THE PILOT
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The Pilot.

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ADVERTISING RATES.

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

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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

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 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.

This enables all Tea buyers—no matter if they are thousands of miles from this market—to purchase on as good terms here as the New York merchants

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, Gunpowder, 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 *description* 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*, believing 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 certificates, some of them from *EMINENT PHYSICIANS*, who have used it in their practice, and given it the preeminence 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 ure Tickling in the Throat. A half bottle has often completely cured the most STUBBORN COUGH, and yet, though it is so sure and speedy in its operation, this 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. C. G. CLARK & CO.,
Proprietors,
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At Wholesale, by
Johnston, Holloway & Cowden,
23 North Sixth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
For sale by Druggists in city, county, and everywhere [Sept. 29, 1863.-6m.

J. W. BARR'S
Mammoth Stove and Tinware Store Room,
A 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 prices 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 Spermatorrhœa, 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, bougies, 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. C. KLINE & CO.,
127 Bowery, New York, Post Office Box, 4586.
Jan. 27, 1864.-sep221y.

National Songs.

HAIL COLUMBIA.

Hail Columbia, happy land!
Hail, ye heroes, heaven-born band,
Who fought and bled in freedom's cause,
Who fought and bled in freedom's cause,
And when the storm of war was gone,
Enjoyed the peace your valor won.
Let Independence be your boast,
Ever mindful what it cost.
Ever grateful for the prize.
Let its alter reach the skies.
Chorus.—Firm, united let us be,
Rallying round our liberty!
As a band of brothers join'd,
Peace and safety we shall find.

Immortal Patriots! rise once more!
Defend your rights, defend your shore;
Let no rude foe with impious hand,
Let no rude foe with impious hand
Invade the shrine, where sacred lies
Of toil and blood, the well-earned prize;
While offering peace sincere and just
In heaven we place a manly trust,
That truth and justice may prevail,
And every scheme of bondage fail.
Chorus.—Firm, united let us be, &c.

Sound, sound the trump of fame,
Let Washington's great name
Ring thro' the world with loud applause!
Ring thro' the world with loud applause!
Let every slime, to freedom dear,
Listen with a joyful ear;
With equal skill, with steady power,
He governs in the fearful hour
Of horrid war, or guides with ease,
The happier time of honest peace.
Chorus.—Firm, united let us be, &c.

Behold the chief, who now commands,
Once more to serve his country, stands,
The rock on which the storm will beat!
The rock on which the storm will beat!
But armed in virtue, firm and true,
His hopes are fixed on heaven and you;
When Hope was sinking in dismay,
When gloom obscured Columbia's day,
His steady mind from changes free,
Resolved on death or Liberty.
Chorus.—Firm, united let us be, &c.

Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean.

O Columbia, the gem of the ocean,
The home of the brave and the free:
The shrine of each patriot's devotion,
A world offers homage to thee;
Thy mandates make heroes assemble,
When liberty's form stands in view,
Thy Banners make tyranny tremble,
When born by the red, white and blue.
CHORUS.—When borne by the red, white and blue,
When borne by the red, white and blue,
Thy Banners make tyranny tremble,
When borne by the red, white and blue.

When war winged its wide desolation,
And threatened the land to deform;
The ark then of freedom's foundation,
Columbia rode safe thro' the storm;
With her garlands of victory around her,
When so proudly she bore her brave crew,
With her flag proudly floating before her,
The boast of the red, white and blue,
CHORUS.—The boast of the red, white and blue,
The boast of the red, white and blue,
With her flag proudly floating before her,
The boast of the red, white and blue.

The wine cup, the wine cup bring hither,
And fill you it true to the brim;
May the wreaths they have won never wither,
Nor the star of their glory grow dim;
May the service united ne'er sever,
But they to their colors prove true,
The Navy and Army forever,
Three cheers for the red, white and blue,
CHORUS.—Three cheers for the red, white and blue,
Three cheers for the red, white and blue,
The Navy and Army forever,
Three cheers for the red, white and blue.

LADIES vs. GENTLEMEN.

Three things a lady cannot do:

1st. She cannot pass a millinery shop without stopping.

2d. She cannot see a piece of lace without asking the price.

3d. She cannot see a baby without kissing it.

A lady of our acquaintance turns the tables on the gentlemen as follows:

Three things a gentleman cannot do:

1st. He cannot go through the house and shut the door after him.

2d. He cannot have a shirt made to suit him.

3d. He can never be satisfied with the ladies' fashions.

No power in the human soul should ever be weakened—one cannot repeat this too often—only its counterbalancing power strengthened: in squirrels the upper row of teeth often grows painfully long, but only when the lower one is lost.

An ox, as broad as he is long, is a round of beef.

A Good Story.

MANNY GRAY.

BY J. W. WATSON.

Our business lies in the library of a magnificent house, in one of our upper streets, about an hour before sunset, just as the rays were falling aslant through plate glass and lace, upon the rich, dark, rosewood carvings, and scholarly-bound books of Mr. John Ritchie, while their owner, seated in a deeply cushioned chair, in slippers and dressing-gown, was dividing his time between the evening paper and conversation with a tall, pretty girl of seventeen, who sat before an embroidery frame, beside him.

A tap at the door, and a small, matronly woman enters. English undoubed, by her speech.

"Oh! if you please, Mr. Ritchie, there's a little boy below, sir, wants to see you!"

"Little boy? Little boy, Mrs. Crank. Who is it?"

"I think it is the same boy, sir, that came here some months ago, to bring some sewing home to Miss Grace."

"Oh, ah! Mrs. Gray's little boy. Well, I can't see him to-day, Mrs. Crank! I really can't see anybody in the evening, after I have been fatigued with business. It won't do! It really won't do, Mrs. Crank!"

"You told him to come to-day, papa," Grace quietly said.

"Did I? Well, bless me, I believe I did! So I did! Well, let him come in, Mrs. Crank."

The housekeeper returned in a few minutes with a lad of about nine years, whose scanty, but scrupulously clean clothes told an instant tale of hard, but respectable poverty in whoever had the care of him. From under his jacket, held so that its body seemed to be a part of the boy's, came the head of a tiny dog, a pure blooded King Charles, which stared around the richly furnished room, with a real dog stare of admiration.

"Now, then, Manny, what have you got to say?"

The boy hung his heed and said nothing.

"Did your mother get the relief money?" questioned Mr. Ritchie.

"No, sir!" the boy answered, softly.

"No! Why, what, the matter? That's too bad! I thought she had got it last week. I must attend to that. Tell your mother I will see that she does get it."

Thank you, sir!" and the boy was about turning away, when he was stopped by a motion from Mr. Ritchie. He asked:

"What did they say they refused for?"

"For Willie!" answered the boy.

"Willie?" echoed Mr. Ritchie. "Who is Willie?"

"This is Willie, sir!" the boy said, timidly, laying his cheek down to the dog's upturned nose.

"Hum!" mused Ritchie. "And so they wouldn't give your mother anything because you kept a dog, eh?"

"Yes, sir! They said that the dog eat more than a man, and they didn't feed dogs; and all the time Willie doesn't eat hardly anything, only what I give him."

"And, I suppose, you starve yourself to feed the dog? Is that it, Manny?"

"Oh, no, sir! He dosen't eat harldy half my dinner!"

"Hardly half, eh! Well, Manny, I expect the Committee are right. They're not allowed to give relief where dogs are kept. So you see you'll have to part with the dog!"

"Oh, sir!" the boy grasped, all the little color that was on her cheeks flying away as with a puff. "Indeed, I can't part with Willie. Mr. George Green, that gentleman father used to work for, gave him to me when he was a little bit of a puppy, because he was sick, and said he would die, and I nursed him well, and named him after my little brother that's dead. Oh, indeed, I can't part with Willie!" and the tears trickled down his cheeks as he stopped speaking.

"But you can sell the dog, Manny, and the money will buy many things that will make your mother well."

The swelling of the boy's throat showed that his heart was too full for utterance.

"He seems to be a nice dog," resumed Mr. Ritchie, "and if you will go to my coachman he will show you how to sell it, and the money you will get, and what the committee will give your mother, will keep her in comfort through the winter, and perhaps she will be well in the spring."

The boy seemed to realize the truth of what Mr. Ritchie said to him, but still kept saying, almost in a whisper.

"Sell him! Sell Willie!" while the tears were dropping all over the dog's sympathizing face.

"How would it do if I was to buy him!"

The face lightened up a little, and the grasp on the dog relaxed, and the color came back.

"Oh, sir! couldn't you give me some work instead. I'm very strong, Mr. Ritchie; I can do most any thing. All the boys says I'm very strong!"

Well, Manny, we'll try and find something for you to do one of these days, but now it will be better for you to part with the dog, and my daughter will take good care of it. Put him down on the carpet."

The boy did as he was bid, mechanically, and the dog went slowly over towards the outstretched hand of Grace Ritchie, as though having understood all that had been said, it intended to make unwilling, but courteous, advances to its new mistress.

"You must take this to your mother, from me, Manny," said Mr. Ritchie, seeing that the boy was unwilling to take the roll of bills as the price of the dog. "Here is fifty dollars. It will do her more good than all the work you can do just now. Tell her that it was by my orders."

The boy took the money, his lips quivering and hand trembling; then, with a quick movement across the floor, he picked up the dog, strained him once, convulsively, to his breast, put him quickly in Grace Ritchie's lap, and was gone, without even a glance behind.

That evening Mr. Ritchie sent down a physician to the sick woman, and Grace sent supplies of whatever was needed Day after day Manny sat beside the bedside of his sick mother, a faithful nurse, when the mother was without the sense to appreciate his devotion. It was his hand that administered the cordials and medicines, bought with the price of Willie; but the fond mother was too ill to see the cheek of the boy growing paler, and his daily rejection of the food he had once shared with his little favorite.

By and by the mother rallied, and hopes were given of her recovery; and then the strength of Manny began to fail, and he was obliged to seek his little couch, from which he would only drag out for a few hours in the day, to hover about the bed where his mother lay, or the chair where she sat.

One day, when it was coming spring, and the door of the little room where he sat stood partially open, and Manny was musing over the memory of Willie, whom he had not seen since that day when he had put him in Grace's lap, there came the patter of little steps in the entry, and in a moment Willie sprang into his arms, wild with joy at once more meeting his little master. Poor Manny was overcome, and nestling the delighted dog in his bosom, he burst into a cry of joy, repeated again and again, from which he was only aroused by looking up and seeing the figure of Grace Ritchie standing over him. This at once was like an accusing angel to the poor boy, and he gasped out, in a stifled voice:

"Oh, indeed, it's not my fault! I did not know he was coming. I didn't mean to steal Willie. You shall have him back again."

"But perhaps I don't want him back, Manny; what then?"

The boy stood still, amazed and speechless.

"I don't know what's the matter with Willie, Manny; he won't eat, and, as you see, seems to grow thin and mope?"

"May be he was fretting," said Manny, hugging the dog up closer; "or, may be, Miss, the dinner was too good for him; he hasn't been used to very rich things."

"Perhaps it was so," was Grace Ritchie's smiling answer; "and so you see, Manny, both myself and papa think it would be better to let Willie board with you for awhile, and I will pay his board; and papa is to give you a situation in the counting-house, to do anything you can; and if you are a good boy, and careful, you can save up money, and in time buy Willie back."

The boy was well in a moment.

"Buy Willie back!" he almost shouted; "buy him back, to keep forever! Oh, Miss Grace, you are too good to live! Oh, Willie—my own Willie!" and the tears rolled down the boy's cheeks, until he sobbed aloud.

A few days after, the proudest boy in all New York was Manny Gray, in his new suit of clothes, going through his duties in the office of Mr. Ritchie. Nothing could exceed the attention of the little fellow; and it was not long before Manny had become a part of the establishment that could not, comfortably, have been dispensed with.

At the end of a year, the boy stood before Mr. Ritchie, and asked permission to repay the purchase money for Willie, which he counted out all in small money, saved weekly from his earnings. Mr. Ritchie gathered up the amount and said to the boy:

"Now, Manny! I wanted to try you, and see whether your affection for Willie was real, and whether it would stand the test of time, and farther, whether you would sacrifice your mother to this love. I have tried it all, and find you have always given your mother one half your wages, and have never spent a penny upon yourself. I shall keep this money; but here you will find one hundred dollars; take it to your mother, and tell her for me, that she is richer in the possession of you than I am; and always remember it yourself, Manny! Willie is yours; and as long as you go on as you have begun, I will be always your real friend."

And that is all of a simple and true story!
—*N. Y. Ledger.*

Little-or-Nothings.

The only wax-work that's of any account is got up by the bees.

The true way for an army to keep warm in winter is to do warm work.

We must at last come down with our little all of dust to satisfy the sternest dun of duns.

The birds are well-lodged. They all sleep in feather-beds.

Love is a gardener that pulls up heartsease by the roots.

People shouldn't talk about having the second sober thought who never had the first.

Think before acting. Impromptu deeds are often as miserable as impromptu verses.

The book of nature is always beautiful, but it gets short of leaves in the Fall.

A woman, so deaf that she can't hear thunder, may make others hear it.

The leaves catch their hue from the earth; the blush-roses from the sunset; the violets from the sky.

A great many persons wish to live their lives over again because they see where they might have sinned—and didn't.

A man may think he is nobly charitable because he forgives all possible faults and crimes—in himself.

It is hard to tell whether the statesman at the top of the world, or the ploughman at the bottom of it, labors hardest and suffers most.

Gain may be temporary and uncertain; but expense is constant and certain: it is easier to build two chimneys than to keep one in fuel.

He who does not bring up his son to an honest employment, brings him up to be a thief.

Some women cry and tattle. It is hard to say which are the most leaky, their eyes or their lips.

A physican, appointed by legal authority to tend the sick, can pass anywhere—he is a legal tender.

A good word is a very easy obligation; but not to speak ill requires only our silence, which costs nothing.

Make no personal enemy. One unguarded moment might yield you to the most despicable of mankind.

Four things are grievously empty—a head without brains, a wit without judgment, a heart without honesty, and a purse without money.

Out of the wild American youth there may grow a thoughtful member of Congress; as out of the early Roman robbers a virtuous, self-sacrificing Senate rose.

Grant, O mothers, to your dear, light-hearted little ones their sports around the flowers—their minute play before long years of serious and solemn and painful duties.

The bridegroom is often changed from a honey bird, who, inviting a sweet girl to the sweets of the honeymoon, becomes afterwards a resolute honey-hunting bear.

Never speak by superlatives; in doing you will be sure to wound either truth or decence. Exaggeration is neither thoughtful wise, nor safe.