

THE NEW YEAR.

WELCOME the glad New Year!
 With blessings on its fleecy wing,
 Only the wicked fear
 Thy advent, dawning year,
 And fly the judgments thou may'st bring.
 Welcome the glad New Year!
 Let every lowly heart aspire,
 To use thy moments well;
 And let thy progress tell
 Of hopeful souls still soaring higher.
 Welcome the glad New Year!
 May loving friends be spared to see,
 Many a glad new year
 Their welcome blessings bear,
 Leading to bright Eternity!

THE MORAL COURAGE.—Never be ashamed of thy birth, or thy parents, or thy trade, or thy present employment, for the meanness or poverty of any of them; and when there is an occasion to speak of them, such an occasion as would invite you to speak of any thing that pleases you, omit it not, but speak as readily and indifferently of thy meanness as of thy greatness. Primislaus, the first King of Bohemia, kept his country-shoes always by him, to remember from whence he was raised; and Agathacles, by the furniture of his table, confessed that, from a potter, he was raised to be the King of Sicily.

JEREMY TAYLOR.

THE SCOTTISH SHEPHERD.—The state of mind induced among the peasantry of the mountainous districts of Scotland by snow storm is thus pleasingly described by the Ettrick Shepherd:—"The daily feelings naturally impressed upon the Shepherd's mind, that all his comforts are so entirely in the hands of Him who rules the elements, contributes not a little to that firm spirit of devotion for which the Scottish Shepherd is so distinguished. I know of no scene so impressing as that of a family sequestered in a lone glen during the time of a winter storm; and where is the glen in the kingdom that wants such a habitation? There they are left to the protection of heaven; and they know and feel it. Throughout all the wild vicissitudes of nature, they have no hope of assistance from man, but expect to receive it from the Almighty alone. Before retiring to rest, the Shepherd uniformly goes out to examine the state of the weather, and make his report to the little dependent group within; nothing is to be seen but the conflict of the elements, nor heard but the raving of the storm. Then they all kneel around him while he commends them to the protection of heaven; and though their little hymn of praise can scarcely be heard even by themselves, as it mixes with the roar of the tempest, they never fail to rise from their devotions with their spirits cheered, and their confidence restored, and go to sleep with an exhalation of mind of which kings and conquerors have no share."

TOBACCO.—The total quantities of tobacco retained for home consumption, in 1842, amounted to near 17,000,000 pounds. Professor Schleiden gives a singular illustration of the quantity of tobacco consumed. North America alone produces annually upwards of 200,000,000 pounds of tobacco. The combustion of this mass of vegetable material would yield about 340,000,000 pounds of carbonic acid gas, so that the yearly produce

of carbonic acid gas from tobacco smoking alone cannot be estimated at less than 1,000,000,000 pounds—a large contribution to the annual demand for this gas, made upon the atmosphere by the vegetation of the world.

A PICTURE.

Strolling through the Shockoe Hill Burying Ground, a few evenings since, says the Richmond Times, we unexpectedly became an eye witness to a scene that even angels might look down upon with an approving eye.—Within the railing of a neatly though plainly enclosed section, near the southern boundary of the burying ground, we discovered three sweet little girls—the eldest had probably seen ten, and the youngest not over six summers. The trio of little innocents had noiselessly gathered around a little green mound which appeared to be the newly made grave of an infant. The elder sister—for sisters we judged them to be—occupied an attitude of deep devotion, kneeling softly and gently by the side of a little green mound, which hid from view the loved form of a little sister or brother, who, "in the morn and liquid dew of youth," had been translated to a happier sphere. On either side, speechless and motionless, stood her little sisters, whose eyes, like her own, were running down with the meltings of their pure and innocent hearts.

Not an audible whisper escaped the lips of the little mourners. The orison of the kneeling child was in secret, but her whole manner bespoke the eloquent nature of the prayer she offered up to the throne of Heaven for the little one. That prayer, we doubt not, has been registered in Heaven; and if, in after life, its author should waver in the path of rectitude, it will plead trumpet-tongued in her behalf. Fearing that our presence might disturb the secret devotions of the sweet little trio, we paused, and quietly took a position which would enable us to watch, unobserved, the action of the devout little mourners. The elder sister held in her right hand a bunch of flowers—the earliest which a genial spring had called forth—consisting of violets and hyacinths. These she would press to her lips, and then scatter them over the grave of the little child. The sun was rapidly descending the western horizon—his last rays were gilding the tops of the obelisks which mark the repose of the opulent or the gifted, and the shades of evening were fast gathering around the holy scene. Softly and reverently the little sister arose from her kneeling posture, and as she arose we caught a glimpse of her sadly sweet face; it was illumined by an angelic radiance, which for a moment induced us to believe her more than mortal. Gently taking her sisters by the hand, the little trio of innocents softly left the enclosure, the eldest sister closing the gate with a degree of caution which seemed to indicate her great anxiety, not to disturb the slumbers of the little child reposing in the enclosure. After casting one long lingering look at the little green mound, the sisters departed, and with the hurried eager steps of childhood soon reached the street. After they had left we drew near the spot rendered sacred by the outpourings of their pure hearts. One little mound only broke the even surface of the section—the violets and the hyacinths were there, and we imagined they distilled a more delicious perfume on the "desert air" than the rarest exotics cultivated by the horticulturist. No stone told the name, age or sex of the sleeping child, but his resting place has been indelibly stamped on our memory.

GREASING AXLES.—The neglect of greasing cart and waggon wheels, not only injures the wood or iron work by the additional friction thereby induced, but it is even more injurious to the poor animals, whose business it is to draw the load, thus rendered additional burthensome. A farmer observed to us that he found in practice the best oil for this purpose both the cheapest and most efficient. All sorts of impure and dirty fat, so frequently used, have a tendency after a short time to retard, rather than to facilitate motion. Grease your wheels then whenever they require it with the best material.