

happen on your right, your left, or your rear. The army and I shall be there to attend to that."

Ney, proud of the desperate enterprise assigned him, set out on the gallop to head his troops. Napoleon followed with his eye this "bravest of the brave." Impressed by his martial attitude, he exclaimed, "That man is a lion." Ney's division of 14,000 men, with a solid tramp which seemed to shake the plain, hurled itself upon the foe. At the same signal the whole French line advanced. It was a spectacle of awful sublimity. One incessant roar of battle, louder than the heaviest thunders, shook the plain. Napoleon stood in the centre of the divisions which he held in reserve. A large cannon ball came whistling over their heads, just above the bayonets of the troops. A young soldier instinctively dodged. Napoleon looked at him, and smiling, said, "My friend, if that ball were destined for you, though you were to burrow a hundred feet under ground, it would be sure to find you there."

Friedland was soon in flames, and Ney in possession of its blazing dwellings, and its blood-stained streets. As the darkness of night came on the scene was indescribably awful. The Russians, having lost 25,000 men in killed and wounded, retreated toward the river, pursued by the victorious French, who were plowing their ranks incessantly with grape-shot, musketry, and cannon balls. The bridges were all destroyed. A frightful spectacle of wreck and ruin was now presented. The retreating army plunged into the stream. Some found fords, and wading breast high, reached the opposite bank, and planted anew their batteries; thousands were swept away by the current. The shore, for miles, was lined with the bodies of drowned men. A storm of bullets swept the river, crowded with the fugitives, and the water ran red with blood.

The allied army was now utterly destroyed. It was impossible to make any further opposition to the advance of Napoleon. The broken bands of the vanquished retired precipitately across the Niemen, and took refuge in the wilds of Russia. The Russian generals and the Russian army now clamored loudly for peace. Alexander sent a messenger to Napoleon, imploring an armistice. Napoleon promptly replied, that after so much fatigue, toil, and suffering, he desired nothing so much as a safe and honorable peace; and that most cordially he consented to an armistice, hoping that it might secure that desirable end. Thus in ten days the campaign was terminated. Napoleon thus addressed his army:

"Soldiers! On the 5th of June we were attacked in our cantonments by the Russian army. The enemy had mistaken the cause of our inactivity. He perceived too late, that our repose was that of the lion. He repents of having disturbed it. In a campaign of ten days we have taken 120 pieces of cannon, seven colors, and have killed, wounded, or taken prisoners 60,000 Russians. We have taken from the enemy's

army all its magazines, its hospitals, its ambulances, the fortress of Königsberg, the 300 vessels which were in that port, laden with all kinds of military stores, and 160,000 muskets, which England was sending to arm our enemies. From the banks of the Vistula we have come, with the speed of the eagle, to those of the Niemen. At Austerlitz you celebrated the anniversary of the coronation. At Friedland you have worthily celebrated the battle of Marengo, where we put an end to the war of the second coalition.

"Frenchmen! You have been worthy of yourselves and of me. You will return to France covered with laurels, having obtained a glorious peace, which carries with it the guarantee of its duration. It is time for our country to live in repose, sheltered from the malignant influences of England. My bounties shall prove to you my gratitude, and the full extent of the love which I feel for you."

LABOR GUIDED BY KNOWLEDGE.

YOU all remember the story of Aladdin, which we have read in our childhood, how a poor youth descended into a cavern, and brought back from its recesses an old lamp. Accidentally he discovered, that at the mere friction of the lamp a mighty Genius appeared at his command. Awed by the terrors of the spirit that he had summoned, he at first only ventured to apply its powers to satisfy his common and his humblest wants—to satisfy mere hunger and thirst; but, gradually accustomed to the presence of the gigantic agent, he employed it to construct palaces, to amass treasures, to baffle armies, and to triumph over foes; until, at the close of the story, the owner of the wonderful lamp is the sovereign of a peaceful empire, assured to his remote posterity. That story is a type of Labor at the command of Knowledge. When we first find the lamp, we are contented to apply its Genius solely in our common physical wants; but, as we are accustomed to the presence of that spirit we have summoned, we find that we have obtained a secret which places the powers of earth, air, and ocean at our command. That Genius, left to itself, would be a terrible and threatening ministrant, because it is only rude physical force; but to him who possesses the lamp, that Genius is a docile and benignant ministrant, because here physical force is the slave of intellectual will. Now, in that same physical force, which in the phrase of the day is sometimes called "the power of the masses," lies a great problem for all thoughtful men to resolve. Knowledge has brought us face to face with it: and knowledge must either instruct that force, or it will destroy the invoker. May, then, all those who possess the knowledge, who are gifted with the lamp, use it only for beneficent and useful purposes; so that the Genius whose tread could arouse the earthquake, and whose breath could bring down the storm, may only come to enrich the treasury and assure the empire!—*Bulwer's Lecture at Manchester.*

CRUSOE-LIFE.*

A NARRATIVE OF ADVENTURES IN THE ISLAND
OF JUAN FERNANDEZ.

BY J. ROSS BROWNE.

COOKING FISH.

MOST of the party were snoring in about ten minutes. For myself, I found it impossible to sleep soundly. The gloomy walls of rock, the strange and romantic situation into which chance had thrown me, the remembrance of what I had read of this island in early youth, the dismal moaning of the surf down on the beach, all contributed to confuse my mind. An hour or two before daylight, I was completely chilled through by the dampness of the ground, and entirely beyond sleep.

I heard some voices outside, and got up to see who was talking. Lest it might be the Spaniards, I took the harpoon with me. At the mouth of one of the convict-cells near by, I found four of my comrades, who, unable to pass the time any other way, had lit a fire and were baking some fish. They had dug a hole in the ground, which they lined with flat stones, so as to form a kind of oven; this they heated with coals. Then they wrapped up a large fish in some leaves, and put it in; and by covering the top over with fire, the fish was very nicely baked. I think I never tasted any thing more delicate or better flavored. We had an abundant meal, which we relished exceedingly. The smoke troubled us a good deal; but, by telling stories of shipwreck, and wondering what our friends at home would think if they could see us here cooking fish, we contrived to pass an hour or so very pleasantly. I then went back into the cave, and turned in once more upon the sail.



COOKING IN JUAN FERNANDEZ.

Of course, after eating fish at so unusual an hour, I had a confusion of bad dreams. Perhaps they were visions. In this age of spiritual visitations, it is not altogether unlikely the spirits of the island got possession of me. At all events, I saw Robinson Crusoe dressed in goat-skins, and felt him breathe, as plainly as I see this paper and feel this pen. How could I help

* Continued from the February Number.

it? for I actually thought it was myself that had been shipwrecked; that I was the very original Crusoe, and no other but the original; and I fancied that Abraham had turned black, and was running about with a rag tied round his waist, and I called him my man Friday, and fully believed him to be Friday. Sometimes I opened my eyes and looked round the dismal cavern, and clenched my fists, and hummed an old air of former times to try if Robinson had become totally savage in his nature; but it was all the same, there was no getting rid of the illusion.

The dawn of day came. No ship was in sight. The sea was white with foam, and gulls were soaring about over the rock-bound shores. I walked down to a spring and bathed my head, which was hot and feverish for want of rest.

ADVENTURE IN THE MOUNTAIN.

Bright and early we started off on a goat-hunt among the mountains. Several passengers from the Brooklyn, well provided with guns, joined the party, and the enthusiasm was general. It had been my greatest desire, from the first sight of the island, to ascend a high peak between the harbor and Crusoe's valley, and by following the ridge from that point, to explore as far as practicable the interior. For this purpose, I selected as a companion my friend Abraham, in whose enthusiastic spirit and powers of endurance I had great confidence. He was heartily pleased to join me; so, buckling up our belts, we branched off from the party, who, by this time, were peppering away at the wild goats. We were soon well up on the mountain. Another adventurer joined us before we reached the first elevation; but he was so exhausted by the effort, and so unfavorably impressed by the frightful appearance of the precipices all round, that he was forced to abandon the expedition and return into the valley. We speedily lost sight of him, as he crept down among the declivities.

The side of the mountain which we were ascending was steep and smooth, and was covered with a growth of long grass and wild oats, which made it very hard to keep the goat-paths; and all about us, except where these snake-like traces lay, was as smooth and sloping as the roof of a house. There was one part of the mountain that sloped down in an almost perpendicular line to the verge of the cliff overhanging the sea, where the abrupt fall was more than a thousand feet, lined with sharp crags. This fearful precipice rose like a wall of solid rock out of the sea, and there was a continual roar of surf at its base. There was no way of getting up any higher without scaling the slope above, which, as I said before, was covered with long grass and oats that lay upon it, like the thatch of a house; and the rain which had fallen during the previous night now made it very smooth. I looked at it, I must confess, with something like dismay, thinking how we were to climb over such a steep place, without slipping down over the cliff; when I beheld Ab-