

EXTRACTS
From Lubinski's Narrative of the Campaign in Russia.

The Russians having destroyed in their flight the great bridge of Borisov, defended all the right bank of the Beresina, and occupied with four divisions, the principal points where we could possibly attempt to pass it. During the 25th, Napoleon manoeuvred to deceive the vigilance of the enemy, and, by stratagem, obtained possession of the village of Studzianca, placed on an eminence that commanded the river which we wished to pass. There, in the presence of the Russians, and notwithstanding their utmost opposition, he constructed two bridges, of which the duke of Reggio profited to cross the Beresina; and attacking the troops which opposed his passage, he put them to flight, and pursued them, without intermission, to the head of the bridge of Borisov.

As we passed the Borisov, we saw the division of Parthonneaux forming the rear-guard of the ninth corps. We then quitted the great road that led to the bridge occupied by the Russians, and turned to the right to proceed to Studzianca, where we found Napoleon.

The twelfth and ninth corps, and the Poles, commanded by general Dombrowski, not having been at Moscow, had so much baggage, that from Borisov to Studzianca the road was covered with carriages & wagons. The reinforcements which these troops brought us were very acceptable, yet we almost doubted whether the junction of so many men, in the centre of a vast desert, might not increase our misfortunes. Always marching in the midst of a confused mass of stragglers, with the divisions of the ninth corps, we were two hours afterwards arrested in our progress by a great crowd, and, unable to penetrate, we were compelled to march round it. In the midst of this multitude were some paltry barns, on the summit of a little hill. Seeing some chassours of the imperial guard encamped around it, we judged that Napoleon was there, and that we were approaching the borders of the Beresina. In fact, it was the very spot where Charles XII crossed that river, on his march to Moscow.

What a frightful picture did this multitude of men present, overwhelmed with misfortunes of every kind, and hemmed in by a morass; that very multitude which, two months before, had exulting spread itself over half the surface of a vast empire! Our soldiers, pale, emaciated, dying with hunger and cold, having nothing to defend them from the inclemency of the season, but tattered pelisses, and sheepskins half burnt, and wearing the most mournful lamentations, crowded the banks of this unfortunate river. Germans, Poles, Italians, Spaniards, Croats, Portuguese, and French, were all mingled together, disputing among themselves, and quarrelling with each other, in their different languages:—finally, the officers, and even the generals, were pressed in pelisses covered with dirt and filth, confounded with the soldiers, and abusing those who pressed upon them, or braved their authority, formed a scene of strange confusion, of which no painter could trace the faintest resemblance.

They, whom fatigue, or ignorance of the impending danger, rendered less eager to cross the river, were endeavouring to kindle a fire, and repose their wearied limbs. We had, too frequently, occasion to observe, in these encampments to what a degree of brutality, excess of misery would debase human nature. In one place we saw several of the soldiers fighting for a morsel of bread. If a stranger, pierced with the cold, endeavoured to approach a fire, those to whom it belonged inhumanly drove him away; or, if tormented with thirst, any one asked for a single drop of water from another who carried a full supply, the refusal was accompanied by the vilest abuse. We often heard those who had once been friends, and whose education had been liberal, bitterly disputing with each other for a little straw, or a piece of horse-flesh, which they were attempting to divide. This campaign was therefore the most terrible, as it brutalized the character, and stained us with vices to which we had before been strangers. Even those who once were honest, humane, and generous, became selfish, avaricious, dishonest, and cruel.

Napoleon having, with the assistance of his guard, forced his way through

this immense crowd, crossed the river (November 27) about three o'clock in the afternoon. The viceroy, who had passed the whole day with him, announced to his staff, that what remained of the fourth corps should pass the bridge at eight o'clock at night. Although not a moment should have been lost in escaping from a place so dangerous, many could not prevail on themselves to leave the fires, round which they were sitting. "It is much better," said they, "to pass the night on this side of the river than on the other, where there is nothing but marshes; besides, the bridge is as much encumbered as ever, and by waiting till tomorrow, the crowd will have lessened, and the passage will be easy." This unfortunate advice prevailed on too many, and at the hour appointed, only the household of the prince, and a few of the officers of the staff crossed the river.

It was, indeed, necessary to know all the danger that would have attended our stay on the left side of the river, to induce us to pass to the other. The viceroy and his suite, arriving on the right bank, encamped on a marshy piece of ground, and endeavoured to find out the places which were most frozen, to pass the night on them and escape the bogs. The darkness was horrible, and the wind tremendous, blowing a thick shower of ice and snow full in our faces. Many of the officers, pierced with the cold, did not cease running, and walking, and striking their feet, during the whole night, to preserve themselves from being completely frozen. To complete our misfortunes, wood was so scarce, that we could with difficulty supply one little fire for the viceroy; and, to obtain some firebrands, we were obliged to appeal to the Bavaian soldiers, the daughter of whose king had been united in marriage to prince Eugene.

(November 28) Napoleon being gone towards Zemblin, left behind him this immense crowd, which, standing on the other side of the Beresina, presented a lively, but frightful picture of the unhappy ghosts who are said to wander on the banks of the Styx, and press tumultuously towards the fatal barage. The snow fell with violence; the hills and forest presented only some white indistinct masses, scarcely visible through the fog. We could only see distinctly the fatal river, which had frozen, forced its way through the ice that impeded its progress.

Although there were two bridges, one for the carriages, and the other for the foot soldiers, yet the crowd was so great, and the approaches so dangerous, that near the Beresina, the passage was completely choked up, and it was absolutely impossible to move. About eight o'clock in the morning, the bridge for the carriages and the cavalry broke down; the baggage and artillery then advanced towards the other bridge, and attempted to force a passage. Now began a frightful contention between the foot soldiers and the horsemen. Many perished by the hands of their comrades, but a great number were suffocated at the head of the bridge; and the dead bodies of men and horses so choked every avenue, that it was necessary to climb over mountains of carcasses to arrive at the river. Some, who were buried in these horrible heaps, still breathed, and struggling with the agonies of death, caught hold of those who mounted over them; but these kicked them with violence, to disengage themselves, and, without remorse, trod them under foot. During this contention, the multitude which followed, like a furious wave, swept away, while it increased the number of victims.

Borisov being evacuated, the three Russian armies effected their junction, and the same day (November 28th) about eight o'clock in the morning the duke of Reggio was attacked on the right bank, and half an hour afterwards the duke of Belluno was engaged on the left.

In the heat of the engagement, many balls flew over the miserable crowd which was yet pressing across the bridge of the Beresina. Some shells burst in the midst of them. Terror and despair then took possession of every heart. The women and children, who had escaped so many disasters, seemed to have been preserved, only to suffer here a death still more deplorable. We saw them rushing from the baggage-wagons, and falling in agonies and tears at the feet of the first soldier they met, imploring his assistance to enable them to reach the other side. The sick and the wounded, sitting on the trunks of trees, or supported by their crutches, anxiously looked around for some friend to help them. But their cries were lost in the air. No one had leisure to attend to his dearest friend. His own preservation absorbed every thought.

Monsieur de Labarriere, the master of the fourth corps, was a man of respectable character, and engaging manners. His advanced age, and more especially his feeble constitution, had long rendered him unable to march, and he was now lying with many others on an open sledge. He accidentally perceived an officer of his acquaintance, and although he was scarcely able to stand, he ran to him, threw himself in his arms, and implored his protection. The officer was severely wounded, but, too generous to refuse his feeble help, he promised that

he would not leave him. These two friends, closely embracing each other, slowly proceeded towards the bridge, animated by the consoling thought that at least they would be permitted to die together. They entered the crowd; but, feeble and helpless, they were unable to sustain the intolerable pressure, and were seen no more.

At length the Russians, continually reinforced by fresh troops, advanced in a mass, and drove before them the Polish corps of general Girard, which till then had held them in check. At the sight of the enemy, those who had not already passed, mingled with the Poles, and rushed precipitately towards the bridge. The artillery, the baggage-wagons, the cavalry, and the foot soldiers, all pressed on, contending which should pass the first. The strongest threw into the river those who were weaker, and hindered their passage, or unfeelingly trampled under foot all the sick whom they found in their way. Many hundreds were crushed to death by the wheels of the cannon. Others, hoping to save themselves by swimming, were frozen in the middle of the river, or perished by placing themselves on pieces of ice, which sunk to the bottom. Thousands and thousands of victims, deprived of all hope, threw themselves headlong into the Beresina, and were lost in the waves.

The division of Girard made its way, by force of arms, through all the obstacles that retarded its march; and, climbing over that mountain of dead bodies which obstructed the way, gained the other side. Further the Russians would soon have followed them, if they had not hastened to burn the bridge.

Then the unhappy beings who remained on the other side of the Beresina abandoned themselves to absolute despair. Some of them, however, yet attempted to pass the bridge, enveloped as it was in flames; but, arrested in the midst of their progress, they were compelled to throw themselves into the river, to escape a death yet more horrible. At length the Russians, being masters of the field of battle, our troops retired; the uproar ceased, and a mournful silence succeeded.

As we marched towards Zemblin, we reascended the right bank of the Beresina, whence we could distinctly see all that passed on the other side. The cold was excessive; and the wind blew in loud and hollow gusts. The obscurity of the night was dissipated only by the numerous fires of the enemy, who occupied the heights. At the foot of these hills were our unfortunate companions. Their destruction was now inevitable, and, amidst all their former disasters, never were they exposed to, nor can imagination conceive, horrors equal to those which encompassed them during that frightful night. The elements let loose, seemed to conspire to afflict universal nature, and to chastise the ambition and the crimes of man. The conquerors and the conquered, were alike overwhelmed with suffering. Round the encampment of the Russians, however, we saw enormous masses of burning wood, but on the spot which held our devoted companions, there was neither light nor shelter. Lamentable cries and groans alone marked the place which contained these miserable victims.

More than twenty thousand sick and wounded fell into the power of the enemy. Two hundred pieces of cannon were abandoned. All the baggage of the two corps which had joined us was equally the prey of the conquerors; yet, when we contemplated the deplorable fate of the wretched beings who were left on the other side of the Beresina, the consciousness of our safety rendered us insensible to the loss of all our riches. They were forever deprived of the hope of revisiting the land that gave them birth; and were doomed to pass the sad remnant of their days amidst the snows of Siberia, where they would water with their tears the black bread which would be the only wages of the most humiliating servitude.

The passage of the Beresina having reduced our corps of reserve to the same condition as those who had been as far as Moscow, realized the fatal predictions, which had long been announced to us; and, with the exception of our chief (whose life Providence seems to have continued, only to deliver him to greater remorse and despair) all was accomplished.

How dreadful was the punishment of this conqueror, to lose the provinces which he occupied with more rapidity than he had invaded them; to have the melancholy cypress, instead of the laurels of victory, and

cities smoking with recent slaughter, instead of the incense of a polished and loyal, as the companions of his triumph, twenty thousand distressed soldiers, without linen and without stockings, whose only shoes were contrived from their worn-out hats, whose shoulders were covered with pieces of sack, and the skins of horses, newly flayed.

These were deplorable remains of five hundred thousand brave warriors, who, but for the ambition of a single man, would always have been the honour of France, and the terror of their enemies.

We were in a pitiable situation when we arrived at Molodetschino. The viceroy was preparing for his departure, when it was announced to him that we were to remain at Molodetschino, but that he must evacuate the *chateau* which he occupied, for the use of Napoleon, who would soon arrive.

This repose was the more precious as the ability to procure some provisions, by dint of searching for them, enabled us to employ it profitably. Nevertheless, many soldiers expired in the streets. The same desolation extended to the houses where the officers lodged. Some were sick from excessive fatigue, and protested that they could go no further; others whose feet were frozen, and who had no horses, found themselves obliged, though full of courage, to remain in the hands of the Russians. The generals were exposed to the same calamities, for many of them, having lost their servants and their carriages, were unable to replace them. In such circumstances, if the slightest sickness attacked them they expired for want of assistance. Such was our situation in Molodetschino, when Napoleon wrote in characters of blood, the fatal twenty-ninth bulletin, which made France and her allies, a large family of mourners.

Napoleon, terrified by so many disasters, and still more so by the fear of losing his authority in France, conceived the idea of abandoning these miserable remains of his army, for the purpose of demanding from his senate new levies; and, tortured by that just terror which always pursues the despot, he imagined that his allies were eager to dissolve the compact, which had placed them under his iron yoke.

Full of this resolution, he felt assured, when he arrived at Smorghoni, that the road was safe as far as the Nisemen, and called together the chiefs of the army. This being finished, Napoleon issued from his cabinet, followed by the master of the horse, the marshal of the palace, and general Lefebre Desnouettes. Being seated in his carriage, he placed at his side gen. Desnouettes. The master of the horse, and the marshal of the palace entered a second, which immediately followed on the route to Wilna. No address was made to the army, no proclamation to the Lithuanians, to reanimate their dejected spirits. The one was without a chief, the other abandoned by him who had promised them every thing.

The king of Naples took the command of the army, but they marched with so much disorder and precipitation, that it was only when they arrived at Wilna, that the soldiers were informed of a departure as discouraging as it was unexpected. "What," said they among themselves, "is it thus that he abandons those of whom he calls himself the father? Where then is that genius, who in the height of prosperity, exhorted us to bear our sufferings patiently? He who lavished our blood, is he afraid to die with us? Will he treat us like the army of Egypt, to whom, after having served him faithfully, he became indifferent, when by a shameful flight he found himself free from danger?" Such was the conversation of the soldiers, which they accompanied with the most violent execrations. Never was indignation more just, for never were a class of men so worthy of pity.

The division of Loison, which had come before us from Koningsberg, and that of the Neapolitans, from Wilna, having been obliged to encamp in a cold of twenty-two degrees, were totally destroyed, and out of six thousand men, of which each was composed, we could only see, through a thick fog, some feeble battalions, who ran on the road like madmen. They beat the earth with their feet, to keep themselves from being numbed by the frost, and if, unfortunately, they were urged by the wants of nature, losing the use of their hands, they fell on the ground, and rose again no more. They who could support the fatigue of marching, only prolonged their misery, and if at length, weary of life, they wished to terminate their sufferings, it

was necessary only to stand still. The road which was followed, was covered with ice, and the soldiers, whose feet were frozen, were unable to move. They were abandoned, and every one who was left behind, was inevitably perished. The next day every bivouac presented the image of a field of battle. When a soldier, overcome with fatigue, fell to fall, his next neighbour eagerly upon him, and before he was dead, robbed him of all that he possessed, and even of his clothes.

We marched early in the morning (8th December), and arrived at Gmina about eleven o'clock. The weather was so severe, that the soldiers burnt whole houses to avoid being frozen. We saw round the first, the consumed bodies of many uniformed men, who, having advanced too far in order to warm themselves, and being too weak to recede, had become prey to the flames. Some were beings, blacked with smoke, and smeared with the blood of the dead, like ghosts, round the burning bivouacs. They gazed on the dead bodies of their companions, and, too feeble to save themselves, fell down, and died in them.

The route was covered with soldiers who no longer retained the human form, and whom the enemy desired to make prisoners. Every day the miserable men made us witness scenes too dreadful to relate. Some had lost their hearing, others their speech, and many, by excessive cold and hunger, were reduced to a state of frantic stupidity, in which they regarded the dead bodies of their comrades as food, or even gnawed their own hands and arms. Some were so weak, that unable to lift a piece of wood, or a stone towards the fires which they kindled, they sat upon the dead bodies of their comrades, and, with a hoarse countenance, steadily gazed on the burning coals. No sooner was the fire extinguished, than these creatures, unable to rise, fell by the side of those on whom they had sat. I saw many who were absolutely incapable of moving, and who, to warm their frozen feet, they placed them naked into the middle of the fire. Some, with a convulsive hand, threw themselves into the flames, and perished in the most horrible agonies; while others, equally insensible, immediately followed them, and entered the same fate.

Such was our situation when we arrived at the village of Roubini, where some wretched barns alone remained filled with dead bodies. At break of day we hastened to quit Roubini, where the cold and the smoke had prevented us from closing our eyes. At Wilna we heard that Napoleon had passed through *incognito*, escorted by a feeble detachment of three regiments of Neapolitan cavalry, which had been sent before him to clear the route. These poor inhabitants of the south were half dead when they parted from Wilna, when a third part of them fell into the rear, having the hands, feet, and noses, entirely frozen.

Such were some of the dreadful calamities which annihilated a powerful army, which had rashly undertaken the proudest and the most useless of all expeditions. If we look into the annals of antiquity, we shall find never, since the time of Cambyses, so numerous a body of men exposed to such dreadful reverses. This was the boastful prediction of Napoleon of the campaign, literally fulfilled, but himself "hurried away by a fatal destiny, had accomplished his destiny. These calamities have had one result; by putting an end to a despotic influence; they have restored to Europe her liberty, and to France her happiness.

See Buonaparte's Address to the French soldiers, dated June 22, 1812, in which he says, when speaking of the Russians, "A fatality involves them, let their destinies be fulfilled."

Notice.
The subscriber having entered into a partnership with Mr. James Hart, and being desirous of clearing his former business, requests all those who are indebted to him on bond, or open account, to make payment to or before the first day of February next. Inasmuch as many of his accounts are of long standing, he trusts it will not be thought unreasonable that he should, in this most proper manner, solicit a compliance with the above request. Those persons whom the subscriber may be individually indebted, will confer a favor on him by presenting their claims, as possible.

M
VOL. LXXIV.
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY
JONAS GREEN,
CORNHILL-STREET, ANNAPOLIS.
Price—Three Dollars per Annum.
B. CURRAN,
has on hand the following articles which have been carefully purchased on the best terms, and invites all who are inclined to purchase to examine the goods, viz.
Superfine and second quality Cloth, superfine Milled Drabs and Coatings, superfine and Stockinets, superfine and other Vesting, superfine and other Velvets, superfine and other Furs, superfine and other Shawls, superfine and other Blankets, superfine and other Hats, superfine and other Gloves, superfine and other Hosiery, superfine and other Linens, superfine and other Cottons, superfine and other Silks, superfine and other Woollens, superfine and other Miscellaneous Goods.
Covers,
Damask,
Satin,
Cotton,
Silk,
Worsted and Cotton Hosiery,
Muslins, Leno, and Gauze,
Book and Leno Muslin,
Cambric, and Mull Muslin,
Ginghams and Dimity,
Silk Oil Cloth,
Silk and Satin,
Shawls,
Cotton and Cambric do.
Black Silk Shawls and Handkerchiefs,
Black and White Shawls and Handkerchiefs,
Black and White Stockings,
Black and White Gloves,
Black and White Hosiery,
Black and White Linens,
Black and White Cottons,
Black and White Silks,
Black and White Woollens,
Black and White Miscellaneous Goods.
George & John Barbours
at their store on the dock, have recently laid in, on the best terms, a very general assortment of
Groceries &c.
Nutmegs, Cloves, Mace, Cinnamon, Spanish Segars, Beef chewing Tobacco, Smoaking Tobacco, Mustard in Cans, White, yellow, brown soap, Rose and palm oil, Peal Butter, Allspice, Ginger, Rice, Cheese, Butter, Salad Oil, in bottles and flasks, Fine & Coarse Salt, Bacon, pork, Lard, Herrings, First quality Cider, Pickle Vinegar, Apples by the Barrel, Pipes, Glue, &c. &c.
An assortment of Crockery Ware, Lixivies, Oils and paints, shoes, and winter boots, traces and leading lines, and all kinds of bagging, Jameison's Cracked Flour, Superfine do, superfine and Shot, Battle powder, Gunpowder, Brooms, and paint brushes of different kinds, oaks, &c.
With a variety of other articles which he enumerates. All of which he has purchased at the most favorable terms.
Nov. 23 10