

such tales of wrong and deception were new, and some few increased their intimacy with the family, as if in sympathy for the injustice they fancied they were receiving. It was long before this rumour was traced to its source, but when at last it was discovered, doubt was considerably shaken, and many began to believe that improbable as the tale had at first appeared, it would eventually prove too true.

The military gentlemen who had called upon Colonel T. on his first arrival at Halifax, subsequently lost sight of his movements for a time, and in their more important occupations thought little of himself or his proceedings. But when as time passed on, and they in common with others heard of his residence at our Village, of the improvements he was making, of his style of living and the guests he entertained, they naturally enquired more particularly into his domestic arrangements, and were much surprised to hear that there was a Mrs. who presided over his household, a young buxom woman, who had more assurance than polish, and more worldly tact than refinement or education. This information, coupled with their previous knowledge of the real Mrs. T., and the conflicting statement the Colonel had made to them in Halifax as to his wife's incompetency and her inability to attend to the common duties of life, made them believe that he who had been valiant as a soldier to uphold old England's honor, had proved traitor to his own, and was, morally speaking, a hypocrite and an impostor.

Much time, however, as we said before, had elapsed ere much credible authority was discovered for the rumour, and even then it came not to those who were on terms of intimacy with the now fallen Colonel. How hard it is to believe evil of those to whom we have attached ourselves, is a truth that will come home to every heart. While to us the exterior is so fair, while we daily experience proofs of kindness and good will, while nothing that is distasteful or evil obtrudes itself upon our notice, while the tales that would darken the fair fame of the friends we like, wear an air of improbability and doubt, we will ever be slow to believe the testimony of strangers, in opposition to what we think the practical knowledge of our own experience. Thus it was that the friends of Colonel T. were unwilling to believe anything prejudicial to his honour and credit, and while they admitted that much in his conduct seemed mysterious, still they could not fancy that one whose daily life, so far as the world saw, was blameless, could be capable of such dark deeds of wrong and cruelty.

With the spring-time Colonel T. seemed to imbibe new life and vigour, and prosecuted his husbandry with the same zeal as before. Mrs. T. in the meantime had given birth to a son, whose arrival seemed to cause the parents as much rejoicing as though the poor child was born heir to an honourable name and a large property, and not the child of shame and usurpation. The Colonel's means, however, appeared to be diminishing. He curtailed his expenses