

actions of their leader in perfect time. But neither entreaties nor threats could prevail on the unhappy black to join in this dance. She sat inconsolable by herself, and continued many days in the same sullen condition; and all we could learn on leaving the house, concerning this unfortunate female, lately so happy in her own country, was, that she was destined, with her husband, or rather lover, to embark in a few days on board a merchant vessel, the owner of which had bought them both, with several others, to sell them at Constantinople.'

"Well might these, and all negro captives, join in this dirge of their own composition—

'O God! give us our liberty—
Where do they hurry us?
Tears rise on every side,
Drear is the world wide—
Where do they carry us?

'O God! free us from slavery—
Shall we, in happiness,
See our dear homes again—
Where once no care nor pain
Caused us uneasiness?

'O God! give us our liberty—
In dreadful dreariness
Nature on every hand
Frowns in this horrid land!
We die of weariness—
O God! give us our liberty.'

"This original piece (the wording of which is only slightly altered) was handed to me, some few years ago, by my late lamented friend, James Richardson. On the same paper on which it was penned, he says, 'It is not to be wondered at that these poor bondswomen and children cheer up their hearts, in their lonely and painful wanderings over the frightful desert, with words and sentiments like these. But I have often observed that their fatigue and sufferings were too great for them to strike up this melancholy dirge, and many, many days their mourn-

ful strains never broke the horrid silence of the African wilderness of stone and sand. But when in good health, and reposing at the stations of the route, they sing from morning to night.'" — *Leisure Hour.*

CHARADES.

VI.

THE name of a tree that in England grows,
A river next that in Northampton flows,
A beautiful flower familiar to all,
A troublesome insect exceedingly small;
What miners will always contrive to conceal,
And a delicate fruit which I shall not reveal;
The heads of these words will give that which you
No doubt have been puzzled at times to construe.

VII.

My *first* makes all nature appear with one face,
At my *second* is music, and beauty, and grace,
And if this charade is not easily said,
My *whole* you deserve to have thrown at your head.

M. L., Drummondsville.—We have received the enigmas sent, and would have inserted them this month, but we find they are not correctly got up. Please revise them and send their answers, and they will appear next month.

ANSWERS.

To Musical Instruments Enigmatically expressed, in February number:—

- | | | |
|--------------|-------------|----------------|
| 1. Organ, | 2. Violin, | 3. Bagpipes, |
| 4. Dulcimer, | 5. Drum, | 6. Piano, |
| 7. Bugle, | 8. Sackbut, | 9. Harp, |
| 10. Cornet, | 11. Fife, | 12. Accordion. |

To Names of Poets Enigmatically expressed, in February number:—

- | | | |
|----------------|--------------|--------------|
| 1. Littleton, | 2. Beaumont, | 3. Campbell, |
| 4. Wordsworth, | 5. Landon, | |
| 6. Cunningham, | 7. Dyer, | 8. Broome, |
| 9. Denham, | 10. Moore, | 11. Milton, |
| | 12. Beattie. | |

Printed by H. & G. M. Rose, and published by them on the first of every month, at their Office, 44 Great St. James street, Montreal. All orders and communications to be addressed to the Publishers.