

sery. Every one prayed for her success. Trembling between fear and hope, she drew out one of the tickets, and attempted to open it; but her hand shook so she could not do it. She handed it to one of the men to open. When he opened it, his countenance fell, and he hesitated to say what it was. She cried to him, in a tone of agony, 'Tell me for God's sake, what is it?' 'Not to go,' in a compassionate tone of voice. 'O God, help me! O Sandy!' she exclaimed, and sunk lifeless into the arms of her husband, who had sprung forward to her assistance, and in whose face was depicted every variety of wretchedness. The drawing was interrupted, and she was carried by her husband to his berth, where he hung over her in frantic agony. By the assistance of those around her she was soon recovered from her swoon, but she awoke only to a sense of her misery. The first thing she did was to look round for her husband; when she perceived him she seized his hand and held it, as if she was afraid that he was going to leave her. 'O, Sandy, you'll not leave me and your poor babe, will you?' The poor fellow looked in her face with a look of agony and despair. The scene drew tears from every eye in the room with the exception of the termagant whom I have already mentioned, who said, 'What are ye a' makin' such a wark abut? Let the babe get her great out! I suppose she thinks there's naebody ever parted with their men but her, wi' her faintin', and her airs, and her wark!' The drawing was again commenced, and various were the expressions of feeling evinced by those concerned.—The Irish women in particular were loud in their grief. It appeared to me that the Irish either feel more acutely than the Scotch or English, or that they have less restraint on themselves in expressing it. The barrack through the day, was one continued scene of lamentation.

We were to march the next morning early. Most of the single men were away drinking. I slept in the berth above Sandy and his wife. They never went to bed, but sat the whole night in their berth, with their child between them, alternately embracing their child and each other, and lamenting their cruel fortune. I never witnessed in my life such a heart-rending scene. The poor fellow tried to assume some firmness, but in vain; some feeling expression from her would throw him off his guard, and at last his grief became quite uncontrollable.

When the first bugle sounded, he got up and prepared his things. Here a new source of grief sprung up. In laying aside the articles which he intended to leave, and which they had used together, the idea seemed fixed in her mind that they would never use them in that way again, and as she put them aside, she watered them with her tears. Her tea-pot, her cups, and every thing that they had used in common, all had their apostrophe of sorrow. He tried to persuade her to remain in the barrack, as we had six miles to travel to the place of embarkation. Many of the men had got so much intoxicated that they were scarcely able to walk. The commanding officer was so displeased at their conduct, that in coming through St. Helier's he would not allow the band to play.

When we arrived at the place where we were to embark, a most distressing scene took place, in the men parting with their wives. Some of them, indeed, it did not appear to affect much; others had got themselves nearly tipsy; but most of them seemed to feel it acutely. When Sandy's wife came to take her last farewell, she lost all government of her grief. She clung to him with a despairing hold. 'Oh dinna, dinna leave me!' she cried. The vessel was hauling out. One of the sergeants came to tell her that she would have to go ashore. 'Oh!' they'll never be so hard hearted as to part us!' said she; and running aft to the quarter deck, where the commanding officer was standing, she sunk down on her knees, with her child in her arms. 'Oh! will you not let me gang wi' my husband? Will you tear him frae his wife and his ween? He has nae frien's but us—nor we any but him—and, Oh! will you make us a' frienless? See my wee babe pleadin' for us!'

The officer felt a painful struggle between his duty and his feeling; the tears came into his eyes. She eagerly caught at this as favorable to her cause. 'Oh! aye, I see you have a feeling heart—you'll let me gang wi' him! You have nae wife; but if you had, I am sure you wad think it uncommon hard to be turn frae her this way—and this wee darling.' 'My good woman,' said the officer, 'I feel for you much, but my orders are peremptory, that no more than six women to each hundred men go with their husbands. You have had your chance as well as the other women; and although it is hard enough on you to be separated from your husband, yet there are many more in the same predicament, and it is totally out of my power to help it.' 'Well, well,' said she, rising from her knees, and straining her infant to her breast, 'it's a' owre wi' us, my puir babe! This day leaves us frien'less, on the wide world.' 'God will be your friend,' said I, as I took the child from her until she should get into the boat. Sandy had stood like a person bewildered all this time, without saying a word. 'Farewell, then, a last farewell then!' said she to him. 'Where's my babe?' she cried. I handed him to her. 'Give him a last kiss, Sandy.' He pressed the infant to his bosom in silent agony.—'Now a's owre! Farewell, Sandy! We'll mae by meet in heaven;' and she stepped into the boat with a

wild despairing look. The vessel was now turning the pier, and she was out of our sight almost in an instant; but as we got the last glimpse of her, she uttered a shriek, the knell of a broken heart, which rings in my ears at this moment. Sandy rushed down below, and threw himself into one of the berths in a state of feeling which defies description. Poor fellow! his wife's forebodings were too true! He was amongst the first that were killed in Portugal. What became of her I have never been able to learn. *Recollections of Eventful Life, by a Soldier.*

END OF THE WORLD.—Some works scarcely deserving the least attention, gain for themselves considerable notoriety by being sent forth to the world at a peculiar time, and feeding the elements of a popular excitement. Thus, when desperate and extraordinary efforts are made for a revival, a work containing a new application of the prophecies as predicting the end of the world near at hand, will become almost like a new revelation from heaven, and be a mighty engine of terror to the superstitious and credulous. Among the last wonders in the religious world, 'Miller on the Prophecies' is not the least. Such is the novelty of the work and the ingenuity of the author, that his boldness has passed for truth with many, and his assertions for arguments. He predicts the end of the world, or rather interprets prophecies as predicting the end of the world in 1842. In some places where great exertions have been put forth for a religious excitement, abridgments of this work have been made and published, and the timid and fearful have, in many instances, been alarmed and greatly terrified. Men have made use of the author's calculations in their public addresses, and have succeeded in terrifying the ignorant and superstitious by their declamations. We might, did we think it worth while, show this author's inconsistencies, and the daring manner in which he has made scripture bend to his theory. But our design in alluding to this work, was simply to class it with many others that have gone before it, and show, briefly what fanciful ideas have been advanced in olden time in some of these works.

In the year 1212 it was prophesied by an ingenious second seer that the Mediterranean Sea would be dried up, and that believers could go to Jerusalem on foot. Italy, it is said, became crowded with German pilgrims, but the sea obstinately refused to depart.

In 1524 great terror pervaded all Europe, from the prediction of John Stofferus, a mathematician and astrologer of Suabia, that a great deluge was approaching. Many of reputation as wise men coincided with him, and books on books were sent forth warning the people to prepare, and suggesting means of escape from the inundation. In France the terror was so great that many were near madness, and some built up arches to save themselves. President Auriol, of Thoulouse, built up four high pillars, with a boat at top; which, however, was not needed, as no deluge came. This prophet, however, nothing daunted though the stars were against him, continued to prophecy, and predicted the end of the world in 1586, which we may conclude, did not take place.

A Lutheran divine, by the name of Michael Stifelius, in an arithmetical sermon, predicted the end of the world in 1533. He was preaching, on the very day appointed, and his hearers in great terror, confiding in his correctness, when a fierce storm arose, with terrific thunder and lightning, which, with their fears, created inexpressible trouble. But soon the storm ceased, the winds were hushed, and the sky became serene. The people, made furious by the deceit practised on them, dragged the prophet from his desk, and beat him so severely as nearly to have realized his prophecy, as far as himself was concerned.

Lord Napier, the inventor of logarithms, was among those who prophesied of the end of the world at a certain time; but he, like many other enthusiasts, outlived his prediction.

In the year 1761 two men appeared in Cologne who said that they came from Damascus. The Jews of that town went to them, and talked to them in Latin, Greek, Hebrew and Chaldaic; they answered in all languages. They said they were come, by order of Heaven, to turn men to repentance. They gave out that they were seven hundred years old! Among the rest of their prophecies, they predicted that Constantinople would be destroyed in 1766; the true God acknowledged by all nations, 1767; a valiant man give his testimony to it, 1768; England to be overflown, 1769; an earthquake all over the world, 1770; the fall of the sun, moon and stars, 1771; the globe of the earth burnt, 1772; the universal judgment, 1773.

All these fanatics had their favorites for a season; and so long as superstition, ignorance, and the love of novelty reigns in the breasts of men, false prophets will arise and many follow them. And we are taught the constant necessity of disseminating true knowledge, and advancing that light which shall scatter all the darkness of superstition and spiritual ignorance from the human mind. God speed the conquests of truth!—*Ladies Repository.*

FUTURITY.—To the ardent spirit, the future is an ice-berg, which at a distance is brilliant with shifting colours and rosy light, but when it approaches, brings frost and destruction.

ANGER.—The flame of anger is like a conflagration, which burns fiercely if we give it vent, but goes out soon if repressed and confined.

SCENE IN A SYRIAN BATH.

Sept. 18, 1832. My wife and Julia have been invited to day by the wife and daughter of a neighbouring Arab Chief to pass a day at the bath; the bath is an amusement of Eastern women among themselves. A bathing feast is announced 15 days in advance, like a ball in Europe. The following is a description of this feast such as it was narrated to me at night by my wife. The bathing rooms are public places, the approach to which is forbidden every day to the men until a certain hour, to reserve them to the women; and the entire day when a bath is ordered for a bride as was the case on this occasion. The rooms are dimly lighted by means of small domes with painted glass; they are paved with marble, with slabs of different colors, worked with great art. The walls are covered also with marble, in mosaic, or sculptured with mouldings, or Moorish columns. The rooms are graduated as to heat; the first have the temperature of the exterior air, the second are warm, the others successively warmer, to the last, where the vapor of the water almost in a boiling state, rises from basins, and fills the atmosphere with a stifling heat. In general there is not a hollow basin in the middle of the rooms: there are only tubes always running, which pour on the marble pavement about a half an inch of water; this water runs off in gutters, and is constantly renewed. What is called bathing in the East is not an entire emersion, but a repeated aspersion, more or less warm, and the impression of the vapor upon the skin. Two hundred women from the town and environs were invited that day to the bath, and among others several young Europeans; each one came wrapped up in an immense cloak of white linen, which covers entirely the superb costume of the females when they got out. They are well accompanied by their black slaves, or their free attendants; as they join in groups, and seat themselves on cushions and mats prepared in the vestibule, their servants take off the cloak which envelopes them, and they appear in all the rich and picturesque magnificence of their dresses and jewels. These costumes are variegated as to the color of the stuffs and the number and glitter of the jewels, but they are in bad taste as to the cut of the vestments. The dress consists of a pantaloon with large plaits of barred satin, tied at the belt by a bow of red silk; and closed above the instep by a bracelet of gold or silver; a robe knitted with gold, open in front, and tied under the bosom, which it leaves exposed; the sleeves are closed above the arm-pit, and open from the elbow to the wrist; a shift or silk gauze, which covers the breast, is passed under them; over this robe they wear a velvet vest of gaudy color, doubled with ermine or sable, and embroidered in gold on all the seams; sleeves open also. The hair is divided on the crown of the head; a part falls again on the neck, the rest is twisted in mats and descends even to the feet, lengthened with tresses of black silk, which imitates the hair; small tassels of gold or silver hang from the extremity of these tresses, and their weight cause them to float the length of the figure; their heads, besides, are strewn with small chains of pearls, threaded zackins of gold, and natural flowers: the whole mingled and spread out with incredible profusion. It is as if a jewel box had been emptied at hazard on these tresses, all glittering, all scented, with precious stones and flowers. This barbarian luxury has a most picturesque effect on youthful figures of 15 or 20 years. On the top of the head some women carry a golden cap, chiselled into the form of an inverted cup; from the centre of this cap rises a golden band which bears a tuft of pearls and which floats behind the head. The legs are naked, and they have on their feet for shoes, slippers of yellow morocco, which they drag in walking. The arms are covered with golden bracelets, of silver and pearls, on the open bosom.

When all the women arrived, a savage music was heard, females who were enveloped with a simple red gauze from head to foot uttered piercing and lamentable cries, and played on the flute and tamborine; this music ceased not during the entire day, and gave to this scene of pleasure and feasting a character of tumult and frenzy completely barbarian. When the bride appeared, accompanied by her mother and her young friends, and dressed in a costume so magnificent that her hair, her neck, her arms, and her bosom, disappeared entirely beneath a floating veil of garlands, of golden pieces, and of pearls, the bathers seized her, stripped her piece by piece of all her vestments; during this time all the other women were undressed by their servants, and the different ceremonies of the bath began. They passed always to the sound of the same music, always with ceremonies and words more extraordinary, from one chamber to another. They took the vapor bath, then the ablution bath, then perfumed and soaped water poured upon them; and again the plays commenced, and all these women, with different cries and gestures, acted like a troop of school boys who are brought to swim in a river, splashing each other, plunging each other's heads beneath the water, throwing in each other's faces; and the music echoed stronger and more shrill every time that one of these childish tricks excited the laughter of those young Arabian girls. At length they left the bath, the slaves and attendants plaited anew the moist tresses, of their mistresses, replaced the collars and bracelets, put on the robes of silk and the vests of velvet, extended cushions on the mats in rooms where the floors had been dried, and drew from baskets and