

Mountain

Sentinel.

"WE GO WHERE DEMOCRATIC PRINCIPLES POINT THE WAY;—WHEN THEY CEASE TO LEAD, WE CEASE TO FOLLOW."

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MISCELLANEOUS.

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WEATHERFORD.

A LEGEND OF THE CREEK WAR.

Several historians in narrating the events of our second war with Great Britain, have expressed surprise that the grand attempt to gain possession of New Orleans was not made sooner. But, in truth the attempt was being made to entire years earlier than the date usually given in history. With the declaration of war itself, the court of St. James organized a masterly, but most infamously cruel scheme of combinations to grasp the 'Crescent City'—the commercial crown and military key to the Mississippi Valley; and with the organization they also began the execution of their plan, of which the landing of the mighty armament at Bien Venn, on the 3d of December, and the assault on the glorious 8th of January, were not the first, but only the last and least bloody steps.

The primary and most important movement was to excite the south-western Indians to hostility against the Union, so as to occupy the unerring riflemen of the circumjacent states, and thus leave the empire of the west in a manner totally defenceless. Accordingly, in 1812, an English trader, named Elliot, accompanied by a chief of the northern tribe of Pottawamies—the far-famed Tecumseh—visited the Alabama savages, and, by means of large bribes paid down in British gold, and delusive promises of plunder and extended domain, these emissaries finally succeeded in cementing the formidable Creek confederacy, actually comprising 10,000 of the bravest warriors, and directed by the unparalleled genius of Weatherford, one of the most remarkable prodigies that ever appeared in the annals of mankind.

Like the ancient Gauls, the Creeks of that period might be considered under three divisions. One of these inhabited the Alabama, another the Coosa, and the third the Tallapoosa. The two latter rivers are the upper and main forks of the Alabama. The section of the Coosa was much the strongest, and stretched westward beyond the Tombigbee.

The neighboring settlements saw the ominous cloud gathering, but could conceive no means of shelter from its roars, or safety from seemingly inevitable destruction. As a temporary relief they flew into small forts. What, then, delayed the dreadful blow? What chained for a time the lightnings of the storm, all ready to sweep the whole west with a besom of fire? The great generalship of Weatherford was unquestionable. Why, then, did not the Indian Hannibal, who afterwards almost proved a match for the genius of Jackson—pour his ten thousand desperat warriors at once in a resistless torrent of ruin over the Mississippi territory, before the American government could even issue a single order? Had he done so, New Orleans in all human probability would now be a part of the British Empire. That such a cloud should go on accumulating and blackening, without bursting, even for months, presents a mystery which the sagacity of no historian hitherto has been able to solve. Little did the many minds mooting this riddle dream that it involved a secret of nature's own thrilling romance, as strange as it was unspeakably mournful. As the present writer was travelling last summer through Alabama, he learned the following solution from an old farmer of Horse-shoe Bend, at whose house he chanced to stop over night. It agrees so perfectly with the well known character of Weatherford as to demonstrate its own truth a priori, very nearly to the exclusion of every other possible supposition.

Fort Mimms was situated in a vast forest, near the forks of the Tombigbee, on the left bank of the Black Warrior. A quadrangular wall of enormous pine logs, and protected at the four corners by four strong block houses, it might have been deemed secure against any force destitute of artillery. It was impregnable to other arms if properly guarded. Its garrison numbered two hundred and seventy-five of whom nearly one half consisted of women and children, having left their homes for this unfortunate asylum.

It was bright noon-day the 13th of August, 1813, and Fort Mimms had not yet experienced an alarm, although it had now been manned for two long months. The scouts had reported no signs of Indians for several weeks past and hence a fatal feeling of security had possessed almost every one. There was one heart within however throbbing fearful forebodings.

Seated on a wooden stool, in the company of some dozen others of both sexes, a beautiful young girl was seen, whose pale and troubled features attested the keen anxiety of her soul.

"What ails my fair flower, Lucy Dean, to-day?—Has she seen a ghost, or been dreaming about Indians?" asked a fine

looking negro officer, who had just entered the hut.

"Oh! she thinks that we will be scalped before night, because the handsome Major Montgomery left us this morning," cried one of the maidens laughing. Lucy's oval face colored with sweeter crimson than ever flushed on the cheek of an evening cloud.

"No, that is not it," said a merry mad romp, arching a pair of pretty black eyes into a comical expression. "She is afraid her old beau, Sultan Weatherford, will pay her another visit, and she objects to being made the light of the harem."

Lucy turned deadly pale at this sally of wit; but she darkened the smile playing round the circle, by suddenly addressing the officer, in tones so solemn that they seemed like an unearthly warning. "What said General Claiborn when he parted with Major Beasley?"

"To respect an enemy, and prepare to meet him, as the only method to ensure success," answered the officer.

"Then look at yonder open gate, and those little children running outside of the fort," exclaimed the young girl with a slight shudder. "Is that preparation to meet an enemy?"

"My spies came in not an hour ago, and assured me that there are no Creeks within fifty miles," replied the commander confidently.

"Oh! then, you do not know the wonderful art of Weatherford, and we shall all perish!" sighed Lucy Dean, in a voice of despair.

Just at that moment a small boy rushed into the room with looks of wonder depicted on his countenance crying out eagerly—

"Oh! sister Lucy, you can't guess what I saw in the cane near the river."

"What did you see, my son?" enquired Major Beasley, smoothing the golden locks of the child.

"I saw a negro with straight hair, and his face all over stained with poke-berries, and he had feathers in his head like a bird."

"Indians!" shouted Beasley, leaping out of the door.

"Indians! Indians!" screamed the women, gathering their children, and flying wildly to their blockhouses.

"Indians!" resounded from all parts of the fort, as the aroused soldiers grasped their guns.

But the alarm came too late. Two hundred painted warriors, headed by the barbarously brave Weatherford in person already occupied the large gate, which was literally bristling with British bayonets, supplied by the infernal fellow Elliot, by the order of his court—a court ever devoid of humanity as the demoniac ministry of Lucifer himself.

A tremendous contest ensued. The Americans animated by the example of Major Beasley, strove to push their enemies from the gate. The Creeks inspired to frenzy by the trumpet-tongue of Weatherford, struggled to maintain their ground. The weapons employed by the front ranks of combatants were swords, knives, tomahawks, and bayonets. Those behind, who could not get within striking distance, on account of the throng fighting before them, resorted to the rifle and musket. After fifteen minutes frightful slaughter, the savages entered the fort, not till every officer of the garrison was dead, and all the soldiers slain or mortally wounded. One might have supposed the triumph of the Indians complete. No doubt they thought so themselves, as they raised a wild and deafening yell of infuriate joy. But a hundred more were destined to bite the dust ere the evening sun should gild the green pine tops of the western woods. They had murdered all the heroes. What then?—They had that day to learn, if they knew it not previously, that despair could always mould heroines out of American women as well as men. Suddenly the majestic form of the great chief Weatherford trembled. He heard the voice of Lucy Dean giving orders and encouraging the females in the block-houses to resist to the last extremity. Immediately every angle of the fort roared with exploding rifles, touched off by the hands of the wives and sisters of the slain; and fifty Indians fell to rise no more.

A conflict, still more terrible than the first followed, which was finally terminated when the enemy fired the strongholds, and, with a single exception, all the women and children perished in the flames.

"Come down, Lucy, you shall not be harmed; Oh! come down," cried the chief of the Creeks, imploringly, as he saw the red blaze mounting over the house where he had distinguished her voice. But his words were drowned in the shouts of his own Indians, and in the shrieks of mothers and their babes, burning away in the agonies of the most torturing of all deaths.

"Five thousand dollars," exclaimed the frantic chief, to the man who breaks open the iron-bound door! and soon the shatter started from its hinges, beneath a hail of

blows from rocks, hammers and hatchets. Weatherford cut loose with his sword from the friends who would have detained him, and disappeared in the burning building. After some ten minutes the chief issued forth from the flames, his face blackened, his hair crisped, and his clothes on fire, but bearing in his arms the fainting form of Lucy Dean—that precious burden, for whom he would have plunged, without shrinking, into fathomless hell itself. Oh! miraculous light of love, thou art, in truth, the only ray that ever reaches this dark dungeon of a world which beams above all the stars; and thou, bright essence of celestial ether, such as the angels breathe, it is God gives thee even to the hardest and savagest hearts; pure as dew, free as rain-drops, and sweet as the cream of Olympian nectar.

That evening the Creek commander with one division of his army, set out for his own plantation on the Alabama river. The reader needs scarcely to be informed that the beautiful young orphan was carried along with them.

Five days after the massacre of Fort Mimms, a man and a woman might have been seen conversing in the porch of a fine frame house, overlooking the Alabama.—The woman was seated and appeared to be weeping. The man was standing, and gesticulated with much animation, as if engaged in the delivery of an eloquent speech. The world could not have offered to the view a nobler specimen of human organization. Tall in person, straight and admirably proportioned in figure, with every member cast in classic mould; his black eye, lively, quick, and piercing; his nose, prominent thin and elegant, as if cut with a sculptor's chisel; and all his features harmoniously arranged, like some master-piece of divine music, the whole man might be pronounced matchless in material perfection. All who have perused Claiborn's 'Notes of the war in the South,' will recognize in our portrait the dreadful Creek half-breed chief, Weatherford.

"Yonder is my farm, and fifty slaves," said the chief, pointing his finger in the direction of a fertile plantation; "I have boundless wealth; I am winning glory; I am assured of a general's commission soon from the greatest nation on the earth; and when New Orleans and Louisiana are conquered, I shall be a British Governor; and all shall be yours, if you will share my fortune, as you always possess my heart undivided." Weatherford paused for an answer in vain and then continued—"I have loved you for years. I have wooed you almost without hope. For your sake I have renounced sensual indulgence, and lived abstemiously as a monk. I have given you every possible proof of tenderness. The fortune of war threw you into my power, and although my passions are ardent as the sun of summer, I have never even breathed in your ear an immodest wish. Oh! be just, be generous, dearest Lucy; at least be merciful to one who has done and endured so much on your account."

The deep earnestness of the speaker at length appeared to produce its effect on the young girl. She raised her pale face and tearful eyes, and remarked mournfully—"You say you love me; then give me one evidence that I may think better of your proposal."

"What is it?" he asked with a look of intense anxiety.

"Break off your bloody alliance with the enemies of my country, and bid your warriors cease to murder innocent women and children."

"Never!" replied Weatherford, in accents of unalterable determination. "Your artful deception misled me once. It cannot do so again. Six months ago you encouraged me to hope, provided I should not take part in the war as a confederate of Britain. Did you make good that implied pledge. Let your conscience answer. But for my foolish reliance on your word I should now be master of the whole Mississippi territory."

"Then never speak to me again of love," retorted Lucy Dean, bitterly.

"Very well," answered the other sadly. "And now listen to my fixed resolution.—I shall never harm you, or suffer you to be harmed; but I cannot and will not live without the sight of your sweet face. You have your guard—three brave men and the girl Lyola. They shall attend you always, and you shall travel with my army. You shall be within hearing of my battles. I shall see you every day, but will never speak to you more—no, not one syllable—unless you get on your knees and pray to me as your God. Thus we two will live in a strange and terrible wedlock; and when you die, I will die also, and we shall be buried in the same grave.—And the chief called the savage guard, who bore off Lucy weeping to her apartment.

Weatherford was true to his fearful promise. The wretched girl was in the rear during every succeeding engagement—and

was carried away by her dusky attendants in the van of every fight. How awful must have been her emotions amidst the horrors of a dozen fierce combats! At Ec-canachaca, 'the Holy Town,' environed in its dismal swamps, when Gen. Claiborne charged through the thick brush-wood and the green mantled pools were changed to crimson with both American and Indian gore.

At Tallushatches, where Gen. Coffee commanded, and every tree became a breastwork, and every breastwork was wrapped in sheeted fire from the brown muzzles of hot, smoking rifles, till the barrels of the guns grew too warm for the touch of human hands, and had to be cooled with water. Where the heroic Creeks refused quarter, and spurned it themselves when proffered by their foes, till three hundred corpses were food for the wolf and raven!

At ensanguined Tallidega, when the immortal Jackson in person, forming his army in parallelograms, pursued eleven hundred savages, with the sharp points of levelled bayonets, through a line more than a mile long, while they slowly retreated and were cut to pieces, fighting all the while with the insane fury of fiends.

At the Hillabee Town, where General White with the East Tennessee militia, almost eclipsed the glory of the regulars.

At the Tallapoosa, the 14th of January 1814, when Weatherford for a time, seemed more than a match for Jackson, and the plain, and countless acres, was loaded with the carcasses of dead men and their horses.

At the South Fork, where Gen. Floyd commanded, and for four hours the Indians battled with the desperation of fanatics.

At the 'Bloody Defile, when even Carroll's celebrated riflemen (that afterwards mowed down the flower of Pakenham's army at New Orleans), stricken with terror, fled in utter dismay, and, but for the incredible courage of Russell's company of spies who stood firm ankle deep in blood, the American host had been annihilated.

And, finally at fifty other different points where the dauntless daring of Weatherford prompted him to hurl defiance in the grim face of death.

At all these Lucy Dean was with in hearing of the clangor, kept by her unchanging guard; and still, every day, the great chief would feast his eyes with a melancholy gaze on her fading beauty, and yet never addressed her again.

Never did the sun of sixty centuries shine on braver soldiers than the Creek Indians, and never were braver men led to battle by a more consummate general than Weatherford. But nature's heroism was forced at last to yield to equal courage, aided by the magic of tactics, as swift as lightning and unerring geometry.

On the morning of the 28th of March 1814, Gen. Jackson moved with his entire force, to assault the lines of Weatherford, entrenched in a bend of the Tallapoosa called, from its singular shape the 'Horse-shoe.' As the position in front was stormed, the Indians turned for shelter to their town in the rear. But lo! no town was visible—no! an impenetrable sea of rolling smoke, surmounted by pillars of soaring fire. During the obstinate engagement, the Cherokee allies of the Americans had swam the river, kindled the dry huts, and cut off all chance of retreat. From the first moment of the attack, foremost amongst the self-appointed 'forlorn hope,' who ascended the perilous wall, was the accomplished Major Montgomery, of Virginia, (the capital of Alabama speaks his name to all time.) After the route, his humanity urged him to rush through the blazing village, to rescue from the flames the women and children. Suddenly he met an American flying wildly forwards. She was pale, and her features so distorted by terror, that he did not know her until she sank fainting into his arms.

"Oh Lucy! my own Lucy!" was all the astonished officer could murmur, kissing her clay cold cheeks. Then came a quick flash and a sharp roar, and Major Montgomery lay on the ground a corpse.—Weatherford, in passing, hotly pursued by a score of Cherokees, had fired a pistol at Lucy Dean, which took effect in the heart of her chosen lover.

The Creek chief himself appeared to bear a charmed life. Without a wound amidst all the carnage, he distanced the swiftest racers, and plunging into the river, through a rain of hissing bullets, escaped to the further shore, and was lost in the lofty forest. My informant was near the point where Weatherford fought at the storming of his lines, and heard him exclaim in tones of terrible despair—"God's curse be on England, eternally, for the death of my nation."

NOTE—Lucy Dean, resides in the town of Montgomery, Ala., and is the wife of a respectable merchant, and mother of several promising children.

A Practical Joke.

A correspondent of the Spirit of the Times, writing from Burlington Vt., tells the following story.

A few days since, Dan, one of the greatest specimens of the 'bean pole' family now extant, was loafing about the Exchange Hotel, with nothing particular to burden his mind, and seeing the morning paper upon the table in the barber's room he stepped, in and sat down to read. He had been engaged but a few moments, when a portly Englishman, just from the province, came puffing in at the door.—He looked around a moment in doubt as to the probability of his being in the right shop, and finally growled out, rather than said—

"Is the barber in?"

"I am the person that shaves," said Dan slowly erecting his long lank figure. Can I do anything for you in my line?"

John Bull eyed his anything but Apollo like proportions for a moment, and taking off his hat, sat down with the air of one perfectly resigned to the ignominious fate of submitting his chin for tonsorial operation to a Yankee barber.

After carefully tucking the clean white napkin about his customer's double chin, Dan proceeded to make some lather.—With a little trouble, he found a small shaving cup containing a bit of "Windsor" somewhat larger than a big pea, into which he turned a gill of warm, not hot, water, and proceeded to beat up the soap in the most approved manner, until the lather, if so it may be called, was about the color and consistency of milk. Then motioning to his already somewhat impatient customer to lay back, he commenced covering his face with the liquid, beginning at the tip of his nose and working backwards towards his ears.

"What!—what!—what's that for?" blundered out Bull.

"Keep your mouth shut," said Dan, as the brush slipped from the end of the nose into the cavity below. "I can't work while you're talking."

Dan continued the operation of lathering until there was scarce anything uncovered but the forehead and eyes; and it was pretty certain that the soap and water was undermining the very foundation of the Englishman's enormous standing collar, when suddenly he required a clean towel, and stepped out to procure one.

The Englishman waited awhile, but no clean towel appeared. His neck was beginning to feel uncomfortable, and the liquid, devoid of anything in the shape of froth, was slowly trickling down his back and shoulders, when all at once the idea flashed across his mind that he was sold.

"The d—d Yankee!" was the first exclamation, then catching his hat he rushed to the door, but was too late, he had just caught a glimpse of Dan's skirt as he turned into Main street, and was soon out of sight.

The discomfited Englishman turned back, and began to pace the floor, swearing about the cursed Yankees. After taking two or three turns, he stopped thought a moment, and then burst into a loud roar.

"Here, landlord, does that fellow board here?"

"He does," answered the grinning host.

"Well, give him that tobacco-box, and tell him if he ever comes to Montreal, I want him to come and see me, and I will entertain him like a prince."

Here the bell rang for the boat.

Who Struck my Brother Bob?

Billy Paterson is done for—thrown into a wretched shadow, as will be seen by the following:

Old Bob Hilton was one of the hardest cases that ever existed in Georgia or any where else. He excelled in only two things—in the frequency of his 'spleens,' and the number of 'scrapes' they led him into. No election day, 'court week' or fourth of July ever passed over his head, free of some difficulty, resulting from his free use of the intoxicating beverage, or as he termed it, 'sperets.' Bob had a brother whose name was Peter, called by his friends, Pete. Pete was a tall specimen of the genus homo, standing about six feet two 'in his stockings.' He was very far from being a Julius Caesar in point of bravery; but where there was no danger, no man could talk louder, or come to blood and thunder on a larger scale. One day during a court week, Bob, as usual became decently tight, or in Georgia dialect, 'slightly interrogated.'—Getting rather quarrelsome, some person had presented him with a blow between the eyes which stretched him at full length on the floor. Pete heard of it, and

understanding that the gentleman who had been kind enough to give Bob the floor had left, he started up, and putting on a ferocious countenance, exclaimed:—

"Who struck my brother Bob?"

"No one answered, for all were too busy talking for themselves."

"Who struck my brother Bob?" continued Pete, waxing bolder, as he saw no notice was taken of his first question.

"Who struck my brother Bob?" he cried the third time, working himself up into a perfect fury, and stalking about the piazza of the grocery as if he didn't fear any body. He felt convinced that no one would take up the matter but the 'striker' himself, and as he was not in the vicinity he wasn't afraid, not he. He was however, doomed to disappointment; for just as he yelled out the terrible question the fourth time, a tall, broad shouldered fellow, who was known as the bully of the county, stepped up and said—

"I struck your brother Bob!"

"Ah!" said Pete after surveying his brother Bob's enemy for several minutes. "Well you struck him a powerful lick!"

Breach of Promise.

Actions by young ladies for breach of promise, we had thought to be one of the perfections of British civilization. But what spot in the world is not now civilized or about to be civilized? In half a dozen years more, the manners of mankind, from Chili to Constantinople, will be as smooth as a bowling-green. In Illinois, lately, a young Indian fair, or brown one of some distinction in the woods, made her complaint to an old chief, of the faithlessness of her betrothed. The squaw asserted that she had no sooner made up her mind to the marriage, than the young chief turned on his heel and choose to marry somebody else. The case was brought before the heads of the tribe. The matter was regarded as touching the public honor, and the old warriors held a grand council on the subject. As, among them there are yet no professed lawyers, justice was not so tardy as in more accomplished countries, and the case was pleaded by the squaw herself. It consisted of statements of frequent visits of the young warrior to the wigwag, of his smoking a considerable quantity of her father's tobacco, and eating their venison when he could get it; those attentions to himself being connected with frequent attentions to the lady, the statement being corroborated by several bunches of feathers, yards of Welch flannel, three fox tails and a scalp. The lover was then called on.—He denied the charge of affection altogether. With an air which could not be exceeded by a man of fashion, he said that, though it was true he had visited her father's wigwag, he had done it only when he had nothing else to do, when the beavers were not to be found, or the buffaloes were gone. As to the "feathers and flannels," he acknowledged that he had given them merely as matters of common civility. As he concluded his speech the squaw gave a loud scream and fainted in the arms of her mother. The old chiefs proceeded to judgment, and, whether guided by the justice of the case, or touched with the sufferings of the squaw brought in a verdict of damages, sentencing the offender to give the broken-hearted fair one a yellow feather, a brooch that was then dangling from his nose, and a dozen beaver skins. The sentence was no sooner pronounced than the squaw recovered from her swoon, sprang to her feet, clasped her hands with joy, and cried out, "Now I am ready to court again!"

SCENE IN SCHOOL.—The teacher, a young lady, put the question to her scholars, one morning, 'Who made you?' The oldest boy in the school could not tell, neither could any of the scholars, till she questioned the smallest and the youngest of the school. He answered promptly, 'God.' The teacher turning to the largest boy, rebuked him, saying, 'Are you not ashamed to not know what this little fellow knows?'

"He replied the big 'un, with a look of contempt as he gazed down at the fine little fellow, 'Thunder! I should think he might know for 'taint a fortnight since he was made!'

It is said the oldest inhabitant of this country, and some say of the world, is the celebrated Miss Ann Tiquity. Who knows an older?

We have an idea that Miss E. Ternity is a trifle older!

FLOWERY.—Somebody says that a wife, full of truth, innocence and love, is the prettiest flower a man can wear next to his heart.

The reason why many ladies dodge an offer of marriage, is because the question is popped at them.