

much labor before a house could be erected, or the situation made suitable for a habitation. They were consequently forced to return to Halifax, and consider what should be the next step in their proceedings. The Colonel was perfectly nonplussed and had a half confused idea of returning immediately to England, but Mrs. T. was determined to remain in Nova Scotia, it was the land in which she had resolved to rid herself of the drawback to her future dignity, where she felt she would reign undisturbed by any feeling of the Colonel's which might be awakened by a rencontre with his former friends. He had indeed told her that in the far woods of America no one could possibly recognise or annoy him. But here the Colonel reckoned without his host. For an officer who wished to live retired and unknown, to come to a garrison town was the height of absurdity. He had only been a few days in the city when two of his brother officers who had known him intimately both in the West and East Indies called upon him, enquiring for Mrs. T., and asking permission for their wives to call upon her. Here was a dilemma for one who had everything to conceal, and who dreaded exposure so much as Colonel T. In the confusion of the moment, he stammered out an excuse for his wife, informing them that she was unable to see company, that her mind was in the same state as when they had last seen her, and consequently that she must be kept very quiet. The gentlemen left perfectly satisfied of the truth of his assertion, as they had no reason to doubt his word, but his answers on this occasion rose up against him at a subsequent day, accusers of no insignificant importance.

His first thought now was to escape from Halifax, and hearing of a vacant farm in the vicinity of *Our Village*, after a short preliminary negotiation, he concluded the purchase, and in a few days moved his establishment to the place. It was a fair and retired spot, suitable for the residence of innocence and festivity, embowered by old green woods, while in the front laughed out a lake of sunny beauty, in which the bright lilies revelled in the glad summer time. Hither came the man who had wasted life in selfish pursuits and false pleasures, bringing with him a woman destitute of principle and kindness as his absolute mistress, and installing her in authority over the gentle and unhappy being whom he had made his wife in earlier and brighter years, and whom he had so injured and betrayed.

THE MATCH-MAKERS MATCHED.

A COMEDY.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—An open place in a grove, skirting a garden wall, in which is a small gate.
Time: twilight.

Enter Speedwell.

SPEEDWELL.—This must be the place—the grove behind the garden. What