



### POETRY

#### LINES.

"My heart is in my childhood's home."  
My heart is far among mine own,  
Amid the sunlit dells;  
And violent walks, and scenes long gone,  
Of childhood's happy spells

My wayward fancy wanders there,  
In every silent hour;  
And lingers round those scenes so fair,  
Her own familiar bower.

I'm filled with hallowed memories,  
That haunt me all around;  
And gert about with holy ties,  
That will not be unbound.

Though many a year has passed away,  
Since on that sward I played;  
And flowers oft opened to the day,  
And faded where I've strayed.

And time upon my brow has signed  
His record lines and fled;  
And with my massy tresses twined,  
Full many a silvery thread.

Yet still amid my early loves  
I stand with sense unchilled;  
And in my dreams my spirit moves,  
And thrills as erst it thrilled.

I pass along the busy mart,  
And hear no kindred tone,  
Or feel the influence of a heart,  
Congenial with my own.

And thus in wasting solitude,  
Mid stranger smiles I pine;  
My soul's best gift's in freshness strewed,  
Around a broken shrine.

My heart is far among mine own,  
Amid the sunlit dells;  
And violent walks, and scenes long gone,  
Of childhood's happy spells.

#### THE OAK-TREE.

BY MARY HOWITT.

Sing for the Oak-Tree,  
The monarch of the wood;  
Sing for the Oak-tree,  
That groweth green and good;  
That groweth now, and yet shall grow  
Without the forest shade;  
That groweth broad and branching,  
When we are lowly!

The Oak-Tree was an acorn once,  
And fell upon the earth;  
And sun and shower nursed it,  
And gave the Oak-Tree berth.  
The little sprouting Oak-Tree!  
Two leaves it had at first,  
Till sun and showers nourished it,  
Then out the branches burst.

The little sapling Oak-Tree!  
Its root was like a thread,  
Till then kindly earth had nourished it,  
Then out it freely spread.  
On this side and on that side  
It grappled with the ground;  
And in the ancient, rifted rock  
Its firmest footing found.

The winds came, and the rain fell;  
The gusty tempest blew;  
All were friends to the Oak-Tree,  
And stronger yet it grew.  
The boy that saw the acorn fall,  
He feeble grew and gray;  
But the oak was still a thriving tree,  
And strengthened every day!

Four centuries grows the Oak-tree,  
Nor its verdure fail;  
Its heart is like the iron-wood,  
Its bark like plated mail.  
Now cut us down the Oak-Tree;  
The monarch of the wood;  
And of its timbers stout and strong  
We'll build a vessel good;

The Oak-Tree of the forest  
Both east and west shall fly;  
And the blessings of a thousand lands  
Upon our ship shall lie!  
For she shall not be a man of war,  
Nor a pirate shall she be;—  
But a noble, Christian merchant-ship,  
To sail upon the sea.

The influence of England in Turkey had been re-established, it is said, in consequence of the hostile attitude assumed by France towards that country, which had compelled the Porte to solicit the good offices of England. The population of the Caucasus, had appointed a delegate to proceed to England for the purpose of claiming in a similar manner, the intervention of England, against the invasion of their country by the Russian armies.

#### UPPER CANADA.

It is one of the most remarkable features of this outbreak, and will distinguish it in history through all generations, that although it has utterly ceased in both provinces, and not an insurgent is to be found in arms, who is a British subject, yet its scorching influence is felt from quarters where fuel for the flame has not been placed, and from whence the heat may essentially injure but cannot save. The Insurgent force at present consists entirely of persons whose nation is at perfect peace, and on terms of amity and confidence with Great Britain, and they carry on this offensive warfare upon the territory of their ally. So strange is this phenomenon that the mind refuses the belief of it as a transaction of the 19th century,—a period in which it is supposed that all civilized nations understand their own rights and privileges, and the due maintenance of which engages them sacredly to respect those of others.

We cannot even perceive in it a specimen of political or moral quackery, for that would infer an intentional delusion, and from this we are ready to exculpate the greater part of the *strangers* who have placed themselves under the command of desperate and lawless leaders, whatever we may be disposed to say of the *latter* themselves. It is rather like the ultra-enthusiastic monomania of a physician, who, although he sees you in good health, is determined to physic and bleed you until you be well *after his own fashion*. He will force health upon you whether you be willing or repugnant, and should destruction and death be the issue, will *Sangrado-like*, aver, that you had not been bled sufficiently, and had drank too little water.

Look back for a moment to the late events. The military from Upper Canada was altogether with drawn to the lower province to suppress the commotions there; this they did effectually, and briefly, for the mischievous twisters of that "rope of sand" had not the

courage to face the trial of their own workmanship. In the meanwhile, the turbulence of the upper province was excited—and quelled, in so short a time that it is rather like a dream than an historical fact. And by whom was the latter put down? By native volunteers, by fellow-citizens, fellow-residents, altogether unaided by the powers of government. Does not this speak volumes? Does it not show in glaring characters, that, although a few factious and wicked incendiaries may cause a temporary and local commotion, even in the most peaceful and happy society, yet, where reasonable grounds of discontent are not to be found the evil must necessarily be of short duration?

But attempts are made, on the American side of the border, to draw a parallel between the condition of the Canadas, and that of Colonies at the period of the American revolution. Surely those who set about such a parallel must draw wonderfully upon their imaginations for political facts, and we fear, they pay the patriots of that day a poor compliment when they place the *leaders* of the present disturbances in juxtaposition with them. Never did the old adage more strongly enforce its truths than that of "the tree is known by its fruits" upon this occasion. Throughout the whole annals of mankind it has ever been found, that where honor, truth, patriotism, were at the foundation of action, courage and constancy, through good and ill bore up the noble hearts who espoused the cause, and, whether successful or otherwise, the memory of the brave and good was enshrined in the hearts of succeeding generations; but when the motives were sinister and the avowed objects unbased in fact, the cowardly agitator was always the first to flee the threatened explosion of his own device, to save his own skin or neck at any or all expense, or to step in, in case of a fortunate issue, and claim—the lion's share.

But the most serious part is yet behind. Do those misguided persons, who are thus so intent upon forcing liberty, justice, and so forth upon a people who *have* all they require, and want no such improvements in their condition—do they know, that in their very first step, they outrage a great moral precept, of universal acceptance? "Do not evil that good may come of it," is a safe, as well as just maxim. Yet, to give thankless assistance, the faith of treaties is to be violated, the law of nations is to be broken, the territory of an ally is to be abstracted, without either notice given, or cause alleged. Such things have been read of, as transactions in Germany during the

eleventh and twelfth centuries, where each baron and knight was no better than a brigand chief, *ordaining* law where he had the power to enforce, and submitting to dictation where he had not the power to resist it. But shall we quote such scenes and times as precedents, and bring back such feudal manners as these? Again, do those mistaken strangers reflect on the derangements to their own country's tranquillity which this uncalled-for interposition may incur? The proud boast, that they have even confined themselves to be *defenders* and never *aggressors*, however correct hitherto, can in no wise be borne out on this occasion; and we think there is little patriotism in following up a visionary idea, which may tend to set two great countries at variance. It is true that the General Executive, as well as those of the States near the border have in glowing terms shown the sense of its impropriety, but we surmise that unless acts of authority accompany expressions of disapprobation, the evil will not be materially suppressed.—*Emigrant and Old Countryman, Jan. 3.*

*Affecting Circumstance.*—Between Wm. Kelley, a well doing tradesman, and Helen Handerson, a respectable servant, a tender attachment had subsided for years. Both resided in the parish of Urr, and, little anticipating the calamity that followed, they with joyous hearts, fixed their wedding-day for Friday week, the 10th current. A number of mutual friends were invited, and the ceremony was to be performed at Meikle Dalbaette the residence of the family with whom the bride lived, and who were desirous of paying her every attention. On the Thursday preceding she became suddenly indisposed, and on some one asking her to lie down a little, touchingly replied, "Yes; but it must be in a soft place, for oh! I feel as if I would never rise again." In the course of the day she became worse and a doctor having been sent for, he declared the complaint to be of a serious nature, and indicated from the first his fears as to the issue. Next morning the wedding party began to assemble; the worthy clergyman also arrived; and then alas! the house of joy was unexpectedly turned into the house of mourning. The unhappy bride, whose sands of life were well nigh run was humanly made aware of her situation; the heart broken bridgroom was also warned that death was in the cup; and amidst the tears and sobs of all present, they were mutually interrogated whether, under such an awful dispensation of providence, the proposed ceremony