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# The Pilot.

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### AMERICAN TEA COMPANY

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  
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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 Peelo,**  
**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. 18, 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

**COFFEE'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-  
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it the preeminence over any other compound.

**It does not Dry up a Cough,**  
it 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  
entirely 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 adminis-  
tered to children of any age. In cases of **GROUP**  
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, and 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,**  
23 North Sixth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.,  
For sale by Druggists in city, county, and every-  
where  
[Sept. 29, 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. Need's  
entire interest in the Tinware business, wishes  
to inform the public at large, that he has on hand,  
at his extensive Store rooms,  
**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, Japanned 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 29, 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 Sper-**  
**matorrhoea, induced from Self-Abuse; Involuntary**  
**Emission, Impotency, Nervous Debility, and Im-**  
**pediments to Marriage generally; Consumption,**  
**Epilepsy and Fits; Mental and Physical Incapacity,**  
**&c.—By ROBT. J. COLVAKWELL, 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.  
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, 4036.  
Jan. 27, 1864-sep22-ly.

### Original Poetry.

**Mr. Editor:**—I herewith transmit a poetical effort  
of mine for publication. It was suggested by and  
written after the reading of J. G. SAXE's favorite—  
"The Snake in the Glass." Though the versifica-  
tion be awkward and the rhyme imperfect, the  
author modestly thinks there are some sentiments  
contained in it which will merit a perusal and jus-  
tify the Editor in publishing it:—

**THE FIRST GLASS.**  
I wish to tell you a dream, my friends,  
A dream that I had last night.  
Oh then terrible dream;  
How fearful you seem;  
And I cannot drive you from sight  
Not quite  
Though I endeavor with all my might.  
A man all tattered and torn, my friends,  
A man all tattered and torn,  
Before me stood  
In prime manhood.  
And his face was rough and unshorn.  
Forlorn,  
Much better thou hadst never been born!  
"I once was wealthy, respected and great,  
And friends," he said, "in numbers had  
Oh days long gone  
Which once were mine,  
Come back, come back, you'll drive me mad!  
Egad!  
My case is terribly bad!  
"Twas ruinous whisky that brought me low,  
An instrument the devil has.  
Oh I curse the hour  
I yielded to his power  
And joined the drinking class!  
Alas!  
I owe it all to my first glass!"

In a hovel filthy and mean, my friends,  
In a hovel filthy I stood,  
With wretches filled,  
Whose wailings thrilled  
The soul as they cried for food!  
Oh God!  
What miseries distillers breed!  
But where was the head of this hungry flock?  
Oh where could the father be?  
In a neighborly inn,  
Those hells of sin,  
All unconscious with drink was he.  
Ah me!  
The fruits of the first glass, you see!  
I saw a man on the gallows, my friends,  
A man to be hung for crime!  
Did you ever behold,  
Such a sight untold?  
A man of health and just in his prime,  
Sublime!  
Ushered to hell in a nick of time?  
A tear trickled down his cheek, my friends,  
And as he wiped it away he said—  
"On the brink of the grave,  
And no hand to save!  
Oh the thought is terribly dread!  
Soon dead!  
Then whither will my soul be led!  
"I wish to tender a warning, my friends,  
In drinking be cautiously spare  
The goblet, friend, is hell,  
Touch not that viper fell,  
Degradation, crime, and DEATH lurk there,  
Beware,  
Lest its wily temptations ensnare!

"Could I but recall the past, my friends,  
And stand where I stood long ago,  
I would never touch the cup,  
Never take the first sup,  
But teetotal would be—that's so.  
But lo!  
The past will never come back, no!"  
This dream's a warning to us, my friends,  
A warning to us all en masse.  
Let us cease to drink,  
But begin to think,  
And the evils of the cup amend.  
Alas!  
If we'd only never taken one glass!  
Very respectfully,  
HUDIBRAS.

The door between us and Heaven cannot  
be opened if that between us and our fellow  
men is shut.

The faces of soldiers coming out of an en-  
gagement and those of young women going  
into one are generally powdered.

They say "the early bird catches the worm."  
The early fish catches the worm too, and, in  
doing it, often gets caught himself.

A boy loves to learn from a traveling tutor.  
He likes best to be fed, like the young of the  
house-swallow, only on the wing.

Lavoisire made an instrument of ice into a  
measurer of heat; thus fire is often measured  
by ice—the boy by the gray-headed man.

The glad tears of a thankful heart are more  
valued, and shine more brightly than worldly  
crowns set around with petrified tears of sor-  
row.

### A Good Story.

## MAGGIE LEE.

BY WINI HORLAND.

How well I remember when she first came  
to us. It was seven years ago, although the  
time seems twice as long, so many tears have I  
shed since then. I was in the yard one charm-  
ing day in the last of May. I remember how  
full of gladness the earth seemed, and my own  
light heart beat high with May-time hope,  
which the summer of my life has failed to re-  
alize.

I was standing in the shadow of a great lilac  
tree, playfully shaking its purple plumes at  
mother, who sat before the open window, when  
I heard the gate click, and, looking round, saw  
a little odd figure coming up the path. The  
child was probably ten years old, with a slight  
graceful form, though clad in tattered garments.  
Her straight hair, neither long nor short, hung  
in uncombed mats about her face—the little  
thin fallow face, with the great eyes looking  
eagerly forth. She had no greeting—only a  
look half entreaty, half defiance—and seated  
herself upon the broad step of the piazza,  
looking hungrily upon the great lilac blossoms.  
I tossed her a spray, and I shall never forget  
the brightness that flashed into her little sad  
face. I knew from that moment that whoever,  
whatever she was, there was a spot in her soul,  
pure and beautiful, where the angels had writ-  
ten—"Holiness to the Lord."

"What is your name?" I asked, seeing she  
was not disposed to break the silence.

"With that's what granny called me, but  
my real name's Maggie—Maggie Lee."  
"Where do you live then, little one?" I  
queried.  
"Sometimes with granny, and sometimes  
under the stars."  
"But where have you come from?"  
"I've come from Granny Grey's. I've  
run'n'd away—run'n'd away for good," she ad-  
ded with emphasis.

Mother then coming out upon the piazza,  
said gently, "You have walked from the city I  
presume, and are tired; come in and you shall  
have some breakfast."

Mother had touched the right chord, as she  
always knows how to do, and she gently drew  
from the child, her sad history—which was a  
half-forgotten memory of a tender mother, that  
mother's dying good-bye, and then years of  
suffering under Granny Grey's discipline.

"And you never want to go back to Granny  
Grey?" queried mother.  
"No, no, no."

The words were repeated with emphasis, and  
the little brown fist gestured almost fiercely.

"Then," said mother, "be a good girl and  
you shall stay with us until we can find a home  
for you."  
Dear mother; it was just like her. Her  
heart was filled with "charity that suffereth  
long and is kind," thinking lovingly of every  
person; and besides, said she, "who knows  
but this child was sent to our door to be cared  
for; and shall we turn her away?" And so  
it was that Maggie Lee dropped into the quiet  
and beauty of our home. We found no place  
in the neighborhood for the little wanderer,  
and so suffered her to remain with us. It  
would have been cruel to have torn her away  
from a life she lived so loving with a peerless  
passion the flowers, birds, and all things glad  
and free. It was impossible to restrain her.  
Mother found herself too feeble to curb the  
fetterless spirit, and so, beyond the little read-  
ing lesson each day, Maggie roamed at her  
own free will.

I might have done much for Maggie had I  
chosen, but I, too, was a thoughtless child, too  
much absorbed in my own happiness to care  
much for others. But as the summer wore  
away, Maggie displayed a passion so marvel-  
ous in its intensity that I always became inter-  
ested in her. Whenever I would play or sing  
I would hear steps under the open window, the  
roses would be parted, and if I looked quick  
enough I would see a little eager face looking  
through the parted curtains. One day she  
grew bolder, and coming in stood by the piano  
while I played I shall ever remember the  
brightness, the earnestness, in her little face.  
"Oh, sing that again," she cried, as I finished  
singing a touching little ballad, and the tears  
stood in her great eyes.

"Would you like to learn to play, Maggie?"  
I asked.

"Oh wouldn't I, Miss Maude? oh wouldn't  
I!"  
"And you will be a very good girl if I  
teach you?" I queried. The promise was  
earnestly, tearfully given; so that bright after-

noon Maggie took her first lesson in music.—  
It was an era in her life—a turning point.—  
From that hour she was a changed child. She  
seemed to feel that she, too, had something to  
live for—something to do. She studied her  
reading lessons unweariedly, became particular  
in her personal appearance; but in music her  
progress was wonderful. Her little fingers  
seemed almost a part of the instrument, so well  
did they do their part, while her voice—I never  
heard its like before, nor since—was deep,  
rich, passionate, yet clear as the voice of a bird.  
I was proud of my pupil, and mother of her  
student—we began to like "Witchie."

It was October, and Harry Gordon was with  
me—Harry, my betrothed. Oh how I loved  
—how I worshipped that man, just as he wor-  
shipped everything good and true. It was his  
love, the anticipation of his visit, that had  
gladdened the long days of the summer. We  
were walking together among the late flowers  
one gorgeous afternoon, Harry and I, when  
Maggie's voice came floating out to us through  
the open door. She was singing a wild hunt-  
ing chorus, particularly adapted to her voice.

Harry stood like one entranced then, with-  
out a word, drew me to the parlor. Maggie  
did not notice our entrance, but as she finished  
the last words of her song, her little hand ran  
over the keys of the piano making such wild,  
sweet music—now so passionate, now so plain-  
tive—that the tears came to my eyes.

"Bravo, bravo!" Harry exclaimed as he  
caught the child in his arms. "Sing something  
else for us, little one,"—but she darted away.

I told Harry her strange history, and smiled  
when he predicted for her a brilliant future.  
It was wonderful, the friendship that sprang up  
between my betrothed and Maggie. He loved  
everything true to nature, found in her a fresh  
page unwritten by the hand of art—a true,  
warm heart, an untaught will, a free, glad  
spirit. He helped her with her lessons, taught  
her the names of many flowers and plants,  
even I gave her lessons in one geology astron-  
omy, of which I think she never forgot a word.  
They took long walks together, while I was  
busy. Maggie revered him above all men.  
I think, indeed, she would have followed him  
to the ends of the earth if he had so desired.  
I should have been jealous, had she not been  
so young, so plain, so without family, fortune,  
station.

October trailed its brightness away. And  
November came—dark and stormy. Harry  
left me, with the promise of a visit the next  
year. That promise I had to cheer me, to  
charm away all dreariness of the winter—that,  
and his letters, so frequent, so fervent, so true.  
I was only sixteen then, and in two years Harry  
and I were to be married.

Maggie improved very rapidly during the  
winter. She seemed determined to atone for  
her early neglect. Mother began to love her.  
I, too, felt an interest in which was growing  
akin sisterly feeling. She was evidently, as  
Harry had said, "a genius, and would be a star  
one of these days."

A year—it seemed long to me, but it passed  
away, and brought to me my Harry. October  
brought to me its gorgeous beauty, its autumn  
splendor; but, above all, it brought to me my  
darling—my betrothed. He spoke to me cheer-  
fully, tenderly, yet sadly, for reasons he ex-  
plained to me, and which should have satisfied  
any woman: he told me our marriage must be  
deferred for three or four years.

"It will not be long, dear Maude, only a lit-  
tle while—three years will seem like a dream.  
You will only be twenty-three, only three times  
twelve short months."

"If for then, forever," I answered proudly  
I did not really mean to seal my destiny then.  
I was piqued, disappointed; I had looked for-  
ward to an early bridal, to a beautiful home.  
I felt for the moment that he was careless of  
my wishes. I thought, too, he would com-  
promise with me; but he only put me from him  
saying:

"And this is the end of all our love and  
joy, Maude? I have laid my plans wisely.  
Your judgment must say they are for the best.  
If you in earnest, say good-bye, and all is  
over."

"Good-bye then," I replied, and he turned  
away. I never knew until that moment how  
much he loved me; but as he turned me his  
face of the dead, and yet sternly immovable.  
I threw myself down on the soft turf, tearless,  
but with a full heart of sorrow.

It was late when I went to my own room—  
there to grieve in silence. I heard voices be-  
low until late in the evening—my mother's and  
Harry's. My mother already loved him like a  
son, and I knew her partiality for me would not  
prevent her from blaming me for what I had  
done.

Early in the morning she entered my room  
softly, and sitting besides me passed her hand  
caressingly over my hair. "Maude," said she,  
"this is a cruel thing; can not you be recon-  
ciled? Harry leaves in an hour. A word  
spoken now may save you both years of misery?"  
"Did he bid you speak to me about it?" I  
asked, eagerly hoping a compromise could be  
effected between my love and my pride.  
"No, darling. Harry did not request me  
to act as a peace-maker. My own heart promp-  
ted to make this effort in behalf of your in-  
terest, my child."

In that moment my good angel whispered  
to me of peace and love; but the angry pas-  
sions of my own heart surged up and drowned  
the gentle accents. Pride had begun the work  
—would finish it. "No, mother, it is all over.  
I have nothing to say to him—words echo yet  
in my heart—those words that blackened my  
destiny."

"At least, come down and say good-bye to  
Maggie. She goes with Harry. It seems he  
has told his uncle about her, as he has no  
children of his own. I like Maggie, and shall  
miss her; yet we are not able to give her a  
finished education. And, as in her new situa-  
tion she will enjoy every advantage of society  
and education the city affords, I think we  
should not stand in her way. So with my con-  
sent she goes this morning. Harry's will ac-  
company her to his uncle's, where she will re-  
main a few days before he sails for Europe."

All this surprised me. Ah! it was as he  
had said—"there was a brilliant future for  
Maggie,"—the witch of other days. And then,  
for the first time, a dark pang of jealousy shot  
through my heart. What if, after all he should  
love her! No, I wronged him—I banished  
the thought.

There was a faint knock at the door, and in  
answer to mother's "come!" Maggie came  
softly in. She kissed me, and thanked me  
very sweetly for what I had done for her, bade  
me good-bye, and then she and mother went  
out. An hour afterwards I heard the carriage  
roll away.

That was five years ago. We have heard  
often from Maggie—of her progress in her  
studies, her charming home. Twice she visit-  
ed us, but, both times, I was away from home  
and did not see her. To-day we received a  
letter from Harry Gordon saying that he will  
be at our house May the twentieth—to-morrow  
—with his bride, Maggie Lee!

It was my own pride sealed my fate. Yet  
as I look back upon the little tattered wanderer  
that came to our door seven years ago, it is  
hard to think that she may wear upon her  
heart the only love for which I ever cared.—  
I have changed in those seven years. My  
girlish face is saddened, my girlish grace is  
gone, but I know to-morrow's evening star will  
look upon me a yet older, sadder woman than  
I now am. It will be hard to welcome my  
once betrothed to my home, and know that I  
am nothing to him now. It will be hard to  
meet all a sister, his girl-wife—wishing them  
both all joy—yet, God helping me, I will do  
it.

"It may be from the morrow's gloom and fear,  
Shall rise the promise of immortal cheer."

### Little-or-Nothings.

It is strange that men should hate each other  
for the love of God.

Most men do just as little for posterity as  
posterity has done for them.

It is often with the human race as with  
bees; the male bee makes no honey.

Editors ought to be able to live cheap; they  
get bored for nothing.

The poetry that's all gas is a poor kind of  
gas metre.

Loving friends, like a pair of lips, are often  
severed by a breath.

When they are so many human wolves about,  
a man is a great fool to be sheepish.

Talk is a greater bore than a book. It is  
easier to shut a fool's book than a fool's mouth.

It is said that the language an Arabian child  
speaks before it cuts its teeth is gum-Arabic.

It may be very well to go your own way, but  
you had better first see that you have a way to  
go.

Growing freedom and powerful manysided-  
ness arm the child against all the two and  
thirty winds and storms of life.

Every railroad train has a smoke-car. It  
might save the feeding of the ladies and gentle-  
men if each one had a swearing-car.