

**The Rising Generation.**

Though not tenacious of antiquated customs, on looking around and comparing the present with the past, we are not surprised at the ludicrous expression of a worthy old lady, when she thought of the spinning-wheel which had given place to the plane—"Times is not as they used to was." The fact is, juvenile progress has been so astonishing for a few years past, that it causes the "old folks" to lift up their hands in wonder at the sight. Boys are nearly an extinct race. There is scarcely an intermediate stage between diaper and desperadoism. The rowdy infant is no sooner out of his long cloths, than he exhibits the incipient traits of the dandy "loafer," and by the time he is fairly jacketed, he wants a tobacco-pouch, a pack of cards, and learns to swear like a pirate. At the age of ten he begins to "run with the *masheen*," and his mother generally knows he is out, because he is very seldom in. At the age of twelve he smokes, drinks, and speaks of his parents as "the old man and old woman." At fifteen he wants a gold watch and revolver, and talks about "lamming" every body that wont keep out of his way. At eighteen he is the fastest youth about town, talks of setting up for himself, scribbles love letters, and becomes a perfect adept in games of chance, can drink more champagne and eat more raw oysters than any man of his inches. About this time his father withholds his spending money, and the young hopeful thinks it is a capitable idea to run away where he can enjoy his "liberty," and after sowing his wild oats abroad, returns home satisfied that the old folks are not such fools after all. We were highly amused, not long since, at hearing a young hopeful, some twelve years of age, whom some person called a boy, exclaim—"Call me a boy—where are your men?" Another little lad who was sweating away at the stove, trying to light an old stamp of a *segar*, on being advised to leave off the filthy habit, replied with the utmost gravity, that "it was very hard work to break off smoking, as he had smoked ever since he was a small boy." Almost daily we see little three-footers, with lighted projections in their mouths swaggering along, puffing and spitting after the most approved rowdy style.—*Albany Knickerbocker.*

**TO WHIPPING MOTHERS.**—A little boy yesterday tumbled into the dock. A sailor sprang in and brought him out again, about half dead with fright and excessive draughts of water. When he recovered from the shock, he began to sob and cry most piteously. He was assured that he was not hurt. "I know that well enough," said he, with a fresh burst, "but mother said she would lick me if I got drowned, and I know she'll do it, for she always does."—*Day Book.*

**A STRANGE DRINK.**—An old toper bet that he could when blindfolded, tell each of several kinds of liquors. When brandy, whiskey, gin, and other drinks were presented to him, he pronounced correctly what they were. At length a glass of pure water was given him: he tasted it, paused, tasted again, and again considered, and shook his head. At last said he, "Gentlemen, I give it up. I am not used to that sort of liquor."

Jonathan says he never was in a tight place but once, and that was when he had an insane bull by the tail. Had he held on, he said, he would have been dragged to death over a stubble field; while, if he had not held on, the critter would have turned around and gored his bowels out. The question now is, which did Jonathan do, hold on or let go? Answer to be sent by return mail.

**Hints for Social Life.**

Dr. W. Cook contends, not only that suicide is one of the most fearful crimes in the calendar, but that any course of action that injures the system or shortens life, is a form of suicide, and will be rewarded as such at the great judgment, particularly when those who have been following such a course have been warned of its fatal tendency. He then specifies the following as among the habits of the age, by which health is impaired, and premature death is secured.

Wearing thin shoes on a damp night, and in rainy weather.

Building on the "air-tight principle."

Leading a life of enfeebling, stupid laziness, and keeping the mind in a round of unnatural excitement by reading trash and novels.

Going to balls through all sorts of weather, in the thinnest possible dress.

Dancing in crowded rooms till in a complete perspiration, and then going home through the damp night air.

Sleeping on feather beds in seven by nine bed-rooms.

Surfeiting on hot and highly stimulating dishes.

Beginning in childhood on tea, and going on from one step of stimulation to another, through tea, coffee, chewing, smoking and drinking.

Marrying in haste, getting an ungenial companion, and living the rest of life in mental dissatisfaction.

Living encased in dirt, because too lazy to bathe the body.

Eating without taking time to masticate the food.

Allowing the love of gain to absorb our minds—and not to leave us time to attend to our health.

Following an unhealthy occupation, because money can be made by it.

Tempting the appetite with niceties when the stomach says, no.

Contriving to keep in a continual worry about something or nothing.

Retiring at midnight and rising at noon.

Gormandizing between meals.

Neglecting to take proper care of ourselves when a simple disease first appears.

**Look out! Look out!!**

A Judge in New Hampshire has decided that a correspondence between a marriageable female and an unmarried man, on whatever subject, is prima facie evidence of an engagement to marry. Well, that judge is an old fool. We should like to see him convince us, that there is any reason because we choose to write to a girl, and she chooses to answer us, that makes us husband and wife. What does the old curmudgeon want? To frighten all the pretty girls, who, sometimes merely for pastime, like to scribble away a few leisure moments. We'll warrant he's some old bachelor, who has been sacked, turned out to die along with old horses; he has got his deserts. If any woman should marry him now, after this crazy decision, she ought to be compelled to wear her old bonnet forever after. Why, marry such an old villain; we would as soon think of tying our fortunes to an iceberg. Why, we'll bet he is as cold as a string of Kamschatka dog's noses; there ain't any more warmth in him than there is in a Nova Zembla snow bank, and we would as soon sleep with a saw-log. Why, don't the old fool know that the very prettiest smiles the woman can make, they put on paper—and ain't any body to see the smiles of the ladies but those who want to get married? Can't a chap have any tender lines, without going the whole hog? Well, you are a confounded old granny; you don't deserve notice or pity; you ought to be hung up to dry; if we had you, we would just smoke you, that's what we would.—*N. Y. Reveille.*

**NEW FLAVOR FOR WINE.**—The New York Sunday Atlas announces that a discovery of the utmost importance to wine-drinkers has been made by a Mr. Struggles, a maker of port and champagne wine, in New Jersey. The Lancaster Express, from which we derive our facts, states that the rapid consumption of cockroaches, used to give the nutty and peculiarly piquant flavor to wines, and made it difficult to find a sufficient supply. In this dilemma the wine-maker conceived the happy idea that bedbugs might be used as a substitute. He tried the experiment, and the result was far more satisfactory than he had anticipated. It was found that a quart of bedbugs contained as much of the flavoring principle as three pints or more of the roaches—and that the former have but little of that narcotic or sleep-producing effect which is attributed to the latter. Contracts have been made with some of the fashionable boarding-house keepers in Philadelphia and New York for an ample supply of this new article of traffic. It is thought the boarders will be somewhat pleased with this intelligence.

**FREE DEVELOPMENT OF MAN.**—If I were to express in a line what constitutes the glory of a State, I should say it is the free and full development of human nature. That country is the happiest and noblest whose institutions and circumstances give the largest range of action to the human powers and affections, and call forth man in all the variety of his faculties and feelings. That is the happiest country where there is most intelligence and freedom of thought, most affection and love, most imagination and taste, most industry and enterprise, most public spirit, most domestic virtue, most conscience, most piety. Wealth is a good only as it is the production and proof of the vigorous exercise of man's powers, and is a means of bringing his affections and enlarging his faculties. Man is the only glory of a country, and it is the advancement and unfolding of human nature which is the true interest of a State.—*Dr. Channing.*

**CURIOS.**—An inquest was held in Rochester, N. Y., over the body of a man named McLaughlin, found in an unfinished building. The Verdict of the jury was, "died from the effects of intemperance, exposure and want of food." McLaughlin was taken home by some of his friends, placed in a rough board coffin, and as they were placing a cloth wet in whisky, over his face to keep him from spotting, as they stated, he waked up and opened his eyes! crawled out of his narrow resting place, and his first inquiry was for whisky. This unceremonious mode of hurrying a man out of existence is supposed to have some connection with the fees which are charged for an inquest.

**MATRIMONY.**—Marriage is the mother of the world, and preserves kingdoms and fills cities, and churches, and Heaven itself. An unmarried man, like a fly in the heart of an apple, dwells in perpetual sweetness, but dwells alone, and is confined and dies in singularity. But marriage, like the useful bee, builds a house and labors and unites into societies and republics, and sends out colonies, and feeds the world with delicacies, and exercises many virtues, and promotes the interests of mankind, and is that state of good things which God hath designed the constitution of the world.

**A GREAT BRIDGE.**—Ole Bull says he has in his possession a bridge which has carried him safely and profitably several times across the Atlantic, namely, the bridge of his violin!

**Hints to Young Women.**

If young women waste their time in trivial amusements, in the prime season for improvements, which is between the ages of sixteen and twenty, they will hereafter regret bitterly the loss, when they come to feel themselves inferior in knowledge to almost every one they converse with; and above all, if they should ever be mothers, when they feel their inability to direct and assist the pursuits of their children, they will then find ignorance a severe mortification and a real evil. Let it animate their industry, and let not a modest opinion of their capacities be a discouragement to their endeavors after knowledge. A moderate understanding with diligent and direct application, will go further than a mere lively genius, if attended with that impatience and inattention which too often attend quick parts. It is not for want of capacity that so many women are such trifling and insipid companions, so ill-qualified for the friendship and conversation of a sensible man, or for the task of instructing or governing a family; it is often the neglect of exercising the talent they really have, and from omitting to cultivate a relish for intellectual, moral and religious improvement. By this neglect, they lose the sincerest pleasures, which would remain when almost every other forsook them, of which neither fortune nor age could deprive them, and which would be a comfort and resource in almost every possible situation in life.

**Beautiful Extract.**

There is an even-tide in human life, a season when the eye becomes dim and the strength decays, when the winter of age begins to shed upon the human head its prophetic snows. It is the season of life to which the autumn is most analogous, and which it becomes; and much it would profit you, my elder brethren, to mark the instruction which the season brings. The spring and summer of your days are gone, and with them not only joys they knew, but many of the friends who gave them. You have entered upon the autumn of your being, and whatever may have been the profusion of your spring, or the warm temperature of your summer, there is a season of stillness or solitude which the beneficence of heaven affords you, in which you may meditate upon the past and future, and prepare yourself for the mighty change which you may soon undergo. It is now that you may understand the magnificent language of heaven—it mingles its voice with that of revelation—it summons you to those hours when the leaves fall and the winter is gathering, to that evening study which the mercy of heaven has provided in the book of salvation. And while the shadowy valley opens, which leads to the abode of death, it speaks of that love which can comfort and save, and which conducts to those green pastures and those still waters where there is an eternal spring for the children of God.

When Dr. Franklin's mother-in-law first discovered that the young man had a hankering for her daughter, the good old lady said she did not know so well about giving her daughter to a printer; there were already two printing offices in the United States, and she was not certain the country would sustain them. It was plain, young Franklin would depend for the support of his family on the profits of the third, and that was rather a doubtful chance.

Uncle Tom's Cabin has already been translated into French, Italian and Spanish, and is advertised in Danish, Polish and Prussian.