

**THE HEIR  
TO GRAND-PRÉ**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649600908

The Heir to Grand-Pré by John Frederic Herbin

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**JOHN FREDERIC HERBIN**

**THE HEIR  
TO GRAND-PRÉ**



# The Heir to Grand-Pré

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BY  
John Frederic Herbin

*Author of*  
"The History of Grand-Pré,"  
"The Marchands."

Wolfville,  
N.S.



TORONTO  
WILLIAM BRIGGS  
1907



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# THE HEIR TO GRAND PRÉ

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## CHAPTER I.

### *WHAT THE TIDE BROUGHT.*

"The moveless helm needs no ruling hand,  
Because there is no wind awake to fill  
The sail that idles in the sun."

"WELL, Len, how is she making now?"

"Falling a little, sir."

"No sign of wind yet?"

"Not a whiff."

"How long before we will have to anchor?"

"About an hour more ebb, sir?"

On this report, the bare head, which had been slightly raised while the interrogation was taking place, fell back into the hollow it had made for itself on an old sail which was both couch and pillow. A well-worn sporting coat lay between the rough cloth and the golden-brown hair and the summer-seasoned skin of a man's face, fresh and full of the health of youth. The figure of the young man settled into a more comfortable position, and a light cloud of smoke rose from his pipe into the moveless air. He lay on the roof of the cabin in the shadow of



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the mainsail, now hanging out of use from the mast. The sky was hazy and cloudless, and the whole sheet of water was white as burnished silver. Afar off the horizon was dark in places with the mirage of hills or marsh, showing a steamer with its smoke in a straight line upward from its stack. The man minded not the bright sky or the reflecting sea, and from thoughtful blue eyes glanced from time to time at the shore not beyond half a mile distant, frequently turning a pair of powerful binoculars upon the vari-colored bluffs and cliffs as the swift tide bore the boat along. The warm air of June made no impression upon the alertful if moody eyes.

"What point is that just in sight beyond the blue bluff?"

"Pierre Island, sir."

This reply brought the young man to his feet, and he gazed at the island that came quickly out from behind the headland till it was fully exposed to view.

Pierre Island, as now seen, sloped rather steeply from the shore side upward, while the direct front and the whole outer portion in view was precipitous and irregular, rising out of huge masses of broken rock and boulders. The summit was wooded like the cliffs on either hand along the shore followed by the boat.

Frank Winslow, geologist and student, was not of the common type. His easy manner and almost listless movement of body came not from vacation negligence. Nature had given his man-

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## WHAT THE TIDE BROUGHT

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hood a fine frame, which his own vigorous temperament had developed with toil and training. His face gave evidence of maturity. The calm and at times thoughtful cast of countenance, due to the serious and studious mind that ruled it, deceived one as to the age of the man. A student by selection and opportunity, a life spent among books and the men of books made his speech deliberate and his face grave. A strong mouth was only partially concealed by a close-cut golden-brown beard and a soft moustache that had seldom been sacrificed to the razor. At rare moments an inexpressibly kind smile disclosed the other man, the inner soul of Frank Winslow.

We are introduced to him thus on board the yacht *Marie*, owned and commanded by Len Lawson. The yacht and her owner were engaged by Winslow for the purpose of examining the trap bluffs of the shores of Minas Basin in Nova Scotia, and to study the famous tides of the region and of the Bay of Fundy.

The boat was moving rapidly with the outgoing tide towards the island which both Winslow and Len were now looking upon. The whole sheet of water was without a ripple as far as the eye could see, yet the boat passed the shore rapidly, more quickly than a man might run who attempted to keep abreast of the *Marie*. There was no show of hurry. They were far enough from shore to make their passage seem slow, and objects ahead of them appeared but a short distance away in the deceptive

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brilliance of the sea and air, while the small need of effort on board to keep the course and the sails right made the trip dull and slow. Thus they drifted, completely at the mercy of the tide and its shifting currents. Sounds from unseen sources, voices of men and the crash of loading vessels, came to their ears with strange clearness and loudness.

"Shall we be able to get beyond the island before we anchor?" asked Winslow, surveying the enlarging head of the brown-colored bluff in the distance.

"Yes, sir," answered Len, with his hand on the useless tiller, and gazing ahead with thoughtful face. "The water is falling fast, and the tide is making inshore a little. We must make in behind the island for anchorage till the wind comes, or till the tide rises."

"Why is it called Pierre Island, Len?"

"Pierre Gotro owns it and lives there. His father's name was Pierre, and so was his grandfather's," continued Len, still examining the land, and often glancing at the passing cliffs. He was reading the signs and noting the changes of air and land. He had spent the most of his years on the shore of Minas or on its waters, and had become a skilful sailor and pilot, as all must who thus earn their bread. Swift currents, tidal changes, numerous rivers and hidden rocks, and the sudden squalls of that great inland sea make good seamen if they are spared. Len Lawson was of this type, and Winslow tacitly acknowledged his superiority as a "skipper," although he had had a great deal of ex-