

bearing the date 1707—three years before its final capture by the British. Near by are the ruins of the earlier French barracks. An arched passage, now fallen in, led down to the old French wharf, which is now a crumbling mass of blackened stones mantled thickly with sea-weed.

The view from the north-west bastion is very beautiful, including the far-shining Annapolis basin amid its environment of forest-clad hills, and the twin villages of Annapolis and Granville Ferry. In the distance to the left is seen a long, low, rambling farm-house, nearly two hundred years old, the only one now remaining of the old French settlement. As I looked upon the pleasant scene, I could not help thinking of the time, well-nigh three hundred years ago, when De Monts and his sturdy band of French pioneers first sailed up the lonely waters of that placid bay and planted their little fort, the only habitation of civilized men, on the outermost fringe of the vast wilderness stretching from Florida to the North Pole. Then came memories of the poet pioneer, Lescarbot, fresh from the gay *saisons* of Paris, cheering the solitude of the long and dreary winters with his classic masques and pageants, and organizing "*L'Ordre de Bon Temps*" for festivity and good fellowship, holding their daily banquets with feudal state around their blazing fires. It was a strange picture, especially in view of the subsequent suffering, disappointment and wrong which visited the hapless colony. For Port Royal was the grave of many hopes, and its early history was a perfect Iliad of disaster. Strange that when there were only two or three scattered groups of Spanish, French and English settlers on the whole continent, each of which could scarce hold the ground which it possessed, they could not desist from attacking each other's settlements. In the early raids were begun those long and bloody wars which afterwards devastated the whole continent.

Before I came away I took a long draught from the cool well, which had quenched the thirst of so many generations of men. Then I turned into the quiet God's acre where "the peaceful fathers of the hamlet sleep." Amid the tangled grass and briars I tried to decipher some of the later inscriptions. I noticed one of date 1763, and another of John Bernard Gilpin, Esq., who died 1811, aged ninety-eight, also the epitaphs of his son and grandson. Their crest was a very curious one—a boar, with the legend "*Dictis factisque simplex.*" On one lichen-