Sonnet to Liberty. " They tell me, Siberty! that, in thy name, I may not plead for all the human race; That some use born to bondage and disgrace, Some to a heritage of wee and shame , And some to power supreme, and glorious fame : With my whole soul, I spurn the ductrine base, And, as an equal brotherhood, embrace All people, and for all fair freedom claim! Know this, O man! whate'er thy earthly fate -God never made a lyrant, nor a slave: Wee, then, to those who done to descerate His glorious image ! - for to all the gave Elernal rights, which none may violate; And by a mighty hand the oppressed the get shall save. Wim Lloyd Garrison. Boston, Dec. 14, 1840.