



HORACE CANADIANIZING.

It was my fortune to be made acquainted, in some slight degree at all events, with Horace and his writings at a time when I was as yet a youthful inmate of a primitive Canadian pioneer homestead, constructed of the timber which only a few years before had occupied its site in the form of lofty trees, and this primeval abode came to be associated in my mind curiously with numerous impressions derived from Horace, and to this day the language of the poet, when he narrates the well-known incidents of his childhood, instantly receives color and interpretation from one's boyish recollections. Even his slight touches in regard to scenery and natural phenomena, near by, or afar off, were realized in one's own mind in a similar manner.

The very limited clearing around the old home referred to was still hemmed in by tall pines. Below was the broad valley of the Don, through which that river made its way, from north to south in long reaches and bold bends. Here were gigantic elms, basswood (the linden), buttonwood (the plane), and butternut trees, and in swampy places, hemlock-spruce and cedar trees, rugged and grey with age. In winter the solidly frozen stream was utilized in preference to the surrounding roads for the purpose of transporting boles of trees, cordwood, hay and other heavy loads, southwards towards the Bay. In the spring, during the so-called freshets, the Don became a swirling tide, reaching across the whole vale, bearing on its bosom uprooted trees, wrecks of fences, sheds, and so on, and sometimes the carcasses of sheep and other farm stock. The lofty and steep hillsides along the stream, especially towards its forks, a little to the north, clothed in deep snow, presented very picturesque winter scenery; wild animals were occasionally to be seen or heard, the yelping of the wolf being no strange sound, and the snow on the flats was to be