

# Graphic

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No. 16.

## NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS. TO THE PATRONS OF THE HERALD.

By the Carrier Boy.  
Awake my harp!—my lyre awake!  
Thou Muse, arise!  
And to thy tuneful task betake  
—The old year dies!

Gaily we hailed its early morn  
With joy and gladness,  
Well pleased the first thing was born  
Young fifty-eight,

But now its latest page recedes  
And as it flies  
It bears the tale of countless deeds  
And memories.

Change upon change the old year brought  
Pleasant and sad,  
And some of those who ne'er had thought  
Both good and bad.

Many whose pulses stoutly beat;  
—Defying time  
Have gone to trials' last retreat,  
While in their prime.

Some in a foreign land have found  
A soldier's grave;  
And some, the blowy ocean down'd,  
With none to save.

Of a me, disease the life strings felt,  
And laid them low,  
To some, alas! was madly dealt  
The fatal blow.

Small pond of deadly draught or wound,  
To stop the breath;  
Sure, avenues of cure are found,  
Lead us to death!

Great tales of old year has to tell,  
Of wrong and shame;  
But much, it will report as well  
Of deeds of fame.

The Jubilee merrily is crush'd  
The rebel's quail,  
For where have British bayonets rush'd  
And not prevailed.

For commerce, see an empire won,  
By Elgin bid,  
John China,—"brother of the sun,"  
Of maners cold.

Has given his hand,—his heart,—perhaps  
His money too,  
And now, to please the British chaps  
Says,—"How 'd' ye do?"

Japon could hardly well resist  
Their charming graces,  
(Or heavy gun),—so they're dismissed  
With smiling faces.

Thus in a Eastern empire gained  
By moral might,  
And may it thus be still maintained  
By truth and right.

What say of the ages boat,  
—That wondrous ware;  
Spanning the deep from coast to coast  
With words of fire!

Though quenched beneath the briny wave,  
—Far down below,  
Where ocean's deepest fountains lave  
It yet shall glow.

So smooth a path, so fleet a steed  
Commerce desires,  
And even the nations in their need  
Its aid requires.

What these demand, are ne'er denied  
To time and skill,  
Which perfect means already tried  
And triumph will.

This year will be remembered best  
By splendid sight!  
Donati's Comet,—North—North-West  
On Autumn night.

Each moment travelling through the sky  
With monstrous fall,  
A thousand miles! Yet to the eye  
Moved like a snail.

And when again it calls this way,  
Travelling through space,  
Old Earth herself may have grown grey  
And lost her place!

Men will pursue the search for gold  
With eager hand,  
As Cortez, and his men of old  
In foreign land.

From California's rilled fields  
The digger flies  
And Brazil's river amply yields  
Its rich supplies.

A gathering cloud of hostile sail  
Fair breezes blow,  
To pour the thunder of their rail  
On Mexico.

Deroted Mexico, what wilt thou do!  
With factious men,  
Mensur'd by Old World and New  
Thy plight foredo.

Our own lov'd land we can't forget  
Fair Canada!  
Though young it will be famous yet,  
Some coming day.

Misrule its progress may delay  
Hard times distress,  
But nothing can its greatness stave,  
Or quite depress.

The year began the year shall close  
The feeble year,  
The wailing wind its requiem blows  
—Passing away.

Old memories crowd around us now  
And make us glad,  
Yet thoughtful wrinkles mar the brow  
And we are sad.

So strangely joy and sorrow blends,  
In life's mixed cup,  
Yet wisely, heaven our portion sends,  
And we must sup.

Farewell Old Year!—Again adieu!  
—It is the last,  
Sister time will soon have buried you  
Dreep in the past.

"A happy New Year," now we say  
With all before,  
May they who for the Herald pay,  
Have many more.

## POOR TOM.

I had been gone some weeks on a journey, Glancing over a newspaper issued in my absence, I met a paragraph which troubled me. It concerned a poor, old Tom Johnson, put in jail for robbing a gentleman's garden and barn. His accomplices escaped.

"Tom Johnson! Is that our Tom? Of course not." Yet I recollected not having seen him since my return. There was nobody near to inform me. "Tom," I kept saying; "I can't be our Tom. No, no." The next morning the first thing was to ask for Tom.

"Tom, our poor errand-boy! Harn! you heard? The poor fellow is in jail, and likely to go to prison. His trial comes on in the September term," and the circumstances were rehearsed more at length than I had read in the paper. "Poor Tom," I said, "I can't be our Tom. No, no." The next morning the first thing was to ask for Tom.

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on mount Sinai, and read the account. "Big thunderstorm, wasn't it?" said Tom, after I got through. "Which troubled me," I said, "I met a paragraph which troubled me. It concerned a poor, old Tom Johnson, put in jail for robbing a gentleman's garden and barn. His accomplices escaped.

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and its aspirations. "M. de Montalembert will be admitted to his seat by the sympathy and respect of all Frenchmen," said his sentence, at the very moment when it is being executed, will be rescinded by the unanimous verdict of the conscience and intellect of Europe. By this condemnation he will fall under the provisions of that shameful law passed in the agony and helplessness of the first month of 1848, which places the liberty and consequently the life of a person convicted of such an offence at the absolute disposal of the Executive Government. We would not willingly add to the danger of his situation by useless invectives and complaints, but we at least preserve that freedom which he has lost, and which we should do our duty if we shrunk from ascribing this epithet to the man which holds the ashes of what was once French literature.

We can understand that it may be a relief to the Emperor for a moment thus to silence an acute and unfriendly critic, and to exhibit one of the most able of his subjects as a slight person, as to be crushed without effort beneath the smooth and easy progress of Imperial omnipotence. But we ask,—and all the more openly since Mr. Fréchetin is permitted to put the question,—what a fate the Emperor imagines he is preparing for himself and his dynasty by proceeding in this manner, and how he can expect to be provided with the means of his own defence, and the head of Providence ever all, made the effort successful. Captain Brooks thought it an equal chance that he should be killed; though with a proper life or surf boat, he would not have hesitated an instant about going to the wreck when he first discovered the danger, and might have saved the life of the little girl—the captain's child of three years—who fell from an exhausted arm into the sea, half an hour before Capt. E. reached the wreck. We have known Captain Brooks for several years as one of the most faithful men in the light-house service, and means will be taken to call the attention of the Government to his merits, and hope that he may be provided with a boat suitable for the service he so frequently calls upon to enter. There should be also, at such an exposed post, an assistant keeper; for had Mr. Brooks been lost in his efforts to save the crew of this vessel, there would have been missing to the mariner in Long Island Sound, on the night of the 17th of August, the light of Faulkner's Island. If ever a hero deserved the public reward of bravery, that man is Oliver N. Brooks, the solitary watcher on a sea-girt island.—*New Haven Register.*

DO SOMETHING FOR TRUTH.  
How beautiful is truth! No time can be inappropriately for learning it; no season unfitting for its reception. The day dawns forth its bright, fresh, and the night is luminous with its broad light. It started as a spring at the creation, and has been widening as a river with the centuries that have elapsed. All mankind enjoy it; and the more truth, whether natural or revealed, there is in a nation, the more truly happy are that people.

True happiness consists, not in immediate personal pleasure, but in the possession of knowledge; which simply means the accumulation of facts—the amassing of truth.

Peculiarly beautiful and essentially sublime are the truths of science, for they admit of no partiality, and are the same to all. They are the truths of nature, and bring us into a closer acquaintance with the Deity, by demonstrating to us the grandeur of his works, on the one hand, and the insignificance of man, on the other.

Few can study unmoved the wonders of cosmic existence; and observe, with microscopic aid, the seeming infinity of life, and the perfect and complete arrangement of its parts, and be unmoved. The truths of science, each in its sphere, lifting all the necessities of its being, with equal, if not often superior, completeness to man; and to whom a drop of water is a world, a teacupful a universe. Nor can any one peer into the vast and seeming limitless of space, and view the stars, whose distance we measure by millions of miles, and planets, beying, in their orbits, the same law which governs a pebble's fall, without feeling awe and devotion for the Creative Intelligence, and wishing to investigate these wondrous objects in the pleasant fields of nature.

But, happily for us, all the truths of science are not of this nature. In the domain of the human mind, we find truths which are not of the same nature as those of nature, and which we may learn them, for around every household fire, in every family circle, at every meal, and during all our daily avocations, plenty of mystic occur, which require a careful examination and patient thought for their solution. These truths, before they are placed among the facts of nature, are the truths of the human mind, and are the truths of the human mind, and are the truths of the human mind.

The age has gone by when the ordinary circumstances by which we are surrounded require to be catalogued, and the age has come, in which causes must be assigned for every effect; and to discover "the reason why" of things, is now the aim of every intelligent individual.

The men who lead the way of knowledge have plenty of work on hand; and it is for the people in their winter's leisure to learn and spread what may be truly called "home truths." In chemistry, in physiology, in geology, and in household economy, in fact, in the whole range of human knowledge, we should like to see the people, and the value of the knowledge they have already received, by paying an interest, by adding information—truth—of every kind to the common fund. By so doing, each person would not only be contributing to his own and others' happiness, but would also be adding to the glory of the Divine Being.—*Scientific American.*

A NOBLE FELLOW.  
The recent courageous and even desperate attempt of Captain Brooks, keeper of the light-house on Faulkner's Island, to save the lives of his wife and crew, from a wreck on Long Island Sound, deserves more than a passing notice. It will be remembered that Faulkner's Island is only two miles from the coast, and that its only inhabitants are the keeper of the light-house and his family, Captain Oliver N. Brooks. The wreck upon Goose Island, some two miles from the coast, Captain Brooks could see with his glass; the persons in the rigging, and the sea lashed into unusual fury making a breach high over the decks, and threatening instant destruction. It was too sad a sight for the brave man to endure; and providing the vessel was not to go to the bottom, he would have been obliged to go to the aid of the crew, and would have been fully justified in leaving them to a fate too horrible to think of. His wife was on shore, and he was alone with his family of little children; but telling them of the peril which he might assume—a fearful peril from which he might never return—he kissed them, and calling upon God to protect them and bless his endeavor, he jumped into his frail ark, and steered boldly into the storm.

These on board saw the attempt, and even in their agony wondered at his blindness, predicted its failure and grieved at what they considered an unnecessary sacrifice. But still the brave man, relying upon Providence, kept up his heart and hope, and although every man was threatened with destruction, he reached at last the wreck, and having the depending crew with words of cheer. By the most skilful management of his boat, now shooting past, and once over the very wreck itself, he at last managed to pick them off one at a time, and then turned for the shore. But it was only by constant bailing and treading water, and at last reaching the island, with his mates exhausted, and nearly dead with hunger and exposure. On the shore waiting for their father, were the little children of Captain Brooks, with tears and screams of joy, saw the boat tossed violently upon the land, and rescued. The crew were immediately transferred to the light-house residence and made welcome and comfortable.

A gentleman familiar with the circumstances, and also with the dangers of the sea, assures us that it was the most daring feat ever performed, and that the boat was entirely overboarded, and that, notwithstanding the untoward circumstances, great skill and the head of Providence ever all, made the effort successful. Captain Brooks thought it an equal chance that he should be killed; though with a proper life or surf boat, he would not have hesitated an instant about going to the wreck when he first discovered the danger, and might have saved the life of the little girl—the captain's child of three years—who fell from an exhausted arm into the sea, half an hour before Capt. E. reached the wreck. We have known Captain Brooks for several years as one of the most faithful men in the light-house service, and means will be taken to call the attention of the Government to his merits, and hope that he may be provided with a boat suitable for the service he so frequently calls upon to enter. There should be also, at such an exposed post, an assistant keeper; for had Mr. Brooks been lost in his efforts to save the crew of this vessel, there would have been missing to the mariner in Long Island Sound, on the night of the 17th of August, the light of Faulkner's Island. If ever a hero deserved the public reward of bravery, that man is Oliver N. Brooks, the solitary watcher on a sea-girt island.—*New Haven Register.*

THE CRATER OF MAUNA LOA.  
Volcanoes are called the chimneys of the world, and are found in nearly every part of the world. Sometimes they burst up from the bed of the ocean. The Sandwich Islands, midway in the Pacific ocean, are of volcanic origin. In Hawaii, one of the largest islands in the group, there are several, the most famous of which is Mauna Loa, or Great Mountain. The missionaries have described its eruptions, and one can almost see the lava red hot from the crater, pouring down the mountain side, filling up valleys, drying up brooks, and burning bushes; moving slower and slower as it cools, yet moving still, creeping down and creeping down the mountain side, and stopping perhaps until it reaches the sea, where it bubbles and can be seen for a distance of several miles. It is a terrible sight, and one which the people of the island look upon with awe and terror. The lava flows down the mountain side, filling up valleys, drying up brooks, and burning bushes; moving slower and slower as it cools, yet moving still, creeping down and creeping down the mountain side, and stopping perhaps until it reaches the sea, where it bubbles and can be seen for a distance of several miles. It is a terrible sight, and one which the people of the island look upon with awe and terror.

No wonder the poor natives thought their worst days lived here. Here was the seat of Pele's power. Pele was a terrible idol, whose dreadful voice they fancied was heard in the rumbling of the mountain, and whose anger poured itself in fiery flames upon the poor people. The people lived in great fear of his power; and one day near Pele's place without gifts to her favor. The fishermen offered fish, and the fruit of the earth.—*Great numbers of live boys were sometimes thrown into the crater to stop its eruptions, which were caused, as they supposed, by the Pele's anger; and even human victims had been offered to stop the ravages of the lava.*

When the missionaries first visited this crater, the natives were frightened to see them eat the berries of the olive, which grew on the lava, before they had been offered to them. "You will never come back alive," they said. But the missionaries did not care for the lava, and they went on to Pele's place, and they were not killed. "Ah," said they, "Pele would have killed us."

Keopulani, a princess of this island, once fell sick, and ten men were sacrificed on her behalf. She got well, but not through Pele's power; her life was preserved to welcome the missionaries, and learn through them a Saviour's love. This pious princess, full of faith, a few years afterwards determined to show her subjects the folly of their fears, by going down herself into the basin of the crater which she had been told was the seat of Pele's power. Her people had her not to go, and she was to be seen with her feet on the lava. "If I come back alive you must believe in God and his son Jesus Christ." Many of her friends with fear and trembling went with her to the edge of the crater. They watched her as she clambered down into the basin below, expecting every moment to see the flames leap up and devour her. But God protected Keopulani from the fiery element. And there she sat down the power of Pele, and offered prayer and praise to God the Creator and Redeemer of the world.

Safe and unharmed did this pious princess return from the crater. Her people, who had been overjoyed to see her; and her return turned gave a blow to Pele's power which the idol never recovered from. Idolatry in these islands gave way before the blessed light of the gospel; their 'fals gods are cast to the moles and the bats,' until now probably not an idol is to be found, and the Lord is their God and Saviour.—*Child's Paper.*

cost, compound interest, would amount to in 60 years.

Putting out his pencil he began to calculate. Putting down the first year's saving (three hundred and sixty six pence), one pound sterling eleven shillings and sixpence, he added the interest, and then went on, year by year, until he found that in the sixtieth year the sixpence a day reached the sterling sum of three thousand two hundred and twenty five pounds nineteen shillings and ninepence.

More than fifteen thousand dollars Judge of the old man's surprise when told that had he saved his sixpence a day and allowed it to accumulate at compound interest, he might now have been worth the above sum; so that, instead of taking refuge in an almshouse, he might have comforted himself with a house of his own, costing three thousand five hundred dollars, and fifty acres of land, worth two hundred and fifty dollars per acre, and have left the legacy among his children and grandchildren, or for the welfare of his fellow-men.

CHINA—EXTRACT OF LETTER FROM REV. W. C. BURNS.  
Swatow, July, 1858.—Too much must not be expected from any treaty agreement until the mind of the community become accommodated to the new state of the law. In this quarter it may possibly be a considerable time before all the liberty of entering the country accorded by treaty can be taken advantage of by the missionary.—I am beginning to be anxious for the arrival of our missionaries here, not simply that I might not be alone, but that I might be less tired down to the spot than I am now and have been since my return from Canton, in November, 1856. An American missionary Mr. Ashmore, speaks of being up here soon; but it may be only for a visit, and not as yet to make a permanent stay. In some parts of the country around this, cholera has been raging a good deal for a month or two past; and within the last fortnight a good many cases have occurred at Swatow. It is melancholy to see the means to which the people resort in order to free themselves from this dreadful visitation of God's hand. First they have a procession of lanterns, each house furnishing one or more large lanterns, with pictures for them; this was continued for three successive nights; next they had a public procession, continued during the day and a great part of the night, with drums and gongs making discordant noise to drive away evil spirits from the streets; this was accompanied too with plays and the exhibition of all sorts of firework, children on horseback etc. Our doors or windows were closed, so that I can give no description of what did not wish to see; again the people went out in procession to a neighbouring field, and dr water to drink, a cupful of which was ordered as a recipe against the disease. These means have failed for the last week or more all animal food, fish or flesh, has been forbidden; on one day one was washed in water, and on my surgeon, on Monday, 19th when I went up from Double Island, the town appeared like a forest of shipping, high flagstaffs being erected in all directions, formed of long bamboo, fixed the one above the other, and some as high as ship's masts; to these were attached small flags; and at eight small lanterns were suspended from the top of each flagstaff. These things are expected to be beneficial I cannot ascertain. The only answer to be got is that they are ordered by their idols; and this brings out the most affecting feature of the whole. There are young lads who either really are possessed by evil spirits or feign to be so, and in a kind of raving madness are ordered from their fathers to go to the temple, or to be turned from any of the sins in which they are lying, and in which they seem to go on with an unblinking boldness as before. How true that darkness covereth the earth and gross darkness the people; what need that He should arise and shine upon the light of the world, if the people are so blind as to be turned from any of the sins in which they are lying, and in which they seem to go on with an unblinking boldness as before. How true that darkness covereth the earth and gross darkness the people; what need that He should arise and shine upon the light of the world, if the people are so blind as to be turned from any of the sins in which they are lying, and in which they seem to go on with an unblinking boldness as before. How true that darkness covereth the earth and gross darkness the people; what need that He should arise and shine upon the light of the world, if the people are so blind as to be turned from any of the sins in which they are lying, and in which they seem to go on with an unblinking boldness as before. 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