

**THE NOTARY OF
GRAND PRÉ: A HISTORIC
TALE OF ACADIA**

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The Notary of Grand Pré: A Historic Tale of Acadia by A. J. McLeod

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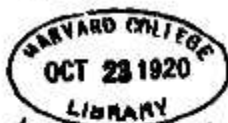
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BY
A. J. McLEOD

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PREFACE.

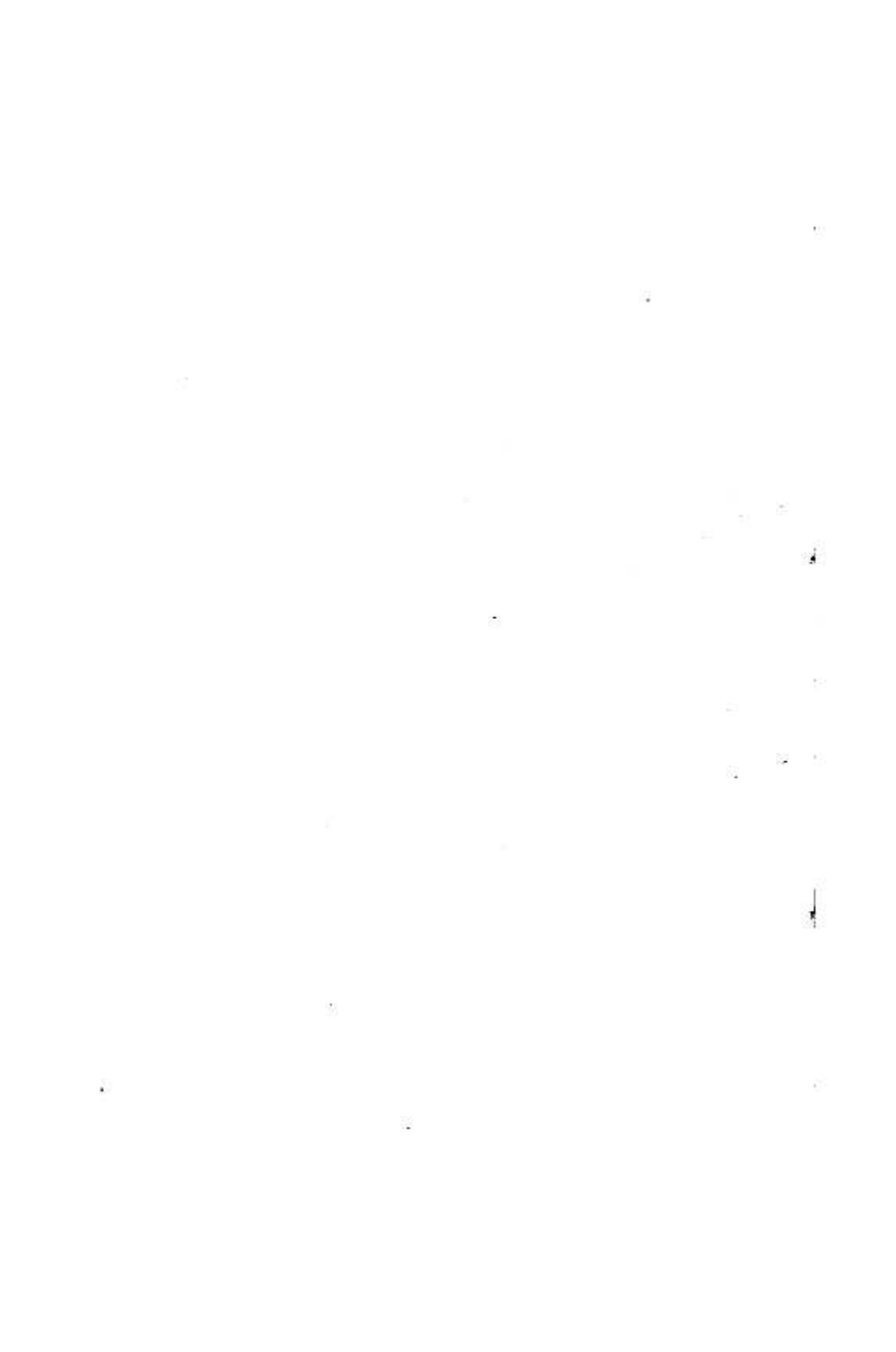
This story is a digest of legendary lore as related by descendants of the French Acadians and Micmac Indians.

As to times, places and historic events, it is substantially accurate.

The "Notary" is a real character, Francis Parkman, the historian, speaks of him as "the Notary Le Blanc," and other writers make mention of him as a man of importance with the Acadians at the time of their eviction. Longfellow erroneously represents him to be an old man.

But no word have we from either of these relative to his subsequent eventful life, as told in traditions of his people and herein fancifully narrated.

THE AUTHOR.



THE NOTARY OF GRAND PRÉ.

CHAPTER I.

Blomidon, mysterious abode of Glooscap, the mythic Micmac god, well rewards its visitor, be he scientist, pleasure-seeker, souvenir fiend, or mere idler awaiting glad surprises.

This grandest among sea-cliffs, rising abruptly out of the water four hundred feet, exposes to view three distinct strata of denuded, search-inviting rock.

Seen at low water, clean, tide-washed new red sandstone forms the base. Resting on this is a thick stratum of amygdaloid trap, veined with tinted gypsum and dotted with silicates of great variety and beauty, among which may be found chalcedony, jasper, opal, agate and other precious stones. Supported upon this gem-bespangled foundation, rises erect nearly two hundred feet of dark green crystalline, columnar, basaltic trap, all crowned with shrubbery and evergreen woods

of ancient growth, the whole cliff resembling ruins of some colossal art structure adorned by time and decorated by decay.

This majestic bluff is wholly, except the sandstone base, of volcanic origin, being the eastern extremity of a long ridge of trappean rock formed by an ancient current of molten stone or lava, erupted through the earth's crust and flowing over and cooling upon the red sandstone seabottom, on which the whole ridge now rests.

This great dyke of hardened lava, now locally called "North Mountain," extends westward from Blomidon 123 miles, and was at some time, in unrecorded ages, upheaved with its bed of submarine origin and became the south sea-wall of that tumultuous estuary of the ocean named "Bay of Fundy." Then commenced to flow the impetuous ocean current that in time became the now strange turbulent tides of this historic bay; unequalled for height and rapidity of onrush in any other known part of the earth, and never satisfactorily accounted for.

Subsequent to this, and before man began to note results of world-forming forces at work upon our earth, this surging tide, aided, most likely, by glacial drift, found a way through the extreme eastern end of the lava ridge, or between it and the vastly older adjoining rock, and

flowing inland upon a depressed area, settled finally into the large salt lake known as the Basin of Mines. And ever since, this swirling tide, like a mighty river, has flowed in and out the rock-lined strait, wearing ever wider and deeper its channel and fretting into fantastic form the resisting shores of the beautiful blue Basin.

On the rich alluvial land sloping south and west from the shores of this Basin, the French Acadians built the neat rural homes that formed the unique village of Grand Pre, and on the salt marshes piled up the vast dykes that dammed back the mighty tides from many thousand acres of the most fertile of known soils

Here, for more than a century, lived and toiled, and loved and died, a contented, prosperous people.

To the eastward of Grand Pre, the surface of the country is broken into irregularly-shaped hills that end at the shore of the Basin, thus forming a rocky coast-line indented with numerous small coves where the tide once came far inland among the choppy hills.

About four miles to the east of the village there was then a deep cove with cliffy shores and gravelly beach.

At the head of this cove, late in the afternoon of Sept. 5th, 1755, a man walked back and forth