggin's? Only a quarter. Look at it!"

And he unrolled two or three, and the men eagerly poured over them.

"I tell you what gentlemen, I'm dry, and no mistake about it. If you'll tell me where I can get some whisky, I'll stand a treat."

The bluff question and free offer pleased the men at once.

"Hold on, boss, a bit, and you shall have a little white-eye, which ain't bad to take on a wet day," said one, forthwith producing, from

under a pile of rubbish, a small keg, from which he pulled a stopper, and filled a pewter mug repeatedly, till all were satisfied.

"And what's to pay?"

"Set that down agin the fust of Janooary," said the man, winking. "How much are these maps?"

"Quarter apiece."

"Boys, let's all have one."

"We won't have nothing else."

The eight maps were sold in a jiffy, and Horace felt doubly elated as he pocketed the proceeds.

"Great rush that way," said Horace, following up his bargain. Shouldn't wonder if I could sell some more maps round here, if I had 'em."

"You could sell fifty, at least, over at the nail-factory, 'tother side of the hill," said one of the men.

Horace made a few further inquiries, went back, saw Dave Robbins again, found where he could get fifty maps, got them, and before night had disposed of the whole.

"Luck is brightening! The fever is working!" thought he. "I'll follow this business up to the hub. Father," said he, that evening, showing his profits, "I've heard there's a great excitement in Troy about California, and I've engaged five hundred maps, and am going there to-morrow to sell 'em. What do you think of it, mother? Do you think I can sell a map?"

The parents smiled and approved his perseverance; and two days afterwards, Horace Danton, with five hundred maps of California, was making great excitement in the Trojan city. He sold them in the streets, in front of the hotels, expatiating upon the golden successes of the Californian adventurers, and drawing graphic contrasts between the profit of the labor of the mines and the scant wages of ordinary labor in the East; so that on the first day, he disposed of over one hundred—the sale of each map augmenting the general excitement in favor of going to the Land of Gold. All Troy was talking of California, and hundreds talked of the new maps.

In the evening Horace was waited upon by an enterprising periodical dealer, who struck a bargain with him for the balance he had on hand.

"Can you get any more?"

"I think so."

"Where?"

"Don't you wish you knew?"

"When, then?"

"How many do you want?"

"I'll take two thousand to begin with."

"I'll have 'em here in three days, but you must furnish the funds."

"Agreed."

Within three days, three or four cases of the self-same California maps had reached Troy, to the order of Horace, and he realized a handsome profit from his wholesale venture.

The excitement still continuing, the dealer offered to get shares with Horace in an invoice of many more—profit or loss; but Horace, shrewdly guessing that the market was getting flooded, declined, but sold the secret of where to get them for a handsome bonus; and retired from the map business with a splendid suit of clothes, more money than he had ever handled before at one time, and four pair of stout boots—for he had not forgotten the snow-storm.

The maps had proved to be a small California mine to his perseverance, and he went home, to cast about for another speculation.

"Well, uncle," said he, as he gave the family a cheerful account of his adventures, "what do you think? Do you think I can sell a map?"

His uncle acknowledged that he thought he could—a few; and Horace, no longer opposed in his business aspirations, followed them, and is this day a wealthy man. So much for perseverance.

A tree cut down with an ax, looks decidedly choop-fallen.

The lamb would seem to have a right to preach. He has a caul.

The eagle of one company is the barn-door fowl of another.

Loving friends, like a pair of lips, are often severed by a breath.

When there are so many human wolves about, a man is a great fool to be sheepish.

He that hides a dark soul walks benighted at mid-day; he is in his own dungeon.

They smile sadly who have no face in all the world to smile back to them.