

**THE PILOT**  
 IS PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY MORNING BY  
**JAMES W. M'CREORY,**  
 (North West Corner of the Public Square.)  
 at the following rates, from which there will be no  
 deviation:  
 Single subscription, in advance..... \$1.50  
 Within six months..... 1.75  
 Within twelve months..... 2.00  
 No paper will be discontinued unless at the option  
 of the Publishers, until all arrearages are paid.  
 No subscriptions will be taken for a less period  
 than six months.

# The Pilot.

VOL-V GREENCASTLE, PA., TUESDAY, MAY 24, 1864 NO 13

**ADVERTISING RATES.**

Advertisements will be inserted in THE PILOT at the following rates:

1 column, one year.....	\$70.00
1/2 of a column, one year.....	35.00
1/4 of a column, one year.....	20.00
1 square, twelve months.....	8.00
1 square, six months.....	5.00
1 square, three months.....	4.00
1 square, (ten lines or less) 3 insertions.....	1.00
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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.  
 Another peculiarity of the company is that their TEA TRADER 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 advantage 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.  
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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, any quantity of certificates from **EMINENT PHYSICIANS**, who have used it in their practice, and given it the pre-eminence 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 Tickling in the Throat. A half bottle has of an completely cured the most stubborn cough, and set, 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.  
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 New Haven, Ct.  
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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 store,  
**COOK, PARLOR AND NINE-PLATE**  
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**Tin, Japan 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.  
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*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. 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, 4656.  
 Jan. 27, 1864-sep27y.

**Select Poetry.**  
 [PUBLISHED BY REQUEST.]  
**COMPANY K.**  
 There's a cap in the closet,  
 Old, tattered, and blue,  
 Of very slight value,  
 It may be to you;  
 But a crown, jewel-studded,  
 Could not buy it to-day,  
 With its letters of honor,  
 Brave "Co. K."  
 The head that it sheltered  
 Needs shelter no more!  
 Dead heroes make holy  
 The trides they wore;  
 So like chaplet of honor,  
 Of laurel and bay,  
 Seems the cap of the soldier,  
 Marked "Co. K."  
 Bright eyes have looked calmly  
 Its visor beneath,  
 O'er the work of the Reaper,  
 Grim Harvester Death!  
 Let the muster-roll, meagre,  
 So mournfully say  
 How foremost in danger  
 Went "Co. K."  
 Whose footsteps unbroken  
 Came up to the town,  
 When rampant and bastion  
 Looked threat'ningly down?  
 Who, closing up breaches,  
 Still kept on their way,  
 Till guns, downward pointed,  
 Faced "Co. K."  
 Who faltered, or shivered?  
 Who shunned battle-strokes?  
 Whose fire was uncertain?  
 Whose battle-line broke?  
 Go ask it of History,  
 Years from to-day,  
 And the record shall tell you,  
 Not "Co. K."  
 Though my darling is sleeping  
 To-day with the dead,  
 And the daisies and clover  
 Bloom over his head,  
 I smile through my tears  
 As I lay it away—  
 That battle-worn cap,  
 Lettered "Co. K."  
 —New Bedford Mercury.

**A Good Story.**  
**WAIT TILL YOU HEAR THE OTHER SIDE.**  
 "I hear that Carlton has turned his nephew out of doors," said Mr. Lee, as he entered the store of his friend, Mr. Grant.  
 "He has!" was Mr. Grant's reply.  
 "Why, I thought he intended to adopt him as a son?"  
 "So he represented to his mother when he persuaded her to let him come with him, and now after keeping him a little more than a year, he not only sends him back again to his mother, but tells him never to enter his house again."  
 "What reason does he assign for it?"  
 "None at all, I believe, of any consequence; but I have heard from another source, that there was a probability of his ingratiating himself into the good graces of his daughter, and so I suppose he has taken this means to prevent it?"  
 "Shameful for any person to act in that way!" exclaimed Mr. Grant, "no gentleman would be guilty of such an act let alone a christian."  
 "A christian! Mr. Grant. I never thought there was any too much christianity about him, although I suppose he considers himself one of the best."  
 "He is generally so reckoned in the community."  
 "I know that, but it does not follow from that, that he is one. His conduct on this occasion at any rate, does not prove him one."—Here the friends parted.  
 "I have heard bad news this morning, Ellen," said Mr. Grant to his wife when they met at dinner.  
 "Ah, indeed! what is it?"  
 "William Carlton has turned his nephew, the son of his widowed sister, out of his house."  
 "Oh I hope not, John. Poor Mrs. Green! I do really pity her. But what caused him to do it, John?"  
 "He was afraid I believe of the young fellow's making love to his daughter."  
 "Oh, no, John: that can't be the reason—Mr. Carlton is a man of too noble principles, to be guilty of an act like that."  
 "Well, I don't know, any more than I have been told so."  
 "Who told you?"  
 "Henry Lee."

"Oh, pshaw! to place any dependance on that man's word. You know he never did like Carlton. Don't you recollect what a fuss he made about that money that was raised for the poor and placed in his hands?"  
 "I recollect something about it, but I forget the particulars."  
 "Why, don't you remember he charged him with having used a part of the money himself, and yet when all was settled up it was found that instead of having used any of it, he had paid away more than he really ought. Don't be too hasty in judging, John. Wait till you have the other side, and perhaps you will find that instead of being to blame, he has acted perfectly right."  
 "Well, I don't know, but I never saw anything out of the way in young Green. He appeared to be a very smart, sensible and active young man, and I have no doubt but that he had won the heart of his idolized daughter which is the main, and I guess if the truth be known, the only reason for his acting towards him as he has."  
 "I can't think it, John."  
 "You don't know the world, my dear woman. Carlton is rich, the young man is poor—peniless. No doubt her father has some wealthy alliance in view for her."  
 "That's true, John, I am not much acquainted with the world, but one thing I do know, that I have often times listened to stories concerning one individual or another, which have made them appear anything but honorable, and yet when the other side has been told, it has been quite a different coloring to the whole affair.—A circumstance occurred with me this morning just in point. As I was going into the kitchen soon after breakfast, Anne met me on the stairs.  
 "Oh! Mrs. Grant," she exclaimed, "just see what Kitty has done," and at the same time she held up to my view a shirt, the bosom of which bore the full impress of somebody's black hand.  
 "Kitty did that! Why, how came she to do it?" said I.  
 "Just out of mischief, ma'am. Now isn't it too bad. I had just ironed it, and hung it on the horse as she came in from lighting the parlor fire, and she goes and daubs her hand right on it."  
 "It's very provoking, indeed, Anne," I remarked, but I can't think she would do such a thing on purpose; was Mary there when she did it?"  
 "Yes, ma'am," she replied, rather hesitatingly. "Send her to me then," I said. I knew I could rely on what she told me. From Mary I learned that as Anne turned away from the horse after having hung up the shirt she somehow or other knocked it over, and all the clothes came near being capsized on the stove, when Kitty coming in at that moment, caught it, and blackened the shirt. Quite a different version from Anne's you see."  
 "So it was, but still I cannot think there can be any excuse for Carlton's conduct. He ought to befriend, rather than distress his widowed sister."  
 "And so I believe he does, John. And I am still of the opinion that he would have proved a father to George if he had not proved unworthy."  
 "Well—I guess we shall hear some more about it some of these days, Ellen, and as long as we cannot alter the case, we might as well drop it. I must be off to my store."  
 Two weeks after this it was announced in the public papers that George Green had been taken up for picking a gentleman's pocket.  
 "His uncle and no one else is to blame for that," remarked Mr. Grant to a friend with whom he had been conversing upon the subject.  
 "I am of a different opinion," replied the other.  
 "I suppose you allude to the fact of his having sent him back to his mother, do you not?"  
 "I do."  
 "Do you know why he did so?"  
 "He was afraid of his marrying his daughter, I have been told."  
 "Excuse me, Sir, but whoever told you that, told you a bare-faced lie."  
 "Well, that is the only reason I ever heard assigned for it."  
 "Out of justice to Mr. Carlton, I will relate to you the whole affair, for I am perfectly acquainted with it from beginning to end. His father, you know, has been dead about two years."  
 "Two years next month," replied Mr. Grant.  
 "You know, too, that she died insolvent."  
 Mr. Grant nodded in assent.

"Well," continued his friend "soon after his death, Mr. Carlton proposed to her sister, that if she would place George under his care, he would do by him as he would his own children. He also told her that in his house she could at any time she felt disposed to make her home. Both of these propositions however were declined. Notwithstanding this, he still continued to look after her, and in a great measure to provide for her wants. But unhappily for her son, as well as for herself, she exercised no authority whatever over him. George was permitted to go when he pleased, and where he pleased; to visit the tavern, the theatre, the gambling room; to remain out till twelve and one o'clock, and sometimes even all night, and his mother dare not utter a word of reproof. I felt sorry to see the boy going thus to ruin, and I spoke to her myself about him. I told her the best thing she could do with him would be either to send him into the country or to put him with a good master. She replied that she had been trying to persuade him to it, but she could not get his consent. Think of a boy sixteen acting this way! Nine months after his father's death his uncle again broached the subject. Mrs. Green with tears in her eyes, begged him if he had any love at all for her, to yield to his uncle's proposal. Finally he consented. Mr. Carlton told him he must at once and forever renounce all his former courses; he must give up the tavern, the theatre, the gambling room, and must make it a point never to be out after ten o'clock without his consent. George promised obedience to all this. For six months all was well enough.—Soon after this Mr. Carlton having occasion to return to his country rooms one evening for something he had forgotten, found him and another lad of his own age playing cards together. George begged for his mother's sake to be forgiven. And he was forgiven. Before two months had passed, the same thing took place again and resulted in the same manner. After this, as I was walking along the street one night I saw two lads standing at the corner just ahead of me. As I drew near, the younger of them said, "Oh! no, I am afraid father would not like it."  
 "Pshaw, we can manage to keep him from knowing it," replied his companion. I turned round at these words and discovered that the one was Carlton's oldest son, aged about 15, the other his nephew. I took them both home and related what I had heard. Green confessed that he had been trying to persuade his cousin to go with him to the theatre.  
 "What shall I do?" said Mr. Carlton appealing to me. "If I send him back to his mother with such a character, I fear it will be her death, and if I keep him here, I am afraid he will prove an everlasting curse to my family." Before I could reply George was on his knees before his uncle and plead and begged so hard for forgiveness, and made so many promises, that Carlton was again induced to try him still longer. But he did not keep his promises.—Once or twice he was found entering the house after midnight, having returned at an early hour, and then getting up and going out after the family were asleep. But it is not necessary for me to relate all his transgressions. I have given you enough to show you what he was."  
 "But what induced his uncle finally to send him away?"  
 "I was about to tell you. His daughter Susan having occasion to go into a distant part of the city, where it was supposed she would not be able to return before dark, her mother told her to wait at a friend's house, and George should meet her. With all his badness, her parents did not think, for a moment suppose, that he could not be trusted on an occasion of this kind. They met at the appointed place, and proceeded towards home. When they arrived at the corner of — street, he told her that he had a friend living there, whom he wished to see a few minutes. She at first refused, fearing that her parents would be uneasy at her absence, but, on his assuring her that he would not stay long, she consented.—Provisionally for her, a friend met her before they had reached the house it was his intention to enter, and thus his evil designs were frustrated. Would you, Mr. Grant, have kept him in your house, after this?"  
 "Indeed I would not; not a moment. I think hereafter I shall follow Ellen's advice, and wait till I hear the other side, before I form my opinion."  
 Sunday nights makes people human—set their hearts to beating softly, as they used to do before the world turned them into war-drums and jared them to pieces with tattoos.

**Little-or-Nothings.**  
 Revolutions, like earthquakes, put motion into the skeletons of a carnal-house.  
 The sea is of the quaker persuasion; it has a broad brim.  
 The man who is hung dies in a fit—a pretty close one.  
 He who doesn't love a garden will never be in Paradise.  
 A preacher's word should be law only when it is gospel.  
 Many a husband practices stern denial towards self—but only towards f'other self.  
 Every bird pleses us with its lay—espepi; ally the hen.  
 Wishes are the easy pleasures and the cheap fancies of the poor.  
 It is said that the man who has too many guineas for his subjects is the king of men.  
 Common-sense is valuable in all kinds of business except love-making.  
 The music of a good many performers should be like the famous music of the spheres—never heard.  
 Compared to a large city, the country is the world without its clothes on.  
 Daylight is wasted upon cats, diplomatists, and awls, that can see so much better in the dark.  
 The world weeps away the griefs, and, with those griefs, the memory of the wept.  
 The very tears shed by humanity to-day may be in the golden clouds and rainbows of to-morrow.  
 The Indian summer is Nature's soper second thought, and, to us, the sweetest of all her thinkings.  
 After all, there is something about a wedding-gown, prettier than any other gown in the world.  
 Girls and boys have too great a passion for unripe fruit—especially that which grows upon the tree of love.  
 The world is everywhere whispering poetry and truth; and a man needs only to be a man's amanuensis.  
 It might be impossible to put the multiplication-table into rhyme, but we have all heard of the Rule of Three in-verse.  
 He who seeks to increase the quantity of his lands by unjust suits at law, will probably soon find himself as groundless as his suits.  
 It's odd how folks will force disagreeable knowledge upon us—crab-apples that we must swallow and defy the stomach-ache.  
 In many disguisings the Past still lingers around us! The dead Past! It is not dead; it lives in the flower, the fountain, and the boy.  
 Geese and hens are foolish things—haven't a grain of sense, for that's a grain not found in gizzards.  
 Water-lilies are white chalices, held up by unseen hands—beautiful thoughts rocked on the swells of a pure bosom.  
 Philosophy may analyze a tear, but it can not carve a hope in it. It may make a spectrum, but it cannot make a smile.  
 A young married couple may well be contented with a mere martin's box of a house if it will hold two—or so; no matter how humbly furnished if there is hope in it.  
 The world, now-a-days, live too much "in the house;" souls grow angular as the apartments the dwell in, and come, like them, to have parlors and parlors, closets and coal-holes.  
 Winter, pale fly-leaf in the book of Time, sometimes slips out and puts forth its rosy blossoms, only to be carried away by the frosts of to-morrow, or the blasts of November.  
 Truths the most awful and mysterious are too often considered as so true that they lose all the life and efficiency, of true and lie bedridden in the dormitory of the soul, side by side with the most despised errors.