

with calmness; and very rarely are instances found of his revenging these unprovoked sallies of ignorance and cruelty. Labat, however, informs us, that a gentleman was weak enough to keep a Lion in his chamber, and a domestic purposely to attend it, who occasionally tortured and caressed it. This ill judged association continued for some time, till one morning the gentleman was awakened by an unusual noise in his room, and withdrawing the curtains of his bed to see what had occasioned it, beheld a sight that chilled his blood with horror; the sanguinary animal was growling over the dead body of his keeper, and tossing the dis severed head about the room in sport: terrified and alarmed by so dreadful a spectacle, he instantly sprung out of the room, called in assistance to secure the beast, and prevented it from doing further ill.

Notwithstanding this instance of treachery or revenge, the Lion on the whole is a generous-minded beast, and has given frequent proofs both of the courage and magnanimity of his disposition: has often been seen to spare the lives of those animals that have been thrown to him for food, to live with them in habits of sociability and friendship, and willingly to share with them his substance and support. Another superiority which the Lion possesses over every other animal of the carnivorous kind, is, that it kills from necessity more than choice, and never destroys more than it is able to consume.

The outward form of the Lion seems to speak the internal generosity of his nature. His figure is striking, his look bold and confident, his gait proud, and his voice terrible: his stature is not overgrown, like that of the elephant or rhinoceros; nor his shape clumsy, like that of the hippotamus, or ox: it is compact, well proportioned, and sizeable; a perfect model of strength, combined with agility: his face is broad, and some have thought it resembles the human kind; it is surrounded with a very long mane, which gives it a most majestic appearance: the top of the head, the temples, the cheeks, the under jaw, the neck, the breast, the shoulder, the hinder part of the legs, and the belly, are all furnished with long hair, whilst the other part of the body is covered with very short: the tongue of the animal is rough, and beset with prickles; its eyes are bright and fiery, nor even in death does this terrible look forsake them; the length of the mane increases with its years, yet is neither course nor rough like that of the horse; but is of the same pliancy of texture as that which covers the other part of the body. The general colour of the hair is yellow; and the formation of its eyes resembles a cat's: for this reason he seldom appears in open day, but prowls about for food at night, and boldly attacks all animals that come in his way.

This roar of the Lion is so loud and tremendous, that, when re-echoed by the mountains, it resembles the sound of distant thunder, and all the animal creation fly before the sound. This roar is the creature's natural note, for when enraged he has a different growl, which is short, broken, and reiterated; he then lashes his sides with his tail, erects his mane till it stands up like bristles, and his eye balls seem to emit sparks of fire. When he is roused, he recedes with a slow proud step, never measures his paces equally, but takes an oblique course, going from one side to the other, and bounding rather than running. When the hunters approach him, they

either shoot or throw their javelins, and in this manner disable him before he is attacked by the dogs. He is sometimes taken by pit-falls; the natives digging a deep hole in the ground, and covering it slightly over with sticks and earth, which instantly gives way to the Lion's tread, and he is unexpectedly hurled into a deep abyss.

The Lioness, though naturally less strong, less courageous, and less mischievous than the Lion, is no less to be dreaded when she is possessed of young; for as her maternal sensations are ardent to an excess, she commits every kind of depredation to supply her cubs with food, and brings it home, reeking, to their den.

The Lion, as was observed, is an inhabitant of the Torrid Zone, and is always found to be more formidable there; yet he is capable of subsisting in more temperate climates; and there was a time when even the southern parts of Europe were infested by them; at present he is only found in Africa and the East Indies, in some of which countries he grows to an enormous height. The Lion of Beldulgerid is said to be nearly five feet high, and between nine and ten from the tip of the nose to the insertion of the tail: the ordinary height, however, is between three and four feet, the Lioness is not so large, and is destitute of that striking ornament, the mane.

## LITERATURE.

### THE TRIAL.

*From the Amulet.*

It is about forty years ago since, in an idle moment, I went into the Old Bailey. The immense crowd which had already collected, and the large number of those who were vainly struggling for admittance, the busy whispers, the anxious looks, showed that a scene of more than common interest was about to take place on this theatre of human misery and degradation. The prisoner at the bar was a young man about twenty years of age, of a tall, dignified and prepossessing air, his dark hair hanging disorderly on his shoulders, and about his brow, gave a singularly wild and mournful expression, to features that seemed to indicate feelings such as follows.

The indictment was read: it contained an account of a most atrocious crime committed under circumstances of ingratitude that deepened its horror. He was, it appeared, a young Scotchman, the son of a venerable Cameronian minister: he had distinguished himself in the university of Glasgow, by his talents and acquirements, and had been ordained a preacher of the gospel. While at College he had formed an acquaintance with the son of a highland laird, of nearly the same age, of an amiable and cultivated mind. The father of this youth, a man of large property, had been so pleased with the friend his son had made, that he had obtained a church in the highlands, on condition that he should accompany his son in his travels over the continent. They had accordingly gone to London; and having there received large remittances for their proposed journey, were just going to set off, when one night the youth was found murdered in his bed, and appearances seemed to point out the prisoner as the perpetrator of the deed.—They were briefly these. Some days before they had been heard talking in their room with a very loud and angry tone of voice.—The subject of the dispute was, it was supposed, a lady, whose name was not mentioned. The words jealousy, revenge, were distinctly heard, a visible coolness was observed for some days afterwards, till the evening of the murder, when they gave an entertainment at their lodgings, to friends who had come to bid them farewell. An evident change had taken place in the behaviour of the prisoner, who affected to be obsequiously attentive to his friend. But the principle witness for the prosecution was an old respectable looking servant of the deceased, who seemed almost overpowered with grief. He stated, that on the fatal night, hearing a noise in his master's room, as if two persons were struggling, he alarmed the landlord and entered the room, which was open; a light was on

the floor, and still smoking, and the prisoner was found hanging over the bed, a bloody knife which was known to belong to him by his side, his hands bloody, his face pale, and betraying all the marks of a guilty and disturbed mind.—The prisoner was skilled in anatomy; he had been heard to describe the quickest and surest way of destroying life, and the wound corresponded with the description. Moreover some notes paid by a banker to the deceased were produced in Court by a woman whom the prisoner had been seen to visit, from all which proofs it satisfactorily appeared that this unhappy youth corrupted by vicious company, had, by feelings of jealousy and the temptation of money been instigated to murder his friend.

Whilst this melancholy detail was given, the prisoner was almost sinking under contrition and shame. When the case had been closed for the prosecution, the Judge, in an impressive manner, called upon him for his defence. He stood up, and after a short but violent effort to conquer his inward feelings, he addressed the bench with a voice first weak and tremulous, but afterward collected and full.

“My Lord and Jury.

“You call upon me for my defence:—I have none to make, yet I am not guilty.—God knows I am not; and if he will he can deliver me from this great affliction and humiliation, even in this seeming hopeless state and if he will not, I bow to his will. You have just heard a circumstantial account of an atrocious crime, supported by a weight, of evidence, which I fear, will leave upon your minds no doubt of my guilt, for indeed it is not in the power of human help to save me and therefore I have not wished to use the sophistry of Law, and the unavailing eloquence of hired defenders. Let God, if he will defend me. I have nothing to say for myself, save that I am innocent though, by what some would call fatality, but rather by the unfathomable designs of unerring wisdom every thing seems to con-<sup>tra</sup> against me.—The woman who has appeared in evidence never received the money from me; it was my fear of the dangerous influences which she had acquired over him that was the cause of the temporary coldness of my friend, and which his better feelings, and his confidence in the purity of my intentions enabled him to conquer. My visits to the woman, had no other object than to prevail upon her, to break off her connexions with him. As to that horrible night, I will state all I know of it. I was awakened by a noise I heard in my friend's room, which was next to mine. I listened and all was still. Then I heard what must have been my poor friend's last dying cry, but which I thought was only the involuntary moan of disturbed sleep; still a vague but an irresistible feeling of alarm impelled me to the room, by a light that was dimly burning, I descried my friend in the condition you have heard described.” (Here his voice faltered.) “I have no recollection of what followed. I suppose I fell upon the body, that I overturned the light, and that the noise alarmed this faithful servant whom I sincerely forgive for the part he has taken against me. When I came to myself the room was full of people, but I saw only him that lay in that bed.”

“My Lord and Jury, you have here a plain unvarnished tale, I have no hopes that it will bear down the mass of evidence against me. I know I am the only one that can be charged with the crime. Still I must say—pause, beware of shedding innocent blood! May the Lord, in his unerring wisdom, move your minds as earnestly beat to him, for on him is all my trust, man cannot serve me.”

The Jury, after half an hour's consultation returned the verdict—Guilty! He heard it respectfully, but unmoved. Sentence was pronounced in the most impressive manner by the Judge, in a long and pathetic address, often interrupted by his emotion. He expressed no doubt of his guilt; and lamented the abuse of talents, the corruption of a mind once innocent, and earnestly recommended the unfortunate youth to confess his guilt, rather than rashly persist in protestations of innocence, which could no longer save his life, and which precluded all access of divine mercy.

The prisoner then arose, and never did I see a more expressive and commanding countenance. It was no longer the dependency of fear and the gloom of hopelessness, but the triumphant yet modest look of one about to receive martyrdom.

Remainder in our next.