

say, in unmistakable nasal, "Waal, I never did see anything like this." Though there were a goodly number of blue caps, they made no attempt to break the harmony of Mr. Gladstone's reception. One trick they did play; it was to hire a "dray," fill it with wearers of blue caps and place on the dickey beside the driver an old man who bore some distant resemblance to the great statesman. He was instructed to bow effusively to the crowd, many of whom were taken in, and cheered the pretender loudly. On leaving the crowd to make for another railway station, in order to go out to one of the suburbs, I found myself wedged in a fresh crowd. They seemed to be trying to see something in a shop window. I asked what was up, and was told "It's a picture o' Gladstone."

The following morning found me at the door of the Kibble Conservatory, where the Lord Rector was to be installed, amid a sea of D.D.s, M.D.s, B.D.s, and so forth. Besides these there was a goodly sprinkling of the wives of the aforesaid dignitaries, not to speak of their sisters, their cousins and their aunts, all for the nonce figuring as members of the University. The Kibble Conservatory is a huge glass-house, as its name indicates, intended for hot-house plants of large growth, and forms part of the Glasgow Botanic Gardens. Of course the plants were removed as far as might be, to leave the space free. It can contain six thousand persons, so it is suitable for such a large gathering as a rectorial installation. It no doubt has the disadvantage of being extra-academical, but as the great Common Hall of the University is only being built there was no help for it. When the doors were opened the press became almost too great for mere ordinary ribs to bear; however, when the barriers were passed it was pretty much all right, only the whooping stream of scarlet gowns who were let in by a side door had to be allowed to pass across the black stream of graduates and their better halves. Once within the Conservatory, it seemed as if one had entered a sacred place of the howling dervishes. In vain a weak band of fiddlers strove to rule the spirits of the under-graduates. Accustomed to the stronger hand of Dr. Peace, the University organist, and the mightier tones of the College organ, the violins and violoncellos were powerless over the students. A number of them started singing, to the tune of "John Brown," a ditty in which occurred the words "We'll hang Ben Dizzy on a sour apple tree"; some equally violent and poetic songs were sung to "When Johnny comes marching home." Cheers were demanded for everybody. A famous University catch consisting mainly of chorus, and that chiefly of "vive la" with some name added, seemed a great favourite. One thing old stagers remarked on and mourned as a falling off, was the utter want of *peas*. All preceding Lords Rector—Beaconsfield, Peel, Palmerston—had all been well peppered. Either the modern student is becoming more civilized, or the late season has been bad for peas; but so it was—none were seen, heard or felt. Yet the commotion was none the less till the fiddlers left and the Senatus accompanied the Lord Rector to the platform; then the mass of red gowns sprang upon their seats, shouting "For he's a jolly good fellow, which nobody can deny." Instead of ceasing shouting in the august presence of their constituted rulers, the students made all the louder noise, cheered most vociferously, and the general disturbance became vastly greater, till at length the Principal had to descend into the surging sea of turbulent humanity. The awful rarity of this proceeding—it was unprecedented in the memory of the oldest ex-student present—worked some sort of order in the confusion; still there was a hum among the audience, during which inaudible prayer was believed to be read and Morley, Lightfoot and others were made Doctors of Laws, until the marvellous voice of the great orator was heard saying "Gentlemen." Once begun the speech went on, only interrupted now and then by applause. The address, though great, was not great in the way in which it was expected it would be great; there was no erudite Homeric scholarship displayed—no marvellous theory published for the first time on the youth of the world. The subject Mr. Gladstone took up did not admit of anything of the kind; it was the present age and its influence on the various learned professions. At first many of the audience feared the speech was to be wholly given up to statistics—the great financier appeared unable to see a line of figures without making for them. After he was fairly under weigh he said that he would take the legal and medical professions first, "as they at least are permanent"—at this all the suckling lawyers and embryo doctors cheered triumphantly; that was a point made for them against the clergy and the teachers—"since the one is founded on dissension and the other on disease," continued the orator; then there was a laugh at the expense of the expectant jurists and medicos, in which they joined. It is useless to burden your readers with the contents of the speech; suffice it to say that the conclusion was grand and solemn in the extreme. Mr. Gladstone's elevated defence of Christianity and claim of eternity for it; his assertion that with it were bound up all the most sacred interests of society, and his demand that scepticism should always be put to the question, had additional worth from the fact that Dr. John Morley was seated beside him. None among the crowd that streamed from the Kibble Conservatory but was elevated by contact—however short, however distant—with the great statesman.

J. E. H. T.

Stirling, Scotland.

TAXATION.

The present being as regards the National Policy the transition year, the virtue chiefly to be exercised till its term is completed, and even a little beyond, will be patience.

Some of the financial ideas of "Trade Reform" would I am afraid hardly bear the test of reduction—I do not pretend to have gone with minuteness in his schemes for raising a Revenue for the Dominion, but I may say after a rough calculation, that I believe if the suggested one per cent. tax on Income should become the means of realizing a million and one half dollars per annum it would not be doing very badly. This would be a different thing from the five millions he is led to promise. With the exception of the Stamp Duty on ordinary receipts, the remaining taxes he enumerates would all be small—and the gross amount proposed to be raised, which he might perhaps for our enlightenment take the trouble to estimate by what has already been done in a similar kind, would certainly be a very inadequate substitute for the Customs duties, if we should ever seriously desire to get rid of them, although these items of his might, some of them, be not unworthy of consideration, upon the principle that "every little helps." Some of the proposed sources of revenue seem rather burdensome—others not so much so.

With regard to what he says about the works on the Pacific section of the great national highway, this railway is not only essential to the unity of the Dominion—not to speak now of its value to the Empire—but I will venture to predict, from the published experience of the American Pacific Through Route, that it will contribute a revenue to the State as soon as completed from the Pacific seaboard to Edmonton; for, whatever may be (and Sir C. Tupper has told us what it is at present) the policy of our Government, and how zealously soever they may proceed with the construction of the railroad route, a summer traffic by water on the Saskatchewan will have obtained some dimensions before the section is completed, and that will connect splendidly with the line through British Columbia, and will furnish new markets for our productions by shipment from Pacific ports, bringing back the teas of Japan and China, the spices and other tropical productions of the Archipelago, &c., while an excellent route will be opened to Australia and New Zealand, in which pleasant river travel will to a great extent take the place of the more rapid, but more wearisome train. And this, just so soon as the line shall be brought to Edmonton from British Columbia; for the few miles of *portage* near the mouth of the Saskatchewan will certainly have been overcome by railway by the time I speak of. Now, I am forecasting and not prophesying, and this note is not written in advocacy of "water-stretches," but only by way of enforcing what some appear rather slow to accept,—viz., the great value to be derived from the completed summer communications with the Pacific ports, not only by British Columbia, which they will establish for the benefit of the entire Dominion as well as itself, but especially by the Eastern provinces and cities. I will only add that I have had no statistics by me while penning this, and am so far perhaps hardly entitled to sign myself

Critic.

THE CONCEIT OF TORONTO.

WITH THE VIEW THAT OTHER CITIES MAY KNOW.

If any sort of radical reform could be brought to bear favourably upon the inhabitants of the Queen City of the West in regard to their conceit, the reform would be hailed with manifest relish, for if there is any one thing in this world to which all others are subservient, and to which every one must bow, it is conceit.

Imagine all our light dignitaries and officers of State, including His Excellency, so egotistical and self-contained as to thrust their importance before one at every turning; the nuisance would become intolerable. But when a whole city is plunged into this quagmire of petty conceit it becomes like a pestilence, an infectious disease that requires some wonderful physician to dose the crew.

Kenelm Chillingly was requested by the farmer to take the conceit out of his son, and Kenelm very graciously acquiesced—we have no doubt the son was much the better for it. Kenelm delicately removed the conceit from Tom Bowle, and Tom Bowles became a better man. Conceit undoubtedly is the outgrowth of attempting to fit a square peg in a round hole; a man who is in a wrong position, through the conceit perhaps of interfering friends, imagines himself a little god and behaves himself accordingly. "Don't waste him, kill a fiddler with him," said somebody in the gods of a Dublin Theatre when a gang were about to throw a man who had excited their wrath into the pit. "Don't waste him"! if some of our lofty conceited ones were taken down a button hole so that in their fall they might kill a fiddler or two, the moral murder would be an act of charity. We are to understand, if you please, there are musicians in Toronto, real living musicians, none of your mummies, men who thoroughly comprehend their profession, none of your second rate class either, six of this style for eighteen pence, we believe we have men who can play on any combination of keys or strings, cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltry, dulcimer, or any other instrument string or wind, known or unknown, from a fifteen thou-