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The Pilot.

VOL-V

GREENCASTLE, PA., TUESDAY, MAY 8, 1864

NO 9

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Each subsequent insertion..... 25
Professional cards, one year..... 5.00

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 packaging,
but 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 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-
chants.

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 tapers;
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, Souchow, 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, 1863-5m.] 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 BALM.

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, some 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,

but loosens it, so as to enable the patient to expe-
ctorate 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 *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. OLARK & 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. 20, 1863-6m.]

J. W. BARR'S

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.

SPOOTING

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. HARR.

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-
matheia, induced from Self-Abuse; Involuntary
Emissions, Impotency, Nervous Debility, and Im-
pediments to Marriage generally; Consumption,
Epilepsy and Fits; Mental and Physical Incapacity,
&c. &c. By ROBERT 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, by means of simple
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. C. KLINE & CO.,

127 Bowery, New York, Post Office Box, 4686.

Jan. 27, 1864-sep23]y.

Select Poetry.

[SELECTED FOR THE PILOT.]

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

Up from the meadows rich with corn,
Clear in the cool September morn,
The clustered spires of Frederick Stand
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.
Round about them orchards sweep,
Apple and peach-tree fruited deep,
Fair as the garden of the Lord
To the eyes of the famished rebel horde,
On that pleasant morn of the early fall
When Lee marched o'er the mountain wall,—
Over the mountains winding down,
Horse and foot, into Frederick town.
Forty flags with their silver stars,
Forty flags with their crimson bars,
Flapped in the morning wind: the sun
Of noon looked down, and saw not one.
Up rose old BARBARA FRIETCHIE then,
Bowed with her fourscore years and ten;
Bravest of all in Frederick town,
She took up the flag the men hauled down;
In her attic-window the staff she set,
To show that one heart was loyal yet.

Up the street came the rebel tread,
STONEWALL JACKSON riding ahead,
Under his slouched hat left and right
He glanced: the old flag met his sight.
"Halt!"—the dust-brown ranks stood fast,
"Fire!"—out blazed the rifle-blast.
It shivered the window, pane and sash;
It rent the banner with seam and gash.
Quick as it fell, from the broken staff
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf;
She leaped far out on the window-sill,
And shook it forth with a royal will.

"Shoot, if you must this old gray head,
But spare your country's flag," she said.
A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
Over the face of the leader came;
The nobler nature within him stirred
To life at that woman's deed and word;
"Who touches a hair of yon gray head
Dies like a dog!" March on!" he said.
All day long through Frederick street
Sounded the tread of marching feet;
All day long that free flag tost
Over the heads of the rebel host.

Ever its torn folds rose and fell
On loyal winds that loved it well;
And through the hill-gaps sunset light
Shone over it with a warm good-night.

BARBARA FRIETCHIE'S work is o'er,
And the Rebel rides on his raids no more,
Honor to her! and let a tear
Fall for her sake, on STONEWALL'S bier,
OVER BARBARA FRIETCHIE'S grave
Flag of Freedom and Union, wave!
Peace and order and beauty draw
Round thy symbol of light and law;
And ever the stars above look down
On the stars below in Fredericktown!

—War Time and Other Poems.

A Good Story.

THE CONTRARY COUPLE.

A Hint for all those in Haste to Marry.

BY W. O. EATON.

"Look before you leap."—OLD MAXIM.

Alonzo Twigg and Almira Prigg were young;
met; fell in love, and were married. Each
set out with a determination to rule; and each
abhorring the idea of any surrender, watched
the other's actions with a vigilant eye, apprehen-
sive that yielding in trifles would pave the
way for future insignificance at home, and de-
prive them of the "own way" which they
stubbornly coveted.

An example of their morning, noon, and
evening dialogues, of one day, will give an
idea of their whole married life, as long as they
lived together.

MORNING:

"Pass the toast, Almira; I'm in a hurry."
"Pass the toast! Well, there it is. Why
couldn't you be polite enough to say please to
pass?"

Well, please, then. How exacting you are.
I should have said please, but I was in a hurry,
and I am now, and have no time to waste in
quarreling. We ought to be able to eat our
meals in peace, at least."

"I'm sure I don't wish to quarrel, Alonzo,
but you said 'pass the toast?' in such a domi-
neering manner, that it hurt my feelings. I
suppose you don't think a woman has any feel-
ing, though."

"I don't think you have much feeling for
me, or you wouldn't hurt my feelings, by
always beginning these fusses about nothing at
all. I got up this morning, in love with all the
world, and you, too, and thought we were going

to have a happy day of it. But you seem de-
termined to wear me out, by these petty little
quarrels. They upset me for business, I tell
you. I'm sensitive, and I can't bear every-
thing."

"Nor I. Now what harm was there in my
saying you ought to say please? And yet
just because I said you ought to say it, you
continue to get into a passion and lay all the
blame to me. I declare! You don't know
how to treat a woman."

"You used to say I was very polite."
"You are altered since you got me."
"My friends don't say so."

"Your friends don't see you at home."
"And they don't see you at home. You are
all smiles to everybody but me. But I can't
look, or speak, or do anything, without you find
fault, as if it was a horrible burden to do the
duties of a wife; and as if a husband had no
rights, and shouldn't speak in his own defence."

"A husband is no better than a wife, and I
have as much right to speak in my own defence
as you have."

"Don't I treat you as an equal?"
"No."
"In what?"

"You always ask me where I'm going, when
I go out anywhere. I never ask you."

"Because you know. You know that I am
going to my business. I can't stay at home all
the time. It is a man's place to be out of
doors; and a woman's place to be in most of
the time."

"I am in most of the time. And when I
dare to stir out, you always ask me where I'm
going."

"It is a fair question, the natural interest a
man takes in his wife."

"Natural interest. Pooh! You act as if
you suspected me."

"That is all in your imagination. I ask,
because in the first place a husband has a right
to know where his wife goes, and besides, he
knows more about the world, and might advise
her in matters which make the world talk about
indiscretion, and all that sort of thing."

"Pshaw! Indiscretion. You are an old
maid of a man! Do you think I am such a fool
that I can't keep out of fire? You men think
you know everything."

"We don't. We know that generally we
know only what you have a mind to let us
know. The rest we must find out."

"That is a base insinuation."
"I didn't intend it as one. I mean that
women are more artful than men. But men
have more judgment, as a general thing.—
What does Milton say, in Paradise Lost?"

"Hang Milton! He says lots of things that
I cannot understand."

"And a good many that I can understand;
and this is one of them. I came to it the
other day, and I thought of you. It just
suited you, and I knew that you would sneer
at it."

"What is it? What does Milton say about
me?"

"He says this about women. After Eve has
had a family row with Adam, owing to her hav-
ing eaten the forbidden fruit, listened to the
serpent, and kicked up the devil with all man-
kind—if I must say so—Eve says to Adam:

"Hast thou been firm and fixed in thy dissent,
Neither had I transgressed, nor thou with me?"

And Adam makes this prophecy in reply:

"Thus it shall befall
Him, who to worth in woman overtrusting,
Lest he will rule; restraint she will not brook,
And, left to herself, if evil thence ensue,
She first his weak indulgence will accuse."

"His weak indulgence!" I do not think
you have ever shown any weak indulgence to
me. But I am determined to have my rights.
Milton was nothing but an old poet, and poets
are all crazy."

"Milton, Almira, was a man who had a good
deal of experience in matrimonial matters—he
married three wives; and wrote some very
handsome treatise upon the subject of divorce."

"A man who would marry three wives must
have been a beast."

"He must be very daring. He was a good
man, gifted and very handsome; and yet his
first wife ran away from him, for a time."

"I suppose he was an old bully. Three
times married! That is a man."

"Some women have had seven husbands, let
me tell you. And as to Milton's marrying
more than once, I don't think he would have
done it, if he had not become blind."

"Nothing could ever make me take another
husband, blind or no blind. I am satisfied
with one."

"Ha, ha!"
"He, he, he!"

"Come, let us wake up, Almira, you know
I love you."

"I don't know anything. Don't hug me so."
"There. Good morning. Back at noon."

NOON.

"Here I am, wife. I got along first-rate
to-day, which wouldn't have been the case if
we had kept up our quarrel. How much bet-
ter it is not to be fighting with each other. It
does no good."

"Of course not. But you talk as if I was
the cause of the quarreling. I am not fond of
it, any more than you are."

"Well, if we both hate it, let us avoid it.—
Our interests are one. If every wife, now-a-
days, would live by the old laws, instead of
listening to the new-fangled doctrines of sap-
headed reformers as they call themselves,
there would be less discontent and breaking-up
of families. Of all the crazy fools that ever
cursed and bored the world, woman's-rights
idiots are the most intolerable and mischief-
making."

"Woman don't think so—true women don't."
"True women do think so. But malignant
gossips and venomous snakes in the grass don't,
and make it their business to go about, telling
wives, who are happy enough, that they are
abused and miserable, till they believe it, and
fret themselves till they become so. As that
confounded Mrs. Harpy did, who made the
trouble with us last fall."

"You were jealous of her because she made
so much of me—and so hated her, for being
my company in lonesome hours."

"I hated her for her imprudent looks and
teachings. She set you a bad example; full
of artifice and sly whisperings. There was a
cold-blooded, devilish expression in her dull
oyster-looking eye, and I found her eye didn't
believe her. It was the only part of her that
was true. Oh, how I detest that unnatural,
slab-sided, uncouth, self-sufficient, masculine,
ignoramus gipsy of a woman!"

"There's no love lost between you."
"There you are. Defending her!"

"I don't see what harm she did. She was
fond of me, and wanted me to stick up for my
rights—which I'm determined to do—mark
that now, Alonzo—which I'm determined to
do."

"Why! what an abused creature you are, to
be sure. If I wish for company, I don't think
my taste would permit me to choose such a
hugoblin as that for society."

"Anything is better than a scolding husband.
A cell, or a slave-galley. I'd rather live in a
wilderness than with you. We don't under-
stand each other, and we never can agree."

"Not while there are any Mrs. Harpys about,
to put you off the track of duty, and tell you
that all men are either tyrants or nincompoops,
and all women either angels or slaves. If you
read good books, instead of listening to evil-
minded women, Almira, you'd find yourself
better off."

"I don't need to read books to find out what
my rights are."

"There you go again. What rights! You
are always talking about rights, rights, rights,
but never think of the wrongs you do me every
day, by teasing me into a fury. Really I be-
lieve that women are degenerated since Eve;
for although she was the mother of all mis-
chief, if we are to believe God's word, even
she was not so heartless as to keep up a per-
petual war with her husband. She never left
her husband."

"She didn't have her choice. She was ob-
liged to go with him."

"I have a higher opinion of her, I agree
with you Milton."

"You had better agree with your wife."
"Milton puts these affecting words into the
mouth of Eve, as she was leaving Paradise
with Adam. She was at least repentant and
affectionate"

"But now lead on;
In me is no delay, with thee to go
Is to stay here; without thee here to stay
Is to go hence unwillingly: thou to me
Art all things under Heaven, all places thou,
Who for my wilful crime art banished hence.

There was a wife for me!"

"I suppose Adam treated her like a gentle-
man, and didn't come to her every day to quar-
rel. But I don't care any more about what
Milton wrote than I do for Tupper's poems on
Mother Goose. I know that I won't be ruled
by any man in Christendom, and I mean to
have my own way, and my own say as long
as I live. I wish I was dead. Oh dear, I
wish I was a slave—in name as well as reality."

"My dear Almira, don't cry. I really think
that one-half your trouble proceeds from having
little to do. Now suppose I get you a sewing-
machine. It is a handsome, elegant, ingenious
little article, and will do to while away your
lonesome hours."

"Well you may get one. But the first thing
I do with it, I'll sew my own shroud."

"I hope you will sew one for me, too, then,
while your hand is in—to pay for the machine,
but don't forget to make mine a little larger.
If there is anything I do wish to have, after
death, it is, room enough to turn in. Now
you're smiling. Of course, smiling at the
thought of my death. There. Make up.
Good-bye, till evening. I'll come home with
the machine."

EVENING.

"Here's the machine. But you'll have to
learn how to use it."

"It is very handsome. But do you suppose
that I'll have to learn, unless I please?"

"Oh, let's take tea! Don't let's begin to
dispute about words—not till we eat some-
thing to strengthen us at any rate."

"But you said, bluntly, that I'd have to learn,
and—"

"Why of course you will!"

"Of course I won't. I won't be compelled
to learn anything, unless—"

"Is the machine going to work itself?"

"You can ask the machine."

"Is this my thanks?"

"For what?"

"For having this sent home to you?"

"To oblige me to slave for you?"

"Well! of all the unreasonable—"

"I can see through you, and the machine,
too. You call it a present! But it's a tool
to make me a slave; and, pretending to have
done me fine service, you begin by ordering me
to learn to sew with it."

"O good Lord of heaven! look down upon
this woman—"

"And see this instrument of slavery that this
man has brought here. No, Alonzo. I never
was forced, and I never will be forced. I'll
be engineer on a railroad first."

"Almira! Do you see that axe?"

"I am not blind. I do."

"Well—there—and there—and there—"

"Good gracious! What are you doing?"

"And there—and there—and there! That
machine cost me a hundred and twenty-five
dollars, to-day; and now—it's used up! You
can sell it to-morrow for old iron. You make
no shrouds on that machine, for yourself, me,
or anybody else. Curse my folly for thinking of
it in the first place. Don't reply. For mercy's
sake, don't. I'll do something desperate, if
you do. When I try, try, try, all the time, to
do the best I can, somehow or other, the devil
comes flying about us, and possesses you, either
to misunderstand me, or change all my good
feelings into gall and bitterness. The amount
of it all is just this: We might either of us
do well enough for somebody else, but we never
were destined to be happily mated. We have
lived together for two or three years, and I
don't remember of a day when we didn't have
some disagreement about what was a trifle at
first, but led to some despicable, controversy.
You say that it is my fault. I think it is yours.
I love you—love you dearly—but we cannot
agree, some how, and it is best, it is safest, for us
to part. Each day we disagreed oftener than the
day before; and I fear I might yet be wrought
up to some paroxysm of rage, which might
have an irreparable result."

They wept, and argued—but to no purpose;
for the inevitable wrangling ensued—and in a
few days they parted—perhaps forever. Both
deplore their separation, but both declare that
they are right; each that the other should
have yielded. Both are the occasional objects
of foul misrepresentation. Each heart laments
the loss of those golden moments of peace
which they enjoyed at intervals when each was
undisputative.

And their condition is but one of the nat-
ural results of the machinations of certain
modern pseudo-reformers; woman's-rights con-
ventions; meddling gossips; the prock gal-
lantry of designing libertines; unnatural alien-
ation from the domestic hearth; artificial life;
legislative tinkering with old matrimonial laws;
and judicial blindness in the settlement of ma-
rimonial troubles.

These glaring evils of the present age have
sown corruption deep in the bosom of society;
encouraged apostasy from matrimonial faith;
opened the doors to all manner of assaults up-
on honor, confidence, fidelity, and affection in
the conjugal circle; and left but a minority
of homes unblighted by the breath of just re-
proach, or suspicion less unreasonable than un-
happy.

Fatal to fish—lively worms. Fatal to man
—still worms.

Christians should be neither proud flesh nor
dead flesh.