

the roar of the Russian cannon compelled them to renew their flight. They rushed out of the gates on the evening of December 10, and at the foot of the first hill abandoned the remainder of their cannon and waggons, including the equipage of Napoleon, and the treasure-chest of the army. The Russians immediately took possession of Wilna, and found within its walls, in addition to a large amount of magazines and military stores, fourteen thousand soldiers and two hundred and fifty officers, who preferred surrendering as prisoners of war to continuing their march.

"On the 12th December the army arrived at Konwo, on the Niemen, and on the 13th, they passed over the river. As the covering force in the rear, under the command of Ney, defiled across the bridge, it was seen that the remnant of the Imperial Guard consisted of but three hundred men. Before quitting Konwo, Ney seized a musket, and made a final stand with the few men he could rally around him. He maintained his post for several hours against the whole Russian advanced guard: when the retreat of all the men who would march was secured, he slowly retired; and he was the last man of the Grand Army who left the Russian territory.

"The first halting place on the German side of the Niemen was Gumbinnén; and General Mathieu Dumas had just entered the house of a French physician in that town, when a man followed him wrapped in a large cloak, having a long beard, his visage blackened by gunpowder, his whiskers half burned by fire, but his eyes sparkling with undecayed lustre. 'At last, then, here I am,' said the stranger: 'what! General Dumas, do you not know me? I am the rear-guard of the Grand Army, Marshal Ney. I have fired the last musket-shot on the bridge of Konwo; I have thrown into the Niemen the last gun we possessed; and I have walked hither, as you see me, across the forests.'

"The scattered French troops continued to retreat through the Polish territories, still hunted down by the Russians and Cossacks. They made a brief stand at Königsberg; and, hastening thence with an additional loss of ten thousand men, they finally reached Dantzé in the latter part of January, 1813, when the Russians gave over the pursuit. The losses of the French in this disastrous campaign, may be thus estimated:

"Slain in battle, 125,000; Died of cold and famine, 132,000; Prisoners, soldiers, 190,000; Prisoners, officers, 3,000; Prisoners, generals, 48. Total, 450,048."

Remedy
RECIPE FOR A SORE THROAT

A lady's sleeve with an arm in it.

TRAGEDY IN REAL LIFE.

"Murder hath a voice,
Will cry to heaven for vengeance."

JOHN ANDREW GORDIER was a respectable and wealthy young man, born at Jersey in the early part of the eighteenth century, of inoffensive life and blameless manners.

Having been attached for several years to a beautiful and accomplished young woman, in the island of Guernsey, he had surmounted those difficulties which always increase and strengthen the passion of love, and the day for leading his mistress to the altar was at length fixed.

After giving the necessary directions for the reception of his intended wife, at the time appointed, in full health and high spirits, he sailed for Guernsey.

The impatience of love, on such an occasion, need not be described; hours were years, and a few leagues ten thousand miles. The hand of promise appears; he leaps on the beach; and, without waiting for refreshment, or for servant and baggage, sets out, alone and on foot, for that house which he had so often visited.

The servant, who quickly followed, was surprised at being informed that his master had not yet arrived; having waited, in anxious expectation, till midnight, the apprehensions of the lady and her family were proportionate to the poignancy of their feelings, and the circumstances of the case: messengers were sent, at the dawn of day, to examine and enquire, in different quarters, without success.

After days of dreadful suspense, and nights of unavailing anxiety, the corpse of the unfortunate Gordier was at length discovered in a cavity among the rocks, disfigured with many wounds; but no circumstance appeared, on which to ground suspicion, or even conjecture, concerning the perpetrator of so foul a murder.

The regret of both families for a good young man, thus cut off in the meridian of life and expectation, by a cruel assassin, was increased by the mystery in which it was enveloped; the anguish of the young lady was not of a species which relieves itself by external effusion and loud lamentation; she never shed a tear, but "let concealment, like a worm in the bud, feed on her damask cheek."

Her virtues and her beauty having excited general admiration, the family, after a few years, was prevailed on to permit Mr. Galliard, a merchant of the island, to become her suitor, in the hope that a second lover might gradually withdraw her attention from the lamented catastrophe of the first.