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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 asked.
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 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.
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 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,
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\$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 number of certificates, some of them from **MINNENT PHYSICIANS**, who have used it in their practice, and given it the preeminence over any other compound.
 It does not Dry up a Cough,
 ut loosens it, so as to enable the patient to expectorate freely. Two or three doses will invariably cure Coughs 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 **GROUP** we will guarantee a cure, if taken in season.
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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.
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 [Sept. 29, 1863-64.]

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Mammoth Store
 and **Tinware Store Room,**
 few doors South of the Diamond, Greencastle, Pa.
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COOK, PARLOR AND NINE-PLATE
 Stoves. Among them are the Continental, Noble Cook, Commonwealth and Chalm, which he will sell cheap for cash. The very best quality of
Tin, Japanese and Sheet Iron Ware,
 in great variety.

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 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 prices shall be low! low!! low!!!
 Save money by purchasing at headquarters.
 All work warranted.
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 OF
HUMAN MISERY. Price six cents.
 Just Published in a Sealed Envelope.
A Lecture on the Nature, Treatment and Radical Cure of Seminal Weakness, or Spermatophora, 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, 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 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. CLINE & CO.,
 127 Bowery, New York, Post Office Box, 4686.
 Jan. 27, 1864-sep22ly.

Select Poetry.
BEAR THE CROSS.

BY C. G. DUNK.
 There are flowers that ne'er shall wither,
 Blossoms that shall ne'er decay:
 They are found beyond this planet,
 In the realms of endless day.
 If you fain would taste these flowers,
 Blooming in immortal bowers—
 Bear the Cross.
 There are hopes that never crumble—
 Lustrous hopes that ne'er shall dip—
 Hopes that bud upon this fair earth,
 But which ripen 'yond the sky.
 If these hopes, that ne'er shall perish,
 You desire to have and cherish—
 Bear the Cross.
 There are friends who live forever—
 Friends whom Death hath sent before—
 Through the dark and silent valley
 To a far sublimer shore.
 Would ye have these friends forever
 By your side, and leave them never—
 Bear the Cross.
 There are never-fading pleasures—
 Pleasures sweet and holier far,
 Than the bodiless enjoyments
 Which abound about us here.
 Do you wish to find these pleasures,
 These celestial, priceless treasures?
 Bear the Cross.
 There are bright and fadeless beauties,
 Constellated by God's hand,
 Where the gentle waves of music
 Flood with melody a land.
 If you fain would see these beauties,
 Never trifle with life's duties—
 Bear the Cross.
 There are never-clouded glories—
 Glories robed in holy awe—
 There are splendors that are grander
 Than this world of hours e'er saw.
 Would you, when your life-tides sever,
 Gaze upon these glories ever—
 Bear the Cross.
 There's a life which ne'er shall slumber—
 There are blisses blent with love,
 And if you be ever faithful
 You'll experience them above,
 Where, when cometh Death's to-morrow,
 You shall, purged of every sorrow,
 Wear a Crown.

A Good Story.
MARRIED FOR LOVE.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.
 Two persons were seated at a daintily chosen repast, Mrs. Mellen, (a pretty looking woman in a Mechlin breakfast cap and a wrapper, whose embroidery had cost a small fortune,) and her son.
 Harold Mellen was not handsome, he was too dark, and his features were too irregularly moulded to lay claim to that epithet, but there was a kindly light in his keen hazel eye, and a firmness around the well-cut mouth that was better than beauty. At least so his mother thought, and she was not very far wrong.
 "So you are really going away again, Harold?" said Mrs. Mellen, plaintively, as she severed a bloomy sprig of grapes from the parent stem with a small pair of golden scissors. "I wish you would consent to stay for Mrs. Ardyn's party!"
 "Mrs. Ardyn's party is nothing on earth but a gilded mousetrap," said Harold, looking reflectively into his chocolate cup; "and her seven daughters are the cheese that hangs in the middle. What a foolish mouse I should be to walk into the snare with my eyes wide open!"
 "My dear boy!" remonstrated the matron, "I wish you had a little more confidence in human nature."
 "I wish I had, mother," said Harold, dryly, "I have sometimes envied the bricklayer's apprentice who goes whistling past. When he is invited anywhere, it's because people want to see him, not—"
 "Well?"
 "Not a few hundred thousand dollars, walking about in a dress coat and white kid gloves!"
 "Harold, I wish you would marry and settle down. There are some lovely girls in our circle. Sophie Marbury—Elinor Travers—"
 Harold leaned forward, and took a superb japonica from a vase in the centre of the table.
 "What a perfect blossom this is!" he said, calmly. "Not a petal awry—not a speck on its dazzling whiteness—a very proper, precise specimen of the flower-world. Mother, don't you think it is like Elinor Travers?"
 "So it is," said Mrs. Mellen, a little puzzled.
 "Pooh!" said Harold, tossing it back into the vase. "One wears it of its perfect regularity. There are forty exactly like it in the conservatory. One little wood-violet, with its

blue eyes drooping downwards, is worth ten thousand glaring, odorless japonicas."
 "I don't understand you, Harold!"
 "You never have any violets in the hot-house, mother; some day I may bring home a slender little blossom. Will you take care of it for my sake?"
 "Certainly, my son—or the gardner will," responded Mrs. Mellen. "But you are so eccentric. What has Miss Travers to do with violets?"
 "Nothing, mother—nothing at all!" said Harold, curving his lip. "And now please give me another cup of chocolate before I enter on the momentous business of packing!"
 A brisk summer shower was dimpling the brook with silver gleams, and pattering on the maple leaves that spread a green canopy over the farm-house on the hill.
 "This era 'll be good for the wheat," said Joab Turner, thoughtfully tipping his chair back against the porch pillars. "I hope them little turkeys aint out a gallivatin' in the meadows, Phileny?"
 "I don't know whether they be or not," snapped Mrs. Joab Turner from the kitchen; "and, what's more, I don't keer! There!"
 "Why, Phi—lo—ny!" ejaculated the astonished farmer, slowly taking his clay pipe from between his lips; "I guess you're a little out o' temper, aint you?"
 "Well, Job himself would ha' been out o' temper if he'd had these ere pies burned, and the cat up to her ears in the churn, and the plaguey chickens everlastingly spootin' across the kitchen floor, and the milk all soured by this thunder shower! Job, indeed! If Job had kept house he'd ha' had some reason to be patient! And Kitty's off—nobody knows where. She should ha' got home from Deacon Marble's a good half-hour ago!"
 And Mrs. Turner drew a long breath, in a despairing sort of offence.
 "Phileny," quoth Job, knowingly wagging his iron-gray head, "never you fret about our Kitty; she's all right. Phileny!"
 "Well?"
 "What do you think 'bout that Mr. Augustus Raynham? Aint he about as dashin', and fine-favored, and stylish a young gentleman as old country folks like you and me could expect to have for a son-in-law?"
 "Joab Turner, what on airth do you mean?" said the housewife, holding up an iron skillet half-way on its journey to the fire.
 "I mean that he's took a shine to our Kitty, and wants to marry her."
 "You don't say so!" ejaculated Mrs. Turner. "Why, he's as rich as—as as everything."
 "I should think so," nodded Joab. "Rich! I never see nothin' richer than them rings on his fingers, and his shirt-studs is real diamonds."
 "Well!" said Mrs. Turner, her breath nearly taken away by the astounding revelation, "I never! And—why, there she comes now!"
 Kitty Turner, in her pale azure dress, tripping up the meadow path, looked like a moving blossom, or a moving bouquet—for the blue hearts of the cornflowers were not bluer than her eyes, and the crimson wild roses scattered down their petals in despair at the lovely incarnadine on her cheeks! What if the sun had laid his brown fingers carelessly on her pretty forehead, and her hands had not the satin whiteness of a city belle's. Nature had gifted her with the sweetest face that ever smiled beneath a white sun-bonnet, and a form light and lithe as the swaying birches by the brook.
 Her slender foot had touched the threshold ere Mr. Augustus Raynham's sauntering figure became visible. At first she seemed inclined to run up stairs to her own room, but a second impulse decided her to return to her father's side, standing there with haughty exactness, as if she would have defied the assembled world.
 "Kitty! child!" exclaimed the old farmer, reading some revelation in her flashing eye, or feeling the tremble of her light hand on his shoulder—"what's the matter?"
 "I have refused the honor of Mr. Augustus Raynham's hand, sir," said Kitty, quietly.
 "Refused!" echoed Joab Turner.
 "Child! are you crazy?" shrieked Mrs. Turner, in the same breath.
 "A little, I think," remarked Mr. Raynham, debonairly, as he paused on the lowest step of the porch to light his cigar. "But she'll think better of it—she'll think better of it."
 "Never!" said Kitty, whole sentences of scorn compressed into her clear, ringing voice.
 "Daughter," said Jacob Turner, gravely, "what does this mean? Why have you refused this gentleman?"

"One reason is that I don't like him," said Kitty, defiantly.
 "The only reason?"
 "No, father," faltered truthful Kitty, turning rosy under the shadow of the white sun-bonnet. "I think—I'm quite sure—that I like somebody else."
 Joab's brow grew as dark as night.
 "I thought so," he said, nodding his head deliberately. "That skatching fellow down at the lake—that mis'able, good for nothin' adventurer! Now, look here, girl, you may as well understand first as last that you can't have him. Do you hear me; you shall not have him!"
 "I hear you, father."
 And Kitty Turner walked quietly up to her own room, to cry her blue eyes into an eclipse of tears, the moment she had slipped the rusty bolt into its place.
 "I don't understand it all," muttered Joab, looking vaguely at the brilliant Mr. Raynham, who smoked his cigar placidly while diamond studs and glittering rings and massive watch chain flashed back the noon sunshine.
 "Nothing on earth but a pretty girl's whim," said that gentleman, arching his eyebrows. "She'll get over it in time; I'm quite willing to wait."
 "It's very kind of you, sir," said Mrs. Turner, penitently. "I wish the silly child had a little better sense of her own interests."
 "Don't say a word, ma'am," said Mr. Raynham, stroking his long yellow moustaches. "I assure you I'm ready to make every allowance."
 Tow hours later Joab Turner came into the room where his wife was busy clearing away the table.
 "Where's the inkstand, Phileny?"
 "On the top shelf, I s'pose. What be you goin' to do with the inkstand, I'd like to know?"
 "Women don't understand business matters," said Joab, curtly.
 "But what is it you want with the inkstand, anyhow?" said Mrs. Turner, coaxingly.
 "Jest to sign my name across a bit of paper for Mr. Raynham; his remittances from the California gold mines are late this month, he says, and he wants a good name to get credit with, so's to make a great speculation in Western lands. It's only for three days, and he's jest as good as your son-in-law, you know."
 "Certainly," said Mr. Turner, "you'd ought to do anything you can to accommodate Mr. Raynham."
 And Mr. Augustus Raynham, steaming away in the afternoon train, smiled diabolically as he caught a last glance of Joab Turner's pepper-and-salt-colored coat on the platform.
 "Good-bye, my blessed old Babe in the Wood," he muttered under his moustache; "it'll be long enough before I see you again."
 "Father said Kitty, stealing softly to the old man's arm-chair in purple mistiness of the August twilight, "father, were you in earnest in what you said last month about—about Harold Mellen?"
 "Of course I was!" returned Joab, sternly, contracting his shaggy brows.
 "Because," faltered Kitty, "he is coming to ask for me, if—"
 Joab's clenched fist falling with a crash on the porch railing interrupted his daughter's sentence.
 "Girl!" he said, almost savagely, "you shall never marry that man while I live. Now you have got your answer—let me hear no more on the subject!"
 He rose, almost at the same moment to meet a dapper, business-like little fellow, who was coming up the garden path, swinging a light valise in his hand.
 "Good evening, sir; is this Joab Turner's place?"
 "It is, sir,—and I am Joab Turner," said the farmer.
 "Ah," said the young man, indifferently, "I come from Messrs. True and Balcomb in the city—a little note bearing your indorsement has come into these hands, and I am here to see if you are ready to settle."
 Joab stared in mute amazement.
 "Augustus Raynham—payable in thirty days, and now nearly a week overdue," explained the lawyer's clerk, glibly, showing the slip of paper on which the luckless farmer had inscribed his name over a month since. Joab put on his spectacles with a hand that trembled strangely.
 "But Mr. Raynham was to pay it; my name was merely a matter of form," he said.
 "Don't know anything about Mr. Raynham, except that he's off for Australia long ago," answered the clerk, indifferently. "Of course, you are liable for the amount, and will be expected to pay the money."

Joab Turner stood rooted to the ground, in a sort of speechless horror.
 "Five—thousand—dollars!" he almost shrieked, turning fiercely to the lawyer's clerk.—"Man, you might as well expect me to pay five millions! I am a poor, hard-working man; where do you suppose I can raise five thousand dollars?"
 "No reserve in the bank?" questioned the clerk.
 "Not ten dollars!"
 "Well, said the sprig of law, striking his cane lightly into the velvet grass around the door-stone; "this seems a pretty decent sort of place—eighty acres, they told me at the depot. I think you might raise the money without difficulty on a sale by auction."
 Joab staggered back on his chair, as if struck by some deadly weapon.
 "I was born here," he faltered, "and I had thought to die under the same old roof-tree."
 The lawyer's clerk stopped forward with a slight exclamation. Joab had fainted for the first time in his life, his head laying on the worn rail of the old porch!
 So the farm house under the maples, with its outlying meadows and upland belts of wood, was sold at auction. The house where fifty years of Joab Turner's life had ebbed away with almost unconscious current, was his no longer.
 "Don't touch none o' the furniture, Phileny," he said to his pale, discouraged wife; "it don't belong to us now—not even the little rocking-chair were Kitty used to sit in when she was a baby!"
 "What was it bought the place, father?" asked Mrs. Turner, spiritlessly. "None of the neighbors, was it?"
 "I don't know, wife; and I don't think I care very much. I only know that the old house where I was born is sold—sold from under me by a speakin' rascal's underhanded tricks!"
 He ground his teeth together as he spoke.
 "Never mind, father," said his wife, soothingly; "we'll do pretty well yet. York's a big place, I'm told, and it will be strange if you don't somehow manage to pick up a livin'. Cheer up, and don't go about so down-hearted like!"
 "Go to the door, Kitty—some one's knockin'," said the farmer. "Don't let none o' the neighbors in—I can't see anybody to-night."
 "It's the gentleman who has bought the place, father," said Kitty, with down cast lashes and an exquisite bloom mounted to her cheeks, as she stood with the door latch in her hand.
 "Ask him to come in, daughter; I s'pose he has a right here," groaned the old man.—"Mr. Mellen?"
 He rose to his feet in astonishment as Harold held out a cordial hand.
 "Yes, sir, I am the purchaser of the place from which you have unjustly ousted," he said. "Do not look so surprised. I am quite rich enough to justify myself in the gratification of such whim."
 "Well, sir, I don't know as I've any reason to complain," said Joab, meekly. "I hope the new tenant will take care of the o' place though it would grieve me sadly if I thought it was goin' to rack and ruin."
 "Mr. Turner," said Harold Mellen, "there will be no new tenant. Here are the title-deeds; will you accept them as a free gift from my hand?"
 The old man's head reeled—he turned pale and red.
 "Sir," he faltered, "I can't thank you—but I'm none the less grateful. Kitty, tell him—"
 But Kitty was sobbing on her father's shoulder.
 "Papa! I told you how good and noble he was!"
 "May I have her now, sir?" pleaded Harold, taking the soft little bowed hand in his.
 "It's a clear case of bribery, sir," said Joab Turner, smiling through his tears; "but I can't object."
 Just a month afterwards, Harold Mellen brought the slender wood-violet home to his superb city conservatory, to the unbounded astonishment of the fashionable world, who "couldn't see what Mr. Mellen found to admire in that little country chit!"
 But what did Kitty care for their opinion? The poor artist lover and the wealthy aristocrat were equal and the same, and loved her with equal fervor—and that was all that concerned her. And Harold Mellen had escaped the awful fate of being married for his money!

We always suffer from trying to appear what we are not. The mark soon becomes an instrument of torture.