

OFFICIAL ACCOUNTS FROM NEW ORLEANS.

Copy of a letter from General ANDREW JACKSON, to the Secretary of War, dated

Camp below New Orleans, 26th Dec. 1814.

The enemy having by the capture of our gun boats obtained command of the Lakes, were enabled to effect a passage to the Mississippi at a point on the side of New Orleans, and about 9 miles below it. The moment I received the intelligence, I hastened to attack him in his first position. It was brought on in the night, and resulted very honorably to our arms. The heavy smoke, occasioned by an excessive fire, rendered it necessary that I should draw off my troops after a severe conflict of upwards of an hour.

The attack was made on the night of the 23d—since then both armies have remained near the battle ground, making preparations for something more decisive.

The enemy's force exceeded ours by double, and their loss was proportionally greater. The moment I can spare the time, I will forward you a detailed account. In the mean time I expect something far more important will take place. I hope to be able to sustain the honor of our arms and to secure the safety of this country.

I have the honor to be, With great respect, Your obedient servant, ANDREW JACKSON, Maj. Gen. Com'g.

Hon. JAMES MONROE, Secretary of War.

H. Quarters, 7th Military District, Camp below New Orleans, 27th December.—In the morning.

SIR, The loss of our gun boats near the pass of Rigolots, having given the enemy command of Lake Borgne, he was enabled to chuse his point of attack. It became therefore an object of importance to obstruct the numerous bayous and canals leading from that Lake to the highlands on the Mississippi. This important service was committed, in the first instance, to a detachment from the 7th regiment, afterwards to Col. De LaRonde, of the Louisiana militia, and lastly, to make all secure, to Major Gen'l. Villere, commanding the district between the River and the Lakes, and who, being a native of the country, was presumed to be best acquainted with all those passes. Unfortunately, however, a picket which the General had established at the mouth of the bayou Bienvenue, and which, notwithstanding my orders, had been left unobstructed, was completely surprised, and the enemy penetrated thro' a canal leading to his farm, about 2 leagues below the City, and succeeded in cutting off a company of militia stationed there. This intelligence was communicated to me about 12 o'clock of the 23d. My force at this time, consisted of parts of the 7th and 43d regiments, not exceeding 600 together, the city militia, a part of Gen. Coffee's brigade of mounted gun men, and the detached militia from the western division of Tennessee, under the command of Maj. Gen. Carroll. These two last corps were stationed 4 miles above the City. Apprehending a double attack by the way of Chief-Monteur, I left Gen. Carroll's force and the militia of the City posted on the Gentilly road; and at 5 o'clock, P. M. marched to meet the enemy, whom I was resolved to attack in his first position, with Major Hind's dragoons, Gen. Coffee's brigade, parts of the 7th and 43d regiments, the uniformed companies of militia under the command of Maj. Planche, 200 men of color, chiefly from St. Dominge, raised by Col. Savary, and acting under the command of Col. Dargwin, and a detachment of artillery under the direction of Col. M'Reo, with two 6 pounders under the command of Lt. Spots; not exceeding in all 1500. I arrived near the enemy's encampment about 7, and immediately made my disposition for the attack. His forces amounting at that time on land to about 3000, extended half a mile on the River, and in the rear nearly to the wood. Gen. Coffee was ordered to turn their right, while with the residue of the force, I attacked his strongest position on the left near the River. Commodore Patterson having dropped down the River in the sch'r. Caroline, was directed to open a fire upon their camp, which he executed at about half after 7. This being the signal of attack, Gen. Coffee's men with their usual impetuosity rushed on the enemy's right, and entered their camp, while our right advanced with equal ardor. There can be but little doubt that we should have succeeded on that occasion, with our inferior force, in destroying or capturing the enemy, had not a thick fog which arose about 8 o'clock, occasioned some confusion among the different corps. Fearing the consequence, under this circumstance, of the further prosecution of a night attack with troops then acting together for the first time, I contented myself with lying on the field that night; and at 4 in the morning assumed a stronger position about two miles nearer to the City. At this position I remain encamped, waiting the arrival of the Kentucky militia and other reinforcements. As the safety of the City will depend on the fate of this army, it must not be incautiously exposed.

In this affair the whole corps under my command deserves the greatest credit. The best compliment I can pay to Gen. Coffee and his brigade, is to say they behaved as they have always done while under my command. The 7th, led

by Maj. Pierre, and the 43th, commanded by Col. Ross, distinguished themselves. The battalion of city militia, commanded by Maj. Planche, realised my anticipations, and behaved like veterans. Savary's volunteers manifested great bravery; and the company of city riflemen having penetrated into the midst of the enemy's camp, were surrounded, and fought their way out with the greatest heroism, bringing with them a number of prisoners. The two field pieces were well served by the officers commanding them.

All my officers in the line did their duty, and I have every reason to be satisfied with the whole of my field and staff. Colonels Butler and Piatt, and Major Chotard, by their intrepidity, saved the artillery. Col. Haynes was every where that duty or danger called. I was deprived of the services of one of my aids, Capt. Butler, whom I was obliged to station, to his great regret, in town. Capt. Reid, my other aid, and Messrs. Livingston, Duplissis and Davizac, who had volunteered their services, faced danger wherever it was to be met, and carried my orders with the utmost promptitude.

We made one major, two subalterns, and sixty three privates, prisoners; and the enemy's loss, in killed and wounded, must have been at least. My own loss I have not as yet been able to ascertain with exactness, but suppose it to amount to 100, in killed, wounded and missing. Among the former I have to lament the loss of Col. Lauderdale, of Gen. Coffee's brigade, who fell while bravely fighting. Cols. Dyer and Gibson of the same corps were wounded, and major Kavebaugh taken prisoner.

Col De Raronde, major Villere, of the Louisiana militia, major Labour of engineers, having no command, volunteered their services, as did Drs. Kerr and Hood, and were of great assistance to me.

I have the honor to be, With great respect, Your obedient servant, ANDREW JACKSON, Major general commanding.

Hon. JAMES MONROE, Secretary of War.

Head-Quarters, 7th military district, Camp below New Orleans, December 29, 1814.

SIR, The enemy succeeded on the 27th in blowing up the Caroline (she being becalmed) by means of not shot from a land battery which he had erected in the night. Emboldened by this event, he marched his whole force the next day up the level, in the hope of driving us from our position, and with this view opened upon us, at the distance of about half a mile, his bombs and rockets. He was repulsed, however, with considerable loss—not less, it is believed, than 120 in killed. Ours was inconsiderable—not exceeding half a dozen in killed, and a dozen wounded.

Since then he has not ventured to repeat his attempt, though lying close together.—There has been frequent skirmishing between our pickets.

I lament that I have not the means of carrying on more offensive operations.—The Kentucky troops have not arrived, and my effective force at this point does not exceed 3000. Thirs must be at least double—both prisoners and deserters agreeing in the statement that 7000 landed from their boats.

I have the honor to be, With great respect, Your obedient servant, ANDREW JACKSON, Maj. Gen. Com'g.

Hon. JAMES MONROE, Sec. of War, Washington.

FROM THE SAVANNAH REPUBLICAN OF JAN 17.

(OFFICIAL)

The Enemy in possession of Point Petre and St. Mary's.

Copy of a letter from Captain MASSIAS to Brigadier General JOHN FLOYD, dated

Sweet Water Branch, 13th Jan. 1814.

SIR, THE enemy moved against Point Petre this morning at half past 7 o'clock, with his whole force, about 1500 his operations were simultaneous. I received information of his approach on my picket, near Major Johnson's, with about 300 to 1000 men, and two pieces of artillery; aware of his intention to place himself in my rear, while he at the same time was advancing in considerable force in front, to attack the battery on the St. Mary's, with a view to cut off my retreat; I made the following disposition of my small but brave force. I ordered Capt. Stallings to remain at the Point with about 35 effectives, with orders to defend it as long as possible, and if he should be overpowered, to spike the guns, fire the train at the magazine, and retreat to me with the remainder, (about 60 riflemen and infantry.)

I moved against the enemy in the rear, determined to oppose his passage at a narrow defile near Major King's, & make good my retreat at all hazards; at about nine o'clock we came up with the defile near Major Johnson's, it is flanked by a marsh on each side and has a complete cover for riflemen on the right and left, across which the day previous I had caused some large trees to be fallen; as we entered it one end, the enemy did so on the other. It was my intention to gain the cross roads, near Major King's, but finding myself stopped, Lt. Holt, of the 43d infantry, was ordered, with a detachment of riflemen, to advance on the enemy's left, and Lieut. Harlee with another detachment, to pass the thicket and es-

ceptor to gain his rear, this order was promptly obeyed. Capt. Tatnall, of the 43d infantry, was ordered at the same time to advance in close column, & pass the defile; at this time their bugle sounded and a brisk fire commenced on both sides. We had already passed some distance, & the enemy had given way twice, when Capt. Tatnall who stood near me received severe wound which obliged him to fall back. This produced a momentary pause, when the enemy pressed forward but was received with unequalled firmness.

It was at this moment I received unexpected support from sergeant Benson of the 43d infantry, and private Green of the rifle; but our efforts were unavailing, their numbers were too imposing—a thousand to sixty was too much odds, & believing the battery in the hands of the enemy, as but three guns had been fired with reluctance I ordered a retreat, which I am happy to state was in good order.—We took a path to Mrs. Gordon's on the North River, at which place I had previously engaged a large boat in the event of not being able to pass by the bridge near Major King's; but some one had detected that plan, the boat was taken away. I had but one recourse left, and that was to pass at Miller's Bluff with a paddling canoe—I then sent an order to Capt. Stallings to retreat by that way, which he promptly obeyed, the enemy following him close in his rear, and I have the pleasure to state we effected it without the loss of a man.—While I lament the necessity of informing you of the loss of the Fort at Point Petre, I console myself with a consciousness of having done my best for its preservation, and of being peculiarly fortunate in making good a retreat, always doubtful, and by none believed practicable but myself. The enemy's loss must have been considerable, the defile was covered with blood, an officer of distinction, wearing a pair of gold epaulets, was among the slain.—Our loss was very considerable, as will appear by the report annexed to this; and I have reason to hope that some of those missing will yet join.

I should not do justice to the gentlemen I had the honor to command, did I not say they performed prodigies beyond all reasonable expectation—all were equally brave, but I may be allowed to discriminate, and to recommend any to your particular attention, it would be Capt. E. F. Tatnall, of the 43d infantry, he was conspicuous in every act, & gave me the utmost support.

I cannot but consider my little band highly complimented by the number the enemy tho't fit to bring against them. Very respectfully, Your obedient servant, A. A. MASSIAS, Capt. com. 1st rifle corps. U. S. troops.

Return of killed, wounded, prisoners and missing, in the action on the 15th Jan. near Point Petre, (Geo.)

43d Infantry—Killed, none; wounded, 1 capt. severely; 40. 1 private, do; missing, 4 privates—total 6. Rifle corps—Killed, 1 private; wounded, 1 sergeant, prisoner; 60. one private, severely; missing, five privates—Grand total, 14.

A. A. MASSIAS, Capt. com. 1st rifle corps U. S. troops.

Copy of a letter from Lieutenant Colonel SCOTT, to Brigadier General FLOYD, dated

St. J. P. 15th Jan. 1814.

DEAR SIR, Yesterday the enemy advanced in 2 divisions against Point Petre, which they carried by storming it. One division landed at Maj. Johnson's, & marched on the rear of the Fort; a number of barges made the attack in front. At this time, I was in the town of St. Mary's; the moment I received information of the enemy landing, I assembled the militia (which amounted to 90 men) and marched for King's Bay. When I had advanced two miles from St. Mary's, I heard a heavy firing commence in the road leading from King's Bay to Point Petre, which convinced me that the enemy had attacked the Point in the rear. I marched on quick step to make an attack on their rear. I soon found the firing ceased, which gave me to believe the party of reserve had surrendered; my hope then was to meet a party of reserve to guard their barges. I ordered a few horsemen to reconnoitre their landing. They reported that their barges were all gone except two, which were adrift. I immediately fell back on St. Mary's; when I got within a mile of the town, I was informed that the enemy were advancing against the town of St. Mary's. I halted my men about a mile from St. Mary's; as I was informed some of the barges were in the North River. I proceeded to town myself; when I arrived, I discovered their barges had got as far as Maj. Moor's causeway, and that Maj. Clark and Mr. Sadler had been appointed by the inhabitants to carry a flag to the enemy to capitulate. The inhabitants appeared much alarmed, but I should make some defence.—After getting some refreshment for my detachment, I returned to them. A few minutes after I arrived, a messenger was sent from town, to inform me that a British officer had just landed with a flag, offering the town honorable terms, if they surrendered, and in case a single gun was fired, the town should be laid in ashes.—Knowing my force not sufficient to defend the town, I tho't it proper to retire. I had not retired far before I fell in with Capt. Massias, with the greater part of his command. They retreated by the way of Capt. Miller's; we are now encamped at Jefferson.

I never experienced so much alarm as the inhabitants are flying in all directions. If we do not get reinforced, there will be scarce a family left in the country.—The inhabitants dread Col. Woodbine and his Indians more than the British. Provisions are hard to be got. I shall do every thing in my power to protect the frontier of this part of the country. I have but eighty-five men with me. The men, women, and children, are all running away. I hope you will continue to reinforce us—I shall never desert this part of the country while I can raise a man.

While writing, a Mr. Brown, made his escape from St. Mary's—he informs me that the enemy are collecting all the horses and saddles about that place. From the best information we could obtain, it appears they intend marching by land to Savannah. I shall endeavor to check their march as much as possible, at every advantageous post. I have not been able to ascertain their numbers. There is still a large force on Cumberland, at Point Petre, and in the town of St. Mary's.

I have the honor to be, Your's sincerely, WILLIAM SCOTT, Lt. Col. commanding detachment.

NEW LONDON, JAN. 23.

CAPTURE OF THE PRESIDENT.

On Monday afternoon a flag came up from the enemy's squadron off this port, was brought to off Fort Trumbull, and delivered a letter, of which the following is a copy:

"Dear admiral Hotham has the honor to request Gen. Cushing will please convey the enclosed letter to the lady of Commodore Decatur; who the Rear Admiral begs leave to acquaint Gen'l. Cushing is gone to the Bermudas in good health, on board the Endymion; having been captured in the U. S. frigate President, on the 15th inst. by a detachment of his majesty's ships.

The Majesty's ship Superb, off New London, 23rd Jan. 1815.

"Dear admiral Hotham also begs leave to commit the accompanying letters to the care of Gen. Cushing; which were received from persons late of the President." The letters were from Com. Decatur to his lady, and from other officers to their friends; and none official. The officer who came with the flag declined making any verbal communication. A letter from an officer to his friend, was read in town and forwarded. It was written on board the Pomone.

It briefly stated, that the President was captured in the afternoon of the 15th inst. after an action of four hours and a half, by four British ships. That the 1st, 4th, and 5th Lieutenants were killed, and the Sailing Master and two Midshipmen wounded, with a great loss of men. The Lieut. killed, we understand, are Messrs. Babbitt, M. C. Perry (brother to Com. P.) and Hamilton, son of the late Sec'y of the Navy.

It appears that the enemy prohibited any particulars of the action from being communicated; from which we must infer, that although they gained a frigate they have reaped no laurels from the capture.

The President sailed from New York on Saturday evening, and on Sunday morning before sunrise the Majestic razee, which lay near Plum Island, got under way in the greatest haste, and proceeded to sea, leaving her water casks principally on shore. A remarkable circumstance, which leads to the suspicion that information of the sailing of the President was received, by traitorous information, in 12 hours after her sailing; which, not improbably, led to her capture.

The action must have been principally a running one, and nearly parallel to the coast of Long Island, as the firing was distinctly heard at Stonington and Newport.

It appears before the brave Commodore struck his flag, he was assailed by the frigates Pomone, Forth and Endymion, and the razee Majestic; and we have no doubt, that in this bloody and lamented action, new glory has perched on the American standard.

Connecticut Gaz.

Extract of a letter from Commodore DECATUR, late commander of the U. S. frigate President, dated 16th JANUARY.

"The night we left the Hook, owing to some blunder of our pilots, we struck on the bar, and there remained thumping two hours, until the tide rose; at day light we fell in with the British squadron, consisting of the Majestic, Endymion, Pomone, Tenedos, and Dispatch brig.

"My ship, owing to her getting aground, lost her sailing. I lightened her as much as possible, but the enemy gained on us.—The Endymion, mounting 24 pounders on her gun deck, was the leading ship of the enemy. She got close under my quarter, and was cutting my rigging, without my being able to bring a gun to bear upon her.—To suffer this was making my capture certain; and that too without injury to the enemy.

"I therefore bore up for the Endymion, and engaged her for two hours; when we silenced and beat her off. At this time the rest of the ships had got within two miles of us. We made all the sail we could from them, but it was in vain. In 3 hours the Pomone and Tenedos were along side, and the Majestic and Endymion close to us. All that was now left

for me to do was to receive the fire of the nearest ships and surrender, for it was in vain to contend with the whole squadron.

"My loss has been severe; the precise number I do not know, but believe to be between eighty and ninety; of this number 23 are killed. Babbitt, Hamilton, and Powell, are amongst the slain. Mr. Dale is wounded, but is doing well.

"I am, in great haste.—We sail to day for Bermuda."

FROM THE AURORA.

The capture of the frigate President has very naturally excited strong and various sensations. With the exception of the alien enemies amongst us, who have been naturalized in order to be spies, all persons heard of the event with mingled emotions of pride and regret—pride that the honor of our flag was gloriously sustained, and that the flag was not levelled to an equal foe—regret that such skill and courage had such fearful odds to contend against, and that so many brave fellows fell in such an unequal conflict. This is the third frigate that the enemy have taken from us—the Chesapeake by a vessel of superior force; the Essex by two vessels carrying twice as many guns as she did; and the President by three frigates and a 74—all of them after long and bloody actions.

We, on the other hand, have captured three frigates, not with squadrons, but with single ships, of nearly, if not quite equal force; the Guerriere in a few minutes, the Macedonian in a few minutes, and the Java after an action comparatively short when contrasted with those in which the enemy succeeded.

The honor of our flag, and our naval superiority, ship to ship, far from being suited or doubted, are in this last instance, excited and confessed; Europe will hear with astonishment, that a single frigate, just out of port, silenced one frigate, and in the act of silencing the second, when the broadsides of another frigate and a 74 were found necessary in order to capture her. Where is the gallant officer in any navy who will not admit that laurels so won wicher in the plucking?—What brave man would wish to be adorned with a wreath thus earned? It would have been expecting too much, if one of the frigates, the largest, had claimed and taken the honor of single combat—but if it had done so, and had triumphed, the victory would have been a proud one; but very different is the event, it is such a triumph as brutal force may at any time enjoy over a comparatively weak and unprepared antagonist.

Glorious, however, as this event is, when thus regarded, one may safely predict that the enemy will conceal all real chagrin and will vaunt of this action as if it had been nobly fought and honorably closed. The tower guns will be fired, and in all likelihood, the action may be fought over again in the Serpentine river, with this difference, that there will be but one British frigate, and nothing will be said of the rest of the squadron. From what appears, the Endymion and the President taking a course distant from the rest, it is highly probable that it will be said that these two ships were alone engaged.

This event, however, creates reflections that it may not be improper to communicate; it excites enquiries, but it may be extremely useful to have well answered. If we had not evidence enough of the fact before, it now clearly appears that the enemy are resolved to sail in squadrons only, and never in single ships; their force is so extensive that they can do so; and they seemed determined upon it the more effectually to annihilate our little navy: What, in these circumstances is the best policy? If we send out single vessels, do we not desperately risk our bravest men? Willingly to combat with squadrons would be as romantic as if we were to enter naked into the arena against a bravo in armour.—To slung such a combat is next to impossibility—what then is to be done? Can we equip and send out squadrons? If we can, can we oppose fleet to fleet? if we can, let it be done; but whether we can is a serious question; if we cannot send out fleets, if we cannot send out squadrons, how and under what circumstances ought we to send out our frigates?

As to our naval glory, the foulest falsehoods or the meanest misrepresentations cannot rob us of it; it is known to all the world that ship to ship we win no battle, whilst it is as well known that ship to ship the enemy slung all battles. No nation ever acquired in so short a time with such means so many trophies as we have—Is it not best to cherish these honors and to be as careful of the heroes who gained them, as of the honors themselves?

No doubt it will be said—"what I lay up our frigates in the mud and abandon the ocean?"

This observation is the result of noble feeling and highmindedness; and what will it produce, if obeyed? Would it be unwise or dishonorable in a man of approved courage, to avoid a combat when unarmed against an armed adversary?—If, indeed, there was some harbor where our gallant little fleet might range themselves, and in which a much greater force could not assail them, it would be disgraceful to remove or avoid combat; but it is well worth consideration, whether the effort of single frigates to evade the hundred squadrons of the enemy is not more romantic than wise? No question can be more delicate than this; it is not in this article decidedly answered, it is suggested solely with the view to further enquiry and discussion.