

left alive drew off from the field of battle, and encamped on the spot where we first came in sight of the enemy the pioneers being left to bury the dead. To see the skeletons of the battalions on parade the same evening was a melancholy sight; while the incessant thumpings of the auctioneer's hammer, in disposing of the poor officer's effects, which continued for some days, even after we had bid adieu to the field of battle and resumed our march, kept constantly reminding us of the loss of a brother officer, a relation, or a friend. Candour, however, obliges me to confess, that scenes like these appear worse on paper than they are in reality, so true is that maxim of Rochefoucault's, '*Dans les malheurs de nos amis il y a toujours quelque chose qui nous plait.*' There is, in the first place, the happiness of having escaped unhurt; in the next, there is the glory gained, and the feeling of security acquired by the knowledge that your enemy is beaten and disheartened; and, though last not least, there is the certain promotion to be expected by the number of vacancies occasioned: all which mundane feelings contribute to make a camp, even after a bloody victory, any thing but a scene of mourning and tribulation; as our most sensitive readers might, very naturally, suppose it to be. Doubtless, the case would be different with a defeated army; but this it has not been my fortune to prove.—*Account of the Battle of Assaye*

**PORTRAITS.—Burke.**—A neat little man of about five feet five, well proportioned, especially in the legs and thighs, round-bodied, but narrow-chested, arms rather thin, small wrists, and a moderate sized hand, no mass of muscle anywhere about his frame, but vigorously necked, with hard forehead and cheek-bones—a very active, but not a powerful man, and intended by nature for a dancing-master. Indeed he danced well—excelling in the Irish jig, and, when working about Peebles and Inverleithen, he was very fond of that recreation. In that neighbourhood he was reckoned a good specimen of the Irish character—not quarrelsome—expert with the spade, and a pleasant enough companion over a jug of toddy. Nothing repulsive about him, to ordinary observers at least, and certainly not deficient in intelligence. But he 'bad that within which passeth show'—there was a laughing devil in his eye; James—and in his cell he applied in my hearing over and over again the words 'humane man,' to those who had visited him, laying the emphasis on humane, with a hypocritical tone, as I thought, that showed he had not attached its appropriate meaning to the word, but used it by rote like a parrot. *Here*—The most brutal man ever subjected to my sight, and at first look, seemingly an idiot. His dull, dead, blackish eyes, wide apart, one rather higher up than the other, his large, thick, or rather course-lipped mouth—his high, broad cheek-bones, and sunken cheeks, each of which, when he laughed, which he did often, collapsed into a perpendicular hollow, shooting up ghastly from chin to cheek-bone, all steeped in a sullenness and squalor not born in the jail, but native to the almost deformed face of the leering miscreant—inspired not fear, for the aspect was scarcely ferocious, but disgust and abhorrence—so utterly loathsome, was the whole look of the reptile! He did not look so much like a murderer as a resurrectionist—a brute that would grope in the grave for the dead rather than stifle the living—though, to be sure, that required about an equal degree of the same kind of courage as stifling old drunk women, and bedridden old men, and helpless idiots—for Duff Jamie was a weak creature in body, and, though he might in sore afflict have tumbled himself and his murderer off the bed upon the floor, was incapable of making any effort deserving the name of resistance.—*Blackwood.*

**HORRORS OF A STORM.**—The battle continued within Oporto, for the two battalions sent from the centre having burst the barricades at the entrance of the streets, had penetrated, fighting to the bridge, and here all the horrid circumstances of war seemed to be accumulated, and the calamities of an age compressed into one doleful hour. More than four thousand persons, old and young and of both sexes; were seen pressing forward with a wild tumult, some already on the bridge, others striving to gain it, and all in a state of phrenzy. The batteries on the opposite bank opened their fire when the French appeared, and at that mo-

ment a troop of Portuguese cavalry flying from the fight came down one of the streets, and, remorseless in their fears, bore, at full gallop, into the midst of the miserable, helpless crowd, and trampled a bloody pathway to the river. Suddenly the nearest boats, unable to sustain the increasing weight, sunk, and the foremost wretches still tumbling into the river, as they were pressed from behind, perished, until the heaped bodies rising above the surface of the waters, filled all the space left by the sinking of the boats. The first of the French that arrived, amazed at this fearful spectacle, forgot the battle, and hastened to save those who still struggled for life; and while some were thus nobly employed, others by the help of planks, getting on to the firmer parts of the bridge, crossed the river and carried the batteries on the heights of Villa Nova. The passage was thus secured. But this terrible destruction did not complete the measure of the city's calamities. Two hundred men, who occupied the bishop's palace, fired from the windows and maintained that post until the French, gathering round them in strength, burst the doors, and put all to the sword. Every street and house now rung with the noise of the combatants and the shrieks of distress; for the French soldiers, exasperated by long hardships, and prone, like all soldiers, to ferocity and violence during an assault, became frantic with fury, when, in one of the principal squares they found several of their comrades, who had been made prisoners, fastened upright, and living, but with their eyes burst, their tongues torn out, and their other members mutilated and gashed. Those who beheld the sight spared none who fell in their way. It was in vain that Soult strove with all his power to stop the slaughter; it was in vain that hundreds of officers and soldiers opposed, at the risk of their lives, the vengeance of their comrades, and by their generous exertions rescued vast numbers that would otherwise have fallen victims to the anger and brutality of the moment. The frightful scene of rape, pillage and murder closed not for many hours, and what with those who fell in battle, those who were drowned, and those sacrificed to revenge, it is said that ten thousand Portuguese died in that unhappy day. The loss of the French did not exceed five hundred men.—*Napier's History of the Peninsular War.*

**BENEFICIAL RESULTS OF SAVINGS BANKS.**—According to a parliamentary return just printed, the gross amount of sums received on account of savings banks is, since their establishment in 1817, 20,760,228l.; amount of sums paid, 5,648,338l.; the balance, therefore, is 15,111,890l. It also states the gross amount of interest paid and credited to savings banks by the commissioners for the reduction of the national debt as 5,141,410l. 8s. 7d. This is astonishing, and we should vainly demand credence for it on less authority than the Parliamentary document. Here is a sum of twenty millions gathered, in shillings and pence, from the humblest ranks, in about a dozen years,—or upwards of a million and a half a year, saved out of the superfluity of the labouring people and lower order of shopkeepers! The loftiest theory of political economy—all the free trade flourishes, and figurative exhibitions of unrestrained imports and exports, could not have accumulated the tenth of the money in the time—if indeed, they had not rather plunged the nation into bankruptcy. The secret in this instance, was practical economy; individual abstinence from those gross excesses which make the fortunes of the dram-distillers and the ale brewer;—virtue and decency, which are at once the cheapest and surest way to wealth. The nonsense that private vices may be public benefits, has been long exploded. But the success of the savings banks offers an irresistible proof that the true source of the national wealth is the national practice of integrity, manly self denial, and quiet virtue.—*Whittaker's Monthly Magazine.*

**HISTORY OF A PHILOSOPHER.**—A gentleman of a liberal education had, according to the fashion of the times, indulged himself, some years ago, in speculations on the improvement of the human race, and the perfectibility of man. By long, deep, and solitary meditations on these subjects, his mind became unsettled, and his reason gave way. He seemed to himself to want nothing but power to make mankind happy; and at length he became convinced that he had a right to that power. The consequence of this rendered it necessary to confine him; and about two years afterwards he was removed by his friends from the situation in which he was originally fixed, and placed under my care. At the time of which I speak he

was become perfectly calm; he was on general subjects rational, and on every subject acute: but the original hallucinations were as fixed as ever. In occasional discussions of his visionary projects, I had urged, of my own suggestion, the objection, that when men became so happy as he proposed to make them, they would increase too fast for the limits of the earth. He felt the force of this; and, after much meditation, proposed a scheme for enlarging the surface of the globe, and a project for an act of Parliament for this purpose, in a letter addressed to Mr. Pitt, very well expressed, and seriously meant, but which, if published, would appear satirical and ludicrous in a high degree. Having had occasion to mention his situation to his brother, a man of letters, he proposed that an experiment should be made of putting the quarto edition of Malthus's Essay into his hands, to which I assented. It was given to him last autumn, and he read it with the utmost avidity and seeming attention. In my visits I did not mention the subject to him, but desired the keeper to watch him narrowly. After finishing the perusal, he got pen, ink and paper, and sat down, seemingly with an intention to answer it, or to write notes upon it, but he did not finish a single sentence, though he began many. He then sat down to read the book again, aloud, and finishing this second perusal in a few days, not omitting a single word, but stopping at times, and apparently bewildered. I now spoke to him, and introduced the subject, but he was sullen and impatient. He became very thoughtful, walked at a great pace in his airing ground, and stopped occasionally to write, if I may so speak, words, but more frequently numbers, with a switch in the sand. These he obliterated, as I approached him. This continued some days, and he appeared to grow less thoughtful; but his mind had taken a melancholy turn. One afternoon he retired into his room, on the pretence of drowsiness. The keeper called him in a few hours, but he did not answer. He entered, and found the sleep he had fallen into was the sleep of death. He had "shuffled off his mortal coil."

I have no doubt that he perceived sufficiently the force of Malthus's argument to see the wreck of all his castle-building, and that this produced the melancholy catastrophe.—*Memoirs of Dr. Currie.*

#### SATURDAY NIGHT IN LONDON.

Of all the days in the week I love Saturday best. In London it is a homely which I am continually studying, and from which as well as I can, I strive to draw useful instruction.

There has always been an inconvenient superabundance of the milk of human kindness within this breast of mine; it overflows spontaneously at the sight of a pitiable object, blessing and fructifying, like the waters of the Nile, all that comes within the range of its wide spreading influence. The sight of struggling poverty awakens within me an indescribable desire, not only to remove the appearance of want, but to ascertain the cause and consequence of haggard or pallid looks, tattered or thin garments, shoeless feet or the uncovered head. I have frequently, say not improperly, insinuated myself into an alley—merely to listen unperceived, to the heart rending dialogue of a family of match sellers—the speaking silence of the father, the solicitude of the shivering mother, and the lisping prattle of the little ones—doleful or cheerful as they had been successful or otherwise, in disposing of their bits of wood tipped with brimstone. To hear them express their little anxieties, feelingly speak to each other of their wants, and breathe to heaven a petition for relief was a painful luxury—their following by a donation that left wisdom behind it, when suddenly emerging into the busy street, crowded with the vehicles of commerce and wealth.

At other times I have walked on a Saturday night through half a dozen streets, within hearing of an 'unwashed artificer,' and his consumptive looking companion, when on their way to the market. It is more than instructive, to see the poor wife leaning on the left arm of her lord, while he carries the little basket—the depository for the weekly provender, in his right hand. Her affectionate closeness to his side, her asking eye cast lovingly upon his indifferent looking face, not from principle, but habit, and her efforts to be cheerful, are so many chapters in the volume of human life, which all should attentively pursue. If you draw a little closer, you will hear him, if he be kind, detailing the history of his workshop, commenting on the hard heartedness of his employer, for having made certain deductions, and cheering the sinking spirits of his partner by anticipating more wages on the ensuing Saturday.—Or, if the husband be a gruff bear of a fellow, as it too often happens, you will hear the miserable wife, with studied solicitude, insinuate her interrogatories in a tone of inquisitive apprehension; coming again and again to the charge, relative to the sum total of the capital in his pocket. This is a pair which sickens the heart; they ought to be loving and happy. The world is cruel enough to require being mitigated by affection, and the children of poverty stand most in need of some kind balm, to heal the wounds which the rough ways of life never fail to inflict.

But this does not deter me from persevering, I keep still in their footsteps. They stop before entering the market, recount their money, deduct for the rent, and then consult about the Sunday dinner. Every thing good is too dear. They resolve and resolve, and, at length, determine to put up, once more, with liver and bacon. But see that tall shadow of a man, leaning on the ordnance-looking post, beyond the bustle, he wears the garments of operator; but is he in employment? Alas! no; the thinly-covered helpmate, who now approaches him, visibly declares the contrary. She looks silently into his face, and opens the iron basket—looks into it; he follows her example. There is some tainted flesh there. They speak not, but walk faintly away.