

way. They are not the volcano active, but the volcano menacing, and with the same disagreeable tendency to muttering, and hollow under-ground rumblings.

There is the corrosive. This temper operates like an acid, silently, steadily, and uninterruptedly. It finds out the raw places and it sticks to them. It is the continued dropping that wears the stone. It harasses dependents with suggestions of their condition; it reminds wrong-doers, even so penitent, of their sins; it preaches a perpetual sermon on poverty to the poor; and it never lets the unfortunate forget his miseries for one waking moment. In the church-member it reminds the outside sinner of his condition; if not with the silence and force, yet with the uniformity of gravitation. It is the evil odor that rises from dead and putrefying Pharisaism. It is to faithful kindly warning what the Episcopate variety is to table salt. Quinine is needful in certain cases and quantities; but think of all one's meals flavoured with quinine! Mothers-in-law, maiden aunts, injudicious good wives, and many violently good people, are sufferers from the corrosive variety.

Ah! here comes the pseudo martyr! ("Pseudo," we beg to explain, is Greek for every variety of the false, from the honest self-deception to the sheer humbug.) The eye is down cast; the body limp; the head bent; the hand slightly like a fish's fin in its cold and flaccid looseness; the general expression pathetic. He says, with mock meekness, "See how much I suffer, and how patiently I bear it." And underneath that he is commonly as proud as Lucifer. Wives who think they receive insufficient attention, daughters who at a certain age think they are persecuted by being kept at home, and boys Byronically affected, often present aggravated cases of this distemper. It sometimes allies itself with a spurious religion, and "for a pretence makes long prayers," formally directed upward, but really meant to glance horizontally, and say to observers, "Ah! poor me! that have no other comfort!" When the other comfort does come, we have observed that this kind of religion vanishes.

Drop a glass on the stones. You may calculate how a ball will rebound, how a blow will fall; but who can tell how, or into how many fragments, the glass will break? It is the representation of our last, perhaps worst, variety, the fractious. Loose talkers call them "cross," or peevish, or irritable. Good women call them "provoking." Men who are not afraid of them, at a safe distance, call them "snappish," "peevish," "waspy," "pettish," and the like. When anything soft is broken, like a blood vessel, it is a rupture; when anything hard, like a bone, it is a fracture. And the fractious are usually hard very. Self-made men, strong men, opinionative men, "men of genius," self-recognized, in music, and other departments, are liable to attacks of this malady. Women are not exempt. You stay by them. They do not want to be watched. You leave them. They can't bear to be neglected. You speak kindly. They hate flattery. You are severely truthful. They wonder where you learnt your manners. You are playful. They never liked levity. You are grave. They can't put up with moroseness. Pity the poor, weep over the sick, mourn for the "loved and lost;" but oh! kindly reader, reserve your deepest sighs, and liveliest sympathies, for those who must live—no, we retract the word—who must exist in constant, inevitable, contact with the fractious.—Rev. JOHN HALL, D. D.

Probable Annexation of Hawaii to the United States.

The fact that a United States vessel of war has been sent off Honolulu in consequence of the death of the King of the Sandwich Islands, ostensibly for the purpose of protecting American interests in case any trouble should occur in regard to the succession, has given rise to some speculation as to whether the President has any annexation design in that quarter. Kamehameha V., the late King, died childless, but under the Hawaiian Constitution had the privilege of naming his successor. This, however, he failed to do, according to the reports which have reached us by the way of San Francisco, and the consequence is that affairs are in a very uncertain condition. Previous to the death of Kamehameha it was generally supposed that Prince Lunaliu would be his successor. This Prince was considered the rightful heir previous to the accession of Kamehameha, but was set aside by the old King. His claim is derived through the female side of the Hawaiian royal family; his mother was the sister of Kamehameha II. He is thirty-four years of age, well educated, popular with the people of his own race, and has a fine personal address. The condition of the Sandwich Islands at present is not very promising. The population of the seven inhabited islands has decreased from 130,000 in 1836 to about 60,000, and is still falling off; while the expenses of the Government are out of all proportion to the number of inhabitants. The kingdom is over-run with swarms of office-holders, there being no less than twenty-six supreme and district judges, receiving salaries ranging from \$500 up to \$10,000, while police judges, clerks, interpreters and other paid officials also absorb a vast amount of money. The Attorney-General's Department of foreign Affairs and War are said to cost annually nearly \$100,000 each, the Interior Department \$461,000, and the Finance Department \$234,000, all of which extravagant expenditure falls upon the people of a little kingdom containing fewer inhabitants than several Canadian cities.

Marysville.

Marysville is a thriving little village of some 500 inhabitants, pleasantly situated on both sides of the Nashwaak, about 3 miles from its mouth, and an equal distance from the city of Fredericton. As the Nashwaak is one of the finest streams in the Province, the "Mills" as this

place was formally called, was, for many years, a centre for lumbering operations. Some seven years ago, A. Gibson, Esq., who had done a large lumbering business at Lepreau, bought out the former proprietors, made this his home, and commenced operations on a very large scale. Providence has greatly prospered him, and to-day he finds himself in a position to which few can hope to attain.

But if he has made money he has loved to spend it, and his contributions to benevolent and religious purposes, have been numerous and munificent. The improvement that he has made in Marysville are very great, and their cost can only be guessed at. Of these we mention a fine bridge across the Nashwaak, a school-house which has few superiors in the Province, neat and comfortable houses for some sixty families, besides many others that need not be named. We pass over the teacher's neat little cottage, his son's fine residence, and his own princely mansion, we shall confine ourselves to the parsonage and church.

THE PARSONAGE

is a neat and comfortable building, every way adapted for the purpose for which it was built. It is finished and furnished throughout in first class style, and no pains have been spared to render it a gem of neatness and comfort, for whatever taste could suggest, or money purchase, has been provided. While Mr. Gibson was quite willing to have borne the whole expense, he was nevertheless gratified at the willingness of the ladies of the congregation to share it with him, who contributed \$200 of the whole amount, which could not be less than \$1300 or \$1400. Everything having been completed, the pastor of the church, Rev. R. Wilson and family were invited thither to tea, who, after spending a pleasant evening with Mr. and Mrs. Gibson, Mr. and Mrs. Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. Libbey, Mr. and Mrs. Rowley, were left in possession of their new and comfortable home.

THE CHURCH.

has to be seen to be appreciated, and an artist alone can correctly describe it. It is Gothic in style, octagonal in form, with a spacious vestibule in front and Lecture room in the rear, and surmounted with a steeple and dome. The stucco work is very fine and the fre-coiling is elaborate. The groundwork of the ceiling is sky blue, with this studded with golden stars gives a very fine effect. The windows are of the best English stained glass, and are inscribed with some of the grandest and most suggestive passages in the Book of God. The duties we owe to God and man are taught in—"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart." Christ's interest in the young is shown in—"Suffer little children to come unto me." The grave is robbed of its gloom by the soul-cheering utterance—"I am the Resurrection and the life." Heaven is rendered very attractive while we read—"In my Father's house are many mansions," &c. &c. The pulpit is under a triple arch, the centre one bearing the beautiful prayer—"Lead me to the rock that is higher than I." Pulpit indeed there is none, but what is vastly better, a slightly elevated platform, upon which there is a neat reading desk, and three fine chairs corresponding in form with the arches overhead. The gallery is reserved for the choir who sit before the organ, which is pronounced by competent judges a very superior instrument. The lighting apparatus consists of six lamps in the pulpit, ten in the gallery, and a chandelier in the centre with twenty-four branches. The pews were carpeted and cushioned throughout, and each one furnished with three copies of the Bible and Wesley's Hymns bound together.

The pulpit Bible is a very fine one, and was presented to the church by Isaac Burpee, Esq., M.P. of St. John. The church will seat about 400 persons, but the pews can be so arranged that 200 more can be provided for. It is warmed by hot air, and no pains have been spared to render it not only a beautiful, but a comfortable building. What the whole cost of Church and Parsonage amounts to, we cannot say, but \$50,000 has not paid the bills, a splendid offering surely for one man to lay on the altar of the Lord.



HARBOR GRACE, FEBRUARY 7, 1873.

We beg to apologize for recent non-issue of the "Star," occasioned by the exhaustion of our stock of paper, and also to thank our numerous subscribers for the great leniency extended us, not one murmur having reached us against the matter.

We are now, however, in a position to resume duty, having received a supply; we, therefore, promise to work harder than ever—appreciating the great kindness shown us by our readers—and to make it our special endeavors to have the "Star" appear regularly for the future.

At present nothing of local interest is transpiring, except we may say that the shipping is undergoing the necessary repairs and alterations preparatory to the seal fishery. The weather of late has been intensely cold, the thermometer indicating as low as 12° below zero, unusually cold for us.

SOIREE.

A TEMPERANCE SOIREE, under the auspices of the Harbor Grace Division of the Order of the Sons of Temperance, will take place in the British Hall on the evening of Wednesday next. We believe the affair will be something

grand, and augur for it great success. Addresses, dialogues, recitations, &c., will be given to wit away the time in a pleasant manner. Our warmest sympathies are with the noble cause of temperance, and we trust that the valuable lessons delivered at the coming entertainment may be the means of doing much good, and of adding numbers to the ranks of the "Sons."

MOSQUITO GOOD TEMPLARS.

On Monday evening last, the members of Terra Nova Lodge (Good Templars) No. 10, met for the purpose of installing officers for the ensuing quarter. The attendance was good, and the Rev. Charles Ladner, D. G. W. T., in a graceful manner, installed the following to their respective duties:

- Francis P. Simmons, W. C. T.
George G. W. Gutter, W. V. T.
Bernard Parsons, W. C.
Harriet Taylor, W. F. S.
Francis Taylor, W. T.
Augustus Taylor, W. S.
John Taylor, W. A. S.
Johna Taylor, W. L. S.
Ellis Pike, W. R. S.
Samuel H. W. Peet, W. M.
Elfrida L. Taylor, W. D. M.
Mark Taylor, W. I. G.
Joseph Wells, W. S.

A New Name for the "Devil."

MR. KNOTT, one of the owners of the English Schooner "Devil," is about to apply to the Board of Trade for permission to change her name to "Newbury," on account of objections to her name by shippers.

We believe no one will regret the circumstance, as it is not at all pleasant to have youngsters shouting about town when that vessel is here, that his Satanic majesty the Devil is in the harbor. It scares us.

A CONTEMPORARY publishes the following very melancholy communication from the Rev. Mr. Goode, of Channel relative to the loss of the schooner "Elizabeth":—

"Elizabeth" of Prince Edward Island.

It is my duty to announce through your kindness that this vessel was found a complete wreck at a place called "Feath or Bed Lane," about five miles West of Cape Ray on December 29th, 1872. She was a small schooner, not quite forty feet long, of a flat build, with a new top, painted green originally and afterwards tarred over. All hands on board must have perished, as three—two men and one woman have been picked up. These three received Christian burial according to the rights and ceremonies of the English Church. The woman was tall and stout, height about five feet seven inches, aged about twenty-seven years, apparently a mother. One of the two men was about six feet in height, being broad and stout in proportion; features not known, as his head was beaten off. The other was short and slender and some resemblance to an Indian—but this is uncertain owing to the dreadful tossing the poor fellow got against the cliff during the wild rage of the storm at the time. All were naked when found, and a poor man threw off his shirt that could hardly be covered the woman's body. They were brought five miles through a rough and wild part of the country, and buried in consecrated ground, with all proper and becoming decency. There was nothing left to tell who the owner was, or where she was bound for, or what her cargo was, as the whole of the inside was washed away. A fourth person was seen in the water but could not be rescued owing to the roughness of the weather. A few remnants of child ens clothing was found on the shore, which make us think there must have been a child on board. Some people conjecture the vessel and those on board belonged to Bonne Bay, or Bay of Islands; and others to Carbonear or round that part of the Island. I shall be anxious to know if this notice reaches the friends of the lost and also the owner of the vessel.

T. A. GOODE,
S. P. G. Missionary at Channel.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[FOR THE HARBOR GRACE STAR.]

It is interesting to trace the rise and progress of the great questions that, from time to time, agitate the different nations of the earth. First, there is the obscure hunting at the subject; then its advocacy by a few—often uneducated men regarded with contemptuous indifference; then, the more general enlistment of public sympathy and support; and finally, its culmination in a mighty torrent of a awakened conviction that sweeps before it all opposition. Viewed in this way, the great Temperance Reformation presents an attractive field for study. Not many years ago—with in the memory of the present generation—only the faint intimations of the coming struggle were visible. Today, the leaders of the Temperance legions are everywhere mustering and marshalling their forces, preparatory to the fierce, perhaps final, conflict with their veteran enemy. Unlike many other movements, which are of necessity confined to one nation or race, this is calculated to reach and secure the good will of the "entire brotherhood of man;" and no matter how frequently repulsed—how often defeated—the temperance armies may be, victory will eventually rest with them, as surely as truths will overcome error. Although fitted to meet

the requirements of well nigh every nation under Heaven—for we find in all the same paving for the fiery alcohol—as yet, it is principally amongst the mighty Anglo-Saxon race that the great temperance reform has found its standard advocates, and rallied round its standard the largest number of adherents; and in nearly all English speaking communities will be found individuals who have embraced temperance principles and enlisted in the temperance host. Newfoundland, though comparatively out of the track of, and uninfluenced by, other of the "great questions of the day," has felt and acknowledged the claims of the temperance movement; for has she not to mourn over the loss of many, and the worse than loss, the degradation and misery of others of her stalwart sons, through this one sad, monster-evil, intemperance? And yet, the past history of the temperance cause in this Island has not been altogether satisfactory. True, in the first flush and vigor of youth, it "took root, blossomed, and shot forth its branches vigorously," and extended over, and influenced a considerable number of the settlements that dot our coast; but if we now seek for some evidence of its existence, we too often find that either the cause has died out, or lingers in a comatose condition, "neither hot nor cold," and wholly uncountable. What may be said of Newfoundland in general, is true, of Harbor Grace in particular. On entering into conversation with some of the veterans in the cause, one is astonished to hear of flourishing societies, with fabulously elastic revenues—when meetings for the propagation of the principles of temperance, sobriety, and brotherly love, etc., were crowded; when the great and powerful of the earth, i. e., of Harbor Grace, presided over enthusiastic temperance gatherings; when energetic individuals threw their whole heart and soul into the cause, and when everybody did everything possible to further the cherished movement. "But a change came over the spirit of the dream!" Ask, "What is the state of matters now?" and one is answered by a dubious shake of the head, and a look, such as a veteran of the first Empire might assume when comparing the past of this country with the present. One can imagine an advocate of twenty years standing answering an imaginary "interviewer," thus:—"I cannot account for it! Our big men dropped off one by one; the little ones followed (metaphorical). I'm sure they shouldn't have done so; and now we are left to struggle on as best we may, while many who are personally true to some at least, of their old pledges, and have even attained high honors in the ranks, and stood foremost in other places and former years, now stand aloof, watch with indifference our efforts, and even jest at our endeavors—charging us with being guzzlers of tea, Pharisaees and other uncomplimentary epithets of that ilk!" "Yes, friend, this may be true, but is it the whole truth?" Can we not trace the present discouraging state of affairs rather to the element of hypocrisy, which relentlessly affirms, entered largely into the composition of the old societies, and have left an indelible stain upon their memory? But why dwell on the past, when the present has claims upon you? Fight the old battles over again; raise the old war cry. But if you would succeed, you must free yourselves from traitors—sly drinkers—who haunt the back doors and side-entrances of taverns; who often enter the bar, but never on any account exceed a glass of syrup (?); who, for the sake of obtaining a good name, make temperance societies a stalking horse, leading outsiders, by a process of infernal reasoning to conclude that "all them temperance fellows takes a drop on the sly." These are the "little foxes that spoil the grapes," that cause honest men to suspect you, and turn away with lofty scorn when you ask their aid. It is these sneaks, who (covering moral defects with a clean collar, tuck its sharp corners into the eyes of "fond parents" and anxious employers—these virtuous individuals (?), who, to fit them selves out of the mire of a false public opinion, mount the temperance steed—unmuzzled hypocrites, who seek to cleanse themselves from the dirt contracted when wandering in the devious paths of intemperance, by a magic touch of the temperance whitewash who do more to hinder the advance of Temperance principles than the opposing interest of a legion of grog-sellers, and throw more discredit upon the cause than all the sneers of those who now seek to "show the cold shoulder." Let your ranks (even though they be decimated) be made pure, and as far as possible free from these parasites, who, while sheltering under a godly tree, stop its growth, and, if not removed, ultimately destroy it, and the temperance cause will again lift its head, stronger, purer, better for its adversity, and become a power in our midst. VOX.

Harbor Grace, }
Feb. 6, 1873. }
[TO THE EDITORS OF THE STAR.]
DEAR SIR:—
Please to inform me (as you are old Volunteers) how a general Officer should be received when about to inspect a detachment? for the other day I saw the General Inspector of Police received with "shouldered arms", while in my opinion he should have been received under the order of "present arms."

BRASS RAG.

[You are quite correct. The General Inspector should have been received with open ranks and at "present arms," and having received his report, "shouldered arms." He would then proceed to inspect the detachment, accompanied by a junior. The junior having then got instructions from his superior, would put the men through manual and platoon exercise, the General Officer looking on with an eye to detect any defect. In all instances the above manner is

correct. No General Officer at inspections puts the men through manual and platoon exercises, but rather notes the capability of the junior to instruct them therein.—Eds. STAR.]

Where are the Police?

[TO THE EDITORS OF THE STAR.]
SIRS,—
It is a fact, an all apparent fact, that we have at present only two Police Constables on street duty, at least only two at a time, these being relieved every few hours. What the meaning of this is I would much like to know. Perhaps it is some new way of "flattering" the Bobby to render him unfit for duty, or maybe it is to offer rowdies a fair chance for a "glorious shine."

This is not as it ought to be; we have a force, a good force, and I say it should be kept on duty.

ALABASTER.

A private letter from Rose Blanche, dated Jan. 16, informs us that the weather there has been very rough since the 1st December; no fish caught since that date; large quantities of snow on the ground; no drift ice on the shore yet.

On the 23rd December two men, Jonathan Harris and David Hawkins, were returning home with supplies from Rose Blanche in a skiff, when they got on the Rocks and sank, both were drowned. Harris leaves a widow and child, Hawkins a widow.—Chronicle.

By Authority.

His Excellency the Governor in Council has been pleased to appoint the Hon. Major Renouf to be Acting Chairman of the Board of Works.

His Excellency the Governor has also been pleased to appoint William Barnes, Esquire, to be Her Majesty's Acting Surveyor-General of this Colony, in place of the Hon. Major Renouf, appointed Acting Chairman of the Board of Works.

It is the intention of His Excellency the Governor to open the Fourth Session of the Tenth General Assembly on Thursday next, the 6th instant, at two o'clock P. M.

Secretary's Office, 4th February, 1873.
—Gazette.

NEWS & ITEMS.

If you have an enemy, act kindly to him—make him your friend. You may not win him over at once; but try him again. Let one kindness be followed by another, till you have compassed your end. A little and little great things are completed.

THE false shame which shrinks from exposing to the world a necessary and honorable economy; which blushes more deeply for a shabby attire than for a mean action; and which dreads the sneer of the world more than the upbraiding of conscience—this false shame will prove the ruin of every one who suffers it to influence his thoughts and life.

At a recent examination of one of the schools in Washington, the question was put to a class of small boys, "Why is the Connecticut River so called?" when a bright little fellow put up his hand. "Do you know, James?" "Yes ma'am, because it connects Vermont and New Hampshire, and cuts through Massachusetts!" was the triumphant reply.

SMALL POX IN BRIDGETOWN.—We are sorry to learn that the small pox has appeared in Bridgetown it having been brought there from Boston by Captain Farnsworth and a man belonging to Clarence. Five cases were reported on the 4th inst. A special Session of the Peace is called to meet at Bridgetown, to adopt measures for a general vaccination. The steamers bringing to Annapolis are constantly bringing passengers (via St. John) from the cities of the United States, where small-pox and other epidemics prevail. "Can no measures be adopted for our better protection?" asks our correspondent.
—Halifax Chronicle.

THE Marquis of Ripon told an amusing story the other day in an after-dinner speech at Ripon. He said he well remembered when he went out to America one of the first persons who came on board the steamer when he got to New York was a gentleman connected with the press, and having tried various persons of the English Commission, and not having extracted very much from any of them, he at last went in despair to a friend of his, (the speaker) who was also attached to the Commission, and said, "Sir, have you nothing to reveal?" Well, his friend had nothing to reveal. We may say *ex nihilo nihil fit*.

Don't spit on the floor; don't spit at all, if you can help it. Don't drum with your fingers or feet; don't sit with your feet higher than your head; don't go with dirty nails; don't trim or clean your nails in company; don't clean your nose, ears or teeth in the presence of others; don't eat with your knife; don't blow your nose at table; don't make sipping tea or eating soup a vocal exercise; don't eat fast; don't drop orange peel or peach skin on the sidewalk; don't interrupt others in conversation; don't use profane language; don't whisper in church or at concerts; don't pull out your watch in church; don't sleep in church—unless the minister is asleep; don't run in debt, but if you do, don't forget to pay; don't borrow your neighbours newspaper.