

## Literature, &amp;c.

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From Bentley's Miscellany.

## TOO KNOWING BY HALF.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE CLOCKMAKER.'

INSTEAD of embarking at Windsor in the steamer for New Brunswick, as we had originally designed, Mr Slick proposed driving me in his waggon to Horton, by the Mount Denson route, that I might have an opportunity of seeing what he pronounced to be some of the most beautiful scenery in the province. Having arranged with the commander of the boat to call for us at the Bluff, we set out accordingly a few hours before high water, and proceeded at our leisure through the lower part of Falmouth.

Mr. Slick as the reader, no doubt, has observed, has a good deal of extravagance of manner about him, and was not less remarkable for his exaggeration of language, and therefore I was by no means prepared to find a scene of such exquisite beauty as now lay before me. I had seen, at different periods of my life, a good deal of Europe, and much of America; but I have seldom seen anything to be compared to the view of the Basin of Minas, and its adjacent landscape, as it presents itself to you on your ascent of Mount Denson; and yet, strange to say, so little is it known or appreciated here, that I never recollect to have heard it spoken of before as anything remarkable. I am not writing a book of travels, and shall not attempt, therefore, to describe it. I am sketching character, and not scenery, and shall content myself by recommending all American tourists to visit Mount Denson. It is an old saying of the French, that he who has not seen Paris has seen nothing. In like manner, he who travels on this continent, and does not spend a few days on the shores of this beautiful and extraordinary basin, may be said to have missed one of the greatest attractions on this side of the water. Here, too, may be studied the phenomena of tides, that are only presented to the same extent in one other part of the world; while the mineralogist and geologist will find much to employ and interest him. It possesses also the charm of novelty; it lies out of the beaten track, and is new. In these days of steam, how long will this be the case any where? While musing on this subject, my attention was directed by Mr. Slick, who suddenly reined up his horse to a scene of a different description.

There, said he, there is a picture for you, squire. Now, that's what minister would call love in a cottage, or rural felicity; for he was fond of fine names was the old man. A neat and pretty little cottage stood before us as we emerged from a wood, having an air of comfort about it not often found in the forest, where the necessities of life demand and engross all the attention of the settler. Look at that crittur, said he, Bill, Dill, Mill. There he sits on the gate, with his go-to-meetin' clothes on, a doin' of nothin', with a pocket full of potatoes, cuttin' them up into small pieces with his jackknife, and teachin' a pig to jump up and catch 'em in his mouth. It's the schoolmaster to home that. And there sits his young wife, a-balancing of herself on the top-rail of the fence opposite, and a-swingin' her foot backward and forward, and a-watchin' of him. Aint she a heavenly spicce that! By Jacob's spotted cattle, what an ankle she has! Jist look! A rael corn-fed heifer that, aint she? She is so plump, she'd rain like a duck. Them blue noses do beat all in galls, I must say; for they raise some desperate handsome ones. But then there is nothin' in that crittur; she is nothin' but wax-work; no life there; and he looks tired of his bargain already, what you call fairly on-swallowed. Now don't speak loud; for if she sees us, she'll cut and run like a weasel. She has got her hair all covered over with paper curls, and stuck through with pins like a porcupine's back. She's for a tea-squall to-night; and nothin' vexes women like bein' taken of a nonplush this way by strangers. That's matrimony, squire, and nothin' to do; a honey-moon in the woods, or young love growed ten days old. Oh, dear! if it was me, I should yawn so afore a week, I should be skeered lest my wife should jump down my throat. To be left alone that way idle, with a wife that has nothin' to do, and nothin' to say, if she was as pretty as an angel would drive melancholy mad. I should either get up a quarrel for vanity sake, or go hang myself to get out of the scrape. A tame, vacant, doll-faced, idle gall! O lord! what a fate for a man

who knows what's what, and is up to snuff! Who the plague can live on sugar-candy? I am sure I couldn't. Nothin' does for me like honey; arter a while I get to hate it like sin; the very sight of it is enough for me. Vinegar ain't half so bad; for that stimulates, and you can't take more nor enough of it if ye would. Sense is better nor looks any time; but when sense and looks goes together, why then a woman's worth havin', that's a fact. But the best of the joke is, that crittur Bill Dill Mill has found out he 'knows too much,' and is almost frettin' himself to death about it. He is actilly pinnin' away so, that it will soon take two such men put together to make a shadow; and this I will say, that he is the first feller ever I met that actilly was 'two knowin' by half.' But time progresses, and so must we, I guess.

The noise of the wagon, as Mr. Slick anticipated, soon put the young bride of the woods to flight, and a few hasty and agile bounds carried her to the house; but her curiosity proved quite as strong as her vanity, for the paper head was again visible peering over the window blind. The bridegroom put up his knife with an air of confusion, as if he was ashamed of his employment, and, having given a nod of recognition to Mr. Slick, turned and followed his wife into the cottage.

That is the effect, said Mr. Slick, of a want of steady habits of industry. That man lives by tradin', and bein' a cute chap, and always getting the right end of the bargain, folks don't think it a profitable business to sell always to a loss; so he says he is ruined by knowin' too much. Ah! said he to me the other day, I don't know what on airth I shall do, Mr. Slick; but I am up a tree, you may depend. It's gone goose with me, I tell you. People have such a high opinion of my judgment, and think I know so much, they won't buy nor sell with me. If I go to an auction and bid, people say, Oh, if Bill Dill Mill bids then it must be cheap, and it goes beyond its valy right away. If I go to sell any thing, every one thinks I wouldn't sell it if I hadnt very good reason for it, for I am too knowin' for that. If I offer to swap, I only stump a valy on the thing I want, and put it right out of my reach; for the owner wouldn't let me have it at no rate, but doubts his price, and goes and says, Bill Dill Mill offered me so much for it, and every body knows he only offers half a thing is worth. I can't hire a help for what any body else can, for the same reason; and I had to marry before I was ready, or had quite made up my mind to it; for I knew folks would think twice as much of my gall, as soon as they knew I was after her. Darn it! said he, if they said I was a fool, I wouldn't a minded it a bit; or said it was luck, or anything. Indeed, I don't know as I wouldn't as lif they'd call me a rogue, as say for ever, Oh, he is too knowin' by half. It's the devil, that's a fact. Before this misfortin' came, I used to do a considerable smart chance of business; but now it's time to cut dirt, and leave the country. I believe I must hang out the G. T. T. sign. Why, what the plague is that, said I—Gone to Texas, said he. What else on airth shall I do. I have nothin' to see to, and the day seems twice as long as it used to did. Ah, says I, I have hearn folks say so afore, when they was just new married. But I see what you want; you want excitement. How would politics do. It's a wide field, and some considerable sport in it too. Agitate the country, swear the church is a-goin' to levy tythes or that the governor is a goin' to have martial law. Call office holders by the cant terms of compact cliques and official gang, and they will have to gag you with a seat in the council, or somethin or other see if they dont. No that wont do. Well preachin', says I, how would that answer? Take up some new pinte, and you will have lots of folks to hear you, and the more extravagant the better. Go the whole figure for 'religious liberty,' it has no meanin' here, where all are free; but it's a catchword, and sounds well. You don't want ordination now-a-days; it's out of fashion; give yourself a call; it's as good as any other man's call. A man that can't make himself a preacher is a poor tool, that's a fact, and not fit to make convarts. Hem! says he, I was a thinkin' of that, for ministers fare well in a giniral way, that's sartin; and a-travellin' about, and a livin' on the best, and sleeping in the spare bed always, aint a bad move nother; but I hante the gift of the gab, I am afeared, and I couldn't come in no how I could fix it. Well, 't is awkward, says I, to be thought too knowin' by half too; did any one ever accuse you of bein' too indiffernt by half.—What do you mean by that? said he, a little grumpy like. Nothin', says I, but what I say. Get a spinnin'

wheel for your wife, and a plough for yourself; work more and trade less; live by your labor, and not by your wits; and the day, instead of being so 'tarnal long, wont be long enough by a jug-full. Instead of bein' 'two knowin' by half,' you don't 'know half enough,' or you'd know that. Fact, I assure you, squire; if that crittur had really been a knowin' one, the name of it wouldn't a-fixed his fluit for him, for there is always a why for every wherefore in this world.

From the Metropolitan.

## THE INVALID.

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

'He sleeps, thank Heaven, my husband sleeps!'

Exclaims the anxious wife,  
As she her pray'ful vigil keeps,  
To watch his ebbing life.

'He sleeps at last! O grant it may  
Renew his wasted strength,  
And my beloved, from this sad day  
May be restored at length!

Oh thou benignant Power! to thee  
I turn in my despair;  
For where should hopeless sorrow flee,  
Save to the Lord, with prayer?

Pardon the heart that fondly clings  
To earth-born fleeting love,  
And stay his spirit's hov'ring wings  
From its bright home above.

Or if he must so soon repair  
To that seraphic shore,  
Oh! fix my wandering thoughts too there,  
And bid me Heaven adore!

But lo! the gentle slumber now  
Which seals his wearied lids,  
Appears propitious to my vow,  
And ev'ry fear forbids.

Calm as an infant, there he lay,  
(In that refreshing rest,)  
That's sobb'd its little griefs away  
Upon its mother's breast.

Deceitful calm! O semblance fair!  
He will not wake again,  
And she may watch in her despair,  
And call on him in vain!

Yes—she may frantic weep and wail  
In loneliness of grief,  
With hollow wasting cheek, and pale—  
There's none to speak relief.

He, he for whom she mourns so sad,  
Could only whisper peace,  
Could only bid her heart be glad,  
And all its sorrows cease.

O! still her tears unchecked must flow,  
For none can hope impart:  
Or even guess the depths of woe  
That sink the widow's heart.

From the Dial.

## RELIGION.

RELIGION should be 'a thousand-voiced psalm,' from the heart of man to man's God who is the original of Goodness, Truth, and Beauty, and is revealed in all that is good, true, and beautiful. But religion is among us, in general, but a compliance with custom; a prudential calculation; a matter of expediency; whereby men hope, though giving up a few dollars in the shape of pew-tax, and a little time in the form of church-going, to gain the treasures of heaven and eternal life. Thus religion has become Profit; not Reverence of the Highest, but vulgar hope and vulgar fear; a working for wages, to be estimated by the rules of loss and gain. Men love religion as the necessary wedding his well-enclosed wife; not for herself, but for what she brings. They think religion is useful to the old, the sick, and the poor, to charm them with a comfortable delusion through the cloudy land of this earthly life; they wish themselves to keep some running account therewith, against the day, when they also shall be old, and sick, and poor. Christianity has two modes of action, direct on the heart and life of a man, and indirect through conventions, institutions, and other machinery, and in our time the last is almost its sole influence. Hence men reckon Christianity as valuable to keep men in order; it would have been good policy for a shrewd man to have invented it on speculation, like other contrivances, for the utility of the thing. In their eyes the church, especially the church for the poor, is necessary as the court-house or the jail; the minister is a well-educated Sabbath-day constable; and both are parts of the great property establishment of the times. They value religion, not because it is true and divine, but because it serves a purpose. They deem it needful as the poll-tax, or the militia system, a national bank, or a sub-treasury. They value it among other commodities; they might give it a place in their inventories of

stock, and hope of Heaven, or faith in Christ, might be summed up in the same column with money at one per cent.

The problem of men is not first the Kingdom of God, that is a perfect life on earth, lived for its own sake, but first all other things, and then, if the Kingdom of God come of itself, or is, thrown into the bargain, like packthread and paper with a parcel of goods, why, very well, they are glad of it. It keeps 'all other things' from soiling. Does religion take hold of the heart of us? Here and there, among rich men and poor men, especially among women, you shall find a few really religious, whose life is a prayer; and Christianity their daily breath. They would have been religious had they been cradled among cannibals, and before the flood. They are divine men; of whom the spirit of God seems to take early hold, and Reason and Religion to weave up, by celestial instinct, the warp and woof of their daily life. Judge not the age by its religious geniuses. The mass of men care little for Christianity; were it not so, the sins of the forum and the market-place, committed in a single month, would make the land rock to its centre. Men think of religion at church on the Sabbath; they make sacrifices, often great sacrifices, to support public worship, and attend it most sedulously these men and women. But here the matter ends. Religion does not come into their soul; does not show itself in their house-keeping and trading. It does not shine out of the windows of morning and evening, and speak to them at every turn. How many young men in the thousand say thus to themselves: Of this will I make sure, a Christian Character and Divine Life, all other things be as God sends? How many ever set their hearts on any moral and religious object, on achieving a perfect character, for example, with a fraction of the interest they take in the next election? Nay, woman also must share the same condemnation. Though into her rich heart God more generously sows the divine germ of Religion; though this is her strength, her loveliness, her primal excellence, yet she also has sold her birth-right for time sel ornaments, and the admiration of deceitful lips. Men think of religion when they are sick, old, in trouble, or about to die, forgetting that it is a crown of life at all times; man's choicest privilege, his highest possession, the chain that sweetly links him to Heaven. If good for anything, it is good to live by. It is a small thing to die religiously; a devil could do that; but to live divine is a man's work.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

## RELIGION IN FRANCE.

THE absence of political power attached to any particular church in France, carries with it this good, that it procures a degree of tolerance distinct from indifference, which acts as a humanizing ingredient in the national character. Not that the French Roman Catholic clergy are tolerant; far from it; not that the decided unbeliever is tolerant; this is equally an impossibility: but that there is social bickerings, domestic heartburnings, and local jealousies caused by differences of religious belief, than in most other nations of Europe. As far as the French are indifferent to religion, it is a great misfortune and curse to them; for it renders them indifferent to and capable of morality, and it tends to their national degeneration; but as far as they are tolerant it is a blessing, for it civilizes them as a people, soothes their political passions, and leads them to religious enquiry. One of the most distinguished members of the Protestant community in France—one of the most tolerant, one of the most amiable, and, at the same time, vigorous of her citizens is M. Guizot. He is, at the same time, the most eloquent orator in the legislative body, and of more individual political weight than any other native of France. This eminent philosopher and historian had a rare merit of soon appreciating as it deserved, that revolution which he was unable to prevent, and still rarer courage to denounce it to the Chamber of Deputies in its true character; as 'a national catastrophe,' the effects of which it was high time to remedy, while the good ones were turned to the best account. M. Guizot, who has long been looked up to as the leader of the Protestant party in France, is a great advocate for the political existence of the Roman Catholic church as a civilizing agent, as an element of order in the French body politic. In his essay on Catholicism, Protestantism, and Philosophy, he thus expressed a summary of his views:

'French society is suffering from moral maladies of very different nature. There are some who are tired and dis-