St. Mary's Beacon.

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Poetry.

(From the N. O. Commercial Bulletin.)

THE SONG OF THE EDITOR.

An Editor sat in his office one night,
Resting his wearied hand,
Though, alas! for him, no visions bright
Would come at his command.
But he thought of the coming day,
With its ever-recurring care,
His voice it uttered a mournful lay
To his faithful old arm-chair.

Write, write, write,
Was there ever such labor as mine!
Write, write, write,
Paragraph, column, and line.
At early dawn, at midnight dark,
The lamp must yield its feebl· spark;
There is no leisure time for me,
A holyday I never see.

Write, write, write,
Was there ever such labor as mine?
Write, write, write,
Paragraph, column, and line.
What though the care worn brow may ache,
What though the tired arm may shake,
The lonely task I must pursue
With anxious care, concealed from view.

Write, write, write,
Was there ever such labor as mine?
Write, write, write,
Paragraph, column, and line.
The call for copy meets the ear,
The devil's hurried step is near;
The temples throb—the eye balls pain,
And whirling thoughts flit through the brain.

Write, write, write,
Was there ever such labor as mine?
Write, write, write,
Paragraph, column, and line.
And oh! of all the varied throng,
Who may peruse the columns long,
How many give a passing thought
To all the care with which they're fraught,
Or dream how weary is the head
Thus toiling for the children's bread?

MISCELLANEOUS.

SOLOMON SWALLOW,

THE WOMAN TAMER.

"Rule a Wife and have a Wife."

Solomon Swallow was a bachelor, and a rusty one, too; but, nevertheless, he had made up his mind to one thing, that he was the only man living who had acquired any knowledge of the art of taking care of a wife.

"All the married men are dolts," was Solomon's constant asseveration. "There, for instance, is my neighbor, Tom Tangible; his wife makes a sort of three-legged stool of him; she moves him in one corner, and then in another, and sits and walks on him as if he was nobody, while he, poor man, takes it as easy as though it was the most natural thing in the world. Now that I were only Tangible, I'd first write a series of matrimonial articles, and if Mrs. T. didn't abide by them, I'd submit her to the wholesome discipline of bread and water and a padlock; and might, perhaps, brighten her ideas, touching her conjugal duties, [illegible] the application of a good cowhide. [illegible]here again, are Evert Easy, Dick [illegible]'s, and a host more of them in the same condition, but I—I'm the boy that will set them all right, if they only follow my example after I have condescended to endow some fortunate female with the legal claim to the title of Mrs. Swallow."

Brave Solomon Swallow!

"Well, Solomon," said a neighbor to him one morning, "as you are always boasting of your skill in managing a wife, how comes it that you are not married!"

"Why, because I have not perfected my system! You [illegible] the noose without [illegible] Baltimore tion, and hence [illegible] she likes of you. [illegible] to work logically. I begin by studying the crudite works of Zingrubaza—'on the philosophy of woman's holding her tongue.' I then read several treatises on "the effect of bread and water discipline in making good wives." Shakspeare's 'Taming a Shrew,' furnished me a few excellent practical lessons. And I am now generalizing all the systems into one, which shall carry the sway in all future generations, and convert the plague of matrimony into a blessing. In the course of a year or so," added Solomon, "my "Rules for the Regulation of a Woman" (I intend to publish it) will be completed, and then I shall take me a wife."

And Solomon was as good as his word; for at the age of thirty-five, feeling himself prepared to give battle to any woman in or out of the land of Amazons, he got married. At this important period, Solomon was as puffy, comfortable-looking a little fellow as you'd meet in a day's walk, for albeit the crown of his head never stood full five feet from the heels of his boots, he was of proportions that would have done honor to an alderman, or even a lord mayor; and his gait especially when walking with any thing in the likeness of a woman, was as pompous as a Sultan's, while at such times his countenance always assumed an expression that could not have brooked the approach of familiarity. The lady whom [illegible] was apparently a lamb-like creature, so that the chances were very fair that she would not only be a tractable wife, but that Solomon would require no help from his system to make her so.

Now Solomon had the forbearance not to interfere with his lady's sayings and doings on the night of the wedding, nor is it recorded that he assumed special authority on the next night either; but about six o'clock the next morning, he softly insinuated to his sleeping partner that it was time to get up.

"And," he added, "when breakfast is ready, you may call me, but be sure and not burn my toast."

"Breakfast and toast!" said Mrs. Swallow, "why, what do you mean?"

"Why, my dear—I mean, madam, that I have begun my system."

"And won't you get up, too?"

"Yes, when breakfast is ready, and my stockings aired?"

Mrs. Swallow was about to reply, but she checked herself, as she was ashamed to say much to him on so short an acquaintance; but though in the present instance she did precisely as she was bid, she resolved in her heart that it was the last time she would get up at six in the morning to prepare breakfast.

At eight o'clock, everything being ready, Mrs. Swallow called Mr. Swallow.

"Breakfast is ready, Mr. Swallow."

"Is the toast made?"

"Yes."

"Not burned?"

"No."

"Are my stockings aired?"

"Yes."

"You'll do," quoth Solomon, and to breakfast he went, having received the services of the blushing Mrs. Swallow to assist him in dressing.

The breakfast, however, did not turn out to be the thing it had been cracked up for. The toast was done a little too much, and the tea wasn't done quite enough; the slop-bowl was at the wrong end of the tray, and there were several crumbs on the carpet.

"The servant hasn't been here this morning," observed Mrs. Swallow.

"Servant!" returned Solomon, [illegible] discharged her yesterday. You do [illegible] think I can afford to keep a servant a[illegible] a wife too!"

The lady was again posed, [illegible] said nothing, but the day wo[illegible] close before she could bring [illegible] her wants, and prove in all cases [illegible] valuable assuager of pain. The pro[illegible] ors beg leave to refer all interested [illegible] certificates appended; also [illegible]

The next morning [illegible] mon again informed h[illegible] time to get up, coupling the remarks with the suggestion that in future she must save him the trouble of reminding her of so necessary a duty.

Mrs. Swallow, however, benefited nothing by this soft insinuation, for at the moment she either was, or pretended to be, fast locked in the arms of Morpheus.

"Don't you hear, Mrs. Swallow?" quoth Solomon.

But alas! a slight consciousness was the only response from Mrs. Swallow.

Now this was a ticklish point with Solomon, but he was prepared for it. "What says my system on this head?" said he to himself. It says, "A lazy wife who lies abed in the morning may be very properly reminded of her duty by the judicious application of a coercion pin." And this magnificent idea had scarcely crossed the threshold of his brain-pan, than he inserted the point of a huge pin into the sleeper. As might be expected, the intended effect instantly followed the cause, for the astonished Mrs. Swallow sprang from the bed as though she had been thrown from it by an earthquake! But alas, her agility was too strikingly manifested, for she not only all but annihilated poor Solomon in rolling over him, but she dashed his patent lever from the nail which suspended it to the wall, and broke the dial into a thousand pieces.

"What a dreadful dream," ejaculated Mrs. Swallow, pressing her left hand on the wounded part.

"What a dreadful reality," shouted Mr. Swallow, contemplating the fragile ruins of his demolished timepiece.

Here we pass over the interval between this occurrence and the time when the happy pair in question were seated at breakfast.

"Now, Mrs. Swallow," said Solomon, "seeing that I can't awaken to call you up in the morning, or eat burned toast or drink raw tea, &c., it is time I should begin to instruct you in your duties."

"And what are those, Mr. Swallow?"

"Be silent, madam, if you please, and not to talk, but listen, is one of the most important of them."

"Proceed, sir."

And Mr. Swallow, looking daggers at her for the second interruption, proceeded:

"From six till eight, you are to get up, dress quietly, so as to create no disturbance, light fire, air clothing and stockings, sweep rooms, prepare breakfast, and announce the perfection thereof. Eight til ten, wash tea things, make beds, rub furniture and clean windows. Twelve till two devote to dish washing, sweeping up and rubbing furniture. Two to six, spinning, mending clothes, and darning stockings. Seven, tea. From that time till nine, a second course of mending and darning, and then go to bed! And this daily course, madam, with a strict observance of the rules of civilty, frugality, decorum, and obedience, may in time enable you to do honor to the choice of Mr. Solomon Swallow."

Mrs. Swallow listened quietly to the end; and then mildly inquired—

"And do you really expect this of me, Mr. Swallow!"

"To be sure I do," responded her spouse.

"Then you'll be sadly disappointed, for I'll do no such thing."

"No?"

"No."

"I've a way to make you."

"How?"

[illegible]; locks, chains, and cow-[illegible]

[illegible]ow!"

[illegible] brute!" and Mrs. Swallow [illegible]self back, and looked des-[illegible]

[illegible] this was a climax. Mr. Swallow [illegible] a brute at his own fireside, [illegible] his own wife, which was the [illegible] Observation, called a brute, and by no less a person than Mrs. Swallow. At first he was so astonished at such open manifestation of rebellion against his royal will that he only looked aghast; but when he came to himself, he saw that something must be done at once, or the field was lost forever,

"You called me a brute, Mrs. Swallow."

"I did."

"A brute?"

"A brute!"

"I'll go mad and break things, Mrs. Swallow."

"As you like, sir."

And Mr. Swallow did go mad, but he had a method in his madness, for he seized the cheapest article of delf that was on the table (an old plate with a crack in it) and dashed it into a thousand pieces on the hearth, as if he was in a tremendous passion.

"How do you like that, Mrs. Swallow?"

"Vastly, Mr. Swallow; try it again!"

And again he did try it, (for he had become desperate,) and demolished the old cream jug.

"Now," said the lady, it is my turn?" and jump[illegible] to keep company [illegible] he sent the slop-bowl [illegible] panions. [illegible]-table com-

This was, of course, too much for Solomon; it snapped asunder the last remaining cord of the little reason he had left, and he slapped his help-mate—we use the word in its most positive [illegible] had the [illegible] on her right cheek [illegible] melted into silence, ere echo of [illegible] dignant dame seized the teapot and shivered it into atoms against the head of the devoted Mr. Swallow. Nor was this all, as he was rolling heels over head from the effect of the awful collision, she piled the remainder of the tea traps until there was scarcely a bone in his body which had not echoed to the shock of cups and saucers, and rounds of buttered toast.

Unable to carry on the war any longer for that day, Solomon gathered himself up as well as he could, and, vowing vengeance, he stuck his pipe in his mouth, and his hands in his pockets, and then commenced whistling a jig to the tune the old cow died of, looking as if he could bite a griddle, without setting his teeth on edge. His good lady, too, being determined to follow the example of her lord and master in other matters beside the delf-breaking, placed another chair back to back with Solomon's and after providing herself with a novel, sat herself down and began reading away, as if there were no such things as beds to make or stockings to mend, in all Christendom.

Here the affectionate couple sat for six mortal hours, each bent upon sitting the other down, and ruminating the while upon their relative position. But it must be confessed that Mrs. Swallow had the best of the bargain, for independent of Solomon's mangled head, and parboiled neck and shoulders, he saw as clear as [illegible]d, that the watch-dial and the crocke-[illegible] must be replaced; so that the redu-[illegible]ing of the first chapter in his voluminous system to practice must be attended with an outlay of at least twenty dollars. This [illegible] the case, I might as well be hung [illegible] sheep as a lamb, thought he, and [illegible]h that he rose from his chair, stole softly from the room, and turned the key upon the gentle Mrs. Swallow.

The turning of the key made her aware of his intention, when she rushed to the door, but it was too late.

"Open the door this instant, Mr. Swallow."

"Not until I have kept you here seven days upon bread and water," returned the victorious Solomon, as he went his way rejoicing.

But, alas! how fleeting is human greatness—in about half an hour he [illegible] matters were going, when he began roaring [illegible] hole Mrs. Swallow had torn every one of his fine linen shirts (that on his back excepted) into pieces, to make a rope to let herself down from the window: nor was this all, for upon further examination he discovered that she had also thrown a variety of chair cushions, bed linen, &c., into the dirty yard, to make her descent safe.

"O, chop-fallen Solomon Swallow!

The archives of the Swallows are silent as to the remaining occurrences of this eventful day, but on the very next morning, about seven o'clock, Mr Swallow popped his head from under the blankets, and said, "Mrs. Swallow, dear, isn't it time to get up?"

"Yes," returned the lady, "and you may call me when you have lit the fire, and put on the kettle."

Poor Solomon! There was no alternative. So he set about his work with an alacrity which showed that he had the terror of a broken head and demolished bodylinen running strongly in his memory. In short, Solomon was a conquered man. That day he had to prepare breakfast, sweep the rooms &c. The next, his assistance was required in the rubbing of the furniture and the making of beds; and before the week was out he was intimate with the mystery of washing coarse towels.

[illegible]enerate Solomon Swallow! Nay, in after [illegible], when the Swallows began [illegible] more deeply conjugal offices.

About five years after the celebration of his nuptials, a friend called in to see them.

"You must go with me to the theatre, Mr. Swallow," said a friend.

"He shan't," said Mrs. Swallow.

"He must," said the friend, "and so must you."

"I may, but he can't," replied the dame "for he must stop at home with the children."

And Mrs. Swallow did go to the play, and Solomon stopped at home.

O, hen-pecked Solomon Swallow!

The moral of this authentic tale is that "bachelor's wives and old maid's children' are always excellent in theory, but as bad as can be in practice—and a managing wife is better than no wife at all. Had Solomon only treated his better-half decently in the beginning, things might have gone on smoothly to the end, but as it was he compelled her to be a Tartar in her own defence, and he had to take the consequences.

PHILOSOPHY OF TALKING.—Shenstone says: The common fluency of speech, in many men, and most women, is owing to a scarcity of matter, and a scarcity of words; for, whoever is master of a language and has a mind full of ideas, will be apt in speaking to hesitate upon the choice of both; whereas common speakers have only one set of ideas, and one set of words to clothe them in; and these are always ready at the mouth: so people can come faster out of a church when it is almost empty, than when a crowd is at the door.

A WIDE-AWAKE IDEA.—Dr. Layard says—"The Bedouins are acquainted with few medicines. The desert yields some valuable simples, which are, however, rarely used. Dr. Sandwith, hearing from Suttum that the Arabs had no opiates, asked him what they did with one who could not sleep. 'Do!' said the Sheikh, 'why, we make use of him, and set him to watch the camels.'"

HOW TO CATCH MOLES.

[illegible] of the year many of our farmers and gardeners are pe[illegible] with moles burrowing in their fields and gardens, and eating up young and tender roots of plants and herbs. A mole, in forming its perpendicular passages under ground, throws back the mould which it removes toward the surface, and thus forms hills. Upon every new change of place a mole raises three, four, six, or more hills, according to its age, consequently all the mole hills formed by one sages with each other. If a tunnel or passage recently formed by a mole is opened by an instrument, the mole will in a few minutes return to close it, in order to secure itself from danger and the external air. It constructs over the aperture an arch of loose mould, and mends the tunnels as a plumber mends a lead pipe; and should this new mole-hill be broken down, the mole will return to repair it. The male mole is much stronger than the female, raises a much greater number of hills, and larger ones. Young moles form only long covered ways at the surface; when they begin to make hills they are small and arranged zig-zag, without regularity. The hours of working for moles are at sunrise, about 9 A. M., at noon, at 3 P. M., and at sunset. It is at sunrise and sunset, however, when they work with the greatest vigor.

It is difficult to take moles except when they are at work, and the most favorable time for catching them is in the spring; they should be vigorously attacked at the present time, during their working hours, and sunrise is the best time. In watching for a mole, care must be taken to make no noise by stamping or beating. Should a person be near a mole-hill when the mole stirs the mould, let him then, with his hoe, break into the passage between that and the next mole-hill, and let him with a little earth be imprisoned between the mole-hill and the place were his passage has been cut into and stopped up. If the earth of the hill is fresh and newly raised, it may be concluded that a mole is within it, except when an aperture is left in the center, which is an evidence that the mole has left his residence for a better. By pouring in enough of water into the tunnels between the mole-hills, the mole can always be forced out. When a number of fresh mole-hills are found together they should be vigorously attacked with a hoe by removing them and opening up the passages communicating among them, when the mole will be sure to be found within, but the most simple way to catch moles is to confine them between their passages as has been described. A close attention to these facts will soon enable any farmer to rid his farm of moles, especially if he has a terrier dog to assist him.—*Scientific American.*

A colonist at the Cape of Good Hope, journeying along, suddenly found himself in the presence of a lion and three lionesses. Knowing that to show any symptom of fear would increase the danger of his position, he pulled short up, and sat motionless, with his eye fixed upon his formidable adversaries. The three females dropped quietly upon their haunches, gravely returning stare for stare; while the old "manetje," as the Dutch familiarly call him, a splendid fellow, with a long black mane, and his sides literally shaking with fat, stood a little in front, and ever and anon whisked his tail over his back, but made no movement in advance. Barkly, on his part, had no idea of commencing hostilities, and when this mute interview had lasted some minutes, he turned his horse's head round, and rode slowly away. No motion was made in pursuit, and as long as the spot was in sight he could distinguish the four figures, to all appearance, remaining precisely in the same position in which he had left them.