

MISCELLANY.

[FOR THE EXAMINER.]

I LOVE TO SEE THE STARS OF NIGHT.

Whence do ye come, and whither bound, O, shining
orbs on high,
What mission are ye sent upon, that thus ye wander
through the sky?
'Tis long since Time's dark shadow fell, o'er many an
ancient light,
But ye seem to despise his dreaded power, ye glorious
stars of night!

Shine on, shine on, in glorious might,
I love to see the Stars of night!

The vestal lamp in Grecian fanes, hath been extinguish-
ed long ago;
On Persia's hills the worshipped flame, hath lost its
sacred glow;
And years have fled since the fire-lit cloud, and Salem's
temple bright;
But ye gaze as ever o'er that holy land, sweet change-
less stars of night!

Shine on, shine on, in glorious might;
I love to see the stars of night!

Long have ye look'd on our world below, on the vale
and mountain brow;
Ye beheld the ancient cities rise—ye behold their ruins
now:

Ye beam on the poor man's cottage home, as well as the
palace of sovereign might;
And shed your lustre alike on all, O, heavenly stars of
night!

Shine on, shine on, in glorious might,
I love to see the stars of night!

Where now are the holy seers of old, that through you,
knew fates to come,
Ere the Pyramid's height had tow'rd above, 'mid Egypt's
desert home?

Ye still convey the truths ye did; ye bless the eye that
marks your light,
And ye shine where gallant ship hath never sailed, O,
watchful stars of night!

Shine on, shine on, in glorious might,
I love to see the stars of night!

Much have ye seen 'mong Adam's race, of Love, its
Hopes and Fears;
And bloody deeds of darkness, too, where fell the vic-
tim's tears;

Say, are ye placed to mark us out—is the great record
in your sight?
Methinks, ye long for judgment on the earth, O, sleep-
less stars of night!

Shine on, shine on, in glorious might;
I love to see the stars of night!

Yet glorious was the song ye raised, to greet the new
created morn;
And from that period until now, the sound seems still to
linger on;

Though ye have shone on countless graves since Eden's
dawning light,
Ye point there's Hope and Glory still, O, cheering stars
of night!

Shine on, shine on, in glorious might;
I love to see the stars of night!

Then when the great momentous hour shall Nature's
works at last dissolve,
And ye, bright lamps!—the starry host—shall cease and
never more revolve;

Yet other suns will rise instead, and shine on with im-
mortal light,
And these will be God's CHOSEN ONES, ye heavenly stars
of night!

Shine on, till then, in glorious might;
I love to see the stars of night!

St. Peter's Bay, July, 1848.

J. M. K.

ACROSTIC.

TO

Since thou hast left thy childhood's home,
O still may happiness be thine;
Perhaps thy thoughts still linger where
Heaven saw sweet Love and Friendship twine.
Indulge the hope—thou still may'st live to see
A round thy place GEMS sweeter far than THEE.

St. Peter's Bay, August, 1848.

J. M. K.

HOUSEHOLD TREASON.—Heaven support thee, old
man! thou hast to pass through the bitterest ordeal which
honor and affection can undergo—household treason!—
When the wife lifts high her blushless front, and blazons
out her guilt; when the child, with loud voice, throws
off all control, and makes boast of disobedience, man re-
volts at the audacity; his spirit arms against his wrong;
its face, at least, is laid bare; the blow, if sacrilegious,
is direct. But when mild words and soft kisses conceal
the worst foe Fate can arm—when amid the confidence
of the heart starts up the form of Perfidy—when out
from the reptile swells the fiend in its terror—when the
breast on which man leaned for comfort, has taken

counsel to deceive him—when he learns that day after
day, the life entwined with his own, has been a lie and
a stag-mine, he feels not the softness of grief, nor the
absorption of rage; it is mightier than grief, and more
withering than rage; it is a horror that appals. The
heart does not bleed; the tears do not flow, as in woes
to which humanity is commonly subjected; it is as if
something out of the course of nature had taken place;
something monstrous, and out of all thought and fore-
warning; for the domestic traitor is a being apart from
the orbit of criminals; the felon has no fear of his inno-
cent children; with a price on his head, he lays it safely
on the bosom of his wife. In his home, the ablest man,
the most subtle and suspecting, can be as much a dupe
as the simplest. Were it not so as a rule, and the excep-
tions most rare, this world were the riot of a hell!—
Bulwer.

IRISH SHREWDSNESS.—A few days ago a countryman
went into the Cavan Bank, and requested gold for some
Bank of Ireland notes he had. The clerk declined,
stating that they gave gold for no notes but their own.
'Well, then,' says Mick, 'will you give me Cavan notes
for the Bank of Ireland?' 'Certainly,' said the clerk;
and the exchange was made forthwith. Mick walked
out, but in the course of two minutes returned, and lay-
ing down the notes of the Cavan Bank on the counter,
exclaimed—'By dad, my man, I have you now; give
me gold for thim notes.' It could not be refused, and
Mick went on his way, boasting how he had done the
banker.

THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE.—Mahomet Bey, the
ruler of Tunis, was dethroned by his subjects. He was
a clever man, and had the reputation of possessing the
philosopher's stone or the art of turning common metals
into gold. The Dey of Algiers restored him to his
throne upon the condition that the secret should be com-
municated to him. Mahomet, with great pomp and
solemnity, sent the Dey of Algiers a plough.

James Montgomery is the author of the following sen-
timent—beautiful in its simplicity. 'When I am a man,'
is the poetry of childhood; 'when I was young' is the
poetry of old age.

Old Cotton Mather's definition of a drunken man is as
follows: 'Whenne a manne fallethe offe hisse beaste,
or essayethe too lighte hisse pipe at ye pumpe, hee isse
too bee esteemed drunken.'

THE "HULKS" OF BERMUDA.

It may be interesting to some of our readers to know
where Mitchel, is condemned to linger out his days in
confinement on board of a prison ship. They are (re-
marks a *knowing* correspondent) truly named 'Hulks,'
and I would add loathsome hulks, too. I was once a
prisoner of war and confined on Board of them, and have
a most vivid recollection of those floating castles.

The Bermudas, or Somers' Islands, are a small group,
situated about half way between Nova Scotia and the
Antilles, and about 600 miles from the American coast,
or from Cape Hatteras.—During the war of 1812, it was
the head quarters for the British army and navy on the
American station. It was from the Bermudas that
the army under Gen. Ross sailed for the Chesapeake,
and for the attack on Baltimore. It was also from the
Bermudas that one division of the army destined for
the attack on New Orleans, departed, under the com-
mand of Gen. Keen—the division under Gen. Gibbs, for
the same destination sailed from Jamaica. These Is-
lands are about thirty-five miles in length, and about
twenty broad, and are divided into forty Islands, the sea
running through them in every direction, forming bays
and inlets on almost every side.—One of the hulks, the
'Goree,' an old African ship, is situated at the head of
the St. George's harbour, and is used as a receiving ship.
The 'Ardent,' sixty four, was situated in the bay, about
four miles from the navy yard at Hamilton, and three
miles from the tanks, at the head of a long and danger-
ous reef of rocks which extend from the eastern end of
the islands for about 30 miles, in a kind of semi-circle,
running all around the western side of the island. In-
side of this reef, and near the head of it, lies the
'Thames,' a large dismantled ship, her lower masts
only standing, looking like three stumps sticking up,
and a bowsprit sticking out like a dog's tail cut off.
This is the place where Mitchel is incarcerated. This
hulk—the Thames—has taken the place of the Ardent,
which has been hauled into the docks at Hamilton.

Confinement in one of these hulks is bad enough
for sailors, who are accustomed to a wet jacket and
hard fare, but for a landsman, who has been bred to
scenes of refinement, it is, absolutely, unendurable. His
fare is the condemned provisions of the British navy—
the scenery is the constant dash of the ocean against
the rocks, heaving it into white foam—shut in on the
south by high hills, and on the west, open to the broad
Atlantic, but locked in by that impassable reef no ves-
sel dare venture near.

Nothing but stratagem can ever relieve the unfor-
tunate Mitchel from his position. In the passage up,
inside of the reef, at least four hundred guns could be
brought to bear upon any vessel that should venture
in, and these at a high elevation. The reef is a per-
fect barrier to any direct approach from the sea. There
is no passage through the islands any other way, ex-
cept for small boats, and they would have to pass
through the harbour of St. George in order to reach
the upper bay.

JOHN MITCHEL.—We learn that a person who was
a steward over some public works in Bermuda, arrived
in this City on Tuesday. When he left Bermuda, about
ten days since, Mitchel was well and had a certain
limit on which he could walk for the benefit of his health.
He still wears his own clothes and is not asked to work,
and is treated in every respect like a gentleman, con-
sistent with his safe keeping. No one is allowed to
speak with him, and all Irish not in the army and who
hold civil situations under the Government, have been
dismissed, and a strict supervision kept upon all Irish
who dwell on the Island. This wholesale dismissal of
the Irish was the cause why the informant of our cor-
respondent left Bermuda. Mr. Mitchel is allowed books,
but neither pens nor paper. His feelings cannot of
course be ascertained, but he does not at all look de-
jected. No doubt he is buoyed up with the strong
hope of his country's freedom and his own release.—
N. Y. Herald.

CHATEAUBRIAND.—A soldier, traveller, ambassador,
peer, prime-minister, academician, and an author uni-
versally honored as among the first of his time, perso-
nally acquainted with most of the illustrious men of
two generations,—with Mirabeau, Fox, Burke, Pitt,
Sheridan, Canning, Washington, Napoleon, Wellin-
gton, Nelson, Bolivar, Mehemet Ali, and a host of cele-
brities in the literary world,—having slept under the
wigwams of the Huron and under the tents of the Arab,
—having mused in the halls of the Grenadas and by the
side of the Holy Sepulchre,—having wandered amid
the ruins of Rome and Athens, of Carthage and Mem-
phis,—having been the tenant of garrets and the guest
of kings,—he has seen character in all its forms, and
life in all its aspects; and his memoir written by his
own hand, and embellished with all the rare tints of his
fancy and the glowing colors of his diction,—cannot
fail to prove one of the literary treasures of the age.—
Correspondence New York Cour. and Enquirer.

In his speech at Newburyport last week, Gen. Cush-
ing justly remarked that ours was at the present mo-
ment the only stable government in the world. 'We
have seen,' he said, 'within the last few months the
old monarchies of Europe overthrown on the instant by
mere popular tumults which would be harmless in this
country. In Paris, Vienna, Berlin, Milan, Naples, a
mere mob has been able to destroy the old and appar-
ently time-compact constitutions of the greatest em-
pires. What could a popular tumult in New York
effect against the Constitution of the United States?
Though it were as numerous, as resolute, and as well
armed as the socialists and communists of Paris, and
should maintain a four days' fight in the streets; it would
have no more effect on the integrity and stability of the
Union, than the blast of a winter's wind against the
mountain side.'—*Boston Trans.*

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