

To the anonymous writer of the following effusion we offer our thanks, and request a continuance of favors.

For the Liberator.

THE GRAVE OF THE SLAVE.

The cold storms of winter shall chill him no more,
His woes and his sorrows, his pains are all o'er ;
The sod of the valley now covers his form,
He is safe in his last home, he feels not the storm.

The poor slave is laid all unheeded and lone,
Where the rich and the poor find a permanent home ;
Not his master can rouse him with voice of command ;
He knows not, he hears not, his cruel demand.

Not a tear, not a sigh to embalm his cold tomb,
No friend to lament him, no child to bemoan ;
Not a stone marks the place, where he peacefully lies,
The earth for his pillow, his curtain the skies.

Poor slave! shall we sorrow that death was thy friend,
The last, and the kindest, that heaven could send ?
The grave to the weary is welcomed and blest ;
And death, to the captive, is freedom and rest.

Philadelphia.

ADA.