

to ascertain whether it is a sound and pure principle, understandingly believed, and feelingly cherished,—to put them on foreign ground, and observe the side, in the struggles of the two causes there perpetually in progress, their sympathies incline to. This is a test which does not often fail. We by no means intend to apply this reproach to the whole Whig party, or its entire Press. Far from it. There are many variations in degree in the anti-popular bias of sentiment which is, as a whole, their general characteristic; and a large proportion of them are soundly democratic at heart, if they but knew it, and are only excited to oppose a democratic Administration from adventitious causes, and by deceptive appeals to the very principles which ought to make them its earnest supporters.

With respect to the Canadians, we are glad to say, that the number of the papers from which they have to experience this illiberality, is comparatively small. As a whole the people of the Union manifest a warm interest in their cause. We are bound, morally bound, to sympathize, in this, as in every other question, with that party which has the weight of natural justice on its side. And as Americans, as the citizens of a country elevated to greatness by virtue of the very claims to self-government which the Canadians assert, it is impossible to repress the emotion of candid good will towards them, and of ardent aspirations for the honorable success of this new family of worshippers at the holy Shrine of Liberty.

SONNET.

Written after reading the translation, from the Greek Anthology, of Meleager's epitaph on his young daughter, published in the United States Magazine and Democratic Review, for October, 1837.

And was this all, fond sire, thy faith could say,
 O'er the sweet flowret torn from thy embrace,
 "Yield, mother mild, a soft and kindly place,
 And gently lie upon her mouldering clay!"
 Cold, joyless creed! Oh how beyond compare,
 Our heav'n-taught hope excels thy utmost art,
 To fill with balmy peace the broken heart,
 And cheer the soul, by calm, confiding pray'r!
 "The precious dust we give, in tears, to thee,
 Earth, safely keep," the Christian parent cries,
 "Till the glad hour when all the dead shall rise;
 And, FATHER, grant, that then my lot may be,
 To join my lov'd one in her native skies,
 And there forever dwell with her and Thee!"

B. F. B.