



Youths' Department.

LIFE—AN EPISTLE.

Hast thou consider'd Life, my Friend,
 Its origin, pursuits, and end,
 Its brief and shadowy course—its ties—
 Its cares and snares, and penalties?
 If so, I guess you'll wish a better,
 Without a monitory letter
 I thus its whole amount sum up,
 'Tis sipping from a vapid cup
 If Life's a boon, then I conclude,
 The heart of man must be renew'd—
 Aye, that's the point—the heart once taught—
 To estimate it as we ought,
 Will use it as a path by night,
 Conducting to a land of light,
 And so employ its energies,
 As, by the race, to win the prize;
 And find that, after all we know
 Of Earth's unhallow'd scenic show,
 Religion's blossoming and fruit
 Should be Man's paramount pursuit.
 If such should be my friend's career,
 He's soaring to a glorious sphere,
 Where he shall spend without alloy,
 A life of ever-flowing joy.

GRAND SECTION OF CADETS,

MET THE 26th OCTOBER.

Officers chosen for 1852-3.—G. W. P., Dr. Vanormant,
 Wellington Square; G. W. A., Br. Stone, of Oshawa;
 G. W. S., Br. Nixon; G. W. Chaplain, Br. Foss.

There are about 100 Sections in operation in Canada,
 with about 2000 members, some sixty Sections having
 made no return, or been suspended or surrendered their
 charter. Sections should at once send in all their re-
 turns to G. W. S., Nixon, of Newmarket.

LATEST—There were about 30 Cadet representatives
 present at the Session. The Grand Division on Thurs-
 day marched in procession in Oshawa, accompanied by
 about 100 Sons from neighboring Divisions. The Osh-
 awa Division gave the G. D. a splendid repast, after
 which the new and beautiful Hall of the Oshawa Divi-
 sion was dedicated. In the evening an enthusiastic
 meeting was held. The Rev. Messrs. O'miston and
 Ryerson, at the Dedication and evening meeting, made
 most thrilling and eloquent addresses. Over 120 repre-
 sentatives in all attended the G. D. \$100 were voted
 to the widow of P. G. W. P. Burnham, deceased.
 The next Session of the Grand Division will be held in
 St. Catharines. Mrs. Davis of Hamilton is chosen G.
 P. S., D. of T., and Mrs. Jackson G. S.

BOYHOOD IN AMERICA.

I throw down a remark or two on an unoccupied
 page, upon the character which boyhood is taking
 among us or rather upon the new and extraordinary
 relations which are arising in this country between the
 young and the more advanced in life. It is without a
 precedent in all history! There never was anything
 quite equal either to the presumption of the young, or
 to the meekness and acquiescence of the elders in this
 matter. Men advanced beyond the middle of life are
 called "old fogies" by their juniors; and as if this were
 not along unfit for the very street, it is carried up into

Congress, and grave legislators accept the title, and
 bandy it about in their speeches as a good jest. In
 society, and especially in our cities, people are scarcely
 named and settled in life, before they are regarded as on
 "the shady side" of their day, and are treated accord-
 ingly—and by whom? Why, by boys and girls between
 the ages of seventeen and twenty-one! I hear constant
 complaint of this, and my reply is constantly the same—
 "If there is not manly and womanly sense and authority
 enough among you to repress and put down such folly,
 you ought to suffer."

But this extraordinary deference does not stop here;
 it extends to noisy and impudent boys in the streets,
 in public places, at railway stations, and wherever boys
 congregate. The elders say, "this is a free country,
 what rights have we to the street or stations, more than
 they? They may insult us if we interfere—they may
 insult us if we interfere—throw sticks or stones at us—
 what can we do?" It is a fact, this language is used,
 I have often heard it. With a view to satisfy my curi-
 osity on this point, and perhaps to feel the public pulse,
 I put the following question to half a dozen gentlemen
 in one of our cities, and have uniformly received the
 same answer: "If, as you are going down town, you
 should approach a dozen boys on the sidewalk, and ob-
 structing it so that you could not pass, which would you
 do—would you say 'boys, you must not gather here in
 this way and occupy the walk,' or would you get down
 off the sidewalk into the street, go round and come on
 to the walk again when you had got by?" And they
 all said, "we should go round!"

Now, if men choose to abdicate all the rights, all the
 proper authority of manhood, they can do so; but I
 must say that I know of no greater, or more gravitous,
 or more perilous mistake they could commit. Men can
 speak gently and firmly to boys, and be listened to.
 But if not, if every thing is to yield and give way before
 the heedless rush of youthful intemperance, this will
 become, before many years, an intolerable country to
 live in.

But the subject is too vast to be discussed in a note.
 Our democratic deference in some directions is going a
 great deal too far; and our absorption in business is such
 I fear that we have no time for many of our duties, and
 least of all many of our domestic duties.

Rev Orville Dewey.

ORIGIN OF THE ROTHSCHILDS.

The late Baron Rothschild was the son of a Jew at
 Frankfurt, of the name of Joseph. He was in humble
 circumstances, but very highly thought of for honesty
 and integrity. At the time the French crossed the
 Rhine and entered Germany, the Prince of Hesse Cas-
 sel came to Frankfurt, and asked Joseph to take charge
 of his money. Joseph did not much like the under-
 taking, but the Prince pressed it so much that at last he
 consented, and the treasures were given him. When
 the French entered Frankfurt, Joseph buried the Prince's
 money and jewels in a chest, but did not hide his own,
 thinking that if they found no money they would be
 suspicious, and search more earnestly. The consequence
 was he lost all his own money. When affairs became
 more tranquil, and he could again enter into business,
 he took some of the Prince's money and transacted
 business with it, as he formerly used to do with his own,
 thinking it a pity it should be quite useless.

The Prince of Cassel had heard of the cruelty of the
 French in plundering poor Joseph Rothschild, and con-
 cluded all his money and jewels were gone. When he
 went to Frankfurt he called on him, and said,

"Well, Joseph, all my money has been taken by the
 French."

"Not a farthing," said the honest man. "I have used
 a little in business. I will return it all to you, with in-
 terest on what I have used."

"No," said the Prince, "keep it. I will not take
 the interest, and I will not take my money from you
 for twenty years. Make use of it for that time, and I
 will only take two per cent interest"

The Prince told the story to all his friends. Joseph
 was in consequence employed by most of the German
 Princes. He made an immense fortune, his sons became
 Barons of the German Empire, and one of them settled
 in England.

ADVENTURE WITH A BOA CON- STRICTOR.

A new book called "Kaloola," or Jonathan Romer's
 Adventures in Africa, by Dr. Mayo, has just been pub-

lished at 50 cents a copy. Among other strange stories,
 Jonathan tells us how he dispatched a stupendous snake,
 one hundred feet long:

One night while I was out with a scouting party of
 the natives, I had occasion to go alone to a knoll some
 quarter of a mile from camp. In approaching the knoll
 I encountered what seemed to be a large log lying
 across my path. Without pausing to think of the im-
 probability of the object being a log, when there was
 not a tree larger than a man's arm within ten miles, I
 jumped upon it, and stretched myself up for a good
 look. It gave a little to my weight, like many an old
 half rotten trunk that my feet have pressed in the for-
 ests of the St. Lawrence. It seemed so much decayed
 as hardly to be able to bear me—as if it were about to
 break asunder, and let me down into its spongy interior.
 My feet slipped upon the yielding surface—I recovered
 my balance, and on the instant felt myself elevated two
 or three feet. The whole log was all beneath me,
 and—good heavens! I knew the boa! My feet went
 out from under me, and I fell with my back across the
 writhing monster. For the fraction of a second there
 might have been some question as to which way my
 body was going, but a twist of the animal soon settled
 the point by letting me down upon my head and shoul-
 ders, and leaving my back elevated in the air. I fell
 partly on my right side; my sword flew from my hand,
 but I still kept hold of the pistol. I glanced upwards—
 a huge black object was hovering over and rapidly de-
 scending upon me. It was the monster's enormous
 head with jaws outstretched wide enough to engulf an
 elephant! Instinctively I stretched out my left hand.
 The pistol barrels rattled against some hard bony sub-
 stance, and at the instant my fingers contracting upon
 triggers, both charges exploded simultaneously with a
 loud report, and with a recoil that wrenched the weapon
 from my grasp. There was a snort of agony, and
 instantly a floundering, as if, to use the common Yan-
 keeism, "heaven and earth had come together," amid
 which my feet were thrown into the air, and sent flying
 over my head, my neck twisted almost to dislocation,
 and my body projected through an indeterminate series
 of grand and lofty tumblings to the very foot of the
 knoll. Jumping to my feet, and recalling my scattered
 senses, my first inquiry was whether the creature was
 pursuing me, and the second as to the state of my
 bones. A tremendous floundering about a hundred
 yards off, on my right, that made the ground tremble
 like shocks of an earthquake, relieved me of all fear of
 the first, and a slight examination showed no material
 damage had been done to the second. I was too much
 frightened to attempt to return to see what occasioned
 my misfortune, and I therefore made the best of my
 way to the camp. Early next morning my servant
 Hugh came running to me with the news that the dead
 body of a huge serpent had been found among the
 rocks at a little distance. We went to see it, and found
 that it was the very fellow who, resenting my familiar-
 ity had compelled me to my involuntary summer-set.
 My pistol had been fired into his open mouth, and the
 balls, penetrating diagonally upwards and backwards
 had passed through the palatal bones, and lodged in the
 brain. He was truly a monster, measuring full one
 hundred feet in length, five feet in circumference, and
 with a head like a wine cask.

To the Editor of the Canadian Son of Temperance.

KENT, DAWN MILLS, 9th October, 1852.
 I am happy to inform you that our Division, No. 360,
 S of T., which was only organized last Feb., and located
 in a part of the country where the population is
 sparse,—continues in a prosperous state, it now numbers
 thirty-five contributing members, and its officers for the
 current term are: Br. John Boyle, W. P.; Wm. H.
 White, W. A.; Samuel C. Taylor, R. S.; Daniel W.
 Huff, A. R. S.; M. N. Parke, F. S.; Thomas H.
 Griffis, T.; Joseph Crafts, C.; N. L. Blakey, A. C.;
 Willet Ellis, I. S.; Jacob Ellis, O. S.

The above list, with any remarks you see proper, you
 are at liberty to publish,—provided nevertheless, it be
 done gratuitously.

I am Sir and Br.,

Yours, in L. P. and F.
 WM. WHITE.

☞ The House of Assembly has got into quite a mess
 about the Great Trunk Railroad, Mr. Cauchon having
 moved amendments to the plan of Mr. Hincks.

☞ Mr. Webster was quite sensible until within a
 few hours before his death, and bade all a last farewell.