
DULSE

CHAPTER II.

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"The garnet dulse and glistening curls of weed."

THE tide is now almost at its lowest point. Over a mile of shining flat beach lay between the sea and Pierre Island rising into the bright air like an immense tower or castle. On the side nearest the main shore a steep slope gave access to the island by means of a winding road through the woods to the summit. Here, amid trees and cleared strips of garden and field, rose a stone house, dark against the blue sky.

On the outer or sea side jagged and precipitous cliffs, here and there indented by inlets where the high tide made small bays, composed the sea front of the island, impassable to man or animal. On the innumerable small shelves and ledges, showing white patches from the presence of seagulls and their young, clumps of green brush and small trees were thinly scattered over the face of the rock.

Between the cliffs and the road the sides of the island gradually increased in slope and became more and more wooded with the thick, gnarled, and stunted growth peculiar to the islands of this salt lake, the Basin of Minas.