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THE LEHIGH REGISTER published in the Borough of Allentown, Lehigh County, Pa., every Wednesday, by A. L. RUHE, At \$1.50 per annum...

100,000 Gifts for the People! JOSIAH PERHAM submits to the People of the United States, his THIRD MONSTER GIFT ENTERPRISE...

At Academy Hall, 663 Broadway, N. Y. 100,000 Tickets Only at \$1 each, will be sold. Each purchaser of a Ticket is entitled for the ADMISSION OF FOUR PERSONS...

Any information in regard to the Farm can be obtained of BELAN REEDFIELD tenant on the premises. A perpetual loan without security or inter. 5,000 Do do do do 2,000 Do do do do 1,000 Do do do do 500 ca. 1,000 Do do do do 100 1,000

100,000 Gifts, Valued at \$96,380 ONE GIFT FOR EVERY TICKET. In order to ensure to all concerned a perfectly fair and satisfactory disposition of the above Gifts, Mr. PERHAM proposes that the shareholders shall meet together on THURSDAY EVENING, JUNE 22, 1854...

Valuable Town Lot, For Sale. The Subscriber offers to sell at Private Sale, a Valuable Corner Lot, situated on Bridge street, adjoining the premises of Rev. Charles Becker, in the Borough of Catasauqua, Lehigh county.

NOTICE. Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned has taken out letters of administration in the estate of Abraham Fenstermacher, late of Weisenburg township, Lehigh county. Therefore all such who are indebted to said estate, be it in notes, bonds or otherwise will make payment on or before the 1st of June next.

Poetical Department. Things I'm Down On.

How many, many things there are— As through this world we crowd on— Above, around, both near and far, Decidedly we're down on. And, inasmuch, as freedom here, Of speech to all's extended, I hope, at what I have to say— No one will get offended.

I'm down on sharpers—lawless men— Who think it smart and funny, To take a "country genius" in, And "do" him of his money. No wonder that the country swains Distrust these "fancy" "witties," Or dearly love their rural homes And "damn" the "cussed cities."

I'm down on those religious men— Those bigots—so short sighted As to believe all other sects Are sinful and benighted. No matter what your virtues are, If you regard them lightly, The devil's got you by the nose, And he will hold it tightly.

Miscellaneous Selections.

The Heroine of Cumberland Valley. For nearly twelve years the bold and courageous inhabitants of Cumberland Valley had been subjected to constant attacks—many of them of long duration and attended with disastrous consequences—from various Indian tribes in that part of Tennessee.

shook their heads gravely, and averred to many an incredulous listener that the Cherokees and Creeks manifested too much eagerness to spread and confirm the report of their friendly intentions towards the whites. "It's my opinion," said one of these veterans, whose name was Wilson, on the day when the orders of Gov. Blount for disbanding the rangers reached the valley, "it's my opinion the governor don't understand the nature of the Cherokees; and if my experience is worth any thing—and you know I've been acquainted with the habits of the redskins for a long time—it went a great while afore he'll be sensible of the mistake which he has made."

"I am fully of your opinion," replied Major Buchanan, to whom these words were addressed. "Gov. Blount has been fatally deceived, as the inhabitants of this peaceful valley may too soon learn to their cost. Look around you; Mr. Wilson, and tell me what you see."

The old man's eye wandered over the valley for a few moments in silence. "I see," he answered, "many cabins, and the smoke curling quietly from their roofs; but that isn't all. I see also many half-cultivated fields, with men and boys busily at work in them without any thought of danger, as though peace had come in real earnest. Now if Providence doesn't stretch forth its hand to avert the danger, there won't be many of them cabins standing in a month's time?"

"You express exactly my own feeling," replied the major; "and I confess that my mind is painfully agitated. The fighting men are now on their homes at the different stations, scattered over Davidson and Sumner counties. Our station, which is nearest the point of danger is left unprotected. The country is lullid into a fatal apathy by the pleasing song by our wily enemies. The conversation was interrupted at this point by the appearance of a very fine looking woman. In person she was rather above the ordinary proportions of her sex, but her remarkable symmetry of form amply indemnified her for this peculiarity, providing it were in any manner considered unfriendly grace."

"Do not speak your fears, Mr. Wilson, in the ears of the more timid among us; for to increase their fears would be to decrease our chances of escape. There is one thing that can save us, sir." "If you know one thing that can save us, you know more than I do, and I'm now going on to my sixty fifth year, and have seen all kinds of troubles with the Cherokees, Creeks, Shawnees and other kinds of painted creturs. Now, ma'am without meanin' no disrespect to you or the major, I'd like to be informed what that one thing is that can save us."

"Well, my good neighbor, I will tell you; and depend upon it, it has saved more than one station from destruction. It is courage, friend Wilson," returned Mrs. Buchanan. "Yes, that's an excellent thing where there's danger, but you see that the idea prevails here in the valley that it isn't greatly needed at present," added Wilson.

"There is something else that you did not mention in connection with courage," said the major to his wife; "and that is prudence. True courage is always marked by prudence," she replied. "You are right there, Mrs. Buchanan explained the old man. The real genuine courage is none of your headlong, harum scarum sort, allers a runnin, into danger with no thought how to get out of it."

"I am well aware of that, husband, and therefore there is more need of effort and discretion on our part. You see that our friends now begin to go out alone, without caution, and most of them design taking their wives and children from the station to their homes, so great is their faith in the protestations of John Watts, Anacate and others—savage leaders in pay of the Spanish governor of Pensacola—whose asseverations are as hollow as the winds. The station must not be abandoned. The women and

children in this part of the valley must not pass a single night outside of the sheltering walls of the fort, for soon we shall hear the wail-cry all along the border. I have thought of an expedient that may perhaps avert in a measure the force of the blow that is destined to fall upon the white settlers. On various pretexts I shall invite all the men capable of bearing arms to spend a few days at the station, and endeavor to keep them here until the designs of our foes become fully developed, and the country is again thoroughly alarmed. I am now going out among the neighbors to put my plan in practice."

With these words Mrs. Buchanan walked away from the station in fulfillment of her benevolent design, with the full approval of her husband, whom she had previously consulted in relation to the course to be pursued. At the distance of half a mile from the fort, there was a small stream flowing from the adjacent hills, upon one side of which there was a thicket of alders, while on the other there was a dense growth of maple, oak and elms. The stream was rendered passable by a rough bridge of logs. Mrs. Buchanan had just crossed it and was hurrying forward, when from the wood alluded to, there suddenly emerged a savage figure. Our heroine, who sustained an undoubted reputation for courage, was notwithstanding, much alarmed. She suspected that concealed close at hand was an army of their red enemies, waiting only a signal from their leader to pounce upon the defenceless inhabitants of Cumberland Valley.

"I am called White Otter, and the white woman need not fear. I have not come to do you mischief—if I had, I should have come at the head of a great army; but no army is near. I see you look to the woods as though Indians were hidden there ready to rush with their tomahawks and destroy you. No, no White Otter no come for that. Then why are you here?" asked Mrs. Buchanan, recovering her presence of mind, and "Oh, my dear friend, I have come to wear gifts from the Spanish governor."

"Have they so soon forgotten their promises to Washington?" exclaimed our heroine very indignantly. "Bad man's memory short," said the Otter, laconically. "False knives! they have broken their faith even while they wear the medals which Washington gave them."

"I said so to Anacate, and he took off his hat and stamped it into the earth. The great war-council have planned a secret expedition and mean to cut off all the whites at a single blow," resumed the chief. "But where were you? Are you not a chief in the council of the nation? Did you not also receive honors and title from the president?" resumed the lady, with warmth. White Otter opened his hunting-shirt and displayed a medal, covered with various significant and characteristic devices.

"For shame!" cried Mrs. Buchanan, "to wear that and be called a General," (for Washington had bestowed upon White Otter the title of General); "and then prove a traitor to the trust placed in you by Washington!" The red man frowned. "My white sister," he said, "does me injustice. I spoke in the council and reproached the lead rs of the expedition for their hypocrisy; for the Great Spirit is not pleased with deceit. I taunted them till they were angry and called me the white man's friend. Since the council broke up I have been watched, and it has been with great trouble that I could come here without being suspected. Anacate and John Watts are cunning as foxes, and it was chiefly through their means that these deceitful peace rumors have spread over the country, deceiving the governor and causing him to send away the rangers. I have come to warn you of the danger, for I have heard of the brave white woman, and did not wish her to perish. Do not betray me. I have no more to say."

"I thank you, White Otter, and warning shall not be lost. I have heard that you scorned to kill woman and children, and now I believe it. In time to come the name of White Otter shall be spoken with reverence by descendants of the white nation; for do you not perceive that this vast country will finally pass into the hands of the pale faces?" "Yes, white woman, yes," said the chief, with a sigh. "Everything I see and here tells me so. The various tribes of red men will be scattered as the winds scatter the dried leaves. The name of the Cherokee will pass away as the cloud, before the rising sun of the white man's prosperity; the Great Spirit has willed it so. Only their fame will remain, and even that will perish after a season."

Mrs. Buchanan made no immediate rejoinder, for she perceived that the Indian's chest was heaving, and his feelings were touched. "When will the army under Anacate and

Watts attack us?" she asked, at length, in a more respectful tone. "Don't know—don't know," he rejoined, almost fiercely. "I am no traitor, white woman. Go and provide for your safety as best you can. I can do more for you." Mrs. Buchanan was turning away, when he called to her. "Stop! here—take this, and when you see the men who carry hatches and knives, show it, and it will, perhaps, save your life."

While the Otter was speaking, he took a belt of wampum from his waist, and cast it at her feet. "No, I will not take your wampum. I will run my risk with my friends and neighbors," she replied, heroically. A scowl of displeasure passed over the face of the Indian. "You have children," he said, folding his arms upon his chest. "O yes, I will give it to my little daughter, and tell her the humane chief,—White Otter—the man who is faithful to Washington—sent it to her."

"I can stay no longer; betray me not, lest my name be remembered with contempt by my people. When you look out from your cabin and see Cumberland Valley in a red blaze, recall what I have said." The chieftain turned and disappeared. Mrs. Buchanan picked up the wampum, and sped on her mission. She discovered, however, that her task was not an easy one. The settlers, wearied out with previous alarms and fighting, and earnestly desiring peace, were quit ready to imagine that it had already come, and that halcyon days were now really before them. It may be asked why Mrs. Buchanan did not tell them what had passed between herself and the chief. We answer, because the effect would have been quite different from what she wanted to produce—for each seeing there was no organized force among them, would consider destruction inevitable and attempt to fly to some other part of the country for safety. Such a general, helter-skelter flight would have been as fatal as the descent of the enemy in its result, inasmuch as they could easily be slain by their watchful foes, and that without any resistance among the inhabitants, and need not need to alarm them, and so, with his wife's co-operation, resolved upon the plan which has been made. Both labored hard to man the fort, but only succeeded to a very limited extent; for after the expiration of three days spent in constant exertion, a dozen men were all they could muster; and they were intending to stay but a few days, being almost wholly ignorant of the major's suspicious, and of the dangers that menaced them.

Beside the men mentioned; there were about a dozen women and children gathered at the station. Anxious nights were those which followed, to the brave Mrs. Buchanan. Sentinels were posted, and three persons waited with feverish anxiety to hear the wail-cry of the Creek and Cherokee. That night, feeling restless and anxious the major and his wife remained up, walking about the fort, examining the arms and casting searching glances through the port-holes.

While thus employed, Mrs. Buchanan's eyes fell upon an old blunderbuss of ample size, quite rusty, and evidently long out of use; this she loaded with her own hand, putting in a handful of rifle balls. Just after midnight, when the sentinels were getting sleepy, the horses were heard clattering in a great panic to the fort; the Indians were driving them in for the purpose of deluding the whites with the idea that only a small party of horse stealers were at hand. At that moment the sentinel fired and rushed in with the cry that the savages were in sight. Now ensued a scene of terror that would have proved fatal to all at the station had it not been for the major and his heroic wife, who succeeded in arousing them to activity by their own fearless bearing, and encouraging words.

The blows of the enemy, already falling on the gate, admonished them to action.—Springing to the port-holes, every one who could level a gun, greeted the assailants with a shot. While encouraging the men, Mrs. Buchanan saw that the blunderbuss she had loaded had not been discharged, and giving it to a stout Irishman, bade him fire it at those trying to cut down the gate. He did so with excellent effect, and loaded again, pulling trigger with mechanical precision when the others did; but unluckily it missed fire, notwithstanding which the innocent Hibernian continued to load, putting one charge upon another, going on in this manner until Mrs. B. came round again.

"Here, Patrick," she said, pointing to a cluster of Indians, making another desperate sally upon the gate; "there is a capital chance for you to display your skill." "And Pat O'Connor is the boy that'll do the right thing, ma'am. Now by the piper that played afore the ark, I'll show you how they do it in the old country." And sure enough honest Patrick showed how it was done, for the carbine went off, and he was sent to the opposite side of the fort, flat on his back.

"Ah that is a smart gun," said Pat scrambling to his feet, "for it kills at both ends." But his shot told well upon the enemy, for the next morning John Watts was found leaning against the gate, pierced by many bullets, stark and cold having probably received his death from the blunderbuss. The settlers fought with undaunted courage until the bullets began to fail; and then a murmur of despair was heard. At that crisis our heroine appeared with a fresh supply, and was greeted with cheers of enthusiasm. She had cast them by the aid of several other women, during the fight. The spirits of the men soon revived, and they poured forth their destructive volleys with such rapidity, that after two hours and a half of hard fighting, the enemy retired with a yell of disappointment; and thus was Cumberland Valley saved from utter destruction. Had Buchanan's station been taken, all that part of the country would have been given to the hatchet and the devouring flame. The attack was most disastrous to the Creeks and Cherokees, for they left many of their best warriors on the field.—When they learned the number of persons constituting the garrison, they could scarcely credit it, and were greatly mortified.

A Lovely Incident. What parent, on reading the annexed extract, can fail to reflect on the lessons it suggests? How important that, when the parent has departed, the example left behind may be such as the child can be thankful for! To train the budding thoughts of an artless child is one of the noblest offices that father or mother can fill. Truly hath it been said that "out of the mouth of babes and sucklings" strength hath been ordained. What could give greater strength to that widowed heart than such a scene with her little daughter?

She knelt, at the accustomed hour, to thank God for the mercies of the day, and pray for care through the coming night; then, as usual, came the earnest "O God bless dear mother, and"—but the prayer was stilled! The little hands unclasped, and a look of agony and wonder met the mother's eye, as the words of hopeless sorrow burst from the lips of the kneeling child. "I could not sleep, for I had been able to form the dear name, she had prayed for a blessing upon it; it had followed close after mother's name for he had said that must come first; and now to say the familiar prayer, and leave her father out! No wonder that the new thought seems too much for the childish mind to receive."

I waited for some moments, that she might conquer her emotion, and then urged her to go on. Her pleading eyes met mine, and, with a voice that faltered too much almost for utterance, she said: "O mother, I cannot leave him all out; let me say 'thank God that I had a dear father once!' so I can still pray, and keep him in my prayers." And so she always does, and my stricken heart learned a lesson from the loving ingenuity of my child. Remember to thank God for mercies past, as well as to ask blessings for the future.

The Old Negro's Logic. A Clergyman asked an old servant his reasons for believing in the existence of a God; "Sir," says he, "I see one man get sick. The doctor comes to him, gives him medicine; the next day he is better; he gives him another dose, it does him good; he keeps on till he gets about his business. Another man gets sick like the first one; the doctor comes to see him; he gives him the same sort of medicine; it does him no good, he gets worse; gives him more, but he gets worse all the time, till he dies. Now that man's time to die, had come, and all the doctors in the world cant cure him. One year I work in the corn field, plow deep, dig up grass, and make nothing but muddins. Next year I work the same way; the rain and dew comes, and I make a good crop."

I have been here going hard upon fifty years. Every day since I have been in this world, I see the sun rise in the East and set in the West. The North star stands where it did the first time I ever saw it; the seven stars as Job's coffin keep in the same path in the sky, and never turn out. It ain't so with man's works. He makes clocks and watches; they run well for a while, but they get out of fix and stand stock still.—But the sun, and moon, and stars, keep on the same way all the while. There is a power which makes one man die, and another get well; that sends the rain and keeps everything in motion."

What a beautiful comment is here furnished by an unlettered African, on the language of the Psalmist: "The Heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth His hand-work. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge." Take the hand of the friendless, smile on the dejected, sympathize with those in trouble, strive everywhere to diffuse around you sunshine. If you do this you will be sure to be benevolent.