

[*C*] By a young lady of color.

[For the Liberator.]

HOURS OF CHILDHOOD.

'Blest hours of childhood! then, and thou alone,
Dance we the revels gay round pleasure's throne.'

Dear cherished hours, how much ye tell
Of all we've known, and loved so well!
On memory's page there is a leaf,
Bearing a trace of pleasures brief;
Of schoolday mirth, of pastime gay,
With which we wheild those hours away.

And those we loved in early youth,
With all the fervency of truth—
They seem to live, and pass us by,
With laughing lip and beaming eye.
Each favorite spot, each winding stream,
Where we have watched the bright sunbeam,
Appears at memory's magic spell—
And joys, to which we bid farewell.

When grief and bliss are in the train
Of hours we ne'er shall live again;
When sorrow clouds our after years,
And fills our cup with bitter tears;

'T is then we waft a sigh to ye

O by-gone days of memory.

ADA.

Philadelphia, Dec. 15, 1833.

Liberator, January 18, 1834