

The Battle of Bladensburg.
A few weeks since copied in this paper an account of the battle of New-Orleans, from a work entitled, "A Subaltern in America." This production is from the pen of a British Officer who was attached to the invading army in 1814. The interest with which that account was read, and the apparent candour of the author, are two inducements which influence us to insert in the preceding page, his notice of the battle of Bladensburg. But we have a third and paramount reason, viz. so long as they did fight at Bladensburg, fought manfully, and that it was a want of confidence in themselves, and nothing else, which led to the disastrous issue of that battle.

GEN. JACKSON'S LETTER.
To the Editor of the Maryland Gazette.
Sir—You will oblige many of your subscribers by inserting in your paper, the letter from Gen. Jackson to Mr. Carter Beverly. I am grossly deceived, if an attentive perusal of this letter does not satisfy every impartial and unprejudiced mind of the shameful and corrupt profligacy by which John Quincy Adams has been punished to the "bad eminence" which he now occupies. When it was stated in the public prints on the authority of Mr. Beverly, that so corrupt and foul a proposition had been made by the friends of Mr. Clay to the friends of General Jackson, they were neither admitted or denied by the administration presses, they contented themselves with saying they were ignorant who Mr. Beverly was, and knew not whether he was of sufficient respectability to entitle him to credit. The people were also triumphantly told, that such a proposition were ever made, it was a very easy matter for Gen. Jackson to remove all doubts upon the subject, by coming out under his own signature. This the General has done, reluctantly as it would appear, from motives of delicacy, but at the same time boldly and fearlessly. General Jackson states, that he has his fixed determination should Mr. Clay come out under his own name and deny any knowledge of a proposition having been made, to give up the name of the gentleman who made the communication; and indeed, the tenor of his letter leads us to believe, he still feels himself bound to disclose the name of his communicant, whenever Mr. Clay shall require the disclosure. The administration and its sycophants and courtiers must be now highly delighted with having an opportunity of wiping off this foul stain, and of proving to the world that the game was not won by slipping or stocking the cards. But who now doubt that foul play was used, and that Mr. Clay was in the secret to the whole transaction. The letter of Adams and Clay was in it self so annular, that it was almost doubted after it was officially announced by Mr. Clay's appointment to the office of Secretary of State, it was indeed as unexpected as the nomination between the Codfish of Newfoundland and the Alligators of Mississippi. Junius was surely right when he said "the union of Bluff and black George was no longer a romance," for the tiger now lies down with the kid, and the pole cat straws with the civet.

L. M. O.
[The letter of General Jackson will be found on turning to the first page of this paper—Editor.]
COMMUNICATED.
An administration man in Baltimore was the other day boasting of the changes which had occurred in that city in favour of Mr. Adams, and the last election; a Jacksonian retreating force continued in flight, ever drained of halting, till fatigued and I fell to the ground. Happily for me, I dropped beside a pool of water, it was muddy and foul in no degree; yet my thirst, violent, hot, and doubly violent now, from the heat of the sun, and the heat of the day, I perceived in water before, and I probably never perceive again. I till that thirst was appeased, and looking round, perceived that I was surrounded by three British soldiers. They sat down beside me, and in some degree, recovered my strength, and having kindly assisted me to my feet, they crawled, rather than ed, back to rejoin our regiment.

know, too, and pleasure, and might now indulge both without the risk of falling under the suspicion of incivility, which, in the reign of terror, would have been incurred by any attempt to intermingle elegance with the enjoyments of social intercourse. At the apartments which he occupied, as one of the Directory, in the Luxembourg Palace, he gave his free course to his natural taste, and assembled an agreeable society of both sexes. Madame Tallien and her friend formed the soul of these assemblies; and it was supposed that Barras was not insensible to the charms of Madame Beauharnois, a rumour which was likely to arise whether with or without foundation.

When Madame Beauharnois and General Buonaparte became intimate, the latter assures us, and we see no reason to doubt him, that although the lady was two or three years older than himself, yet he was still in the full bloom of beauty, and extremely agreeable in her manners, he was induced solely by her personal charms, to make her an offer of his hand, heart, and fortunes—little supposing, of course, to what a pitch the latter were to rise. Buonaparte was then in his twenty-sixth year; Josephine gave herself in the marriage contract for 28.

Although he himself is said to have been a fatalist, believing in destiny and in the influence of his star, he knew nothing, probably, of the prediction of a negro sorceress, who, while Marie Joseph was but a child, prophesied she should rise to a dignity greater than that of a queen, yet fall from it before her death. This was one of those vague auguries, delivered at random by tools or impostors, which the caprice of fortune sometimes matches with a corresponding and conforming event. But without trusting to the Africanist's prediction, Buonaparte may have formed his match under the auspices of ambition as well as love. The marrying Madame Beauharnois was a mean of uniting his fortune with those of Barras and Tallien, the first of whom governed France as one of the Directors, and the last, from talents and political connexions, had scarcely inferior influence. He had already deserved well of them for his conduct on the day of the sections; but he required their countenance to rise still higher; and without derogating from the bride's merit, we may suppose her influence in their society corresponded with the views of her lover.

It is, however, certain, that he always regarded her with peculiar affection; that he relied on her fate, which he considered as linked with and strengthening his own; and reposed, besides, considerable confidence in Josephine's tact and address in political business. She had at all times the art of mitigating his temper, and turning aside the hasty determinations of his angry moments, not by directly opposing, but by gradually parrying and disarming them. It must be added to her great praise, that she was always a willing, and often a successful advocate, in the cause of humanity.

They were married 9th March 1796, and the dowry of the bride, was the chief command of the Italian armies, a scene which opened a full career to the ambition of the youthful general. Buonaparte remained with his wife only three days after his marriage, hastened to see his family, who were still at Marseilles, and having enjoyed the pleasure of exhibiting himself as a favourite of fortune in the city, which he had lately left in the capacity of an indigent adventurer, proceeded rapidly to commence the career to which fate called him, by placing him at the head of an army.

After these successes, and upon the triumph of the anti-Bourbon members of the Directory, Napoleon repaired to Paris. His situation and deportment there are thus described by his biographer.
In a metropolis where all is welcome that can vary the tedium of ordinary life, the arrival of any remarkable person is a species of holiday; but such an eminent character as Buonaparte—the conqueror—the sage—the politician—the undaunted braver of every difficulty—the invincible victor in every battle—who had carried the banners of the Republic from Genoa till their approach scared the Pontiff in Rome, and the emperor in Vienna, was no every day wonder. His youth too, added to the marvel; and still more the claim of general superiority over the society in which he mingled, though consisting of the most distinguished persons in France, a superiority clothing itself with a species of reserve, which inferred, "you may look upon me, but you cannot penetrate or see through me." Napo-

leon's general manner in society, during this part of his life, has been described by an observer of first rate power; according to whom, he was one for whom the admiration which could not be refused to him, was always mingled with a portion of fear. He was different in his manner from other men, and neither pleased nor angry; kind nor severe, after the common fashion of humanity. He appeared to live for the execution of his own plans, and to consider others, only in so far as they were connected with, and could advance or oppose them. He estimated his fellow mortals no otherwise than they could be useful to his views; and, with a precision of intelligence which seemed intuitive from its rapidity, he penetrated the sentiments of those whom it was worth his while to study. Buonaparte did not then possess the ordinary tone of light conversation in society; probably his mind was too much burthened or too proud to adopt that mode of pleasing, and there was a stiffness and reserve of manner, which was perhaps adopted for the purpose of keeping people at a distance. His look had the same character. When he thought himself closely observed, he had the power of discharging from his countenance all expression, save that of a vague and indefinite smile, and presenting to the curious investigator the fixed eyes and rigid features of a bust of marble.

When he talked with the purpose of pleasing, Buonaparte often told anecdotes of his life in a very pleasing manner; when silent, he had something disdainful in the expression of his face, when disposed to be quite at ease, he was, in Madame de Stael's opinion, rather vulgar. His natural tone of feeling seemed to be a sense of internal superiority, and of secret contempt for the world in which he lived, the men with whom he acted, and even the very objects which he pursued. His character and manners were upon the whole strongly calculated to attract the attention of the French nation, and to excite a perpetual interest even from the very mystery which attached to him, as well as from the splendour of his triumphs. The supreme power was residing in the Luxembourg ostensibly; but Paris was aware, that the means which had raised, and which must support and extend that power, were to be found in the humble mansion of the newly christened Rue des Victoires.

Some of these features are perhaps harshly designed, as being drawn recentibus odia. The disagreement between Buonaparte and Madame de Stael, from whom we have chiefly described them, is well known. It originated about this time when, as a first rate woman of talent, she was not naturally desirous to attract the notice of the Victor of Victors. They appear to have misunderstood each other; for the lady, who ought certainly to know best, has informed us, "that far from feeling her fear of Buonaparte removed by repeated meetings, it seemed to increase, and his best exertions to please could not overcome her invincible aversion for what she found in his character. His ironical contempt of excellence of every kind, operated like the sword in Romance, which froze while it wounded. Buonaparte never seems to have suspected the secret and mysterious terror with which he impressed the ingenious author of Corinne; on the contrary Las Casas tells us that she combined all her efforts, and all her means, to make an impression on the general. She wrote to him when distant, and, as the count ungallantly expresses it, tormented him when present. In truth to use an established French phrase, they stood in a false position with respect to each other. Madame de Stael might be pardoned for thinking that it would be difficult to resist her wit and her talent, when exerted for the purpose of pleasing; but Buonaparte was disposed to repel, rather than encourage the advances of one whose views were so shrewd, and her observation so keen, while her sex permitted her to push her inquiries farther than one man might have dared to do in conversing with another. She certainly did desire to look into him "with considerate eyes," and on one occasion put his abilities to the proof, by asking him rather abruptly, in the middle of a brilliant party at Talleyrand's.

"Whom he esteemed the greatest woman in the world, alive or dead?"
—"Her, Madam, that has borne the most children," with much appearance of simplicity. Disconcerted by the reply, she observed, that he was reported not to be a great admirer of the fair sex. I am very fond of my wife, Madam, he replied, with one of those brief and yet piquant observations, which adjourned a debate

as promptly as one of his characteristic manoeuvres would have ended a battle. From this period there was an enmity between Buonaparte and Madame de Stael; and at different times he treated her with harshness which had some appearance of actual personal dislike, though perhaps rather directed against the female politician than the woman of letters. After his fall, Madame de Stael related in her resentment to him; and we remember her, during the campaign of 1814, pressing in society how the walls of Treves were to see a second invasion and defeat of the Huns, as had taken place in the days of Attila, while the French Emperor was to enact the second Theodorick.

THE BATTLE OF BLADENSBERG.
"From a Subaltern in America."
After describing the country thro' which the British army marched on the day of the battle, the Subaltern says—
"We had proceeded about a couple of miles from the halting place, and the hour of noon was past, when our attention was suddenly drawn to the left, by several heavy clouds of dust which rose in that direction. Though we could not doubt from what source the dust proceeded, the intervention of a considerable cove between us and it, hindered us from saying with certainty that the enemy was in the position. The screen thus interposed was, however, speedily withdrawn. A further advance of some hundred and fifty yards brought us clear of the plantation, and the American army became visible. Williams and I were walking together at that instant. 'Are these Yankees?' said he, with all the naive imagination; or are they our own semen got some how a-head of us?"

I could not repress a smile at the question, though, to say the truth, an older soldier than Williams might have easily mistaken the force opposed to us for any thing rather than the army, on whose valour the safety of a great capital depended.
The corps which occupied the heights above Bladensburg, was composed chiefly of militia; and as the American militia are not dressed in uniform, it exhibited to our eyes a very singular and a very awkward appearance. Sufficiently armed, but wretchedly equipped, clothed part in black coats, others in blue, others in ordinary shooting-jackets, and some in round frocks, the three motley lines of infantry, but that their order was tolerably regular, might have passed off very well for a crowd of spectators, come out to view the approach of the army which was to occupy Washington. A few companies only, perhaps two, or at the most three battalions, wearing the blue jacket, which the Americans have borrowed from the French, presented some appearance of regular troops. The rest, as I have just mentioned, seemed country people, who would have been much more appropriately employed in attending to their agricultural occupations, than in standing, with muskets in their hands, on the brow of a bare green hill. There were, however, upon the right, some squadrons of horse, whose bearing was sufficiently warlike, whilst about twenty pieces of cannon, arranged at different points along the ridge, spoke of another and more serious affair, than a mere triumphal march through the middle of this levy.

I have seldom been more forcibly struck with anything than with the contrast, which a glance to the rear afforded at this moment, with the spectacle which was before me. A column of four thousand British soldiers, moving in sections of six abreast, and covering an extent of road greater than its windings would permit the eye to take in, met my gaze in that quarter. The dress, the perfect regularity of the step, the good order which they preserved, and, above all, the internal conviction, that they were only advancing to victory, excited in me feelings for which I have no words, and which he only can conceive who has stood in a similar situation. Nor was it the sense of sight alone, which, on the present occasion, was forced into a powerful comparison. The Americans, from the instant that our advanced guard came in view, continued to rend the air with shouts. Our men marched on, silent as the grave, and orderly as people at a funeral. Not a word was spoken, scarcely a whisper passed from man to man, but each held his breath, and mustered up his best courage for the shock.

very judiciously filled with a host of riflemen. These, taking cool and deliberate aim from their lurking places, soon began to gull us with their fire. Not a few of our men fell beneath it, but the bridge was instantly cleared; the advance was quickly scattered into skirmishing order, and in five minutes, or little more, the belt was emptied of its defenders. Never did men with arms in their hands, make better use of their legs. Though we did our best to kill a few of them, I question whether one American lost his life in that cope; so rapid, or if you please, so judiciously conducted, was their retreat.

We had hardly cleared this little wood, when the 85th regiment and the light companies of the 4th and 44th, came pouring up to our assistance. To these we now attached ourselves, and the whole of the light brigade, forming into one extended line advanced to the attack. It was our fortune to act upon the left of the road, where the cope happened to be more thick, and the ground considerably more uneven, than on the right. The consequence was, that we moved on for several minutes without seeing any enemy; but the wood suddenly ending, and an open sloping field lay before us; and in the rear of a high paling, which ran across the centre of that field, the enemy's first line presented itself. I have stood under many heavy fires of musketry in my day; but I really do not recollect to have witnessed any more heavy than that which they instantly opened upon us. Had we been a numerous body, and in compact array, our loss must have been terrible; but we were few in number—certainly not more than one hundred in all; and our order was that of skirmishers, each file being full ten paces apart from the other. The Americans, on the other hand, were in line, wedged together as closely as they could stand; their number could not fall short of a thousand men, if they exceeded it not, and they fired volley after volley as fast as they could load their pieces, and raise them again to their shoulders. Five guns moreover, played upon us without intermission; in a word, I can compare the shower of balls of all sizes and descriptions, which whistled round us, to nothing more aptly, than the pelting of a hail storm, which a strong northerly wind drives into your face. The whole ground on our feet was ploughed up with them, and their singing was like that of a tempest through the bare cordage of a vessel at anchor.

Under this really tremendous fire, Williams bore himself, as his gallant conduct in the skirmishes which had diversified our march, led me to expect that he would bear himself. There was a railing similar to that behind which the Americans were drawn up, which cut off the cove from the cultivated fields. He was one of the first to spring over it; and shouting out to the men to follow, he called to me by name, and said, "Now, who will be first in the enemy's line." Without once pausing to look behind, he rushed on. I kept my eye upon him; indeed, we were near enough to converse, had it been possible to hear the sound of a human voice in such a tumult; and I did what I could, rather to restrain his ardour, than to give it encouragement. But at the very moment when I was repeating my entreaties, that he would look to the men, instead of thus rushing on ahead of them, a musket ball struck him on the neck, and he fell dead at my feet. He never so much as moved. The bullet passed through his windpipe, and spinal marrow, and he was a corpse in an instant. Poor fellow! even in the heat of action, I looked at him with a feeling of bitter agony, of which words can convey no impression. But I could not pause to pay the slightest tribute of respect to his remains; I ran past him, and soon found my attention so completely occupied by other matters, as to forget even that such a one had lived and was dead. So overwhelming exciting is the interest of a battle, and so perfectly engrossing are the thoughts to which it gives birth.

Notwithstanding the paucity of our numbers, the American line began to waver as soon as we arrived within twenty or thirty paces of their front, and the shouting preliminary to a charge had hardly been uttered, when they broke and fled. Our men were too much fatigued to follow with any celerity, but we pursued as quickly as we could, and bayonetting some seven, who pertinaciously clung to their guns, took possession of two, out of the five pieces of cannon, which had so severely galled us. Our work was, however, but beginning. In five minutes, we found ourselves in front of a second line, more numerous and more steady than that which we had defeated. It was composed wholly of regular troops, and

murderous fire, and instantly advanced to meet them. We could not so hardly mustered a hundred men more than half the number; a whole regiment bore down upon us, and we were ground. We fell back, however, slowly and indignantly, halting from time to time, and firing with effect; while the enemy, instead of a detour, rushed, which if attempted, must have destroyed us at once, followed at the very same pace, and with the very same precaution. But their fire was very destructive; at least it would have been, had there stood opposed to it men enough to deserve it.

We had reached almost to the edge of the thicket when Colonel Thornton, with a reinforcement of fresh troops, coming up, restored us our former confidence, and resumed the offensive. The enemy in their turn fell back; but we could not follow with our accustomed rapidity—our men were scarce able to walk, far less to run; so there was time for their line also to receive reinforcements, before we succeeded in breaking it. The battle became now little else than an unintermitting exchange of tremendous volleys. Neither party gained or lost ground, but, for a full half hour, stood loading and firing as quickly as the operations could be performed. Whilst this was proceeding, Colonel Thornton received a ball in the thigh and fell. The Americans raised a shout at the event, pressing on; and our people, a little disheartened, retired. Charlton, myself, and several other officers who were in the field, did our best to stay them, we succeeded, though not till Colonel Thornton, in order to avoid being ing into the hands of the assailant, had been obliged to roll himself down the slope to a considerable distance. We had retired, in part, as far as the ground where poor Williams lay when one musket-ball, hitting the scabbard of my sword, broke it, and another, at the same instant, slightly wounded my arm. Yet I felt the wound, so intent was I rallying the men; and General Reynolds himself coming up at this instant, with the better part of the 4th regiment, the fortune of the day was speedily decided. There was no more distant firing on our part. Charge, charge, was the only word of command issued. It was by repeated acclamations; and very music of our cheers and like magic upon the Americans, dispersed & fled in every direction.

It were vain for me to attempt a description of the state of feeling which pervades a man, when, after some hours of hard fighting, he sees the line of the enemy becoming confused, and the manifestations of night exhibited. His whole soul engrossed with the desire of overtaking them; and if there be a moment in man's existence at which he would sincerely thank Providence for the loan of wings, it is such then. For my part, I strained my throat till it became dry with cheering; and running on, as well as my exhaustion would permit, made an effort to overtake the Americans, who escaped from me, as persons who fresh will always escape from the weary. To do them justice, however, their regulars were not unmindful of the lessons which they had learned upon the parade. They covered their rear with a closed rifleman, at least equal in point of numbers, to the troops who pursued them; and the riflemen very deliberately, and very judiciously, took up positions from time to time wherever the cover of bushes or trees derided invited them. Nor were their fire harmless. Several individuals, myself among the number, received wounds from them. I plainly saw the person who had honoured me; he lay behind a slight cove, and took aim three times before he hit me; but, at last, his passion through the fleshy part of my thigh, and he escaped.

Too eager to be aware that I was gain scratched, I pushed on with my companions as long as the last of the retreating force continued in flight, ever drained of halting, till fatigued and I fell to the ground. Happily for me, I dropped beside a pool of water, it was muddy and foul in no degree; yet my thirst, violent, hot, and doubly violent now, from the heat of the sun, and the heat of the day, I perceived in water before, and I probably never perceive again. I till that thirst was appeased, and looking round, perceived that I was surrounded by three British soldiers. They sat down beside me, and in some degree, recovered my strength, and having kindly assisted me to my feet, they crawled, rather than ed, back to rejoin our regiment.