

heart, unconsciously giving utterance to this expression of her happiness.—When the stormy winds of winter have stripped the forest of its verdure, we do not readily perceive that the tall and gnarled oak, and the slight and graceful sapling by its side, have sprung from the same stock! but when the genial warmth of spring has again clothed both with the same bright foliage, the relation is at once recognised. Such was the resemblance of Alice to her father—when the features of both were in a state of quietude, it were difficult to trace in the bright countenance of Alice, any resemblance to the somewhat stern features of the old man; but when he relaxed into a smile, and her features were lit up by some piece of merriment, the resemblance was most striking.

After having thoroughly fatigued myself, one bleak and stormy day, in scrambling over the rocks, in an unsuccessful attempt to shoot wild ducks, I returned late in the evening to my quarters; and while a homely but substantial repast was preparing, my dripping garments were changed, and the meal which followed was heartily enjoyed. Then the family gathered round the huge fire place, piled with blazing logs, in a large apartment which served both as kitchen and hall; and the Johnstones, father and son, with myself, were each furnished with a capacious can of toddy, smoking hot. In answer to the enquiry where I had been all day, I endeavoured to describe the various scenes I had visited in my rambles; but on mentioning one spot, that had particularly struck me, from its strange and gloomy scenery, I observed the smile of Alice (I like to write that name!) suddenly change to a more serious expression, as she gravely remarked “*you have been at Dark Harbour?*” Her manner excited my curiosity, and I soon drew from old Johnstone, who was just in the humour for story-telling, the following tale of guilt and fear, connected with the dreary shadows of Dark Harbour.

About the year 1786, in the earliest settlement of New-Brunswick, a pirate

vessel which had been pursuing its bloody course near the Spanish main, found it expedient to remove for a season from the scene of its infamous exploits, and pursuing a northern course, fell in with the island of Grand Manan. Finding it very quiet and secluded, the crew resolved on wintering in the outer cove of Dark Harbour, and the necessary preparations were made for that purpose. But the wearisome monotony of such a life, to men who had been for years constantly engaged in scenes of turmoil and excitement, was infinitely galling and irritating; and jealousy and ill feeling, not amounting to an open quarrel, arose among the various members of the crew, which was composed of people of all nations, climes and colors. Several Spaniards who were on board, headed by the boatswain, one of their own countrymen, determined upon leaving the ship, and taking up their abode on shore, there to remain until the fishing vessels, (which, even at that early period in our history, were known to frequent the shores of Grand Manan) should in the spring return to their accustomed stations, where they fully expected to be able to secure one to their own use, and take their departure for some more sunny region, there to resume their old pursuits of blood and rapine. A fair division of the enormous amount of plunder on board the pirate ship was made, and the Spaniards received their share, with an ample supply of arms and provisions. They at once removed their wealth on shore, where they built a camp, and spent their days in idleness and drunken revelry, while the pirate ship, very soon after their landing, took her departure to resume operations on her old station. After the ship had left, the boatswain was tempted to possess himself of the whole wealth of the party; and being a man deeply stained with crimes of the darkest dye, he hesitated not, after a drinking bout, which he had induced them to prolong to the uttermost, to murder all of them in their sleep. He did not fully accomplish his diabolical purpose,