

**THE PILOT**  
 IS PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY MORNING BY  
**JAMES W. M'CRORY,**  
 (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, JUNE 14, 1864. NO 15.

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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    |
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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 TASTER not only devotes his time to the selection  
 of their Teas as to quality, value, and particu-  
 lar 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 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  
**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 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, 1863-3m.] 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,"**

it loosens it, so as to enable the patient to expe-  
 corate 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. CLARK & CO.,  
 Proprietors,  
 New Haven, Ct.**

At Wholesale, by  
**Johnston, Holloway & Cowden,  
 28 North Sixth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.**  
 For sale by Druggists in city, county, and every-  
 where [Sept. 29, 1863.-6m.]

**J. W. BARR'S**

**Mammoth Stove  
 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 Stove store,  
**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.**

**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.  
 August 25, 1863. **J. W. BARR.**

**THE GREAT CAUSE**

**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-  
 matorrhea, induced from Self-Abuse; Involuntary  
 Emissions, Impotency, Nervous Debility, and Im-  
 pediments to Marriage generally; Consumption,  
 Epilepsy and Fits; Mental and Physical Incapacity,  
 &c.—By ROSS, J. GREENAWALL, 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.-sep22ly.**

**Original Poetry.**

**JUNE.**

Rose-flushed, warm-faced June,  
 What is the charm in your deep eyes  
 That captive takes with sweet surprise,  
 Every heart beneath the moon?  
 Where the sunlight burns and quivers  
 O'er the face of drowsy rivers,  
 On whose banks, with fresh dew wet,  
 Sits the blue-eyed violet.  
 Lo! the passion-hearted rose  
 Lifts its beauties to the sun,  
 And the Lillies one by one,  
 Their white lips unclose.

Love of mine, in the trees,  
 Like dried summer hides;  
 Flows her dreams in endless tides  
 Of delightful harmonies.  
 Hears she not the sylvan calling  
 Of the winds in the leaves,  
 Hears she not the rustling sheaves,  
 Hears she not the waters falling,  
 Over the banks of fragrant flowers,  
 That with warm pulsation tremble.  
 Seeking vainly for the hours  
 Their winged odors to disemble.

In the mead the weary sun  
 Laughs in flowers; let us tread  
 Where the new spring-tide has won  
 Life and beauty from the dead  
 Wonder of that last sad Spring.  
 That, to Winter wandering,  
 Died of cold. You shall see  
 Where all last night the nightingale  
 Sang in yonder linden tree  
 To the rosebush in the vale:  
 Love, he sang so loud and sweet  
 The morn came mounting from the sea  
 With eager eye and winged feet  
 To learn what wonder this might be.

Oh! June, oh! red, delicious June!  
 Thou throbbing heart of all the year,  
 In thy sylvan depths at morn  
 Life and beauty from the dead  
 Beating deliciously clear,  
 This is Heaven, and love, thou  
 The seraph pastures of my soul.  
 Oh! June! it is to hear love's voice  
 Thy dreaming skies are downward bent;  
 With listening ear to earth's attent;  
 For love's sweet sake thy valleys roll  
 In blossoming pride magnificent.

Sweet heart, we'll tie the tender air  
 Into love-knots of rich words,  
 Hearing which the singing birds  
 Shall grow silent in despair,  
 And nature stand in eager mood,  
 Circled by the dancing hours,  
 And with red, round ears the flowers  
 To hear love's charming interlude.

**MAGNOLIA.**  
 CHANDLERBURG, June 1st, 1864.

**Miscellaneous.**

**THE WIFE'S FATE.**

BY JAMES REES.

"Here, here, yet stay: do not say that it  
 came from me. I gave it her, but yet I curse  
 her."

And with this speech was flung to, with pas-  
 sionate vehemence, the parlor door of one of  
 the noblest mansions in London. The indi-  
 vidual who stood without, was a short set man  
 about forty years of age, of a dark complexion  
 and shabbily clothed. He gazed about him in  
 the splendid hall as though he had suddenly  
 dropped in some enchanted temple; and was  
 only awakened from his stupor by the liveried  
 menial politely requesting him to "clear."

The poor man left the house, but tightly  
 clutched his treasure, till the light falling from  
 a neighboring gas lamp, allowed him to count  
 the amount.

"I wronged him," said he, "I wronged  
 him."

"Five guineas! 'twill last a long time, if  
 the relief be not too late; if the sufferer's  
 spirit has not winged its flight to heaven, 'twill  
 make her passage easier, though never bring  
 her back to life."

So on he strode through the streets of the  
 metropolis. He passed up the Stand and Fleet  
 street. There was the busy throng, the living  
 tide of human life pressing on the thoughtless  
 and careless. There was business in all its  
 activity, everything to attract or delay, but the  
 wayfarer thought of but one, and that was —

In the eastern suburbs of the city, in an  
 upper room of one of the most mean butts of  
 that neighborhood, on an humble, yet neat bed,  
 lay a young and beautiful female. She could  
 be scarcely twenty-two years of age, yet death  
 had pressed a clear stamp upon her lovely  
 features. She lay apparently near expiration,  
 while everything around the room gave the  
 appearance of desolate poverty.

There was an apology for a fire on a cheer-  
 less hearth, where a few sticks of wood sent  
 forth at once light and a slight warmth. An

old lady was kneeling by the bed, and her eyes  
 never wandered from the pale features of the  
 dying girl. Every motion of the patient's lip  
 was noticed, with an anxiety and care that, if  
 aught human could do it, would have blunted  
 to the dying one the sharp sorrows of that  
 hour.

"Is he returned!" she asked in a faint trem-  
 ulous voice.

"Not yet," was the reply.

"God forgive me," said the patient, "for  
 wishing to linger in this cold and cruel world;  
 but oh, if I could bear with me his forgiveness:  
 'Tis hard to die estranged from those we love;  
 but," she added, and a soft smile stole over her  
 face, "there is no sorrow there."

At this moment the sound of ascending foot  
 steps were heard, and presently the stranger  
 we have noticed in the commencement of our  
 tale, entered. Now life seemed to have enter-  
 ed the heart of the sick girl, for she started for  
 her couch and gazed fixedly and wildly at the  
 stranger whom the old lady welcomed as Rob-  
 ert.

"You have seen him—you have!" shrieked  
 she;

"For the great God's sake, tell me, have you  
 seen him?"

Both retreated her to be calm, and from his  
 pocket Robert drew the money he had receiv-  
 ed.

"I have seen him," said he, "and here are  
 the fruits."

"He bade me not to let you know that it  
 came from him."

"Kind! kind!" said the poor girl, weeping;  
 "he would not let me feel the favor. My poor  
 father, and I shall bear thy blessing and thy  
 pardon to the grave."

But beholding the serious aspect of Robert,  
 she still pressed him for the story of the inter-  
 view. Go on! he gave it you, told you to  
 keep the author unknown, and sent me—his  
 blessing."

"His courses?" said Robert, and he burst  
 into tears.

A wild and almost superhuman shriek rang  
 through that shattered dwelling, and that hum-  
 ble bed bore a corpse! that last cruelty had  
 broken the feeble threads of life!

Yes, died!—died as thousands die, unnoticed  
 we had almost said unknown; thousands,  
 whose life's morning dawned amid smiles and  
 caresses, and the bright fairy dreams of life,  
 'mid the joyous welcome of relatives and the  
 fond flattery of the interested. Who shall  
 envy the high estate of the rich? it is a lofty  
 precipice, and the fall will be more deadly and  
 dangerous.

The name of the girl who thus closed a  
 bitter life of destruction and sorrow, was Lucy,  
 once the admired, and almost idolized daugh-  
 ter of Sir Ralph Fisher. When the bud of  
 lovely youth burst into womanhood, she was  
 the admired of all admirers. Thousands  
 knelt at the shrine of her beauty. Among  
 them was one unknown to the princely throng.  
 He had met her at the ball; he won her atten-  
 tion; and for weeks he visited her, not indeed  
 in his own, but an assumed character. She  
 dared to love him, and knowing her father's  
 disposition—to marry him.

After their union, Sir Ralph Fisher was  
 made acquainted with the circumstance. His  
 pride was roused, his proud ambitious schemes  
 were levelled to the dust, and in the bitterness  
 of his heart, Lear-like, he breathed out curses  
 on his daughter.

"Sooner would I cast her fortune to the beg-  
 gar, or bury it in the ocean, than one farthing  
 should grace that girl!" said he, and he shut  
 his heart up from all compassion.

The result was as might be expected. The  
 husband of Lucy was a man who "lives by his  
 wits"; a heartless, soulless villain, who was con-  
 tent to live on the sufferings and losses of oth-  
 ers." The gaming table and every haunt of  
 vice was his favorite resort, and there he revel-  
 led and sported in the pollution of his soul.—  
 Oh! then did the delusive hopes, that had  
 buoyed up that young girl's mind, fade away  
 one by one! Her husband left her—and then,  
 desolate and broken-hearted, she turned her  
 footsteps to her father's house, only to be re-  
 pulsed with scorn and hatred; and then bitter  
 want and disease gnawed at her heart-strings  
 and a wild blast swept over the summer of her  
 hopes!

There was but one person to whom she dar-  
 ed apply; it was an old inmate of her father's  
 family and her nurse. She found her in the  
 humble dwelling we have described, but not  
 till the bloom had faded from her cheek, the  
 lustre from her eye, and the causer was busy  
 with her heart-strings. The cause of her dis-  
 tress, when all hopes of curbing himself

were fled, had forsaken her—he was gone none  
 knew whither—and the eyes of the poor girl  
 were closed by the very hands which first bore  
 her infant weight.

Imagination can create no sorrows which  
 touch the human heart like those of real life.

**A SAFE BET.**

About the time of the first influx of emigra-  
 tion into California, a little scene occurred on  
 the steamer Tennessee, during one of her up-  
 ward cruises in the Pacific Ocean, which we  
 do no remember of seeing in print.

One of those moral fungi on society, known  
 in general parlance by the sobriquet of "black-  
 legs," had spread a tempting bait, in the way  
 of a little game of pharo, before a promiscuous  
 assemblage of suckers, hoosiers, buckeyes, corn-  
 crackers, &c.; who were on their way to New  
 Eldorado.

Among the number was a sturdy Kentuckian  
 who, in his simple suit of homespun, stood  
 watching the game with interest. Presently  
 thrusting his hands into the depths of his over-  
 coat pocket, he produced a greasy, well worn,  
 but withal, well lined pocket-book, and taking  
 from its recesses a bill, he extended it to the  
 dealer, saying:

"Here, old feller, I lost ten that time and  
 here's the money."

"How is that?" exclaimed the sharper, "I  
 saw you make no bet."

"Wal, you see, I sez to myself, sez I, that  
 jack's uncommonly lucky keard, and dura my  
 pickers if I don't bet a ten on it; and so the  
 pesky jack lost, and you've got my money."

Thinking he had picked up a green horn,  
 the gambler gave a sly wink, at the few "know-  
 ing ones" who encircled him, and they went  
 on with the game.

After a few deals, our cornercracker smacked  
 his fist emphatically on the table, and exclam-  
 ed:

"Dod drabbit, thar goes another sawbuck  
 on the plaguey jack. Here, take it ole hoss  
 fly."

With an ill-suppressed grin of satisfaction,  
 the sharper took the money and added it to the  
 rapidly growing pile before him.

In the due course of time the jack came up  
 triumphant, and our yeoman, jumping up  
 nearly to the ear lines, cracked his heels to-  
 gether and exclaimed:

"By hoky! I won fifty that time! So  
 fork over, you lovely old hoss, you!"

The "sel" was so evident, that the gambler  
 had nothing else to do than pay the money,  
 which he did, with the remark that "the next  
 time the Kentuckian made a bet, he wanted  
 him to put the money down."

**LITTLE JOHNNY'S PRAYER**

A poor widow called her four little children  
 to her one morning and said to them: "My  
 dear children, this morning I can give you  
 nothing to eat; there is no more bread, nor  
 meat, nor even a potato in the house. I have  
 worked for you as hard as ever I could, and  
 now I feel so ill I can do no more. You can  
 pray to God, who has himself said, "Call upon  
 me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver  
 you."

Little Johnny, being very hungry, was much  
 troubled by what his mother had said. As he  
 was on his way to school he kneeled down and  
 prayed aloud:

"O God, my heavenly Father, and my Savi-  
 our, through whom I may come to thee, hear  
 me, a little child, pray! Our mother has no  
 bread, nor meat, nor even a potato; do give  
 us something, that we and our dear mother  
 may not starve! Help us, O Lord! Thou  
 art rich and good, and canst easily help us; and  
 thou hast promised to hear the cry of the poor  
 and needy; so help and hear us, for they dear  
 son's sake!"

This was Johnny's simple prayer. After  
 saying it he hurried on to school. When he  
 returned home in the middle of the day, what  
 was his surprise and joy to see a great loaf  
 of bread, a large dish of meat, and a basketful  
 of potatoes upon the table!

"Dear mother," said he "did not an angel  
 bring all these things to you through the win-  
 dow?"

"No," said the mother, "but God heard you  
 when you were praying."

A lady was near the place, where you could  
 not see her, but she could both see and hear  
 you—and so she sent all these things. She  
 was the angel that God sent to help us in our  
 need. And now, dear children, let us return  
 thanks to God, and trust in him always."

**PAY the Printer.**

**Little-or-Nothings.**

There is salutary censure; and there is en-  
 veyed praise.

It is better to be proud of our pride than  
 vain of our vanity.

Love and discretion are sworn foes; the for-  
 mer is nearly always the conqueror.

A young man's affections are not always  
 wrong, but they are generally miss-placed.

Shakspeare advises actors to talk "tripping-  
 ly," but it isn't well to walk thus.

We generally prefer new articles to old  
 ones—the new-mades to old maids.

For many people, country-life is the honey  
 wherein they take the pill of city-life.

The body—that is dust; the soul—'tis a  
 bud of eternity.

People and cows are the only beings that  
 have calves.

A thoroughly honest man will not lie even  
 to his dog or in any way betray the brutes con-  
 fidence.

We may well regard the first stirrings of  
 human emotions as holy—regard them as the  
 firstlings for the altar of God.

If you would render your children helpless  
 all their lives, never compel or permit them to  
 help themselves.

First do the duty which lies nearest you,  
 which you know to be a duty. Probably your  
 second duty will then have become clear.

Morbid writers disgust us by allowing the  
 water-works of their own feelings to be playing  
 forever as a spectacle to others.

To him who has a butterfly-proboscis,  
 enough honey-cells are ever open in every blue  
 thistle-blossom of destiny.

The rich may oftentimes well envy the poor;  
 coarse linen keeps the body warmer than fine  
 linen or silk.

Men often attempt, by the light of reason  
 to discover the mysteries of eternity. They  
 might as well hold a candle to see the sun.

Subjection to our own necessities is freedom.  
 Subjection to the necessities of others is slav-  
 ery.

Hanging is not generally a fit subject of  
 conversation. They are foul birds that light  
 on the gallows.

Soldiers in battle, it is said, nearly always  
 shoot too high. That's the upshot of the mat-  
 ter.

Contentment is more satisfying than exhila-  
 ration; and contentment means simply the  
 sum of small and quiet pleasures.

Low measures of feeling are better than  
 ecstasies for ordinary life. Heavens sends its  
 rains in gentle drops, else the flowers would be  
 beaten to pieces.

After talking a half-hour with a man of  
 jerky mind, it is great relief to talk with a dull  
 friend. It is like taking the cat in your lap  
 after holding the squirrel.

It is a grand thing for a public teacher to  
 speak with a feeling that God is behind him  
 —to speak so as to be only the arrow in the  
 bow that the Almighty draws.

Let us be patient to live. Not that we  
 should not have aspirations; but, till the flying  
 time comes, let us brood contentedly upon our  
 nests.

Your self-made man, whittled into shape  
 with his own jack-knife, deserves more credit  
 than the regular engine-turned article, shaped  
 by the most approved pattern.

It is the general opinion that there are  
 clouds which are all lightning and no thunder,  
 and the universal opinion that there are men  
 who are all thunder and no lightning.

Fate manages poets, as men do singing-birds,  
 you overhang the cage of the singer and make  
 it dark till he catches the tunes you play to  
 him, and can sing them aright.

We often take repentance for reformation,  
 resolutions for actions, blossoms for fruits, as  
 on the naked twig of the fig-tree, seeming  
 fruits sprout forth, which are only the fleshy  
 rinds of the blossoms.