

THE PILOT
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deviation:
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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 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
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 purchase
on 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 warranted as represented.

We issue a Price List of the Company's Teas,
which will be sent to all who order it; comprising
**Hysong, Young Hysong, Imperial, Gun-
powder, Twankay and Skin.**

Oolong, Souchong, Orange and Hysong Pekoe.

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, 1863-8m.] 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 give it
the pre-eminence over any other compound.

It does not Dry up a Cough,
but lessens it, so as to enable the patient to expe-
riment freely. Two or three doses will invariably
cure Tickling in the Throat. A half bottle has often
completely cured the most stranuous 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 cure
it has made.

C. G. CLARK & CO.

Proprietors,

New Haven, Ct.

At Wholesale, by

Johnston, Holloway & Cowden,

22 North Sixth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

For sale by Druggists in city, county, and every
where.

[Sept. 28, 1863-8m.]

J. W. BARR'S

Mammoth Stove

and Tinware Store Room,

few doors South of the Diamond, Greencastle, Pa.

THE undersigned having purchased Mr. Neale's
entire interest in the Tinning business, wishes
to inform the public at large, that he has on hand,
at his extensive Stove store,

COOK, PARLOR AND NINE-PLATE
Stoves. Among them are the Continental, Noble
Cook, Commonwealth and Charnin, 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,
ethico-prior, 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 Spematozoa,
induced from Self-Abuse; Involuntary
Emissions, Impotency, Nervous Debility, and Impedi-
ments to Marriage generally; Consumption,
Epilepsy and Fits; Mental and Physical Incapacity,
&c.—By ROBERT J. CUTZWELL, 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, leeches, 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.

Send 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, 4585.
Jan. 27, 1864. sep 22/1.

The Pilot.

VOL-V GRE ENCASTLE, PA., TUESDAY, JUNE 7, 1864

NO 14

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| 1/2 of a column, one year..... 35.00 |
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| 1 square, three months..... 4.00 |
| 1 square, (ten lines or less) 3 insertions..... 1.00 |
| Each subsequent insertion..... 25 |
| Professional cards, one year..... 5.00 |

Little-or-Nothings.

The talk of a scolding man or woman at
table gives a flavor of gall to every dish.

If a writer can be put down, unquestionably
he ought to be.

Past and future wrap themselves from us:
that is the widow's veil, this is the maiden's.

In death we become pale. Pallor is the
white bridal-garment of heaven.

Often a man's own angry pride is cap and
bells for a tool.

Undoubtedly justice should temper mercy,
rather than mercy temper-justice.

In merry conversation, it is now and then a
very good joke to put in a very bad one.

A woman shouldn't be too sweet. To be
smeared with honey is to be teased by insects.

To be observed, when observation is not
sympathy, is just to be tortured.

There is no doubt that all the sad infernal
river flow from fountains in this upper world.

All excitements run to love in women of a
certain—let us not say age, but youth.

The love shown to us when we are ill makes
us realize that sickness oft terminates in Hea-
ven.

Love, in a woman's heart, is the great red
dragon that is born of the little red eggs we
call sparks.

When a scribbler's system is over-full, a
newspaper is a very convenient faucet, if he
can only unscrew it.

If you would pass for more than your value,
say little. It is easier to look wise than to
talk wise.

Sorrow can never wholly fill the heart that
is occupied with other's welfare. Constant
melancholy is rebellion.

Galileo insisted on spinning the world
around in spite of the pious dunces who sat on
it in solemn conclave to hold it down.

The selfish passions cut off the wings, but
not the beak of the Promethean—and so he
digs forever into their hearts.

Some men not only forget their own names
when they are drunk, but forget themselves
when they are sober.

If an author's writings are lampoons upon
his neighbors, his life is probably a lampoon
upon himself.

Religion comes from women more than from
men—from mothers most of all, who carry the
key of our souls in their bosoms.

We may put on wigs with thousands of curls
and set our feet upon ell-high rocks. Still we
abide ever—what we are.

The winning-post of the race of life is a
slab of white or gray stone standing out from
that turf where there is no more jockeying.

A sour faced fanatic would probably cut his
kitten's tail off if he caught her playing with it.
Please say who taught her to play with it?

If a sense of the ridiculous is all there is in
a man, he had better been an ape at once, and
so have stood at the head of his profession.

Public opinion is a weak tyrant compared
with our own private opinion. What we think
of ourselves indicates our fate.

The good fortune of the bad bows their
heads down to the earth; the bad fortune of
the good turns their faces up to Heaven.

If the tear of woman passes away lightly,
so flutter away still more lightly her smile;
and the latter, still oftener than the former, is
only appearance.

The only petitions in the Lord's Prayer that
many people utter in sincerity are the fourth
and part of the fifth—give us daily bread, and
forgive us our debts.

The dancing-floor is to woman's beauty what
the horse's back is to ours; on both the mutual
enchantment unfolds itself, and only a graceful
rider can match a dancing maiden.

In every good heart there is rising, without
sound of hammer or ax, a beautiful temple,
meet residence for the indwelling of the Holy
Spirit.

Select Poetry.

From the New York Ledger.

THE STORY OF LIFE.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

Say, what is life? 'Tis to be born
A helpless Babe, to greet the light
With a sharp wail, as if the morn
Foretold a cloudy noon and night;
To weep, to sleep and weep again,
With sunny smiles between; and then?
And then space the infant grows
To be a laughing, puling boy,
Happy, despite his little woes,
Were he but conscious of his joy;
To be in short from two to ten,
A merry, moody Child; and then?
And then in coat and trousers clad,
To learn to say the Decalogue,
And break it; an unthinking Lad,
With mirth and mischief all a-gog;
A truant off by field and fen
To capture butterflies; and then?
And then, increased in strength and size,
To be a man, a Youth full grown;
A hero in his mother's eyes,
A young Apollo in his own;
To imitate the ways of men
In fashionable suits; and then?
And then, at last to be a Man;
To fall in love; to woo and wed,
With seething brain to scheme and plan;
To gather gold, or toil for bread;
To seek for fame with tongue or pen,
And gain or lose the prize;

And then in gray and wrinkled old
To mourn the speed of life's decline;
To praise the scene his youth beheld,
And dwell and memory of Lang Syne,
To dream awhile, with darkened ken,
And drop into his grave, and then?

A Good Story.

THE LEGEND OF CARL TODSCHALK.

Many are the arrows which Father Julius
shoots at the follies and vain wishes of ordinary
mortals. From his bursting quiver I have
chosen a shaft, but he has not only grace-
fully yielded the bow, but has even shown how,
in the spirit of its length, it may be drawn
without hurt to living creatures.

It was just as the most vigilant cock in the
village was flapping his wings, preparatory to
waking the milkmaids and other early risers, that
Merlin, the wizard, rose to go. He had been
entertained like a prince. All night he
had drunk the rosiest of wine, and had sung
the roaringest of catches; and faithfully, bumptious-
ly after bumper, and catch for catch, had Carl
Todschalk responded. But Merlin must now
go, though Carl assured him that a flask of
wine yet remained, the like of which the Kaiser
himself could not boast. Some other time,
Merlin said, but not now. One little favor,
however, his guest would ask him before he
went. If there were any three things in the
world Carl desired, Merlin requested
he would name them instantly. Carl shook
his head; 'here was a chance. But what should
he chose?—he, who was the happy man of the
happy man of the village with nothing to de-
sire.

"Why do you do that?" asked the stranger.
"It is already too hot."

"It will be hotter presently, I promise you,"
replied Carl, pitching on log after log, till the
fire snapped and snarled, and roared, as though
it were a pack of hungry wolves pursuing
some wretched traveler.

"The fire scorching me! Let me up. Ha!
what is this?"

DEATH WAS PRISONER IN THE ENCHANTED CHAIR.

"I'll serve you for this," cried Death, after
a fruitless attempt to release himself.

"Will you?" quoth Carl. "We'll see.—

Here Aennchen, bring up every stick of wood
from the cellar, and let Wilhelm help you.—

Quick!"

"Stop, stop," roared the prisoner in the
chair, "would you roast me like a goose?"

"Not if you talk in a reasonable way. But
if you threaten any more, I will make the fire
still hotter. I have a small request, and if
you grant it, you shall instantly be set at lib-
erty."</p