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Poetical.

WHERE THERE'S A WILL, THERE'S A WAY.

BY JOHN G. Saxe.

It was a noble Roman, in Rome's imperial day, Who heard a coward croaker Before the battle say: "They're safe in such a fortress; There is no way to shake it!"

Popular Tales.

WITCHES AND WITCHCRAFT.

BY A. L. NOSTRA.

CHAPTER I.

Some time ago, I fell gradually ill. "You study too much," said my senior partner, Dr. G. "You don't take enough exercise," said an intimate friend in a confidential tone, as if he wouldn't have any one else know his opinion for the world.

call and calling. "This way, sir!" The wall seemed interminable, but I was at last safely domiciled in my new residence. The "gaur!" received me in a manner that intimated a decided wish to get rid of me as soon as possible, and after producing supper went home with her brother. My wife had particularly enjoined me to look over the house well, before I retired for the night, as no one could tell what might happen, if it didn't. She evidently imagined, from the dark hints she dropped, that large numbers of what she termed "robbers" would be secreted in various places, especially under the bed, their object being to murder me in cold blood, and possess themselves of my few articles of value. Feeling fatigued, however, I was not minded to risk this great, and imminent danger, thinking a good night's rest would refresh me for the scrutiny. I accordingly went to bed at once, slept soundly till the morning, and then examined my room with a minuteness I will not describe here. Suffice it to say, it consisted of four small rooms, all neatly furnished, and in an excellent state of repair. The scenery of the place was bold and striking. A noisy brook on one hand, the sea, like a thread of silver, in the remote distance, blue hills in every direction, fields and meadows, my old landlord's was the only house within easy walking distance; so, with the exception of her "gaur," who came for a few hours every day, I was as I wished to be, quite alone.

entered, stooping low as I did so. A small room—a very small room, but everything scrupulously neat and clean. A little girl, apparently about three years old, was seated on the floor telling beads, in an undertone, "not to make a noise, because mother was ill." A working-man's hat and coat hung in one corner, with a cheap photograph of their owner (I don't know why I felt certain it was his), suspended over them. The shutters of the latticed windows were half-closed, producing a quiet subdued light. I walked towards the bed, and softly drew the curtain. The face, half-hidden in the pillow, seemed very young and girlish, the eyes closed, but the breath short and hurried. The girl was literally shrieking—"I signed to the woman, and she covered the cage. All was quiet. I lifted the pale hand from the coverlid and felt for the pulse-gone. "How long has she been so?" I asked. "Since daylight, sir." "Ah! she can't last long." The professional phrase escaped involuntarily. I started as I uttered it, and dropped the hand. The movement roused her. The heavy eyelids unclosed; I drew back.

"Is Jack here, mother?" "No darling." "Ah! I forgot." A moment's pause. Then, in a quick hurried tone, as if she thought were first impressed upon her mind. "Mother, am I dying?" A sob was the only answer. Another pause, longer than the first; then the arm was placed under the pillow for the moment, and drawn forth again. "Give this to Jack when you see him." She tried to move her hand along the bed, and pass its hidden contents to the woman weeping by my side; but she could do so, the child thrust out her weaker still, and left it idle where it lay. I unclosed the almost rigid fingers, and gave to the woman the objects they had clasped—a wedding ring, and a lock of fair hair tied with a blue ribbon. "Ellen, Ellen! would you like to see it?" "Not now!—Poor Jack!—How dark it is, mother!" I knew by that that it was very dark; but the woman in her ignorance, walked across the room, and opened both the shutters and the window. The bold, streaming sunlight came rushing, streaming in.

"You'll soon see him, mother; he's coming up to night." "And sure enough he came. He was a handsome spoken young fellow enough. He told me he wanted Ellen, and would take great care of her. He seemed so honest and bright looking, and Ellen was so fond of him, that somehow I couldn't say "No," and the end of it was they went to church; and the parson himself told me he'd never seen a prettier couple. They were just like two doves; he had plenty of work up at the grange—you see he was a bricklayer, sir, and his sailing was having his place down, and—Ellen—took in needles, and came over every day to help me. My Ellen, sir, though the best tempered girl in the world, was a bit spirited when anything crossed her, and one morning Jack and her had a quarrel at the door as they came home from her cousin Tom, poor fellow. Who said her sweetest heart before she was married; and Jack went to work without bidding her good-by. She was mighty vexed at this, and when I went over I found her crying. I thought Jack was wrong, and was just telling her so, when I heard a knock at the door, and when I opened, and there was the witch standing looking."

Political Selections.

LETTER OF SECRETARY DOUGLASS.

HON. JOHN SHERMAN, MEMBER OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, IN ANSWER TO A RESOLUTION PASSED BY THE HOUSE, RELATIVE TO THE EXPENDITURES OF THE DEPARTMENT OF THE NAVY. WASHINGTON, JUNE 11, 1860.

own best judgment; and the framers of the Constitution did not see fit to make them responsible for it to that body, which, however important and exalted, is from its nature and constitution of all others least fitted for the exercise of judicial functions, the popular branch of Congress. Such an assumption of power over the officers of this Government would entirely change the character of the House of Representatives, and might with equal reason and propriety embrace within its scope the members of the Senate. It would be a gross and manifest usurpation, in clear and palpable violation of the Constitution, and I will not say unexampled, for we have had an alien and sedition law, but unparalleled in the history of the country.

A GOOD APPEARANCE.

The best possible style of dress and manner is that which pleases without attracting any particular attention. The highest compliment you can pay to the dress of a lady or a gentleman is, not to remember what it was—only that they were well or appropriately dressed in elegance, grace and beauty, become offensive the moment they are in excess. We see people over-dressed, over-elegant, over-polite, now, without prosing and prating, but in their own minds, they are like the cock of the street, who is always of a church to be married, but turned away by the officiating minister.

OLD AGE.

How beautiful old age! The sun is ever brightest when it is about to sink below the horizon and hide its radiant brow behind the curtains of a peaceful sleep. It is in the evening that the nightingale sings its sweetest songs, and it is in autumn time that nature is ripest, and looks most golden and beautiful; how can it be that the sunset of life should be less joyous and cheerier than its meridian? Everybody says that old age is an evil, and everybody believes it, too, for he has had the words drilled into his mind a thousand times, but how many have found that "the fear of ill exceeds the ill we fear," and that the enjoyment of life suffers no diminution in the increase of years.

A QUESTION ANSWERED.

Can any one tell why, when Eve was manufactured from one of Adam's ribs, a hired girl wasn't made at the same time to wait on her? Because Adam never came wanting to Eve with a ragged stocking to be darned, a collar string to be sewed on, or a glove to be mended; because he never read the newspaper until the sun got down behind the palm trees, and then stretched out yawning with "Ain't supper most ready, my dear?" Not he. He made the fire and hung over the tea-kettle himself, and pulled the radishes, and peeled the bananas, and did everything else that he ought to do. He milked the cows, and fed the chickens, and looked after the pigs himself. He never brought home half-a-dozen friends to siner, when Eve had a few fresh omelette-eggs and the mango season was over. He never staid out nights, never played ball with his cigar-smokers, never chatted around corner groceries. In short, he didn't think he was specially created for the purpose of waiting on him, and was not under the impression that he disgraced his place by looking on him as a hired girl.

CHAPTER II.

My wife says "women are not curious." This conclusion is not the result of calm, logical reasoning, but proceeds rather from a spirit of firmness, not to say obstinacy, inherent in the sex; which said spirit induces them, not only invariably to deny the possession by themselves of certain questionable characteristics, but also occasionally, on the *hæc illationis* principle, to express their decided belief, that so far from these same peculiar qualities pertaining exclusively to them, they are in fact the distinguishing characteristic of the opposite sex. In obedience to this thorough womanly principle, my wife says women are not curious—men are curious—and I the most curious of men.

CHAPTER III.

Without arguing this point, I certainly must confess that I experienced a large amount of the falling in question, after witnessing the scene in the last chapter; and it was with no small satisfaction, at the prospect of having my curiosity gratified, that I set off for the next morning for the old woman's cottage. She was standing at the door, evidently expecting me. "Oh, sir, is it you? Do walk in!" I entered, glanced as I did so at the bed where the dead girl was still lying. The woman saw the look, and began weeping bitterly. "Oh, sir, my poor child!" "I spoke soothingly and calmly. "Oh, sir, it's not only losing her; it's the way—the way!" "The way?" I said, inquiringly. "Yes, sir; but to be sure you don't know. She was bewitched, sir." "Bewitched?" I exclaimed. "Yes, sir, long time. She's been ailing this long time, and it's been the death of her at last." Seeing my continued look of surprise, went on, to tell me all about it, still holding as she did so, the dead girl's hand in hers. The story, as nearly as I remember ran as follows: "You see, sir, Ellen was my only child, and a good one she was. Many's the time I've told my old man she'd live to be a comfort to me; and so she truly did, nursing me and taking care of me, when he died, for many a long day. (Here she fondled the dead hand closer still.) "Well, you see, sir, she was still quite a child, when a young chap comes to work up at the Squire's, where Ellen took the milk every morning. It wasn't long after he came that I thought I saw a change in her; she wasn't so light-hearted like, as if she had some secret. So, one morning, when she came in from the old look upon her face, I turned short at her and says, 'What's the matter, Ellen?' "She reddened, but answered quite boldly, for she was always quite frank, and says, 'Why, mother, I think Jack's very fond of me.' "Fond of you?" says I; and pray who is Jack?

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