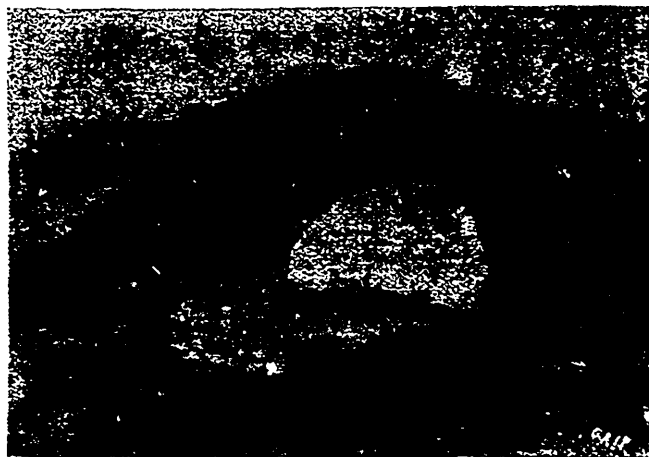


early history reads like a romance. It was first colonized by Baron Poutincourt, in 1605. In 1628 it was captured by the British, afterwards surrendered to the French, again captured by Sir William Phips, and again surrendered. It was captured for the last time by the British in 1710, and ever since the Red Cross flag has waved above the noble harbour, then named, in honour of the reigning sovereign, Annapolis.

The point of central interest, in the ancient and historic town of Annapolis, to which the tourist first makes his way, is the old dismantled

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. In looking upon the pleasant scene, one 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 upon 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 salons 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



ANCIENT ARCHWAY IN OLD FORT, ANNAPOLIS.

fort. It is at the very water's edge and covers with its ramparts and outworks an area of twenty-eight acres. The extensive earthworks—ramparts and curtains, bastions and demilunes—are softly rounded by the gentle ministries of nature, and are covered with turf of softest texture and greenish hue. An inner fort, entered by an arched stone gateway, contains an ample parade ground.

The view from the north-west bastion is very beautiful, including the far-shining Annapolis basin amid its environment of forest-clad hills, and

their ancient 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 those early raids