

Dr. Anderson, of Quebec, who wrote a life of the Duke, visited Halifax in 1834. He says: "I had the pleasure to count among my friends the late James Forman, an old and reputed merchant of that place, though long retired from business. "Mr. Forman took me," says the doctor, "to scenes rendered historical by reminiscences of the Prince, among those was the famous lodge, and to the North-West Arm, where he pointed out a huge iron chain, riveted to the rock to which had been attached a chain cable which was stretched across the Arm and fixed in like manner on the opposite side. I also visited Bedford Basin, where the Prince had built for himself a pretty lodge, and improved, with great taste, the natural beauties of the place. Here in the society of his friends he used to spend his moments of leisure. When I visited the spot with Mr. Forman in 1834, "the Lodge, or Prince's Folly," as it was commonly called, had fallen to ruin, and the winding paths and

Spot where once a garden smiled
And still where many a garden flower grew
wild—

were overgrown with underwood and brambles.

Judge Halliburton—Sam Slick—gave a description of the Lodge in ruins:

"At a distance of seven miles from town is a ruined lodge, built by his Royal Highness, the late Duke of Kent, when Commander-in-Chief of the forces in this colony, once his favorite summer residence. It is impossible to visit this spot without the most melancholy feelings. The tottering fence, the prostrate gates, the ruined grottoes, the long and winding avenues, cut out of the forest, overgrown by rank grass and occasional shrubs, and the silence and desolation that reign around, all bespeaking a rapid and premature decay, recall to mind the untimely fate of its noble and lamented owner, and tell of fleeting pleasures and the transitory nature of all earthly things.

I stopped at a small inn in the neighbourhood for the purpose of strolling over it for the last time ere I left the country, and for the indulgence of those moralising musings which at times harmonize with our nerves, and awaken what may be called the pleasurable sensations of melancholy.

A modern wooden ruin is of itself the least interesting, and at the same time the most depressing object imaginable. The massive structures of antiquity that are everywhere to be met with in Europe, exhibit the remains of great strength, and though injured and defaced by the slow and almost imperceptible agency of time, promise to continue thus mutilated for ages to come. They awaken the images of departed generations, and are sanctified by legend and by tale. But a wooden ruin shows rank and rapid decay, concentrates its interest on one family, or one man, and resembles a mangled corpse, rather than the monument that covers it. It has no historical importance, no ancestral record. It awakens not the imagination. The poet find no inspiration in it, and the antiquary no interest. It speaks only of death and decay, of recent calamity, and vegetable decomposition. The very air about it is close, dank and unwholesome. It has no grace, no strength, no beauty, but looks deformed, gross, repulsive. Even the faded color of a painted wooden house, the tarnished gilding of its decorations, the corroded iron of its fastenings and its crumbling materials, all indicate recent use and temporary habitations. It is but a short time since this mansion was tenanted by its royal master, and in that brief space how great has been the devastation of all the elements. A few years more and all trace of it will have disappeared for ever. Its very site will soon become a matter of doubt. The forest is fast reclaiming its own, and the lawns and ornamented gardens, annually sown with seeds, scattered by the winds from the surrounding woods, are relapsing into a state of nature, and exhibiting in detached patches a young growth of such trees as are common to the country.

As I approached the house I noticed that the windows were broken out, or shut up with rough boards, to exclude the rain and snow; the doors supported by wooden props instead of hinges, which hung loosely on the panels, and that long luxuriant clover grew out eves, which had been originally designed to conduct the water from the roof, but becoming choked with dust and decayed leaves, had afforded sufficient food for the nourishment of coarse grasses. The portico, like the house, had been formed of