



## LITERATURE.

## REASONS WHY WOMEN ARE ANGELS.

Men call Women Angels, but all do not know  
The very best reasons why women are so;  
'Tis not on account of the form or the face,  
'Tho' glowing with beauty and fashioned with grace—  
The sheen of the ringlets, or witchcrafts that lie  
Ambush'd in the lip, or the cheek, or the eye;  
The form may be faultless—the face may be fair,  
And yet not a speck of the ANGEL be there.

Some women are angels, I know very well;  
List, Maiden! the why and the wherefore I'll tell;  
She has a bright gem in the casket confined,  
A gentle, pure, sober, intelligent mind;  
A treasure nor beauty nor wealth can impart,  
A tender, confiding, and womanly heart;  
Tho' outward attractions the woman may spare—  
With the gem in the casket, the ANGEL is there.

She stands at the altar her lover to plight,  
Her heart is as pure as her raiment is white.  
'I promise to cherish thee—love thee—obey.'  
Is she not an angel? Ask HIM, he shall say;  
She bends o'er the bed where her baby doth sleep,  
The watch and the ward of an angel to keep!  
Her lap is his altar, he prays on his knee—  
Which is most like an angel, the baby or she?

She waits by the sad couch of sickness and pain,  
Prays, watches and weeps, but doth never complain;  
If weary and care-worn, harassed or oppressed,  
He finds in her bosom a sabbath of rest;  
Deserted by fortune—deserted by friends,  
Her love and fidelity make him amends;  
She is more than an angel, that wife, I aver,  
No angel could nurse or console him like her.

Know then, Angel-Woman, thy mission below,  
Not to fascinate, charm and bewitch—no, no, no,  
To cherish the good, and the ill to repress,  
The helpless to succor, the wretched to bless,  
Thou dost sweeten our joys—thou enrichest the store;  
Much doth earth owe thee, and Heaven much more,  
Thou bright thing of tenderness, beauty and love,  
First an angel on earth, and then an angel above.

[Rev. Mr. Barlow, of Chicago.]

[From Blackwood's Magazine for August.]

## A FAMILY FEUD.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GODFREY KINKEL.

Peace gives increase, discord wastes. That is an old and a true saying, although many people put no faith in it. On a bank of the Lower Rhine stands a little village, clean and pleasant to look at, and whose inhabitants are well to do, for fields and meadows are fertile, and the people are industrious and orderly. The richest man there was old Andrew, whose house and stabling were close to the river, where the towing path passes in front of the village. At his death all his earthly goods went to his two sons, of whom the eldest was named Casper, and the youngest Zebulon.

From his youth upwards Casper was a strong, healthy fellow, who, at fifteen years of age, could guide a plough or handle a scythe with any man; and who, at night, when he came in for his supper, would take his share of soup and potatoes with the best farm-laborer in the country. Zebulon, on the contrary, was but a rickety boy, and for three years had to drink physic instead of beer, besides being tormented with all the maladies incident to childhood. After his fourteenth year he gained strength, but his legs remained crooked and tottering, and he was a bad customer to the barber, for he never had any beard. He had no taste for farming, but loved to lie beside the stove, playing with the neighbours' children, who were much younger than he—making them all manner of toys, mending the broken heads and legs of the beasts out of Noah's ark, and sewing clothes for their dolls. Old Andrew, seeing he was no use in the fields, bound him apprentice to a tailor. He proved clever with his needle; and, before his father's death, he had set up for himself, and was doing well. But in spite of this, the girls of the village would have nothing to say to him—not even those for whose dolls he had formerly made clothes; they made game of him, and nicknamed him Master Scissor-legs, on account of the strange shape of his lower limbs, which had grown crosswise. This discouraged him; and at last he thought no more of falling in love, but clung all the closer to his brother Casper, who had married early, according to the good country custom, and whose wife brought him a child every year.

When old Andrew died, the brothers easily agreed about the inheritance. Casper took all the farm-land; Zebulon had the house, with the large kitchen garden and adjacent meadows. He gave up the ground floor to his brother, with whom he took his meals by way of rent. He himself dwelt in the upper story, where he had a large cheerful room, one of whose windows looked up the main street of the village, and the others across a patch of meadow to the Rhine. Here he sat upon his board and plied his needle; nothing could happen in the neighbourhood without his seeing it, and with every boatman who put into shore he had his word of gossip, and got the latest news from Mayence or Emeric. And thus his

life passed pleasantly away, and he grew an old bachelor almost without knowing it.

For twenty years the brothers had lived together in harmony, greatly to the advantage of Casper's children, who were all day in their uncle's room, looking out of the great windows, and coaxing him to make them all manner of puppets and dolls, at the twilight hour, when it grew too dark to work. When one of them was old enough to go to school, he got saucy to Zebulon, because he had heard his play-fellows making game of him; and thenceforward they would all, in turn, be troublesome and impertinent, until their uncle took them by the arm and sent them down stairs. This he was accustomed to do to all or any of his nephews and nieces.

Suddenly the devil laid an egg in the household. Casper had now twelve children, small and big, like the pipes of an organ. He had been frugal and prudent, and had increased his farm by the purchase of new pieces of land. This made a larger number of laborers requisite, and at last his wife found the ground-floor of the house too small. She plagues her husband to build a new house by the side of the old one; it must not be of wood and clay, but a good brick house, with a wainscoted room in it. For a long while Casper would not listen to her, for he said to himself that, for the cost of a new house, he could buy a dozen cows and an acre of land. But his wife preferred a fine house and no cows. Reader, if ever you wished for cows, and your wife for a new house, you assuredly remember that the house was built, and that the beasts were not bought.

But the ground for the house? Nothing could be done till brother Zebulon agreed to give that; for the land all around the paternal dwelling belonged to him, and he had fine vegetables in the garden, and productive fruit-trees in the meadow, and twice a week he sent down the produce by the market-boat to Ressa or Cleves, and in this way he made many a hard dollar, and had now a round sum out at interest. The garden especially was a great enjoyment to him; it did him good, when he rose from his tailor's board, to busy himself with light garden work, such as sowing, planting, grafting, and the like. Casper, although he had abundance of land, and many broad fields, had nothing near the village except a small worthless strip, which lay between the house and the towing path. His wife had conditioned for this when the property was divided, to use it as a drying-ground for her linen. It was an uneven sandy bit of soil, and sloped so much towards the river that it was flooded almost every year.

The best possible place for the house would have been Zebulon's kitchen garden. It was high and dry, had a pretty view of the river, and the soil was firm and well suited for cellars and foundations. From the very first this had been the wife's opinion, and now she spoke it out. When Casper heard it he scratched his head and said she had better break the matter herself to brother Zebulon.

This she did the very next evening after supper, when grace had been said and the children sent to bed. She treated the subject as a thing quite of course, and made no doubt but that Zebulon would act brotherly, and let them have the garden a bargain. Zebulon made no answer, but rose from his chair, handed Casper, according to his regular habit of an evening, a pinch from his snuff box, wished him, as he sneezed, God's blessing and a good night, in the same breath, and walked up stairs to bed. But there was no sleep for Zebulon that night. For the first hour he lay thinking of the beautiful cherry and apricot espaliers which, only three years before, he had got into good bearing with the greatest possible trouble, and after planting, in vain, six different sets of young trees. In the second hour he thought of his ranunculuses, to which he had allotted the warmest and best bed in the garden; his ranunculuses were his pride, no one in the neighborhood, not even the nurserymen in the adjacent towns, could compete with him for variety of sorts. After midnight his fancy led him along the neat, well kept walk, for which he himself had brought the gravel—two hundred barrowfuls at least—with the sweat of his own brow and the toil of his arms, from the river's edge; and he paced round the neat little plot in the middle, bordered with sea-shells, which he had sent for on purpose from Schevening. Just as the watchman called one o'clock, his very heart was touched by the reflection of the beautiful thick asparagus which he every year gathered from the raised bed under the hedge; at two o'clock he was full of his fine summer cabbage; at three he was preoccupied with green peas; and towards morning all these things, the apricots and the shells, the cabbages and the ranunculuses, the peas and the asparagus, whirled confusedly through his brain. And he thought how these were all to be uprooted and cut down, merely to make room for a house which would stand just as well anywhere else; and how in his old days, he should have to lay out a new garden, and perhaps never eat of its fruits.

At last a happy thought struck Zebulon; he took a resolution, and went sedately and cheerfully down stairs to his noontide meal. His sister-in-law did not look very kindly on him, for she was vexed that he had not immediately agreed to her wishes. But she held her tongue, expecting him to revive the subject. At last, seeing him silent, she got impatient, and came out with an abrupt question. "Well, brother-in-law," she said, "has night brought you good counsel? For how much are we to have the garden?"

"Send away the children," replied Zebulon; "we can talk better without them."

The children gone, he continued, "Dear sister-in-law," he said, "I cannot spare the garden; it is so profitable to me that I cannot give it you a bargain, as behoves between brothers. The soil of the meadow is not suitable for flowers and vegetables—I cannot make a garden there—and, besides, it would take me too long. But it must be all one to you, whether you build a few yards to the right or to the left. Choose a place in the meadow for the house, and for a good yard besides. Don't be modest about it; you are welcome to a good half-acre. What I have will go to your children, and I have no need to bog-

gle at trifles; the half-acre is yours as a free gift."

This was spoken like a brother, and Casper already stretched forth his hand to grasp that of Zebulon and heartily thank him. But his wife was not content, because she would have it as she had decided, and not otherwise. "No," she said, "in yonder swamp I will not build; I would rather remain in this house."

"As you please," replied Zebulon, "and I trust you have all made a good dinner." And therewith he walked quite friendly, out of the room, and went up to the workshop. When he was gone, his sister-in-law's anger burst forth. If he had answered her rudely, and given her an excuse to vent her vexation, it is possible that, after a good scold, they might have been friends again. As it was, her husband bore the brunt.

"A pretty fellow you are," she began, "without a word to say in your wife's behalf! So it is with us poor women: blow high, blow low, 'tis all one to you men; and when we stand up for ourselves, and for the good of our poor children, we are set down as scolds and ternaigants."

"Wife," said Casper, "the meadow is good enough to build upon, and we'll give it a gift."

"I will not have it," cried the angry woman. "Sooner would I build upon the scrap of land by the water's edge, which is our own already! It would vex that crooked Scissors-legs to spoil his view of the Rhine, and stop his chat with the boatmen, the old gossip, the—"

"None but a fool would build there," interrupted Casper. "The spring-thaws and the floods would suffer no house to stand there long. But I must be off to the farm. And he left the room."

Meanwhile Zebulon sat upon his board, and sewed together bits of gaudy cloth to make a jacket which he had promised his youngest nephew, little Peter, for his new punchinello. The child had been three times to fetch it, and as his uncle had promised him it should be ready by three o'clock, his fourth visit might soon be expected.

Three o'clock struck: the jacket was ready, but little Peter came not. Zebulon took up some other work: "The boy's gone a-fishing," he thought to himself. Four o'clock struck, still no Peter appeared; neither came the other children, although it was their usual custom, after school, to eat their bread and cheese in their uncle's room. "They will be making a bonfire in the potatoe field," said Zebulon; "or can anything have happened to them?"

But when five o'clock struck, he heard the urchins shouting and running about in the rooms below. He went to the stairhead and called out—"Peter, bring your doll, the jacket is ready."

"No, uncle," answered the little fellow; "I don't want the jacket any more."

Zebulon returned to his board, tetched the many colored jacket, held it up to the children, and said—"Who will have it, if Peter does not want it?"

"I," cried Michael, the youngest boy but one; and already his foot was on the stairs when his eldest sister, the pert Anna, sprang forward and pulled him back by the arm so violently that he fell to the ground. "Keep to your jacket, uncle," she said. "Mother says you are a bad uncle, and that you have no heart for your brother's children, and so we will take nothing more from you. And mother says, too, that we are not to go any more into your room."

"Yes," cried one of the boys, "and I shan't go any more to see you, you Uncle Scissors-legs! Oh! Uncle Scissors-legs!"

And thereupon the entire gang, big and little, Michael included, shouted in treble chorus! "Oh! Uncle Scissors-legs! Uncle Scissors-legs!"

Zebulon turned as white as chalk with anger, and looked round for his yard-measure to thrash the little rabble; but he felt his legs totter, and went slowly back into his room. He tore the jacket into shreds, and threw them out of the window. Then he climbed upon his board and began furiously to sew at a waistcoat. When it was done he found he had sewn in the sleeve on the wrong side; he threw it from him, and pulled on his coat, took his cane and went out—to the public house.

When Caspar had done working in the fields, he also did not feel very comfortable in his mind. He had no inclination to go home, and thought to himself—"My wife has made a blunder of it with brother Zebulon, so it's for her to make matters up again at supper; I will go to the public house." And so, because the brothers avoided each other, they met the sooner, and that in presence of strangers. When Caspar entered the tavern, Zebulon was sitting in a corner, reading a Rhine newspaper. He looked ill, and before him—an unusual circumstance—stood a pint of wine. Heretofore the brothers had always drank their wine together, and out of the same bottle; but upon this evening Caspar, as soon as he saw his brother, called for rum. A dozen of the villagers were in the room.

"Well, Caspar," said the Assessor, "so you are going to build, I hear?"

"Do you know that already?" was the answer. "Yes, please God, next spring."

"And where?"

"Don't know yet, not yet agreed with my next neighbor."

Zebulon looked up a moment from his newspaper, and the brother's eyes met. "It isn't every one that's obliging," continued Caspar.

Zebulon laid down the newspaper, took off his spectacles, but said nothing.

"I'm thinking," said the Assessor, "that the best place would be on your brother's meadow."

"Yes," said Caspar; "and that is where it will be, I suppose."

"On what meadow do you mean, Caspar?" said Zebulon across the table.

"Well, on yours, as we decided to-day."

"I know nothing of the decision," replied Zebulon. "Since five o'clock this afternoon, not a hand's breadth of my meadow is to be sold or given away."

"Indeed," said Caspar; "I knew nothing of that. I dare say we will talk it over again to-morrow, at dinner."

"I dine no more at your wife's table," replied Zebulon.