

frequented, and I had joined a large and various company, for the sake of listening to their talk about the city that now absorbed every other interest. At each acclivity we surmounted, we were told that the next would reveal to us the object of our destination; and at length, as we emerged upon a wild and sterile plain, the leading pilgrims sat upon their knees—a contagious shout of enthusiasm burst from the excited wanderers; and every man of that large company—Arab, Italian, Greek, and Englishman—exclaimed each in his own tongue, 'El Khudds!' 'Gerusalemma!' 'Hagiopolis!' 'The Holy City!'

It was indeed Jerusalem; and had the Holy City risen before us in its palmiest days of magnificence and glory, it could not have created deeper emotion, or been gazed at more earnestly, or with intenser interest.

So long the object of eager hope and busy imagination, it stood before me at length in actual reality—the City of David, the chosen seat of God, the death-place of his Son, the object of the world's pilgrimage for two thousand years! All its history, so strangely blended with holiness and crime, with prosperity and desolation, with triumph and despair, and a thousand associations, came thronging into recollection, peopling its towers and surrounding plains with the scenes and actors of eventful years.

The whole cavalcade paused simultaneously when Jerusalem appeared in view; the greater number fell upon their knees and laid their foreheads in the dust, whilst a profound silence, more impressive than the loudest exclamations, prevailed over all; even the Moslems gazed reverently on what was to them also a holy city, and recalled to mind the pathetic appeal of their forefather: 'Hast thou not a blessing for me also, O my father?'

When the Crusading army, thinned by pestilence, privation, and many a battle-field, gazed upon the view before us, that warrior-host knelt down as a single man; sobs burst from their mailed bosoms, and tears streamed down their rugged cheeks. Those tears, and not the blood so profusely shed upon the plains of Palestine, were the true evidences of the Crusading spirit.

Apart from all associations, the first view of Jerusalem is a most striking one. A brilliant and unchequered sunshine has something mournful in it, when all that it shines upon is utterly desolate and drear. Not a tree or a green spot is visible; no sign of life breaks the solemn silence; no smile of Nature's gladness over varies the stern scenery around. The flaming, monotonous sunshine above, and the pale, distorted, rocky wastes beneath, realize but to faithfully the prophetic picture: 'Thy sky shall be brass, and thy land shall be iron.' To the right and left as far as the eye can reach, vague undulations of colourless rocks extend to the horizon. A broken and desolate plain in front is bounded by a wavy, battlemented wall, over which towers frown, and minarets peer, and mosque-domes swell, intermingled with church turret, and an indistinguishable mass of terraced roofs. High over the city, to the left, rises the Mount of Olives; and the distant hills of Moab, almost mingling with the sky, afford a background to the striking picture.

There was something startlingly new and strange in that wild shadowless landscape. The clear outlines of the hills, and the city walls—so colourless, yet so well defined against the naked sky—gave to the whole a most unreal appearance; it resembled rather an immense mezzotint engraving, than anything which Nature and Nature's complexion had to do with.

I am not sure that this stern scenery did not present the only appearance, that would not disappoint expectation. It is unlike anything else on earth—so blank to the eye, yet so full of meaning to the heart. Every mountain round is familiar to the memory—even you blasted fig tree has its voice, and the desolation that that surrounds us bears silent testimony to fearful experiences. The plain upon which we stand looks like the arena of deadly struggles in times gone by—struggles in which all the mighty nations of the earth took part and in which Nature herself seems to have shared.

Each of our party had waited for the other to finish his devotions, and seemed to respect each pilgrim's feelings with a Christian courtesy, perhaps inspired by the spot. At length all had risen from their genuflections and prostrations, and we moved slowly forward over the rugged yet slippery path which human feet had worn in the solid rock. Countless had been the makers of that path—Jesuites, Hebrews, Chaldeans, Assyrians, Egyptians, Romans, Saracens, Crusaders, and pilgrims from every country under heaven. As we advanced, some olive trees appeared, and deep valleys on the left, slightly marked with pale green gardens. An enclosure concealed the prospect for awhile, and then again the City of Zion appeared shadowing with its battlemented walls the barren rocks around. As we approached nothing but these walls were visible, presenting probably, with their massive gates and lofty towers the same appearance as they wore to the Crusaders' view. Here and there a turbaned head was visible, and the crescent banner was waving from David's Tower, a few tents—green, white, and blue—were scattered round, as if forsaken in a hurry; and all else looked as if it had been laid waste in order to afford no shelter to an enemy.

I had always pictured to myself Jerusalem as standing upon lofty hills and visible from afar. It is, on the contrary, on the edge of the wide plain by which we approach from Jaffa, and is commanded by the Mount of Olives, and other eminences, from which it divided

by the deep and narrow ravines called the valley of Jehosaphat, and the Vale of Hinnom. These ravines meet in the form of a Y, the lower part of which describes the precipitous glen through which the brook Kedron flows in winter to the Dead Sea.

The site of the city is in itself unique. Selected originally from the strength of its position only, it offers none of the features usually to be found surrounding the metropolis of a powerful people. No river nor any stream flows by—no fertility surrounds it—no commerce seems able to approach its walls—no thoroughfare of nations finds it in the way. Like the high priest who once ministered in its temple, it stands solitary and removed from all secular influences, and receives only those who come to worship at its mysteries. All the other cities of the earth are frequented by votaries of gain, science, luxury, or glory. Zion offers only privation to the pilgrim's body, solemn reflection for his thoughts, awe for his soul; her palaces are ruins, her hotels are dreary convents, her chief boast and triumph is a tomb.

New Works.

The Comic Blackstone. By Gilbert Abbot & Beckett; with Illustrations by George Cruikshank.

"WHAT IS IMPRISONMENT?"

Unlawfully detaining a man in any way, is imprisonment: and *semble* that if you take your neighbour by the button, and cause him to listen to a long story, you are guilty of imprisonment. An Omnibus driver, who loiters on the road, and thus detains his passengers, is also guilty of imprisonment.

Every Englishman has a right to live in England; or at least, if he cannot live, he may have the glorious privilege of starving there. The sovereign may not send a subject even to Scotland, Guernsey, or Sark, though George the Fourth sent Brummell to Coventry; and our present Queen has been heard to tell Sir Robert Peel to go to Bath, when he has proposed measures contrary to the welfare and happiness of the people. The third right is the right of property, which the law peculiarly regards, and will not allow a man to be deprived of his property, except by the law itself, 'which often,' says Fleta, 'hath a happier knack of stryppynge him.'

It is a beautiful fiction of the English law that no man pays taxes without his own consent; and, from this assertion, it would naturally be supposed that the tax-gatherers were the very idols of the people, who flocked round them, tendering specie and asking receipts for it. By legal imagery, the people are declared to tax themselves; but Bracton, in a learned note, added 'Hooky' to this assertion; while Mr Selden, by way of strengthening the comment, has subjoined 'Walker,' with his customary quaintness.

The right of petitioning is another glorious privilege of Englishmen; but they do not often get much by it. Puffendorf, or somebody else, has said, 'They who don't ask, don't want; but they who do want, shan't have;' and *semble* that this is the sort of view which Parliament takes of any wishes, expressed or not expressed, which do not happen to coincide with the wishes of the legislature.

Under the law as it regards husband and wife, or *Baron et Feme*, we find—

It has been laid down very clearly in all the books, that in general all persons are able to marry, unless they are unable; and the fine old constitutional maxim, that 'a man may not marry his grandmother,' ought to be written in letters of gold over every domestic hearth in the British dominions.

If a father's heart should happen to be particularly flinty, a child under age has no remedy, but a stony guardian may be macadamized by the Court of Chancery; that is to say, a marriage to which he objects may be ordered to take place, in spite of it. Another incapability is, want of reason in either of the parties; but if want of reason really prevented a marriage from taking place, there would be an end to half the matches that are entered into. Marriages could formerly only be dissolved by death or divorce; but the new Poor Law puts an end to the union between man and wife directly they enter into a parochial Union. Divorce, except in the instance just alluded to, is a luxury confined only to those who can afford to pay for it; and a husband is compelled to allow money—called *alimony*—to the wife he seeks to be divorced from. Marriages, it is said, are made in Heaven, but unless the office of the registrar be a little paradise, we don't see how a marriage made before that functionary, can come under the category alluded to.

By the old law, a husband might give his wife moderate correction; but it is declared in black and white that he may not beat her black and blue, though the civil law allowed any man on whom a woman bestowed her hand, to bestow his fists upon her at his own discretion. The common people, who are much attached to the common law, still exert the privilege of beating their wives; and a woman in the lower ranks of life, if she falls in love with a man, is liable, after marriage, to be a good deal struck by him.

A Practical Treatise on Healthy Skin, &c.

By Erasmus Wilson, F.R.S., &c.

Very few of us indeed are at all aware of the nature of the covering of our own bodies. We see a soft, smooth, and pliant membrane, which invests the whole of the external surface

of the body, following all its prominences; but we know not till the researches of science, which have reached only a few, inform us that the whole of the interior of the body, all its cavities and bumps, are invested with a similar, or rather the same covering. The skin passes, as at the lips or eyebrows, into mucous membrane, and one becomes the other, as it is wholly excluded from or exposed to the free action of the atmosphere. By its surface in the interior and on the exterior are all the functions of nutrition and decay, of health and disease, of appetite and sensation, carried on. Its changing action according to circumstances, in every climate and temperature, keeps the body at nearly one uniform heat. It is subject to many diseases. Life has been sustained by food imbibed at its exterior pores; the disease which kills and the medicine which cures may both enter by the same openings. It conducts electricity, that mysterious, invisible, and intangible agency, by which we are surrounded, and on the diffusion of which health is dependent, into or out of every part of the frame. It is at once the great enveloping and secretory organ of the whole body, and the immediate means, except as to colour, by which we communicate with the external world. It can become accordingly the substitute for our least glorious, but not the least useful organs, such as the kidneys, and is the means of conveying to us nearly all that we have ever learned of the glorious universe.

Its structure is not less wonderful than its uses. It is composed of two layers; one horny and insensible, the other highly sensitive; the latter being the actual and universal organ of feeling, and the other varying in thickness as it covers an exposed or hidden part, its ever attendant guard and protection. Each of these layers is of a different, though analogous, structure; and performs different offices. Both are continually renewed, yet each preserves for ever its own distinct properties.

The sensitive skin is so full of nerves and blood vessels, of which the scarf skin is divested, that it is scarcely possible to insert a needle in any part of the body without causing pain and a flow of blood. Its surface is uneven to increase its extent and multiply its power. In every part of it there are perspiratory tubes, with attendant glands, terminating on the surface in a pore. To give one striking example of its extraordinary structure, we may mention that Mr. Wilson has counted 3528 of these pores in a square inch on the palm of the hand; and each tube, of which the pore is an opening, being a quarter of an inch long, it follows that, in a square inch on the palm of the hand, there exists a length of tube equal to 892 inches or 73 feet. In other parts of the body the pores are not so numerous. 'Taking 2800 as a fair average for each square inch, and assuming that the number of square inches of surface in a man of ordinary height is 2500, the number will be 7,000,000 and the length of the perspiratory tube 1,750,000 inches, or nearly 23 miles.' Well may Mr. Wilson ask, what will be the effect if this drainage be obstructed? Well may every man say that, of this wonderful covering which ignorance and brutality even yet fetter, scourge, and brand, we are woefully ignorant, and science cannot be better employed than in ascertaining its properties, and in teaching us how it may best be preserved.

Punch's Almanac 1846.

MR. CAUDLE'S TABLE TALK.

CHAPTER IX.

Showing how Mr. Caudle objected to Mrs. Caudle's female friend, a visitor for a month.

'When a husband comes home to what he expects to find a comfortable house, it is a little—I say a little annoying for him—to break his shins over a heap of portmanteaus in the hall, and find, too, he's saddled with a visitor—some stupid Miss or the other, with all her boarding school starch about her. Eh—what? You told me you'd invited dear Miss Loveday? You took an advantage of me, then; and told me when I was asleep. I don't recollect it. And now I shall be stumped to death by her for three months—for of course she plays on the piano; and I shouldn't wonder if she's brought a guitar besides with her. For three precious months! What? She's only invited for one month? Humph! Then she'll stay three, of course, they always do.'

'Nice breakfasts I shall have now—for she'll not always stay in her own room; she won't always be tired travelling. Nice breakfasts I'm doomed to! What? How will the dear soul hurt me? Oh, in the gentlest way possible—I know. She'll always be reading the play-house advertisements in the paper, and always be wanting to go to the opera, or concert, or fireworks, or some show of that sort. I know the sideways talk of such girls very well. But understand, Mrs. Caudle, I'm not hampered with her. As you say she was your school-fellow once—I suppose I shall have all Minerva House here in their turn—you alone must be troubled with her. I shall behave as civil as I can—but don't expect that I'll take her out, or spend money upon her that's your affair, not mine.'

'No, I don't forget when I'd my three friends here all together; not at all! I was too happy ever to forget it. Jack Stokes—noble fellow! What a song he sang, and what punch he made: Tom Ryder—the best fellow he, at whist and a chorus; and Sam Slab, who gave such a licking to the coal-heaver. Ha! they were something like people to have in one's

house. What? You never complained of them, and why can't you have a friend? That's quite a different thing. Besides, I say, women never have friendship one among another—they don't know what it means. No, indeed; I don't think friendship's a thing of cigars and brandy-and-water—not but what all three are a very pretty mixture. They were something like nights we had. You never got to sleep till four while my friends were here? What's that to do with it? Is that any reason you should bring a lot of visitors to my house who can't say 'ho' to a goose? And when you know, too, how I like to enjoy the comfort of my fireside alone! How I hate that we should have anybody to disturb us! And if you love me really, you'd hate it too—but it's a bad business to have all the love on one side; I feel that.'

CHAPTER X.

Showing Mr. Caudle again perplexed with Domestic Finance.

'It is a most extraordinary thing that I can't sit down to enjoy a bit of breakfast, but under my nose there's a paper for taxes? It's just been left, and it's Susan's fault? No!—it's your fault, Mrs. Caudle! you know that such things at such a time always affect my appetite, and it's my belief that you have 'em put there to save your cupboard. Taxes—taxes! What? You don't make 'em? No; but what's quite as bad; you're always plaguing me about them. I can't help saying it, Mrs. Caudle, but what a much nicer wife you'd be, if there was no money.'

'But I know it; when a woman likes to be extravagant, let a man do what he will he's no match for her. I see that every day. Only yesterday I saw an old coat of mine—a very good coat to—on old Digges. Ha! my dear first wife used to turn my left-off clothes into beautiful mugs. But then to be sure she had some respect for my exertions. She used to calculate how and where the money came from. But, I must say it, I've no confidence in what's spent here.'

'No, indeed, Mrs. Caudle, I'm not a cruel, unjust man—nor have I anything of the tyrant about me—not a bit. But when women happen to be a little younger than their husbands—and, that I know to be sure, was your fault when I married you—they are apt to indulge in expenses and—I must say it—that last hosier's bill that came in, I don't at all understand. I'm sure by the stock that's down for me, anybody would think I was a centipede. Well, I can't half sometimes suspecting—I should be glad if I could be disabused—but I can't help now and then thinking that what I've paid for hosiers, you've worn in velvet and silk.'

'If I could only be sure of this, I should know how to act. Then my course would be plain enough. What? If I'm not sure, why do I accuse you? Oh, there can be nothing lost by that. For if a woman is blamed when she doesn't deserve it she's sure some time or the other to escape when she does, so there's nothing thrown away, blame her when you will.'

With this liberal axiom, Caudle took his hat, observing to his weeping wife that he might be home to dinner, and he might not.'

CHAPTER XI.

Showing how Caudle thought something very odd.

'Anything particular, my dear, in the papers, I mean, anything in the military way? What do I mean? Oh, nothing. Ha! ha! A little joke of mine—just a little joke. What do you think of the cavalry regiment? What am I driving at? Nothing at all; I thought you might have seen 'em. They go by the window, you know, twice a day. What of it? Nothing, to be sure; only it is odd—I must say it is odd, that one of 'em—a young fellow with sandy moustachios—always turns his head towards this house. I say it's odd—slightly odd. Now you can't say he's looking for Miss Loveday; she gone, thank heaven! at last. I waited till she went before I spoke; because I know how you women will stand by one another.'

'Well, Miss Loveday is gone—do you hear me, Mrs. Caudle?—and still that fellow with the sandy moustachios looks towards this house. Now I think that's something very odd. And I should like to know what he's looking for? What? I'd better ask him? I shall take my own opinion as to that, Mrs. Caudle; but allow me to say this much—that—ha! there was a woman,—who never, never caused me the finger-ache. That I had never lost that woman! Eh? You wish I never had? Ha! She never gave herself airs about her beauty. What? She could not? Mrs. Caudle, I don't wish to say a harsh thing of you—far from it. But permit me, in all good temper to say, that you are not fit to stir the tea of that blessed woman. She never looked about her—never stared at anybody but her own husband when she went out. She never thought there was another such in the world. But I deserved to loose her—I did not think enough of her then.'

'If any soldier had dared to look twice at any house she was in, she'd have known what she felt as a wife, and closed every shutter. But she did know her duty—I wish other people did!'

Upon this, the second Mrs. Caudle—poor ill-used soul!—simply remarked that 'she knew he was a brute,' and left him with his own bad thoughts, and his own bohea.

CHAPTER XII.

Showing how Mr. Caudle left his wife a widow—his defence of his tyranny.

Mr. Caudle, ere he left this world, had much more 'Breakfast Talk' with his unfortunate wife; but it is believed that we have given the