

who should be a guide to youth, an angel in this world, and an ornament to her kind. Yet, when the enervation which follows the dissipation and frivolity of the last series of soirees and entertainments is upon her, and she is suffering with ennui intolerable, a momentary pause gives to conscience an opportunity to look back, and she sigh, and says, "If I could only live my life over again, how different I would live!"

Whenever we hear this regret expressed, we look to the present life of the individual to see how much reason there is to believe them. If they would live differently could they take a new start in their life, they would afford some evidence of the desire now. The experience they needed they have now obtained. What difference is there between their life of last year, and their life of the present? What difference is there between the life of yesterday and the life of to-day? How truly and beautifully has Dr. Young expressed the thought—

"Each night we die,
Each morn we born anew, each day a life
And shall we kill each day? If trifling kills,
Sure Vice must butcher! Oh what heaps of slain
Cry out for vengeance on us! 'Tis time destroyed
Is auelit, where more than blood is spilt!"

We thus renew our lives by days, seasons, and years. The experience of yesterday is but added to the former day lives of us all, and we may profit if we will. Last year leaves more prepared for the duties of this, if we have learned its lessons well, and the present should find us more fitted for the coming future. If we would persuade ourselves that we should live a better life were we to become young again, we must find the evidence of our own sincerity in the better use we make of our experience now. So with the present and past experience, and mature judgment and strength, we shall live "as we shall wish we had done when we come to die."

"On the wings of the morning," how delightful to soar away into a new life. "Each morn we are born anew." How differently should we live the new life of every day, while we have the experience of yesterday freshly on our lives and hearts. Happy and wise is that man or woman who improves daily in the new life with which we are blessed.—*N. Y. Reformer.*

A SINGULAR DREAM.

Some ninety years ago, there flourished in Glasgow a club of young men, which from the extreme profligacy of the members, and the licentiousness of their orgies, was commonly called the Hell Club. Beside their nightly or weekly meetings, they held one grand saturnalia, in which each one tried to excel the other in drunkenness and blasphemy; and on these occasions there was no star among them whose lund light was more conspicuous than that of young Mr. Archibald B——, who, endowed with brilliant talents and a handsome person, had held out great promises in his boyhood, and raised hopes which had been completely frustrated by his subsequent reckless disposition.

One morning after returning from the annual festival, Mr. Archibald B—— having retired to bed, dreamed the following dream:

He fancied that he himself was mounted on a favorite black horse that he always rode, and was proceeding towards his own house—then a country seat embowered with trees, and forming part of the city—when a stranger, whom the darkness of the night prevented his distinctly discerning, suddenly seized his horse's rein, and said "you must go with me!"

"And who are you?" exclaimed the young man with a volley of oaths, while he struggled to free himself.

"That you will see by and by," returned the other, in a tone that excited unaccountable terror in the youth who plunged his spurs into his horse, attempting to fly, but in vain. However fast the animal flew the stranger was beside him, till, at length, in his desperate efforts to escape, the rider was thrown; but instead of being dashed to the earth as he expected, he found himself falling, falling—still, as if sinking in the bowels of the earth.

At length a period being put to this mysterious descent, he found breath to inquire of his companion, who was still beside him, whither they were going. "Where am I? Where are you taking me?" he exclaimed.

"To hell!" replied the stranger, and immediately innumerable echoes repeated the fearful sound—"To hell! to hell! to hell!"

At length a light appeared, which soon increased to a blaze; but instead of the cries, the groans and lamentations, which the terrified traveller expected, nothing

met his ear but the sounds of music, mirth and jollity; and he found himself at the entrance of a superb building, far exceeding any he had seen constructed by human hands. Within, too, what a scene! No amusement, or pursuit of man on earth, but was being there carried on with a vengeance that excited his unutterable amazement. There the young and lovely still swarmed through the mazes of the giddy dance! There the panting steed still bore his brutal rider through the excitement of the goaded race! There over the midnight bowl, the intemperate still drew out the wanton song of maudlin blasphemy! The gambler plied forever his endless game, and the slaves of mammon toiled through eternity their bitter task; whilst all the magnificence of earth paled before that which now met his view.

He soon perceived that he was among old acquaintances, whom he knew to be dead; and each, he observed, was pursuing the object, whatever it was, that had formerly engrossed him; when, finding himself relieved from the presence of his unwelcome conductor, he ventured to address his former friend, Mrs. D, whom he saw sitting, as had been her wont on earth, absorbed at loo, requested her to rest from the game and introduce him to the pleasures of the place, which appeared to be very unlike what he had expected and indeed an extremely agreeable one. But with the cry of agony, she answered that there was no rest in hell; that they must ever toil on at those very pleasures; and innumerable voices echoed through the interminable vaults—"There is no rest in hell" whilst throwing open their vests, each disclosed in the bosom an ever-burning flame. These, they said, were the pleasures of Hell; their choice on earth was now their irrevocable doom.

In the midst of the horror this scene inspired his conductor returned, and, at his earnest entreaty, restored him again to earth, but as he quitted him he said—"Remember, in a year and a day we meet again!"

At this crisis of his dream, the sleeper awoke, feverish and ill; and whether from the effect of the dream or of his preceding orgies, he was so unwell as to be obliged to keep his bed for several days, during which period he had time for many serious reflections, which terminated in a resolution to abandon the club and his licentious companions altogether.

He was no sooner well, however, than they flocked around him, bent on recovering so valuable a member of their society; and having wrung from him a confession of the cause of his defection, which as it may be supposed, appeared to them eminently ridiculous, they soon contrived to make him ashamed of his good resolution. He joined them again, and resumed his former course of life; and when the annual saturnalia came round, he found himself with his glass in hand at the table; when the President rising to make the accustomed speech, began with saying "Gentlemen, this being leap year, it is a year and a day since our last anniversary," &c. The words struck upon the young man's ear like a knell! but ashamed to expose his weakness to the jeers of his comrades, he sat out for the feast, plying himself with wine even more liberally than usual, in order to drown his intrusive thoughts; till in the gloom of a winter's morning he mounted his horse to ride home.

Some hours afterwards, the horse was found with its saddle and bridle on, quietly grazing by the roadside, about half-way between the city and B——'s house, whilst a few yards off lay the corpse of his master.

This is a true story and no fiction; the circumstances happened as here related. An account of it was published at the time, but the copies were bought up by the family. Two or three, however, were preserved, and the narrative was reprinted—*Mrs. Crow's Nightside of Nature.*

The keeper of New York City jail stated, at a meeting recently, that during the last two years, 43,000 persons had been confined in the jail there, the whole of whom, with the exception of about 100, were sent there by strong drink.

MUSCOVADO SUGAR.—We perceive by our English papers that a new discovery has been made in the manufacture of Muscovado Sugar, by which from twenty to forty per cent. additional can be obtained from the cane. The sugar so produced was pronounced, in the Liverpool market, to be worth 12s per cwt. more than the sugar manufactured by the old process. The quantity, colour, and strength, according to the sample, were all greatly improved by the new invention.

[ORIGINAL] SEPARATION.

What is separation? Is it to go

To distant lands and leave our early home,
When every heart we leave, sends up a prayer,
At every throb, for our own happiness!
A home where every thought is fill'd with love,
And memory revels on the golden fruit
Of sunny homes, perhaps for ever fled!
Oh no! where love prevails, that silken chain,
'Tis that bond of peace which keeps the universe,
Where it exerts magnetic power on minds,
Whose bitterest thoughts are a sweet unison,
Old space attempts in vain to separate.
Nor is it more to drop our garb of time
And soar away to spirit worlds on high;
Our image dwells with those we leave behind.
But should vile treachery, with hissing tongue
And venom'd weapon, come and blast the flower
Of sweetest confidence, that brightly bloom'd,
And intertwines around the hearts of friends,
Or dire misfortunes blast remove the mask
Of worth, of friendship, virtue or of love,
Which once we fondly fancied more than real,
Disclosing hideous selfishness instead,
A chaos of Hydra headed images,
Without one glowing charm to warm the soul
And melt it into unison and love.
Then separation comes and rears her head,
Compell'd to rend the idols from our hearts,
Once fondly cherished there, and cast them forth
As worthless now, or lost to confidence;
Oh! this is separation worse than death,
Which poisonous memory's past, inserts a sting
In all the future, extracts the nectar
From life's sweetest flowers and leaves a blank
In hearts once sweetly fill'd with happiness;
Yet this is nought compared with that dread hour,
When mortals stand convened to hear their doom
"Depart from me ye cursed into hell."
Then pause and murmur in their black despair,
Adieu to all which love once held so dear,
And sink in clanking chains to endless night.
Oh! this, alas! is separation, such
As none but Deity inflicts on man,
And merely mortals never could endure.

W. R. R.

Colborne, October 5th, 1852.

AUSTRALIA.

The Hoogley has arrived from Melbourne, Port Phillip, whence she sailed on the 4th May, with 8,045 ounces of gold—making, with the 11,000 ounces brought by the Douglas from Sydney, which arrived on Saturday, a total of 17,643 ounces valued at £70,540.

The Sydney *Herald* of May 8th, publishes the following statistics on the produce of the diggings, as well as on the revenues and general movement of population in the colony.—'Gold exported up to this week, 293,794 oz.; 'ying in harbour, 50,000 oz.; in the banks and private hands in town, 40,000 oz.; and at the mines, say, 20,000 oz., total, 503,794 oz. Deduct from quantity received from Victoria, 148,061 oz., leaving produce of our mines, 355,733 oz. Exported from Melbourne up to April 23rd, 668,782 oz.; estimated quantity in banks and private hands in Melbourne, 50,000 oz.; on the mines, say 50,000 oz.; making a total of 768,662 oz., and showing a grand total of 1,123,415 oz. which, at 65s. per oz., gives a value of £3,654,345 15s. The licenses for gold-digging yielded, up to March 31, New South Wales, £46,171 13s; Victoria £74,072. Escort fees up to April, N. S. W. £4,310 12s; Victoria, \$8124 16s 9d. The immigration at New South Wales, up to May last, was as follows.—From England, 4029; California, 2219, Australian Colonies, 6915; foreign parts, 1752; total, 14,915.

The social condition of the place is of course terrible. Highway robberies, burglaries and murder are of nightly occurrence, in the very heart of the city; and no one considers himself safe in the streets after dark without pistols.

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE PICTURE.—Mr. William Rothwell, late of Birkenhead, in writing to his wife from Sydney, under date of June, 1852, says that he arrived out safe, went 500 miles to the diggings, and had to travel over rocky and dangerous mountains—