

ample, the account of the great battle of Tell Hattin, (Hill of Hattin), July 5, 1187, which really decided the fate of the Franks in the Holy Land, is, we believe, nowhere to be found so fully detailed. Dr. R. has in this case, and in a hundred others, ransacked the Arabian historians, as well as the Western writers, and brought together a mass of information which invests almost every heap of stones in Palestine with an almost romantic interest.

From the plain of Gennesaret and its sacred localities, Messrs. Robinson and Smith travelled North to the sources of the Jordan, and thence West to the Mediterranean. Every step, of course, was replete with interest; the men of other ages—prophets, potentates and pilgrims—seemed to start up from behind every rock and ruin, and tell what *therè* they did or suffered.

The volumes which contain these researches are evidently the result of great labour. Indeed we have our fears that the very fidelity with which they are drawn up may render them unattractive to those who most need the information they are designed to furnish. The good public is like a spoiled child, whose very bread and butter has to be overspread with sugar in order to tempt his palate. But matters of genuine learning cannot be dressed up in the *ad captandum* fashion of the day. There is no royal road to learning—or rail road either; but those who travel in that direction must be content to plod. If Dr. Robinson should not receive from the multitude the present reward to which his laborious perseverance entitles him, he may yet have the satisfaction of knowing that he has accumulated a treasury of facts from which the archæologist may draw illustration, and the Christian derive the confirmation of his faith, to all future time.

TEN THOUSAND A YEAR.

A CAPITAL story, under the above original title, is now in course of publication in Blackwood's Magazine. It is, however, a story of interminable length, extending, (in the telling) over a period of eighteen months, or more, during which time the interest has been wonderfully well sustained. It is written in the humorous strain, of late so generally come in to vogue; but underneath the sparkling surface there is a well of deep and genuine feeling,—at times almost painful from its intenseness,—which adds greatly to the captivating character of the tale.

The plot is easily explained. The prominent character is a certain Mr. Tittlebat Titmouse, (a clerk, in the establishment of Mr. Tag-rag, a London mercer,) who is put forward by a firm of clever lawyers, Messrs. Quirk, Gammon, and Snap, as the heir to a valuable property held by a Mr. Aubrey, of Yatton, Yorkshire. The unyielding perseverance of the pettifoggers, aided by a stray fact or circumstance,—Mr. Titmouse being illegitimately related to an elder branch of the Aubrey family,—prove at length successful, and Mr. Aubrey is ousted from his delightful home, which falls into the possession of his opponent. The miserable Titmouse, elated by his new found honours, and goaded on by the principal agent in his success,—one of the firm of lawyers, Mr. Oily Gammon,—proceeds to make the most of his good fortune. Rioting, extravagance, and a whole host of vices hurry him on to ruin; nevertheless, he succeeds in obtaining a seat in Parliament, and invites to his residence the Earl of Dreddlington, a needy peer, distantly related to the family, with whose daughter he succeeds in forming a matrimonial alliance.

Mr. Gammon is one of the most finished scoundrels ever painted. A merely mercenary villain, whose only object in labouring to achieve Mr. Aubrey's ruin, is the hope of turning the tool he uses to his own pecuniary advantage—in which, for a time, he admirably succeeds, rapidly becoming rich upon the spoil of the Yatton property. He is the only living person acquainted with the illegitimacy of Titmouse, and he keeps the secret so as to hold a check upon the growing independence of his protégée. But, having entered into certain speculations with the old Earl of Dreddlington, which prove a failure, a quarrel ensues between them, in the course of which Mr. Gammon lets the secret escape his lips. From that moment the star of Aubrey begins to rise again to the ascendant, and disclosures, one after another, blast the infamous character of the conspiracy. The old Earl is thrown into a fit of sickness, which ends in insanity, and the disclosures made in his delirious ravings cause his daughter's death.

Vainly Mr. Gammon endeavours to avert the mischief—vainly he declares that he never asserted the illegitimacy of the unfortunate Titmouse. A law-suit respecting the succession to some other properties causes a complete investigation of his parentage, when his illegitimacy is proved, and the Yatton property restored to Mr. Aubrey.

The death of Gammon forms a striking picture. The wretched man, finding all hope of retrieving his fortunes gone, determines to wind up his portion of the drama, by committing suicide. To shew, however, that instances are wonderfully rare of men altogether villainous, the author has given one good trait to Gammon's character. He has succeeded in seducing a