

# Bedford Gazette.

BY GEO. W. BOWMAN.

NEW SERIES.

Freedom of Thought and Opinion.

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## Select Poetry.



From the Repository and Transcript.  
**The Dying Year.**

The night! and on the dying year,  
The orbs of heaven shine;  
And rolling in their heavenly spheres,  
Move with the march of time.  
The little stars, bright gems on high,  
Their nightly vigils keep;  
And o'er the silent, slumbering earth,  
Their rays of beauty weep.

Bright fountains of aerial light,  
In you celestial dome,  
Reflect the majesty of God,  
And his eternal throne.  
In them I see no changes wrought  
By time's destroying hand;  
They move as they have ever moved,  
A bright and lovely band.

But earth is subject to decay,  
And bears the marks of change;  
There is a light for every hour,  
Throughout her varied range;  
And man is but a passing breath,  
A smile, a sigh, a tear;  
He lives the seasons of his life,  
Then passes like the year.

Time! time! nations before thee sink  
Like bubbles on a stream;  
And all their might and splendor fade,  
Or live but in a dream;  
But thou art onward in thy course,  
Unmolested of the past,  
And all that is, and ever will be,  
Must fall before thy blast.

Soon the midnight hour will toll  
The death-knell of a year;  
And on the rapid flight of time,  
Another will appear.  
Adieu, thou passing, dying year,  
I feel thy chilling breath;  
And soon the mournful winds will sing  
The requiem of thy death.

## The Light at Home.

The light at home, how bright it beams,  
When evening shadows around us fall;  
And from the lattice far it gleams,  
To love and rest and comfort call.

When weary with the toils of day,  
And strive for glory, gold or fame,  
How sweet to seek the quiet way,  
Where loving lips will list our name.

Around the light at home,  
The wayward wanderer homeward hies,  
How cheering is that twinkling light,  
Which through the forest gloom he spies.

It is the light at home he feels,  
That loving hearts will greet him there,  
That beats upon his weary soul,  
The joy and love that banish care.

Around the light at home,  
The light, at home, whenever last  
It greets the seaman through the storm,  
He feels no more the chilling blast.

That beats upon his weary form,  
Long years upon the sea have fled,  
Since Mary gave her parting kiss,  
But the sad tears which she shed,  
Will now be paid with rapturous bliss.

Around the light at home,  
The light of home! how still and sweet,  
It peeps from yonder cottage door—  
The weary laborer to greet—  
When the rough toils of the day are o'er,  
Sad is the soul that does not know,  
The blessings that the beams impart,  
The cheerful hopes and joys that flow,  
And lighten up the heaviest hour.

Around the light at home.

## The Herring Pie: OR, A NEW CURE FOR JEALOUSY.

A TALE OF AMSTERDAM.

It was a cold winter's evening. The rich banker Bronker had drawn his easy chair close to the corner of the stove, and sat smoking his long clay pipe with great complacency; his intimate friend, Van Grote, employed in exactly the same manner, occupied the opposite corner. All was quiet in the house; for Bronker's wife and children were gone to a masked ball; and secure from fear of interruption, the two friends indulged in a conversation.

"I cannot think," said Van Grote, "why you should refuse your consent to the marriage. Berkenrode can give his daughter a good fortune, and you say that your son is desperately in love with her."

"I don't object to it," said Bronker. "It is my wife who will not hear of it."

"And what reason has she for refusing?"

"One which I cannot tell you," said his friend, sinking his voice.

"Oh! a mystery! Come, out with it. You know I have always been frank and open with you, even giving you my opinion of your absurd jealousy of your wife!"

"Jealousy of my wife! Nonsense! Have I not just sent her to a masked ball?"

"I don't wonder you boast of it. I should like to have seen you do as much when you were first married. To be sure you had reason to look sharply after her, for she was the prettiest woman in Amsterdam. Unfortunately she has become the better horse; and you refuse an advantageous match for your son, to gratify her caprice."

"You are quite wrong, my friend, I never allow any one to be master here but myself; and in the present instance I cannot blame Clotilda. The secret of her refusal lies in a herring pie."

"A herring pie?" exclaimed Van Grote.

"Yes, a herring pie. You may remember it was a favorite dainty of mine, and that my wife could not endure even the smell of it. Well, during the first year of my marriage, I was a

little—a very little—jealous of Clotilda. My situation obliged me to keep open house, and among the young sparks who visited us, none gave me such uneasiness as the handsome Colonel Berkenrode. The reputation that he had already acquired for gallantry, was enough to create alarm, and the marked attention that he paid my wife convinced me it was well founded. What could I do? It was impossible to forbid him the house, for he had it in his power to deprive me of the Government contracts; in other words to ruin me. After pondering deeply upon the subject, I decided upon doing nothing until the danger should become imminent; all that was necessary was to know how things really stood. Having just purchased this house, I caused a secret closet to be made behind the stove here. It communicates with my private room, and from it I could overhear everything that passed in this apartment without risk of being discovered. Thank God I had no use for it the last twenty years, and indeed I do not even know what had become of the key. Satisfied with this precaution, I did not hesitate to have Clotilda when any of her admirers paid her a visit, though I promise you that some of the gallant speeches made me wince."

"Upon my word," interrupted his friend, "you showed a most commendable patience. In your place, I should have contented myself with forbidding my wife to receive his visits."

"There spoke the bachelor. As I didn't want to drive her headlong into his arms, I went a different way to work. Day after day forced to listen to the insidious argument of the seducer, my wife—I must truly say she made a stout defence—at one time tried ridicule, at another entreaty to deter him from the pursuit of her. He began to lose hope in proportion as I gained it, till one day he bethought himself of threatening to blow out his brains if she would not show him some compassion. Moved at this proof of the strength of his passion, she burst into tears, and pleaded that she was not free—in short she gave him to understand that I was the obstacle to his happiness. Berkenrode was too well skilled in the art of seduction not to see that he had gained a point. He raved, cursed me as the cause of his misery, and tried to obtain a promise from her in case she should become a widow. She stopped him peremptorily, but I never closed an eye that night, and Clotilda, though she did not know I watched her, was as uneasy as myself. On the following day a circumstance occurred that increased her agitation. While at breakfast a message came from the cook asking to see me alone. I desired him to come in (as I was not in the habit of interfering in domestic affairs), and communicate his business in my wife's presence. He came, and scarcely seemed to know what he was about. At last he told me he had received a packet containing a small bottle, a hundred guilder, and a note in which he was requested to put the contents of the former into the first herring pie he should prepare for me. He was assured he might do so without fear, as the contents of the bottle were quite harmless, and would give a delicious flavor to the pie. An additional reward was promised if he complied with the request and kept his own counsel. The honest fellow, who was much attached to me, said he was convinced there must be something wrong in the affair, and should not be happy until the bottle and money were out of his hands. I poured a few drops of the liquid on a lump of sugar, and gave it to my wife's lap-dog. It fell into convulsions, and died in a few minutes. The case was now plain—there had been an attempt to poison me. Never shall I forget Clotilda's pale face, as she threw herself weeping into my arms. "Poison! A murder!" she exclaimed, clasping me as if to shield me from danger. "Merciful Heaven, protect us both!" I consoled her with the assurance that I was thankful to my unknown enemy who was the means of showing me how much she loved me. That day Berkenrode came at the usual hour; but in vain did I take my seat in my hiding place, he was not admitted. I afterwards found that he had sent him a letter threatening if ever he came again, her husband should be informed of all that had passed. He made several attempts to soften her resolution, but to no purpose, and a year afterwards he married. No acquaintance has ever existed between the families, and now you know why my wife refuses her consent to our son's marriage with the daughter of Berkenrode."

"I cannot blame her," said Van Grote. "Who would have thought that Berkenrode, a soldier, a man of honor, could have been capable of such a rascally deed?"

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Bronker, "and do you really think it was the General who sent the poison?"

"Why, who else?"

"Myself, to be sure. The whole was my contrivance, and it cost me three hundred guilders in a present to my cook; but I saved my wife, and got rid of her troublesome lap-dog at the same time."

"Do you know Bronker, I think it was rather a shabby trick to leave Berkenrode under such an imputation; and now that your son's happiness depends upon your wife being undeceived?"

"I am aware of all that, but to undeceive her now is not so easy as you think. How can I expect her to disbelieve a circumstance in which for the last twenty years she has put implicit faith?"

He was interrupted by the entrance of Vrow Bronker; her cheeks were flushed, and she was saluted by Van Grote rather stiffly.

"What, not at the ball, Clotilda?" asked her husband.

"No, I had a bad headache," she replied, "and Maurice had promised to take charge of his sisters. But I have come to tell you that I have been thinking over his marriage with Mina Berkenrode, and altered my mind on that subject. In short, I shall withdraw my opposition

to the match."

The friends looked at each other in astonishment.

"By-the-by," she continued, "there is a key found some time ago, I think it must belong to you."

"Well, Clotilda," said her husband, striving to hide his confusion as he took the key, "this is good news about the marriage."

"Suppose you and your friend celebrate it by a supper. There is a herring-pie in the house, and you need not fear that it is poisoned."

"She left the room. Bronker looked foolish, and Van Grote rubbed his hands, as he exclaimed: "Caught in your own trap! He who digs a pit for his enemy shall fall into it himself."

"Nevertheless," exclaimed Bronker, "I think I have got well out of mine."

## Shocking Accident.

**Five Frame Houses Destroyed—Two Lives Lost—Two other persons injured.**

The Buffalo Courier, of the 9th ult., says: The alarm of fire yesterday forenoon, about 11 o'clock, was caused by the explosion in a small frame house, occupied by a German, named Geo. Schmidt, his wife, and four children; and before the flames could be subdued, five frame cottages were destroyed, attended with loss of life. Schmidt was sick, and engaged making fire-works for Mr. Morris. He was sitting by the stove at work, and Louis, his step daughter, aged 12, was near him, aiding him. Caroline, aged 10, had just come in with some wood, and had put a stick in the stove. Christian, aged two, was sitting in a rocking chair, near the stove; and the fourth child, a boy about five years, had gone for a pail of water. The mother had left home early in the morning. This was the position of the family when the explosion took place. At the house we were told that someone living in the neighborhood had frequently missed wood from his pile, and had placed a quantity of powder in a stick in the pile, with the view of detecting the thief. That this family had been suspected of carrying off wood.

The stick containing the powder had been taken the previous evening, and by some it was supposed that this was the piece which Caroline put into the stove. If it is true, a fearful responsibility rests upon the party, whoever he is, and a strict examination should be made to ascertain its correctness. Caroline, who was not so badly burned as the others, states that there was a lighted candle on the table, which was used to seal up some of the fire-works, and that a spark fell on them as they lay on the table, and caused the explosion. The father was burnt to a crisp, and when taken to the hospital, the fire of the shoulders remained. The little boy, who was on the rocking chair, had his legs and feet burnt almost to a crisp, and his eyes burned out. He presented an awful appearance, and when we saw him last night, about 5 o'clock, was still alive; but could not survive many hours longer.

The eldest daughter, Louise, was fearfully burned, the flesh peeling off her face, arms and legs, and as she lay upon her bed at the hospital, last evening, uttering such mournful cries, and those around her unable to render her the slightest relief, it was one of the most painful and heart-rending scenes we have ever witnessed. She could not survive till morning. The girl Caroline was badly but not fatally burned; she will most likely recover. The little boy, George, escaped uninjured. The poor mother, when we saw her, was perfectly frantic; and as she went from one bed to another, on which lay her children, her wailing was more than we could bear, and we left the hospital. The children, as soon as they were removed, were taken to the hospital of the Sisters of Charity, and their sufferings relieved as much as possible.

## Political Thanks for the Day.

**Be Thankful, Democrats!** You have preserved your place as the predominant party of the Union—your friends will hold the stations of honor, trust and emolument, and you have made money in the hazard of bets, which money you should give to the poor.

**Be Thankful, Free-Soilers!** Providence has saved you from yourselves—from the pernicious effects of your own doctrines. You will not be called upon to dispute with each other as to who shall fill offices, and will not be obliged to quarrel like dogs over a bone, or over many bones.

**Be Thankful that the slavery question is left to you yet,** and that you may make yourselves as happily miserable in the future, as you have done in the past.

**Be Thankful, Know-Nothings!** You have been cursed with the most pusillanimous, the most hypocritical, the most unstable, and the most contemptible leaders which ever took part in party politics. They joined you "for a purpose," and they left you when that purpose was accomplished, and had luck go with them and their chicanery.

**Be Thankful, Voters!** The four years' election of President is over. Rest until 1860, and do not trouble yourselves about John and Jessie until the next year of humping, foaming and folly, comes along in its course.—*Exchange.*

**SUDDEN DEATH.**—On Monday an old lady named Rebecca Cox, residing near the foundry, in this place, died very suddenly while sitting at the breakfast-table. She was well and hearty during Sunday, and occupied her usual seat at church, but late in the evening she complained of a pain in her left side, in the region of the heart. A neighbor visited her on Monday morning—and while conversing with her, the deceased stated she experienced a fluttering at the heart, and expired a moment afterward. She was unmarried, we believe, and was possessed of the property on which she resided.—Her age was about fifty. It is presumed that her death was caused by disarrangement of the heart.—*Greensburg Democrat.*

## Finances of the State.

Reference to the table published below, will be that the finances of the Commonwealth are in a healthy condition. The receipts from the Public Works alone amount, during the fiscal year, to \$2,000,000; this is a highly encouraging statement.

Summary of the receipts of the State Treasury, from 1st day of December, 1855, to the 30th day of October, 1856, both days inclusive:

Land	\$ 24,293 71
An commissions,	30,772 59
An duties,	33,420 45
Ta Bank dividends,	266,184 36
Ta corporation stocks,	253,011 07
Ta real and personal estate,	1,082,085 21
Ta licenses,	130,639 93
Revs' licenses,	160,545 96
Sec' licenses,	1,148 00
Post licenses,	2,243 91
Bus' licenses,	5,531 06
The, Circus and Menagerie	3,647 82
Dairy and brewery licenses,	3,436 80
Bill room, bowling saloon, &c.,	1,660 54
Excise, beer house and restaurant licenses,	12,376 22
Patroling licenses,	2,086 05
Palet laws,	829 24
Mut tax,	19,091 00
Mut tax,	4,036 38
Form insurance agencies,	7,000 00
Notary fees, wills, deeds, &c.,	8,028 08
Ta certain offices,	14,455 85
General inheritance tax,	143,314 22
Cd and railroad tolls,	2,006,015 66
Cal lines,	25 00
Taion enrolment of laws,	9,265 00
Taions on charters,	13,026 41
Taion laws,	128,355 52
Infest on loans,	3,441 88
Sa of public property,	14,611 69
Taion tonnage and passengers,	250,917 25
Excises,	389 08
Dividends from bridge tolls,	115 18
Approved interest,	1,173 59
Casual records and Pennsylvania archives,	387 37
Rounded cash,	26,287 57
Annuity for right of way,	10,000 00
Fa of the public offices,	3,764 57
Miscellaneous,	2,774 12
	\$5,978,216 33

Balance in the Treasury, December 1, 1855: Available, \$1,215,007 31

Less amount erroneously credited in the State Treasury to Joseph Young, late Treasurer of Northampton Co., in the month of November, 1855, 2,000 00

Depreciated funds in the Treasury unavailable, 41,032 00

1,284,729 31

\$6,662,969 64

Summary of the payments at the State Treasury:

Public Improvements,	\$1,042,806 82
Expenses of Government,	318,219 33
Militia expenses,	4,511 54
Pennsylvania volunteers, in the late war with Mexico,	100 00
Pensions and gratuities,	11,808 34
Charitable institutions,	68,208 20
Pennsylvania Colonization Society,	270 00
Pennsylvania State Agricultural Society,	2,803 11
Common Schools,	194,715 00
Commissioners of the sinking fund,	38,317 00
Loans,	22,224 17
Interest on loans,	2,017,955 80
Guaranteed interest,	29,017 17
Domestic creditors,	161 63
Damage on the public works,	52,281 21
Old claims on the main line of the public works, examined by the Board of Commissioners, and paid under the act of May 22, 1856,	100,712 00
Special Commissioners,	109 60
State Library,	4,543 00
Public buildings and grounds,	12,014 21
Houses of Refuge,	15,000 00
Penitentiaries,	18,902 00
Faelsats,	303 38
Colonial records and Pennsylvania archives,	6,775 00
Amendments of the Constitution,	122 50
Geographical survey,	6,000 00
Abatement of State tax,	62,925 60
Mercantile Appraisers,	574 80
Consellers and commissions,	6,024 56
Miscellaneous,	44,018 77
	\$5,377,112 22

Balance in the State Treasury, Nov. 30, 1856, available, 1,244,705 42

Depreciated funds in the Treasury, unavailable, 41,032 00

1,285,737 42

\$6,662,969 64

## A SUNDAY SCHOOL ANNIVERSARY IN CHESTER, PA.

On Sunday last the anniversary of the Sunday Schools connected with the church of the Holy Trinity Episcopal took place in this Borough, and drew together a crowded congregation. Last year the features of this festival occasion were so novel and appropriate, that we gave a minute account of the whole service, and we have been urged to do so again this year. We comply with great pleasure in doing so, as a column of our paper cannot be better appropriated. The scene was truly an inspiring one—such as seldom comes before us in so attractive a form. The gathering together of large bodies of children and having them engage in religious exercises with that earnestness and sincerity which characterizes them, is always full of interest. Sunday School anniversaries are generally established upon the idea of giving to the children. Books and other presents are given to them as rewards for diligence in studying lessons, and sometimes a feast is prepared for the little folks. The zeal and industry of the children of the Episcopal church in this place has reversed this whole matter in its schools. He brings the children together once a year, not to give them, but to enable them to give their offerings gathered together during the year for benevolent objects connected with sending the gospel of the Kingdom to all lands. They are taught to deny themselves so as to do good, and to accomplish this end in a systematic way, the schools are divided into classes, and every Sunday morning the teacher receives the contributions of his or her class, which is carefully laid away until the year has ended, when comes the anniversary—a day that all look forward to with great pleasure. This is the second that has been held on this principle. The children contributed \$175 last year, and this year their contributions amounted to the larger sum of \$211.88! This amount is obtained mainly by the steady dropping in of a few pennies every week, and it has surprised pastor, teachers and children on both occasions, in the results it has produced. The whole service was a very happy one. The children sang in full chorus the hymns prepared for them, and admirably well too. The designs which we shall briefly describe were exceedingly charming and beautiful, and as they describe the various beautiful designs, with their texts of scripture and stanzas of appropriate poetry contained on the back of the envelope enclosing the missionary offering:

**Wm. Newton's Class.**—This class was composed of the infant school. Its design was a basket of scripture as a motto, and the stanza of poetry annexed.

"He shall gather the Lambs with His arm; and carry them in His bosom."

"YOUTH when devoted to the Lord,  
Is pleasing in His eyes,  
A flower, when offered in the bud,  
Is no vain sacrifice."

Contribution—\$11.

**The Earnest Workers.**—The design was a miniature garden, enclosed with a fence, having an arched gate-way and laid out in beds and alleys or walks with flowers, moss and sprigs of evergreen. Two lines of poetry were emblematic of the house of God which he began in the service of the house of God, and laid out with all his heart, and prospered."

2 Chron. xxxi. 21.

"Of all the springs of human bliss,  
The little sount or understood,  
The purest and the best, is this—  
The 'Tendency of doing good!'  
O may we all its fullness prove,  
Moved by the Saviour's dying love."

Contribution \$21.

**John Williams's class.**—The design was a platform of moss on which was laid a large sea shell surrounded by smaller ones. The missionary, John Williams, went early to islands of the southern Ocean, where he fell a victim to the fury of the inhabitants. These sea shells are gathered in great abundance in the locality where he suffered martyrdom, and were therefore appropriate. "The abundance of the sea shall be converted unto Thee!"

"Wait wait ye winds his story,  
And ye ye ye waters, roll,  
Till like a sea of glory,  
He spreads from pole to pole.  
Till o'er our ransomed nature,  
The Lamb for sinners slain;  
Redeemer, King, Creator,  
In bliss returns to reign."

Contribution—\$21.

**The Cherished Glasses.**—Design, a circular basin, relieved in plaster of Christ blessing little children, surrounded by a wreath of box.

"Freely ye have received; freely give."

Mat. x. 12.

The widow gave, and in love,  
Our offering now behold.

Contribution—\$15.

**The Saviour's Rock.**—The design bearing this name had a design in every way beautiful and appropriate. It was a small rock of stone prepared with a very perfect representation of water pouring out of it, and falling into a rocky basin below. The water was represented by glass in a very perfect manner indeed.

"They drank of that Spiritual Rock that followed them, and that rock was Christ."

1 Cor. x. 4.

"Hark! from the Clift Rock the waters are gushing,  
And freely the life giving stream is supplied;  
And on thro' the nations the full stream is rushing,  
And all may partake; for the Saviour has died."

Contribution—\$7.50.

**The Bishop Potter Class.**—The design was a pure white marble cross on a beautiful copy of the Bible, bound in velvet, and round the cross was twined a wreath of box.

"Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost,—and lo, I am with you always even unto the end of the world."

"Convert the nations; far and nigh,  
The triumph of the Cross record;  
The name of Jesus, glory,  
Till every people call him Lord."

Contribution—\$13.

**The John B. Clemson Class.**—Design, a Cornucopia pouring out natural flowers, several of them being Japanese, and also the liberal contribution noted below, was in the month of this design in gold.

"The first of the first fruits of the land, Thou shalt bring into the house of the Lord thy God."

Jes. seated now in glory.

Do not thou our gifts disown;  
While we bring them now before Thee,  
Oh! receive them for Thine own.  
May the first-fruits  
Of our hearts be Thine alone."

Contribution—\$38 07.

**The Little Dew-Drops.**—The class bearing this name had for a design a basket of evergreens, on which the dew drops were glittering, as if gathered fresh from the morning.

"My speech shall be as the dew,  
"It will be as the dew unto Israel."  
"Thee, on thy power's triumphant day,  
Thy willing people shall obey;  
And, when thy rising beams they view,  
Shall all—redeemed from error's night,  
Appear more numberless and bright."

## Than crystal drops of morning dew.

Contribution—\$21.

**The Little Gleamers.**—Design, a little gleamer with various grasses and wheat heads. The little gleamer had in her apron not only grass heads, but some of the varieties bore bright gold dollars. Before the figure of the gleamer, was a basket filled with the fruits of her labor, some of those fruits being also gold dollars.

"She came late into the field. So she gleaned until even, and beat out what she had gleaned."

Let those who sow in sadness, wait  
Till the fair harvest come;  
They shall confess their sheaves are great,  
And shout the blessing home!"

Contribution—\$23 37.

**The Little Builders.**—Design, a small square, enclosed with evergreens, in the centre of which was a bird building a nest, in another place a branch of coral, in another, a honey comb, and in another an ant hill.

"There be four things that shall be little upon the earth; but they are exceeding wise."  
"First, the ant—on earth—in ocean—  
Toiling—toting—still ye live,  
Oh! may we, with like devotion,  
All our powers to Jesus give."

Contribution—\$7 00.

**The Corvus Darg.**—The design of this class was a purely white pigeon handsomely prepared in a position with wings outstretched, ready for flight. It bore in its beak the Olive Branch of Peace, and an envelope suspended to its neck by a blue ribbon, in which was contained the offering.

"And the dove came unto him; and lo, in her mouth, was an Olive leaf plucked off."

"The Olive branch of peace go bear  
Across the troubled main;  
And may Jehovah's spotless dove,  
Awaken the Redeemer's love,  
In hearts o'erwhelmed in sin and fear,  
And foul with many a stain."

Contribution—\$24.

**The Bishop Chase Class.**—Design, an evergreen tree in which was a Robin's nest with a Robin sitting near it. This was an allusion to the name given by Bishop Chase to his residence and the place where he founded and built Jubilee College in the State of Illinois. This design was exceedingly appropriate.

"And Abram called the name of that place Jehovah-Jireh."

"Beneath each trouble in his people's lot,  
Beneath each danger that besets his cause,  
God reaches forth his sovereign hand, and writes  
Fear not, the cause is mine, I will provide."

Contribution—\$24.

**The Standard Bearer.**—Design, a boy bearing a standard, with the following text from the Bible.

"Jehovah Nissi, The Lord is my Banner!"  
Now be the Gospel Banner,  
In every land unfurled,  
Now be the shout Hosanna,  
Re-echoed thro' the world,  
Till every life and nation,  
Till every clime and tongue,  
Repeat the great salvation,  
And join the glorious song."

Contribution—\$6.

These were all the offerings of the Sunday School proper. After they were handed in, several small designs and contributions were sent up to Mr. Newton by the very little folks, which we enumerate.

**LITTLE NAVELE'S OFFERING.**—A lamb with an acorn cup as a basket hung to its neck by a blue ribbon, in which were four gold dollars!

**LITTLE EDIE'S OFFERING.**—A book with his arm and cart.

**LITTLE EDIE'S OFFERING.**—A cherub bearing on its head a stately crown, in which was a two dollar and a half gold piece.

**ESSIE'S OFFERING.**—An envelope containing four dollars.

"Let me my willing hands can give,  
At Jesus feet I lay,  
Grace will the humblest gift receive  
Abounding grace repay."

**LITTLE GERTIE'S OFFERING.**—A tiny basket containing one dollar and nineteen cents.

**JESSE AND WILLIE'S OFFERING.**—A very little basket one dollar. "The absent lambs forgot not the fold they loved so well," was the motto. The little children sending this contribution are now in New Mexico, their father being an officer of the army.

"The OFFERING of three little children," was contained in a small box in a basket, and amounted to one dollar and twenty-five cents.

Jesus Saviour, son of God,  
Who for us life's pathway trod,  
Who for us became a child,  
Holy, humble, meek and mild,  
We thy little lambs would be,  
Teach us Lord to follow Thee,  
Sinned was thy child of old,  
Take us now within thy fold."

**A NAMELESS OFFERING.**—Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth."  
"God, knows the giver. May he bless the gift."

Contribution—\$10.

And thus ended a happy day to all who participated in it. We doubt not that the voices of the children, as they joined in singing hymns, were not soon forgotten by those who heard them. Very likely the scene, with all its attending circumstances, will be remembered not only here in the future, but beyond the "stormy bank" of the river they sang so sweetly.

## A Thrilling and Singular Death Scene.

**Judge Laure of New Orleans.**

The New Orleans Pirayune give the following affecting particulars of the death of the Hon. J. Laure, on the 15th inst.

Judge Laure was a native of New Jersey, but had resided in New Orleans for over twenty years. He was a printer by trade, and at one time editor of a New Orleans journal. He subsequently studied law, became a most eminent member of the Louisiana bar, and held for some time the office of Judge of the First District Court, New Orleans. The manner of his death was awfully sudden. His wife had been indisposed, and he remained home to keep her company. He lay on a low sofa quite well and uncommonly cheerful. She reclined along the floor, leaning on his shoulder, his arm about her—the child on the sofa, playing with its father. Suddenly the little girl asked abruptly, "Papa, what makes your eyes roll so?" and with a convulsive stretch, he said to his wife, "My darling, I am dying." Not unused to spasms of illness she answered, "Don't dear—don't frighten me so." "I tell you," replied he, with great emphasis, "I am dying." She started to get restoratives; he said, "No, no." She rushed to the window, calling for servants, "A doctor, a doctor!" and turning saw his face distorted and his hands clenched. His only words were, "No, no!" he let me die in peace!" when his face recovered, a smiling expression, his limbs relaxed, and he breathed but two or three times again. The shrieks of his wife and child alarmed the house and the neighborhood; but all efforts of resuscitation failed. From fulness of life to torpid death the interval was scarcely five minutes.

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