

materially and lived much more plainly than before. His livery servants were dismissed, his stables reduced, and his whole course seemed that of one whose acts had very far outstripped his means. With but little private fortune to depend upon, the money he had received for his commission was hardly enough to meet the demands when even life in Nova Scotia required, so Mrs. T. with the selfishness of a coarse mind, determined to make her servants retrench, and conducted her kitchen expenditure on the most economical scale. The lady's temper, if report might be credited, had not improved much since her residence among us, and all who came frequently in her way were made to feel the effects of it. Even her little girl she treated with uncommon severity, until the poor child seemed afraid to move or speak in her parent's presence. The father's tone was also very harsh to her, as if willing to take his cue from her mother for the sake of peace. This conduct in regard to the child could not escape the observation of their visitors, and was the first thing that personally prejudiced individuals against them, and made them more willing to believe them capable of the cruelty which it was alleged they practised on the deranged lady, of whose existence no one had yet been informed by either Colonel or Mrs. T. She was now believed by all to be an inmate of their household, but how treated no one could form any correct opinion.

And how, let us ask, was the time passing with the wronged deserted woman, whom we have known under happier skies, rich in youth and beauty and love, surrounded by luxury and admiration—the star of festivity and the queen of beauty, loving and beloved by all until she forsook the true and the early friends for the protection and home of a husband whom she loved with all the devotion of a woman's true heart. Picture her, if you can, after having thought of her as she once was, prisoned in that dull, narrow room, deprived of God's free air and sunshine, the helpless victim of a woman whom she knew to be usurping her place, disowned and cast off by the husband she had clung to and cherished through days of sorrow and darkness—the only star in the midnight that shrouded her soul when reason left it; deprived of even the common comforts of life. She who had been the petted child of luxury and love, shivering in a fireless room in the cold depths of a northern winter; yearning even for food, which God rarely denies the most outcast of his children; suffering in her husband's home, she who had never done him any greater wrong than loving him too well; wanting for everything while he and his paramour were revelling in the enjoyment and luxuries of life; the soul might be dark within, reason might be obscured, but there was too much consciousness left still not to make the mental suffering, far, far outstrip the bodily. Picture to yourselves that crushed and feeble woman, writhing in the agony of soul to feel herself cut off from every tie that makes life endurable to know that her death was desired, that it was to be brought about by the most torturing and diabolical means, that she was to feel her life failing from