

**POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS.**

We clip from an exchange the following gossip about some of those remnants of old superstitions in which no one avowedly believes, while very few are entirely uninfluenced by them:

Yes, sir, you will find very few people who do not entertain some superstition or other, though perhaps very few will admit it. I hope no one will adopt any new ones from reading these remarks, and I would like to impress upon parents the importance of hiding their superstitious beliefs (if they can't overcome them,) from the children, for superstitions are certainly useless, and often inconvenient, if they are no worse.

I was maintaining that nine persons out of ten held some superstition, when a gentleman insisted upon it that he hadn't a single one. I lay in wait for him, and at last caught him. He didn't like to count the carriages at a funeral! "Why?" "Oh, I don't know." A superstition, Mr. Blank. Many wait until a whole funeral procession has gone by, rather than go between the carriages to cross the road.

A lady assured me she hadn't a single superstition. One day her little girl took up her mother's hat, which was black crape, and was going to put it on her head. "Minnie," exclaimed her mother, "don't put that on." "Why?" said the child. "Because I'd rather you would not." Then turning to me she said, *softly*, "Somehow or other I never do like to have the children put on any of my black crape things." Superstition, Mrs. Blank. Then if a dog howls at night, how many turn pale? "Some one in the neighborhood is going to die, sure." I must say I was astonished one evening, when a dog howled outside our windows, to see a really good, pious old Methodist lady deliberately take off her slipper and turn it wrong side up upon the rug. "Why, Mrs. Meekandmild, what is that for?" "Oh, they say if you hear a dog howl you must take off your slipper and turn it up." "Well, will your slipper be enough to save the lives of all in this house, or must each one of us follow suit?" "Isn't it ridiculous?" she said; but I noticed she allowed the slipper to remain there until she was quite sure that the dog had taken himself off out of hearing. Even the old Dutchman believed in that superstition, for he told a friend, "De dog howl tredful last night, and ven I takes up mine paper dis morning, vot you tinke? Somebody die in Philadelphia!"

Then, how many believe that if the scissors, knife, or any sharp thing falls to the floor and stands up straight, some visitor is coming! Why, I've seen young ladies in the early morning put down their sewing and take the crimps out of their hair an hour or two earlier than usual, just because the scissors fell off their lap and stuck up straight.

If a blue bottle comes suddenly into the room and whizzes around pretty industriously, they say "A stranger is coming." (I should say a stranger had come.)

One lady told me she wasn't superstitious at all. "But," she added, "there is one thing that I do not like to do, and that is to break a looking glass." I said, "Well, I don't suppose any of us would occupy ourselves with that little performance just for amusement." "Oh, but," she went on to say, "I never yet broke a looking glass, or knew of any one else breaking one, that the person breaking it, or some relative, didn't die."

Some won't sing before breakfast for fear they should cry before night. Others won't give a knife or scissors to a friend without making him give a penny or some amount of money for it; lest it should "cut love." A gentleman once asked me if I had three cents about me. I said, "Yes, and I mean to keep them." "No, you won't—you'll give them to me for this knife"—(a silver mounted beauty and very cheap for the money)—so I purchased the knife from him, and we remained very good friends.

I was walking with a lady the other day, and "stubb'd" my toe against a stone. She turned and asked me with which foot I stumbled. Wonderingly, I asked her what possible difference it made. She smiled but insisted upon knowing; so I told her it was the right foot. "Then you'll be welcome where you are going."

I once handed a gentleman and a

scholar" a cup of tea. He seized the tea-spoon, skimmed off the bubbles on the surface of the tea, saying, exultingly, "Oh! look!" and hastily popped them into his mouth. "Well," said I, "what of it?" "Money!" said he. Now, do you suppose that that man thought that swallowing those bubbles would bring him any good luck in the money line? Of course he didn't; and if he should see this in print, he would be shocked to think that I could imagine him serious in the matter, but take my word for it, he would never allow his tea bubbles to escape him for lack of diligence on his part to gather them.

I have been on the lookout lately for the superstitions of those about me, and could give you hundreds of others, but these are enough for samples of those "remnants."

**How to READ THE BIBLE.**—1. Read it every day.

2. Read, sometimes, one verse at a time.

3. Read, sometimes, one paragraph at a time.

4. Read, sometimes, a whole chapter; at others, a whole book.

5. Sometimes, read by subjects; e. g., the parables, by themselves, one after another, etc.

6. Take one "character," and trace it through the Old and New Testaments; thus: direct history or geography; illustrative comments, either in the way of enforcing an example or exhibiting as a warning, by contrast with others of a different type.

7. Find out the contrast between the Old and New Testaments; between one saint and another; between some zealous Christian and some zealous persecutor; between Jew and Samaritan.

8. Take a verse, sometimes, to pieces, word by word; and find when the potential words are used as elsewhere, and in what case.

9. Use all the helps you can get—if you haven't a commentary, put by the difficult passages to ask your minister the meaning of them.

10. Above all, endeavor to make your reading of God's word improve you in the article of self-examination and growth in grace.

**Curran's Wit.**

Curran's wit was double-edged, and cut like a sword. His ruling passion was his joke, and it was strong, if not in death, at least in his last illness. One morning his physician observed that he seemed to "cough with more difficulty." "That is rather surprising," answered Curran, smiling sadly, "for I have been practicing all night."

While thus lying ill, Curran was visited by a friend, Father O'Leary, who also loved his joke.

"I wish, O'Leary," said Curran to him abruptly, "that you had the keys of heaven."

"Why, Curran?"

"Because you could let me in," said the facetious counsellor.

"It would be much better for you, Curran," said the good humored priest, "that I had the key of the other place, because I could then let you out."

A very remarkable feature in the topography of the country presents itself in Wise county, Virginia. At or near the Pound Gap, on the Kentucky side, is a mountain about four miles in circumference at its base; in this mountain head four rivers, flowing in different directions, nearly corresponding with the four cardinal points of the compass. The four springs can be seen at one view from the top of this mountain, and they are nearly equi-distant from each other, say a mile apart. These rivers are: the Guest river, flowing south into the Clinch; the Lick, fork of the Kentucky, running west; the Cumberland river south, and the Pond river north into the Sandy. They flow through four States, and are all tributary to the Ohio river.

Among the recent English patents we notice one upon an invention which consists in saturating jute, hemp, or other fibre woven into canvass cloth, or in its manufactured state, with gutta-percha in a soft or liquid state, and pressing layers of such saturated fibre or canvas cloth together while warm, so as to form a tough fabric of any required thickness, which may be used for the soles and heels of boots and shoes, and for other purposes.

**BEAUTIFUL AND TRUE.**—In a late article in *Frazier's Magazine*, this brief, but beautiful and true passage occurs: "Education does not commence with the Alphabet—it begins with a mother's love; with a father's smile of approbation, or a sign of reproof; with a sister's gentle forbearance; with a handful of flowers in a green and dainty meadow; with a bird's nest admired, but not touched; with creeping ants; of an almost imperceptible comet; with pleasant walks in shady lanes, and with thoughts directed in sweet and kindly tones and words to nature; to acts of benevolence; to deeds of virtue, and to the source of all good—God himself."

Mr. WIGNER, an analytical chemist in England, had been studying Leviticus, and concluded that the "ashes of an heifer"—i. e., animal charcoal—and blood poured out upon the ground—i. e., blood and clay all mixed together, would make an excellent purifier. He tried his mixture in thirty-six thousand gallons of sewerage and purified it in twenty minutes; the residuum was found to be worth twice the cost of the experiment. It has always been a mystery how the sacrificial court of the temple was kept pure, and Mr. Wigner's experiment may explain the method.

DR. JENNINGS, a well known and highly respected physician of Titusville, came to his death involuntarily on the 9th inst., by taking a deadly potion of *tincture of acornite root*, which he mistook for tincture of orange peel. Feeling unwell, he went into the drug store, as was his habit, and the vials standing on the same shelf, and being of the same size and general appearance, and holding conversation with a friend at the moment, he seems to have accidentally taken the wrong one. This was before breakfast, and about 11 o'clock he was corpse.

**CHICKEN JELLY.**—For chicken jelly take a large chicken, cut it up into very small pieces, bruise the bones, and put the whole into a stone jar, with a cover that will make it water-tight. Set the jar in a large kettle of boiling water, and keep it boiling for four hours. Then strain off the liquid, and season it slightly with salt, pepper and mace, or with lemon juice, according to the taste of the person for whom it is intended. The jelly may be made of an old fowl.

**GENIUS INSULTED.**—"Well," Mr. Speaker, what shall I say to my constituents," exclaimed a wrathful member of Congress on the passage of a bill, to which he was utterly opposed.—"What shall I say?" he repeated, but found it impossible to get beyond the interrogatory.

"Tell them," replied the waggish Speaker, "that you tried to make a speech, but couldn't."

It being reported that Lady Caroline Lamb had, in the heat of passion, knocked down one of her pages, with a stool, the poet Moore said, "Oh! nothing is more natural for a literary lady than to double down a page." Lord Straungford, to whom this remark was made, replied: "I would rather advise Lady Caroline to turn over a new leaf."

The Governor having received official information from the Supreme Court that a writ of error, specially allowed, had been issued in the case of the condemned prisoners, Brooks and Orme, charged with the murder of Theodore Brodhead, withdrew the warrants for their execution, which was to have taken place on the 26th inst.

A NEW HAMPSHIRE man told a story about a flock of crows three miles long, and so thick that you could not see the sun through it. "Don't believe it," was the reply. "Wal," said the narrator, "you're a stranger, and I don't want to quarrel with you. So, to please you, I'll take off a quarter of a mile from the thinnest part."

Governor Bowie has issued orders to the oyster police to arrest and bring to justice all parties found violating the Maryland oyster law in the waters of the Chesapeake and its tributaries. He is determined to test the law and protect owners of oyster beds from further depredations by marauders.

THE bee-raisers in the vicinity of Louisville, for a circuit of twenty-five miles, were recently startled by the discovery that their bees had all simultaneously decamped, going no one knew whither. The mystery is still unsolved. The deserted hives were all full of honey, containing from sixty to seventy-five pounds each.

The number of miles of line worked by telegraph in the United States, in 1848, was estimated to be about 12,000. In 1858 the number had increased to nearly 40,000, and before the close of this year there will be completed and in operation about 120,000 miles of telegraph wire.

The Warren *Jedger* of the 11th inst. says that the recent election in that place for borough officers, resulted in the success of all the Democratic candidates, except for Burgess (which resulted in a tie) by a larger average majority than ever.

Thomas Donohoe, tried at Bloomsburg for participation in the murder of W. A. Rea, was acquitted on Thursday morning last, the jury having deliberated all night. Hester, Duffy and Pryor are yet to be tried as his accomplices.

Frederick N. Weills, aged about 50 years, was instantly killed on the 5th inst., in a saw mill at Clayville, Washington county—leaving a wife and one child, which was born but a few hours previous to the death of the father.

A Western editor thinks the poet Enoch Arden has encouraged hundreds of husbands, who would otherwise have kept away. The Enoch Arden in real life is usually a scallawag, and comes home ragged, dirty and drunk.

The New York Sun looks upon many of the so-called robberies with which that community has been startled as "bores," and as only a convenient device for covering up defalcations, or avoiding the payment of debts.

Mr. Carpenter, the new Wisconsin Senator, has announced the opinion that the present adjustment of the marital relations is a relic of barbarism, and that no better foundation than the law of force.

General Lee has published a card relating to his college. He wants new departments created of agriculture, commerce and applied chemistry; also improvement in the engineering school.

In England, thieving boys steal grease from the wheel boxes of railway cars. The value of the grease taken is small, but the damage from its loss is liable to be enormous.

A correspondent tells of a Fifth avenue mansion decorated with polka lace curtains, India shawl coverings on the furniture, bronze doors, and silver meograms on everything.

A contemporary thinks the taking of the temperance pledge by a Congressman is commonly the preliminary of a series of spree of unusual intensity and duration.

The Boston Post regrets that the "bear" that used to flourish on the Common is dead; for since last week's proceedings, he would make a good member of Congress.

A New York conductor says he has been railroading for 30 years; but not met with one accident, and has answered five million questions from passengers.

Mr. Sanford, a banker of Waterford, was run over and instantly killed on the 8th inst., by being knocked down and run over by a locomotive, at Corry.

A bill was to have been introduced in the Newfoundland Legislature, on Saturday, for the entrance of Newfoundland into the Dominion Confederation.

Washington papers are telling of a United States Senator on Pennsylvania's avenue so drunk that he could hardly help himself along.

In New York, two boys, whilst crawling over the roofs of buildings, have recently fallen off and been killed. Keep off the roofs, boys.

Governor Brownlow, of Tennessee, sent his resignation to the Legislature of the State recently, to take effect on the 26th instant.

John C. Breckinridge is to be President of a Kentucky railroad.