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"FEARLESS AND FREE."

BY D. A. & C. H. BUEHLER.

VOLUME XXIV.

THE AGED PASTOR.

He stands in the deck, that grave old man,
With an eye still bright, though his cheek is wan,
And his long white locks are backward rolled
From his noble brow of classic mould.
And his form, though bent by weight of years,
Shows that of its prime beauty wears.
He opens the page of the Sacred Word,
Nor a whisper, nor low nor loud is heard;
Even fully assumes a solemn look,
As he reads the words of the Holy Book;
And the thoughts and gay grow revert there,
As he opens his lips in fervent prayer.
He stands as the grave old Prophet stood,
Proclaiming the Truth and the living God—
Pouring reproval on the ears of men,
Whose hearts are at ease in their folly and sin—
With a challenge of guilt still unforgotten,
To the soul unfitted, unmeet for Heaven;
Who can but honor that good old man,
As he breathes his three score years and ten—
Who hath made it the work of his life to bless,
Our world in its own and wickedness—
Still guiding the few who were wont to stray,
In paths of sin to the narrow way.
With a kindly heart, though the lapsing year,
He hath shed your joys, he hath waded your tears;
He hath bound the wreath on the brow of the bride,
He hath bowed to the couch when loved ones died,
Pointing the soul to a glorious Heaven,
As the ties which bound it to earth were riven.
Methinks ye'll weep another day,
When the good old man has passed away;
When the last of his ebbing sands have run—
When his labor is o'er and his work is done—
Who'll care for the sick and keep the fold,
When his pulse is still and his heart is cold?
We'll miss him then! every look and tone
So familiar now, forever gone.
Will thrill the heart with a sad pain,
And you'll long and listen for his strain.
When a stranger form and a stranger face
Shall stand in your honored pastor's place.

THE OLD MAN & THE PIRATE.

A THRILLING SKETCH.

Early in the month of August, 1811, a small sloop brig started from Boston, bound for New Orleans. On board, there was an old man named Adam Wirt, seeking an only son, who, he had learned, was somewhere on the coast of the Gulf of Mexico. Adam Wirt was wealthy, but for four years had been left alone to dwell among his relatives. When the old man had taken a second wife to his home, his son Landon stepped from his roof, and swore that so long as his stepmother lived, he would not cross his threshold again. The second wife was now dead, and feeling sad in his loneliness, the old man resolved to seek his child.
The brig had good weather, and for several days nothing had occurred to break the monotony of the voyage; but at length, one of the look-outs reported a sail to the southward and eastward. The wind was from the east, and the brig had it slightly abeam, as her course lay southward. Capt. Poole brought his glass from the cabin, and after gazing on the ranges for some ten minutes, made her out to be a schooner standing out directly towards them.
"Where do you think she's bound to?" asked Adam Wirt, as he heard the Captain's report.
"Couldn't say just," replied the Captain, again leveling his glass at the stranger, "but I can tell you better after watching her a spell."
Fifteen minutes passed, and at the end of that time Captain Poole lowered his glass, and while a slight tremor shook his frame, he said:
"That schooner is falling off."
"And what of that?" asked the old man, who had not failed to notice the Captain's manner.
"What of it? why simply that fellow is bound for this brig."
"Wants to speak to us, I suppose," said Wirt.
"Very likely," returned the Captain, as he turned aloft; and again turning to the old man, he continued, "you need be under no needless alarm, sir; but in all probability that schooner is a pirate."
"A pirate!" replied Wirt, while his face assumed a livid hue. "Then in Heaven's name what will we do?"
"We shall have to make the best of it; for of two things we may rest assured—we can neither run away from him or fight him. Look, his deck is crowded with men."
The brig's crew had by this time become aware of the schooner, and, as may be supposed, they felt anything but comfortable at the conviction thus arrived at. The brig was heavily loaded, and at best she was an unpromising sailer; while the schooner, with the wind full upon her quarter, came dashing along at a furious rate. A consultation was held upon the quarter deck and it was at length agreed upon that the brig should be kept on her course, and if ordered by the pirate to heave to, they would do so at once and offer no resistance, which, if offered at all, would only render their situation worse.
In an hour and a half the pirate had come up to within a mile, and fired a gun to windward, and in a few minutes afterwards the brig was lying with her main top sail to the mast. The crew watched the schooner as she began to round to, and though they could not repress an instinctive dread, yet they felt confident that no violence would be used so long as they offered no resistance; nor in this were they disappointed, for, as the schooner ranged along, and the pirates began to flock on

board, no signs of murderous intent were manifested.
The pirate Captain was the first to board the brig. He was a young man in the prime of life, and next to follow him was a fair-haired handsome youth, who seemed to hang upon his commander's steps with a strange mixture of devotion and fear.
"Do you command this vessel?" asked the pirate leader of Capt. Poole.
"Yes, sir," replied Poole.
"Then of course you will have no objections to my overhauling your cargo, sir," said the pirate with a smile, "for you have some articles to which I may take a fancy."
"If I am not mistaken," returned Capt. Poole, "you will need no permission from me, as I am unable to resist."
"You show your good judgment at least, and if you lead the way, I will take a look at your cabin first."
As the pirate Captain spoke, he turned to the companion way, and was just on the point of starting for the cabin, when his eye caught the eye of Adam Wirt, and he started back as though he had seen a spirit from the other world.
The old man, too, seemed equally startled, for as he gazed in the face of the pirate, a fearful tremor shook his whole frame, and he gasped for breath; the buccaner gazed into the working features before him, and then stepping forward and laying his hand tremblingly on the old man's arm, said—
"Tell me, old man, whence you came—tell me what name you bear?"
"Men call me Adam Wirt," replied the old man, half receding from the touch that rested on him.
"Great God, my father!" broke from the pirate Captain's lips, and he would have fallen upon the old man's bosom had he not put forth his hands to keep him off.
"My father!" repeated old Wirt, moving back from where he stood, "no, no, no, I am not thy father. Oh God! once thou mightest have been my son; once I gazed with a parent's pride upon thy features, and once I called thee son! But—Oh Heavens! is this a dream! My boy a pirate?"
"Father," still urged the pirate, following with slow step the old man's backward movement, "own me as your son and you shall—"
"No! away, bloodthirsty man. I know thee not. Oh God! and is it thus I have found my boy?"
"Listen to me one moment, my father," exclaimed the pirate chief, in a tone and manner little in keeping with his vocation. "These hands are not stained with a drop of blood; save where the flag of England has waved, I have not till the present time intruded any deck but my own. But now, though I have gold in my pockets, I am in want of bread; yet I will leave you and go in peace. You shall receive no further trouble from me."
The old man covered his face with his hands and the deepest agony dwelt in his bosom, and while he thus stood, the pirate captain ordered his men to return to their vessel. The gallant youth who had followed his chief on board the brig, at this moment approached the spot where Adam Wirt stood, and clasping both the old man's hands in his own he said—
"Oh, sir, if you are the man's father, speak to him one kind word. Smile upon him and own him as your son. One word from you my reclaim him from all his errors."
"Boy," uttered the old man, as he gazed upon the pure and heavenly features that were turned so earnestly towards him, "you know not what you ask. I have left my home in search of my son, but such as I find him I will never own him. Back again will I go, and alone will I travel my weary way through life."
"Oh, sir, think once more!" urged the youth, seeming to hang every hope upon the result of his plea. One fond greeting from his father may yet reclaim him. Speak it, oh speak it!"
"Never, never," uttered Adam Wirt, as he pushed the suppliant from him.
"Then the duty must still rest with me," sadly murmured the youth, as he turned away from the spot. "The father may cast him off, but I cannot."
"Frank," at this moment, exclaimed the pirate captain, "come here. The grapplings are already cast off, and we must away. Not a thing here have I molested, and I shall leave with a light heart. Come."
As the pirate chief spoke, the youth followed him quickly on board the schooner, and in a few minutes afterwards the brig was again on her way unmolested.
Old Adam Wirt returned to his home in Boston, but that long was darker and more gloomy than ever. He had left in search of his son—he had found that son; but he had left him chief in command beneath a rover's flag. But gradually, like some dim spirit arising from the cloudy mist of conscience, arose the earnest appeals of that son, and also the prayers of that gentle youth who had urged a father's pardon for him. In the secret recesses of his heart he could not but feel that he might have saved his boy. The continued memory of the scene on the deck of the

brig softened his heart, but the feeling only made him more miserable.
The morning of the 28th of August, 1812, dawned upon the city of Boston, and ere the sun went down on that day, ten thousand hearts were filled with joy and national pride. On that memorable day the United frigate Constitution, under the command of the brave Hull, cut through the harbor of Boston, after her glorious victory over the Guerriere. The wharves and adjacent streets were crowded with enthusiastic people, and as the battle-scarred heroes walked up from the landing, they were every where hailed with the loudest acclamations of thanks and joy.
Not far from the landing to which the first boat from the victorious frigate was hauled up, stood old Adam Wirt. He had heard of the ship's arrival, and with his American heart overflowing with patriotic impulses, he had dragged his feeble steps to bestow his meed of praise upon his country's heroes. One after another of the officers passed by, and while old Adam was swinging his hat in the air he felt a light touch upon his arm, and as he turned, his eye rested upon the fair youth of the private schooner.
"Ha! what would you with me," uttered the old man, slightly trembling at the memory thus started up.
"Look! look!—there sir," said the youth, in an earnest tone and manner, at the same time pointing to a party of seamen who were coming up. "See that wonderful man who halts in his walk. Do you hear the shouts that greet him? A braver heart or more effectual arm was not to be found on the decks of our frigate. He fought bravely for his country, and he sealed his devotion with his blood."
Adam Wirt stopped to hear no more, for in the person of the patriot thus pointing out to him he recognized his own son, and springing quickly forward, he caught the wounded seaman in his arms.
Those who stood around saw this meeting, and they knew that the aged father was blessing his son. Louder swelled the shouts of joy, and many a parent wished that such a pleasure might be his. None save the aged father and the gentle youth, knew of the stain that once blotted the sailor's name, and in their bosom all the erring past was forgotten, all forgiven— for on the altar of his country's liberty he had offered atonement for his crime—and had thrown off all shackles but those of love, virtue, and honor.
"And now, my son, that all is forgotten, tell me whence came your noble resolves?" said old Wirt, as he sat in his own dwelling with his only son by his side.
"Wait one moment," returned the young man, while a peculiar expression rested on his countenance. "Wait till the faithful companion of my wayward days comes back to us."
"You mean the youth?"
"Ah! here she comes—my friend, my savior, my angel of mercy!"
As the sailor spoke, a lovely female entered the room. Her eyes sparkled with a happy light, and a bright smile of joy irradiated her features. The young man sprang from his chair, and caught her in his arms, and after printing a warm kiss upon the brow of the fair being, he turned to his father and said—
"Father, here is the being who saved your son to virtue—my own dear wife."
"Your wife?" ejaculated the old man, starting from his chair and gazing earnestly upon the future. "Sincerely I have seen that face before."
"Yes, father," said the female, laying her hand upon the old man's shoulder, and gazing affectionately into his face. "I was hunted from town to town, city to city. He fled in disguise from the face of man. He was tried for treason and his fair fame blackened forever. His small fortune gradually melted away, he was a wanderer and beggar upon the face of the earth. His daughter, on her way to visit him and soften his woes, was seized and barbarously murdered by pirates. His grandchild was cut down and with it his death—relative to more the wretchedness of his, Aaron Burr sunk not—he walked e-e-e of eighty years of age amongst those who despised him. This was Lear facing the storm."
An old Bachelor's Epitaph.—A lady had been teaching the summer school in a certain town, and a young sprig of the law paid her some attention, so much that he was joking about her. He replied the should look higher for a wife. It reached the lady's ears, and she meditated a little bit of revenge. An opportunity soon offered. They were at a party together, and to redeem her forfeit, she was to make his epitaph. She gave the following:
Here lies a man who looked so high
He passed all common people by
And when he looked as high as he
Declared his bride they would not be;
So 'twixt them both he died a bach,
And now has gone to the old scratch.

THE EXECUTION OF MAJOR ANDRE.

From the Savannah Courier.

The principal guard officer, who was constantly in the room with the prisoner, relates that when the hour of his execution was announced to him in the morning, he received it without emotion, and while all present were affected with silent gloom, he retained a firm composure, and with calmness and composure of mind. Observing his servant enter the room in tears, he exclaimed, "Leave me till you can show yourself more manly." His breakfast being sent to him from the table of General Washington, which had been done every day of his confinement, he partook of it as usual, and, having shaved and dressed himself, he placed his hat on the table, and cheerfully said to the guard-officers, "I am ready at any moment, gentlemen, to wait on you." The fatal hour having arrived, a large detachment of troops were paraded, and an immense concourse of people assembled; almost all our general and field-officers, excepting his excellency and his staff, were present on horseback; melancholy and gloom pervaded all ranks—the scene was affecting and awful.
I was so near during the solemn march to the fatal spot, as to observe every movement and participate in every emotion which the melancholy scene was calculated to produce. Major Andre walked from the stone-house where he was confined, between two of our subaltern officers, arm in arm, the eyes of the immense multitude were fixed on him, who rising superior to the fear of death, appeared as if conscious of the dignified deportment which he displayed. He betrayed no want of fortitude; but retained a complacent egotism on his countenance, and politely bowed to several men whom he knew, which was respectfully returned. It was his earnest desire to be shot, as being the mode of death most comfortable to the feelings of a military man, and he had indulged the hope that his request would be granted. At the moment, therefore, when he came suddenly in view of the gallows, he involuntarily started back, and said, "Why this moment, sir," said an officer by his side. Instantly recovering his composure, he said, "I am reconciled to my death; but I detest the mode."
While waiting and standing near the gallows, I observed some degree of trepidation—placing his foot on a stone, and rolling it over, and choking in his throat, as if attempting to swallow. So soon, however, as he perceived that his own readiness, he stepped quickly into the wicker chair, and he was elevated by his own hands, and he had indulged the hope that his request would be granted. At the moment, therefore, when he came suddenly in view of the gallows, he involuntarily started back, and said, "Why this moment, sir," said an officer by his side. Instantly recovering his composure, he said, "I am reconciled to my death; but I detest the mode."
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Adaptation of Crops to Market.

The farmer who is wide awake to his business, should watch, as well as follow, the markets. He should know what crops will sell well. So far as he can form a probable or an approximate opinion upon this point, he should conform his cultivation to it. In some places, he can produce milk to advantage; in others, butter and cheese. Again, he may be situated and neither of these articles will pay him so good a profit as some others. Here his main crop would be hay, there fruit; here potatoes, there squashes and other vegetables.
A farmer in Beverly, last year, raised on two acres and a half of land, 18,000 cabbages per acre, the net receipts of which averaged him \$450. Another farmer, in Danvers, cultivated an acre of lead with sugar, and realized the handsome profit of \$400.
The cultivation of the onion in the latter town gives employment to many hands, and is the source of large profit.
Other examples might be cited to illustrate the importance of adapting crops to the market, such as the production of the smaller fruits in the neighborhood of cities. It is not the crop upon which the farmer himself sets the highest value that should be raised by him, but the crops he can produce at the least expense, and sell to the greatest profit.
Some farmers are fearful of loss, if they diverge from the beaten track. They go on therefore, cultivating the same products and often on the same fields, as their fathers. Other farmers seem to entertain the opinion that unless they raise the heavier products—corn, and potatoes, and grain, and hay—they are no longer farmers, but a sort of market gardeners.
But away with idle fears and foolish notions! Let our farmers study their true interests. Let them not stand still while others are going ahead. Let them be up and doing something to supply the wants of the towns and cities in their vicinity; and not the necessities only, but the tastes also. Let them raise flowers, even, if it will pay a profit! Why not? The taste for flowers is an innocent and rational one; why should it not be gratified?
There are many articles not yet cultivated to any extent among us, that may doubtless be raised to advantage. For example, some vegetable products, such as the water oil bean, might be introduced and raised to afford an oil for a domestic light, or for mechanical purposes. Whole oil cannot be produced fast enough to supply the demand. Some substitutes, drawn from mother earth, will doubtless be soon introduced. Sun-flower seed, might perhaps be found to answer.—New England Cultivator.

SALT FOR QUINCE TREES.

The quince tree seems to have a constitutional fondness for salt. We have never seen, says the Horticulturist, such superb specimens of this fruit, and such a general luxuriance of the trees, as at Newport, Rhode Island, on the sea coast. A gentleman who noticed the fact, several years ago, told us lately that he had profited by the hint, in giving each of his trees a top-dressing of two quarts of coarse salt every spring. By scattering the salt over the surface it dissolves slowly, and does no harm to the roots, but makes both foliage and fruit much more healthy.
A Sermon.
Here is a sermon by an old and eccentric English divine, that is so brief, terse, and to the point, that we cannot resist the inclination to print it. Many a discourse of an hour's length has contained not half its impressive imbecilities.
"Be sober, grave, temperate."—Tyrus A. S.
"I, there are three companions with whom you should always keep good terms:
"First, Your wife.
"Second, Your stomach.
"Third, Your Conscience.
"If you wish to enjoy peace, long life, and happiness, preserve them by temperance. Intemperance produces:
"First, Domestic misery.
"Second, Premature death.
"Third, Infidelity.
"To make these points clear, I refer you:
"First, To the Newgate Calendar.
"Second, To the hospitals, lunatic asylums, and work-houses.
"Third, To the post-experience of what you have seen, read, and suffered, in mind, body, and estate.
"Read, decide, which will you choose? TEMPERANCE, which brings long life and happiness; or INTemperance, which brings misery and premature death!"
Look on this Picture
"Father is coming!" and little round faces grow long, and merry faces are hushed and toys are hustled into the closet, and mama glances nervously at the door, the baby is bribed with a lump of sugar to keep the peace; and father's business face relaxes into a smile, and the little group huddles like timid sheep in a corner, and tea is dispensed as silently as if speaking were prohibited by the statute book, and the children creep like culprits to bed, marvelling that baby faces grow so loud, now that "Father is come."
AND THEN LOOK ON THIS
"Father is coming!" and the bright eyes sparkle for joy, and tiny feet dance with glee, and eager faces press against the window-pane, and a heavy row of lips claim kisses at the door, and picture-books lie unrebuked on the table, and tops and balls and dolls and kites are disarranged, and little Susy lays her soft cheeks against the paternal whiskers with the most fearless "abandon," and Charley gets a love-pat for his "medal," and mama's face grows so radiant, and the evening paper is read (not silently, but aloud,) and tea and toast, and time vanishes with equal celerity, for jubilee has arrived, and "Father has come!" [Fanny Farn.]
The life of man is in reality but one continued existence, the end of which is to make himself perfect.

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The principal guard officer, who was constantly in the room with the prisoner, relates that when the hour of his execution was announced to him in the morning, he received it without emotion, and while all present were affected with silent gloom, he retained a firm composure, and with calmness and composure of mind. Observing his servant enter the room in tears, he exclaimed, "Leave me till you can show yourself more manly." His breakfast being sent to him from the table of General Washington, which had been done every day of his confinement, he partook of it as usual, and, having shaved and dressed himself, he placed his hat on the table, and cheerfully said to the guard-officers, "I am ready at any moment, gentlemen, to wait on you." The fatal hour having arrived, a large detachment of troops were paraded, and an immense concourse of people assembled; almost all our general and field-officers, excepting his excellency and his staff, were present on horseback; melancholy and gloom pervaded all ranks—the scene was affecting and awful.
I was so near during the solemn march to the fatal spot, as to observe every movement and participate in every emotion which the melancholy scene was calculated to produce. Major Andre walked from the stone-house where he was confined, between two of our subaltern officers, arm in arm, the eyes of the immense multitude were fixed on him, who rising superior to the fear of death, appeared as if conscious of the dignified deportment which he displayed. He betrayed no want of fortitude; but retained a complacent egotism on his countenance, and politely bowed to several men whom he knew, which was respectfully returned. It was his earnest desire to be shot, as being the mode of death most comfortable to the feelings of a military man, and he had indulged the hope that his request would be granted. At the moment, therefore, when he came suddenly in view of the gallows, he involuntarily started back, and said, "Why this moment, sir," said an officer by his side. Instantly recovering his composure, he said, "I am reconciled to my death; but I detest the mode."
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Pretty Incident.

We heard of a very pretty little incident the other day, which we cannot help relating. A young lady from the South, it seems, was wooed and won, by a youthful physician, living in California. When the engagement was made, the doctor was rich, having been very successful at San Francisco. It had not existed six months, however, when by an unfortunate investment, he lost his entire "heap." The event came upon him, it should be added, just as he was making ready to come and claim his bride. What does he do? Why, he takes a long and writes the lady every particular of the unhappy turn which had taken place in his fortunes, assuring her, if it produces any change in her feelings towards him, she is released from every promise she had made him. And what does the dear good girl do? Why she takes a lump of pure gold which her lover had sent to her when in prosperity, as a keepsake, and having it manufactured into a ring, forwards it to him, with the following bible inscription, engraved in distinct characters on the inside—
"Entreat me not to leave thee or to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou shalt lodge, I will lodge; my people and my God, where my people and thy God are, and there will I be; and thou shalt die, and there will I be also; if sought but death part thee and me."
The lover, indignant he received this precious evidence of her devotion to him, both in storm and sunshine. We may add, that the young man again smiled upon the young physician, and that he subsequently returned to the North, to wed the sweet girl he loved, and who loved him with such an undying affection. Nay, more, the happy bride and bridegroom passed through our city, not long since, on their way to the home of the latter in the golden state. Reader, this is all true.—Young ladies who read the bible closely as the heroine of our incident seems to have done, are pretty sure to make good sweethearts, and better wives.

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The lover, indignant he received this precious evidence of her devotion to him, both in storm and sunshine. We may add, that the young man again smiled upon the young physician, and that he subsequently returned to the North, to wed the sweet girl he loved, and who loved him with such an undying affection. Nay, more, the happy bride and bridegroom passed through our city, not long since, on their way to the home of the latter in the golden state. Reader, this is all true.—Young ladies who read the bible closely as the heroine of our incident seems to have done, are pretty sure to make good sweethearts, and better wives.

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