

[From the London Diogenes.]

MY LORD TOMNODDY.

A SONG OF THE PEERAGE.

My Lord Tomnoddy's the son of an Earl,
His hair is straight, but his whiskers curl;
His Lordship's forehead is far from wide,
But there's plenty of room for the brains inside.
He writes his name with indifferent ease,
He is rather uncertain about the "d's,"—
But what does it matter, if two or one,
To the Earl of Fitzdottrel's eldest son?
My Lord Tomnoddy to college went—
Much time he lost, much money he spent;
Rules, and windows, and heads he broke—
Authorities wink'd—young men will joke!
He never peep'd inside of a book—
In two years' time a degree he took;
And the newspapers vaunted the honors won
By the Earl of Fitzdottrel's eldest son.
My Lord Tomnoddy came out in the world,
Waists were tighten'd, and ringlets curl'd.
Virgins languish'd, and matrons' smiles
'Tis true, his Lordship is rather wild;
In very queer places he spends his life,
There's talk of some children, but nobody's wife;
But we mustn't look close into what is done
By the Earl of Fitzdottrel's eldest son.
My Lord Tomnoddy must settle down—
There's a vacant seat in the family town;
(It's time he should sow his eccentric oats)—
He hasn't the wit to apply for votes:
He cannot even learn his election speech,
Three phrases he speaks—a mistake in each!
And then breaks down—but the borough is won
For the Earl of Fitzdottrel's eldest son.
My Lord Tomnoddy prefers the Guards,
(The house is a bore) so—it's on the cards!
My Lord is a Cornet at twenty-three,
A Major at twenty-six is he—
He never drew sword except on drill;
The tricks of parade he has learnt but ill—
A Lieutenant-Colonel at thirty one
Is the Earl of Fitzdottrel's eldest son.
My Lord Tomnoddy is thirty-four;
The Earl can last but a few years more.
My Lord in the Peers will take his place:
Her Majesty's counsils his words will grace.
Office he'll hold, and patronage sway;
Fortunes and lives he will vote away—
And what are his qualifications?—ONE!
He's the Earl of Fitzdottrel's eldest son!

Idle Women.

FROM THE OLIVE BRANCH.

Show me an idle woman, and I will show you a discontented, peevish, restless meddler. No matter if wealth has fallen to her lot. On her velvet lounges, amid the drapery of her parlors, surrounded by everything gorgeous and beautiful, she is miserable. There is no room for her heart to grow; her sympathies are warped, her fancies discolored. She chides time for a laggard, and sighs and groans and scandalizes till it is time to dress, or the character of her neighbor is ruined.

An idle woman! How can she be idle? What! sit with folding hands and gaping jaws and watery eyes and talk and wish and loll—and are there many such? Doubtless; women who can sacrifice nothing for real good, who would pity but not aid those who apply to them for help women who are ashamed to work because a rich neighbor might catch them at it.

Such women, and we believe it is heaven's truth that we repeat, are more than half the cause of our national misfortunes. The imports of rich silks and foreign fabrics are for them. The toil of hard working husbands and fathers is for them. Instead of encouraging home manufactures and making themselves of some use, they send millions and millions to increase foreign capital, and then are willing to be laughed at for their pains. What if the women of 1700 had done thus? What if they had said, "it is our right to remain idle and delicate; to let the implements of labor alone; to dress as richly as we please; to make all nations minister to our vanity?" Was George Washington's wife any less a lady because she made and wore her own homespun? Was George Washington's mother any the less a lady because she planted and with her own hands turned up the ground?

Idle! how can woman be idle? With perishing thousands around her, with heart, head and hands, with resources on every side, how can she be idle? If she has time and means, what an angel she may be on earth! Is she formed of clay too nice to seek out the disconsolate the suffering, the erring? Is her foot too dainty to tread the crazy floors of poverty, her hand too soft to touch the haggard temples of the sick?

And yet young girls are growing up, for we see them, to move languidly from the door of home to the school-room door, to read for hours till their eyes grow dim; to dress for dinner, to promenade, to—sleep eat, and vegetate, in fine to lead idle, luxurious lives. Sometimes it is true, a sincere affection for some penniless but hard working man, changes the current of life, and they grow content to work, to wait, to save, to be busy. But too often they marry fast young men, board for a few years in false security, their habits become permanent, and when their homes—so called—are broken up, farewell forever to peace, to happiness.

We have a recipe for those who have little or nothing to do—something that will stir up benevolence and stimulate to ambition. It is this; form associations of "American women," willing to labor for the country in earnest. Let those associations set their faces against foreign manufactures—at least for a time. Wear somewhat coarser texture—it will help many an American to get bread for his family. Countenance no monopolists; scorn the trafficker in human misery; scorn the man who would for his own enrichment take the very meal from the mouths of the poor.

Make the speculator in flour a jest and a by word; you can do it. Your power is immense; you know not how great; you can never rightly estimate the opportunities you have already missed for the want of a little energy, a little of the missionary spirit, a little wholesome hate of iniquity.

M. A. D.

[From a recent lecture by G. W. Curtis, at Boston.]

The American Aladdin.

When we go out on Sunday afternoons to moralize and see the new houses, we usually take

our young ones by Aladdin's Palace.—Aladdin was a Yankee. He started life by swapping jackknives, then putting the halves of broken marbles together and passing them off as whole ones. When he had gathered some brass, he went to school all summer to learn the golden rule of arithmetic.—Addition for himself, and Subtraction for his neighbor.

At an early age Aladdin was considered to be good at a bargain, which meant that he could always succeed in changing a worse for a better—always keeping the blind eye of a horse to the wall when he wanted to sell it, and looking right at it when he wanted to buy it; and the village said that certainly Aladdin would succeed. When he left "he will be rich," said the village, with more approval than it would say "he will be generous and true." To Aladdin the whole world was but a market in which to buy cheap and sell dear. For him there was no beauty, no history, no piety, no heroism. Vainly the stars shone over him—vainly the south wind blew. In the wake of the great ship Argo, in which Jason and his companions sailed for the Golden Fleece, over the gleaming Mediterranean, where the ships of Tyre, Rome, and of the Crusaders had been before him—through the Pillars of Hercules, through which sailed Columbus to find fame in a New World,—now sails Aladdin to find fortune.

To him all lands were alike. No Homer sung for him in the Ægean, he only curses the wind that will not blow him to Odessa. No syrens sing for him, but he loves the huge oath of the lively boatswain. With a Bible in his hand, and a quid of tobacco in his mouth, he goes about the Holy places in Jerusalem, and "calculates" their exact site. He sees the land of Ramesis and the Ptolemeys; and the reverend records of the Libyan desert, whose echoes have slumbered since they were trampled over by Alexander's army, are now awakened by the shrill whistle of Old Dan Tucker. He insults the Grand Llama, hobbos with the Great Mogul, turns his back upon Emperors, and takes a pinch out of the Popes' snuff-box. He chews with the Arabs, smokes opium with the Turks, and rides for a bridle with the Calmuck Tartars.

Aladdin comes home again, and the admiring village points him out to the younger generation as a successful man; "My son, look at him; he began with nothing, and now see. "My son" does see, and beholds him owning a million of dollars—of all societies of which he is not president, a director. His name is good as gold—he has bought pictures and statues—he has also bought a Mrs. Aladdin, and housed her in luxury; but he pricks his mouth with a silver fork. He has a home for a poet, but he makes it his boast that he reads nothing but the newspaper. He goes to church twice on Sundays, and only wakes up when the preacher denounces the sinners of Sodom and Gomorrah, and those "tough old Jews" of Jerusalem. His head is bald and shiny, with all the sermons which have hit it, and glanced off. He claps his hands in prayer, but forgets to open them when the poor box is passed round; and he goes home like a successful man, thanking God he is not as other men are, and after dinner he sits before the fire in his easy chair, lights a large cigar, and looks languidly at Mrs. Aladdin, through the thick black smoke.

By-and-bye old Aladdin dies. The conventional virtues are told over, as the mourning carriages are called out. The papers regret they are called upon to deplore the loss of a revered parent, generous friend, public-spirited citizen, and pious man; and then the precocious swapper of jackknives, and the model set-up to the young generation, is laid in the dust. Above his grave, the stars he never saw now burn with a soft lustre which no lamps about a king's tomb can emulate; and the south wind, for whose breath upon his hot brow he was never grateful, strews his last bed with anemones and violets that his heel crushed in living; and we, who are to be formed upon that model, carelessly remark, as we stir our toddies, "So, old Aladdin is gone at last, and by-the-by, how much did he leave?"

HOW TO SPOIL A HIGH SPIRITED WIFE.

"What did you speak in that way to your wife for, young man?" asked Uncle Rogers of his nephew.

"Because it's fun to see her spunk up," replied the hopeful Benedict; "I like to make her black eyes shine, and her round cheeks grow red as my damask rose. It's quite tragic, the way she puts her little foot down and says 's-i-r.' But the muses! if you'd stayed long enough, uncle, I'd have shown you a Queen. You've no idea how grandly she tosses back her fierce little head—or with a Dido like air, she wrings those delicate hands of hers. It quite breaks the monotony of life to get up such a tempest to order. You see, Uncle, one tires of clear sunshine and blue sky—and so, as I know she owns this spunky temper, I just touch it up with the spur of matrimonial, and let it gallop till I see fit to rein in."

"I've as good a mind to root out that sapling, Hal, and use it over your shoulders, as I had this morning to eat my breakfast before you spoiled my appetite."

"You are taking the surest way to ruin a finely strung organization. Saving your presence, I despise the man who thus tampers with a passionate but loving spirit. Look at your wife—how delicate her beauty. Look at your household—the very temple of taste and neatness. The little fixings on the mantle; the fringing and tasseling here and there give a touch beyond the common to your humble furniture. That lounge that lends so grand an air to your parlor, I had set down at no less than a fifty—when lo! it turns out that a woman's ingenuity deceived an old, experienced upholsterer like myself."

"Then look at the vines she has trained, the flowers she has planted, that lean toward her when she approaches them, as if she was their guardian angel! Why, Hal, is it possible that the possession of such a being as this tempts you to

an absurdity that will surely end in the destruction of your domestic happiness?"

"You are mighty serious about this little thing, uncle."

"Serious! unfortunately I am something more—victim to my own indulgence in the same infatuation. You have heard," here uncle Rogers gave a great sigh, "that I am not happy at home. My own fault! every bit of it!" and the old man gave mother earth a savage blow with his cane.

"If a man marries an angel and torments her into a fiend, whose to blame but himself? my wife was very handsome, and as you say, spunky. There never needed to have been a warm word between us, but I liked to see her angry. I liked to see delicate nostrils expand—the large, but bright eyes scintillate sparks of fire—but I did it just once too often. I know the very time that anger raised the final barrier of opposition, and that nice sense of right became an exacting and imperious tormentor."

"And now your uncle is driven from the home of his nephew where he hoped for peace, and tortured with the fresh opening of old wounds."

"I tell you, Hal, you will spoil your wife, you will ruin her: it's not manly; it's a burning shame," and the old man's thin lips quivered with excitement.

Hal said nothing then, but when he returned he ground his pride between his teeth, and begged his wife's pardon.

"I'll never taunt you for fun again, Clarry," he said in a low tone. And she replied as she hid her tearful face in his bosom—

"I'm so quick, so passionate—but indeed I never begin it; and control this hasty temper.—But, Hal," she added, regufully, shaking her curls in his face, "what will you do for your Queen? what will become of the Dido tragedy, &c.—ha?"

Her husband blushed (I contend that a man looks handsome when he blushes) and a kiss sealed the reconciliation. To-day, after forty years of wedded life, Hal boasts that he remembers but once making up after a storm, and that was away back in the honey-moon. Ever since he has had still waters and a pleasant voyage, and Uncle Rogers, who died years ago—peace be to his ashes—used to call Hal's home a paradise on earth.

'Ripe Old Age.'

In the June number of Hunt's Merchant's Magazine is a table of the average age attained by men pursuing different occupations. Some of its facts are of such general interest that we glean them from it and present them in chronological order.

The man that dies youngest, as might be expected, perhaps, is the Railway Brakeman. His average age is only 27. Yet this must be taken with some allowance from the fact that hardly any but young and active men are employed in that capacity.

At the same age dies the Factory Workman, through the combined influence of confined air, sedentary postage, scant wages and unremitting toil.

Then comes the Railway Baggage-man, who is smashed, on an average, at 30.

Milliners and Dress makers live but little longer. The average age of the one is 32, and the other 33.

The Engineer, the Fireman, the Conductor, the Powder-maker, the Well-digger, and the Factory-operative, all of whom are exposed to sudden and violent death, die on an average under the age of 35.

The Cutler, the Dyer, the Leather-dresser, the Apothecary, the Confectioner, the Cigar-maker, the Printer, the Silversmith, the Painter, the Shoe-cutter, the Engraver and the Machinist, all of whom lead confined lives in an unwholesome atmosphere, none of them reach the average age of 40.

The Musician blows his breath all out of his body at 40. The Editor knocks himself into pi at the same age.

Then come trades that are active or in a purer air. The baker lives to the average age of 43, the butcher to 49, the brickmaker to 47, the carpenter, to 49, the furnace man to 42, the stone cutter to 43, the tanner to 49, the tinsmith to 41, the weaver to 44, the drover to 40, the cook to 45, the inn keeper to 46, the laborer to 44, the domestic servant (female) to 43, the tailor lives to 43, the tailorress to 41.

Why should the barber live till 50, if not to show the virtue there is in personal neatness and soap and water?

Those who average over half a century among mechanics are those who keep their muscles and lungs in healthful and moderate exercise and are not troubled with weighty cares. The blacksmith hammers till 51, the cooper till 59, the builder till 52, the shipwright till 56, and the wheelwright till 50. The miller lives to be whitened with age as well as flour, at 61.—The rope maker lengthens the threads of life to 54. Merchants average 52.

Professional men live longer than is generally supposed. Litigation kills clients sometimes, but seldom lawyers, for they average 55. Physicians prove their usefulness by prolonging their own lives to the same period. Clergymen, who, it is to be presumed, enjoy a greater mental serenity than others, last till 56.

Seafaring life and its adjuncts seem, instead of dangerous, to be actually conducive to longevity. We have already seen that the Shipwright lives till 56. The Sailor averages 43, the Caulker 64, the Sail-maker 52, the Stevedore 57, the Ferryman 65, and the Pilot 64.

A dispensation of Providence that 'Maine Law' may consider incomprehensible is, that Brewers and Distillers live to the ripe age of 64.

Last, and longest lived, come Paupers, 67,

and 'Gentlemen,' 68. The only two classes that do nothing for themselves and live on their neighbors, outlast all the rest. Why should they wear out, when they are always idle?—[Alb. Eve. Journal.]

A FEARFUL TRAGEDY.—The London Times lays before its readers the particulars of a horrible affair which recently occurred near the Dutch settlement of Transvaal, at the Cape of Good Hope, and which, we think, can only be paralleled in atrocity among the achievements of modern times by the exploit of Marshal St. Arnaud in Algiers, when he smoked and burned to death thousands of his barbarian opponents who had sought refuge in a deep and spacious cave. In the case of the Cape of Good Hope, the Caffre Indians had murdered, in October last, under circumstances of great barbarity, ten or twelve men and women of the Dutch settlement. Immediately General Pretorius raised an army of five hundred men, and accompanied by Commander General Potgieter, proceeded on an expedition to revenge the blood of their victims. After an absence of several weeks they reached some remarkable subterranean caverns, half a mile in length, and from three to five hundred feet in width, where the Caffres had entrenched themselves. Upon his arrival at this spot, General Pretorius attempted to blast the rocks above the caverns, and thus crush the savages beneath the ruins. The peculiar character of the stone, however, rendered this scheme impracticable, and he then stationed his men around the mouth of the caves, and built up walls in front of them. After a few days, many of the women and children were driven by hunger and thirst from their hiding places, and were allowed to escape; but every man who came forth was shot dead with their rifles.

On the 17th of November, at the close of a siege of three weeks, the besiegers, seeing no signs of life, entered the caverns, and the silence within, together with the horrible odor arising from the bodies of the dead, told how effectually their object had been accomplished. More than 900 Caffres had been shot down at the mouths of the caverns, and a much greater number had perished by slow degrees, suffering all the horrors of starvation in the gloomy recesses within.

THE TRANS-ATLANTIC SUBMARINE TELEGRAPH COMPANY, composed of English and French capitalists, have entered into a contract with the New York, Newfoundland and London Telegraph Company—whereby the former are bound to construct and lay down at their own expense and risk, a submarine cable extending from Ireland to St. John's, Newfoundland, and to have the same completed and in operation, on or before the 22nd day of January 1858. We have already mentioned that the New York, Newfoundland and London Company had contracted for a cable to connect Newfoundland with Cape Breton on Prince Edwards Island, from whence lines are already in operation to New York.

This work will be accomplished in the course of the present summer. We have seen a specimen of the cable to be made for this Company, which is to weigh five tons and two hundred pounds to the mile, and presents a much more finished and compact appearance than the cable now in use between England and the Continent, a short section of which has been exhibited to us. This English line has already been worked for years without alteration or repair, and seems wholly unaffected by time or wear, or chemical action. The two Companies, European and American, each will own the line by it constructed; but their contract obliges them to operate in connection with each other, to the exclusion of all other lines, for the period of fifty years, which is the limit of the American Company's Charter.—[Jour. Com.]

George Washington wrote the following letter soon after the constitution was made, and addressed it to the "General Committee of the United Baptist Churches in Virginia:"

GENTLEMEN—If I could have entertained the slightest apprehension that the constitution framed by the convention where I had the honor to preside might possibly endanger the religious rights of any ecclesiastical society, certainly I would never have placed my signature to it, and if I could conceive the general government might even be so administered as to render the liberty of conscience insecure, I beg you will be persuaded that no one would be more zealous than myself to establish effectual barriers against the horrors of spiritual tyranny, and every species of religious persecution. For you doubtless remember I have often expressed my sentiments that any man conducting himself as a good citizen, and being accountable to God alone for his religious opinions, ought to be protected in worshipping the Deity according to the dictates of his own conscience.

THE WIFE.—A wife should be a crown to her husband—her children its jewels. Her virtue should be his pride and pleasure, not his pain and punishment; for virtue in a wife is not the only thing necessary to make a husband happy; there are other qualities—temper, cheerfulness, patience, forbearance—all essential.—Her nature should soften the sternness of his, where it is stern—not stubbornly resist where it is gentle. Her hand should gently detain him when he would take the wrong path, not rudely pull him back when he has made choice of the right. Her children should be as the apples of his eyes, the wine and honey of his heart, the grace and ornament of his house. They should be to him as the second spring of his own youth, the pride of his summer, the fruitfulness of his autumn, and the light and warmth of the winter of his manhood. Such should be the virtue of a wife.

Be true to God and your brethren.