

men. Had sometimes more than fifty sergeants under him at one time; then having recruited one more than he was asked to do—Mrs. Thomas—he had begged off and got appointed to India. Climate did not suit her, so sent her to Isle of France. Stayed a year or two longer; got a step or two up the ladder; pocketed a few shiners; got retired on half pay in consequence of services, and so and so; got the little kids together and came to Canada; thought he could *recruit* a few fields together, if he could only surround the woods in which they were hiding; knew Upper Canada was best land, and western part of it newest and cheapest, so lighted down *here* and pulled off his coat. Such was the substance, and very nearly the style, of his verbal autobiography. He had a high appreciation of Canadians' muscle; he thought their physical aptitudes for endurance and privation were such that they could never be conquered by any other nation.

"You have no idea," he said, "of the number of men recruited in England, who can't pass the surgeon. Why, speaking in round figures, we would recruit twenty thousand men in the large towns, and perhaps only get eight hundred soldiers out of them! Now, last year—no, year before, I was down in some of the St. Lawrence counties, and saw a militia muster of twelve hundred men; and I declare to you, sir—speaking generally—every one of them would pass! Never saw so magnificent material for an army! A country that produces such men can never be permanently conquered, and northern nations, take the world over, never *are* conquered by southern ones."

"The Romans made, perhaps, an exception," I suggested.

"No, sir, no exception. They conquered northern nations by the help of northern recruits; and, at last, were themselves overrun by hordes of northerners."

Just then Mrs. Thomas came in, and our conversation, which was beginning to take a military turn, was interrupted. It was not often, in those days, that I had the opportunity of being in company with such people.—people who had seen the world, and mingled with its higher circles, with-

out being spoiled by it all. There were plenty of pretended aristocracy, but here they were, in the best and truest sense of the word, and without pretence. I must "stay for tea," and before tea I must "see the farm." Both I found very pleasant. The first thing I was shown was the young orchard. The trees had cost him a good deal, for he had brought them from Hamilton, and it took him a whole week to go after them. I was surprised at their size and beauty, when told they had only been little more than a year planted. I observed also (for I always had an eye for the "plumb" and the "square," and it somehow seemed like a superfluous faculty to me, a farmer), that all his apple trees leaned slightly to the West. He explained both; in the latter he was twenty years ahead of Professor Maury, who has since made the theory popular. He said he got trees a year older than those generally sent out by the nurserymen; and as for their being straight, he selected every tree himself, and helped to lift them; "and catch me," said he, "recruiting a crooked specimen of an apple tree, to carry a hundred miles!" And as to leaning them westward, "I dare say you have observed," he said, "that in almost every orchard in the country, the trees lean easterly. Our prevailing winds are sou'west—a counterbalance to the north-tropical trade-winds, which are nor'east. Our *rain* doesn't come with the west winds, for the Rocky Mountains, and so forth, rob them of all moisture before they get here; we get our rain from the *east*, and so don't get enough of it. My trees, therefore, I set with their backs against the west wind, just as I have set my house."

After looking in at his stable and barn, and taking a little turn round the nearest field, we returned to the house, and to the tea-table, where the first question Mrs. Thomas asked me, was about the Seagrams. The major and his wife knew the family in England, and hearing the name "Sken-del," she at once recollected that that was their post office address. Among other things, I spoke of Kitty being a fine-tempered, well-educated girl, and wondered what the captain would do with all his