

THE LATE MR. N. S. WHITNEY.

Another of Montreal's worthies, the esteemed and widely-beloved gentleman, whose portrait we have given on another page, has at last gone over to the majority at the comparatively early age of 62 years.

Mr. Whitney was born at Frelighsburg, on the 2nd December, 1820, and came to Montreal at an early age. Later on he entered into the wholesale dry goods business, and consequently into the leather business, in which he continued until his death. Mr. Whitney was always identified with measures of progress. In his office was held the first meeting of the Montreal Telegraph Co. at its organization. He was always foremost in promoting or taking part in the promotion of works of utility, benevolence and religion. He was largely instrumental in forming the Horticultural Society of which he was latterly President; was a life governor of the Hospital, not in name only, but in deeds and activity, as the annual reports have testified. Was a Trustee of the Mount Royal Cemetery; A devoted adherent of the Church of England. He was for many years a lay delegate to the Synod; a member of the Executive Committee, and a governor of the Diocesan College.

Mr. Whitney came of the good old United Empire loyalist stock and showed himself a worthy descendant by serving in both winters of the Rebellion although not of the age required by law. In politics he was always a staunch liberal. He was several times invited to come forward as a candidate for his native country, but always declined. It was while visiting his country residence, "The Hills," where he had a large stock farm, at Frelighsburg, that he caught cold, resulting in his death. Respected by all alike for his loving and excellent qualities he will long be missed and his death leaves a blank in a large circle which will not soon be filled up.

VARIETIES.

THE Bishop of Gibraltar writes to the London Times a strange letter about Monte Carlo, the great gambling place. There was a scheme on foot for the erection of an English church at this headquarters of bad morals. The Bishop says that the place contains the very scum of all Europe, and that its morals are so bad that there is no use of trying to plant a church there. Therefore he declines to give his sanction to the proposed enterprise. In this the good Bishop takes curious ground. It is generally held by promulgators of the Gospel that the worse a community is the greater is the reason for planting a church there. If the Bishop of Gibraltar is



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disposed to give over the frequenters of Monte Carlo to Satan, without making an effort for conversion, there may be a field for the labors of the Salvation Army. The Salvationists are never discouraged by finding an extraordinary amount of wickedness among the people they try to convert, but rather regard it as a stimulus to spirited endeavor in their behalf.

A LOST ART.—Either the language of courtship has deplorably fallen off since the days of our grandfathers, or our novelists have lost the art of reporting it. There is an instructive scene in the *The Wild Irish Girl*, a romance by Miss Owenson (afterward Lady Morgan), which our grandmothers, before their marriage, read with emotions proper in society at the beginning of this century—a scene that can profitably be studied:

"It is a sweet hour," said Glorvina, softly sighing.

"It is a boudoirizing hour," said I.

"It is a golden one for a poetic heart," she added.

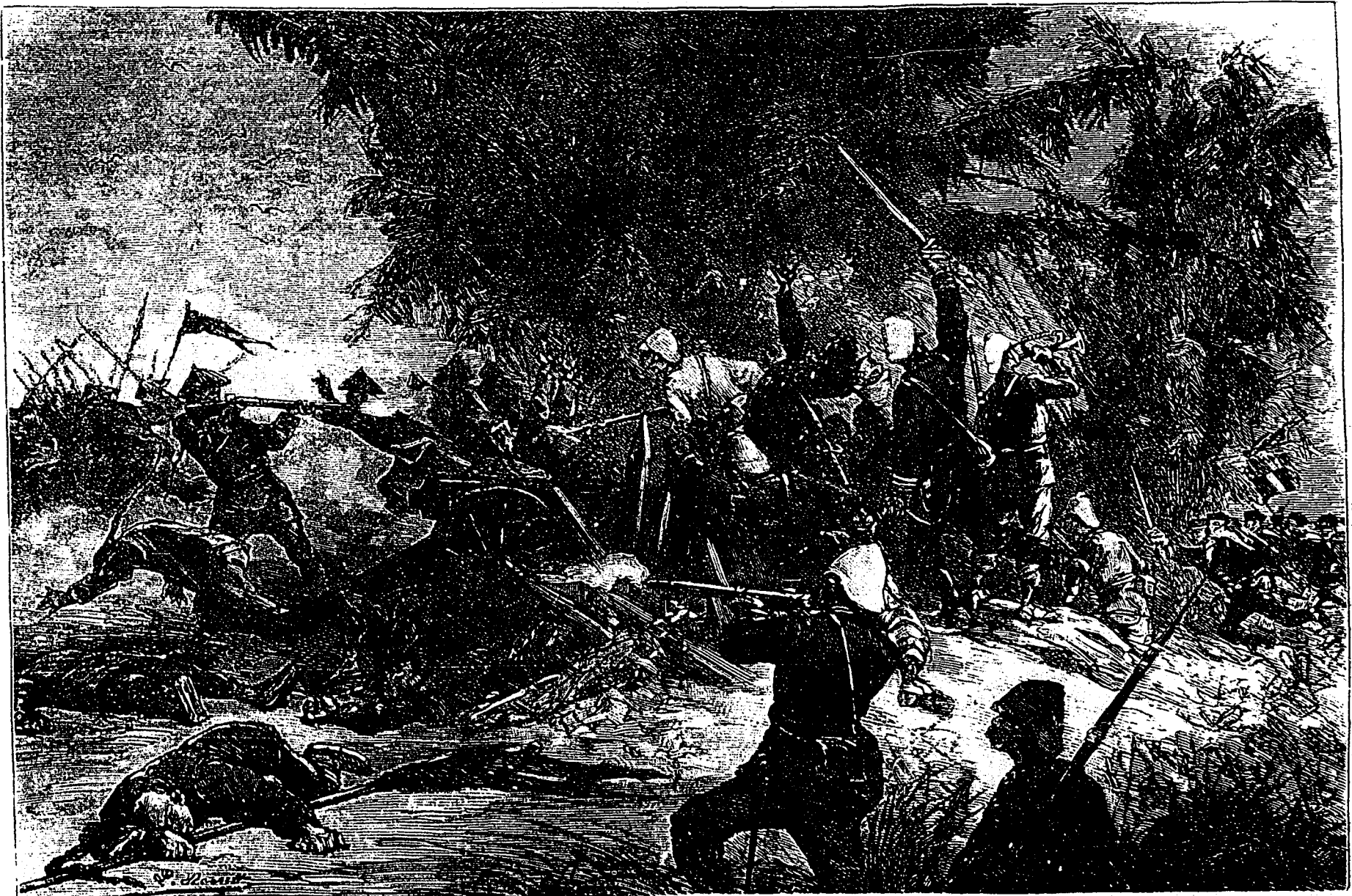
"Or an enamored one," I returned. "It is the hour in which the soul best knows herself; when every low-thoughted care is excluded, and the pensive pleasures take possession of the dissolving heart."

'Ces douces lumières.
Ces ombres clartés,
Sont les jours de la volupté.'

And what was the voluptas of Epicurus but those refined and eloquent enjoyments which must derive their spirit from virtue and from health, from a vivid fancy, susceptible feelings, and a cultivated mind, and which are never so fully tasted as in this sweet season of the day? Then the influence of the sentiment is buoyant over passion; the soul, alive to the sublimest impression, expands in the region of pure and elevated meditation; the passions, slumbering in the soft repose of nature, leave the heart free to the reception of the purest, warmest, tenderest sentiments, when all is delicious melancholy or pensive softness, when every vulgar wish is hushed, and a rapture, an indefinable rapture, swells with sweet vibration on every nerve."

At this point what would the modern girl have said? She would have said, "Oh, Henry, hire a hall!" Not so the charming Glorvina:

"It is thus I have felt," said the all-impassioned Glorvina, clasping her hands, and fixing her humid eyes on mine; "thus in the dearth of all kindred feeling have I felt. But never—oh, till now, never—" And she abruptly paused, and drooped her head on the back of my chair, over which my hand rested, and felt the soft pressure on her glowing cheek, while her balmy sigh breathed its odor on my lip.



THE TONQUIN EXPEDITION.—BATTLE BETWEEN BAC-NIGUE, ON THE 29TH MARCH, 1883.