

rock, separated only by a small stream; instantly the tuft of pines which grew upon its brow were in a blaze, casting a lurid glare around, fit beacon of such a strife; while a huge fragment of the rock, torn by the shock, went crashing from its high site, bounding from bush to bush, which vainly opposed its course to the beach below.

The storm did not last an hour—yet as suddenly as it came so it departed; the black overhanging cloud was rent apart, and flew in airy pieces before the wind, which sank in its fury; and the sun again shone brightly forth. But where were the deer? One, the only one, a swollen carcass, lay at our feet upon the sand. The Indian turned my attention from it, and pointing after the feathery fragments of the storm, exclaimed—"The Great Spirit rules there!"

K.

*Saint John, September, 1841.*



For The Amaranth.

### THE PIANOFORTE AND THE SPINNING WHEEL.—A TRUE FABLE.

Nor long ago a fine Piano,  
The idol of the gay belle Anna,  
For which her *Pa*, the best of ninnies,  
Had paid some fifty pounds, or guineas—  
Which at a fire's wild hurry—scurry,  
(Excuse my diction Master Murray.)  
Was broken, shocking!—oh, heart-rending!  
Beyond all power or hope of mending;  
Not along ago, I say, this thing,  
Fit for the daughter of a King,  
Was cast into the dust and gloom  
Of that dread place—a lumber room;  
'Midst broken kettles, crocks, and chairs,  
And nameless things, not worth repairs,  
Beside an antiquated reel—  
Say Anna's grandma's spinning wheel;  
Our music-chest in being plac'd,  
Or thrown in Patrick all-work's haste—  
Upon the wheel, it crack'd a spoke,  
Which now in rising anger woke:—  
You rude, intrusive, nondescript,  
You ought to be severely whipt—  
What wanton freak—what foolish whim  
Has led you here to break my limb?  
Who is it dares my place invade?  
Your name—your family and trade?  
You upstart coxcomb, get away,  
I ne'er could bear a popinjay;  
You're far too flimsy—flashy—fine,  
To claim the strong, old Saxon line:  
Your tinsel skirts and polish'd face

Bespoke you of some foreign race—  
Perchance from Italy or France,  
Come here to teach young girls to dance:  
Musicians, now, and dancing masters  
Are honour'd more than parish Pastors.

(*Piano.*)

Whate'er I be I'm far your *bettors*,  
I'm vers'd in science, arts, and letters;  
I'm patroniz'd by all the great—  
The highest person in the state:  
Ev'n Queen Victoria prizes me  
Above the first nobility.  
You maudlin hum-drum, vulgar thing,  
I was presented by the King  
To her who now is Britain's Queen,  
The day that she attain'd eighteen:  
She takes me by the hand each day,  
And condescends with me to play;  
She'd think her drawing-room was bare  
If I, her fav'rite, was not there—  
But *you*—she'd kick you out of doors,  
To drudge in coats for country boors;  
As one whose shape, and dress, and movement  
Were all oppos'd to all improvement—  
You obsolete—old-fashion'd creature,  
Uncouth in voice, and form, and feature;  
I do you honour, let me say,  
By this my visit here to-day:  
I own 'twas 'gainst my wish I came,  
I'm prison'd here, all bruise'd and lame—  
Misfortune, war, and wreck, and weather,  
Will sometimes huddle those together  
As diff'rent both in rank and worth  
As jewels are from common earth.  
Were I as I was wont to be,  
As active, sound, and full of glee,  
I'd scorn to stay with such as you,  
How gladly would I say adieu,  
And joyful as I went would play  
"Over the hills and far away."  
How dire my doom, what deep disgrace,  
My charming voice—my beauteous face  
The world will no more hear or see—  
I'm past all hope of remedy.  
My friends have tried the best of skill,  
But all in vain, to cure my ill;  
For still my nerves and heart-strings jar,  
And mock the art of Doctor Barr.

(*Spinning Wheel.*)

Though one our doom and one our place,  
How wide in contrast is our case—  
What claim have you to sympathy,  
Whose pride survives prosperity?  
You only merit my displeasure,  
Vain creature of a useless pleasure,  
I rest from toil, I've done my duty;