

Poetry.

From the Richmond Enquirer.

OUR CHILDHOOD.

BY G. D. PRENTISS.

'Tis sad—yet sweet—to listen,
To the soft wind's gentle swell,
And think we hear the music
Our childhood knew so well;
To gaze out on the even,
And the boundless fields of air,
And feel again our boyhood wish
To roam like angels there!

There are many dreams of gladness
That cling around the past—
And from the tomb of feeling
Old thoughts come thronging fast—
The forms we loved so dearly,
In happy days now gone,
The beautiful and lovely,
So fair to look upon.

Those bright and lovely maidens
Who seemed so formed for bliss
Too glorious and too heavenly
For such a world as this!
Whose soft dark eyes seemed swimming
In a sea of liquid light,
And whose looks of gold were streaming
O'er brows so sunny bright.

Whose smiles were like the sunshine
In the spring time of the year—
Like the changeful gleams of April
They followed every tear!
They have passed—like hope—away—
All their loveliness has fled—
Oh! many a heart is mourning
That they are with the dead.
Like the bright buds of Summer
They have fallen from the stem—
Yet oh—it is a lovely death
To fade from earth like them!

And yet—the thought is saddening
To muse on such as they—
And feel that all the beautiful
Are passing fast away!
That the fair ones whom we love,
Grow to cold loving breath,
Like tendrils of the clinging vine;
Then perish where they rest.

And can we but think of these
In the soft and gentle spring,
When the trees are waving o'er us,
And the flowers are blossoming!
For we know that winter's coming
With his cold and stormy sky—
And the glorious beauty round us
Is blooming but to die!

Miscellaneous.

SUPERSTITIONS ABOUT STORMS.

"Swift ran the searching tempest overhead;
And over and anon some bright white shaft
Burst through the pine tree roof—here burst and there,
As if God's messenger through the close wood-screen
Plunged and re-plunged his weapon at a venture;
Then broke the thunder."—BACON.

There can be little question that many of the brilliant scientific, æsthetic and mechanical inventions which are deservedly considered as the glory of later civilization, were by no means so unknown to the philosophers of antiquity as our modern vanity sometimes leads us to imagine. Be this as it may, we have at least no unreasonable grounds for believing that some of the properties of that mighty agent, the electric fluid, were familiar in bygone ages to those remote and forgotten students whose costly dyes and spiced sepulchral secrets are lost to us forever. It is stated by Pliny, that the Etruscans had power to call down the lightning from heaven and direct it according to their pleasure. Numa may have possessed the same secret; and Tullus Hostilius, who is said to have been killed by lightning, while performing magical ceremonies in his house, fell a victim in all probability to his own imprudence or want of skill in conducting the dangerous fluid—thus anticipating, by nearly 1400 years, those dangerous experiments which, in 1757, crowned the labors of the Abbe Chappe, by bringing the fire from heaven into his chamber at Tobolsk, and in 1793 fatally terminated the career of Professor Richman, in his own dwelling, at St. Petersburg.

Valuable as such a record would have been, it is to be lamented that the literature of Greece should touch so casually upon this subject, and upon the precautions employed by the ancients against lightning and tempest. Herodotus, in the ninety-fourth chapter of his Fourth Book, states that the Thracians met the thunder-cloud with arrows, and combated the dreaded artillery of Heaven. We also know that the Greeks as well as the Romans, regarded the subtle fluid as the sacred minister of the gods; but here our information terminates. With regard to the Romans, we are more fortunate, and both Pliny and Suetonius have much to tell us. Persons killed by lightning were supposed to have called down upon themselves the special indignation of Heaven, and were buried in unfrequented places, lest the ashes of others should be polluted by their presence. Indeed, we learn that in some instances they were suffered to lie where they fell, without receiving any interment whatever, so great and profound was the horror in which they were held. Even a spot of ground struck by lightning was hedged in and avoided, under the belief that Jupiter had either set upon it the mark of his

displeasure; or appropriated it as sacred to himself. Such enclosures were called *bidentia*, and it was unlawful for any man to approach them.

Caverns were supposed by the Romans to be secure places of refuge during thunderstorms, and they believed that lightning never penetrated further than two yards into the earth. Acting upon this superstition, the Emperor Augustus used to withdraw into some deep vault of his palace whenever a tempest was feared; and it is recorded by Soutonius, that he always wore the skin of a seal round his body, as a protection against lightning. That both precautions were equally unavailing, need scarcely be mentioned. Lightning has been known to strike ten feet into the earth; but not even the marvellous accuracy of modern science can determine at what distance from the surface a safe retreat may be found from the descending fluid; and even were this ascertained, the dangers from ascending electric currents remain the same. With regard to seal skins, we find that the Romans attached so much faith to them as non-conductors, that tents were made of them beneath which the timid used to take refuge. It is a somewhat curious fact, that in the neighborhood of Mount Cevennes, in the Languedoc, where anciently some Roman colonies are known to have existed, the shepherds cherish a similar superstition respecting the skins of serpents. These they carefully collect, and having covered their hats withal, believe themselves secure against the dangers of the storm. M. Laboussiere is disposed to see a link of interesting analogy between the legend which yet lingers in the mind of the peasant of Cevennes and the more costly superstition held in reverence by his Latin ancestors.

The emperors of Japan retire into a deep grotto during the tempests which rage in such severity in their latitude; but, not satisfied with the profundity of the excavation, or the strength of the stones with which it is built, they complete their precautions by having a reservoir of water sunk in their retreat. The water is intended to extinguish the lightning—a measure equally futile, since many instances have been preserved in which the fluid has fallen upon the water with the same destructive effect as upon land. Thus we learn from Wichead Valvasor, ("Philosophical Transactions," vol. xiv.) that in the year 1760 the Lake of Rirkitis was struck by lightning, and that so large a quantity of fish rose instantly to the surface as supplied the inhabitants of the neighborhood with eight tons full. And on the fourteenth of September, 1772, the lightning descended into the Doubs, near Besancon, leaving shoals of stunned and dead fish floating with the current.

The Tartars have an extreme terror of the phenomena of storms. As soon as the first warning thunder is heard, they expel all strangers from their dwellings, wrap themselves in long black woolen cloaks, and sit silent and immovable till the danger is past. The Chinese pin their faith upon the preserving qualities of the mulberry and peach; and Suetonius informs us that the emperor Tiberius never failed to wear a chaplet of laure under the belief that lightning would not strike this kind of leaf.

It has been very generally supposed, that a feather bed or mattress offers a secure retreat during storms of thunder and lightning; but it has of late years been proved that these simple means are deserving of little reliance. Birds despite their feathers, are frequently killed by the destructive meteor; and on the 5th of September, 1838, at the barracks of St. Maurice, in the city of Lille, a flash of lightning entering one of the dormitories, rent two mattresses completely in fragments, without injuring the two soldiers who were sleeping upon them at the time.

Such are a few of the superstitions, and founded now and then upon the doubtful deductions drawn from accident and observation, which, originating with the nations of antiquity, have descended in many instances to the present day. Thanks to science, and to the many inexpensive channels through which its beneficent and beautiful results are conveyed in a popular form to the poorest as well to the wealthiest, these childish, and sometimes dangerous errors, are fast disappearing from the minds of even the least educated among us. By means of a slight metallic rod, carried up a chimney or a tower, the electricity of the charged thunder cloud may be turned aside as easily as the blow from the hand of a wilful child, and this very fluid, of which the world has stood in dread since all time—this electric current, which has been regarded, even in our day, as the special expression of Divine anger, and that by persons with some pretensions to education—this swift and terrible agent of the storm, becomes in the grasp of the natural philosopher, the very slave of man—the silversmith to whom he entrusts the decoration of his most graceful ornaments, by the process of voltaic electricity—the messenger by which he transmits his thoughts from land to land, in the electric telegraph—the indicator of his every hour and minute, when adapted to the measurement of time in the electric clock.

Thus far it has been subdued, and it is impossible for any amongst us to conjecture how much further our triumphs may be carried. Sufficient, as regards the subject of the present inquiry, that we can secure life and property without the aid of a grotto, the seal-skin, or the laurel wreath, and with a few rods of wire and an iron rod, direct the lightning as we please, and, like Ajax, defy the storm.

COLOR BLINDNESS.

An interesting article on "color-blindness," is given in the last number of the North-British Review. It appears that Dr. George Wilson, of Edinburgh, has recently published an elaborate work upon the subject. He states that until within a few years, color-blindness was supposed to be confined to a small number of individuals. But a recent investigation has shown that one person out of every fifteen is color-blind. According to experiments made by Dr. Wilson himself upon 1154 persons at Edinburgh in 1852-3, one person in every eighteen had this imperfection. One in fifty-five persons confound red with green; one in sixty confound brown with green; one in forty-six confound blue with green. Dr. Wilson thinks that color-blindness, existing at the time of birth, is incurable, but that it may be palliated by the use of colored glasses.

The evils which may arise from this color-blindness are apparent. Color-blindness may be productive of injury by mistaking railway and ship signals, if the signals used are those of color, and it may be productive of great harm in the preparation of medicines, in the manufacture, adulteration and preparation of food, in the operations of war and in criminal trials. Such being the case, the importance of the subject to commerce, to health and safety of life, and even to the establishing of guilt or innocence, cannot be too highly esteemed.

In discussing the question of railway signals in relation to color-blindness, Dr. Wilson explains minutely the dangers to which trains are exposed by the present system of colored signals, and suggesting different methods of effecting better arrangements. One of these suggestions is, that colored signals, as they now exist on railways, should be discontinued and that "different colors should be connected with different shapes, so as to vary the number of signals and heighten their dissimilarity," and thus aid color-blindness in not mistaking them. The idea is to combine color with form.

From the recent introduction of colored signals at sea, and on railways, the reviewer of Dr. Wilson's book thinks that it is hardly to be supposed that any accidents have actually occurred from color-blindness; but it is highly probable that loss of life and other great life calamities have originated in this defect of vision, in other ways than by sea or on the railway. Mineral and vegetable poisons, whether in powder or solution, have brilliant colors, and the color-blind chemist may have made fatal mistakes with them when compounding medicines. The like mistakes may have been made by the color-blind manufacturer of wine and the confectioner. A color-blind officer may have ordered his company to fire upon his comrades instead of the enemy, and a jury ignorant of the phenomena of color-blindness may have condemned an innocent man to death on testimony of a color-blind witness who has mistaken the colored dress of the murderer.

Many curious details are given, and the subject is one that deserves the attention of the scientific.

LIFE'S THREADMILL.—An Englishman once cut his throat because he was tired of "buttoning and unbuttoning." The following is a better use of the same principle: Our old grandmother used to say to our grandfather, "It's useless quarreling, my dear, for you know we must make it up again."

The Irishman who did not eat his breakfast because at dinner time he would have to eat again, was another instance. The fact is, life is an endless routine, in which the same things are done to day that was done yesterday, and will be followed by the same course tomorrow. We eat, we drink, we work, we sleep—such is the round of life, as far as bodily want is concerned. It is the difference of place and circumstance which constitutes the variety, without which life would be indeed irksome.

A MURDER.—A man seventy-three years of age recently died in the Indiana penitentiary, of an affection of the heart. He was a miser, and was incarcerated for a forgery of \$25, and has left a fortune of \$100,000. He denied himself the smallest luxury beyond the prison fare and at the time of his arrest he was tendered counsel, who pledged themselves to clear him of the charge for the fee of \$500. To this the old man replied, "if convicted the sentence would only be for two years, and he did not think he could make his expenses and two hundred and fifty dollars a year out of the penitentiary, and it would cost him nothing to live there, and he would save that much anyhow!"

The Three Jolly Husbands.

Three jolly husbands, out in the country, by the names of Tim Watson, Joe Brown, and Bill Walker, sat one evening drinking at the village tavern, until being pretty well corned, they agreed that each one on returning home, should do the first thing that his wife told him, in default of which he should the next morning pay the bill. They then separated for the night, engaged to meet again the next morning, and give an honest account of their proceedings at home, so far as they related to the bill. The next morning, Walker and Brown were early at their posts, but it was some time before Watson made his appearance. Walker began first:

"You see when I entered my house the candle was out, and the fire giving a glimmer of light, I came near walking into a pot of butter that the pancakes were to be made of in the morning. My wife, who was dreadfully out of humor, said to me sarcastically: 'Bill, do put your foot in the batter!'—Just as you say, Maggie," said I, and without the least hesitation, I put my foot in the pot of batter, and then went to bed."

Next Joe Brown told his story:—"My wife had already retired in our usual sleeping room which adjoins the kitchen; the door of which was ajar; not being able to navigate thoroughly, you know, I made a dreadful clattering among the household furniture, and my wife in no very pleasant tone, bawled out: 'Do break the pudding pot!' No sooner said than done; I seized hold of the pot, and striking it against the chimney jamb, broke it in a hundred pieces. After this exploit, I retired to rest, and got a curtain lecture all night for my pains."

It was now Tim Watson's turn to give an account of himself, which he did with a very long face as follows:—"My wife gave me the most unlucky command in the world; for I was blundering up stairs in the dark, when she cried out: 'Do break your neck, do Tim!' 'I'll be cursed if I do, Kate,' said I, gathering myself up; 'I'll sooner pay the bill.' And so, landlord, here's the cash for you; and this is the last time I'll ever risk five dollars on the command of my wife."

Newspaper Patrons.

This thing of patronage is a queer thing. It is very correctly remarked by some one, that it is composed of as many colors as the rainbow, and is as changeable as the hues of the chameleon.

One man subscribes for a paper and pays for it in advance, he goes home and reads it the year round with the proud satisfaction that it is his own. He hands an advertisement; asks the price and pays for it; this is true patronage.

Another man says: "Put my name on your list of subscribers," and goes off without as much as saying "pay" once. He asks you to advertise, but says nothing about paying for it. Time passes; your patience is exhausted; and you dun him; he flies into a passion perhaps he pays you, perhaps not.

Another man has become a subscriber sometime. He becomes tired of it, and wants a change. Thinks he wants another journal; gives it up and you a bad name. One of his papers is returned to you marked "refused." Paying for it is among his last thoughts. After a time you look over his account and send him a bill of "balance due." But he does not pay it; treats you with silent contempt. This, too, some call patronage.

Another man lives near you; never took your paper; it is too small; don't like the paper; don't like its principles; its leaders are too strong, its tales too dry; *vide versa*, or something else—yet goes regularly to his neighbor's and reads it; finds fault with its contents, disputes its positions, and quarrels with its types, ink or paper. Occasionally sees an article he likes, buys a number per quarter. This, too, is patronage.

Another, (and bless you it does us good to see such a man) says: "The year for which I have paid is about to expire. I want to pay you for another." Another man subscribes; he gets it regularly, and reads it carefully, and will always praise it every time he sees you, as being a good paper, wishes you success, hopes others will subscribe and encourage it, is disappointed if it is not issued regularly, and is the first to complain of its non-appearance—all this he can do; yet he never dreams of paying unless you dun him, and then with good promises he will put you off. This, too, is very common patronage.

AVULSION OF PROVIDENCE.—A private of the East York Militia was on parade a few days ago, at the camp at Aldershot, and being accused of talking more than once by the sergeant, by whom he was threatened that if he did so again he would be reported to the colonel, said he did not talk, and at the same time wished that "God might strike him dumb if he had," he was from that instant struck dumb, and had not spoken since. He has answered questions by writing, and stated that the moment he had uttered the last word, "dumb," he became so.

PUNCTUATION.—A country schoolmaster, who found it rather difficult to make his pupils observe the difference in reading between a comma and a full point, adopted a plan of his own, which, he flattered himself, would make them proficient in the art of punctuation; thus, in reading, when they came to a comma, they were to say *tick*, and read on to a colon or semicolon, *tick, tick*, and when a full point, *tick, tick, tick*. Now, it so happened that the worthy Dominie received notice that the parish minister was to pay a visit of examination to his school, and as he was desirous that his pupils should show to the best advantage, he gave them an extra drill the day before the examination. Now, said he, addressing his pupils: when you read before the minister tomorrow you leave out the *ticks*, though you must think them as you go along, for the sake of elocution. So far so good. Next day came and with it the minister, ushered into the school room by the Dominie, who with smiles and bows, hoped that the training of the scholars would meet his approval. Now it so happened that the first boy called up by the minister had been absent the preceding day, and in the hurry, the master had forgotten to give him instructions how to act. The minister asked the boy to read a chapter in the Old Testament, which he pointed out. The boy complied, and in his best accent began to read—"And the Lord spake unto Moses, saying *tick*, speak unto the children of Israel, saying *tick, tick*, and thus shalt thou say unto them *tick, tick, tick*." This unfortunate sally, in his own style, acted like a showerbath on the poor Dominie, whilst the minister and his friends almost died of laughter.—Conn. School Journal.

POPE in a letter to Addison, says: "when I reflect, what an inconsiderable atom every single man is with respect to the whole creation, methinks it is a shame to be concerned at the removal of such a trivial animal as I am. The morning after my exit the sun will rise as bright as ever, the flowers smell as sweet, the plants spring as green, the world will proceed on its course, people will laugh as heartily, and marry as fast as they were used to do. The memory of man passeth away as the remembrance of a guest that tarrieth but to day."

VOLTAIRE'S RIDDLE.—What is the longest, and yet the shortest thing in the world; the swiftest and the most slow; the most devisable and the most extended; the least valued and the most regretted; without which nothing can be done; which devours everything, however small, and yet gives life and spirit to every object however great? Answer—Time.

SINGULAR IF TRUE.—A French paper says it has been accidentally discovered that in cases of epileptic fits a black silk handkerchief thrown over the afflicted persons will restore them immediately. We should like to know the result of a trial.

Miscellaneous.

HANDS WANTED.—Keepers, Filers, Collers, Waggoners, Wood-choppers, and other hands, will find employment at the Carlsle Iron Works, 4½ miles east of Carlsle. April 16, 1856.—J. F. EGGE.

C. P. HUMRICH, Attorney at Law. Office on North Hanover street, a few doors south of Glass Hotel. All business entrusted to him will be promptly attended to. [April 16.]

NEW MARBLE YARD.—Now is the accepted time, and now is the day for Grave Stones, Monuments, Sills, &c., &c., at Hoffer's Marble Yard, Carlsle, Pa. Also, Iron Railings. [Apr. 16, '56—6m.]

BOOTS AND SHOES.—The subscribers respectfully inform their friends and the public generally that they have removed their BOOT AND SHOE manufactory to the store-room in North Hanover street, recently occupied by Mr. Stuchman; two doors below Haverstick's Drug Store; and immediately opposite Monyer's Confectionery where they are prepared to make Boots and Shoes to measure in every variety, with good workmanship and stock, and competent workmen. They will spare no effort to give satisfaction. J. & G. TAYLOR. Carlsle, April 16, 1856.—St

TRUSSES! TRUSSES! G. H. NEEDLES. TRESS AND BRACE ESTABLISHMENT. R. W. Carr & Tress and Race Street, Philadelphia. Importers of fine French Trusses, and all the latest improvements in Trussing, with correct construction. Hernia or ruptured patients can be cured by remitting amounts—Selling number of inches round the hips, and stating side affected. Cost of Single Truss, \$2, \$3, \$4, \$5. Double—\$5, \$8 and \$10. Instructions as to wear, and how to effect a cure, when possible, sent with the Truss. Also for sale, in great variety. DR. BANNING'S IMPROVED PATENT BODY BRACE. For the cure of Prolapsus Uteri; Spinal Drops and Supports, Patent Shoulder Braces, Chest Expansors and Resistor Braces, adapted to all with Stoop, Rickets and Weak Lungs; English Elastic Abdominal Belts, Suspensories, Syringes—male and female. 427 Ladies' Rooms, with Lady attendants.

BREAD AND CAKE BAKERY.—W. M. F. SELLERS, South Hanover Street, would respectfully inform his friends and the public that he still continues to carry on the above business at his old stand three doors south of the Second Presbyterian Church, where he is prepared to supply all who will call on him with FRESH BREAD and CAKES of all kinds, manufactured from the best superfine flour. FRESH CAKES will be furnished to order on shortest notice, and in the most pleasing style. Fresh Bread will be furnished daily to families in any part of the town on leaving notice at the Bakery. A superior quality of Mead and Beer, will be kept constantly on hand during the summer season. Thankful for past favors, the undersigned hopes by strict attention to business and a desire to please, to merit and receive a liberal share of public patronage. W. M. F. SELLERS.