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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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AMERICAN TEA COMPANY
61 Vesey Street, New York;
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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, itis 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.

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Stoves. Among them are the Continental, Noble Cook, Commonwealth and Charm, which he will sell cheap for cash. The very best quality of
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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.
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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.

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CHAS. J. C. KLINE & CO.,
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Jan. 27, 1864.-sep22ly.

Select Poetry.

A POETIC GEM.

The following touching effusion, which we find floating around on the great sea of newspaperdom, unclaimed and uncredited, breathes the true spirit of poetry. Its perusal will not fail to awaken tender heart-emotions, revive sad family remininscences, and cause tears to moisten the eyes of those parents whose "lambs have gone before," and who are "longing for the faces passed away forevermore." The picture is a beautiful and touching one:

WITHOUT THE CHILDREN.

O, the weary, solemn silence
Of a house without the children,
O, the strange, oppressive silence,
Where the children come no more!
Ah! the longing of the sleepless
For the soft arms of the children,
Ah! the longing for the faces
Peeping through the open door—
Faces gone forevermore!

Strange it is to wake at midnight
And not hear the children breathing,
Nothing but the old clock ticking,
Ticking, ticking by the door.
Strange to see the little dresses
Hanging up there all the morning;
And the gaiters—ah! their patter,
We will hear it nevermore.
On our mirth-forsaken floor.

What is home without the children?
'Tis the earth without its verdure,
And the sky without its sunshine;
Life is withered to the core!
So we'll leave this dreary desert,
And we'll follow the good Shepherd
To the greener pastures vernal,
Where the lambs have "gone before"
With the Shepherd evermore!

O, the weary, solemn silence
Of a house without the children,
O, the strange, oppressive stillness,
Where the children come no more!
Ah! the longing of the sleepless
For the soft arms of the children;
Ah! the longing for the faces
Peeping through the open door—
Faces gone forevermore!

A Good Story.

THE REJECTED INHERITANCE.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

A very small room, in a very small house, with a very small fire burning in the grate—this is our scene. There was no ornament, unless the pure white curtains, and the yellow dimple of April sunshine on a somewhat faded carpet might be characterized as such, and the fresh loveliness of the two girls who sat in the apartment struck you like an incongruity, it seemed as if they must be there by mistake!

"Half a pound of beefsteak, Ruth, and a few potatoes, and a loaf of bread; that will do, I think," said the elder, thoughtfully, to a tall, gaunt old woman with a little market basket on her arm, who stood in the middle of the room, as if awaiting orders.

"Aint that a pretty clus' dinner for three, Miss Josephine?" said Ruth, giving her rusty black bonnet an extra twitch.

"I know it, Ruth," laughed the girl; but we must regulate our expenditure according to our resources, you are aware. See!"

She held up a lank little purse as she spoke. Ruth smiled too—but she was looking, not at the purse, but at Josephine Carey, standing where the sunshine threaded her brown curls with gold and melted into hazel wells of light under her long dark lashes.

But she was not as regally beautiful as her sister. As Cecile Carey sat in the antique easy chair by the smouldering remnant of fire, it would scarcely have been difficult to fancy her a crowned queen.

She looked fretfully up from her embroidery as Josephine spoke.

"Ruth, do bring a few oranges for dessert—I cannot live on this beggarly diet!" she said.

"We cannot afford it, Cecile," interposed Josephine, gently.

Cecile pouted.

"You don't care whether I starve or not."

Josephine's lip quivered.

"Dearest Cecile! is it not better to bear up cheerfully and strive not to repine?"

"As if one could help repining in this dismal hole! And then since papa's bankruptcy and death, our friends have all deserted us—of course they would not come to such a place as this?"

"Of course, then, they are not worth our regrets. But, Cecile, you should not say *all*.—Mr. Archcliff has been here several times."

"Yes," said Cecile, a little consciously, as if she would have added—"And I defy him to stay away while *I* choose to keep him with a smile or a glance!" But then, Josephine, he is our lawyer!" she added.

"The law business has long since come to an end," said Josephine, archly. "Never mind, Cecy, we won't investigate his motives too closely; and now, where is my sewing?"

Cecile looked rather scornfully at the plain calico dress which the busy fingers of her sister were working on.

"Things will be different when I am Mrs. Archcliff," she mused to herself. "I wonder if he will come here to-day; he has been absent since Wednesday. I wonder ——"

And she resumed her embroidery, while her thoughts wandered away through the pearly colonnades and mist-bright domes of a *Chateau d'Espange*, whose minarets and spires gleamed through the far-off sunshine of the future.

The sunshine was creeping up the wall like an ebbing tide of gold, and the coarse indices of the wooden mantel clock were pointing to somewhere about five, that afternoon, when Ruth put her stiff muslin cap into the room where Cecile was dozing over a book, and Josephine still at work over the calico breadths.

"If you please, young ladies——"

"Well?" drawled Cecile, sleepily.

"Mr. Archcliff is here."

And without further ceremony, she ushered the lawyer into the apartment.

A tall, stately man, somewhere between thirty and forty, with dark, heavy hair, straight features, and eyes full of quiet, thoughful strength, he entered with the same chivalrous respect he had been wont to show the sisters when they dwelt in a superb mansion, and were clothed with purple and fine linen.

"I have come here on business," he said, breaking the momentary pause that ensued after the usual greetings; "business that imminently concerns both of you young ladies. While examining some wills and leases, relating to an entirely different case, I accidentally stumbled on a clue which, when followed up, brought me to the knowledge that you are heirs to considerable property, which has for some years been enjoyed by those who possessed neither right nor title to it."

"The wretches!" interrupted Cecile, passionately.

"Nay,' he said, gently, "the present possessor is quite ignorant that he has done any wrong, whatever suspicions his father may have had on the subject."

"And how soon—when——" stammered Cecile.

"Do you mean how soon do you come into possession?" he asked, as she paused abruptly. "Within a very few weeks, I trust—as soon as the troublesome forms of law can be gone through with. Acting as your legal adviser, I have already given notice to the young man."

"Then it is a young man. Poor fellow!" sighed Josephine. "What sort of a person is it, Mr. Archcliff?"

"I know nothing, Miss Josephine, except that he is about sixteen, and a cripple."

"A cripple?"

"Yes; a martyr, I am told, to spinal disease."

"And is this the only property he possesses?"

"All, I believe."

"But tell me about it, Mr. Archcliff!" interrupted Cecile, with kindling eyes and deepening color. "This property—in what does it consist?"

"In Audley Hall and its estate to being with, and, further, in stocks, land, mortgages and various railroad shares, amounting altogether, I think, to something like fifty thousand dollars."

"Twenty-five thousand each—that is very little," pouted Cecile, rather disappointed.—Mr. Archcliff smiled.

"For you to gain, perhaps; but a great deal for him to lose."

He glanced at his watch and rose.

"I will see you again to-morrow morning, young ladies. In the meantime, I suppose I have your authority to proceed as expeditiously as possible?"

"Certainly," said Cecile, eagerly. "Pray let there be no delay that can be avoided. I am all impatience to come into my new property."

She smiled as she spoke—a smile that made her seem like some fair-haired angel. The lawyer looked at her with a long, penetrating glance, as he bowed good-bye. Cecile, wondered, with a beating heart, what that grave, wistful look meant.

"Put up that horrid calico thing, Josey!" she exclaimed, when they were alone together. "Don't, pray, work any more to-day. I'll send Ruth out after some oranges and wine-jelly and iced cake and cream-meringues, and we'll have a nice little banquet. Oh! if you knew how I have longed for these little dainties after our anchorite fare? Why are you looking so grave, Josephine? why don't you rejoice with me?"

Josephine looked up into her sister's radiant face.

"Because, Cecile, I see nothing to justify us in any great amount of rejoicing."

"Nothing? Josephine Carey, what do you mean?"

Josephine rose and stood quietly before her sister.

"Cecy, look at me!"

"S I do look—what of it?"

"I am strong and healthy, am I not?"

"Yes—of course."

"With hands that are not useless and a heart that will not fail?"

"Yes."

"And do you suppose, Cecy, that I, with all these priceless blessings at my command, will stoop to take a poor crippled boy's inheritance from him?"

"But it is not his; it is ours!"

"No matter whose it is—I will not take it! Oh, Cecile, do you suppose my heart is of stone or adamant?"

"But Mr. Archcliff——"

"As a lawyer—as *our* lawyer, Mr. Archcliff has acted entirely right. He has discovered inheritance and taken proper steps to place it in our hands—it is for us to decide whether we will accept it or not?"

"As if we should hesitate for a moment!"

"I shall not, Cecile; this poor cripple has greater need of the money than we."

"Josephine, are you in earnest?"

"I am."

Cecile grew scarlet with anger.

"Very well—you will do as you please. I shall not relinquish my share of this scanty property for a baseless whim. It is not sufficient that this boy, or man, or whatever he is, has enjoyed *our* rights and comforts all his life?"

Josephine did not answer; she saw how useless it was to argue with her sister, but not the less was her own mind made up.

And when Mr. Archcliff called the next morning, Cecile detailed to him what she called her sister's absurd Quixotism.

"Say what I will, she cannot be turned from this ridiculous piece of folly," concluded Cecile, "and she wishes you to deed back her half of the estate and money to this young man."

"And you, Miss Cecile."

"I? Oh, I am troubled with no such ultra scruples of conscience. I shall of course, desire to come into possession as soon as possible. Audley Hall will be very pleasant change after these miserably cramped quarters!"

"Does your sister accompany you?"

"Oh, no—she will remain here, and open a little day-school. The idea of Josephine Carey, teaching school for a living!"

When Josephine returned from a brief walk, she found her sister in high spirits.

"Did you tell him, Cecy?"

"Yes."

"What did he say?"

"Nothing at all—it is evident he is very highly displeased, however."

Josephine's heart sank within her.

"I must do my duty" she thought, pressing her hand to her throbbing temples, "no matter whom it my offend. My duty—my duty!"

It was almost a sob, in its agonized intensity.

"You will come and see me soon, at Audley Hall," said Cecile Carey, bending her sweet eyes on Mr. Archcliff's grave brow, as he bade her adieu at the railroad depot. He bowed quietly and stepped back, just as the train began to move. Cecile drew a long breath.

"Strange that he has not proposed," the thought. "But their will be no lack of opportunities at Audley."

Selden Archcliff did not return directly to his office, although there was a considerable arrear of business awaiting him in those dingy precincts. He went instead, to the little room where Josephine Carey was crying quietly on her sister's empty chair.

"I know I am very foolish," she faltered, "but my little school commences to-morrow, and I have such a brief time left for tears!"

It was the first time he had seen her since the evening he had brought tidings of the discovered inheritance. Since then, she had shyly avoided his presence, dreading to read disapproval in his face. Now, however, there was no evading the ordeal—it must come!

"Miss Carey," he said earnestly regarding her, "I have come to speak to you with reference to this very unusual decision of yours respecting the Audley property. Few girls in your circumstances would have acted as you have done."

Her bright cheek caught a more vived rose.

"You think I have acted wrongly?"

"Let me tell you what I think. It was a deed whose nobly magnanimity is beyond all praise. You have abandoned comparative ease, and devoted yourself to a life of toil, because you thought it *right*. I am learning now for the first time the true emblems that dwell in a woman's nature. I loved you before—need I say how much dearer you are become to me now? My little heroine will you trust the priceless heart to me? will you be my wife?"

"But, Mr. Archcliff——"

"Well?"

"I fancied that you loved Cecile!"

He smiled, "I have loved *you*, dearest, since I knew you first, scarcely a year ago. But you have not answered my question yet!"

The soft brown eyes, dewy with a sense of the great happiness that was in store for her, were raised to his, with innocent frankness.'

"I love you, Mr. Archcliff," she said with a shy dignity that was like herself. "But I never dreamed *you* could love an insignificant little creature like me!"

He drew her towards him with a caressing fondness that was like new life to her starved heart! He loved her that was enough!

The little school was never opened—and when Cecile read the long letter that reached her the very next mail, she bit her beautiful lips until the scarlet blood started.

"Fool that I have been!" she muttered, "And to think how skilfully that unconscious little Josey has played her cards! Audley Hall, indeed! Why the Archcliff estates are ten times as large! Fool! fool! to blunder with such a fatal mistake!"

And the same June that brought a wreath of white roses to make a wedding coronal for Josephine Carey's sunny curls, brought also the dawn of a new bliss to her girl heart.—Selden Archcliff thought his wife never looked so lovely as she did on her wedding day!—*N. Y. Ledger.*

Little-or-Nothings.

They smile sadly who have no face in all the world to smile back to them.

Our loved ones have no need of flowers upon their graves; no flowers can out-smell Heaven.

A despairing man tears his hair. An enraged woman is wiser; she tears her husband's

If a young woman loses her heart and nobody picks it up, it is a sad loss indeed.

Shave yourself. Better pull your own nose than have it pulled by another.

Our father Adam was the best-dollar of the whole human cabinet of coins.

Truth, though it always lies between two extremes, does not necessarily lie in the middle.

Accommidate yourself to your company, but don't accommidate yourself at your company's expense.

Quakers are unpopular with a bore. They have no coat-buttons by which he can hold them.

The marriage-ring, like all other rings, presses tightly in a warm bath, and hangs loosely in a cold one.

Truth is naked, and, like our first parents, before their fall, not ashamed of her nakedness.

Poverty is the only load which is the heavier the more loved ones there are to assist in supporting it.

In that human instrument, the poet, the Cremona strings are twisted out of living entrails.

When you are trying to sleep, it is not pleasant to hear two dogs, half-a-mile apart, discussing a dogmatical difference of opinion.

A man cannot gulp down a quail or a robin whole, but he is not apt to choke from having ever so big a swallow in his throat.

Little disputes before marriage are great ones after it; as northerly winds, which are warm in summer, blow keen and cold in winter.

A married woman must not complain, and even yet a mouse in a trap has the poor right to squeal.