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The Battle of Waterloo.—We have just perused a little book entitled "a visit to Flanders in July, 1815, being chiefly an account of the Field of Waterloo, with a short sketch of Antwerp and Brussels, at that time occupied by the combined arms of both armies, by James Simpson, Esq. Advocate," published by S. Campbell, 122 Pearl-street; and altho' we have read much of the great event, which it relates, and have often met with detached anecdotes taken from this very work, yet we have never seen anything of the kind, either ancient or modern, that could so rivet the undivided attention and excite so deep an interest as the events related in Chapter 3, and which, therefore, we now lay before our readers. It must only be borne in mind, that it is the relation of a Scotchman, and suitable allowance should be made for certain national feelings that occasionally but not illaudably appear.—N. Y. Ev. Post.

VISIT TO THE FIELD.

Forest of Soigne—Village of Waterloo—Station of Lord Wellington—Description of the field—Discouraging bivouac—Spirit of an Irish Officer—Splendid charge of the Life Guards—Numbers of the two armies—Exclamation of Bonaparte.
With that conflict of feelings, which the expectation of soon seeing the scene of such a battle as Waterloo naturally occasioned, our party, consisting of three, was in readiness by six in the morning on the 21st of July. When we had mounted our carriage, we called to the postillion—"Waterloo?"—"Oui, Monsieur, l'Anglois," he answered with a smack of his whip, and an emphasis which showed that he felt that conducting Englishmen there, was conducting them to their own proper domain. There had been rain during the night and the morning was gloomy; having as we were told, the same appearance as that of the 18th of June: of course we would not have exchanged it for the brightest sunshine. The ground would be wet,—but it was on the day of the battle; and further, in point of time, we should just arrive at the hour it commenced.

After driving three or four miles, we entered the awful forest of Soigne. It covers an immense extent of country from east to west, but is only about six or seven miles broad, where the road passes through it to Waterloo.
The impressions of an Englishman on entering this wood, are much enhanced by the knowledge of the fact, that it was the great source of supply of ship timber for Napoleon's naval schemes at Antwerp, and already had built several ships of the line. The same forest which was intended to furnish the means of her humiliation, protected the rear of her victorious army, on the day, when, single handed, England, at one blow, destroyed the power of her destroyer forever.

Every part of the road was interesting, as it held its very straight course through the wood. We contrasted the gloomy quiet of our journey—a few peasants going to their early labor,—with its accumulated horrors on the day of the retreat of the baggage and wounded of the army; the multitudes who dropt and died; the numbers who were crushed to death; the hurry, the alarm, the confusion the cries, and shrieks, and groans of that dreadful scene, and the interesting, unprotected "Elizabeth," steadily and safely, by a miracle, holding her way in the middle of it. Our carriage kept the paved chaussee, or centre of the way; the two sides, of about 15 feet wide each, being deep and muddy as they were on the great occasion. The whole breadth of the road seemed to be 40 or 50 feet. The trees which bounded on each side were tall, and kept trimmed like a very high hedge or screen; beyond them immediately commenced the thick wood, in all the irregularity of nature. Here the wounded had crawled, and died in great numbers; much baggage had been plundered; and the whole population of the country had fled for safety.

Our position pointed out the little mounds where men and horses had been interred; they were apparent every hundred yards. The sepulture had been hurried and imperfect, especially of the horses; occasional hoofs, and even limbs, showing themselves. Often bayonet scabbards stuck out; and caps, shoes, and pieces of cloth, scarcely in the gloom distinguishable from the mud in which they lay, gave indication of the spots where many a soldier, after bleeding in the field, and toiling along the road to expected aid and comfort, unassisted, almost unperceived, by the self-engaged sufferers who saw him fall, and sunk to rise no more. Some rain fell as we were bestowing a passing survey upon these affecting monuments of the brave, in a situation the most dismal we had ever beheld.

Waterloo's village, and the small neat church with its brick built dome, was now in our view, situated in a recess of the wood evidently cleared for it. The road was now quite out of the forest; which, however, blackened the whole region to east and west as far as the eye could reach. In this poor hamlet, which history is to name with veneration as long as time endures,

the peasants have been at pains to preserve the chalking on the doors; on which we recognized the well-known names of celebrated officers, or the offices of the several departments at headquarters.

We were immediately surrounded by the people offering for sale; with great importunity, relics of the field; particularly the eagles which the French soldiers wore as cap plates. A few cuirasses, both the back and the breast pieces, were likewise held up to us, as well as sabres, bayonets, and other spoil.

We drove a mile forward to the still smaller hamlet of Mont St. John, by a gradual ascent of the road; to right and left of which, the British army bivouached on the eve of the battle; having advanced over the high ground in the morning to the southern slope facing the enemy, on fair open ground, without an advantage to decide the fate of the world.

Mont St. John is quite behind the British line; and had its name given by Bonaparte to what was properly the farm-house of La Haye Sainte, which he did succeed in carrying; but certainly he never was so far advanced as Mont St. John; indeed he never did, for more than a few minutes at any time, succeed in penetrating the English line.

We left our carriage at this last hamlet, and walked on to the field with nervous anticipation.—To the right and left were the multiplied marks of the artillery wheels, as rivaling "lightning's course in ruin & in speed" they had careered to their station in the memorable day. Whole tracts were marked by the feet of the cavalry often fetlock deep in them. The last homes of the brave began to appear, with the larger tumuli of their horses, more frequent as we approached the scene of contest. Keeping still the great road, we came to a tree which formed the precise centre of the British line, the well chosen station of the Duke of Wellington, when not occasionally visiting other parts of the position to confirm the unflinching spirit of his gallant comrades. It commanded a full view of the intermediate plain, and the whole of the enemy's vast force upon the adverse slope and country beyond it, with every movement made or threatened by him.

Nothing is more false than the French apology, (added to never-failing pretence of being overpowered by numbers,) that the British position was naturally strong, and carefully fortified. Unentrenched stood the British army, upon its whole position, on a slope so gentle, that a single dividing up would not slacken pace; found no difficulty in galloping at full speed to the very bayonets of their opponents, who threw themselves into squares, their only entrenchments, to receive the charge. It was, to use a favourite English phrase, just the place for "a fair set to; a clear field, and no favour."

We had the good fortune to meet with a very intelligent English officer, who had been in the action, and who had that day paid his first visit to the field, after recovering of his wound.

From Lord Wellington's station, we stood and gazed on the whole scene; not daring to break silence for some minutes. And deep was now the silence of the vast sepulchre of 20,000 men, contrasted with the roar and the carnage of the battle. The gloomy weather still lasted, and was valued by us, as peculiarly suitable to the scene we were contemplating. The imagination is incalculably aided by viewing the scene of a memorable battle. The actors being generally familiar to us, we can easily people the field with them; and become thereby actually present, in conception, at the moment of the event. Indeed, so very simple is the field of Waterloo, that a conception of very ordinary power may quite take it in from description alone. Although here and there, varied by inequalities and undulations, it will serve all popular purposes to say, that at the distance from each other of about a mile, the contending armies occupied parallel high grounds, sloping with almost equal declivity, to a plain of about half a mile broad which intervened. The English line, or rather two lines extended about a mile and a half;—the French masses something more than two miles. The Brussels road ran at right angles through both armies; forming the centre of each. On this road, in one line, are the villages of Waterloo, and Mont St. John, and the farm houses of La Haye Sainte, and La Belle Alliance; and the only other place which requires to be referred to, is the memorable Chateau of Hogomont, advanced a short way in front of nearly the right of the British position. The road from Brussels to Nivelles, which branches off at Waterloo from the great road already described, passed the right of the army; which last being thrown back into a curve, crossed the angle formed by the two roads like the scale of a quadrant.—A number of small roads and foot-paths intersected the field in all directions, none of any importance in the affair, excepting always those which admitted the brave Prussians to their share of the glory of delivering the world.

The whole will at once be illustrated, by glancing at the plan annexed to this volume. The night before the battle, the troops lay down, already drenched with the heavy rain, in the deep mud of the ground. Every one must have remarked, that by a singular fatality our brave army have often had very unfavorable weather for their greater exploits. The country had been quite dry till the movement of the troops from their cantonments; but, on the 17th the rain, and thunder and lightning continued almost without intermission, till the morning of Waterloo, when it ceased; and the weather

became fine again. Fortunately, there was too much excitement of spirit, for this physical inconvenience to be much felt, either at the time or afterwards.—The men were fresh from cantonments; and their toil, though severe, was short. Never did a British army take the field in finer condition. The cavalry, especially, felt the benefit of fighting before losing the effects of their superior keeping, by the toils and privations of a campaign.

The Irish officer, formerly mentioned as my travelling companion to Paris, recounted the effect of the wet bivouac on himself, in a manner which gives a striking view of the high feeling of the men who sustain in the field the honour of our country. When he got up about six o'clock in the morning, he could not stand with a violent shivering; but fell down in the mud again. He made several efforts, but in vain. Without dreaming, when he recounted the circumstance, of an inference favorable to himself, which he was not aware that I was drawing, he described his feelings to have been perfect agony arising from the dread that he should not be able to do his duty. An hour or two, and a little brandy revived him; and when he found he could stand, his relief of mind amounted to the most exquisite joy he ever felt in his life. Yet 150,000 ferocious enemies were full in his view—he distinctly heard the shout of "Vive l'Empereur," the signal for the tremendous onset; death was coming on in its most threatening aspect; in the gloom of the morning, the vast, broad, and deep masses of the enemy, with their mighty reserves, yet further and further back till they seemed to meet the horizon, appeared, as he expressed himself, as if the forest of Soigne had changed its situation. Yet did this fearless youth feel his heart leap for joy, when he found himself able, for the honor of Ireland to stand up to the coming storm; chief, on higher principle yet than the Oneida "Farang but the shame of fear."

I heard in Paris, an officer of the 25th, with the same manly absence of self-gratulation, give a similar account of his own trials on the memorable dawn of Waterloo. Who can wonder at the virtue with which the entire day was sustained, when such were the feelings, with which the battle was waited for, and begun?

When cooking their breakfasts, the troops were called upon to desist by the spirit-stirring preparative from the aids-de-camp passing at full gallop—"Stand to your arms, the French are moving." They had moved. An immense array of cuirassiers had already swept across the plain to embarrass the British deployment—created among our infantry and cavalry. The life-guards, who had mainly covered the retreat the day before, had the honor of the first dash at the enemy on the 18th of June; the commencement only of much good service of theirs throughout the day. No charge on that field is described as more magnificent than this, the first from these brilliant and tremendous troops. The shock was not waited for by the enemy; a moment cleared the whole front attacked; and in no part of the day was the flight of the cuirassiers more unequivocal, except at the termination of the battle than it was immediately after their first onset.

A sentiment of pride is universal in the country, because of the well earned distinction of the household troops of both arms; and with one voice is hailed the wise abandonment of that system, so unjust to them, which kept them exclusively for show, and denied to the British monarch the high sight of a circle of proved warriors immediately around his person, of the same cast with those who carry his name with their own to the remotest quarter of the world.

A we stood on our commanding spot, the first thought was most naturally of the numbers of the contending armies respectively. The British were stated by Bonaparte himself at 80,000, and certainly they have never been made out to have been more. Of these not more than 30,000 were actually British; the rest were Germans, Belgians and Dutch. There was assuredly no corps of Prussians in the battle before the evening.

The French army certainly were 150,000, adding the enormous balance in their favor of 50,000 men; and, be it never forgotten, all French, and the best troops of France. Marshal Ney, in his justification to the Duke of Otranto, calls them "that fine and numerous army;" a character at once decisive of the question, when it is considered what that army must have been which a French marshal would think of so characterizing. But "The Relation," published in Paris by a French officer, formerly referred to, states in plain terms, without intending to diminish, and certainly with the reverse of interest to exaggerate, that the French army which attacked the Duke of Wellington, was 120,000 strong. His testimony is the more satisfactory as to the absolute numbers of the French, that with true national feeling in his ignorance of the truth he ludicrously overrates the British force, and brings fresh masses out of the wood of Soigne just as they were needed; "pour ecraser par le nombre," the overwhelmed columns of the French. In truth the British army were a mile and a half from the utmost skirts of the wood, & never had one man within it; and so far from being crushed or overlaid, the masses, and of the French guard too, were often routed by the bold dash

† At Quatre-bras.
‡ I owe my knowledge of this splendid incident (since the former edition) to an officer of high rank who witnessed it. I esteem it a great addition to the narrative in many points of view.
* To crush by numbers.

of an almost incredible small proportion of their numbers, nay sometimes, as will afterwards be told, of the Highlanders and Scots Greys.—This happened in many other parts of the field besides by the prodigies of nearly isolated individual valor.

Bonaparte knew the number of his already devoted adversaries well; and with his usual presumption expressed great astonishment to see their undismayed front on that side of the forest. His fear was that they would escape him in the night and he exclaimed, on first seeing their order of battle, with the dawn—"Ah! je les tiens done, ces Anglois!"

† "Ah! I have them then, these English."
(To be continued)

Foreign.

NEW-YORK, JULY 27.

LATEST FROM LONDON.

By the ships America, and Lindzee, from London, the Editors of the Mercantile Advertiser, have received London papers to the 19th of June, inclusive, from which the following extracts are made.

We learn by a passenger, in the America, that Mr. Eustis, our minister at the Hague, and Mr. Erving, our minister to Spain, were both at Paris the last of May.

Mr. Stuart, Chancellor of the American Consulate at London, has arrived in the America, with dispatches for government.

LONDON, JUNE 3.

Since our last, the Paris papers of Thursday have arrived; and this morning we received those of Friday. Another French General (Gruyer) has been sentenced to be shot for the rebellion of March, 1815, and the ridiculous farce of trying Marshal Grouchy, who is absent, is going on.

Courier Extraordinary of Friday Morning. Several individuals have been carried before the tribunals accused of having stolen about a thousand weight of gunpowder, from one of the Government Magazines, and sold it to Ruggieri, the fire-worker. The carriage which conveyed it having been stopped at Montmartre on the 28th ult. gave rise to a great number of suppositions and commentaries. The quantity of powder was greatly magnified, and the whole was said to have been contrived by conspirators against the State.

Paris Journals to the 1st instant, and a Flanders-Mail, have arrived this morning. The assertion in the previous Paris papers, which we placed, is now contradicted from authority. The valuable services of that gentleman cannot yet be dispensed with. The Duke of Wellington is expected at Paris, where it is supposed he will remain till September, his Grace having made all necessary arrangements on the frontiers. A considerable change is operating in the temper, the vigilance, and the vigour of the French Government, since the explosion at Grenoble and elsewhere. This we find proved more by our private letters than by the Public Journals.

There is one important paragraph in these papers, under the head of Vienna, which commences the report that the Russian Army is to be kept upon the war footing.

The King of France has very properly distributed the forfeited property of the rebellious family of Bonaparte among the soldiers and officers who had lost the pensions earned by their wounds in battle, and has in this respect made no distinction between the royalists of La Vendee and those who had served under Bonaparte prior to the first restoration.

JUNE 6.

From the Paris Journals we have this day made some further extracts. A misunderstanding had arisen between the Swedish Court and the Porte. To the approaching Diet at Frankfurt is to be referred, a dispute between Austria and Sardinia, respecting the fortresses in Italy. These subjects, together with the dispute in Wirtemberg and Baden, which will come before the same Diet, will afford opportunities for the mediation of Russia and the other great Powers.

"We are concerned to state," says the Bath paper of this morning, "that a disposition to tumult exhibited itself among the lower classes at Yeovil on Tuesday, but, by the temperate conduct of the principal inhabitants, it was suppressed without any material damage being done.

We understand, that the statement which has appeared in several of the papers, of the appointment of the Earl of Dalhousie as Governor and Commander in Chief of Nova Scotia, is erroneous.

Prince, Antony of Saxony, is expected to renounce his claim to the inheritance of that crown, in favor of Prince Maximilian, who is about to marry an Austrian Archduchess.

In the Sheriff's Court yesterday, Sir Thomas Hardy obtained a verdict with 1000l. damages against the proprietors of a Morning Newspaper for a libel contained in various paragraphs last winter, insinuating that Lady Hardy had eloped with the Marquis of Abercorn; insinuations for which, it seems, there was not the slightest foundation. The Plaintiff offered to relinquish the damages upon giving up the author.

JUNE 12.

The Paris papers of Sunday last arrived this forenoon. We were in expectation, that they would have brought us the judgment of the council of war on General Bonaire and his Aid-de-Camp, who have been undergoing their trial for

* Alluding to an anecdote which has already been extracted in a former paper, of a young Englishwoman of that name.

* Vide the plate prefixed to the work—Ed. F. P.