

Literature. &c.

LOVE IN A COTTAGE.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

THEY may talk of love in a cottage,
And bowers of trellised vine—
Of nature bewitchingly simple,
And milkmaids half divine;
They may talk of the pleasures of sleeping,
In the shade of a pleasant tree,
And a walk in the fields at morning,
By the side of a footstep free.

But give me a sly flirtation,
By the light of a chandelier—
With music to play in the pauses,
And nobody very near;
Or a seat on a silken sofa,
With a glass of pure old wine,
And mamma too blind to discover
The small white hand in mine.

Your love in a cottage is hungry,
Your vine is a net for flies—
Your milkmaid shocks the graces,
And simplicity talks of pies!
You lie down in your shady slumber,
And wake with a bug in your ear,
And your damsel that walks in the morning
Is shod like a mountaineer.

True love is at home on a carpet,
And mightily likes his ease—
True love hath an eye for dinner,
And starves beneath shady trees;
His wing is the fan of a lady,
His foot's an invisible thing,
His arrow is tipped with a jewel,
And shot from a silver string.

SINGULAR STORY.

THE FORCE OF IMAGINATION.

'So Brown, you tell me, has been appointed executor to Smith's will,' said our major the other day, as we were lounging against the low wall that divides Carlisle Terrace from the beach. 'I'll venture to say that the trusts committed to him won't be as strange as mine were the first time I was made executor.'

'Some years since, I received a letter from my old friend and comrade, Ellis of the —th, telling me that his health had been for some time declining—that he was about to make his will, and earnestly desired that I would act as his sole executor—there being, he added, a 'trust of some importance' to be undertaken, which I wish to confide to no one else but yourself.' The letter concluded with a cordial invitation to pay him a visit at the snug cottage in Devonshire, to which he had retired. Now, Ellis was, like myself an old bachelor; and, except his half pay, was, I knew, little burdened with this world's baggage and accoutrements, so it never occurred to me that the trust I was about to undertake could possibly relate to anything more than the bestowal of legacies on his old housekeeper and butler, or his almost ebuallly antiquated cat and dog. I wrote immediately to accept the invitation, and early the next morning I deposited myself and my portmanteau in the E— coach, which, after a few days travelling, left me at my friend's abode.— He was himself standing at the garden wicket, ready to give me a cordial welcome. There was nothing very death-like in his clear, bright eye, or in the grasp of his hand; and I wondered internally what the missive he had sent me could possibly mean. However, I kept my thoughts to myself, and followed Ellis into his little dining-room, where the snowy table-cloth was speedily and satisfactorily covered with a bountiful repast. Ample justice was done to the fare by myself, and, despite his mortuary intention, by mine host also. After dinner he procured a capital bottle of port, over which we discussed many of our former campaigning adventures.

'Notwithstanding the fineness of the weather, (it was in the beginning of June), I had caught a slight cold on my journey which, towards the close of the evening made itself felt in the very unpleasant form of toothache; and the pain becoming worse, I said to my host,

'I think I must ask your housekeeper to-night for some flannel and camphorated spirits to apply to my unfortunate jaw. You, happy fellow! can't know what toothache is, your teeth look all good.'

'Teeth!' cried my host, his countenance changing. 'Teeth,' he repeated, shuddering: 'Ah! you little know—you can't tell.'

'What's the matter, Ellis—what do you mean?'

'I mean a tooth—an unfortunate tooth has been my ruin, and will cost me my life!' and rising from his chair, he paced up and down the room in a violent agitation. Greatly astonished, I tried, of course, to soothe him, and induce him to reveal the cause of his strange excitement.

'Well,' he said at last, I will read to you the will for which you have so kindly promised to be executor.'

'I had made no promise of the kind, but my poor friend took it for granted I had done so; and leaving the room, he speedily returned with a folded paper in one hand and a small, round box in the other.

Lying these articles on the table, he seated

himself in his arm-chair, pushed aside his glass and making a strong effort to be calm he began:—

About two months since, I had occasion to visit the town of E—, upon business which having speedily despatched, I dined at the best hotel, and afterwards set out for a stroll. I passed through the high street, and walked along the turn-pike road, without meeting any object of interest whatever. A shady green lane opening on my right, invited me to turn into it—the fragrant hawthorn in the hedge, and the cool, fresh grass below offering a pleasant contrast to the hard, dusty road on which I had been walking. I soon found that this quiet lane led to a still more quiet and peaceful church-yard; and treading my way among the rude graves and rude head-stones, I moralized upon them after my own fashion, if not precisely according to that of Hevery. I had at one time a transient fancy for the study of phrenology, and still retained a habit of examining the cerebral development of every one whom I met. It was therefore, with some curiosity, that I picked up a large, round, well-bleached skull, lying on the ground. What particularly interested me, was the great beauty and regularity of the teeth; they were all perfect and as evenly arranged as if they had been prepared to decorate the window of some advertising dentist. Led by an idle impulse, which I could not then, or could I now account for, I pulled out one of the grinders, put into my waistcoat pocket, and then, carelessly throwing down the skull, returned to the inn. Having partaken of tea, accompanied by some excellent muffins, I went to bed, and being fatigued with my journey, soon fell asleep.

'I had slept some time, but how long I cannot tell, when I was suddenly awakened by the door of my room opening. In stalked a tall figure dressed in black, with a white neck-cloth; his head was large, nearly bald, and he wore a pair of gold spectacles. In his hand he carried a silver candlestick, bearing a lighted candle, and advancing to my bed side in a menacing tone and manner, 'Why did you rob me of my tooth?'

My tongue suddenly became paralyzed. I tried to speak out could not utter a word.

'You have taken my tooth,' continued the figure; 'and now take your choice, I am not of a revengeful disposition; I don't want to say or do anything uncivil, but one of two things I must have, and that instantly—your life or the best tooth in your head! So look sharp and take your choice.'

The extremity of terror restored my voice. 'Would it not do, sir, to restore your own tooth?' I gasped.

'No, no!' replied my visiter, shaking his head until the gold spectacles slipped down to the very point of his long nose; 'I think I am a very good natured fellow to give you the choice; so which will you part with—your life or your tooth?'

'My tooth,' I exclaimed, in agony; and instantly the apparition, with as much dexterity as if he had been bred a dentist, introduced a forceps into my mouth, and neatly extracted a fine, sound molar tooth. Look there, continued Ellis, opening his mouth 'see the cavity it has left.'

There was indeed the space from which a large tooth had been extracted, and I remarked it was the only one that was deficient in the entire range.

Ellis opened the little round box, and showed me, carefully enclosed in cotton, the reputed tooth.

I really knew not what to say; it was certainly very difficult to refrain from laughing, but my poor friend was so evidently in earnest, that I merely remarked—

It is a pity the good spectre was not satisfied with resuming his own property, for really his teeth is so exactly the same size and shape as your others, that I think it would have exactly filled the cavity.'

'It was strange,' said Ellis, without noticing my remark, 'that after such an agitating occurrence, I fell asleep, and slept soundly until late next morning. I awoke feverish and unrefreshed, and returned home as speedily as possible. Ever since that time my health has slowly but surely declined; not perhaps outwardly, but I know and feel that my hour will soon come, and the dread of the friend's vengeance will embitter my dying moments, unless you, my old, tried friend, will promise to see me buried in T— churchyard, and with your own hand to place the miserable tooth in my coffin.'

'What could I do but promise? The case was one of decided moment—argument and ridicule, both of which I tried, only served to make poor Ellis angry, and he was thoroughly determined not to see a physician—a measure I urged on him, strongly.'

I remained with him a few days, and had the pleasure of leaving him, as I trusted, in better spirits than when we met; and I hoped that the absurd fancy, as I deemed it, would soon pass away. I was, therefore greatly shocked when, in about six weeks afterwards, I received a letter from his old housekeeper, telling me that her master had died somewhat suddenly, but requested with his dying breath that I should be sent for immediately.

'Need I say that I hastened to obey this sum-

mons. Very mournful it was, certainly, to enter the silent cottage where I had lately met a warm welcome from my poor friend. A physician was in attendance, and pronounced that death had resulted from disease of the heart. He, the clergyman of the parish and Ellis's solicitor, were all, at my request, present at the opening of the will. After disposing of his trifling property in legacies, the document went on to request that I, whom he styled his beloved friend, should have him decently buried in the churchyard of T—, and followed in all matters concerned with his interment, the instructions previously given to me.

The interment took place without the occurrence of anything worth recording; but after it was over, I felt so wearied and dispirited, that I resolved to take up my abode for the night at the comfortable hotel at T—. After dinner I was suddenly attacked by my old enemy toothache; and the pain, resisting all the usual applications, became at length so excruciating, that, starting up in a sort of frenzy, I enquired for the residence of the best dentist in town, and speedily found myself in his study. Whether it was the effect of the reaction after the rapid exercise I had taken, or the well-known curative influence inherent in the atmosphere of a dentist's house, I know not, but the pain I was suffering gradually abated; and when the operator entered I felt almost inclined to make a civil retreat without putting his skill to the test. However, on second thought I considered it as well to lay my case before him, and try to obtain some soothing nostrum which might stand me instead on future occasions. I therefore told him how I had been affected, and casually mentioned my having come a long journey that morning, and its melancholy cause.

'Ah!' said the dentist, thoughtfully, 'you came from E—, in Devonshire. The name of that village is associated in my mind with a curious incident which occurred to me some three or four months since.'

Now I happen to have a decided hankering, whether natural or acquired, after strange stories; and my curiosity being excited by his allusion, I begged the dentist to have the kindness to satisfy it.

Seating himself opposite me, he complied, and began in these words:

'One night, between three and four months since, I was aroused near midnight by a loud knocking and ringing at the door. I was just about to step into bed, and my servants having long before retired to their rooms, I hastily resumed my clothes, and answered the summons. An elderly gentleman, with a military air and address, entered. There was an odd, startling look in his eyes, but he told me, in a perfectly coherent manner, that he was suffering from a dreadful toothache, and wished to have one of his grinders extracted immediately. Of course I ushered him into the room, placed him in the patient's chair, and proceeded to examine his jaws. I don't think I ever saw a finer or more regular set of teeth—not a vestige of decay could I perceive in any of them, and the one which he pointed out as the offender seemed to be perfectly free from disease. However, he insisted so strongly to have the tooth pulled out, declaring that his comfort, nay, his very life depended upon its being done, that I consented, though most unwillingly, to perform the operation, and in a twinkling the tooth was out.

'Having paid me my fee, the patient deliberately wrapped up his tooth, put it in his pocket, rose, and wishing me good night, was about to depart, when a suspicion which arose in my mind, caused me suddenly to thrust a lighted candle close to his eyes. They never blinked; the pupils were fixed and distended; in fact, to cut the story short, my visiter was fast asleep and in a fit of somnambulism, had left his bed, and caused me to extract his excellent tooth. As he still continued in the trance, and it would have been dangerous to arouse him suddenly, I prevailed upon him to allow me to accompany him home. He made his way unerringly to the hotel, and the gates happening to be open for the reception of the night coach, I saw him to his room without attracting observation.

'On enquiring after him next morning, I heard that he had left by an early conveyance for E—, in Devonshire.'

I looked attentively at the dentist; he was a tall man, dressed in black, with a white neck-cloth; his head was large, nearly bald; and he wore a pair of gold spectacles, which had a trick of slipping down to the point of his long nose whenever he shook his head, which he did prettily frequently.

'Did you ever ascertain,' I asked, 'the name of your visiter?'

'Yes,' replied the dentist. He took the blank part of a letter from his pocket, and tore off the corner to wrap up his tooth; the remainder he dropped upon the carpet, and it bore the address:

Capt. H. Ellis, —th Regiment,
E—, Devonshire.'

'Here then was the explanation of my poor friend's manomania. He actually died the victim of somnambulism. And such was my adventure as executor of a will.'

LECTURE.

SYRIA AND THE HOLY LAND.

Being a Lecture delivered by Gregor M. Wortabet, Esq., at the Temperance Hall, Halifax, N. S., September 10, 1856.

THIRD LECTURE.

[Although an admission fee of 7 1-2d was taken this evening, at the suggestion of the Revd. Mr McGregor the evening previous, the room was still crowded. This small fee was charge in order to secure comfort to the speaker and audience, by the Hall's not so uncomfortably filled and that some noisy boys who had obtruded themselves at the second Lecture might be excluded, the Lecturer was opposed to it, as he said that he wished every one to know about Syria, and did not in any sense of the word want to beg. He finally consented however.]

I rise to address you for the last time—There is something in the words "the last time." Parting is to me always sad. Even on leaving a hotel for the last time, I feel sad.—You may imagine then how deeply pained I must feel at parting with you, for the peculiar kindness which I have received, the manner in which you have opened your hearts and your homes to me, and the attentive hearing you have given me, I beg leave to tender my thanks. A number of gentlemen who kindly called and left their cards, I have not been able to see. I hope they will take the intention for the deed. I cordially thank those gentlemen who have so kindly given me their time, and invited me to their homes. My home is in Syria 7000 miles away, and I cannot hope ever to visit you again nor can I expect that you will leave your duties to come to see me. We shall see each other no more until we meet at the great tribunal.—Once more I thank you for your hospitality and kindness to me, and now friends to our lecture. [Enthusiastic and continued applause.] I thank you for the applause, but please leave it until the close of the lecture. Our subject is one of deep interest to you Anglo-Saxons who have spent your money on it,—and what is infinitely more valuable than money—your blood. I am about to show you how Syria and the Holy Land, are connected with the War, and how the war took place. I shall also explain to you the late Treaty, and the results which have just begun, and which must inevitably follow from it. Syria must always be a place of vital interest to England and the Anglo-Saxon race. Imagine that you have a map of Europe before you. There away up to the north in Russia, and below her, to the southward Austria and Prussia. Then to the east of the latter two countries, and to the southward of the former you find Syria, Africa, and Egypt. France though her first Napoleon once said give me Syria and I will conquer Constantinople, and break down the Turkish Empire.—Russia, says the same and they are right, too; for Syria is the key to the possession of Turkey. Russia says, give me Turkey and I can soon conquer Austria and Prussia. If she gets Syria she will soon overrun Austria and Prussia, and ten years hence there may be France alone on the continent to bear the brunt of the whole Russian empire. France, Russia, Austria, and Prussia are all clamoring for the possession of Syria, but England steps in and says, "Gentlemen none of you can have it; if any one must have Syria, I must have it myself." But England says if I take it, I will be vulnerable at that point. Russia will be constantly, attacking me there and it would cost me another national debt to fortify it. England therefore, determines to insure its possession of Turkey, and defend her in the possession of it; and this is what is called preserving the integrity of the Ottoman Empire.

Much has been said about the danger of India, if Russia should become possessed of Turkey. But those who know the Balkan and Himalaya mountains, know that there need be no fear about India been conquered by an army coming over them. However if Syria belonged to France or Russia, the highway of England to India would be blocked up, and it would cost her a million, perhaps a thousand millions, to keep up her intercourse with that country. Now, let us step back 300 years ago. Syria was even then an interesting country. The Almighty having the whole earth before him, chose Syria par excellence, as a good and perfect gift for Abraham, and also the dwelling place of His own Son, while in the flesh. Alexander the Great, knew the importance of Syria; he spent several months at the siege of Tyre, and at the end of that time a bridge, which he had constructed to lead into the town was destroyed. He was dismayed, appalled, and would have retired from the field, but that he felt it was absolutely necessary for him to possess the place—Tyre being the mistress of the Mediterranean. Your councillors, your statesmen, know full well the value of Syria.—Let her be menaced, and you will have to go and fight again. Your blood was shed unsparingly at Sebastopol, and it would then have to flow freely again. God has done for England what she never could have done for herself. This war has strengthened her interests, and insured her safety in the Mediterranean, in Turkey, Syria, and Egypt. The war commenced about the dome of the Church of the