

well developed old oak trees were to be seen at irregular intervals along the shore of the bay between the foot of George street and Berkeley street. One especially was long preserved, opposite the residence of Mr. George Munro, some time Mayor, who did his best to preserve what used to be known as the Fair Green, now wholly built over. That oaks were to be found in other localities round Toronto may be concluded from the name Oak Hill, applied to the property of General Shaw, before referred to. In and just outside the grounds of the new Upper Canada College buildings, on the brow of the Davenport or Spadina rise of land, on the northern side of the city, are to be seen some fine old oaks happily preserved. The old trees still remaining just below the front of Spadina House, on this ridge of land, are also oaks. Again, far to the north, we have the Oakridges, so called probably from ancient specimens there seen. Oakville is also a reminiscence of this tree, as an object noticeable along the north shore of our lake.

Finally the pine must be noticed, a tree which formed so marked a feature in the scenery round Toronto formerly. The steep, sandy banks of the Don, on both sides, were within my own recollection lined with fine tall specimens of the white pine, and a few remaining examples of these are to be seen along the brow of the hill, on the eastern boundary of what was known as the Castle Frank property, a portion of which is now included in the St. James Cemetery. Trees of the yellow pine species were to be seen in abundance on the Humber Plains, but sparingly along the Don. At the northern end of the Moss Park lot towards Bloor street, a solitary relic of the flourishing white pine forest hereabout was long a conspicuous object and gave rise to some graceful fugitive verses which I have preserved at p.p. 231-32 of "Toronto of Old," not knowing them then, as I have since learned them to have been, the handiwork of the late Senator Macdonald, long before he was dignified with that title. The last three stanzas, supposed to be utterances of this tree, including several happy forecasts, are appended.

The pale face came, our ranks were thinned,
And the loftiest were brought low,
And the forest faded far and wide
Beneath his sturdy blow;
And the steamer on the quiet lake,
Then ploughed its way of foam,
And the red man fled from the scene of strife
To find a wilder home.

And many who in childhood's days
Around my trunk have played,
Are resting like the Indian now
Beneath the cedar's shade;
And I, like one bereft of friends,
With winter whitened o'er,
But wait the hour that I must fall,
As others fell before.

And still what changes wait thee,
When at no distant day,
The ships of far-off nations
Shall anchor in your bay;
When one vast chain of railroad,
Stretching from shore to shore,
Shall bear the wealth of India,
And land it at your door.

It will not be uninteresting to add that our first Lieut.-Governor, Gen. Simcoe, was so well pleased with the productions of our Canadian woods and forests, that he took the trouble to have specimens of many of them planted and cultivated within the grounds surrounding his

pleasant home in Devonshire. Thus we have Mr. Charles Vancouver, in his "General View of the Agriculture of the County of Devon," remarking: "At Wolford considerable attention was paid by General Simcoe to the culture of exotic as well as of the native trees of the country. The black spruce of Newfoundland, the red spruce of Norway, the Weymouth pine, pinaster, stone and cluster pine, the American sycamore or button-wood, the black walnut, red oak, hickory, sassafras, red bud, with many smaller trees and shrubs, forming the undergrowth of the forests in that country, are all found to grow at Dunkeswell, i. e. WOLFORD, with considerable strength and vigour." Many of these Canadian specimens I have myself seen near WOLFORD, still in a flourishing condition.

These notices of forest survivals in our midst may help to foster and maintain an interest in our forest trees generally. It is most desirable that, so far as it shall be practicable, our remaining forests should be preserved, and wherever an undue, thoughtless destruction of them occurred, that they should be judiciously replaced by some system of planting. It is hoped likewise that all lovers and admirers of these beautiful natural objects may be induced to give their hearty support to the Government of our Province in its desire to establish public parks on a large scale, as it has recently done in the case of the Algonquin Reserve, consisting of over 988,000 acres, situated on the watershed between the rivers flowing into the Ottawa on the east, and the Georgian Bay on the west. Let us hope also that our words may do something towards confirming the Government at Ottawa in its determination to retain the Canadian portion of the Thousand Isles in the River St. Lawrence, with their sylvan garniture intact, as another national Pleasance on a large scale accessible to all.

Mr. Edgar Jarvis, of Elm Avenue, Rosedale, writes to me of a fine elm on the grounds of the old Rosedale homestead, formerly occupied by the well-remembered Sheriff, W. B. Jarvis, not, however, an original denizen of the forest, but a tree planted by the hand of Amelia, daughter of Frederic Starr Jarvis, in the year 1830, and now rising to the height of 75 feet, and spreading its branches over an area of nearly 100 feet in diameter. Also of a gigantic white oak, a genuine survivor of the forest, on Mr. Hamilton's property, near the north iron bridge. Of this tree Mr. Jarvis writes that it is ten feet in circumference at its base, a foot above the surface. It shoots up gracefully, tapering in size without a lateral branch, for forty feet, when it spreads out and upwards, with a beautiful green head rustling in the breeze. The total height is nearly 90 feet. It is the product of an acorn dropped in the ground probably about the time of Samuel Champlain.

A study of the two graceful young elm trees to be seen in the grounds of the old Upper Canada College, on King Street, would help us to form an estimate of the age of elms that we see growing elsewhere. The elms in front of the college buildings are to my certain knowledge more than sixty years old. These again, strictly speaking, are not survivors of the original forest. They were deliberately planted in a sapling state for an ornamental purpose in the position they now occupy, as was the case with the elm in Rosedale alluded to by Mr. Jarvis. It is to be hoped that it may not be the fate of these beautiful objects to be ruthlessly rooted up and destroyed.

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GLIMPSES AT THINGS.

Examination papers in minor colleges, notably in their medical and law schools, are frequently composed of harder questions than those set for corresponding degrees in great universities. One cause of this is the frequent appointment of pretentious smatterers as examiners, instead of the acknowledged experts whom better equipped colleges can always afford to engage. The would-be sages seize the opportunity to advertise their attainments by propounding puzzling questions, some of which they themselves could not have answered a few days before the examination. It is true that such examiners are not always so severe as they seem to be on paper, and that, when a student is properly impressed with their vast erudition and his own sad ignorance, they commonly display their mercy and magnanimity by passing him. When his questions are posers, the chances are that the questioner is a poser too.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling, it seems to me, is unduly harsh in his strictures on American pronunciation. "American pronunciation" is a phrase as vague and objectionable as "British pronunciation." A somewhat larger proportion of Americans than of Britons sound certain syllables through their noses, give the short sound to the a's in "grass" and "grant," put two accents on "finance," grate their r's, and speak with laudably distinct articulation. But, barring brogues confined to small localities or uneducated people, every mocked "American pronunciation" may be heard somewhere in Great Britain, and every boasted "British pronunciation" may be heard from the tongues of some native Americans. "English pronunciation" also is a slight misnomer, but a less confusing one, as it is generally understood to mean the pronunciation of a number of the southern counties of England.

This calm assumption of superiority in pronunciation (as in everything else) is common to the inhabitants of the United States and the other geographical divisions of our self-satisfied race. Many readers of *The Week* must have heard the story of a British midshipman discussing with an American citizen the relative speed of H.M.S. Blake and certain warships of the United States. According to my indistinct recollection the incident occurred last summer in a Montreal hotel. "But," said the American, "we have a cruiser building that will make 23 knots an hour." "On paper!" sneered the incredulous midshipman, speaking with a decidedly English accent. "No, not on paper," answered the Yankee, looking him coolly in the face—"on water." The Canadians present, not unnaturally, joined in a laugh at the expense of the English lad. And yet in all probability his pronunciation was grossly caricatured. And even if it were not, the rudeness was as inexcusable as it was Anglo-Saxon. Is a lad less manly because he sticks to a softer pronunciation to which he was trained? Or should a Londoner be ridiculed as finical in Montreal because he keeps to his native accent any more than a Torontorian should be sneered at in Boston because he remains content with the dialect of his Canadian home? Except when used by teachers or relatives as an educational