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**Select Poetry.**

**I LIKE AN OPEN HONEST HEART.**

I like an honest open heart,  
Where frankness loves to dwell,  
Which has no place for base deceit,  
Nor hollow words can tell;  
But in whose throbbings plain are seen  
The import of the mind,  
Whose gentle breathings utter nought,  
But accents true and kind.

I scorn the one whose empty acts  
And honied words of art,  
Betray the feelings of the soul,  
With perfidy's keen dart;  
No more can friends in such confide  
Nor in their kindness trust,  
For black ingratitude out turns  
Pure friendship to distrust.

Contempt is but a gentle word  
A feeling far too mild,  
For one who confidence betrays  
And guilt has sore beguiled;  
The hate which hellish fiends evince  
When in dark torment tossed,  
Is not more loathsome to the soul,  
Than one to honor lost.

Then give me one whose heart is free,  
And generous as the air,  
Whose ready hand and greeting kind,  
Give proof that truth is there;  
Whose smiling countenance well shows,  
Affection warm is found,  
And spirit pure as saints, whose notes  
Through heaven's vault resound.

**A Good Story.**  
**THE BEGRIEVED SISTER.**

BY G. D. PRENTICE.

In the spring of 1824, I contracted an acquaintance in one of the cities of the South, with a gentleman who had removed from England to this country with two small children, the one a boy of ten, and the other a girl of nine years of age. These children were the most lovely beings I ever saw. Their extreme beauty, their deep and artless affection, and their frequent bursts of childish and innocent mirth, made them as dear to me as if I had been the companion of their infancy. They were happy in themselves, happy in each other, and in the whole world of life and nature around them. I had known the family but a few months, when my friend was compelled to make a sudden and unexpected voyage to South America. His feelings were embittered by the thought of leaving his motherless children behind him, and as I was on the point of embarking for Liverpool, I promised to take them to their friends and relations.

My departure was delayed two weeks. During that period, I lived under the same roof with the little ones, who had been consigned to my charge. For a few days they were pensive and made frequent enquiries for their absent father, but their sorrows were easily assuaged, and regret for his absence changed into a pleasant anticipation of his return. The ordinary sorrows of childhood are but dew upon the eagle's plumage, which vanish at the moment, when the proud bird springs upwards into the air to woo the first beautiful flashes of the morning.

The day for our departure at length arrived and we set sail on a quiet afternoon of summer. It was a scene of beauty, and my heart fluttered as wildly and joyously as the wing of a young bird in spring time. It seemed in truth as if "man's control had stopped with the shore," and was retreating behind us, and left the world of waters to give back the blue of upper skies as purely and peacefully as at the first holy Sabbath of creation. The distant hills bent their pale blue tops to the waters, and as the great Sun, like the image of his creator, sunk down in the West, successive shadows of gold, and crimson, and purple came gliding over the waves, like barks from a fairy land. My young companions gazed on these scenes steadily, and when the last tints of the dim shore were melting into shadow, they took each other's hands, and a few natural tears rushed forth as an adieu to the land they had loved.

Soon after sunset, I persuaded my little friends to let me lead them to the cabin, and then returning to look out again upon the ocean. In about half an hour, as I was standing musingly and apart I felt my hand gently pressed, and on turning around saw that the girl had stolen alone to my side. In a few moments, the evening star began to twinkle from the edging of a violent cloud. At first, it gleamed faintly and at intervals, but anon it came brightly out, and shone like a holy thing upon the brow of the evening. The girl at my side gazed upon it, and hailed it with a

tone, which told that a thought of rapture was at her heart. She enquired with simplicity and eagerness, whether in the fair land to which we are going, that same bright star would be visible, and seemed to regard it as another friend, that was to be with her in her long and lonely journey.

The first week of our voyage was unattended by any important incident. The sea was, at times, wild and stormy, but again it would sink to repose and spread itself out in beauty to the verge of the distant horizon. On the eighth day, the boy arose, pale and dejected, and complained of indisposition. On the following morning, he was confined by a fever to his bed, and much doubt was expressed as to his fate by the physician of the vessel. I can never forget the visible agony, the look of utter woe, that appeared upon the face of the little girl when the conviction of her beloved brother's danger came slowly upon her thoughts. She wept on—she complained not—but hour after hour, she sat by the bed of the young sufferer—an image of grief and beautiful affection. The boy became daily more feeble and emaciated. He could not return the long and burning kisses of his sister, and, at last, a faint heaving of his breast, and the tender eloquence of his half closed eye, and a flush, at intervals, up on his wasted cheek, like the first violent tint of a morning cloud, were all that he told, he had not yet passed "the first dark day of nothingness."

The twelfth evening of our absence from land was the most beautiful I had ever known, and I persuaded the girl to go for a short time upon deck, that her own favored brow might be fanned by the twilight breeze. The sun had gone down in glory, and the traces of his blood-red setting were still visible upon the Western waters. Slowly but brilliantly the many stars were gathering themselves together above, and another sky swelled out in softened beauty beneath, and the foam upon the crest of the waves was lightened up like wreaths of snow. There was music in every wave, and its wild sweet tones came floating down from the fluttering pennon above us, like the sound of a gentle wind amid a cypress grove. But neither music nor beauty had a spell for the heart of my little friend. I talked to her of the glories of the sky and sea—I pointed her to the star, on which she had always loved to look—but her only answer was a sigh—and I returned with her to the bedside of her brother. I perceived instantly that he was dying. There was no visible struggle—but a film was creeping over his eyes, and the hectic flush of his cheek was fast deepening into purple. I know not, whether, at first, his sister perceived the change in his appearance. She took her seat at his side, pressed his pale lips to her own, and then, as usual, let her melancholy eye rest fixedly upon his countenance. Suddenly his looks brightened for a moment, and he spoke his sister's name. She replied with a passionate carress, and looked up in his face, as if to implore encouragement. I knew, that her hopes were but a mockery! A moment more, and a convulsive quiver passed over the lips of the dying boy—a slight shudder ran through his frame—and all was still. She sat in tearless silence—but I saw that the waters of bitterness were gathering fearfully at their fountain. At last she raised her hands with a sudden effort, and pressing them upon her forehead, wept, with the uncontrollable agony of despair.

On the next day, the corpse of the dead boy was to be committed to the ocean. The little girl knew, that it must be so, but she strove to drive the thought away, as if it had been an unreal and terrible vision. When the appointed hour was at hand, she came and begged me, with a tone that seemed less like a human voice than the low cadence of a disembodied and melancholy spirit, to go and look upon her brother, and see if he was indeed dead. I could not resist her entreaties, but went with her to gaze again upon the sleeping dust, to which all the tendrils of her life seemed bound. She paused by the bed-side, and I almost deemed that her very existence would pass off in that long and fixed gaze. She removed not—spoke not—till the form she loved was taken away to be let down in the ocean. Then, indeed, she arose, and followed her lifeless brother with a calmness that might have been from Heaven. The body sunk slowly and solemnly beneath the waves, a few bright ringlets streamed out upon the waters, a single white and beautiful glimpse came dimly up through the glancing billows, and all that had once been joy and beauty vanished forever.

During the short residue of our voyage, the bereaved sister seemed fading away as calmly

and beautifully as a cloud in the summer zenith. Her heart had lost its communion with nature, and she would look down into the sea, and murmur incoherently of its cold and solitary depths, and call her brother's name, and then weep herself into calumness. I know not whether she is still a blossom of the earth, or whether she has long since gone to be nurtured in a holier realm. But I love the memory of that beautiful and stricken one. Her loveliness, her innocence and her deep and holy feelings, still come back to me in their glory and quietude like a rainbow on a summer cloud, that has showered and passed off forever.

**STORIES FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS.**

One afternoon Jean and Pauline were playing in their little play-house near their mother's sitting-room. The toys were scattered all over the floor in great abundance. It was raining very hard out of doors, and as they had just received the present of Noah's Ark, they expected to spend several hours over it.

"Now I say that Noah ought to go first—Don't you think so?" said Jean.

"Well, I should suppose the ladies ought to go first," replied Pauline.

"So they ought if they were going into the parlor, but I am sure the men ought to go ahead of them into the ark. Wherever there is a danger the men ought to go before the ladies."

"But there is no danger," replied Pauline. "It didn't commence to rain when the good Lord made Noah go into the ark and shut the door."

"No matter, let Noah go first this time," said Jean. "Here they go! Noah and Mrs. Noah with their brown clothes, Shem and Mrs. Shem with their green robes, Japhet and Mrs. Japhet with their yellow robes, and Ham and Mrs. Ham with their red robes! Ham looks for all the world like a great gambler!"

"And the beasts!" exclaimed Pauline.

"Here go the elephants first! Then the rhinoceroses, camels, giraffes, horses and dogs! Then the little insects last!"

"How good was the Lord not to shut out any kind of animals he had made! He could have destroyed them all if he had wished."

Just after Jean had said these words Madame Levy rapped at the door and told them that it was clearing off, and they could take a ride with her if they wished.

"Good! good!" they both shouted, and soon the ark and all its occupants were put quietly back in a corner of the room. As they rode along in their splendid carriage, Jean told his mother that she had promised him a silver pencil as soon as he learned his multiplication table.

"When you know it," she said.

"Oh! but I think I know it now," he answered.

"Well, then, eight times nine?"

"Seventy-two."

"Four times seven?"

"Thirty-five."

"No," replied his mother. "Tell me how many are six times eight?"

"Thirty-two."

"No. You are wrong again. I am afraid you don't know your multiplication table yet," answered Madame Levy.

And poor little Jean had to ride home that evening past the jewelry stores without his mother stopping to buy a silver pencil for him.

After tea, Madame Levy told Pauline to go up stairs and bring down her needlecase.—Little Jean came up to her and whispered:—

"Mother, can you play Noah's Ark?" She said she did not know, but that he could teach her. By this time Pauline was nearly up stairs, and her mother told her to bring down Noah's Ark when she came.

Pauline was gone ten minutes, and when she came down she said that she could not find it.

"I don't think you have looked very carefully," answered Madame Levy.

"Oh mother! she is afraid to go in a dark room," replied Jean. "Pauline knows where we put the ark when we went out riding. I will run up and get it."

And Jean was soon up stairs, and came down with the ark in his arms.

That was the occasion of a little lesson from Madame Levy about getting afraid in the dark.

"Now, children nobody can hurt you any more in the dark than in the daylight. You see this room is all safe now, and it would be just as safe if there was no light in it. Never be afraid of a dark room. It is very childish and foolish to think of anything or anybody's hurting you. Good children nobody wants to hurt. Come now and let me see if I can play Noah's Ark. If Noah had been afraid of

going in the dark, he would never have gone in the great Ark he had made. Now, tell me how you know that God will never destroy the earth again by a deluge? Who can answer first?"

"Because he promised that he wouldn't," answered Jean.

"That is right; but what sign did he give of his promise?"

"The rainbow!" they both exclaimed.

"But, mother," asked Pauline, "why does the rainbow come in the rain-storm?"

"That is how God tells us that he will not destroy us then. The rainbow always says:—'Be quiet, children. I am the sign by which God says he will not ruin your beautiful earth again by a flood.'"

"Oh! yes," said Jean. "God always keeps his promises. I have often thought that it would be a strange thing if God would do all he said he would do. He says in my Testament that he will answer us when we pray. I now understand it. I know he will do it."

"Now, remember my children," added Madame Levy, "that God will reward the righteous and punish the wicked. You know that Noah was a righteous man, and feared God. Be obedient to God, dear Pauline and Jean, and God will not merely take care of you as he did of Noah, but will finally save you in his house not made with hands."

**ABOVE HIS BUSINESS.**

It is a serious evil that many a young man has fallen into, to be above his business. A person learns a trade, but he is too proud to work at it, and must go to shop-keeping, or street-loafing, or turn politician. Fool! If he cannot make a living at his trade, we are sure he cannot in any other way. And then young men brought up to shop-keeping must buy farms or houses, or some other foolish things they know nothing about, and what is the result? Head over heels in debt and certain failure. Multitudes have been ruined by being above their business, and branching out into what they know nothing about.

There is no trouble about young men who do not feel their importance, and who are willing to work at their trades or profession till they get a little beforehand. With a small capital to fall back upon, they can feel like venturing into other business—and by this time they will have formed habits that will be likely to keep them straight. Those who succeed best in life, are men who stick to their business and make money, before they buy farms, and houses, and commence speculating. Look at our successful men, and you will see where lies the secret of their success. You will find that they were never above their business, and never paid for the doing of a job, which they could just as well do themselves. We know a man worth from thirty to forty thousand dollars, and no laborer in the city works harder than he. He never hesitates to take off his coat and do any kind of work about his premises. Such a man is not above his business: but we think he is too far in the other extreme. Of this we are sure: if all men will be prompt and punctual—stick to their business and not be too proud—they will eventually succeed, and become independently.

**KEEP MOVING.**

Don't give up if you happen to fail in anything you undertake. Try it again—try a hundred times if you don't succeed before, and all the while be studying to see if you have not failed through some negligence and oversight of your own. Don't throw down your oars and drift stern foremost, because the tide is against you. The tide don't always run one way. Never anchor because the wind don't happen to be fair. Beat to windward, and gain all you can until it changes. If you get to the bottom of the wheel, hang on; never think of letting go; the next turn will bring you on top.

Are you in debt? Don't let time wear off the edge of the obligation. Economise, work harder, and spend less and hurry out. Does misfortune overtake you? Don't sit down and mope, and let her walk over you. Put on more steam; drive ahead and get out of her way. If you meet obstacles in your path, climb over, dig under, or go around them—never turn back. It is stormy to-day? You don't better matters by whining and growling. Be good natured. Take it easy. The sun will shine to-morrow.

Well, Jones, dose your girl still continue to love you?"

"Yes, more than ever."

"Indeed? What evidence have you of that?"

"Oh, she made me a present of my picture which I paid five dollars for, before I gave it to her."

**Little-or-Notthings.**

Affected simplicity is refined imposture.

Study books to know how things ought to be; study men to know how things are.

Men often woo angel-purposes and afterwards find themselves married to hag-realities.

The wedding ring, like the ring of Saturn, for good or evil circles a whole world.

In general, he only can patiently endure the fame of others who deserves fame himself.

In putting away childish things, we should except childish simplicity and earnestness.

Men are the dust of the earth, and the storms of war lay the dust.

The nightingale woos the flower in song; and the flower answers in perfume.

The youth must carry his head high who aspires to kiss tall women.

When the wife is a wreck, the husband is apt to put off like a jolly boat.

Love gives to the plainest women, in the eyes of a lover, the beauty of his own mother.

Marriage pulls out the wings of many an angle.

What we retrench from our other faults goes generally to increase our pride.

The love of justice is often no more than the fear of suffering injustice.

A wit is as necessary at the repast of a dinner-party as the pepper-box or the mustard-box.

The last part of a snake to die is the tail of vixen, the tongue.

In the masquerades of life, the greatest cowards are apt to wear the most forcious masks.

No man can be free unless he is strictly governed—by himself.

The eloquence of the eyes outstrip that of the voice, as the quick lightning the sluggish thunder.

Nurses and nurse-maids scribble over the white sheet of a baby's brain with pot-hooks and hangers.

What is called independence of principle very often consists in having no principle to depend on.

Contentment would find itself as much out of place among the aristocracy as a rustic girl at court.

There are people that no clothes can fit. Their very skins hangs as awkwardly about them as if made for somebody else.

Wealth is a good external illumination for a fool, and learning a capital internal one, lighting him up like a transparency.

If a man is told that a pig has been fattened on pine-apples, he will be sure to taste the pine-apple flavor in the pork.

Honesty without sharpness is like a sword without edge or point—very well for show, but of no use to the owner.

We should have a glorious conflagration if all who cannot put fire into their books would put their books into the fire.

Patience settles into peace. There is an especial peace which is the amber of a clarified, transparent patience.

When the mind, not knowing its limits, struggles incessantly against them, mental activity is but convulsion.

There is strict analogy between geology and human history. The race, like the globe, has marked its periods by its strata.

If our eyes were open, we should see that this oval globe is but an egg, and that what we call time is but the incubation of Eternity.

Men celebrate their birth-days as so many victories over Time without considering how much they may have been mutilated in the battle.

You will occasionally see a reckless man, who, at every leap he makes in his life-journey, leaves, not a foot-print, but a rude scar upon the earth, a horrid deformity, a flurry-print, a flounder-mark—to tell men that he is a knave, to tell God that he is a fool.