

MISCELLANY.—John Gordon, who died near Turiff, Banffshire, some time ago, had attained the remarkable age of a hundred and thirty-two years. All the travellers who chanced to call at the neighbouring inn of Turiff, were uniformly directed by the landlady, Mrs Wallace, to the cottage of the Patriarch, where they would see (she used to say) the oldest man in Banffshire, "ay, or in the world." Among the visitors one day about the close of harvest, was a young Englishman, who, coming up to the door of the cottage, accosted a venerable-looking man employed in knitting hose, with, "So, my old friend, can you see to knit at your advanced period of life? one hundred and thirty-two is truly a rare age. 'Deils' i' the man: it will be my grand-ather ye're seeking—I'm only seventy-three—ye'll find him round the corner o' the house. On turning round the corner, the stranger encountered a debilitated old man, whose whitened locks bore testimony to his having long passed the meridian of life; and whom the stranger at once concluded to be John Gordon himself. "You seem wonderfully fresh, my good sir, for so old a man; I doubt not but you have experienced many vicissitudes in the course of your very long life." "What's your wull, sir?" inquired the person addressed, whose sense of hearing was somewhat impaired. The observation was repeated. "Oh, ye'll be wanting my father, I reckon—he's i' the yard there." The stranger now entered the garden, where he at last found the venerable old man busily employed in digging potatoes, and humming the ballad of the battle of Harlaw. "I have had some difficulty in finding you, friend, as I successively encountered your grandson and son, both of whom I mistook for you: indeed they seem as old as yourself. Your labour is rather hard for one at your advanced age." "It is (replied John), but I'm thankful that I'm able for't, as the laddies pair things, are no verra stout now."—The united ages of the worthy trio amounted to upwards of three hundred years!

An Irishwoman called on an apothecary with an infant that was unwell, to beg something for it. The apothecary gave her some powder, of which he ordered as much as would lie on a sixpence to be given every morning; when the woman said, "Perhaps your honour will lend me a sixpence the while, as I haven't got one at all."

A clergyman having preached during Lent, in a small town in which he had not once been invited to dinner, said, in a sermon exhorting his parishioners against being seduced by the prevailing vices of the age. "I have preached against every vice but luxurious living, having had no opportunity of observing to what extent it is carried in this town."

A captain of an East Indiaman was one evening seated with his cronies in a tavern, and was relating to them some eventful story of his life and adventures, when at the very moment in which he had arrived at the climax, and the most interesting period of his tale, his narrative was broken short by a messenger to inform him that the wind was fair, the tide favourable, and he must immediately go on board. After a hasty adieu, he set forth and proceeded on his voyage. He was absent about a twelvemonth; and, on his return, his first visit was paid to the tavern, where he was certain of meeting some of his former associates. He was not disappointed; for there they were, bound by long-continued habit, and apparently they might have sat on their respective stools and benches ever since our hero had taken his departure. We may suppose their congratulations over, and all mutual inquiries satisfied, when the captain, with the utmost composure, lighted his pipe, and looking round with a complacent air, recommenced his story of a year old, prefacing it with "Well, as I was saying, when I was interrupted." In this anecdote, which I quote from Joe Miller, or some other equally facetious worthy, we do not know which to admire most, the retentive memory of the man, which could at once recur to the old train of ideas, by the association of place and personages, or the simplicity of the heart which could believe that though he had been so long absent, he and his story were still matters of interest to those he had left behind him, and found again seated in their former and accustomed station.

A deceased upright and able chief justice of one of our courts was once obliged thus to address a southern jury:—"Gentleman of the jury, in this case the counsel on both sides are unintelligible; the witnesses on both sides are incredible; and the plaintiff and defendant are both such bad characters, that to me it is indifferent which way you give your verdict."

Some catalogues and printed particulars given by auctioneers are truly curious. Placards headed "Sale of a nobleman," may lead many to suppose that the sale of a nobleman's person is to take place in the most public market of the metropolis. In a catalogue, a "great man's coat," and "an elegant lady's shawl," may seem to show that the pressure of the times affects all ranks; still it is explained that, by incorrectly placing the adjectives, two common articles of dress are only meant. "A mahogany child's chair" has certainly a dubious meaning; "moveable fixtures" is declared to be correct, because technical—but in a sale of linen-drapery, "a matchless piece of Irish," with twelve successive

lots of "ditto," is certainly an unequalled specimen of Hibernianism.

A jury in one of the Cinque Ports, being charged with an old woman, accused of stealing a pair of boots, moved probably by the infirmities and miserable appearance of the prisoner, returned the following verdict:—"We find her not guilty, and hope she will never do so any more."

A notorious miser, having heard a very eloquent charity sermon—"This sermon," said he, "so strongly proves the necessity of alms, I have almost a mind to beg."

Mr. Southey is the author of the following description, in nursery rhymes of the cataract of Lodore:—

"How does the water come down at Lodore?"

Here it comes sparkling,
And there it looks darkling!
Here smoking and frothing,
Its tumult and wrath in-

It hastens along, conflicting strong;
Now striking and raging,

As if a war waging,
Its caverns and rocks among-

Rising and leaping,
Sinking and creeping,
Swelling and flinging,
Showering and springing,
Eddying and whisking,
Spouting and frisking,
Turning and twisting,

Around and around,
Collecting, disjecting,
With endless rebound:

Smiting and fighting,
A sight to delight in,
Confounding, astounding,

Dizzying and deafening the ear with its sound;

Reading and speeding,
And shocking and rocking,
And darting and parting,
And threading and spreading,
And whizzing and lizzing,
And dripping and skipping,
And whitening and brightening,

And quivering and shivering,
And hitting and splitting,
And shining and twining,
And rattling and battling,
And shaking and quaking,
And pouring and roaring,
And waving and raving,

And tossing and crossing,
And slowing and growing,
And running and stumming,
And hurrying and skurrying,
And glittering and flittering,
And gathering and feathering,
And dimming and spinning,

And foaming and roaring,
And dropping and hopping,
And working and jerking,
And goggling and struggling,
And heaving and cleaving,
And thundering and floundering,

And falling and brawling and sprawling,
And driving and riving and striving,
And sprinkling and twinkling and wrinkling,
And sounding and bounding and rounding,
And bubbling and troubling and doubling,
Dividing and gliding and sliding,
And grumbling and rumberling and tumberling,
And clattering and battering and shattering.

And gleaming and streaming and steaming and beaming,
And rushing and flushing and brushing and gushing,
And flapping and rapping and clapping and slapping,
And curling and whirling and purling and twirling,
Retreating and meeting and beating and sheeting,
Delaying and straying and playing and spraying,
Advancing and prancing and glancing and dancing,
Recoiling, tumbling, and toiling and boiling,
And thumping and slumping and bumping and jumping,
And dashing and flashing and splashing and clushing,

And so never ending, but always descending,
Sounds and motions for ever and ever are blending,
All at once, and all o'er, with a mighty uproar—
And this way the water comes down at Lodore."

On a grave-stone in the cemetery of Pere-la-Chaise is the following singularly prudent inscription, which, in its praise of the dead, does not lose sight of the living:—"Here lies N—, the best of fathers, the most tender of husbands. His inconsolable widow still keeps the fancy shop, Rue Richelieu, No.—"

When a Frenchman would let us understand that he has settled with his creditors, the proverb is, J'ai paye tous mes Anglois—"I have paid all my English." This proverb originated when John, the French king was taken prisoner by our Black Prince. Levies of money were made for the king's ransom, and for many French nobleman; and the French people have thus perpetuated the military glory of our nation, and their idea of it, by making the English and their creditors synonymous terms.

Perhaps no lady was ever better reconciled to positive ugliness in her own person than the Duchess of Orleans, the mother of

the Regent d'Orleans, who governed French during the minority of Louis XV. Thus she speaks of her own appearance and manners:—"From my earliest years I was aware how ordinary my appearance was, and did not like that people should look at me attentively. I never paid any attention to dress, because diamonds and dress were sure to attract attention. On great days my husband used to make me rouge, which I did greatly against my will, as I hate every thing that incommodes me. One day I made the Countess Soissons laugh heartily. She asked me why I never turned my head whenever I passed before a mirror—every body else did? I answered, because I had too much self-love to bear the sight of my own ugliness. I must have been very ugly in my youth. I had no sort of features; with little twinkling eyes, a short snub-nose, and long thick lips, the whole of my physiognomy was far from attractive. My face was large with fat cheeks, and my figure was short and stumpy; in short, I was a very homely sort of person. Except for the goodness of my disposition, no one would have endured me. It was impossible to discover any thing, like intelligence in my eyes, except with a microscope. Perhaps there was not on the face of the earth such another pair of ugly hands as mine. The king often told me so, and set me laughing about it; for as I was quite sure of being very ugly, I made up my mind to be always the first to laugh at it. This succeeded very well, though I must confess it furnished me with a good stock of materials for laughter."

ÆTNA INSURANCE COMPANY.

OF HARTFORD CON.

THIS COMPANY having determined to renew its business in Halifax, has appointed the Subscriber its Agent, by Power of Attorney, duly executed for that purpose.

From the well known liberality and punctuality which the Company has invariably displayed in the settlement and payment of all losses submitted to it, and from the present moderate rates of premium, the Subscriber is induced to hope it will receive that fair share of the business of this Community which it before enjoyed.

By application to the Subscriber, at his office, the rates of premium can be ascertained, and any further information that may be required will cheerfully be given.

Halifax, Jan. 20, 1838.

CHARLES YOUNG.

NEW AUCTION AND COMMISSION ESTABLISHMENT.

THE necessity which has for some time existed in Halifax, of having an AUCTIONEERING ESTABLISHMENT, where Goods sent could be promptly sold and settled for, has induced the Subscriber to come forward, in the hope that the concern which he is about to establish, will meet with that public patronage which he believes on trial it will fully merit. The Business will be conducted on the following system.—All Goods sent for public Sale, will positively be sold—no articles being put up, which are either limited or allowed to be withdrawn—all purchases to be paid for on delivery, and the proceeds to be handed over to the owner on the day succeeding the Sale; and as these regulations will be rigidly adhered to in all instances, the Subscriber trusts that they will be found advantageous for both Buyer and Seller, as the former may rely that the Sale will be positive, and the articles themselves will always command a fair price from the competition which such a system must produce; and the fact that the money will be forthcoming on the day succeeding, will recommend itself to the favorable notice of those who may be inclined to patronize it. Business will be commenced on Thursday next, the First day of February, and parties wishing to send Articles will please leave a Note of them previous to that time, in order that they may be properly advertised, and they may rely that confidence will at all times be strictly preserved. Articles will also be received for Private Sale; and as the premises occupied by the Subscriber are in a central part, and one of the greatest thoroughfares of the Town, quick Sales may be reasonably expected. The smallest favor will be carefully attended to.

JAMES NORVAL.

Corner of Duke and Water Street

The usual assortment of Groceries and Liquors kept constantly on hand.

Jan 26.

INDIA RUBBERS.

THE Subscriber has Just Received 150 pairs Indian Rubbers assorted sizes—and of good quality, which he will sell low for Cash.

Boots and Shoes constantly on hand and made to order.
Jan. 27. (3m.) WILLIAM WISSWELL.

LAND FOR SALE.

THE Subscriber offers for sale at Tangier Harbour, about 140 miles Eastward of Halifax, 6666 acres of LAND, part of which is under cultivation. It will be sold altogether or in Lots to suit purchasers, and possession will be given in the spring. A River runs through the premises noted as the best in this Province for the Gaspereau fishery. A plan of the same can be seen at the subscribers.

He also cautions any person or persons from cutting Wood or otherwise trespassing on the above mentioned Premises, as he will prosecute any such to the utmost rigour of the Law.

ROBERT H. SKIMMINGS.

Halifax, Dec. 23, 1837.

THE HALIFAX PEARL.

Will be published every Saturday morning, at the printing office of Wm. Cunibell, opposite the South end of Bedford Row, on good paper and type. Each number will contain eight large quarto-pages—making at the end of the year a handsome volume of four hundred and sixteen pages; exclusive of the title-page and index.

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