

THE PILOT
 IS PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY MORNING BY
JAMES W. McCRORY,
 (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, JULY 26, 1864. NO 19.

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.....	6.00
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
 61 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 merchant.
 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.

Select Poetry.
UNIVERSAL PRAISE.
 Would that praise was universal,
 Would that every soul could sing,
 Praise to God the great Creator,
 Praise to the Eternal King:
 Nature, then, and human nature,
 All combined the world around!
 Nodding hills and smiling vallies,
 Would their Author's praise resound.
 Hail the great Eternal Father!
 He whose spirit moved upon;
 The dark face of mighty waters;
 Hail his well beloved Son!
 Praise him for the earth and heavens,
 For his care to ancient Night;
 All he saw, and the division
 When he said, "let there be light!"
 Praise him as the stars of heaven;
 Loudly as they silent move!
 Lift the earth to heaven descending,
 With pure praise as angels' love!
 Praise him as the heavenly being,
 In whose footsteps we have trod;
 Songs of praise be universal
 To the Great Eternal God!

A Good Story.
A GIFT BY THE WAY-SIDE.
 The old farm-house clock has just struck seven, and all over the hills the purple vapors of twilight, were coming down, waking the spicy colors among the sweetfern in the pastures and the blue wild grapes ripening in the woods, while whippoorwill sang sadly on the rails of the broken down fence that skirted the ravine, and the katyids chirped shrilly through the morning glory leaves above the window.
 "Seven o'clock!" echoed Silas Miller, as though he had not been watching that slow creeping minute hand for the last half hour. "He will soon be here now—my boy will soon be here."
 What a strong softening of the rugged features, what an unwonted quiver of the harsh voice there was, when he uttered the two simple words, "My boy;" Yes, it was his boy, who was coming back from the smoke of half a score of battle-fields; no wonder that the thought sent a thrill through his iron nature. His soldier—his hero!
 "Surely I ought to hear the stage horn," he said, feverishly pacing up and down the narrow path, where the maple leaves lay like a carpet of pale gold.
 "Listen Sybil! don't you hear it?"
 "It is too early yet, father."
 The light figure came stealing out to his side, and both came together leaned over the garden gate, gazing into the opal gloom of twilight with wistful searching gaze.
 She was not prettier than many an other New England girl, yet there was a delicate type of beauty in her face and form that belongs as much to the "frozen North," as its pine forests and its cliffs of eternal snow. Pale brown hair, aureate lights crossing its surface at times, eyes like the blue larkspur, and lips that had stolen the dewy crimson of the wild rose; in pearls and blue crape Sybil Miller would have been "a beauty;" in her dress of gray gingham she was something far better and nobler.
 Suddenly the old man started and uttered an instinctive glad cry.
 "It's he, Sybil; don't you see, beyond the elder bushes! Child, don't hold me back: let me go and meet my boy!"
 "No father, you are mistaken; it is not—Lawrence is shorter by half a head, and it is not his quick buoyant step."
 "You're right, Sybil," said Silas Miller, almost petulantly. "Why do those vagrant soldiers go wandering by, giving folks such a start? It was only this morning that a beggar, disgracing—I won't say wearing the United States uniform, came by, and had the audacity to ask me for money."
 "Did you give him some?"
 "Give him some!" repeated Silas angrily; "I'd have seen him starving first. I have no patience with these strolling beggars. Here's another specimen of the kind, I suppose. No, my man, you needn't trouble yourself to recite your pitiful story."
 For the tall figure, with halting step and coat thickly powdered with dust had paused in front of the gate; and Sybil could just discern dark, piercing eyes and a forehead curiously traversed by a crescent shaped scar, apparently now healed.
 "I have nothing for you," said Silas, sharply; "Yes, yes, I know what you'd say, but it's no use. If you're deserving, the proper authorities will take care of you, and if you are not, the county jail is the best place for you. Don't tell about what; what have you done

with your bounty money and your pay, if you're what you pretend to be—a soldier?"
 Even through the twilight Sybil could see a scarlet flush rising to the scarred forehead.
 "Sir, you are mistaken. I did not beg."
 "No, you'd prefer to play the bully, I've no doubt. But I'm not a proper subject for you, so be about your business, my man."
 The soldier turned silently away, with a step more halting, perhaps, and a head more depressed, and passed slowly into the gathering dusk.
 "Father," whispered Sybil, reproachfully, "have you forgotten that our Lawrence, too, is a soldier?"
 "No," returned Silas, abruptly, "I remembered it, and it convinced me all the more that a man paid and pensioned like our Lawrence has no need to beg on the public highways."
 "But father he did not beg."
 "Because I would not allow it, child. I pay taxes for the support of such as he, and I swear I will do it no more."
 He spoke in the sharp, high-pitched accents of passion, and when he looked around again Sybil was gone.
 Foot sore and weary, the travel-worn pedestrian had seated himself down on a mossy boulder by the roadside, when a quick light, ootstep came up a little path leading from the back door of the house through blackberry pastures and mown fields, and a slight figure bent above him. "Do not mind my father's words; he was angry and unreasonable," she said hurriedly. "I have little to give, but I want you to take it for the sake of my soldier brother."
 Before he could speak she had unfastened a blue ribbon with a tiny gold piece suspended from it, and placed it in his hands, and was gliding across the fields like some gray nun in her sombre hued dress. He rose as if to follow and overtake her, but it was too late, and as he bent his head over the gleaming token something very much like a tear-dropped upon its circlet of tiny stars.
 * * * * *
 "And now tell us everything, that has happened to you Lawrence. Oh, Lawrence, when I wakened this morning it seemed all a dream that you had come back again in very truth."
 The brooded handsome young soldier looked smilingly down into the radiant face that nestled against his shoulder, and a serious shadow stole into his eyes.
 "I can tell you one thing, Sybil, that it comes very near being nothing more than a dream once or twice. I have had more hair breath escapes than you know of, little sister. I did not tell you, did I, of that skirmish along the Potomac where I stood face to face with death, too, at the point of Rebel bayonets, when some brave fellow charged down on 'em and saved my life with his own right hand."
 "Who was it, Lawrence?" said old Silas, with trembling lips and dilated eyes. "I would give my best wheat field for a chance to grasp that right hand."
 "I don't know—I never came across him again. Probably he was in some other regiment. All that I know is that he had fiery black eyes, and a scar on his forehead, shaped like a Moorish crescent."
 "And a straight nose and a heavy moustache?" interrupted his sister.
 "Exactly."
 "Father," said Sybil turning with sparkling eyes and crimson cheeks to where Silas Miller sat "the wandering soldier whom you turned from your door last night, is the man who saved our Lawrence's life! O Sybil, if I had only listened to your words!"
 Silas rose up from his chair and took an uneasy turn across the room, and back, his iron features working stangely.
 "It can't be helped now," he said in a tremulous voice; "but it's the last soldier I'll ever send with empty hands from this door. The man who saved our Lawrence's life! O Sybil, if I had only listened to your words!"
 But she never spoke of the lucky piece of gold. She fancied it might seem like ostentation, this shy, fastidious wild flower of the hills.
 "Sybil going to get married among the fine town folks in Boston! Well, I s'pose I might have expected it, and yet it does seem kind o' hard. I sho'd like to see the man who is going to marry Sybil Miller, soliloquized Silas dropping the dainty timid letter.
 "Sit down here, dearest, in the quiet little music room," he said with carressing authority. "I can't share your sweet eyes and sweeter words with all the world any longer, I must have you all to myself for awhile."
 She looked up with a blushing smile, she

"Well?" he asked, as she had spoke.
 "I was wondering, Allen—that scar on your forehead?"
 "What of it?"
 "Why it is such a singular shape—almost half a circle. I never saw but one like it before."
 "Did you not? And, where was that?"
 "A poor soldier passed our gate with just such a scar, and—"
 She paused; he had quietly taken from an inner receptacle in his coat a tiny piece of gold with a narrow blue ribbon passed through it. He held it smilingly up.
 "Do you know who gave this to me?"
 "Gave it to you, Allen?"
 "To me, a footsore, weary wanderer, who had missed his way among your tangled roads.— You fancied me a beggar. It was not so—it was not so. I had money, friends, position, yet I stood sorely in need of work, just then, for my brain was throbbing, my limbs weary, and my scars scarcely healed. That foot march cost me a weary fever. Yet I do not regret it; for—"
 He took up her hand tenderly into his, and added:—
 "For although I might have known my Sybil was beautiful, yet had it not been for that blue-ribboned piece of gold I never should have known how good and true she was."

THE MOSS, ROCK, AND THE WATER.
 There is a beautiful harmony and order in Nature, which the more one contemplates the more he admires. We remember calling, a long time ago, upon a friend who is "curious" in matters of mineralogy, and noticed upon a table specimens of the wonderful progressive operations of nature. There was delicate moss, some of it yet wearing the color of summer; and some had passed beyond the sero and yellow leaf—had apparently been bleached.
 Near the moss, lay the fragment of a porous stone resembling in color and structure, though more compact, the whitened moss. Next to this was a specimen of firm rock; the pores had filled up; the whole had indurated; and there, but two removes from the green moss lay the material of which Ambition rears its monuments, War has defences, and Love her cherished homes.
 And near all these was placed a glass jar, which contained the agent that had wrought this wonder—pure cold water. It is dumb now, but the time has been when it had a voice and a song in it, and it went sparkling down over that moss, leaping into life and sparkling into sunlight.
 It was indeed a beautiful series, in impressiveness far superior to the most eloquent description. Nature kindly disguises herself everywhere around us, and it is the eye of science alone that detects in the beauty of change nothing but the beauty of death.
 Do our fair readers think—if we have any—while their pencils glide freely with an "at home," over the polished surface of an India card, that the very surface they admire is composed of the lunar shields of little warriors, who have fought the fight of life, glittered, laid aside their armor and died? Do they think that little card, that little parallelogram of pearl, is the cemetery of thousands—that the beauty of death?
 And so with the roses that blush in our pathway and cluster around the graves of our dead. Could we but know whence their elements were derived, did we but think that perhaps the tint that gave beauty to the leaf once colored the cheek of the loved, how different would we regard these children of a Persian sun.
 It was one of the beautiful and truthful sayings of an eminent naturalist that the everlasting hills and the firm rocks are but the relics of former life. They are indeed the alto-relievo of things that were. The rotten stone, composed of the crescent shields of little creatures that sported their day and died; the white chalk rocks, the catacombs of animalcula, with limbs, and pulse, and armor for defence—people, a million of which are comfortably accommodated with a single cubic inch.

\$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, it 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 often 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 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,
 New Haven, Ct.
 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 Store
 and Tinware Store Room,
 A few doors South of the Diamond, Greencastle, Pa.
 THE undersigned having purchased Mr. Nead's entire interest in the Tinsmithing business, wishes to inform the public at large, that he has on hand, at his extensive Store store,
COOK, PARLOR AND NINE-PLATE
 Stores. 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,
 is a 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
 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 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, by using 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.-sep22ly.

Little-or-Nothings.
 A leopard shouldn't be caged. It would be hard that he should be confined to one spot.
 A beggar's threadbare suit may be a fine court dress—a dress for the court of Heaven.
 Adam caused our evil ways, and McAdam mended them.
 The winds and waters have myriad voices, and all of them are solemn.
 If you undertake to oversee too many jobs, you will overlook a part.
 A military definition of a kiss would be a report at headquarters.
 A cherry, ripe and rich, is fragrance and flavor done up in a red wrapper.
 Fame is but an inscription on a grave; glory the melancholy blazon on a coffin-lid.
 A common donkey can generally boast more stripes than the zebra.
 Many love the music of the "winding horn." But a cow has winding horns with no music in them.
 We can best teach the juvenile mind before it is soiled and spoiled. 'Tis sorry writing on a greasy slate.
 If you are suffering from gout or rheumatism any mischievous boy in the street will gladly undertake to break your panes.
 The schoolmaster's beat is less extensive than the watchman's. It is confined to his schoolhouse.
 If a man and his horse are both in distress, they can let their griefs meet in a common Centaur.
 Manly spirits, as it is generally called, is often little else than the froth and foam of hard-mouthed insolence.
 The poet, if questioned harshly as to his uses, might be unable to render a better apology for his existence than a flower might.
 Dew is an invisible vapor, which, chilled by the cool surfaces of the flowers, burst into tears over the beauty that must fade.
 Many persons, like a mocking-bird or a blank wall, say nothing of themselves, but give back imperfectly the utterances of others.
 The world is curved round about with heaven. How one can get out of the world without getting into heaven is to us a physical mystery.
 There is a great deal of fawning in society, in order to be fawned on again, just as among suckling puppies half awake.
 That is properly the land of our fathers in which we may venerate the image of their virtues.
 The swallows are considered temperate, but, after skimming the river, they fly to their nests and "moisten their clay."
 If a stupid speaker has prodigious lungs, he can fill with his voice the largest house—and empty it too.
 The more we know, the less we say. At death a man arrives at immense knowledge and doesn't open his mouth.
 Life in the spring-time is life in all its forms—life with a sweet breath in it, life with a song in it, life with a light in it.
 Those fond of wine are little fond of the sweet of the new; those fond of learning are no fonder of its must than of its dregs.
 There would be fewer shipwrecks in society if men remembered that large sails are ill-adapted to small vessels.
 The great gulf, in which so many governments have perished, cast up the fragment, and indefatigable men rests them.
 No god man ever gave anything without being the more happy for it, unless to the undeserving, nor took anything away without being the less so.
 Under a conquering prince, the people are shadows, lessening and lessening as he mounts in glory, until at last they became a thing of nothing.
 Experience is a solemn fowl, that cackles oftener than she drops real live eggs. Wise men have said a great many foolish things; and foolish men, we doubt not, as many wise ones.