

## RALEIGH, (N. C.)

PRINTED, WEEKLY, BY THOMAS W. SCOTT.  
Terms of subscription: Three dollars per year, one half to be paid in advance. No paper to be continued longer than three months after a year's subscription becomes due, and notice thereof shall have been given.  
Advertisements, not exceeding 14 lines, are inserted three for one dollar, and for twenty-five cents each subsequent insertion; and in like proportion where there is a greater number of lines than fourteen.  
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### VISIT TO THE FIELD OF WATERLOO. (Continued.)

Country over which the enemy fled—Amirabile manœuvre of the 52d and 71st regiment. Visit to the station of Napoleon—Lacoste the farmer—Answer of Napoleon to a message about an English battery—His compliments to the British troops—His interview with a British officer—Account by a French officer, of his behaviour—Appearance of the Russians—Final effort of a column—Its defeat by the Highlanders and the 52d and 71st regiments—Glance by the whole British army.

As we were so far advanced, we wished, before visiting Bonaparte's station and returning to the position of the left wing, to have one glance of the country over which the panic-stricken enemy had fled. Nothing meets the eye but extensive unenclosed corn-fields, with very little wood; as if Soigne had rendered all further plantation in its region unnecessary. There could not have been a clearer field for fight; and well the advantage was appreciated by every individual French soldier. It was in this quarter the Prussians straggled were most dangerous for several days after the battle.

The officer who was with us belonged to the 23d. His regiment passed close to Belle Alliance on the opposite side of the road; by which means he was witness to what Lord Wellington even said to Blucher. He saw them meet on the road, and walk their horses for some hundred yards in earnest conversation, when Lord Wellington wished the veteran good night, and success in the pursuit; and turned his horse back again to Waterloo, to write his important dispatches.

For a great breadth along the road, our officer pointed out to us the station of the reserve of the cavalry of the old guard, with which a desperate final effort was made to retrieve the battle. The marks of the horses feet in the deep ground, hardened again when we saw it, gave an amazing idea of the immensity of the force which had stood there. The reserve of the young guard was posted in a hollow between Belle Alliance and Mon Plaisir. To the right of the 23d advanced in the pursuit, the 52d and 71st regiments. It fell to them to meet the young guard. Numbers were more than ever out of the question, panic had spread through the vast host of the enemy. The two regiments, weakened as they had been, rushed upon the guards and routed them in an instant; the same guard with whose spirit and equipment Napoleon had so lately before made all Europe to resound. A most admirable manœuvre was here performed by the two victorious regiments. They separated and running on two sides of an oval for a considerable way met again; and thus cut off several thousand prisoners.

Returning by Belle Alliance, we advanced about 150 yards to the rising ground on the left hand side of the road, looking to the British army from which Napoleon viewed the field; and a very complete view he had of it. He had no scaffold erected where he stood, and certainly never went after the battle had commenced, to the telegraph in the rear, which was at the distance of at least a mile. The "Relation" says, that he was generally dismounted, walking backwards and forwards in his usual attitude, with his hands behind his back, and looking steadily at the conflict. Lacoste, the farmer, or rather proprietor of La Belle Alliance, it is well known was pinioned, set on horseback, and placed beside the Emperor; very often exposed to fire, and laughed at for manifesting very natural alarm, carried off for some miles in the fight, when the Emperor used the freedom to forget him; and ultimately dismissed him with the high reward for all he had undergone, of one Napoleon d'or, about 20s. sterling. We had the good fortune to see this man. By the concurring testimony of friends as well as enemies, the great Napoleon forfeited his name on the spot of ground where we stood, with all his pretensions to consummate skill, he had but one *taciturne* and that was furious onset with overpowering masses of force; a system which had in no previous battle, Leipzig excepted, ever failed him. He was well aware of the numerical inferiority of the British army and making every allowance for their determined valor, well known, but yet untried by him, he concluded confidently, that as they must remain on the defensive, a sufficient quantity of grape-shot, would in a certain number of hours, entirely cut them down.

His ignorant surprise has already been mentioned, and pretended joy to see the English face about at all; his exclamation "Ah! I have them yet," evidently showed that he had never fought them before. Lacoste describes his agitation as extreme and his consumption of snuff inordinate, when the three mighty armies which he had rolled on to Hougoumont, La Haye Sainte, and the British left failed to produce the result of French onset to which he had been accustomed. Two were defied and visited with frightful carnage; and one was recollecting in confusion; and they comprised more than half his vast army. He became cross and short in his answers; and furious in his commands.

He had however no want of troops. For six hours more, with his usual profligate disregard of human life he varied not the mode of attack, but poured his devoted enthusiasts on, though again and again driven back with immense slaughter. La Haye Sainte was taken, half a mile in its front along the road. It was of use but to enclose the captors for the well directed range of the British howitzers. A message came from the general, for orders about that useless post; which could not be kept because of a battery which commanded it; what would it please his majesty to order the general to do? "S'en emparer," was the laconic answer, and the Emperor turned his back on the aid-de-camp.

He could not restrain occasional compliments to the British troops.—"How they form!—how they move! how they do their work!—what beautiful troops?"

About this time, nearly four o'clock in the afternoon, a British officer was brought into his presence a prisoner. He was severely wounded, but as it is an important rule in battle, to transmit prisoners to rank to head quarters, he was detained till several questions were put to him by the Emperor, and as I was informed, with great politeness.

1st. "Is Lord Wellington himself in the field?"—Ans. "He is."

2d. "What is the state of the spirits of the English troops?"—Ans. "As determined as ever."

3d. "Where are the Prussians?"—Ans. "It is believed they are at hand."

Bonaparte was observed to look thoughtful. He however politely dismissed the officer, to have his wounds taken care of.

The British keeping their defensive position, the entire French army, as the assailants, naturally found themselves very considerably advanced on the plain: an advance which Bonaparte falsely called occupying the British line. This very advance was their ruin. The British artillery now played from their highest ground upon the whole French army, with the exception of the reserve of guard old and young; and every opportunity of attack was seized by the British, both infantry and cavalry. "The combat deepened," and fresh spirits rushed to glory or the grave." It was now the tug of battle:—The impetuosity, the high spirit of the "stern joy" of first onset was gone by; now was come the murderous strain of the mighty armies, the poise and balance of the day.

"The affair is kept up," (ex *soulevé*) says the "Relation"—not a foot on either side is yielded; now columns advance; charges are renewed; three times, the position is on the point of being forced; and three times, after prodigies of valor, the French are stopped short.

Nothing can be more descriptive than what follows of the re-action, the languor, which succeed over-exertion; the depression of balked enthusiasm.

"Hesitation appeared in the French army and marked uneasiness, (*de vives inquietudes*) Some dismounted batteries retired, multitudes of wounded separate from the columns, and spread alarm for the issue of battle. Profound silence had succeeded to the acclamations and cries of joy of the soldiers sure of being led to victory. At the moment all the troops, with the exception of the infantry of the guard, were engaged and exposed to a fire the most murderous. The action continued with the same violence, but led to no result.

"It was near seven o'clock—Bonaparte who till that moment had remained on the ridge which he had chosen, and from which he saw well all that passed, contemplated with a look of ferocity, the hideous prospect of so frightful a butchery.—The more the obstacles multiplied, the more he became obstinate. He was indignant at the unforeseen difficulties; and, far from having fears to devote an army, whose confidence in him had no bounds, he persevered in sending on fresh troops with orders to march forward, to charge with the bayonet, to sweep away. Several times he was told from different points, that the affair was against him; that the troops appeared to be shaken; '*en avant*,' '*repondit-il*,' '*en avant*,'—forward, forward."

Another British officer was brought prisoner at this rare juncture; and witnessed the unexpected demeanor of this hitherto idolized man, in the presence of an enemy so new to him. He raved and stormed, and regardless of witnesses, threw away in a moment the character founded on fifteen years of miracles. A British officer witnessed this suicide of Napoleon's fame. It was, it may be believed, delightful to this officer, to hear the answer given to Bonaparte's general wholesale commands to *destroy and break and sweep away the English*. "Sire, it is impossible." Yet at the very moment he was sending off estafettes with dispatches; and, true to the last gasp of his political existence, to that lying policy which has itself roused the vengeance of United Europe, he repeated several times, with distraction. "Qu'il n'oublie pas de dire partout que la victoire est à moi."—Several officers near him expressed their wonder, by saying, "Il a perdu la tête."

How different this melancholy scene of the fury of disappointed oppression, from the calm he presented at Jena! when he played the unruffled god, far above the passions of the war below, and its vulgar risks; on a safe eminence, waving his baton, and columns of the enemy

"Carry on"

"Let him not forget to say every where, that the victory is mine"

"He has lost his head."

disappeared! It is indeed time that this mummery, this serenity of triumphant profligacy, should be exposed in all its hollow worthlessness and naked deformity.

The Prussians appeared. From the ground on which we stood, the wood seemed about three miles off, from which they began to débouche about 7 o'clock in the evening. Lacoste witnessed the information repeatedly brought to Bonaparte, and heard his persevering assertion that it was the corps of Marshal Grouchy. This, however, was not his real belief; for instead of waiting for it, he immediately resolved to throw his last stake before the possible Prussians might arrive. The old and middle guard were now ordered forward, as the last column of attack. It was led by Neys, as he himself narrates, in mournful silence, to make a last desperate effort on the British centre and left; he well knowing all the time that the battle was already lost, and could not be retrieved by a more reserve, if the whole army had failed to make any impression on the British position.

The Picton warriors, with the gallant Kempt at their head, (for Picton was no more) were to meet and confound this last effort of rage and despair.

We left the station of Bonaparte, and in imagination, as we proceeded attended the sullen march of this column to the point of its destined defeat.—The whole French army had been premonished of the movement of the old guard; and new and desperate efforts were called for. All eyes were fixed on the old guard, which had never before failed. New efforts were made, in a surprising degree, by this inflammable volatile soldiery. The flame of honor burned, however, much more steadily in the British army. Great efforts in their enemies, as usual, produced still greater in them, and not an inch of ground was gained by the assailants. The track over which the guards moved, and over which they fled, was still, when we passed it, covered by their spoil, and marked by horses' feet, cannon wheels, and the deeper furrow of balls and bombs. Ponsouby fell here.

As usual, the artillery of the guard poured its iron shower, and the cavalry followed with its desperate charge. It is in vain for Bonaparte to say, that his old guard were not beaten, or that the cry to which he attributes his defeat, "the old guard are driven back," was not true. The bold movement of Picton, with his favorite Highlanders was tried by his brave successor, and the boasted cavalry of the old imperial guard were charged and routed by the Scottish bayonet! We stood with exquisite national feelings here. From this point, as Lord Wellington's despatch states, commenced that final and fatal recoil, which determined him to give the order for a general attack by the whole army. The infantry of Kempt's division rushed down the slope, in pursuit of their advantage. An immense mass of the grenadiers of the guard stood yet unbroken in their front. The Greys once more appeared; and impatient to support their countrymen, leapt their horses, almost one by one, through the hedge, hardly waited to form, but galloped down into the middle of the Highlanders, cheering "Scotland forever!" The watch word excited a phrenzy of ardor, and the old guard fled before them. Ney, by his own account, dismounted, espoused on foot, from what he calls this *terrible* battle; a worse fate than that of the noble Picton, whose "life-blood stained a spotless shield" when he fell; and "With his back to the ground, and his feet to the foe, leaving in battle no blot on his name, Look'd proudly to Heaven from the death bed of fame."

A thousand French dead, alone lay on this spot; and even yet it exhibited holsters, (one we observed which had been filled with blood) standard holders pieces of bridles, straps, girths, &c. all denoting a tremendous conflict of cavalry; and the ground seemed quite ent to pieces with marks of the *stragling* exertions of horses feet. The well known caps of the grenadiers of the French guard, lay yet in considerable numbers, with rags of their uniforms. Some more affecting remains were also there; pieces of tartan and black ostrich feathers, the plaids and plumes of Scotland &c.

A loud cheer, we were informed by our officer, now ran along the whole British line. He was much struck by observing the sun shine out at that moment, after having been some hours under cloud! In an instant the whole was on the forward move. The British foot-guards had destroyed a column of the old guard, in their own front, near Hougoumont. The enemy were already irretrievably coopt. The feeble attempt, made in despair, by Bonaparte with the young guard, is not worth mentioning; (the "Relation" says, they turned with the torrent.)

The anxieties of the British chief were now over. They had been almost too much to be borne. Often, it is said he had prayed in agony for the Prussians or the night! When their guns commenced, it is described by officers who heard it, as something like a yell of rapture, with which he called out, "these goes old Blucher at last," and unable to bear up longer, burst into tears. 15,000 of his friends lay on the ground about him; and before him was the spectacle of his powerful enemy, who were within a hair's breadth of destroying him, in full rout and ru-

A correction of the mistake in the first edition, that Sir P. Picton fell in the last attack, was here indispensable. I am enabled to make it from unquestionable authority.

In addition to Marshal Blucher's testimony in his despatch, that the old guard "were baffled by the impetuosity of the Scottish regiments," it was most flattering to hear the truth of this almost miraculous conduct of our countrymen, confirmed by the prevailing belief both in Paris and on the road.

in; and the world delivered! The moment was too overpowering, the feeling was too much for any heart to contain. In an instant the great Napoleon and France, were levelled in the dust. Marengo, Austerlitz, Jena, Friedland, Wagram, "fell like stars from the firmament east," "the star of peace" arose. Its enemies were a mass of panic and impotency. "The meteor flag of England" was burning terrific, and had consigned to insulted, injured Prussia, a ripened harvest of revenge.

The mind has scarcely buoyancy sufficient to allot to England a pinnacle of glory high enough for this crisis. The account is too complex, as well as too vast, to allow at one grasp a view of all its elements. One feature is in prominent and brilliant light, the *steadiness* of England for five and twenty years, concentrated into a focus at Waterloo, to which eternal justice denies not the victory.

What would Cowper have said, when he did such justice to the consistency of his country when bearing up against the jealousy and hostility of the world, instead of egrossing, as she now does, their gratitude and admiration.

"O England thou art a devoted deer, Best by every ill but that of fear, The nations hunt, all mark thee for a prey, They swarm around thee, but thou stand'st at bay, Undaunted still, tho' wearied and perplexed, Once Chatham saved thee, who shall save thee next?"

## Foreign.

FROM THE BOSTON GAZETTE, OF AUGUST 1.

Latest from Eng. and.—By an arrival at this place, yesterday, we received London papers to the 15th, and Liverpool to the 17th June. The following is a sketch of their lean contents:

Some further disturbances have broken out in Nottingham, and other places; but excepting the destruction of a number of face-frames, no other mischief was done. The election of Mr. Canning for Liverpool, is still contested with great bitterness, and several riots have taken place between friends and partisans of the two opposing candidates; in one of these disgraceful scenes in which some American sailors joined the opposition party, several persons were seriously injured, and Mr. Canning himself in danger of his life. The sentence of death passed on General Goyer, has been commuted to 20 years imprisonment. Gen. Desaix and Favre, it is said, have been arrested near Thion. M. Reed, prefect of police during the usurpation of Bonaparte has embarked at Ahiwerp for America. The new Russian tariff has given much dissatisfaction to England and it is thought will engender a coolness between the two governments, that may disturb the present peace of Europe. The French government having organized its civil and military departments, is now looking towards its navy, and building up a maritime force. The Prince Regent has had another touch of the gout. The respectable house and bank of Stephen Jennings & Co. of Wallington, has stopped payment on the assignable cause of the great pressure of the times.

We have received the Liverpool Advertiser of the 17th June giving a detailed account of the Liverpool elections, which terminated, after five days of the most active struggle ever experienced in that city, in the choice of Mr. Canning, whose majority was 642. At the close of each day's poll, Mr. C. addressed his friends; and at the termination of the last, he was triumphantly chaired through the streets, in a procession of great length, composed of shipwrights, rope-makers, sail-makers, smiths, block-makers, riggers, painters, coopers, pilots, brick-layers and masons, joiners, and other tradesmen, gentlemen, captains and lieutenants, attended with several bands of music, and numerous flags and standards.

Russian Tariff.—The following very important official letter was received early in the week from the British consul at St. Petersburg. We were given to understand that it only alluded to regulations at the custom-house, and we paid little attention to the contents. We since find it has produced the deepest sensation in the city:

To Samuel Thornton, Esq. Governor of the Russian Company.

ST. PETERSBURG, APRIL 28. }  
(MAY 10) 1816. }

"Sir—I had the pleasure of writing to you on the 21st of April, (May 3) by post, and 2 days after by a courier, with the new Tariff."

"By these opportunities, I communicated to you, for the information of the court of assistants, all the details I could collect, of this so long expected Tariff; and I have now the mortification to acquaint you, that orders have been received with it at the custom-house here, to continue in force the rules and regulations formed during the unfortunate difference between Great-Britain and Russia, and ever since acted upon, though with some temporary modifications one or two points I shall, on every occasion in my power endeavor to procure either the repeal or suspension of some of these regulations, which appear and are felt to be most prejudicial to the prosecution of that liberal commerce, it is the wish of his majesty to establish, and I flatter myself, by the powerful assistance of his excellency Lord Cathcart, my representation may produce desired effect. In the meantime, I more strongly recommend that all the rules and regulations, and custom-house laws established by the Tariff of 1811, regarding bills of lading to order and other points, be most strictly adhered to, and that the expediency of so doing be made as speedily known to the trade as possible. I am, &c.

(Signed) D. BAYLEY.