

St. Mary's Beacon.

BY GEORGE S. KING.

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, NEWS, AGRICULTURE AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

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BY GEORGE S. KING,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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A NEW NOVEL, translated from the German by a graceful and brilliant American author, entitled

WILD FLOWERS, will adorn the columns of the forthcoming series.

Mr. Willis will continue his usual editorial labors writing on the passing topics of interest as they occur. He will also give, from time to time, passages from his Travels in the Tropics, and in the South and West. His entire time being devoted to the paper, the well known variety and industry of his pen will be seen in its columns as before. But we have a new feature to offer from the pen of Mr. Willis, and one that we believe (at this period of taste for pictorial sketches) will be pre-eminently attractive. He proposes to give a series of sketches descriptive of COUNTRY LIFE WITHIN CITY REACH.

The Town, in heretofore, will be a leading topic; not its trifles, fashions and amusements merely, though these are noted with care. The weekly chronicle of the Town, comprises notices, more or less minute, according to circumstances, of the important lectures, meetings, works of art, schemes of improvement and benevolence, new enterprises, discoveries and inventions, as well as the popular entertainments.

"INTERESTING TO LADIES," is the title of one department. Special pains are taken to select from the news and literature of the world those facts and ideas which are of peculiar importance to the Women of America. A fairer field for their industry, and wider scope for the exercise of their genius are among the necessities of the time to which we shall endeavor to attract public attention.

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November 11, 1852.

Poetry.

[From the Home Journal.]
THE FUN OF RIDING IN A STAGE.

BY JOHN SMITH.

Creeping through the valley,
Crawling o'er the hill,
Splashing through the "branches,"
Rumbling by the mill;
Putting nervous "gemmen"
In a towering rage;
What is so provoking,
As riding in a stage?

Feet are interlacing,
Hinds severely bumped,
Friend and foe together
Get their noses thumped;
Dresses act as carpets—
Listen to the sage—
"Life is but a journey
Taken in a stage!"

Spinners "fair and forty,"
Maids in youthful charms,
Suddenly are cast in
To their neighbor's arms!
Children shoot like squirrels
Darting through a cage;
Isn't it delightful,
Riding in a stage?

Married men are smiling—
They are out of fright
Thankful that the broomstick
Is no where in sight.
Young men with the d—l
"Would, with fiendish rage,
Take them if again they
Ever take a stage."

Bonnets crush around us—
Hats look "worse for wear"—
Teeth, at each concussion,
Fly to take the air—
Shriwelled maiden ladies,
Past a "certain age,"
Groom forlornly, "Dreadful
Riding in a stage!"

Joked—thumped—distracted—
Bumped and quite forlorn—
"Oh," cries one, "what duties
Now are laid on corn."
Mad—disgusted—angry—
In a swearing rage,
'Tis the very mischief
Riding in a stage!"

Miscellaneous.

FLAX LENCHEN;
A STORY FROM HERMAN JAGER.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

Lenchen was a very gay, spirited girl, and had, when she was very young, clear white hair, white as the finest flax. For this reason she was called Flax Lenchen; for the good people of the village where she lived never would call people by their right names. Even when Lenchen grew up, and no longer had a flaxen head, but the finest yellow blond hair, she was still so called, and the girl, thought she had no other name.

Lenchen had no father or mother, and lived all alone in the little house by the old clump of thick lindens near the well. She loved everybody; but more than anybody she loved Henry of the Birkin Farm, who worked out at service in the village because his father had managed badly, and had ruined his farm, and left it behind him encumbered with debt. Henry stopped every time he came from the field at the great lindens near Lenchen's house, and let his horses drink, whether they were thirsty or not. Flax Lenchen almost happened to want water just then, and came with her pitcher to the well; and Henry did not let her hurry away, unless it was very necessary. It was a pleasure to see the two together; the strong, vigorous young man, with his brown, open and intelligent face; and the slender, but not feeble, fresh young girl, with her rich golden hair and the smiling blue eyes in her blooming face. But, when evening came, Henry had a great desire for the lindens, and it was not to be wondered at, for it was Lenchen's favorite place also.

And so they lived pleasantly, days out and days in, and only thought that they were very happy; and if they at times sat silently side by side, as lovers are

sapt to do, and Henry heaved a single sigh, Lenchen would ask, "Do you want anything, Henry?" to which he would reply, "Ah! no, but it grieves me that we must wait so long for each other." But the maiden would say, "Keep up good courage, Henry, and be content; we are both young, and I am willing to wait. And she said it so sweetly, that the heart of the troubled lad felt better, and he thought an angel had spoken it to him.

Lenchen has an old grandmother, who lives in a poor old hut, just out of the village, where the beggars' quarter is. But she did not go there very much, because the old woman did not have a good name in the village, and people called her a witch and an old heathen, who understood all kinds of charms. Flax Lenchen did not really believe that this was true, but she was rather a little shy of going there. She heard, however, that the old woman was very ill and near dying, and that no one cared for her. This grieved Lenchen very much, for she was very kind, and so she went and took such good care of the grandmother, and tended her with so much love and self-sacrifice, that the lamp of life flickered up again in the old woman, and she was able to speak. One day she said to her, "Lenchen, you are a good girl, and my dear daughter, and you shall be my heiress when I am dead, for you deserve good fortune and God's reward."

"Ah! grandmother," said Lenchen, sobbing, "I do not want anything from you, I do all for love."

"Hold your tongue, my thing," scolded the old woman, "you think, I suppose, that I am a witch, and can make charms, as the stupid say; and you are afraid that my influence would bring you ill luck." But the maiden sobbed louder, and she bitterly said when she was about to go, "I will when to smother her grandmother."

She was sorely frightened, and ran back into the village, and returned till she went to her grandmother to the great lindens.

After this, Lenchen went to get her inheritance; but in the meantime, dishonest people had carried off the best of everything so that the whole house was bare and empty. But Lenchen did not grieve much at this, and thought, "I did not want any of the old rubbish, and I have myself everything I want to use. So she turned to go home; but, as she would carry something, she took an old dusty spinning-wheel out of the corner. It was all covered with spider's webs; and, before she could touch it, Lenchen was obliged to sweep them away with the broom. But a large old garden spider, which had fixed its house under the wheelband, which was all faded, and only hung together by a few threads, still held on, and kept quietly in her corner. When Lenchen had the spinning-wheel under her arm, she felt a sort of shudder, and she began to be afraid, for it was growing quite dark. She made haste to get out of the hut. But she had no sooner stepped over the threshold, than she heard a singular song, which went—

"Miau, miau, miau,
My mistress is gone;
Poor cat is very old,
And the hearth is very cold,
So cold, alas! miau!"

And Lenchen looked back, and saw her grandmother's old cat sadly hobbling along behind her. Then the maiden said, "Poor creature! you would starve here, and perhaps the old roof might fall down in the night. Come with me, Puss, we will leave the hut together." When the cat heard this she gave a cat's leap, and tossed up her tail as straight and as proud as a flag staff, and then with all kinds of odd leaps she ran along behind Lenchen. This amused the maiden very much, and she named her Rips because she considered that a very good name for a cat. When night came, the household lay down to rest; Lenchen in the

bed, Rips on the hearth; and the spider, behind the wheelband, drew up her long legs over her head. But Lenchen did not sleep long; for the cat on the warm hearth became very gay, and hummed as loud as a spinning wheel. Then said the maiden, "If you would stay with me Rips, you must be still and not hum so loud. But the cat, as if in her whiskers—

"Spin, I must keep spinning,
Spin, I must keep spinning,
Spin, I must keep spinning,
Spin, I must keep spinning."

This made Flax Lenchen laugh. Ah well, you spin fine thread indeed, you purring cat. Be quiet now, and let me go to sleep. To-morrow you may sit down to the wheel and spin as much as you like. And the cat still hummed gently:—

Wheel without, or wheel within,
Still my thread I spin, spin, spin.

Lenchen did not hear anything more; for she fell asleep over the ridiculous thought of how the cat would look sitting at the spinning-wheel.

When she had woken in the morning, she found something heavy on her feet, and thought of nothing, but that Rips had been looking round for a place to sleep, and had taken her bed cover. But how surprised was she when she saw a bundle of the finest thread lying on her bed, full a quarter of a hundred heavy! She could not sufficiently admire the beautiful spinning; it was so fine, and the threads were more smooth and even than anything that she had ever seen, and it was as white as if it had been out seven nights in the moonshine, and been bleached in May-dew.

Lenchen no longer doubted that Rips could spin, even without a spinning-wheel, for no one else but the cat could have done it, and she shared her breakfast with her, and gave a great cup full of milk. She could hardly wait for when she was about to go to bed, and when to smother her grandmother.

She was sorely frightened, and ran back into the village, and returned till she went to her grandmother to the great lindens. She had looked at the thread long enough, she thought, to be troubled about where she should get it woven, for, at that time good weavers were scarce, and in that region there were none at all; with this anxiety Lenchen lay down to rest; but she was not disturbed by it, and soon fell into a small sweet sleep, and did not hear how briskly the cat was spinning on the hearth.

When Lenchen awoke in the morning there was something white directly over her head. She thought at first it was the bed-cover, and turned it back; but there seemed to be no end to it, and this made her wonder greatly. At last the dawning of day gave her great joy, for, by the bright light which came in the window, she saw it was an endless piece of linen, and now her pleasure was unbounded. The linen was so smooth and so thick and so fine and so white; such as Lenchen had never seen. She began to measure it, and counted full sixty ells and over, so that her whole room was filled with it. In her joy, Lenchen did not observe that Rips during the night had spun another heavy ball of thread, and who the weaver could be she did not imagine. But the weaver was no one but the great spider which Lenchen had brought home from her grandmother's on the old wheel. She thought she might fall again, and under the wheel band, and so prepared herself a habitation over Lenchen's bed, where she had labored during the night with Rips's spinning, and had ornamented the tester with these beautiful curtains.

You should now have seen Lenchen, how she went to work with her scissors, though she was almost afraid at first to cut this fine linen, which seemed far too good for a peasant's child. She was so busy at her work that she did not even hear Henry's horse stamping by under the window, and the young man was forced to knock smartly with his whip

handle, and whistle a tune, before she knew he was there. Henry was dumb with surprise; but this was not right, for she wanted to show him her linen, and to hear loud expressions of joy at it.

Things went on in this way for a long time. Lenchen found every morning a bundle of thread and a piece of linen. She had already made up more garments for herself than she could use for her life long; and she had also made her lover a dozen shirts, which were so fine and

white that the girls could never look enough at them, when on a warm summer evening at the dance, Henry took off his jacket. Of bed linen, also, Lenchen had a superfluity, and of all kinds of linen dresses as many as a girl could desire. She did not know what to make more, and at last concluded to carry some of her stores to the city for sale. She took as much linen as she could carry, and scarcely had she crossed the market of the great city when she found ten purchasers; for the fair maiden with the golden locks had attracted all eyes. So she brought ten gold guilders home with her, and besides these, many nice things for her household; she brought also, a fine doublet for her lover, and gay ribbons for herself. Thus she went many times to the city, and brought back every time more gold to the village, and was able to furnish her house finely, and no girl had better clothes, or a thicker silver chain fastened to her bodice.

In the meantime, summer had come; the woods had put on their green covering, the lindens wore again their leafy crown, and in the little garden before Lenchen's window, which was entirely surrounded with vines, the prettiest flowers were in bloom, yellow violets, pink rosemary, white-anemone came; and green, fragrant branches of birch stood in Lenchen's parlor, and Henry had planted very early two fine May-poles before the door. Lenchen sprang out of bed like a young fawn, and put on quickly her best dress, and ran to the window to look at the work of her room-mates so great was her hurry. But when she came home, towards noon, she looked for the first time at her linen, which lay as usual upon the bed. "Ah! heaven above what splendor!" Nothing more could she say, so delighted was she with this last piece of linen. Never in her life had she seen anything like it; for the web was this time not smooth and simple as before, but of the most splendid damask, such as is very rarely seen. All the flowers in Lenchen's garden, the grapevine at the window, the blooming lindens, in short, every thing that was mirrored in the windows, was woven into it, and the branches, leaves, and flowers were so wonderfully blended that there was no beginning or end to be seen in it.

"This will make a splendid altar cloth and hanging for the pulpit and baptismal font over there." This was Lenchen's first thought on seeing this wonderful cloth. No sooner thought than done; she carried it the same day to the pastor in the village, but did not tell him where it came from.

And now Lenchen found every Sunday and feast day, when she came from church, just such a piece of splendid wearing; and besides this, on week days, the usual night work of her room mate. When this never before seen stuff appeared in the city, a merchant gave her a large sum of money for it, and begged her to come again more. After some time, this merchant made a proposal to marry her, for she pleased him, and her wares pleased him still more. But Lenchen laughed in his face, and told him she had a lover whom she liked better, and away she went. At last the fame of Lenchen's wonderful weaving reached the court; and the queen sent for the maiden, and gave her a great deal of money for her damask. The king proposed to her to come to court; but Lenchen shook her head.

At the end of the year, Lenchen had collected money enough to buy the Birkin Farm, which was Henry's father's, clear of debt. And now there was a merry wedding, where things went as well as usual, and as much fine linen was seen as ever appeared at a wedding, before or since. But when Lenchen went to her hut for the last time, and took a very sad leave of it, her friend Rips was no where to be seen, neither was the spider weaver. Both had vanished, and since that time have never been heard of. Lenchen was fortunate for the young couple; for they had as much as they could use, and had linen in abundance for their children and their children's children. And Lenchen thought that it was God's will that the spinner and weaver had vanished. And so it was in fact; for if they had continued to grow richer and richer without labor, it would have been a misfortune to them, for wealth without work brings no happiness. And thus they lived to the end of their lives happily and piously, and their children after them had enough and to spare.—*Balt. Patriot.*

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POINTED SERMONS.—Many years ago there graduated at Harvard University a man by the name of Rawson, who settled in the ministry at Yarmouth, on Cape Cod. He used to preach very pointed sermons. Having heard that some of his parishioners were in the habit of making him the subject of their mirth at a groshop, he one Sabbath preached a discourse from the text, "And I was the song of the drunkard." His remarks were of a very moving character, as many of his hearers rose and left the house. A short time afterwards he delivered a discourse still more pointed:—"And they being convicted by their own consciences, went out one by one." On this occasion no one ventured to retire from the assembly, but the guilty ones listened in silence to the lash of their pastor.

INDIAN SUPERSTITION.—That is a beautiful superstition which prevails among the Seneca tribe of Indians. When an Indian maiden dies they imprison a young bird until it first begins to try its power of song, and then loading it with kisses and caresses, they loose its bonds over her grave, in belief that it will not fold its wings, nor close its eyes, until it has flown to the spirit land, and delivered its precious burden of affection to the loved and lost. It is not unfrequent to see twenty or thirty birds let loose over a single grave.

A little wrong, done to another, is a great injury done to ourselves. The severest punishment of an injury is the consciousness of having done it; and no man suffers more than he that is turned over to the pain of repentance.

We ought to think ourselves very happy, in that we know enough to make us happy. If we are not so happy as we desire, it is well we are not so miserable as we deserve. There are none but have received more good than they have done, and done more evil than they have suffered.

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