

THE PILOT
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The Pilot.

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 1 square, (ten lines or less) 3 insertions..... 1.00
 Each subsequent insertion..... .25
 Professional cards, one year..... 6.00

**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 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
 keeps 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 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 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 tares;
 and the Teas are guaranteed 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 the
 description and the prices annexed that the COMPANIES
 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, 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 ex-
 pectorate freely. Two or three doses will invariably
 cure Tickling in the Throat. A half bottle has ef-
 fectively cured the most stubborn cough, and
 yet, though it is so agreeable 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. CLARK & CO.,
 Proprietors,
 New Haven, Ct.
 At Wholesale, by
Johnston, Holloway & Gowden,
 28 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 a great variety.

SHOOTING
 of the best material, for houses, &c., manufactured
 and put up at the above named 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
 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, of Sper-
 matorrhoea, induced from Self-Abuse; of Prostatitis,
 Emissions, Impotency, Nervous Debility, and Im-
 pediments to Marriage generally; of Consumption,
 Epilepsy and Fits; of Mental and Physical Incapacity,**
 &c.—By **Ross J. Wallace, 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. C. KLINE & CO.,
 127 Bowery, New York, Post Office Box, 4686,
 Jan. 27, 1864.

Select Poetry.

SONG:—THE MONTH OF FLOWERS.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.
 "May morning! May morning!"
 The birds sing aloud,
 And she swings on the bough
 And looks up at the cloud
 That is spreading his wings,
 Knowing well that the day
 Is too brilliant and pure
 And diving for the stay
 Of aught darkling like him,
 When all Heaven and Earth
 Are rejoicing in light,
 Like young gods at their birth,
 "May morning! May morning!"
 Like arrows of fire,
 The streams flash away
 In their mighty desire
 For freedom to seek
 The blue breast of the sea,
 Where their voices may join
 In her great minstrelsy,
 In her Anthem first sung,
 When she rose from Night's bars
 And attuned her own pulse
 To the march of the stars.
 "May morning! May morning!"
 The maid seeks the bowers
 With an innocent longing
 For sunbeams and flowers;
 O well may they cluster,
 Like blessing, her brow,
 And well may the acacia
 Over her brow,
 Like a memory of Eden,
 A prophesy sweet
 That the Earth and the Heaven
 In bridal yet meet!
 "May morning! May morning!"
 The bard sings aloud,
 With his brow to the Bard
 Of Eternity bowed,
 To the Father of all,
 Who the Beautiful brings,
 For the finely strung spirit
 On May's rosy wings.
 "May morning! May morning!"
 Sing Heaven and Earth,
 As ye rival in light,
 Like young gods at their birth!

Miscellaneous.

CAPTAIN TIM'S MARRIAGE.

In order to make the following more intelli-
 gible to the reader, we will remark that Moll
 is an old woman living in a solitary cabin with
 a pretty niece; Captain Tim a doughty military
 officer, and farmer of mature years, well to do
 in the world, in passing this cabin at night,
 gets his wagon "stuck" in a slough. By the
 interposition of the pretty damsel, old Moll
 starts him off. The Captain is smitten with
 Lucy, procures a license, and weds and wins
 her in the following expeditious manner:—
 "The sun made a glorious miquing of it,
 bathing wagon and driver, dog and horses, in
 a cheerful light, drying up the roads, and
 bringing out many singers on the still leafless
 branches on the wayside. Since the same hour
 on the day before, how much had happened to
 the commander-in-chief of the military forces
 of R—! Event had succeeded event,
 thought followed thought, and plan trod hard
 upon plan. His heart beat with unwonted ex-
 citement, faster and still faster, as Aunt Moll's
 hovel hove in sight.
 A cheerful spoke now curled gracefully up
 from the huge throat of the old gimney, and
 the bleached pile of bones which lay around it
 looked far less formidable with the sun shining
 on them. To soften the sombre look of the
 pile of logs, a young girl stood by them dress-
 ed in short gown and petticoat, with a blue
 handkerchief bound over her head. It was
 Lucy—Captain Tim knew her in an instant.
 Now, he had been trying all the morning to
 arrange his thoughts a little, to make out what
 he should say first, but he had not been able
 to satisfy himself. He had never been court-
 ing in his younger days.
 Somehow it did not seem to him as if it
 would be exactly the right beginning to show
 license first, and he was all in confusion as to
 what he ought to do. He looked down on his
 dirty frock and boots—how much Captain Tim
 would have given, just then, for his gold
 epaulettes!
 "Good morning, Miss Lucy; I hope you are
 well, this morning."
 Lucy lifted up the same laughing face which
 had bewitched our hero at dead of night.
 "So you got along, did you?" said she,
 snapping a pair of black eyes.
 "Yes, and I suppose I ought to thank you
 for it."
 Now came a dead pause. Captain Tim
 fumbled in his frock pockets, he grasped his
 license; in his extremity, he was about hand-

ing it over to her, when his fingers encountered
 the tobacco.
 "Oh, I forgot," said he; "I brought Aunt
 Moll a present; it's in the wagon. I'll get it
 in a minute." Down he ran after it, and, with
 snuff and tobacco, propitiatory offering to the
 goddess within, he approached the hovel. By
 this time Lucy had vanished, and the door
 stood wide open.
 "Good morning," said Captain Tim to the
 old crone who was smoking in the chimney
 popper; "I thought as I was going by, I'd just
 drop in and leave you a little present for help-
 ing me along last night."
 "You lie!" said Moll; "it's Luce ye're
 after, and you know it is."
 "Well, so it is, granny. You do know every-
 thing, don't ye? I got the license safe in my
 pocket. I want to marry her, and take her
 home with me. I've got a nice farm, I'm well
 to do in the world, and I s'pose I've sowed my
 wild oats. I can give her a good home, and
 take good care of her. Try your snuff and
 'baggy, will ye?"
 Moll refilled her pipe, and looked straight
 into the ashes, rocks to and fro a long time in
 silence, Captain Tim grew very impatient.
 "I know all about ye," said she, at last;
 "you may as well have her as anybody, far's I
 know. She will marry some day,—more fool
 she,—she's got it in her. Luce—Luce!"
 Luce came at the call. "Captain Tim, here,
 wants you to marry him. You may do as
 you're a mind about it. What say, eh! Speak
 out—don't apt like a simploton!"
 Lucy, with her sparkling eyes, looked in
 Captain Tim's good natured face. Smile met
 smile, and heart met heart.
 "What do you say?" roared Moll; he "don't
 want to keep his team waiting all day."
 "Yes, I will marry him," said Lucy.
 "Well, then, be off with you now, Mr.
 Captain. Don't waste your time in courting.
 You'll have enough of her arter you're mar-
 ried. Off with ye, and be back here two
 weeks from to-day. Ye ain't such a fool as to
 suppose your license will do any good yet.—
 See to it, now, ye don't make any talk about it,
 or it will go hard with ye. The gal will have
 nothing but the clothes on her back; I tell ye
 that beforehand. Mind ye, too, ye're to bring
 no parson to darken these doors."
 "We can go down town to get married,"
 said the Captain.
 "Suit yourself about that; it's all one to
 me," said Moll, "since she will go. Ye're a
 pair of fools, both of ye!"
 "I've had her name put down on this paper
 Miss Lucy Buzzard. Is that right, granny?"
 "Good as any name," said Moll with a grunt-
 ing kind of chuckle.
 "All reg'lar, then?"
 "Reg'lar," said Moll, with a huge puff.
 "I'll be here, then, two weeks from to-day,"
 said Captain Tim.
 "See that you don't come after then, that's
 all; so off with you now!"
 Captain Tim could think of nothing further
 to remark. He moved toward the door.—
 Lucy followed him. He looked once in her
 eyes; they were swimming in tears. He
 stopped on the outer step; he wanted to say
 something. "Don't cry," said he, in a whis-
 per, "I'll be good to ye." Her head dropped
 a little, and Captain Tim somehow—he never
 could tell exactly how himself—found his lips
 on her cheek. Twenty-five years had it been
 since his lips had touched so soft a cheek;—
 then he kissed his last farewell to his mother.
 "Luce!" growled out old Moll. Captain
 Tim started as if shot; he ran to his team, he
 whistled to Bowsen, he put on his lash, and
 was soon among his own familiar hills.

A GREAT CHEESE MILL.

Two men were seated at a table in Nashville,
 drinking ale and eating crackers and cheese.
 Their conversation at length turned upon large
 cheese.
 "That was a very large cheese presented to
 Andrew Jackson," said one.
 "Yes, it weighed nine hundred pounds and
 upwards," answered the other.
 A young gentleman who was sitting reading a
 newspaper in the same room, inquired:
 "How much did you say, sir?"
 "Nine hundred and upwards," answered the
 other.
 "That is about half as large as some that
 my father makes in this county," was the
 young man's reply; "his cheese generally
 average two thousand pounds."
 "Two thousand pounds!" exclaimed the
 stranger, in perfect astonishment. "Why, how
 does he manage a dairy capable of making
 such an enormous cheese?" inquired both,
 simultaneously.
 "Very easily," replied the young man; he
 has an extensive trough, leading down the side
 of a large hill on his place, and half way down
 there is an immense vat; the cows are milked
 in the trough, and the same runs into the reser-
 voir, about middle on the side of the hill.
 Leaving the stranger to digest this descrip-
 tion, the young man coolly laid down the paper,
 and walked off. Presently the landlord step-
 ped in.
 "Do you know that young man that left the
 room a few moments since?" inquired one of
 the strangers.
 "Yes, sir," said the landlord; he is the son
 of a dairy owner in this county."
 "What is his character for truth and verac-
 ity?" inquired one of the strangers.
 "I never heard it doubted," replied the land-
 lord.
 "My reason for asking you," said the stran-
 ger, "is, that he has been telling us that his
 father manufactures cheese at his dairy, in this
 county, which average two thousand pounds."
 "I don't know anything about the weight of
 his cheese," answered the landlord, "but I
 know that this old man runs, at the bottom of
 the hill, on his place, two saw mills, which are
 driven the whole year round by the whey
 which runs his cheese-press."
 "Will you be so kind as to order our horses?"
 quietly remarked the traveler.

HOOSIER COURTSHIP.

Scene: A log cabin boasting a single room,
 one-half of which is occupied by two beds,
 one containing the "old folks" and baby, the
 other whose duty by day is to stand beneath
 the shadows of its loftier mate, laden with five
 young members.
 Ezekiel.—(in a whisper)—"I s'wore tew gosh
 Sary, I luv ye."
 Sary.—(in a higher key)—"Good Zeke, I'm
 glad on't."
 Ezekiel.—"Will you have me? that's what
 I want to know?"
 Sary.—(looking astonished)—"Heve ye? to
 be sure, I call'te to."
 Zeke.—"When will we get spliced?"
 Sary.—"Wall, boss, that's what I've been
 thinking on; I telled dad that of so he he'd
 go to mill to-morrow, we git jined next day."
 Zeke.—"Yer did? wall then, swap a buss
 with me."
 Father.—(from the bed)—"There, now var-
 mints; ef you've got the bizness settled, dew
 quit fer to night; ye make sich a racket a
 fella might as well sleep in bedlam."

THREE SEVENTEENS.

The following story of an ancient joker, who
 is now dead, but who has left a large family of
 that particular class of children known as
 b'hoys, is going the round of the papers with-
 out any credit. As the story goes:—
 The old gentleman was a strict governor,
 though when outside he would occasionally
 "let up," drink, talk horses, and go in for the
 chances. The boys knew this—boys generally
 do—and while they respected the "governor,"
 on account of his age, they positively ob-
 jected to his propensities for humbug. One
 Sunday, the governor was reading the Bible,
 and while thus piously engaged, Bz, the oldest
 boy, procured a set of dice, and having spotted
 all the low sides, so that he could not get less
 than fifteen, commenced throwing them on a
 chair. The governor came to a hard word,
 looked up and saw the game. Then came the
 following conversation:
 Governor.—Bz, you boy—Egeriah! Do
 you know what dey it is?

Ex.—Yes—fifteen—Sunday. Seventeen!
 Governor.—Well, then, you go put them
 away; throw them in the stove—no put them
 on the shelf. Get a book, sit down and read.
 Ex.—Put the "bones" in his pocket, and
 got a book; but somehow or other, out came
 the dice again.
 Ex.—Seveteen! Seveteen! Seveteen!
 Governor.—(Springing from his chair, and
 allowing the Bible to drop on the floor)—
 What! not three seveteens! Good God—
 them would have won the boss last night!

DOBBS' FIRST MOTION.

Dobbs started as if he had been shot. The
 assembled wisdom had their eyes fixed upon
 him. He pulled out his handkerchief to wipe
 away the perspiration, and feeling that it was
 necessary for him to say something, thundered
 out:
 "Second the motion."
 "There is no motion before the House,"
 said the speaker.
 "Then—I—"
 Dobbs could not think of anything to say.
 But a bright idea came in him, and he finished
 with—
 "I move we adjourn."
 This motion didn't go, but Dobbs did, and
 nothing more was seen of him that day.

Little-or-Nothings.
 By preparing for the worst, you may often
 compass the best.
 Of what shape is the atmosphere? 'Tis all
 round.
 There is a great deal of preaching that isn't
 worth praying for.
 Make your bread by grinding—but not by
 grinding the face of the poor.
 An olive hedgerow would be the best bound-
 ary-line between two nations.
 To-morrow has no overflow to atone for the
 lost yesterday.
 An inebriated man doesn't enjoy the opera.
 A glass of liquor is no opera-glass.
 Every life has its cataracts, and religion
 should be their rainbow.
 The sun may be regarded as a great extor-
 tioner. It rises on us every day.
 The lash that man does not object to having
 laid on her shoulder—the eye-lash of a pretty
 girl.
 Men cannot excel in more things than one;
 and, if they can, they had better be quiet about
 it.
 We see the dutiful New moon, when but two
 or three days old, bearing the dead old moon
 in her arms.
 Another man may do a great many things
 for you, but no man can forgive your enemy
 but yourself.
 Every man's opinions about education would
 be valuable if he only wrote what he didn't
 copy.
 The best that could be done with a good
 many of our schools would be to send them to
 school.
 It is good to repeat old thoughts in the
 newest book, for the old works in which they
 stand are not read.
 Half of our forebodings as to our neighbors
 are but wishes that we are ashamed to utter in
 any other form.
 Fools are often quoted in the strictest inti-
 macy, as the lighter kind of woods are the
 more closely glued together.
 A true dairy about an ordinary child would
 be much better than a book upon children by
 an ordinary writer.
 Some things are better done by mediocrity
 than by gunning, as paper is better cut by a
 dull blade than by a sharp one.
 There are myriads of stars in a woman's
 heart that only the telescope of love can reveal
 to our vision.
 All should marry. Every I should have a
 second I. We pity a person with but one
 eye. He can see but half the things going on
 in the world.
 Let it be a law, that, as every faculty is
 holy, none must be weakened in itself, but only
 have its opposing one aroused.
 Those who call themselves statesmen often
 resemble inflammable air, which, it is true,
 gives light itself, but, in so doing, extinguishes
 every other.
 The spirit of education is nothing more than
 an endeavor to liberate, by means of a freeman,
 the ideal human being that lies concealed in
 every child.
 We merely reverse the ignorance of the
 savages who sowed gunpowder instead of mak-
 ing it when we attempt to compound what can
 only be developed.