

NUMISMATIC AND ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY.

The Montreal Gazette of Thursday has the following communication:

"Again we are called upon to chronicle the events of the past, and we cannot do better than extract from the registers of a few of our Local, Scientific and Historical Societies the records of Canadian history, which would have been forgotten, were it not for the existence of a Society in particular that was organised some eight years since in our midst, through the exertions of a few of our ever foremost citizens, noted for the love of their native or adopted country; and which has saved and is saving from oblivion and total destruction many many existing documents, papers, and memorabilia perpetuating the panorama of incidents beginning with the Aborigines, the Cabots, and Jacques Cartier, including the soul stirring events of the 7 years war terminating with the conquest of Canada, and finally concluding with the ever memorable 1st July, 1867, Confederation Day. These celebrated events are kept ever green before us, and in fact we are brought face to face with them, as if we were living in the day they occurred, by a visit to the cabinet and museum of the 'Numismatic and Antiquarian Society of Montreal.' You may there handle objects of the most primitive description used by the race that at one time knew not what subjection was, and who were sole possessors in right of nativity of this Canada of ours. Medals struck by the respective conquerors to commemorate the many links in the chain of battles that began by the founding of Quebec in 1608, and terminated by the treaty of Ghent, signed on the 24th December 1814, as well as medals of a miscellaneous character bearing testimony to merit and commemorating many notable occurrences, may be found. These, being of an everlasting nature, serve more fully to exemplify the History of Canada than the records of Garnett, Christie, Parkman, &c.

We notice by the report of the President that the Society during the past year has been found to be of more service to its country than hitherto, and has obtained through the kindness of friends and numismatic sympathisers many coins and medals of the rarest and choicest description. For the purpose of obtaining a status and position more standing and lasting, and with the view of bringing its objects and interests more prominently before the public, it obtained an Act of Incorporation from the Legislature of Quebec during last Session. Mr Edward Carter very kindly taking charge of the Bill. And it gave under its auspices a free course of Public Lectures in the Rooms of the Natural History Society. The undermentioned well-known gentlemen, with their usual desire to promote the sciences, were the Lecturers, viz: Rev. Dr de Sola, "History of Hebrew Coinage," Wm. Kingsford, Esq., C. E., "Copper Currency of England," Thos. D. King, Esq., "Truth of Revelation as exemplified by existing Coins and Monuments," Henry Mott, Esq., "A meddler with Medals," all of which being well attended the Executive have decided on continuing the series this Winter. The annual meeting of the Society was held at its rooms, No. 112 Craig street, on Wednesday evening, the 21st December ult., and, after reading of reports and other routine, the following gentlemen were elected officers of the Society for the current year, viz: Henry Mott, Esq., President, re-elected; D. Ross, Esq., Vice-President, re-elected; Major L. A. H. Latour, 2nd Vice-President; R. W. McLachlan, Esq., Treasurer and Curator, re-elected; Governor Hopkins, Esq., Corresponding Secretary. We are requested to state that any gentlemen desirous of joining the Society may do so by sending their names to the Secretary. The annual subscription is placed at the moderate sum of two dollars.

THE EARL OF ABERDEEN.

It would appear from the following that the story set afloat some time ago about the missing member of the Gordon (of Aberdeen) family is really correct, and that the truant was no less a personage than the young Earl himself. The article copied below from a New York paper is wrong, in at least one particular: It was the grandfather, not the father of the missing young man who was the Premier of the "Aberdeen Ministry"—the Ministry of all the talents in 1854-56. This nobleman died in 1860 at a very advanced age, over four score, we believe, and was succeeded by his son, the taciturn bucolic-mannered Lord Haddo, the father of George Hamilton Gordon, who is the subject of the singular narrative we have quoted. His only surviving brother is now in his 24th year, and will, of course, succeed to the title if the statements narrated can be established:

"Two years ago the following advertisement appeared in nearly every paper in the country:

"Don't I am well, but we are in affliction, and I long for you, that we may comfort one another. There is a letter to 'Dud' at the post office, New York MA."

It was continued for nearly six months, exciting curiosity and comment. It was followed by a second, as follows:

"MEXICUS: I have been seriously ill; getting better, but very weak. Come, if you possibly can, immediately, for you are more needed than you can think."

"(Signed,) MA."

These advertisements, it is now ascertained, were inserted in order, if possible, to find the Earl of Aberdeen, a young man who left his wealth, titles and honors in 1866, when but twenty-five years of age, to follow the sea as a common sailor. The Earldom of Aberdeen is one of the oldest Scotch titles, originating in the seventeenth century. The first Earl was Lord High Chancellor of Scotland. The father of the young man was at the head of the famous Aberdeen ministry during the Crimean war. He was invested with the right to a seat in the house of Lords under the title of Viscount Gordon of Aberdeen, by royal decree, in 1814.—The estate is estimated to yield an income of £40,000 sterling per annum. The young Earl came to this country and shipped as a common sailor on trading vessels on the Atlantic coast. February 6th, 1868, he was made a mate by certificate from the American Shipmaster's Association under the name of George Henry Osborne. On the 26th of November, 1868, he was granted a master's certificate, and was in command of the schr. Walter, of Richmond, Maine. In January, 1870, he shipped as mate on the three-masted schooner Hebra, bound from Boston to Melbourne, Australia, and thence to China. On the sixth day out he was washed overboard and drowned. During the first two years of his absence he remained in correspondence with his relatives, but kept his employment secret. A little more than two years ago his next younger brother and heir presumptive died. He had then ceased

writing home. This explains the "dod" advertisement, that being his pet name. As it and the subsequent advertisement failed to find him, the matter was put in legal hands and able detectives of England and America have since been in search of him. They had succeeded in merely striking the trail at the time of the shipment on the Hebra. Some months ago, having become convinced of his death, a commission was sent from the English Court of Chancery, to gather proofs, with a view to the succession. It is still pursuing its duties and is now in Boston at work. It has obtained photographs of the seaman Osborne, together with specimens of his hand-writing, which fully identify him as the missing Earl. The ship Hebra has been chartered to proceed to England with her ship's company, the same as at the time of Osborne's death, to give evidence of his death. There seems to be no doubt of his death, and that the Hon. John Campbell Hamilton Gordon, the youngest and only surviving brother, succeeds to one of the oldest titles and wealthiest estates in Scotland. The revenues of the estate, which have accumulated during the Earl's absence, alone amount to nearly a million dollars. The Earl had refrained from drawing a single farthing during all his wanderings, but, on the contrary, had accumulated a fund from his earnings, which was deposited in savings banks here and in Boston. It is supposed that it was his intention, when able, to purchase a ship, and sail back to Aberdeen on his own quarter deck, the product of his own industry."

GUSH.

This propensity to "gush," we are reluctantly compelled to assert, exists much more largely in that sex of which it is so difficult to find anything to complain, than in the sterner and less impressionable sex. Indeed, three-quarters of the aggregate amount of "gush" expended on a thankless race issues from the lips of maidens of from blushing sixteen up to twenty. This is the age, no doubt, for romance and poetry, for theories of great deeds, of hopeless love, of broken vows and broken hearts, and all that sugars the bread-and-butter of that gushing period. It is the age of flashing eyes, of hands clasped in ecstasy, of intense emphasis over what, in the more sober condition of matronhood, is probably viewed in a very different light, and these enthusiastic damsels, while a few reserve their heart-pourings for the sympathetic bosoms of their own familiar friends, do, some of them, pour forth their "gush" with a liberal hand over every one with whom chance brings them in contact. Perhaps no sight is more amusing to the watchful critic than to see *nil admirari*, of solemn countenance and drooping whiskers, taking down "gush," in white muslin and beaming smiles, to dinner. He listens to the fragments of conversation which reach his ears, and pities her futile attempts to find some weak place in her partner's armour of indifference where her earnest remarks may tell. He hears "Gush" say, "Oh, did you see Millais's Flood this year? Wasn't the kitten charming? Oh, I do so love Millais!" and then across the ripple of talk comes the "Wow, wow, wow," of the alarmed *nil admirari*. Failing here, the young lady brings up strong reserves of poetry and romance, and the observer will notice with much amusement how the helpless gentleman looks piteously for reinforcements of dry sherry to help him to carry on his beleaguered defence. We can well remember the countenance of an unromantic friend of ours who was asked by a hisping and gushing partner, in one of the pauses of a waltz, if he "liked poetry with thole in it." His expression showed the lady his soulless condition, and she took it out of him, as the phrase goes, in *deux temps*.

It is singular that this particular time of life in one sex should be found so susceptible to all the influences of "Gush," when in the other the hobbledoy period is one in which density and stupidity reign generally triumphant, and where the appreciation of the beautiful and sublime is looked upon as peculiarly the province of "the girls," and consequently beneath contempt. Can there be two more entirely different creatures than the boy and girl of sixteen—the one desponding with all his heart what the other cherishes and loves, and yet how soon do both unite for the manufacture of private "Gush" of the weakest description.

But there is one particular state of affairs in which, probably, the feminine gushing propensity is more unhesitatingly shown than in any other. Those of us who have entered into the holy state of matrimony know what a long-expected day at last arrives when our home and our hearts are literally turned upside down. A female republic is proclaimed, with an elderly, stout, and important Camp-betta as president, and the head of the hitherto reigning house finds himself deposed, degraded, and despised. He is looked upon as an abandoned creature, whose sole mission it is to walk with creaking boots, bang doors, and wait his meals, and the provisional Government entirely repudiates these qualities. Hungry, anxious, and subdued, he hears, at last, something very like a wail from the upper regions, and he knows well the long-pent up flood gates of "Gush" are loosed, and that it is overflowing its banks. Soon he hears a hurried step; but instead of his maid-servant bringing in his dinner, he finds it is his mother-in-law bringing in "Gush." Of course he is very glad, and he is pleased it is a boy, and grateful to know it is so like himself, and delighted that she is going on so well, and charmed that its eyes are blue, and so on; but—how about his dinner?

There is no doubt that the older the "gusher" grows the more incongruous and inscrutable does "Gush" appear; and the reason for this is, that it is, after all, essentially a child-like quality. In a child there is an entire absence of repression, of reticence; it expresses all its feelings with the utmost animation and exuberance of speech and manner, and it is the utter unconsciousness with which all this is done that makes the abandon of childhood so delightful. But, as years go on, the affection of child-like nature and the assumption of its manners and speech become the more off naive the older the pretender grows. We all know—more commonly in fiction, but, perhaps, also from actual experience—the middle-aged "Gusher," and how such a character is considered a fair object for ridicule. The elderly spinster, whose face and figure record her age, but whose talk and gestures are of a time left far behind, is indeed a target worthy of satire's shafts. Every age brings with it, naturally, qualities entitled to admiration, but they must be the natural products of the age. To "Gush" at eight is charming, at eighteen silly, but at eight-and-thirty offensive. And yet there are women who think this pretence of youth, at a time when youth no longer exists, is an attractive and pleasant deceit. There is a "youngness" (to coin a word)

which lasts in some natures through life, and which is quite charming, but it never puts on the childishness of "Gush."

And yet "Gush" can be made to look very charming when painted by an artist. The "Gush" of Dora Copperfield was entrancing. In the last number of Mr. Trollope's "Ralph the Heir," two young ladies talk together, in confidence, of their love affairs, and one of them, aged twenty-seven, "Gushes" in such a delightful way that it makes one long to be the fortunate receptacle into which it flows. But this, again, is poured into one bosom alone, and withheld from the rest of the world.—*Civilian*.

The London Telegraph announces on authority that the demands made upon Prussia by the British Cabinet, relative to the seizure and sinking of English colliers in the Seine, are in a fair way of adjustment.

SACRIFICE ISLAND.—It lies at the entrance of Mahone Bay, about fifty miles west of Halifax, and five or six miles from the town of Lunenburg. Its strange name has an historical origin. The popular story which accounts for it runs thus:—In the old times when English and French struggled for supremacy on the American continent, and when Nova Scotia was kicked like a foot-ball between the rival parties, now taken by force of arms by the one, and anon ceded by treaty to the other, the bitterest hatred existed, as might naturally be supposed, between the settlers of the two nationalities. The hatchet not yet being buried at Dartmouth, nor the pipe of peace smoked, the Indians were, of course, free to side with either belligerent. On the ground of a common creed, as well as for other reasons, they generally favoured the French; and many were the cruelties practised by the combined forces on the hapless foes. On one occasion, it is said that the Indians, incited by the promise of a reward for every Anglo-Saxon scalp, planned the massacre of the crews of seven fishing vessels which lay at anchor off the island above named. They waited for a favourable opportunity, and one was not long in presenting itself. A day came when the crews were absent on the mainland, and a strong breeze was blowing from seaward. The Indians paddled out their canoes and cut the hempen cables by which the vessels were moored. In a short time they drifted ashore. The sailors rowed off toward the island, and were engaged in trying to get the stranded crafts afloat again, when the Indians, who had concealed themselves among the bushes, fell upon them and killed thirty-five men. Their bodies were buried in a trench on the south side of the island, which has, ever since, gone by the name of Sacrifice. Within the memory of living men, numbers of skeletons have been dug up on the spot, so that the legend is evidently founded on fact.—*Dalhousie College Gazette*.

CLIPPINGS FROM "JUDY."

NOT AT ALL A BAD NOTION.—There is a time for all things. Christmas is the time for a good many things which would not go down at any other time; but surely, if there is a thing just now one fights a little shy of, it is cold water. What, then, is meant by the advertisement one sees everywhere: "The Wonderful Tub (Patent)!" Stay, though!—a thought strikes me.—Is this a gay and festive method of extending the circulation of the *Morning Advertiser*? *Judy* is a good-natured old soul, and she throws out this notion out of pure generosity.

THE BIRETTA CONTROVERSY.—The foundation of a new church—All Saints—was laid a few days ago by the Bishop of Winchester. About £250 was collected on the spot; "no small amusement," we are told, "being caused by the Bishop passing round his own collegiate cap for the purpose of receiving the contributions." Bravo, Bishop! Whatever may be the result of the "Biretta and Suchetta" controversy, it is quite plain this sort of cap is the right thing for a *pass-on*.

PLEASANT!—A correspondent inside Paris, who visited the Southern Hospital, writes that he found the following notice posted on the entrance door:—"Whoever shall bring a cat, a dog, or three rats, shall be at liberty to stay to lunch and dinner. N.B.—It is absolutely necessary that the animals should be alive, but their skins may be taken away." It must be fortunate for the person accepting this invitation that the place is an hospital. How many meals, one wonders, would qualify him for a bed inside?

OH DEAR!—"The soldiers at Aberdeen," a Scotch paper informs us, "while on 'their march out' a few days ago, were preceded by two deers walking loosely along Union street. The spectacle was largely patronized by the city boys." Good gracious! "two deers," and "walking loosely!" And, after this, they talk about Scotch morality!

Why is a person chained in prison likely to escape?—Because he's insecure (in secure).

"Look out for the Bugle of Peace," says the advertisement. *Judy* is informed, upon good authority, that several persons are on the look-out for him with jugs of cold water.

Capital punishment (for them)—Flogging garotters.

A policeman was dismissed from the force a few days since for exceeding his duty in running a train into the station.

We have a blind man in the *Two Roses*, but now Mr. Boucicault has produced his *Jezabel* with a powerful cast. This is too bad.

Is the Watch by the Rhine made of German silver?

Owing to the late severe Frost at a certain theatre, it is said that a certain lady is suffering from an acute attack of Nerve-algia.

The Sun's First Duty on Rising—To strike a light.

A Woman's Bow Ideal—The marriage tie.

A Saint for a Sailor—Saint Salt-Peter.

"It's forty years, my old friend John, since we were boys together." "Is it?—well, don't speak so loud, there's that young widow in the next room."

A Scentry Box—Rimmel's.

Light is a most successful burglar, it is always breaking in upon some one.

We are told "the evening wore on," but we are never told what the evening wore on that occasion. Was it the close of a summer's day?