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MISS SARAH OSGOOD.

The young lady whose name is at the head of this article, is the pious, intelligent and devoted missionary, under the patronage of the American Indian Mission Association, who is engaged in teaching the school at the Wea station.

We publish this article, therefore, not to furnish an instance of the skill of Indians in following the trail of man or beast, but to show with what courage and fortitude, love to God and the souls of men can arm even a young female in the hour of trial.

To detail all the circumstances would require a lengthy article, and this we have not room for now. Suffice it to say that Miss Osgood, the teacher, spoken of, is a modest, retiring young lady, but an unusually devoted missionary, and it was her faith in Christ, and that alone, which sustained her in this fearful hour of trial. When the Indians made their first assault upon the house, she discovered that this hired woman, Haskins, was frightened that she feared it would have a bad effect upon the Indians, and she advised her to go and hide, instead of which the woman went entirely off, as stated. All hands were apprehensive that the Indians intended to murder them, and the young man said to Miss Osgood: "I could make my escape, but I cannot leave you." She replied, "Don't stay on my account, for if the Indians intend to murder us you cannot save me, and if you escape you can tell the Board the fate of the mission; go therefore and leave me to my fate."

There were about ten of the little Indian boys boarding in the house, she gave them their supper, (having fastened them up in the school-room to prevent the drunken Indians from seeing them,) and then put them to bed; and having done this, she bowed herself before the throne of grace and resigned herself to God.

Sometime after dark the Indians returned, whooping and yelling like blood-thirsty demons; she thought then her last hour had arrived, she felt that she had no helper but God, and no hope but in the interposition of his Providence and grace; on him, therefore, she staid herself and resigned herself to his care and to meet whatever his will appointed her. The Indians came opposite the house and halted, seemed in council awhile, and then rode on whooping and yelling as before.

The preservation of this dear young missionary, seems so much like a special interposition of Divine Providence, that we think it a fit occasion for devout thanksgiving to God, both on her part and that of the Board, and as furnishing the strongest kind of evidence that she is filling the post appointed her by the God of missions.

The firmness with which she stood, alone and alone, and faced the drunk and savage when he rode his horse into the house, was a singular display of fortitude in any one, much less in a delicate young girl; and we present her as a specimen of the kind of female missionaries which the Board are seeking for to send among the Indians. But here is the article from the Nashville Christian Advocate:

MARVELOUS SAGACITY OF INDIANS.—Did you ever hear of the sagacity of Indians? I will relate a circumstance that happened a few weeks since in the Indian territory, seeming incredible and incomprehensible. They can trail the lonely and forgotten path of a human being better than the domestic dog. Whilst that faithful creature can trail only the fresh footsteps of an animal, an Indian can follow the stepping of an individual, days ago, crossed and re-crossed, miles upon miles, where a dog would be lost in thought, and not being able to find out where to begin or how to follow, would abandon his design and expectation, and return with blasted prospects to his disappointed master. The marvellous sagacity of Indians was proved beyond a single doubt, a few weeks since, in the territory of the Weas, in search of a lady who had escaped from the mission for fear of drunken Indians.

The circumstances are about these:—Mrs. Haskins, of this county, had been but a short time at Rev. Mr. Adams' (a Baptist missionary among the Wea Indians) whither she had gone to live.—She is a lady of pleasant appearance, neat in her person and domestic affairs. The missionary had left with his family on a visit, leaving at the mission Mrs. Haskins, a young lady teacheress, and a young gentleman.

One evening just as the sun had bowed his head behind the evening shades some half dozen Indians, who had swallowed more distillation or more murderous drink, than suffered them to retain due bounds either in speech or action, came drunken, whooping, and riding their ponies into the house like madmen, affrighted all its inmates, the schoolmistress, having considerable courage, advised the young man to flee for his own life, fearing that none could help the other, and that all would be butchered by these noisy and raged Indians. Mrs. Haskins soon fled for safety, and to ensure, as she supposed, her escape, she hastened onward towards the settlement, wading in her course a miry bayou, or standing up to her shoulders in water; passing through the grassy prairie, thick bushes and ever rocky places. For eight miles her course was straight, and after taking a path leading to a settler's Burn's in this country, she becoming alarmed by the yelping Indians, just returning from that place, she drun-

ken crows, left the road, and turned into the prairie grass for a refuge. But as it is no difficult matter to get lost in a wide extended prairie, she soon lost her course, and returned within five miles of Mr. Adams. However, not knowing where she was, she continued to travel, and having travelled from Thursday evening to Sunday morning—all her efforts to no purpose—without bread or meat, or any (in)acacious matter to sustain her life. Fatigued by her journey, with feet swollen and blistered by walking, and weakened by hunger, she despaired of life, and gave herself up to die.

Several white persons, after they learned that Mrs. Haskins had left, but had not returned to the mission, kindly gathered together and endeavored to find her, but in vain. From various quarters, their numbers now increased to crowds, with considerable excitement to look for her. All their efforts proving fruitless, they finally concluded to hire Indians to find her. Twenty dollars were offered, and several Indians undertook to find the wandering woman. On Saturday the Indians started on her trail, which had been found on Friday evening. Away went the Indians in a lops, the whites following behind them. But the whites, not seeing anything like a path or trail, or an appearance that anything or person had gone that way, could not believe that they were on the right course to obtain their object, and therefore remonstrated with the Indians, who were galloping all along as on a beaten road. The Indians, nothing impeding, continued to run their ponies ahead, and every now and then, coming across a piece of her stock or garment, would prove to the whites, by this indubitable testimony, the correctness of their sagacity. Sometimes they would prove it to a demonstration, by showing her footstep in a gopher hill over which she had passed in her journey. They slackened their gait only at rocky places, or water, or in a road.

On coming to a beaten road, into which she had entered, and in which she had travelled for some time, they went more slowly until reaching the place where she left for the prairie, when they forthwith started off galloping as before. They ran their horses so hard, says Mr. Powell, that his own horse had well nigh given out, and some persons were compelled to dismount and turn their horses loose, there being such a constancy of a rapid gait. The Indians trailed her, not only in roads, over rocks and through water—however seemingly incredible, yet equally true is the declaration—but in the prairie, where about twenty persons had been riding, crossing and re-crossing their way, and where horses had been rolling, ever through this tumultuously tossed and beaten grass, right by those men then in sight, with the same rapid speed as before, without any delay or manifest uncertainty of the trail, just as a white man would travel a well beaten road which he was certain was the road he desired to travel. When this was done, says Mr. Powell, my every doubt of their correctness was removed. Having rode up to the place where Mrs. Haskins ended her long walk, and not finding her, remarked that some person had come and taken her away, which happened about fifteen minutes before reaching her last travelling. Following on, they overtook the gentleman, who had kindly placed her on his horse to carry her into the settlement.

This gentleman was a stranger, travelling on the military road, and she not being very far off, saw him, and calling him, he rode to her, but not without some hesitancy, and on arriving found her to be a lost and feeble white woman, darkened by the rays of the sun, instead of a drunken Indian, as he first supposed.

Geo. M. EVANS.

Harrisonville, Van Buren, Mo., July 26.

LIBERAL PROPOSITION.—We are happy to state, that two brethren of the State of Tennessee, propose to become responsible for the support of a missionary in China. This is the manner in which thousands of God's people will delight to appropriate their substance, when the earth is about to be filled with the knowledge of the Lord. New views of responsibility will then be entertained. No man will esteem any thing he possesses as his own. When, Oh Lord, when shall that day appear? May it not speedily come? Our Board could find employment for one hundred men in pagon lands, and we have those men among us in the southern States if called out. Nor would the supply of this number for the foreign field, from the best of our rising ministry, diminish the supply at home. It would constitute the richest blessing ever realized by our churches. Surprising reflex influence on their prosperity would be produced. The number of good evangelists and pastors at home, would be multiplied. There is that sardonic and yet incenseth: there is that withholdeth more than is meet, and it tendeth to poverty.

Are there not one hundred brethren in the south, to whom the talent of wealth is committed, who would be holier, richer, happier, if they would each be responsible, during life, for the support of a missionary among the heathen?

Hon. J. Q. Adams.—It is not probable that this great statesman will be able to take his seat in Congress.

RECOLLECTIONS OF CHIEF JUSTICE MARSHALL.

Marshall was noted for extreme plainness of person and address, and a child-like simplicity of character. His carelessness of his personal attire, in early life particularly, is well known, and on one occasion, (as stated in the Literary Messenger,) while travelling, occasioned his being refused admittance into a public house. On the occasion which we are now to relate, it caused him the loss of a generous fee. Marshall, when just rising on the professional ladder, was one morning strolling through the streets of Richmond, attired in a plain linen round about and shorts, with his hat under his arm, from which he was coming shivering when he stopped in the porch of the Hotel, indulged in some rude jests, and passed on. An elderly gentleman from the country, then present, who had a case coming on before the Court of Appeals, was referred by the landlord to Marshall, as the best advocate for him to employ; but the careless, laud air of the young lawyer had so prejudiced Mr. P. that he refused to engage him. On entering court, Mr. P. was a second time referred to him, by the clerk of the court, and a second time he declined. At this moment entered Mr. V., a venerable looking legal gentleman, in a powdered wig and black coat, whose dignified appearance produced such an impression upon Mr. P. that he at once engaged him. In the first case which came on, Marshall and Mr. V. both addressed the court. The vast inferiority of his advocate was so apparent, that at the close of the case, Mr. P. introduced himself to young Marshall, frankly stated the prejudice which had caused him, in opposition to advice, to employ Mr. V.; that he extremely regretted his error, but knew not how to remedy it. He had come into the city with one hundred dollars, as his lawyer's fee, which he had paid, and had but five left, which, if Marshall chose, he would cheerfully give him for assisting in the case. Marshall, pleased with the incident, accepted the offer; but, however, without passing a sly joke at the omnipotence of a powdered wig and black coat, Marshall was accustomed to go to market, and frequently unattended. Nothing was more usual than to see him returning at sunrise, with poultry in one hand, and vegetables in the other. On one of these occasions, a young man from the North, who had recently returned to Richmond, was swearing violently because he could hire no one to take home his turkey. Marshall stepped up, and ascertaining of him where he lived, replied, "That is my way, and I will take it for you." When arrived at his dwelling, the young man inquired, "What shall I pay you?" "O, nothing," was the rejoinder, "you are welcome, it was on my way, and not trouble." "Who is that polite old gentleman who brought home my turkey for me?" inquired the other of a bystander, as Marshall stepped away. "That," replied he, "is John Marshall, Chief Justice of the United States." The young man, astounded, exclaimed, "why did he bring home my turkey?" To give you a severe reprimand, and teach you to attend to your own business," was the answer.

The venerable Capt. Philip Slaughter, now (May, 1844,) living in Culpepper, was a messmate of Marshall in the time of the Revolution. He says Marshall was the best tempered man he ever knew. During the sufferings at Valley Forge, nothing discouraged, nothing disturbed him; if he had only bread to eat, it made no difference. If any of the officers murmured at their deprivations, he would shame them by goodnatured raillery, or encourage them by his own exuberance of spirits. He was an excellent companion, and idolized by the soldiers and his brother officers, whose gloomy hours were enlivened by his inexhaustible fund of anecdotes. For sterling honesty, no man ever exceeded Marshall. He never would knowingly, argue in defence of injustice, or take a legal advantage at the expense of moral honesty. A case of the latter is, in point. He became an endorser on a bond, amounting to several thousand dollars. The drawer failed, and Marshall paid it, although he knew it could be avoided, inasmuch as the holder had advanced the amount at more than legal interest.

He possessed a noble generosity. In passing through Culpepper, on his way to Panquaker, he fell in company with Mr. S., an old fellow officer in the army of the Revolution. In the course of conversation, Marshall learned that there was a lien on the estate of his friend, to the amount of \$3,000, about due, and he was greatly disturbed at the prospect of impending ruin. On bidding farewell, Marshall privately left a check for the amount, which being presented to Mr. S. after his departure, he, impelled by a chivalrous independence, mounted and spurred on his horse, until he overtook his friend. He thanked him for his generosity, but refused to accept it. Marshall strenuously persisted on its acceptance, and the other as thoroughly persisted in not accepting. Finally, it resulted in a compromise, by which Marshall took security on the lien, but never called for it.

Though an eye and two God sees that,

ENCOUNTER WITH A SERPENT.

The following, told by an early correspondent of Chamber's Journal, exhibits as an instance of presence of mind and cool fortitude as we remember to have met with:

"In the vicinity of the barracks assigned to the European soldiers in India, there is usually a number of little solitary cells, where the disorderly members of the corps are confined for longer or shorter terms, by order of the commanding officer. In one of these, at Madras, on a certain occasion, was locked up poor Jack Hall, a Scotchman belonging to Edinburgh, or I believe, Jack had got intoxicated, and he himself upon the floor, with very little covering, when he thought he heard a rattling in the cell close by him. At this moment he recollected that he had not, as he thought to have done, stopped up an air hole which entered the cell on a level with his floor, and also with the rock externally, on which the building was placed. A strong suspicion of what had happened, or was about to happen, came over Hall's mind, he knew it was probably too late to do any good, could he even find the hole in the darkness, and get it closed. He therefore lay still, and in a minute or two heard another rustle close to him, which was followed by the cold slimy touch of a snake upon his bare foot! Who in such a situation would not have started and bawled for help? Jack did neither: he lay stone still, and held his peace, knowing that his cries would most probably have been unheard by the distant guard. Had his bed-clothes been more plentiful, he might have endeavored to protect himself by wrapping them closely around him; but this their scantiness forbade. Accordingly, being aware that although a motion or touch will provoke snakes to bite they will not generally do it without such incitement, Jack held himself as still as if he had been a log. Meanwhile, his horrible bed-fellow, which he at once felt to be of great size, crept over his feet, legs, and body, and finally over his face. Nothing but the most astonishing firmness of nerve, and the consciousness that the moving of a muscle would have signed his death-warrant, could have enabled the poor fellow to resist the temptation. For a whole hour did the reptile crawl over his body and face, as if satisfying itself, seemingly, that it had nothing to fear from the recumbent object on its own part. At length it took up a position somewhere about his head, and went to rest in apparent security. The poor soldier's trial, however, was not over. Till day-light he remained in the same posture, flat on his back, without daring to stir a limb, from the fear of disturbing his dangerous companion. Never perhaps, was day so anxiously longed for by mortal man.

When it did come, Jack cautiously looked about him, arose noiselessly, and moved over to the corner of his cell, where there lay a pretty large stone. This he seized and looked for the intruder. Not seeing the snake, he became assured that it was under the pillow. He raised the end of this just sufficiently to get a peep of the creature's crest. Jack then pressed his knee firmly on the pillow, but allowed the snake to wriggle but its head, which he battered to pieces with the stone. This done, the courageous fellow for the first time breathed freely.

"When the hour for breakfast came, Jack, who thought little about the matter after it was fairly over, took the opportunity of the opening of the door to throw the snake out. When the officer whose duty it was to visit the cells for the day, was going his rounds, he perceived a crowd around the cell door examining the reptile which was described by the natives as of the most venomous character, his life being invariably and rapidly mortal. The officer, on being told that it had been killed by a man in the adjoining cell, went in and inquired into the matter. "When did you first know that there was a snake in the cell with you?" said he. "About nine o'clock last night," was Jack's reply. "Why didn't you call to the guard?" asked the officer. "I thought the guard would hear me, and I was afraid I might tramp on 'so I just lay still." "But you might have been bit; did you not know that you would have died instantly?" "Yes, that very well," said Hall; "but they say that snakes will meddle with you if you dinna meddle with them; and I just let it crawl as it liked." "Well, my lad, I believe you did what was best after all, but it was what not one man in a thousand could have done." "When the story was told, and the snake shown to the commanding officer, he thought the same, and Jack, for his extraordinary nerve and courage, got a remission of his punishment. For some time, at least, he took care how he again got into such a situation as to expose himself to the chance of passing another night with such a bedfellow."

Rev. Geo. Pickering died on the 6th ult. at his residence in Waltham, Mass., aged 77 years. This venerable man, at his death, was one of the oldest effective Methodist preachers in the world, having been in the itinerant ministry for fifty-seven years.

YOUR WILL.

"Does not your present parsimony towards the objects of Christian benevolence justify the fear that the amount which you have devised for such purposes is most disproportionately small? And yet, small as it is, it is your will. In discharging your testamentary duties, you naturally remember those persons and objects which held the dearest place in your affections; your supreme friend is Christ, and yet he should be put off with that insulting pittance in your will. You make your testamentary arrangements in the prospect of leaving, what you properly designate, a world of misery; much more of your property might be left to the alleviation of that misery, but that it shall not be appropriated to your will. You make these arrangements in the prospect of being received into perfect blessedness; you entertain the hope that while persons are inspecting, for the first time, the distribution which you have made of your property, your emancipated spirit will be enjoying the happiness of the just made perfect—but that next to none of that happiness shall arise from the right employment of that property is your will.

"This robbery of the Christian cause, remember, is your will; not a mere passing thought, not a precipitate, unconsidered act; but an act which you formerly prefaced with saying, that you perform it 'being in sound mind,'—in a word, it is the deliberate act of that sovereign part of nature, your will. After having defrauded the cause of Christ of your property during life, you take the most effective measures to perpetuate the fraud after death; and you do this with the full consent of all the powers of your mind;—you impress it with the sovereign seal of your own will. Yes, this is your will, which of you are content to have for a dying pillow, and on which you propose to rest your dying head! Your will;—and, therefore, a part of your preparation for death! Your will;—a wretchedly prepared, (monstrous inconsistency!) that the subject of your property may not disturb you in death! that you may be able to think of it with peace! Your will;—made partly, as a preparation for the awful moment when it shall be said to you, 'Give an account of thy stewardship; made on the way to that judgment seat, where one of the first inquiries will relate to the use of your various talents! Christian professors be entreated. What you determine never been committed to this subject, it is not for a man to surmise; but should you allow your will to remain unaltered, now that your conscience has been admonished do not wonder if you find your dying pillow to be filled with thorns. Retrieve at once your guilty error, by augmenting your bequests to the cause of mercy; or, better still, become your own executor, and enjoy at once the luxury of doing good; or, last of all, do both,—if the nature of your property permit, do both."—Harris's Mammon.

WISE PRAYER.—Give me neither poverty nor riches. We have here the prayer of a sage, who asks incoercibility of condition; and the philosophy of all nations has acquiesced in the justness of this sentiment. All enlightened men must be aware of the calamities of greatness, and of the temptations attendant on wealth, luxury, and honor. And shrinking on the other hand, at poverty and want, they have given the largest share of happiness to the middle rank of society. But this, after all, is but philosophy; for the poor man, undisturbed with the pride of knowledge, sings in his cottage as the thrush in the copse; the middle ranks are by no means contented with their lot, but are daily passing towards wealth and dignity; while the great revolt at the idea of humiliation. Be that as it may, Agur's prayer is so popular that we have in the English tongue more than a hundred printed versions on this text, which sufficiently unfold a clergyman's wish. Agur, however, rectified his wish by piety and submission: Feed me with food convenient for me. It is the glory and perfection of Christianity to resemble Christ, who said in the hour of anguish, Father, not as I will, but as thou wilt. St. Paul also said, I have learned in whatever state I am therewith to be content. I know how to be abased, and to abound; to be full, and to be hungry. Happy is that man who alike fears the wanton insolence we see in the rich, and the continual murmuring among the ungrateful poor.—Sutcliffe.

MONTHLY CONCERT OF PRAYER.—We again plead with our brethren of the south, to make special efforts to secure the observance of the monthly concert of prayer. As the churches are mostly located in sparsely settled regions we suggest that the first Monday afternoon, or Sunday preceding, be set apart by general consent, and that pains be taken to make these seasons interesting. Let intelligence connected with the condition of pagan nations, and the success of the missionary enterprise, be selected and read, with occasional remarks and exhortations. Let as many as possible lead in prayer, as at the close of the meeting, a collection be taken to aid in the spread of the gospel.

Brethren! let us be united in this thing God hears prayer. Let us prove him a God of truth. He will most certainly open the windows of heaven, and out a blessing, that there shall no room enough to receive it."

TOM SNOOPE.

I never undertook, but once, said Tom, to set at naught the authority of my wife. You know her way—cool, quiet, but determined as ever grew. Just after we were married, and all was nice and cozy, she got me into the habit of doing all the churning. She finished breakfast before me one morning, and slipping away from the table, she filled the churn with cream and set it down just where I couldn't help seeing what you wanted. So I took hold readily enough and churned till the butter came. She didn't thank me, but looked so nice and sweet about it that I felt well paid.

Well, when the next churning day came along, she did the same thing, and I felt so sore that I set the butter down. Again and again it was done just as, and I was regularly set for it every time. Not a word said you now, of course. Well, bye and bye this began to be rather irksome; I wanted she would just ask me, but she never did, and I wouldn't say anything about it to save my life. So on we went. At last I made a resolve that I wouldn't churn another time, unless she asked me. Churning day came, and when my breakfast—she always got nice breakfasts—when that was swallowed, there stood the churn. I got up and standing for a few minutes just to give her a chance, I put on my hat and walked out of doors. I stopped in the yard to give her time to call me, but never a word said she, and as with a palpitating heart I moved on, I went down town, and all over town, and my foot was as restless as was that of Noah's dove. I felt as if I had done a wrong, I didn't exactly feel how—but there was an indescribable sensation of guilt resting on me all the forenoon.

It seemed as if dinner time would never come, and as for going home one minute before dinner, I would as soon have cut my ears off. So I went fretting and moping around town till dinner hour came. Home I went, feeling very much as a criminal must when the jury is out, having in their hands his destiny—life or death. I couldn't make up my mind exactly how she would meet me—but some kind of a storm I expected. Will you believe it—she even greeted me with a smile—never had a better dinner for me than on that day; but there stood the churn just where I left it. Not a word was said; I felt considerably out, and every mouthful of that dinner cost me any pains it is in however, but went on just exactly as if nothing had happened. Before dinner was over I had again resolved, and shoving back my chair, I marched to the churn and went at it, just in the old way. In spite, drip, rattle—I kept it up. As if in spite, the butter never was so long coming! I supposed the cream standing so long had got warm, and so I redoubled my efforts. Obstinate matter—the afternoon wore away while I was churning. I paused at last from real exhaustion, when she spoke for the first time, "Come, Tom, my dear, you have rattled that butter-milk long enough, it is only for fun you are doing it!" I knew how it was in a flash! She had brought the butter in the forenoon, and left the butter-milk in, for me to exercise with! I never sat up for myself in household matters after that.

MAN OF AMERICA.—The greatest man, "take him for all in all," of the last hundred years, was George Washington, an American.

The greatest metaphysician was Jonathan Edwards, an American.

The greatest natural philosopher was Benjamin Franklin, an American.

The greatest of living sculptors is Hiram Powers, an American.

The greatest of living poets is William Cullen Bryant, an American.

The greatest of living historians is William H. Prescott, an American.

The greatest ornithologist is John James Audubon, an American.

The greatest of living novelists is James Fenimore Cooper, an American.

The greatest living painter, in portraiture, is Henry Inman, an American.

There has been no English writer in the present age whose words have been marked with more humor, more refinement, or more grace, than those of Washington Irving, an American.

The greatest lexicographer and philologist, since the time of Johnson, was Noah Webster, an American.

The inventors, whose works have been productive of the greatest amount of happiness to mankind, in the last century, were Godfrey, Fitch, Fulton, and Whitney—all Americans.

CAPITAL TRIAL.—An adjourned term of the Supreme Judicial Court was held at Worcester on Wednesday last, for the trial of Leander Thompson and Benjamin Pratt, indicted for arson, in setting fire to the dwelling-house and barn of Mr. Cummings, of Douglas, the night of the 18th of last, while Mr. Cummings and his casual remarks and exhortations. Let as many as possible lead in prayer, as at the close of the meeting, a collection be taken to aid in the spread of the gospel. Brethren! let us be united in this thing God hears prayer. Let us prove him a God of truth. He will most certainly open the windows of heaven, and out a blessing, that there shall no room enough to receive it."

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only to add, that her terms are moderate and in accordance with the times. MISS C. HOLLEY
No. 74 St. 3-4

