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# The Pilot.

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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 particu-  
 larly styles for particular localities of country, but he  
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 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  
 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 mer-  
 chant.  
 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 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 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. 16, 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 pas-  
 tures 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 katydids 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 fea-  
 tures, what an unwonted quiver of the harsh  
 voice there was, when he uttered the two sim-  
 ple 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 nar-  
 row 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 fore-  
 sts 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 ging-  
 ham 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 beg-  
 gar, 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 re-  
 cite 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 cur-  
 riously traversed by a crescent shaped scar, ap-  
 parently now healed.  
 "I have nothing for you," said Silas, sharp-  
 ly; "Yes, yes, I know what you'd say, but it's  
 no use. If you're deserving, the proper au-  
 thorities 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 gather-  
 ing dusk.  
 "Father," whispered Sybil, reproachfully,  
 "have you forgotten that our Lawrence, too, is  
 a soldier?"  
 "No," returned Silas, abruptly, "I remem-  
 bered 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 pedes-  
 trian 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 fol-  
 low 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 hap-  
 pened 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 nest-  
 led against his shoulder, and a serious shadow  
 stole into his eyes.  
 "I can tell you one thing, Sybil, that it come  
 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 regi-  
 ment. 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!"  
 But she never spoke of the lucky piece of  
 gold. She fancied it might seem like ostenta-  
 tion, 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 drop-  
 ping the dainty timid letter.  
 "Sit down here, dearest, in the quiet little  
 music room," he said with carressing author-  
 ity. "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, then  
 down again.

"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 be-  
 fore."  
 "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 Sy-  
 bil 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 sum-  
 mer; and some had passed beyond the sero  
 and yellow leaf—had apparently been bleach-  
 ed.  
 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 impres-  
 siveness far superior to the most eloquent de-  
 scription. 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 com-  
 posed 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 path-  
 way 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 ever-  
 lasting 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.  
 If you wish to win a high strung woman,  
 feed her with romance. The more mysterious  
 you can make yourself, the more dearly she  
 will esteem you. Rather than admit that you  
 belong to the useful classes, plead guilty to be-  
 ing a brigand. Anything that partakes of  
 poetry and adventure, pleases the sex with  
 scarcely an exception. We once knew a high-  
 wayman who lost an heiress by just acknowl-  
 edging that he was the son of a cordraucer.

**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 heav-  
 en. How one can get out of the world with-  
 out 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 govern-  
 ments 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 un-  
 deserving, 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.

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 All work warranted.  
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