

☞ The following simple, yet beautiful lines, by a young lady of color, will meet a response in many hearts.

[For the Liberator.]

TO THE HIBERNIA.

O, speed thee! speed thee! gallant bark,
Across the bounding wave;
Thou bearest to old Britain's shores,
The Champion of the slave.

Propitious breezes waft thee on,
Safe o'er Atlantic's sea;
For many a heart with fervor sends
A benison to thee.

And he who fears not to commit
His body to thy care,
Fears not to brave the winds and waves,
Knowing that God is there.

He goes to raise the standard high,
And freedom's flag unfurl,
And to proclaim the rallying cry
Of freedom to the world.

Then swift and steady be thy flight,
Across the briny wave;
And safely bear, Oh noble bark,
The Champion of the slave.

ADA.

PHILADELPHIA, May, 1833.

Liberator, May 25, 1833