

Notices
N BAY PACKETS
Harbor Grace Packets

SS Packet being now
having undergone such
improvements in her accom-
modations, as the safety, com-
fort, and convenience of Passengers can pos-
sibly suggest, a careful
Master having also been
appointed to resume her usual
service, leaving Harbour
Grace, on WEDNESDAY,
at 9 o'clock, and for
the following days.

FARES.
Passengers 7s. 6d.
Children 5s.
..... 6d.
..... 1s.
in proportion
packages will be careful-
ly packed, and no accounts can be
settled, nor will the
Company be responsible for any Specie
lost by this conveyance.
NEW DRYSDALE,
Agent, Harbour Grace
THOMAS & BOAG,
Agents, St. John's
May 4, 1835

CREINA
Green Carbonar and
Coal Co.

returning his best
thanks for the patronage
uniformly received, begs
to inform of the same
will, until further no-
tice, be on the morning
of FRIDAY, 10th inst.,
and the Packet Man
on the Mornings of
SATURDAY, at 9
o'clock, and on
SUNDAY, at 10 o'clock,
on each of those

FARES.
7s.
from 5s. to 3s. 6d.
6d.

portion.
DOYLE will hold
for all LETTERS
sent him.

PATRICK

begs most respect-
fully to the Public, that the
most commodious Boat
experience, he has fit-
ted up CARONEAR
VE, as a PACKET-
boat, (part of the after-
cabin, with two sleeping
berths, and the fore-
cabin, with two sleeping
berths, which will
afford satisfaction. He now
trusts of this respect
he assures them it
will endeavour to give them
pleasure.

leave CARONEAR,
on Thursdays, and
on the Mornings,
at 10 o'clock, on Mondays,
Tuesdays, the Packet-
boat, at 8 o'clock on those

FARES.
7s. 6d.
from 5s. to 3s. 6d.
6d.
1s.
to their size or
be accountable for

John's, &c., &c.
Carbonar, and in
Carbonar, and in
&c. at Mr Patrick,
Tavern) and at

LET
for a Term of

situated on the
street, bounded on
the late captain
the Subscriber's.

RY TAYLOR,
Widow.

ks
at the Office of

THE



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AND CONCEPTION BAY JOURNAL.

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HARBOUR GRACE, Conception Bay, Newfoundland:—Printed and Published by JOHN THOMAS BURTON, at his Office, opposite Mess. W. Dixon & Co'

THE RUINS OF POMPEII.—To me much the most interesting object at Pompeii is the amphitheatre. It is complete with the exception of its ornaments, and the marble seats, of which just enough remain to prove that they once existed; their disappearance demonstrates that the place had been pretty thoroughly explored, probably soon after the eruption. This amphitheatre stands by itself, in a corner of the town, against the walls, and is large for the place. Where those of Rome, Verona, and Nismes, and one or two more, not in existence, it would be thought prodigious. The houses of Pompeii, you will readily conceive, were low, and they had the flat roofs, of cement that are still used in all this region, the shape being a little rounded, so as to turn the water. I should think few of them could have been destroyed by the weight of the ashes immediately, though time would be certain to cause their beams to rot. Most of the dwellings were connected with shops, but there are enough of a better sort to give one a respectable opinion of the luxury of the Romans.—They are built around courts which in this mild climate, would answer all the purpose of halls of most of the year, and which probably, were often veiled from the heat of the sun by awnings. The diminutive size, and the want of light and other convenience of the sleeping-rooms, however rather detract from an estimate of ancient comfort. The scale on which the place of public resort existed, such as the amphitheatres and theatres, the forum, temples, and baths, coupled with the showy character of the greater, and the meaner character of the more private, apartments of the dwellings, I think, leave an impression against the individuality of the people. I do not know whether the public meddled as much among the Romans as among the Anglo-Saxons, but the inference seems to be pretty fair, that the man lived voluntary more before it than is our practice. Here I first saw a small fragment of the Appian Way.—This road was far from straight, making deviations from the direct line to communicate with towns and posts, as well as to avoid natural impediments, as is proved most here and at Pozznoli, as in other places. It entered Pompeii by the Naples gate, and left it near the amphitheatre. It has been uncovered for some little distance in the former direction; and as usual, it was bordered by tombs. Cicero somewhere speaks of sitting with a friend in a certain seat, without this gate, near to a particular tomb, reading one of his Offices. The seat and tomb are both there. Pompeii certainly offers a multitude of objects of intense interest (but which I shall not describe for the thousandth time); but whoever fancies he sees in it a disinterested town that seeds only to be peopled to be perfect, has an imagination more fertile than mine. It wears the aspect of a ruin. It is true that the modern towns and villages of this region are not without something of the same appearance; for the absence of visible roots, the apertures of the windows which when open, show no glass—and open they generally are in summer—and the due hue, conspire to give them a look not unlike that of this Roman city. But Pompeii has still more of this character, from the manner in which its temples were destroyed (as is thought) by a severe earthquake a few years previously to the eruption. The broken columns, and the other fragments, sufficiently testify to this fact. The walls are well preserved, and I walked for some distance on them. The summits of their towers have principally disappeared, for they must have risen above the ashes, and were probably the towers spoken of by the poet mentioned—the romans seldom building any other. They have a strong resemblance to the walls of the towns of France which were used before artillery was

much improved. The inscriptions, signs scribbling on the walls, and divers other little usages of the sort, certainly produce a startling effect, referring as they do to the most familiar things of an age so very remote, and in a manner of so little design. These things savour more of peopled streets than the houses.—*Cooper's Excursions.*

EXTRAORDINARY CASE OF ELECTRICAL EXCITEMENT.—A lady on the evening of the 25th of January, 1837, during the beautiful exhibition of *Aurore Boréale*, which many of our readers will remember, took place on that evening, became so highly charged with electricity, as to give out vivid electrical sparks from the end of each finger, to the face of each of the company present. This did not cease with the heavenly phenomenon, but continued for several months, during which time she was constantly charged and giving of electrical sparks of every conductor she approached. This was extremely vexatious as she could not touch the stove, nor any metallic utensil, without first giving off an electric spark, with the consequent twings. The state most favorable to this phenomenon, was an atmosphere of about 80 Fah., moderate exercise and social enjoyment. It disappeared in an atmosphere approaching zero, and under the debilitating effects of fear. When seated by the stove, reading with her feet upon the fender, she gave sparks at the rate of three or more a minute; and under the most favourable circumstance, a spark that could be seen, heard and felt, passed every second! She could charge others in the same way when insulated, who could then give sparks to others. To make it satisfactory that her dress did not produce it, it was changed to cotton and woolen, without altering the phenomenon. The lady is about 30—of sedentary pursuits, and a delicate state of health, having for two years previous suffered from acute rheumatic and neuralgic affections, with peculiar symptoms.—*Silliman's Journal.*

HUMOUR AND WIT.—Painting may be, and often is, humorous, but can never be witty; because wit requires a succession of ideas, and succession is beyond the reach of painting. Wit in society is less common than humour, for a humorous impression may be conveyed without effort in the simplest phrases; wit requiring comparison is more far-fetched, and demands more thought. Wit is the keener, colder, and more polished quality; humour the more gentle, arch, and amiable, for the subject of humour is man, it is essentially personal; wit treats with the same indifference of persons and things.

CURIOUS EXEMPTIONS FROM MILITARY SERVICE IN EGYPT.—The robust villagers, we occasionally saw, were generally maimed; some wanting a thumb of the right hand, or fore side teeth, which they had chopped off, or extracted, that they might not be pressed into the Pasha's military service. They cut off their right thumb that they may not be able to cock the musket, and pull out their side teeth that they may be rendered incapable of biting off the heads of the cartridge, prior to priming and loading.

The following pithy maxims, which Rochefoucauld "might be proud to own," we copy from Miss Landon's "Romance and Reality":

A great change in life is like a cold bath in winter, we all hesitate at the first plunge.
Marriage is like money—you seem to want it and you never get it.
Attention is always pleasant in acquaintance till we tire of them.

The ridiculous is memory's most adhesive plaster.

An ampt quotation is like a lamp which flings its light over the whole sentence.

Hope is the prophet of youth— young eyes always look forwards. There is wisdom in even the exaggeration of grief—there is little cause to fear we should feel too much.

Surprises are like misfortunes or herrings—they rarely come singly.

Imagination is to love what gas is to the balloon—that which raises it from earth.

Love is followed by disappointment, admiration by mortification, and obligation by ingratitude.

The bitterest cup has one drop of honey.

A Philadelphia paper commences a paragraph on the affairs of Canada in the following truly original strain: "The spirit of war is abroad in the land. The giant of battle, with his sanguinary tresses deepening in the sun, and with death short in his hand, glares around him with scorching eye, inspiring terror and dread. Fires blaze over scattered towns, and the smoke of conflict blots the sun."

CONNOISSEURSHIP.—When one of the Moorish Emperors was shown by an artist a picture representing John the Baptist's head in a charge his Majesty observed that it was exceedingly well done, but that the skin round the edge of the throat ought to be more shrunk as it always drew back from the effects of decapitation. The artist bowed to the imperial experience, and altered it to his Majesty's taste.

'The Sepulchre of forty Kings at Iona,' says Lord Teignmouth, the member for Maryebone, in his 'Sketches of the courts and islands of Scotland,' rears its lonely tower from the bosom of the stormy deep. The celebrated ruins consist of a cathedral, a nunnery, and St. Oran's chapel. The cathedral is small and cruciform; the height of the tower is only 70 feet; its architecture is rude and inelegant. On the north side of the altar is the tomb of Abbot Mackinnon, who died A.D. 1500, and is represented in a recumbent position. St. Oran's chapel contains some tombs, and is surrounded by the principal remaining monuments, unfortunately much defaced by weather and the footsteps of visitors. In this hallowed cemetery, this conventional asylum of the dead, which religion or superstition happily respected, even amid the fury of perpetual warfare, repose the bones the bones of upwards of forty Scottish, besides

French, Irish, and Norwegian kings.'

A clergyman and a doctor lived in the same village, in America, on terms of great intimacy. The former was attacked by a violent fit of the gout, and the latter attended his reverend friend gratuitously with unabating care and corresponding success. The medical gentleman soon after called upon his neighbour, the parson, to perform a certain service, and the called was promptly obeyed. The clergyman took an early opportunity to withdraw himself from the assembled company, alone and unobserved; but he was soon followed by the physician, requesting his acceptance of a rouleau of guineas, as a marriage fee. The divine retired for two minutes to his study and returned the rouleau to the donor, with a note containing the following impromtu:

To the doctor the parson's sort of a brother;
And a good turn from one deserves one from the other;
So take back your guineas dear doctor again,
Nor give, what you can so well remedy—pain.
Permit me to wish you all joy and delight
On the occasion that brought us together to-night:
May health, fame and wealth, attend you thro' life,
And every day add to the bliss of your wife.

HEIGHT OF THE WAVES.—M. Arago has received a letter from M. Pentland, in which he states that during the most violent tempests experienced by the Stag frigate, in doubling Cape Horn, he never found the waves run 20 English feet above the mean level of the sea.—*Railway Magazine.*

FACT NOT GENERALLY KNOWN
Although the bare idea of drowning a fish may appear to the mass an utter absurdity, but the thing is quite easy. It is true fishes are perfectly helpless when out of their proper element and will not drown when afloat if left to the guidance of their own instincts, but if a grilse salmon, or trout or in short any other species of fish, when newly taken from the net, is held with its tail up, and its snout down to the stream, it drowns we understand, almost immediately.— This experiment has been often tried, and but that a thump on the head is easier, would be resorted to by piscators for the purpose of putting finny captives to death.

We regret to learn that the Earl of Dalhousie, who has been long in a declining state of health, was taken dangerously ill on Tuesday last, and remains in a very precarious state.—*Caledonia Mercury.*

NOBILITY OF MIND.—Our education is a bed of Procrustes. It is lamentable that the differences of intellectual, are