

THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

The contest for the two highest offices in the gift of the American people is now fairly begun and, unfortunately, as we have stated in a separate paragraph, the fire of personal abuse bids fair to be hotter than ever. The candidates are in presence, and they are about as good representatives of their party as could be chosen. Mr. Cleveland's nomination was a foregone conclusion, and the Democrats showed their regard for the fitness of things by receiving his name in a whirlwind of acclaim. The choice of Mr. Thurman was no less a natural outcome of public feeling. As was stated in our previous number, the ex-Senator from Ohio is admitted to be one of the greatest men in the United States, fit to be President of the Union, and the use of his name was meant as a powerful lever for the success of the Democratic cause.

The Republican candidates are not so much in view, and personally their strength is less than that of their two opponents. Mr. Harrison is of good Virginia stock, with one ancestor who signed the Declaration of Independence, and another who won the battle of Tippecanoe, crushing the Shawnee prophet, brother of Tecumseh, and succeeding Martin Van Buren in the White House. The Republican candidate has also the advantage of military service, and of political experience in the Indiana Legislature and the Senate of the United States. The chief object, however, was to secure the vote of the doubtful State of Indiana, from which he hails. Of the choice for the Vice-Presidency, it is enough to say that Mr. Levi P. Morton was selected solely to break the force of Mr. Cleveland's strength in New York State. Outside of that local claim, Mr. Morton, although a gentleman of wealth and culture, who worthily represented his country in France, has not the reputation nor the experience of the public man.

With regard to the result of the campaign, we can only repeat the hackneyed phrase that it is too early to tell. A Presidential election is largely a matter of risks and accidents. While the chances seem to lean in favour of the Democrats, we should not be surprised to see the Republicans win. They must not carry the course of vituperation too far, however, for that must produce, in behalf of their adversaries, the very reaction to which they hope to make for themselves. The standing advantages of the Democrats are that they are in power, and have the whole machinery of Government under their control; that the "Mugwumps"—the elegant name of Republican independents—are still faithful to Mr. Cleveland, for a second term; and that, on the question of the tariff, both "platforms" are unsatisfactory, the Democratic promising at least something tangible to the people, which the Republican does not.

LITERARY NOTES.

Mrs. Hodgson Burnett is working on a new story called "The Pretty Sister of Jose."

Rev. Clarence Walworth, of Albany, has a new poem on the legend of Lake George, called "Andiatorocte."

M. Taine's health is greatly improved, and he has resumed work on his "History of the French Revolution."

Bret Harte is in greater demand than ever socially, and will not have the privilege of dining alone before the end of July.

The Reminiscences of the late Hon. and Right Rev. Alexander Macdonnell, first Bishop of Kingston, deserve a review and will get it.

Professor Roberts, our Canadian sonneteer, is at present engaged in editing "Poems of Wild Life," which will appear in the Camelot series.

Mr. J. D. Edgar's poem, "The White Canoe," has not yet reached us, but we are told, by letter from Toronto, that it was illustrated by Mr. W. D. Blatchley, an English artist, of Toronto.

Mr. Kingsford's History of Canada is progressing steadily. It is a pity it was not put before the public, as a whole, since thus the sale which it should meet with could have been readily controlled.

Mr. W. D. Lighthall, during his summer vacation, will edit two volumes of Canadian Poetical Literature, for the Canterbury Poets series, issued by Walter Scott, of London and Newcastle-on-Tyne.

The Montreal Society for Historical Studies has an example to follow from the sister society of Manitoba, which has published Charles N. Bell's paper on Alexander Henry's Journal in the Northwest.

June 6 was the 282nd anniversary of the birth of Corneille. The Theatre Francais observed the occasion in a befitting manner by a programme composed of "Horace," "Le Menteur," and a prologue, "Le Soulier de Corneille."

On the crest of the hill at Concord is the path where Hawthorne used so persistently to walk, and not far away is "Sleepy Hollow" burying ground where they "so softly lie"—Emerson and Alcott, Hawthorne and Thoreau.

A valuable monograph is the story of "Our Lady of the Assumption of the Beautiful River," at old Fort Duquesne, the present Pittsburgh. The authors are A. A. Lambing and M. M. Sheedy. The booklet will be further noticed in these columns.

Mr. Donnelly's claim that the author of "Hamlet" must have read the work of Saxo Grammaticus in the original Danish, and that Shakespeare could not have known Danish, is interfered with by the fact that Saxo Grammaticus wrote in Latin.

I. G. H.

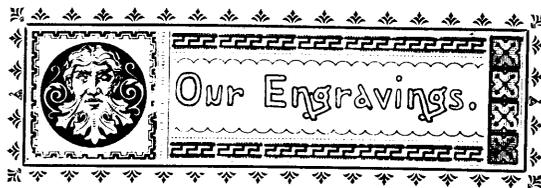
A learned friend writes to the editor asking whether we are not put into the world for two things alone, viz., that is to say:—Firstly (1°), to try and make a few other people a little the happier for our having lived, and, secondly (2°), to improve our character a little before we go to a better world? Would it, or would it not, help us in the latter slightly important object to paste up over our washstand, where we can see or read it when we wash our hands, a complete list of the virtues most worth our cultivating and vices most worth our loathing? Would not this help us to grab all the lucky chances we get every day to ensure the virtue and eschew the vice? We would, of course, put at the top of the list, writ large and perhaps in forceful symbol or in red ink, the virtues we should individually cherish, such as the magic letters I. G. H.—Invincible Good Humour—which, properly cultivated, would alone make all the whole world perfectly happy. So also, at the top of the vices, in big letters, we would put the loathsomeness we have individually most to agonize with; or, in other words, each one's own pet "besetting sin"—what Pope calls "master passion"—*faute dominante*—*vitium præpøllens*, "*euperistatos amartia*"—such as dishonesty!

Montreal.

X. Y.

DAILY WINDING.

The watch in your pocket or that clock on the mantle-piece needs to be wound every day or every eight days. Neglect them over the day or over the week, and soon the tell-tale hands will remind you, and the confusion in your household or business would loudly call for the re-winding. Do you think your private devotions, or family prayer, or social and public worship would be more faithfully attended to if there were some tell-tale hands to show you that you were not coming up to time? Because God does not treat you like a machine, and does not remind you in a way that cannot be overlooked, you will therefore give more attention to your time-piece than your altar? Shall your own pleasure and convenience and secular business be of more regard to you than your religious condition, your spiritual happiness, or your devotional duties to yourself, to others and to God?



LORD STANLEY.—In our first number we had occasion to refer to the new Governor-General and to Lady Stanley. In presenting our readers to-day with a portrait of His Excellency, taken from a new photograph, we shall use the occasion to wish His Lordship a career of usefulness and prosperity in Canada, coupling the vow with the further hope that, as the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED begins its course at the same time that His Excellency enters upon his administration, the paper may thrive with him and have frequent opportunity of chronicling the chief events of his rule. His titles are the Right Honourable Sir Frederick Arthur Stanley, Baron Stanley of Preston, in the County of Lancaster, in the Peerage of Great Britain, Knight Grand Cross of the Most Honourable Order of the Bath.

WINNIPEG CITY HALL.—This building deserves attention, were it only for its quaint architecture. The style is monumental Byzantine, and gives the appearance of a Turkish mosque. A further feature, which will interest the reader, is the monument in front, to the memory of the brave Winnipeg and Manitoba boys who fought, bled and died for their country in the late Northwest rebellion. The pediment is surrounded by an iron railing and the base is supported by polished porphyry pilasters and surmounted by arched panels. In this is inserted a tablet, with a suitable inscription. The pillar is a Corinthian shaft, and the whole is topped by the figure of a rifleman, standing at ease, and leaning on his weapon. It will be observed that the picture was taken with the light from behind, which accounts for the peculiar effect of the whole.

ALBANY RIVER.—Where the Albany River flows into James' Bay, the coast is as low as possible, the water in front very shallow, and the country inland level and swampy. Fort Albany, one of the oldest and largest trading ports of the Hudson's Bay Company, is built on the south side of an island of the same name, inside the present mouth of the river. The channels on either side are about of equal size. Below it are two islands of sand and mud, covered with grass ledges and mud, but Albany Island is the first one which is timbered.

THE GREAT GLACIER OF THE SELKIRKS is of extraordinary interest. The head of the huge ravine is filled with green ice, bending over the cliffs from a vast snow-and-ice plateau above, and pushing far down into the forest. Over it towers the superb peak of Sir Donald, and all around a circle of grandly sculptured mountains rise from the green forest into cloudland. From the hotel at the station it is but a short walk, by a pleasant and easy path, to the glacier, upon whose wrinkled surface the adventurous may easily climb, and into whose water-worn caves one may penetrate and think himself in grottoes carved in emerald or sapphire. Glacier Station is at an altitude of 4,122 feet; 2,481 miles from Montreal, and 139 miles west of Banff.

THE PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS.—The view we present of the Parliament Buildings at Ottawa is one of the most comprehensive to be had of this grand architectural group. To the extreme left are the locks, which give access to the Rideau Canal. Above these can be seen the Post Office and Custom House. Next to the right is the "Eastern Block" of Government offices; on the right centre, the great stretch and noble tower of the Legislative building, containing the Senate Chamber and House of Commons, and on the edge of the cliff the conical roof of the Library of Parliament; whilst to the extreme right looms up the McKenzie tower of the "Western Block."

NYDIA.—The blind heroine of Lord Lytton's "Last Days of Pompeii" is known to every lover of romantic literature. The pure and sightless little flower girl is thrown on her own resources, in the festal days before the dreadful catastrophe. Amid banquets and balls, Nydia gracefully dispensed her handsome scented wares, with a sorrowing touch and greeting; but through all her darkness her path was lighted by the love of Glaucus. This beautiful figure is by C. Von Bodenhausen, a Bavarian by birth, and one of the great artists of that artistic land.

THE CARTOON.—The story taken from "The Merchant of Venice" will be understood in the spirit of good-natured satire with which it is meant. The portraits of the Honourable the Chief Justice, the Honourable the Minister of Customs and Mr. Donald Macmaster, eminent in counsel, are faithfully drawn and will be readily known. As to the moral of the allegory, every reader will judge for himself; but the timeliness of the same will not be gainsaid when we witness the deep and general impression which the judgment of the Supreme Court, in the Ayer case, made on the business communities throughout the country.

FRESH FLOWERS.—Now that we are passing from the Solstice to the Caniculum, from the cool mornings and evenings of the long early summer to the red fires of the dog star, it is pleasant to set eyes upon so cool and so airy a sight as that of the nymph before us. Truly does the picture bear the name of "Fresh Flowers," for while the arms of the girl are filled with branches and blossoms of white hawthorn, just broken from the hedge, fresh with morning dew, she herself may be accounted the freshest flower of them all.