

TALES OF OUR VILLAGE.—No. 8.

CHAPTER VI.

WE left Colonel T. located in his retired farm house, situated on the prettiest spot in *our Village*. Here his first occupation was to enlarge his residence, and though late in the season, he commenced farming operations with a zeal and energy, that had their continuance been equal to their commencement, would soon have told effectually upon the fertility of the land. His establishment was conducted on any thing but economical principles. Horses in abundance, with servants in livery, and other appendages previously unknown in that quiet locality, marked the appearance of the Colonel whenever he left his home. Every act spoke the man of wealth, in seeming at least, while his kind and polished manner told plainly that birth and associations entitled him to a first rank in society.—It was not long before his acquaintance was made by many respectable persons in his neighbourhood, and while all were pleased with his address and conversation, several determined, notwithstanding the somewhat mysterious circumstances that surrounded them, to call upon Mrs T. ; few from curiosity, but more compassionating her for the loneliness that must attach to so retired a residence, and wishing to show that kindness and hospitality are characteristics of our northern land. Mrs. T somewhat surprised the expectations of her visitors. Her air and brogue told too plainly of vulgarity and want of education to make her pass for anything superior to what she was, an Irishwoman, without the advantages of good taste and good breeding, but still she was so perfectly self-possessed and did the honours of her home with such a seeming perfect right to her position, that none fancied for a moment she was other than the veritable wife of Colonel T. Her appearance was prepossessing: a fresh red and white complexion, with bright eyes and other features rather pleasing, with a manner full of kindness and hospitality, that although one felt she never could be a companion, yet she would do very well to exchange all the social courtesies of life with. Such was the opinion formed by nearly all who made her acquaintance, and there were very few who did not speak of her in terms of kindness and good will. There was an apparent frankness in her manner, that talked much in her favour. She alluded frequently to her marriage with the Colonel, which she represented as having occurred but a few years previous, spoke of his children by a former wife, and spoke so feelingly of his daughter's death, and of her own little child, that her ignorance and want of refinement were forgotten in the belief that she possessed as warm a heart as ever beat in woman's bosom.

The Colonel meanwhile was all suavity and kindness. There was a charm in his manner that subdued the most suspicious. His hospitality was unbounded—his conversation full of spirit and information. Having travelled much, he had seen life in all its different phases, and with a quick percep-