

tween me and the tree. To make my situation quite decided, I saw his (the shikaree's) black arm pointing nearly straight under him, on my side of his post. It was very evident that I could not regain the tree, although I was within twenty paces of it. There was nothing for it but to drop behind a bush, and leave the rest to Providence. If I had moved then, the tiger would have had me to a certainty; besides, I trusted to his killing the bullock, and returning to the jungle as soon as he finished his supper.

'It was terrible to hear the moans of the wretched bullock when the tiger approached. He would run to the end of his rope, making a desperate effort to break it, and then lie down, shaking in every limb, and bellowing in the most piteous manner. The tiger saw him plain enough, but suspecting something wrong, he walked growling around the tree, as if he did not observe him. At last he made a fatal spring, with a horrid shriek rather than a roar. I could hear the tortured bullock struggling under him, uttering faint cries, which became more and more feeble every instant, and then the heavy breathing, half growl, half snort of the monster, as he hung to his neck, sucking his life blood. I know not what possessed me at this moment, but I could not resist the temptation of a shot. I crept up softly within ten yards of him, and kneeling behind a clump of dates, took a deliberate aim at his head, while he lay with his nose buried in the bullock's throat. He started with an angry roar from the carcass when the ball hit him. He stood listening for a moment, then dropped in front of me, uttering a sullen growl. There was nothing but a date bush between us; I had no weapon but my discharged rifle. I felt for my pistols, they had been left on the tree. Then I knew that my hour was come, and all the sins of my life flashed with dreadful distinctness across my mind. I muttered a short prayer, and tried to prepare myself for death, which seemed inevitable. But what was my peon about at his time? he had the spare guns with him! Oh, as I afterwards learned, the poor fellow, was trying to fire my double rifle, but all my locks had bolts, which he did not understand, and he could not cock it. He was a good shikaree, and knew that it was my only chance, so when he could do no good he did nothing. If Mohadeen had been there he would soon have relieved me, but I had sent him in another direction that day. Well, some minutes passed thus.

'The tiger made no attempt to come at me; a ray of hope cheered me; he might be dying. I peeped through the branches, but my heart sank within me when his bright green eyes met mine, and his hot breath absolutely blew in my face. I slipped back upon my knees in despair, and a growl warned me that even that slight movement was noticed. But why did he not attack me at once? A tiger is a suspicious, cowardly brute, and will seldom charge unless he sees his prey distinctly. Now as I remained perfectly quiet I still had a chance. Suspense was becoming intolerable. The tormenting mosquitoes swarmed around my face but I feared to rise my hand to brush them off. Whenever the wind ruffled the leaves that sheltered me, a hoarse growl grated through the stillness of the night. Hours that seemed years rolled on; I could hear the village gong strike each hour of that dreadful night, which I thought would never end. At last the welcome dawn! and oh, how gladly did I hail the first streaks of light that shot up from the horizon, for then the tiger rose and sulkily stalked away to some distance. I felt that the danger was past, and rose with a feeling of relief which I cannot describe. Such a night of suffering was enough to turn my brain, and I only wonder that I survived it. I sent off the peon for the elephant, and before eight o'clock old Goliah had arrived. It was all over in five minutes. The tiger rushed to meet me as soon as I entered the cover, and one ball in the chest dropped him down dead.

NEW WORKS.

From Miscellaneous Poems by John Jonson.
THE ROMAN FORUM.
 'Twas midnight. Every thing was still;
 Scarce a breath came down from the neighbouring hill.
 Where many a heath and many a flower
 Upreared its graceful and lovely head:
 For the God of Silence possessed that hour,
 Each trembling murmur of sound was dead.
 I wandered on alone—alone!
 And oh! it was awful there to see
 Many a column and many a stone
 Scattered around all heedlessly;

Whilst the moon shone bright, and the stars
 That night
 Twinkled lovely!
 And there on a column's ruined base
 I sat me down; while thoughts of the past,
 Like waves of the ocean, came rolling a pace,
 The first dying off to make way for the last.
 As a dream all flitted before me there;
 Rome in her infancy—Rome in her might—
 Rome in her downfall—and musing there,
 Alone, on that tranquil and lovely night,
 Methought some guardian spirit of air
 Hovered around with wings all bright,
 And said, whilst the clusters of golden hair
 Fell o'er his shoulder in streams of light,
 "Behold a nation's sepulchre;
 Mortal read the lesson aright!"
 And, beautiful spirit, I have, I have,
 Read the lesson with joy and sorrow,
 Here on this wondrous nation's grave;
 Joy, to think that a brighter morrow
 Shall gently raise from death's cold gloom
 Many sleeping beneath the sod,
 Who, spreading joyous the fluttering plume,
 Shall soar on the wings of love to God;
 Sorrow, to think that many an one
 Who trod this spot in power and might
 Alas! must meet another doom,
 A never ending and fearful night!

The French Stage and the French People, as illustrated in the Memoirs of M. Fleury:
 The person of Voltaire, and his profound knowledge of the dramatic art, are thus vividly delineated:—

Voltaire attended our rehearsals as well as our performances at Ferney. I can fancy I see him now, in his every-day dress, consisting of grey stockings and grey shoes, a large waistcoat of *basin* descending nearly to his knees, a large wig squeezed into a little black velvet cap, turned up in front; the whole completed by a *robe-de-chambre*, likewise of *basin*, the corners of which he would sometimes tuck into the waistband of his small clothes. Arrayed in this costume, any other person would have looked like a caricature; but the appearance of Voltaire, so far from suggesting any idea of the ridiculous, was calculated to command respect and interest. On ordinary occasions, when he happened to enter into conversation with any of the members of our theatrical troop, his manner was marked by good-humoured familiarity. But when he superintended our rehearsals, there was a truce with pleasantry; then he was all in all the dramatic poet; and one too whose correct judgment and refined taste were not to be easily satisfied. He required that every actor should enter heart and soul into his part; this earnestness of feeling he used to call dramatic probity. The observations which I heard from the lips of Voltaire first gave me an idea of the importance which belongs to the accurate conception of a character.

Among the plays which we rehearsed at Ferney was *Zaire*. The actor to whom the part Lusignan was allotted, conceived that he was giving a faithful portrait of that character, by representing him old and infirm. 'He is,' observed he, 'a man whose existence is worn out in captivity.' 'By no means, sir, by no means,' exclaimed Voltaire: 'say, rather, that he is risen from the tomb—make him pale—make him bend two-fold if he will; but make him energetic. He is a Christian Samuel—an avocation of the Gospel amidst the leaves of the Koran. He is not merely the missionary converting the unbeliever—he is the soldier of Christ converting his own daughter. It is the father who saves the soul of his child. The spirit of the apostle supports and invigorates the old man. Remember, that when Lusignan speaks to *Zaire* of God, he is inspired by God.—Endeavour to imbue yourself with the spirit of fanaticism. Why spare exertion? You die in the fourth act. Let the enthusiasm of Christianity be tempered only by paternal tenderness. The vulgar comparison of the lamp blazing up before it dies out, is quite applicable to Lusignan. The shades and gradations of the character are—apostle, father, old man!' Then, adding example to precept, he repeated some passages of the part. In so doing he divested himself of his ordinary expression of countenance as easily as he would throw aside a mask, and he became Lusignan personified. His attenuated form seemed to derive a sort of supernatural animation from the expression of his eye and the tones of his voice. His meagre hand was tremulously extended, to draw towards him the child whom he wished to save; in short, it is impossible to conceive a more accurate and forcible expression of Christian faith, mingled with paternal affection.

The following picture shows in a brief compass all the changes France had undergone during the troubled period embraced in this book. Fleury had just been liberated, and the Theatre Français was once more open:—

What transformations had been wrought during our incarceration! Our old theatre in the Foubourg Saint-Germain now appeared under a new title and a new aspect. Its original name of Theatre Français had been first converted into Theatre de la Republique, and had been subsequently changed to Theatre de l'Egalite. The internal arrange-

ments and decorations were likewise completely altered. With the view of destroying all distinctions of rank, the partitions which separated the boxes had been removed, in order to enable the citizens to sit beside each other in union and fraternity. The boxes, by this alteration, looked like galleries; and though the elegance of the theatre was completely destroyed by the process, the plan was certainly quite consistent with republican equality. At intervals projecting columns had been erected, rising from the first to the third tier of boxes, adorned with the busts of the most distinguished martyrs, and most ardent friends of liberty. Among the latter, that of Marat occupied the most conspicuous. The fronts of the boxes, the draperies, and the curtain exhibited the three national colours, ranged in narrow perpendicular lines. Thus the interior of the theatre looked not unlike a vast tent, lined throughout with striped cotton. I cannot describe what were my sensations the first time this striped curtain rose before me, and, looking from the stage, I beheld the pitiable change, not only in the theatre, but in the audience. Where were now the elegant decorations of the house? where was the elegant company that was wont to grace it? Where was the gay Champeenetz, and the brilliant Condorcet? Where were my valued friends Madame de Sainte-Ameranthe and her lovely daughter? All numbered with the dead! What a change in less than a year! Even the box which Madame de Sainte-Ameranthe had occupied, which was close upon the stage, had vanished. That box, whose draperies of fringed velvet formed so pretty a frame-work for the fair faces of its occupants, was no longer visible. The space it occupied was filled by a block of yellow marble, on which stood a colossal statue of Equality—the idol usurping the places of the victims, who had been immolated at its altar.

On the first night of performance after our liberation from prison, the theatre was thronged with friends of our party, who thus proved the sympathy they felt for us. We also had the spirit to show that we had not changed our colours; and the pieces we selected for the night were the *Metromanie*, and *Les Fausses Confidences*.

The *Metromanie* abounded with allusions which the audience failed not to seize and apply to us; thus manifesting their indignation at the persecution of which we had been the victims. The piece being continually interrupted by rounds of applause, it occupied double the usual time of performance. Contat was taken ill after the first scene, but the enthusiasm of the audience speedily restored her, and she shone out brilliantly as the play advanced. As to myself, the cordial approbation conferred upon me, more than once drew tears from my eyes.

From the Cabinet Library, No. XXIX. Italy and the Italian Islands, Vol. 1.

ANCIENT NEWSPAPERS.

The Romans, though we are apt to overlook the fact, had registers of politics and intelligence, which were really not unlike our own newspapers in their contents, but immeasurably inferior in the mode of circulation. The journals of the Senate and National Conventions long contained little more than entries resembling those in our collected sets of Parliament. These furnished most of the materials from which, till 624, the pontiffs compiled their annals; and there is also proof that, after the republic had extended its dominions, those official journals were regularly copied and transmitted to public men living at a distance. But these sources were not enough. Every man abroad had his correspondents at Rome; and, when the task of collecting news became more difficult, several persons assumed newsmongering as a trade, taking, in shorthand, notes of the proceedings at public meetings, and selling copies of them as well as of the common gossip of the day, and the official journals. Julius Cæsar, in 694, established a regular system for recording the deliberations of the senate and the conventions, in a form much like our reports of Parliamentary debates; and he allowed these to be copied and freely circulated. Although Augustus stopped the publication of the reports, the restraint was soon afterwards withdrawn; and, ever after their introduction by Julius, these and all other archieves of the state were so unreservedly open to the public, and their contents were diffused into so many shapes, that we are often uncertain whether the sources to which the Roman authors refer are these official reports, or the notes of professional shorthand writers; or, finally, those collections of common news that were handed about with the other pieces of information. But we are less curious to disentangle this confusion than to learn some of the subjects which were discussed in the news journals. The accounts of the political debates embraced the acts and resolutions, the rescripts of the emperors, the reports of magistrates or committees, the names of voters, (like that of the Thrasæa Pætus, whose silent dissent was watched with such eagerness by the provincials), the speeches, their reception, and the squabbles

of the debaters. Stray articles of law intelligence seem to have found their way into these collections. There were, likewise, occasional notices extracted from the local registers of births, and announcement of marriages, divorces, deaths, and funerals, as also descriptions of public buildings, shows of gladiators, and such ordinary themes. Julius Cæsar, who read the news sheet every morning, gave strict orders that Cicero's witty sayings should be regularly added to the other current matter. The journals, too, like our own, were the receptacles for all tragical and marvellous occurrences; and Pliny derived from them many of the odd stories inserted in his Encyclopædia, among which the following may be cited. The gazettes related that, on the day when Cicero defended Milo, there descended a shower of bricks; that, under Augustus, a burgher of Fesulæ walked to the Capitol in a procession formed by his own sixty three descendants; that, when a slave of the unfortunate Titus Sabinus had been executed by Tiberius, his dog watched the corpse, carried food to its mouth, and on its being thrown into the Tiber, swam after it and strove to bring it to land; and that in the reign of Claudius a phoenix from Egypt was publicly exhibited in Rome; which last story however Pliny truly announces to be a manifest invention.

From the same.

ROME FROM THE TOWER OF THE CAPITOL.

From the modern Tower of the Capitol we command a prospect uniting, in an unexampled degree, the charm of a magnificent landscape with that which springs from historical associations. Through the cloudless and transparent atmosphere a large part of the Latian plain is visible, though some of its nearest features have a prominence which hides the more distant. Its luxuriant pasturages and its thickets of brushwood fade away on one side into the faint line of the distant sea; and rise on the other into the stately amphitheatre of the mountains, steep and lofty, yet green to their tops, studded on their sides with towns and villages, and towards their southern extremity clothed with beautiful woods. The Tiber, stained to a deep yellow by the fertilizing soil which it has washed away from its banks after entering the Umbrian and Etruscan vales, glitters like a belt of gold along the plain, in the sunshine that irradiates with Italian clearness the sward, the scattered trees, and the shadowy hills. But we are attracted still more forcibly toward the objects which present themselves in our close neighbourhood, the fallen ruins of the city of the Consuls and Cæsars, the domes, palaces, and streets of the city of the Popes. On the north and west, immediately beyond the Tiber, the horizon is bounded by the Janiculan Mount and Monte Mario, crusted with villas embosomed among pines and other evergreens. The former of these heights on the opposite side of the river, and the Pincian Mount on the nearer bank, form a semicircle, of which our position is the centre; and this area includes almost the whole of the modern town, the greater part of which, indeed, lies between us and the water's edge, covering the flat surface of the Campus Martius. The ancient city of the Seven Hills, beginning with the Capitoline Mount, amidst whose modern buildings we stand, is nearly all contained in the remaining semicircle, enclosed by the city walls. Almost every spot of it is desert; piles of shattered architecture rise amidst vineyards and rural lanes, exhibiting no token of habitation except some mouldering convents, villas and cottages. But even the reign of destruction and decay has not quite obliterated the traces of Roman greatness. At our feet, and directly in front of us, extend, amidst green turf sprinkled with trees, the Forum and the Sacred Way, on which we may fix our eye as a guiding line. Their triumphant arches and some splendid columns of their imperial temples are still erect, while, beyond the imposing vaults of Constantine's Basilica, the perspective of ruins is closed by the kingly mass of the Colosseum. On the right, this scene of perished grandeur is hedged by the Palatine Mount, the seat of the earliest settlement that bore the name of Rome, and now encumbered by the mighty terraces and prostrate fragments of the Palace of the Cæsars, and by cypresses, the flowers, and the weeds of neglected gardens. Still further to the right the Rocky Aventine Hill rises from the river, steep bare, and solitary, and surmounted by its secluded convent. Continuing the line of the Sacred Way and Colosseum till the eye reaches the city wall, we see the church of St. John Lateran closing the vista. The stunted front of this edifice marks the extremity of the desolate Cælian Mount, which, thence proceeding towards our station, communicates with the Palatine and Aventine. On the left of the Sacred Way and Colosseum lie the Esquiline, Viminal, and Quirinal Hills. The first of these, which is the most distant, is a gentle eminence, almost uninhabited, on which we may distinguish the vaults of the Palace of Titus. The flattish surface of the Viminal, which comes next, may be traced among the