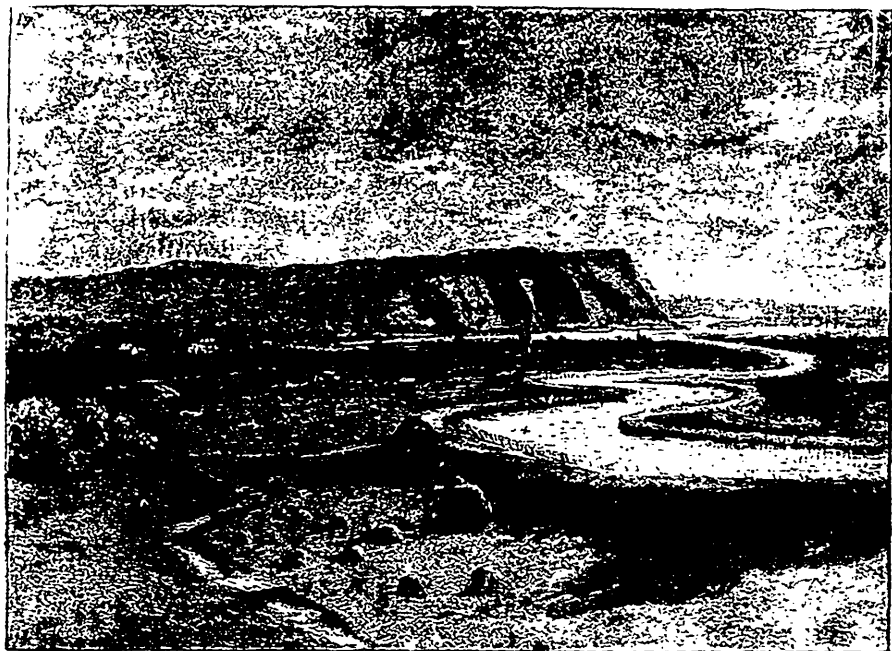




DIKED MEADOWS AT GRAND PRE.

were begun those long and bloody wars which afterwards devastated the whole continent.

Turning into the quiet God's acre where "the peaceful fathers of the hamlet sleep," one may read this touching avowal of faith—"which promise He for His part will most surely keep and perform." Another stone bears this inscription, *verbatim et literatim*:

"Stay friend stay nor let thy hart prophane
The humble Stone that tells you life is vain.
Here lyes a youth in mouldering ruin lost
A bloisom nipt by Death's unkindly frost.
O then prepare to meet with him above
In realms of everlasting love."

My attention was called to the grave of "the Spanish lady"—Gregoria Remonia Antonia—who lives in local legend as a light-of-love companion of the Duke of Wellington. When the Iron Duke wished to sever the unblessed connection, says the legend, she was sent to Annapolis, un-

der military protection, and gnawed her heart out in this solitude. The tree-shaded streets and the quaint, old-fashioned houses and gardens give the village a very sedate and reposeful look.

The following verses by James Hannay finely embody the stirring memories of Port Royal:

"Fair is Port Royal river in the Acadian land;

It flows through verdant meadows, wide-spread on either hand;

Through orchards and through cornfields it gaily holds its way,

And past the ancient ramparts, long fallen to decay.

"Yet this sweet vale has echoed to many a warlike note;

The strife-compelling bugle, the cannon's iron throat,

The wall-piece, and the musket have joined in chorus there,

To fill with horrid clangour the balmy morning air.

"And many a gallant war-fleet has, in the days gone by,