

The News.

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79.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Ordinary advertisements, occupying not more than ten lines, (one square,) will be inserted in THE NEWS, at \$1.00 for the first insertion and 75 cents for each subsequent insertion.

Larger advertisements, when no contract is made, will be charged in exact proportion.

For announcing a candidate to any office of profit, honor or trust, \$10.00.

Marriage, Obituary Notices, &c., will be charged the same as advertisements, when over ten lines, and must be paid for when handed in, or they will not appear.

POETRY.

[FOR THE NEWS.]

BAPTISM.

Solely—whisper not—'tis a holy scene,
Though the celestial openings, angel eyes
As glancing earthward and from harps divine
The strains of thrilling melody breathe
Peace.
The cherubim and seraphim bow low
Before their maker. Glory from His brow
Shines every face with smiles of joy,
Lights every eye with ray serene.

Behold!

In the baptismal water, clad in white—
Emblem of purity—of sin forgiven,
Two forms are standing. Ode, ambassador
From Heaven's great King, in reverent attitude,
Is ready to perform the sacred rite.

The other whose fair brow the touch of Time
Has scarcely marked with weight of summer's ten,
Seems like a pure white bud—such guilelessness—
Such meek humility her image bears.

Her folded hands are placed upon her breast
As when in prayer she knelt, and pardon sought
For sins which some might deem but trifling faults.
To her repentant heart they seemed to rise
Like mountain load of guilt—so great her love,
So deep her reverence for the sinner's Friend.

But list! The holy man of God now speaks:
"On a profession of your humble faith
In Jesus Christ the Savior of mankind,
My sister, I baptize thee in the name
Of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen."

As lingers on his lips the closing words,
Her form is buried in the watery grave,
A sign of death to all unrighteousness;
Then rises;—most appropriate emblem, too,
Of resurrection, when the frame of dust,
Remodeled, joins again its kindred soul
And rises to existence new. Fair child!
In life's bright morning, when the cup of sin
Has been but tasted, thou hast dashed away
Its poisoned contents. Let thy childish light
Though feeble, shine upon a darkened world.

Thy joyous playmates lead to Jesus Christ
Who blessed the little ones and suffered them
To come to Him.

Another form steps down,—
A maiden blooming into womanhood,
Like fragrant lily washed by dews of heaven,
She seems, while standing in that crystal flood.

Ah! wherefore came she there? Can that
Sweet face
Have aught of sin within to wash away?
Hast watched the deep recesses of her soul
And thou wert answered; not perfection there.

In festive hall the brightest of the gay,
Her warm affections clung too much to earth.
But when the stern Death messenger laid low
The idols of her love, and when she clasped
Their cold, still forms and kissed their marble brows;
When e'en their soulless clay was borne away,
The world grew naught to her. Rebellious thoughts
Inflamed the anguish of her stricken heart;
And Unbelief contested long with Faith,
Ere Faith, by light celestial, drew her glance
From dreary earth to Heaven.

The rite performed,
She breathes a silent prayer for help divine
In all life's duties, and a voice replies
In softened accents, "I am with thee now
And alway, 'till I call thy spirit hence."
Go back, pure heart, upon a signal world,
But sully not thy robe of righteousness.
Go tell thy gay companions of thy joy
More lasting far than theirs. Yes, bid them come
And quaff the waters of eternal life
And taste of endless pleasures.

Another,
In the prime of manhood's (like sturdy oak,

That bows before the mighty storm-kings power)
Has yielded a (the voice of God, and now,
With mien less stately than its wont, receives
The burial of baptism.

Go forth, strong man,
But on thy Savior's strength, not thine,
rely.

The lips that scoffed at holiness; the mind
That searched the hidden mysteries of God
But to condemn, and prove His doctrines false;
The lofty intellect whose mighty power
Was felt in naught but specious arguments
On chance, the non-existence of a God,
Materialism, and future state of man;—
All these must now be wielded, with their weight
Of influence vast, in nobler cause.

One more.
Long since, the load of three score years
And ten
Bent low his frame—bedimmed his eye. His step
Has scarce the firmness of the tispisng babe's.
His slow, uncertain footfall seems to say
In low and mournful tone—"Passing away."

Like falling leaves of Autumn, soon to die,
The fading of his life is almost here.
The dews of eventide had silvered o'er
His raven locks; but now the chilling frost
Of wintry age has bleached them white as snow.

His long, black, heavy chain of years, be-
stained
With crimes of darkest hue, affliction's flood
And sorrow's tide have cleansed. Its crushing weight
Had well-nigh sunk him to depths of woe
When Mercy's arm relieved him of his load
And placed him near the bright celestial gates.

The radiant smile that beams upon his face
As, risen from baptismal tomb, he stands,
Seems but a ray of light escaped from Heaven.

Back to thy transient earthly home, old man,
They carry thee, to die; yet joyously
Thy weary, worn-out limbs will greet repose;
In gladness shall thy soul reach Heaven.

'Tis o'er.—
That rite so beautiful, ordained by God,
With voice impressive—sweet, with eyes
upraised,
God's minister addresses the Most High:
Lord, I have done as Thou hast bidden me,
And yet there room remains for more; and now,
With lifted hands (the congregation risen)
Repeats the benediction.

List the sounds.
That tremble from the organ's voice. They seem—
Now sad and low—to mourn o'er fallen man;
And now, with rapturous joy, they seem to rise

And mingle with the harps above, in praise
Of Him, the Lamb of God, for sinners slain.
Children and manhood, youth and hoary age,
May, in the fountain of His blood be cleansed—

May freely drink the waters of His love;
And then, when Death brings message to depart,
Their willing souls shall bid adieu to earth,
And borne on Faith's bright pinions, soar to Heaven.

PETITE.
TENNESSEE.—We believe that all
the members from Tennessee have
taken the oath, and been admitted to
their seats.

The Senate, by a decided majority,
agreed to strike from the oath the fol-
lowing sentence, for the benefit of
Judge Patterson: "I have never
sought, nor accepted, or attempted to
exercise the functions of any office
whatever under my authority, in hos-
tility to the United States." But the
House, by a large majority, refused to
concur with the Senate, and so Judge
Patterson took the oath and was ad-
mitted to his seat.

Patterson was a judge in the Con-
federacy.

The sensation created in England
by the Montor Miantomah, has
brought forth a letter from the Lairds,
who mention the fact that they built
the first three turret vessels which
crossed the ocean without convoy.

* Something about Sunstroke.

The recent intensity of solar heat has, as usual, given rise to a considerable number of fatal results, consequent upon direct exposure to its influence. A few words of information upon the nature of this dangerous affection will, no doubt, be interesting, and may also have their use in enabling the reader to avoid so sudden an exit from sub-solar existence.

It is rather a singular fact that sunstroke is more fatal and more frequent in the temperate than in the torrid zone. New York has more cases than Havana or Rio, in proportion to population; even in Quebec the danger is quite as great, in the few days of intense heat allotted to that region, as in any part of the world. The indications of the thermometer are very imperfect guides in regard to the action of heat upon the animal frame. "The true indication of the force of the solar rays," says Herschel, "would seem to be, not the statistical effect on the thermometer, but their momentary intensity measured by the velocity with which they communicate heat to an absorbent body." It is "momentary intensity" which causes the phenomenon of sunstroke, and which seems to be greater in regions without than within the tropics.

When the head is exposed to the sun's rays in times of their greatest intensity, the heat seems often to cause constant inflammatory action of the contents of the skull. The sunstroke experiences intense headache, succeeded by vomiting; he then falls breathless, and, unless instant assistance be given, turns black in the face and expires. Victims of sunstroke are most often laborers, and intoxicating drinks strongly predispose to this sudden inflammation of the cranial organs. Any constrictions about the neck, from tight cravats or collars, also predisposes to sunstroke, and generally any depressing agent, mental or physical, lessen the resisting power of the body to this as to other diseases.

Terrestrial radiation of the sun's heat seems to bear an important part in the production of sunstroke. At sea, and on small islands, such a result is very uncommon, no matter how intensely the sun's rays beat down; while inland, and especially in large cities, where stony pavements and long ranges of buildings combine to add their radiant calorific to the direct action of the sun, fatal cases most often occur.

One of the best protectives against sunstroke is the sun umbrella, universally used in our Southern cities, but rarely seen at the North, where, during our short but fiery summer, they are even more necessary. In addition to this, cravats and dress hats are discarded, the hair clipped close, all alcoholic beverages strictly eschewed, animal food reduced to a minimum, and ice drinks, water, soda water or lemonade, freely but temperately indulged in, we may confidently continue our usual outdoor avocations without danger.

Laboring men, who cannot carry sun umbrellas, will find their greatest safety in the totalism, at least during the heated term, with frequent washing of the head in cold water while at work in the sun, and immediate abandonment of labor on the occurrence of dizziness or sickness at the stomach. For one sun-struck, the most effective plan is removal to shelter, free application of cold water to the head, water to drink if the patient can swallow, and medical aid without delay. A favorite treatment of sunstroke in the army, said to have been very successful, was the continuous dashing of the patient's body with cold water until revival took place—often for an hour or ore—with plenty of water to drink, with swallowing was possible. A trial of this in civil practice is certainly justifiable, seeing that under the usual treatment every case terminates fatally. *Boston Commercial.*

To-day a great banquet will be held, in which the meat of the horse will play the principal role. To-day is a great triumph for the friends of horse meat. For the sale of this article will be allowed in Paris from to-day. *Paris correspondent July 10) of the Carolinian.*

AN INTERESTING BAPTISM.—"Old Christ Church," in Lancaster county, Virginia, was recently (during a convocation of clergymen of the Northern Neck,) the scene of a most interesting baptismal ceremony. An observer on the occasion gives the following description:

The ample shade of the grand old walnut trees was soon shared by an immense concourse of people, and ere the hour arrived, every seat and resting place, and nook was filled. There was a secret influence pervading the minds of that multitude, saying, in the silence of their hearts, "your fathers for generations past have worshipped within these venerable and majestic walls." The services of the day were very solemn.

The pure white old Italian marble font, of three feet diameter, was to be used. Mark S. Ashburne was baptized, and then he presented his little boy.

"Name this child," was pronounced by the rector officiating.

All was still in that large old church, as the standing congregation had every eye riveted on the fontal scene. But what a death-like silence came over them when the father answered for the child?

"His name is Jefferson Davis!"

The minister faltered as he slowly pronounced that name. Tears bedewed many cheeks as they trickled down; hearts were bleeding; battlefields, the buried dead, the casemate and the prisoner—this was the scene that came before our minds. *[Norfolk Virginian.]*

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE ON THE FENIAN RESOLUTIONS.—The *Intelligencer* in its "Notes from the Capitol," under date of the 26th, says: The message of the President, delivered to the House to-day, in response to the two resolutions in behalf of the Fenians, sent to him yesterday, has rather taken the wind out of the sails of the Congressional party. The resolutions were simply intended as a bid for Irish votes, by manifesting an extraordinary interest in the fate of the recent Fenian raiders upon the border. It appears, from the response of the President, that the suddenly-awakened anxiety of Congress in reference to these unfortunate persons had long ago been anticipated by the Executive, and that the desired action in behalf of the Fenian prisoners in Canada, and the Fenians indicted in the United States courts for a breach of the neutrality laws, had long since been taken, without awaiting for the growth of Congressional sympathy in their favor. This purely electioneering artifice, has, therefore, not only failed in its design, but has served to bring to the attention of the Fenians, who are just now so assiduously courted by the Revolutionists, the fact that the President had promptly, and without suggestions from Congress or elsewhere, instituted proceedings for the relief and release of all the participants in the Fenian raid, who had been placed in arrest on either side of the line.

A GENTLEMAN'S DRESS IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.—We confess that we cannot help thinking the enormous nether garments mentioned by "Old England" as having been abolished in Elizabeth's reign, must have been most useful to the wearers instead of interfering with their comfort.

Strutt tells of a man who, having been brought before the judges for infringing the law made against these extensive articles of clothing, pleaded the convenience of his misdemeanor. They appeared, indeed, to have answered to him the purposes both of wardrobe and linen cupboard, for, from their ample recesses he drew forth the following articles, viz: a pair of sheets, two table cloths, ten napkins, four shirts, a brush, a glass, a comb, besides night-caps and other useful things; the defense being: "Your worship may understand that because I have no safer store-house these pockets de serve me for a room to lay up my goods in; and though it be a straight prison, yet it is big enough for them."

His discharge was granted, and his clever defense well laughed at.

THE MONARCH OF THE SEAS.—The hopes entertained for the safety of this vessel, which left the Mersey for New York on the 19th of last March, with 639 cabin and steerage passengers on board, have been at length dispelled by the discovery of a boat, pitched up on coast of Kerry, on Saturday, the 7th instant, and which is believed to have belonged to the vessel, together with a number of dead bodies. The prevailing opinion among experienced captains in the New York trade is that she foundered among the icebergs.

[From the Yonkers Gazette.]

Luck.

BY J. SH. BILLINGS.

I don't believe in "Good Luck," or "Bad Luck," being branded on a man's brow at his borning, that he has got to wear, as a dog does a collar, without knowing why.

There is such a thing, (in words,) as Good Luck, so there is such a thing, as energy, pluck, and endurance, that prompts a man to Pontoon a swamp, rather than get stuck in it; and there is such a thing as Bad Luck, that prompts a man to get his horse insured for 25 hundred and 50 dollars, the next day after it gets burnt up.

I never have heard any body who was prosperous in their enterprises give the credit of it to Good Luck; but I have known thousands of men spend all the day long, in a corner grocery, bragging about Bad Luck.

Good Luck is like virtue, something to be gained, and Bad Luck is something to be gained too, but it is like a bad cold, that a man must expect to gain, if he is careless enough, to sleep, (in a cloudy night,) in a 10 acre lot that ain't fenced in.

A YOUTH WHO NEVER SAW A WOMAN.—Meadow's history of the Chinese, lately published in London, in a chapter on love, has the following story:

"A Chinese who had been disappointed in marriage, and had grievously suffered through women in many other ways, retired with his infant son to the peaks of a mountain range in Kweichow, to a spot quite inaccessible to little footed Chinese women. He trained his boy to worship the Gods and stand in awe and abhorrence of the devils; but he never mentioned woman to him, always descending the mountains alone to buy food. At length, however, the infirmities of age compelled him to carry the heavy bag of rice. As they were leaving the market town together, the son suddenly stopped short, and pointing to three approaching objects, cried, 'Father, what are these things? Look! look! what are they?' The father instantly answered with a peremptory order, 'Turn away your head; they are devils!' The son, in some alarm turned away, noticing that the evil things were gazing at him with surprise from behind their fans. He walked to the mountain in silence, ate no supper, and from that day lost his appetite and was afflicted with melancholy. For some time his troubled and anxious parent could get no satisfactory answer to his inquiries, but at length the young man burst out, crying with inexpressible pain, 'Oh, father, that tallest devil! that tallest devil, father!'

AN INCIDENT.—A "reb," who had long languished on the sweets of a forced idleness, consequent upon his occupation having terminated with Lee's surrender, began to look about him for something to do, or to suffer. Thinking himself sufficiently reconstructed, he applied for one of the Departments, presided over by a Federal officer.

"Have you been in the rebel service?" he was asked.

"Yes, sir," was the reply.

"About eighteen pitched battles, sir."

"Ever kill any Yankees?"

"No sir; never killed any."

"How do you know that?"

"Well, I couldn't kill any of them."

"Why was that?"

"Because they were all in the rear speculating; but I guess I slayed about a thousand dutch and Irish."

We did not learn whether the candor of this rebel secured him a place or not, but it certainly was deserving of some recognition. *Norfolk Virginian.*

An ingenious puzzle is presented in a London paper:

C C

S I

The answer is: "The season is backward," (the Cs and "is" backward.)