

[Written for *The Amaranth*.]

The Storm Spirit of the Millcetes.

THE last rays of a September sun yet lingered on the lofty elms that beautified the banks of the Saint John, as if reluctant to abandon the rich foliage they had nourished and matured to the ruthless hoar-frost which spreads itself at this season of the year over hill and valley, arresting the progress of vegetation, nipping at short notice the hopes of the husbandman, and, like some unknown and mighty painter, clothing with hues, stolen from the summer bow, the surface of the boundless forest.

The course of the river, at the place where the scene opens, is broken by two islands of unequal magnitude—since known by the several appellations of Long and Spoon Islands:—flowing on in tranquil majesty, its smooth and polished surface, admitted these into the panoramic exhibition of hill and valley, rock and headland, with their variegated autumnal colouring, imprinted upon it for a brief space, by the glow of the burning western sky.

No sound disturbed the harmony of reposing nature, save the rustling flight of the wood-pigeon on his way to warmer skies, or the whistling wing of the wild duck on his progress to the ocean. A bark canoe lay moored at the low and verdant bank of Spoon Island, and a few yards from the shore might be seen a blue column of smoke ascending lazily and uniting itself with the atmosphere. Around the expiring embers of the fire, from which it proceeded, sat a group of pale-faces, lost in contemplation—not of the beauties of the neighbourhood, but, if we may judge from the dilated eyes which remained inanimately bent towards the far west—of bygone scenes, brought to remembrance by, and now contrasted with them.

How long they had remained quiescent, might be gathered by the appearance of a cindered bear steak, whose inviting odours had failed to excite their grosser propensities.

Startled at length into consciousness

by the sudden swoop of a fish-hawk, a quiet smile was the only emotion elicited by the consciousness of their loss. Who they were, and what had been the nature of their recent thoughts, might be gathered from the conversation that ensued the rekindling of the fire, and the exposure of another steak to its kindly influence.

They were the children of wealthy farmers of New-York, who had sought a refuge from the rancour of political hatred, in the wilds of New-Brunswick.

The younger of the three, who might have been mistaken, but for the presence of her companions, for a sylvan sprite, surrounded by the gorgeous effect of a fanciful incantation, was a female. Her delicate and finely moulded form, sunny locks, and eyes that had been lit up at intervals by fond reminiscences, and again moistened by the intrusive passage of darker incidents, through the page of recollection;—her oval head and compact features, proclaimed an union of the noblest faculties of mind, with the most attractive graces of the outward person.

The two others were males; Horace Davenport, the lady's brother, was younger than his male companion, about five feet nine inches in height, slender, but of a strong, wiry, and active make. He possessed much native talent, but the language in which his frequent humour was clothed, was at variance with his general appearance, which was that of one gently born. The times in which he had passed from boyhood to maturity, had denied him the advantages of education; whilst the life he had led since the commencement of the revolutionary struggle, according with a wild, untamed, and adventurous spirit, had brought out and strengthened the choice gifts nature had lavishly bestowed upon him.

The third person in the group might have been some six and twenty years of age; he was taller than Davenport, and of greater breadth of shoulder; he wore a blanket coat, brought to the waist by a broad belt, from which was