

Annapolis

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THE town of Annapolis is prettily situated at the head of Annapolis Basin, and with its well kept gardens and shady streets is not unattractive. A ferry has plied between Annapolis and the Granville shore for many years, but a bridge is now being built across the river.

To any person interested in the history of Nova Scotia, the old fort on a point of land jutting out into the water will be the principal object to attract his attention. The moat, the wall, and the officers' quarters still stand as mute reminders of the stirring events that have taken place there.

Standing on the west end of the rampart one can see Goat Island farther down the Basin where De Mont built his fort; and the field on the further side of the basin where he built his town, the first in North America north of Florida, to be built by white men. Probably in this field was Champlain's shipyard in which the first ship launched in Canada was built. The observer may also see at Lequille, the mouth of the stream on which the first flour mill was erected by L'Escarbot, the founder of the social club called "The Order of Good Times."

Not far from the town of Granville Ferry the Scotch Colonists brought out by Sir William Alexander spent ten anxious years exposed to attacks by disease and the unfriendly Indians.

In 1634 the first fort that stood here was built by D'Aulnay, who afterwards made himself infamous by his brutal treatment of Madame Latour the wife of his rival in authority. A short distance up the river the waters gurgled over the spot where his wicked life was suddenly ended by drowning. Not very long afterwards there was a wedding at the fort, and Madame D'Aulnay ended the family feud by becoming the wife of Monsieur Latour.

The year 1654 witnessed the first of the forts many sieges. Colonel Sedgwick, acting under orders from Cromwell, took the place and sent the garrison to France. It was returned to the French by Charles II, and taken again by Sir William Phepps in 1660. Phepps was led to believe that the fort was much stronger than he found that it was when he entered it, so disregarding his agreement with the French commander, he allowed his soldiers to sack the town. The place was again restored to the French, this time by William III. In 1707 Colonel March tried to take the fort but failed. Three years later Colonel Nicholson tried and was successful. In 1711 the French were the besiegers, in 1724 the Indians. In 1744 the French besieged it again, and in 1781 the Americans captured it. Mr. Calnik in his History of Annapolis County states that the American soldiers plundered the town of everything that was worth carrying away, taking even the silver buckles from the shoes the ladies were wearing. A colored servant went down to one of the boats and pleaded so earnestly for something for her sick mistress that they filled her apron with tea and sugar.

In 1854 the garrison was withdrawn, and the once grand fort is now in ruins.

Near the entrance of the fort is a bronze monument erected by the Dominion Government in 1904 to the memory of De Monts who three hundred years before discovered Annapolis Basin.

Near the Court House, not far from the fort is an old willow tree which in the days when delinquents were sentenced to receive lashes, was commonly used as a whipping post.

In St. Luke's church is a magnificent prayer book with covers of Morocco leather twelve and one half inches wide by nineteen long, beautifully ornamented with the arms of the king and of Canada wrought in gold. The fly leaf bears the inscription

"To the Church of Annapolis Royal on the occasion of the bicenary commemoration, September, 1910."

GEORGE R. I."

The Bishop of London was the bearer of this handsome present to the church, and the occasion was the two hundredth anniversary of a service held there by Rev. John Harrison shortly after the place was taken by Colonel Nicholson.

Annapolis offers no particular advantages to settlers, so its growth has been slow. Like other small towns it has its stores, churches, hotels, factories, schools, etc., but its history is its interesting feature. Next to the fort, its burying ground, with its crumbling monuments to the memory of garrison officers and their families is the most striking reminder of by-gone years.

THE WORN SPOT UNDER THE SWING

I know a garden cool and green,
Where the light slants through,
With a wondrous sheen,
When the flowers are touched with dew.
The blowing leaves, the velvety grass,
The blossoms of every hue,
Beckon to travelers who pass.
Then wave them a fond adieu.

Under a shade tree branching wide,
Where larks and orioles sing,
And the scarlet tanagers hide,
Is an old-fashioned, hemp-rope swing.
The children sit in the swing and sway,
While their tiny feet
Rub the grass away
Where shadow and sunshine meet.

And lovelier far than dreams come true,
Than the butterfly's wing,
Or a pale rose wet with dew,
Is the worn spot under the swing.
This is the place where the fairies meet,
And hopes flutter by
To the music of prancing feet
While castles are built to the sky.

The worn spot under the swing I love
Better than lilies or gold,
Better than twinkling stars above
Far better than visions untold.
It is the soul of the garden gay
As the child is the soul of the world,
And, in Heaven's own way,
It is childhood's flag unfurled.

—Annie Marion MacLean.