

From the Banner of the Cross.

"THIS ALSO SHALL PASS AWAY."

An Eastern sage, being requested by his sovereign, to furnish a motto for a signet ring, which should be suitable alike for prosperity and adversity, wrote these words—"This also shall pass away."

When morning sunbeams round me shed
Their light and influence blest,
When flowery paths before me spread,
And life in smiles is drest;
In darkling lines that dim each ray
I read, "this too shall pass away."

When murky clouds o'er hang the sky
Far down the vale of years,
And vainly looks the tearful eye
Where not a hope appears—
Lo! characters of glory play
'Mid shades—"this too shall pass away."

Blest words that temper pleasure's beam,
And lighten sorrow's gloom;
That early sadden youth's bright dream,
And cheer the old man's tomb;
Unto that world be ye my stay—
That world which shall not pass away.

Burlington, Oct. 14, 1839.

B. D. W.

BEN BAHOUA THE ROBBER.

The regiment was recruiting among the natives, when a man presented himself and offered to enlist. His high stature, handsome frame, vigorous limbs, and martial demeanor, struck our Colonel, who admitted him without further examination. He was put into the squadron of which I was chief *Marechal des Logis*.

As the Arabs keep no registers of births, marriages, and deaths, and they, therefore, can give no information upon themselves and their families, I was obliged to proceed to an interrogatory before I entered him upon the regiment rolls.

Thy name?—Ben Bahouia. Thy age?—Manarschi (I don't know?). Thy profession?—Sarako (a robber). Well, exclaimed I, this fellow has no *mauvaise honte*! He flings his title of robber at your face just as another would the title of Duke!

This exclamation, uttered in French, escaped my man, who might have taken it amiss. I continued my questions.

Ben Bahouia was of the Ben Amer tribe, a turbulent and warlike one, which hitherto had maintained itself free and independent, in spite of the vicinity of the Douairs and Simelabs, our most devoted allies. His father had, like him, exercised the profession of robber; but had long ceased to be a man of execution in order to become an adviser in the same line. He had betaken himself to diplomacy, while active business devolved to his son.

"The trade is, I suppose, at a stand," said I to Ben Bahouia, "since thou have come to serve with the French?"

"Alas! no, the competition is too great; the Gharabas alone monopolise it. "But," added he, "I shall have my turn with them. Plunder is desirable, and so is revenge! Woe to the conquered! Woe, above all, to such of the Gharabas as shall fall under my blows: they shall pay dearly for the injury they have done my craft."

Ben Bahouia, whose fame had preceded him in the regiment, was soon on friendly terms with his new comrades. He served with zeal and he behaved well; my distrust of him gradually ceased, and made room for a lively interest. I ended by reposing confidence in him, and never had any cause to repent. Often would I make him talk about his past life, when he would tell us of robberies worthy of the most illustrious adepts in that school. Among the stories which appeared to me most distinguished for dexterity and boldness, I shall mention one for the authenticity of which I can vouch. Let Ben Bahouia himself tell it:

"I knew that a caravan coming from Oran was proceeding to Tlemcen with precious tissues, from Tunis, and blood horses, which Assam Bey was sending as presents to Mustapha. How resist the temptation of having my share of such rich offerings? One piece only of those rich stuffs was worth at least a thousand *boedjoux*. It was enough to make all the women of my tribe go mad with delight. The horses were of still greater value; they were worthy of figuring in the stables of an Emir. My mind was soon made up, and my plan resolved. I cautiously followed the caravan; but in the two first nights the travellers kept so good a look out that I could not deceive their vigilance. At length a favorable opportunity offered. The night was dark, thin and soaking rain had fallen since morning. I stripped, and creeping like a snake through the bushes towards the spot where the horses were fastened together, I reached, unperceived, the centre of the caravan. It was a good deal to have reached this point, but was not enough. I had to seize a horse and fly, avoiding the

* The Arabs cannot tell their age even approximatively.

† An Algerine coin, worth about 1s. Cd., English money.

bullets of the centinels, who crossed one another as they walked up and down with their shouldered muskets.

"Still protected by darkness, I hastened to make up with some thick branches and my garments (which I had taken care not to leave at the place I had thrown them off) a sort of imitation of a man covered with my *bournois*. I next tied a string around it, and crept a little farther off, in order to proceed in safety with my mechanical operations.

"When the two sentinels came up together in their walks, I gave a good shake to my mute auxiliary. On perceiving an object that moved, and had a human shape, the sentinels cried, 'Who's there?' No answer was returned, as you may well suppose. None being returned to a second 'Who's there?' the two Arabs fired off their muskets upon my harmless robber, when, quick as lightning, I leaped upon a horse which I had previously separated from the rest, and vanished from the sight of the terrified sentinels. The Borgias bought my horse for 800 *boedjoux*. It was not much, but I was not master of the market."

Ben Bahouia now pretends that he has grown rusty: in action hangs heavy upon him, and he impatiently awaits the expiration of his three remaining years, to rush into the plains and resume his wandering life, being still most jealous of the Gharabas' monopoly.—*French Periodical*.

FATALITY OF FASHIONS.

It is a startling fact that human life is shorter in New England now than it was fifty years ago. There are diseases now which were hardly known then, and which bring thousands to a premature grave. What is the cause of all this?—Has our climate essentially changed? No—unless it be for the better. The cause is to be found doubtless in the corrupting fashions of the times, which regulate the food and the dress of people, and which make idleness more respectable than honest sturdy industry. We deprecate those fashions; they are rapidly leading us as a people into those excesses which have proved the ruin of other and earlier nations. It is time this subject were looked into with as much solicitude and care as politicians look for the causes of civil liberty and the public good.

In olden times— in the days of the revolution, when sons worked willingly in the forest and the fields and partook of the simple but substantial fare of their own farms; when daughters wore thick shoes, loose gowns, and laboured at the spinning wheel and loom, such diseases as consumption and dyspepsia were seldom or never known. Doctors were rare acquaintances then. But now, if a young man would appear respectable, he must carry a green bag to court, rather than a meal bag to mill; he must wield a yard stick, rather than a hoe or shovel; and as for young ladies—alas! it would soil their lily hands and be an irreparable disgrace to be seen cleaning houses or be caught at a wash tub. Their shoes must be of kid thin as wafers; their chests must be pent up in corsets as closely as a Chinese foot, and their time must be spent in spinning street yarn, thumbing the piano forte or discoursing sentimental songs. These fashions are prejudicial to human life and health. Oh, that fashion would ever take the right direction, and go upon the maxim of sanctioning nothing which interferes with the laws of health. Then would the hopes of our country brighten, and individuals would enjoy an amount of comfort which is now too willingly but blindly sacrificed in false taste.—*Main Cultivator*.

THE GALVANIC TELEGRAPH AT THE GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.—The space occupied by the case containing the machinery (which simply stands upon a table, and can be removed at pleasure to any part of the room) is little more than that required for a gentleman's hat box. The telegraph is worked by merely pressing small brass keys (similar to those on a keyed bugle), which acting (by means of galvanic power) upon various hands and placed upon a dial-plate at the other end of the telegraphic line, as far as now opened, point not only to each letter of the alphabet (as each key may be struck or pressed), but the numerals are indicated by this means, as well as the various points, from a comma to a colon, with notes of admiration and interjection. There is likewise a cross (x) upon the dial, which indicates that when this key is struck a mistake has been made in some part of the sentence telegraphed, and that an "erasuro" is intended. A question—such, for instance, as the following—"How many passengers started from Drayton by the ten o'clock train?" and the answer, could be transmitted from the terminus to Drayton and back in less than two minutes. This was proved on Saturday. This mode of communication is only completed as far as the west Drayton station, which is about thirteen miles and a half from Paddington. There are wires (as may be imagined) communicating with each end, thus far completed, passing through a hollow iron tube, not more than an inch and a half in diameter, which is fixed about six inches above the ground, running parallel with the railway, or about two or three feet distant from it. It is the intention of the Great Western Railway Company to carry the tube along the line as fast as completion of the rails takes place, and ultimately throughout the whole distance to Bristol.

The machinery and the mode of working it are so exceeding simple that a child who could read would (after an hour or two's instruction) be enabled efficiently to transmit and receive information.

MUSK.—Of all odours the most intolerable to those who do not use it is musk. Many persons are inconvenienced by it to such a degree that they could not stay for five minutes in a room containing the minutest quantity of it. It is also the odour which adheres the longest. A coat upon which musk has been thrown will smell of it at the end of two years, though it has been during the whole time exposed to the open air; but in apartments it will endure almost for ever. The late Empress Josephine was very fond of perfumes, and, above all, of musk. Her dressing-room at Malmison was filled with it, in spite of Napoleon's frequent remonstrances. Twenty-five years have elapsed since her death, and the present owner of Malmison, M. Hagerman, has had the walls of that dressing-room repeatedly washed and painted; but neither scrubbing, aquafortis, nor paint, has been able to remove the smell of the good Empress's musk, which continues as strong as if the bottle which contained it had been but yesterday removed.

JOHN KEMBLE'S ONLY PUN.—When it was understood that Sir James Dowther, afterwards Lord Lonsdale, was to be elevated to the peerage, as a reward for offering to furnish government with a seventy-four gun-ship, completely equipped, at his expense, a lady said to Mr. Kemble, "Dear me, sir, what a whimsical thing this seems altogether; I wonder what title they can give for supplying a ship: what can they call him, Mr. Kemble?" "Why, madam," replied Mr. Kemble, "I should think he will be called lordship."

GEORGE III. AND LORD BATEMAN.—In March, 1781, Lord Bateman waited upon the king, and with a very low bow begged to know at what hour his majesty would please to have the stag-hounds turned out. "I cannot exactly answer that," replied the king, "but I can inform you that your lordship was turned out about two hours ago." The Marquis of Caermarthen succeeded him.

When General Burgoyne was once at a play, which was most indifferently performed, he called one of the actors and asked him the name of the piece.—"The Stage Coach, sir," replied Buskin. "The next time you play it," said the General, "I must ask to be an outside Passenger."

A Dutchman, from the West, went to pay his Excellency the President of the United States, a visit. He happened to call just as the President and four others were sitting down to dine. The President asked him to be seated, at the same time enquiring if there was anything new or strange in his country.

"No I think not, except dat one of my cows hash five calves."

"Ah! indeed—and do they all suck at one time?"

"No, sar"—replied the Dutchman, "four on em sucks, while do tudder looksh on, shusht as I tush."

The hint was so significant that a clean plate was immediately ordered, and the Dutchman seated at the table, where he partook of a comfortable dinner with his excellency the President.

COMFORT OF CHILDREN.—Call not that man wretched who, whatever else he suffers as to pain inflicted, pleasure denied, has a child for whom he hopes and on whom he doats. Poverty may grind him to the dust, obscurity may cast its darkest mantle over him, the song of the gay may be far from his own dwelling, his face may be unknown to his neighbors, and his voice may be unheeded by those among whom he dwells—even pain may rack his joints and sleep may flee from his pillow; but he has a gem, with which he would not part for wealth defying computation, for fame filling a world's ear, for the luxury of the highest health, or for the sweetest sleep that ever sat upon a mortal's eye.—*Cole-ridge*.

THE COLONIAL PEARL,

Is published every Friday Evening, at seventeen shillings and sixpence per annum, in all cases, one half to be paid in advance. It is forwarded by the earliest mails to subscribers residing out of Halifax. No subscription will be taken for a less term than six months. All letters and communications post paid, addressed to John S. Thompson, Pearl Office, Halifax, N. S.

AGENTS.

Halifax, A. & W. McKinlay.	Charlotte Town, T. Desbrisay, Esq.
Windsor, James L. Dewolf, Esq.	St. John, N.B., G. A. Lockhart, Esq.
Lower Horton, Chs. Brown, Esq.	Sussex Vale, J. A. Reeve, Esq.
Wolfville, Hon. T. A. S. DeWolfe,	Dorchester, C. Milner, Esq.
Kentville, J. F. Hutchinson, Esq.	Sackville, J. C. Black, Esqrs.
Bridgetown, Thomas Spurr, Esq.	Fredericton, Wm. Grigor, Esq.
Annapolis, Samuel Cowling, Esq.	Woodstock, John Bedell, jr. Esq.
Digby, Henry Stewart, Esq.	New Castle, Henry Allison, Esq.
Yarmouth, H. G. Parish, Esq.	Chatham, James Caie, Esq.
Amherst, John Smith, Esq.	Carlton, &c., Jos. Mengher, Esq.
Richibucto, Thomas Caie, Esq.	Bathurst, William End, Esq.
Fort Lawrence, M. Gordon, Esq.	St. Andrews, R. M. Andrews, Esq.
Economy, Silas H. Crane, Esq.	St. Stephens, Messrs. Pengree & Chipman.
Pictou, Dr. W. J. Anderson.	Sydney, Mr. John Bourinot.
Truro, John Ross, Esq.	
Antigonish R. N. Henry, Esq.	
River John, William Blair, Esq.	

HALIFAX: Printed by W. Cunnabell, at his Office, near head of Marchington's wharf.