

wood and the flat surface of its top imbibing and retaining moisture, presented a mass of vegetable matter, from which had sprung up a young and vigorous birch-tree, whose strength and freshness seemed to mock the helpless weakness that nourished it. I had no desire to enter the apartments; and indeed the aged ranger, whose occupation was to watch over its decay, and to prevent its premature destruction by the plunder of its fixtures and more durable materials informed me that the floors were unsafe. Altogether, the scene was one of a most depressing kind.

A small brook, which had by a skillful hand been led over precipitous descents, performed its feats alone and unobserved and seemed to murmur out its complaints, as it hurried over its rocky channel to mingle with the sea; while the wind, sighing through the umbrageous wood, appears to assume a louder and more melancholy wail, as it swept through the long vacant passages and deserted saloons, and escaped in plaintive tones from the broken casements. The offices as well as the ornamental buildings had shared the same fate as the house. The roofs of all had fallen in and mouldered into dust; the doors, sashes and floors had disappeared."

A melancholy event connected with the Duke of Kent's household occurred in the month of December, 1798. Mr. Copeland, the surgeon of the prince's favorite regiment, the 7th Fusiliers, was also on the personal staff of His Royal Highness. He obtained permission to visit England, with the intention of taking his family out with him on his return to Halifax. He embarked on board the *Francis*. Having arrived within a few hours sail of his destination, he perished with all her crew. His wife and youngest child shared his melancholy fate.

Lieutenant Scambler, of the cutter *Trepassy*, on a passage from Halifax to Newfoundland, was instructed by Captain Murray, the senior officer of the navy, at Halifax, to obtain information, if possible, of the *Francis*. This is his answer:—

— SYDNEY, May 17, 1800.

Sir,—Agreeable to your orders I proceeded to Sable Island, on Tuesday morning, 13th May, I went on shore, and landed the stock sent by Sir J.

Wentworth; and after staying there near an hour, without seeing any person on the Island and seeing a schooner at anchor in the northeast arm, at some distance from the cutter, I immediately weighed and made sail, and spoke her; she proved to be the *Dolphin*, of Barrington, laden with fish, seal skins and seal oil; she had several trunks, very much damaged on board, which appeared to have been washed on shore. One was directed to His Royal Highness Prince Edward. Another trunk was directed to Captain Sterling, 7th regiment, both empty. There was also a trunk containing two great coats, the livery being that worn by the servants of His Royal Highness. Two men belonging to the *Dolphin*, who remained all winter on Sable Island, seal fishing, gave the following information:—"On the 22nd December, they observed a large vessel at little distance from the northeast bar. She was endeavouring to beat off all day, but the wind was so light and baffling that she made no great progress. As the day shut in, the weather began to threaten, and was soon followed by a tremendous gale from the southeast, which continued with extreme violence through the night; in this gale the *Francis* must have been driven on the sands, and in the course of the night have gone to pieces, as no part of her was to be seen in the morning. Soon after the storm had abated the corpse of a woman was discovered. She had a ring on her finger, but being unable to get it off they buried it with her." From subsequent inquiries it was ascertained at Halifax, beyond all doubt, that it was the corpse of Mrs. Copeland.

List of the lost in the *Francis*:—

Dr. Copeland.
Mrs. Copeland.
One child and maid.
Captain 44th Regiment.
Captain Sterling, 7th Fusiliers.
Lieut. Mercer, R. A.
Lieut. Sutton.
Lieut. Roetrick.
Volunteer Oppenham.
Sergeant Moore.
Private Thomas King.
Private H. Abbott, 16th L. D.
Judd, a coachman.
4 stable boys.
A housekeeper to Lady Wentworth.

On the death of Sir John Wentworth in 1820, the lodge became the property