

The North Carolina Whig.

"Be true to God, to your Country, and to your Duty."

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H. S. T. J. HOLTON,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS:

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From the Richmond Register,
Vicksburg.

BY MARY ANN BROWN.

There is a light in the city,
That shines upon the water,
And the light is not a fire,
But the light of the stars above,
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most importance to the enemy, as it was our only naval depot on Lake Ontario, and the chief one on the line of the Great Lakes; for the gallant Perry had just commenced that of Lake Erie, at the little town of Erie.

At Sackett's Harbor had been collected valuable military stores; and vessels of war, destined for service on the lake, were in process of construction—some already afloat, and others still on the stocks.

On the evening of the 27th of May, 1813—the same day on which Fort George was captured—the British made their appearance off the entrance of the harbor. The fleet was under the command of Sir James Yeo; while the landing of the troops, and the attack upon the town, was directed by Sir George Prevost. On the following day, (the 28th) the embarkation was expected, on the peninsula called Horse Island, a short distance from the town.

The attack upon this place, and the repulse of the enemy, is well known to all familiar with the history of the war; and I refer to it only, as it is connected with the affair at Sandy Creek.

But before leaving this portion of the subject, however, it may be well to state that the force brought against Sackett's Harbor, consisted of the Wolfe, the Royal George, the Prince Regent, the Earl of Moira, and a brig, two schooners, and two gunboats, with thirty-three barges, containing in all twelve hundred troops.

Falling in his design upon this place, Sir James Yeo, somewhat carelessly, sent a handful of raw militia should have given his veterans as rough a reception, lifted his anchors, and directed his course up the lake, intending to look into Oswego, and along the American shore, on his way to Fort George and Little York.

On arriving off the mouth of Sandy Creek, he detached the two schooners from the fleet, with orders to proceed up the creek to the point where it was supposed the Americans had accumulated supplies for Oswego, and after transferring as many of these stores as possible to the vessels, to destroy the remainder, and the buildings, and other objects which might be of any use to the enemy.

In obedience to these instructions, the schooners started for the entrance to the creek; but a bar extending across the mouth prevented the passage of the largest vessel. The other, however, had no difficulty, and having returned, lay to, while the frigates in company, and other objects landed on the beach to reconnoitre.

At this point, which is at the head of the lake, with the waves of the lake in front, and a deep, impassable marsh in the rear, stood a solitary frame house—a sort of tavern, for the accommodation of fishing parties, from the surrounding country; and in the upper window of which was kept a light, for the benefit of those navigating the lake. This house is still standing, and is still occupied for the same purpose.

At the time of the arrival of the British vessels, this house was occupied by a man named Lawrence, who to the business of a tavern keeper, added that of a fisherman, and occasionally that of a trapper.

Entering the house, the British officers ordered the landlord to set before them the choicest liquors he had; and while seated at the table, enjoying their drink, they piled him with interrogatories relating to the condition and amount of the stores at the creek.

Lawrence, who had been employed at various times, at the landing, in assisting to stow away the supplies, was enabled to answer their questions satisfactorily.

"Are there any soldiers there to guard these stores?" demanded one lieutenant.

"No," was the reply. "They are in charge of a deputy commissary, seated only by ten or three hired men."

The store-house and the timber in the vicinity, while the Senecas crossed the creek, and secreted themselves in the high grass of the marsh a little below; so that the attacking party would be taken in front and flank.

The creek at this point was about fifty yards wide, with low, marshy banks, except at the landing, which was on the right bank, about half a mile above the confluence of the two branches.

Having reached the mouth of South Sandy, the head in this stream making the light breeze unfavorable, boats were ordered a head to tow the vessel toward the landing.

So confident was the officer in command that no attempt would be made to prevent his landing, that he did not even take the usual precaution to send boats in advance to reconnoitre.

In order to facilitate the towing of the vessel against the current, her sails were lowered, and she came up slowly toward the firm ground, where she had arrived before her commander had any suspicion of a trap into which he was running.

Even the Indians lay quietly in the ambush, awaiting the preconcerted signal for the attack.

As the schooner hove in sight, her decks were discovered to be full of troops; for, besides the regular crew, she carried large numbers of the soldiers of Sir George Prevost that had been distributed through the fleet. The vessel also carried four cannon, two in the bows, and the others amid-ship.

Slowly and noiselessly she passed to her berth, and the ships were sent on shore, and made fast to trees. Already had a number of red coats leaped to the shore, when the signal of opening the fire of musketry and rifles upon them was given, and a deadly discharge was poured from the windows of the storehouse and the surrounding thicket.

This firing was instantly responded to by the Indians upon the farther side of the creek, who filled the air with their fierce warwhoops, and rained a destructive fire upon the enemy.

The young lieutenant in command of the vessel, a brave but evidently imprudent officer, was seen to fall as he was saying his adieu to the shore. This event seemed to throw his crew into confusion, and for several minutes they were cast down without receiving a shot.

Each officer now advanced to take the command, and one, a lieutenant of the land troops, who, among others, had reached the shore, sprang back to the deck of the schooner, and settling up a burning pistol, applied it to one of the guns, which, being charged with grape shot, and directed towards the thicket, where were a portion of our men, did some execution, killing one man, and wounding others.

The return of the cannonade seemed to rattle the scattered ranks of the sailors and refugees, and they returned to the central, and with their comrades who had remained on board, now opened upon the Americans. The four guns were also brought to bear, and their deadly missiles breezed fiercely through the timber, where their effects are to be seen to this day.—But their range was too high to do much other execution.

It became an object with the Americans to silence these guns. Good marksmen were therefore selected, whose orders were to watch the gunners, and shoot them down at their pieces. These men started to the fight the rifles they were accustomed to using at home. They made it their boast that they never shot a squirrel only through the head, always taking sight at an eye of the game. Though none of them had ever had occasion to try their skill upon man before, they were cool as well as courageous, and every shot told. No sooner did one of the enemy approach a gun with match in hand, than he fell to the deck with a rifle ball through his heart.

Man after man fell in this way, till nineteen of them had fallen at the breeches of the guns, and others refused the dangerous duty.

The young officer who had applied the first match, and who appeared to have taken command, seeing that his men hung back from the pieces, snatched a rifle from the deck, and advancing to one of the guns, was just in the act of touching the priming, when, dropping the stick suddenly from his hand, he fell lifeless to the deck.

His body was afterwards examined, and over the region of the heart were found nine rifle ball holes, all within a compass that could be covered with the hand.

The enemy now behought them of endeavoring to retreat from this deadly fire, by putting their line and letting the schooner drop on the stream, below the firm ground, and out of reach of the Americans.

At first she fell slowly from the landing, till passing out into the current, she would soon have got beyond the range of the militia. But in their haste to depart, orders were given to hoist upon the sails, when, the breeze striking upon them, through the bows of the vessel hove into the mid of the opposite marsh, and she stuck fast.

The Senecas now opened upon her, while the riflemen on the other side picked off the men, as they attempted, with pikes and oars, to get the vessel's head again into deep water.

At length, finding it impossible to effect their escape, the schooner struck her flag, in token of surrender. Col. Ashtley, on seeing this, of course gave the order to cease firing; but the blood of the Indians was up—they had lost several of their warriors, and regardless of the shouts of the officer, continued to shoot down the van-

ishing English, till the brave colonel, mounting his horse, which was near at hand, spurred him into the stream, and swimming him to the opposite side, rushed with sword in hand among the infuriated savages. So determined were they on revenge, that Ashtley found it necessary to threaten the life of their chief, if he did not call off his warriors.

"No remember Buffalo! no remember Buffalo!" exclaimed the Indian, as he reluctantly ordered his people to desist.

On boarding the schooner, her decks were covered with the dead and wounded. Sailors and soldiers were piled indiscriminately together. The loss in killed and wounded amounted to upwards of forty; while the prisoners, who were conveyed to Sackett's Harbor, were something less than half that number.

While the prisoners were being mustered, preparatory to the march toward Sackett's Harbor, the following amusing and characteristic incident occurred. The officers were furnished wagons, but the private soldiers and sailors were to follow on foot, under a sufficient guard. Among the last was a large, burly, double-banded John Bull, whose form had been conspicuous in the fight, and who was a brave fellow. Though a prisoner, this huge sailor had not surrendered, and with a dogged sulciness, he swore "no Yankee should ever force him to march!" Hearing this, a young farmer, not large, but compactly built, who was the sergeant of the guard, stepped up to the sullen fellow, and goodnaturedly requested him to fall into his place, adding: "You are among friends now, Jack, what's the use of being obstinate? Move along old fellow!"

The sailor, casting upon the stripling a look of genuine English scorn, whipped his knife from its sheath, and aimed a fierce and deadly blow at his breast.

The sergeant, seeing mischief in the sailor's eye, was on his guard, and springing aside, avoided the blow, then throwing his musket to the ground, he struck the Englishman a blow, with his clenched fist, between the eyes, that filled him like a halloo to the ground. The sailor was taken by storm, and being slowly from his recumbent position, with an expression of surprise, and uttering something about the "kick of a jakes," took his place among the prisoners, with a manner of submission and respect, and soon became one of the most agreeable and jolly of the party.

The Americans, who were all raw militia, with the exception of the small force of Senecas, and who had never before been in action, amounted to between one and two hundred; but many of these were armed only with such inefficient weapons as they snatched up on the sudden call, and which they had not been able to discharge during the fight.

The dead were buried, with the honors of war, near the spot where the action occurred; and the wounded who could not bear the transportation in wagons, to the military hospital at the Harbor, were distributed among the neighboring farmers, where they were kindly cared for.

THE LOSS OF THE AMERICANS WAS THREE KILLED, AND SEVEN WOUNDED.

NUMBERS OF MARYLANDERS, fleeing from the strait to come, are daily crossing the border and hurrying to the lakes. Thirty reached here yesterday morning, and five hundred more are on this side the Potomac, making their way on foot.—On one day last week, two hundred seized the steamer Patuxent, and crossing the Potomac, set her on fire and burned her to the water's edge. Another party are reported to have seized and similarly disposed of the steamer Plover.

The latest arrived refugees report having seen, on the Potomac and Rappahannock Rivers, great numbers of transports laden with troops.

We are glad to be able to state that these refugees are young men of high character and respectability, who will prove valuable additions to our forces in the field.—Richmond Examiner.

KEEPING A SECRET.—The Richmond correspondent of the Memphis Appeal tells the following of Stonewall Jackson:

Two or three days ago he was talking with an old acquaintance in this city, a friend of mine before the war, who thought he would attempt to find out something of Jackson's plans. "General," said he, "would you mind asking me an improper question, but I should be greatly obliged to you if you would tell me where you are going next? A tricky snare broke over the stubble of the Stonewall cockade." "Can you keep a secret?" asked he. "Oh yes," replied the friend. "Are you quite sure of it?" renewed Jackson. "I think so." "Then, so can I." The interview terminated in kindly adieux.

DEATH OF A CAROLINIAN.—Lieut. Walker of the South Carolina Battalion, who was wounded and captured at the battle on James' Island, died at Fort Talaski, Saturday last. His effects were sent up by the flag of truce boat Monday night, and have been forwarded to his relatives.

THE YANKEES ON CHOWAN RIVER.—We learn that four Yankee gun-boats went up Chowan river on the 24th inst., as far as Winton, and shelled the village, burning two up—their boats had lost several of their warriors, and regardless of the shouts of the officer, continued to shoot down the van-

ishing English, till the brave colonel, mounting his horse, which was near at hand, spurred him into the stream, and swimming him to the opposite side, rushed with sword in hand among the infuriated savages. So determined were they on revenge, that Ashtley found it necessary to threaten the life of their chief, if he did not call off his warriors.

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CAPTURE OF THE BRITISH STEAMER MEMPHIS.—The New York Herald, of Tuesday, says:

The British prize steamer Memphis, captured by the United States gunboat Magnolia, off Charleston, South Carolina, on the 31st ult., now lies at anchor off the Brooklyn Navy Yard. To the superficial observer the appearance of the Memphis is not particularly striking, as the symmetry of the vessel is obscured under a thick coat of lead colored paint. To the connoisseur of marine architecture the case is different.

The captured steamer they see a vessel of rare symmetry, graceful, sharp lines, and judicious indications of lightness and great speed. Indeed, the Memphis has an architectural beauty, for which British iron vessels are so justly celebrated, viz:—The sharp bow, the wide and graceful round stern. Her engine, in itself is a superb piece of mechanism, and to a charm, the Memphis has good carrying speed.

The Memphis has good carrying speed, and will have an excellent 2000-horse power steamer or transport. When night fell her lights were all that could be seen for the comfort and luxury of the officer and crew. Approximate of the capture of the Memphis. As before stated, she was captured by the United States steamer Magnolia herself a recently captured prize, which was on her first cruise under the Federal flag, and had been but a few days out from this port when she had the good luck to overhaul this rich prize, the proceeds of which are to be divided among a small crew. The Memphis only succeeded in capturing the Memphis by her superior speed.

The Memphis was heavily loaded with cotton.

TUPELO, August 10, 1862.—Maj. Gen. Sterling Price has here, and in the vicinity, an army of as reliable, well drilled fighting men as ever shouldered a musket or flashed a sabre in the sun. On an open fair field, they can beat their own numbers, and a body eight or ten times as large as they to see them tarped (lose on twice their number of any troops in the world. The havoc, the carnage they would make, would be terrible! Mostly Arkansians, Texans and Missourians—bred to fighting and inured to toil, the drilling and campaigning of the past twelve or eighteen months have made them at once the sturdiest and most dashing troops I have anywhere seen. When the hour comes, and "go on" abouts begin to boom from the "blunder, blunder" and "The Women of the South" and wailing all the echoes of fame, now so busily engaged in reverbating Confederate victories through all lands.—Correspondence Mobile Register.

TO MAKE HARD TALLOW CANDLES.—William Sumner, of Pomaria, South Carolina, furnishes the following to the Charleston Courier:

To one pound of tallow take five or six leaves of the prickly pear, (*Cylindropuntia*) split them and boil in the tallow, without water, for half an hour or more; strain and mould the candles. The wicks should have been previously dipped in spirits of turpentine and dried.

If the tallow at first is boiled in water, and the water changed four or five times, it will be bleached and rendered free from impurities; then prepared by drying with prickly pears, to season it.

In this way we have made tallow candles nearly equal to the best adamantine.

CONFEDERATE STOCK.—The Richmond Examiner says:

In this market, Confederate Stock remains unchanged since the great battles of June and July.

It, from a gentleman recently arrived from abroad, we learn that it is worth slightly in London and eighty-five at Nassau.—The great impending battle, soon to be fought beyond Gordonsville, will doubtless affect this stock more abroad than at home.

LETTER FROM THE NORTH.—Late Northern papers contain Pope's official report of the battle of Cedar Creek. The says:—The heavy loss, six thousand men, was approached by the Confederates with twenty thousand; a brigade of 1200 men lost fifteen hundred; a charge on rebel batteries; an Ohio Regiment was annihilated, and a Wisconsin Regiment ran. He calls it a drawn battle, but acknowledges a loss of three thousand men killed and wounded.

THE REAR ARMY.—The New York Herald says the recently captured Federal Rear Army in the light with the Iron Arkansas was quite bad enough. Two of our vessels were so disabled as to be unfit for service. It says 73 shots were received, and that 42 were killed and 40 wounded.