

For The Amaranth.

DARK HARBOUR.

A Tale of Grand Manan.

BUT few, even of the inhabitants of New-Brunswick, are acquainted with the wild and picturesque beauties of the island of Grand Manan; for the dread with which it is regarded by "tempest tossed" mariners, has tended to render it shunned, rather than visited. Yet no island on this coast of British North America, can boast of more bold and striking scenery than is presented by its northern shore; whose stupendous cliffs oppose their rugged breast to the wild howlings of the winter's blast, while the angry and icy waves of the Bay of Fundy, rush upon them for months together with angry and unceasing war. The southern shore slopes gradually to the Atlantic Ocean, and is provided with a number of good harbours, which, in the summer season, are resorted to by great numbers of fishing vessels, and are surrounded by neat and well cultivated farms. But of all the singular places, in this singular island, none is more curious than Dark Harbour; now completely closed against the entrance of vessels, by a sea-wall of stones and gravel, thrown up by the constant working of the waves, until a dry beach has been formed, over which the sea does not pass even at high water; and the inner harbour is therefore cut off from the sea by this dyke of nature's own formation.

Not feeling competent to describe the many beauties of Grand Manan, from having but a slight acquaintance with them, yet let me recommend a summer visit to its wild and rocky shores, as a pleasant excursion: one which will amply repay the visitant, particularly if he be an admirer of nature in some of her most fantastic freaks. My own visit to this secluded portion of our colony, was not a summer one, but occurred in November, 1824, when business called me to visit its surf-beaten shores, at an unusually boisterous period. Tempestuous weather detained me long after my business was finished; and for lack of

other occupation I employed myself in shooting sea-fowl, and collecting some of the wild legends current in the island. In the latter occupation, I was much the most successful, and this success rendered me more ardent in pursuit of information.

I had taken up my quarters at the house of a fisherman named Johnstone, a rough, but kind-hearted old fellow, and a sort of "Dandie Dinmont" in the island; clear headed and shrewd in all matters within the scope of his limited information, but ignorant of all beyond its sphere; of tall and powerful frame, with a strong and manly cast of features, bronzed by an exposure of half a century to the war of elements, both on sea and land. His family consisted of one son and three daughters; the son, an athletic, well built young man of two-and-twenty, mate of a West Indian, who had acquired some information from having seen a little of the world, and who laughed at the marvelous stories told by the islanders. The two eldest daughters were good looking, cheerful lasses; but the third and youngest deserves a more particular description. She was rather below than above the middle height, with a figure so slight, that the idea of weakness involuntarily rose in the mind, until chased away by a second look at the well rounded symmetry of that little person—then would be admired the clear, healthy glow of her cheek—the light, springy step, and the merry glance of a pair of sparkling good-naturedly wicked black eyes, with the prettiest dimple on each side of the prettiest little mouth in the world. Her features could not be called strictly, or classically, beautiful, yet have I never seen among the high and titled dames, who imagine beauty to be their peculiar prerogative, any whose features were so fascinating or whose smile was so captivating, as those of the fisherman's daughter. Of a lively and happy temperament, her very laugh still rings in my ears, and in fancy, I yet hear her wild but sweet notes, as she caroled away, in the innocent gaiety of her