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Poetry.

THE HOMESTEAD.

BY LADY SPENCER.

It is not as it used to be,
When you and I were young,
When round each elm and maple tree
The honeysuckles clung;
But still I love the cottage where
I passed my early years,
Though not a single face is there
That memory endears.

It is not now as it used to be!
The moss is on the roof,
And from their nests beneath the eaves
The swallows keep aloof,
The robins—how they used to sing
When you and I were young;
And how did flit the wild bee's wiug
The opening flowers among!

It is not as it used to be!
The voices loved of yore,
And the forms we were wont to see,
We see and hear no more.
No more! Alas, we look in vain,
For those to whom we clung,
And love as we can love but once,
When you and I were young.

"HOE OUT YOUR ROW."

One lazy day a farmer's boy
Was hoeing out the corn,
And moodily had listened long
To hear the dinner horn,
The welcome blast was heard at last,
And down he droped his hoe;
But goodman shouted in his ear,
How out your row!—O,
Hoe out your row!

Altho' a "hard one" was the row,
To use a plowman's phrase,
And the lad as the sailors have it,
Beginning well to "haze"—
"I can," said he, and manfully
He seized again his hoe;
And the goodman smilled to see the boy
Hoe out his row—O,
Hoe out his row.

The lad the text remembered,
And proved the moral well,
This perseverence to the end
At last will nobly tell,
Take courage man! resolve you can,
And strike a vigorous blow,
In life's great field of varied toil
Hoe out your row—O,
Hoe out your row.

Miscellaneous.

A MARRIED MAN'S EYE.

"There's daggers in man's eye!"

[We think it probable that the following is an old story though we never met with it before—but it contains so large a portion of truth as we must in all fairness acknowledge, and is calculated to do so much good, that it is worthy of even an annual publication. *Evening Post.*]

"Open the window, Hetty" said my uncle Andover to his housemaid; "let in a little fresh air this fine morning!"

Hetty threw up the sash quickly, and smash! went a pane of glass. The poor girl turned her frightened eye towards us, but my uncle went on talking as if he had not heard the noise.

"Sir, Mr. Andover, please to look," said Hetty, "I have broken a pane of glass, and Miss Andover will be so angry!"

"Angry?—for what? Here; take this money," said he, "and run off quickly for the glazier. I will pick up the pieces while you are gone. 'Angry,' indeed! Miss Andover does not get angry for such trifles; but, be off before she comes home, if you are afraid."

Dear uncle Andover—he screens everybody from harm. All Camperdown knew the value of his friendship. He was just turned of sixty, with a healthy, unbroken constitution, a fine flow of spirits, and an even temper. He was benevolent and untiring in his disposition to do good; and as all the world knew this, he was not suffered to remain unoccupied a moment. All this, added to a large income, and a large heart, made him one of the most popular men in Camperdown.

With all these qualifications, it was a wonder he never married, for he was a very handsome man, even at his advanced age. But he was a bachelor from choice, I assure you; for many a lady, even now, would be glad to receive an offer from him. Strange as it may appear, it is nevertheless really true, my uncle was never in love—that is, violently in love, as I am at this moment—and therefore he never thought of marriage.

"My dear uncle," said I, when the glazier had gone, "how has it happened that you never married? You have always been rich, and from what I can now see, you must have been very handsome."

Here my uncle pulled up his collar, and settled his chin, casting his eye toward the glass.

"Why, as to that, Leo, I believed I was tolerably well looking in my youth, and I cannot but say I had many inducements to marry. My parents were very desirous that I should fall in love, and many a beauty was pointed out to me; but I suppose I had no turn for the tender passion. The fact is Leo, that I loved every woman so well, that I was afraid of hurting the feelings of the whole sex, if I gave one the preference. This was not, however, the only reason," said he, after a pause. "I had another and a stronger one. All my life I have been watching the behavior of men to their wives, and I never met with one man—no not even your father, and he came of a gentle kind—who did not *scourge* his wife the very moment she was in his power.—And, Leo, mark my words, you will do it too. It is human nature; it seems a thing not to be helped."

"Scourge their wives! I scourge a woman!—such a lovely creature as Flora Webb?" thought I. "But what do you mean by 'scourging?'"

"I mean what I say. Do you think there is only one kind of scourging? I certainly do not mean beating, though many a fellow, if he dared, would strike his wife, or slap her face, if she only acted a little perversely, just as he had acted, perhaps, only the moment before; but the scourging I speak of, is with the eye; aye, you may stare, but it is the *married man's eye*. Come, let us go to the village; I owe everybody a visit, particularly Ormsby, who is just married to my little pet." Every young woman, by the way was uncle Andover's pet. "I cannot tell in which way she offends his married eye, but I will warrant that he has begun his scourging already. There is your aunt Phillida; she sees this matter as I do, and that has kept her from marrying. Before we settled in Camperdown, she had plenty of offers, for rich women are scarce. The old Mr. Root offered his hand to her full thirty years ago."

"Look over the way, uncle; there stands the little red-haired Davison, the meanest looking man I ever saw. Is it true that he made an attempt to address my sister Fanny, while I was in Europe?"

"Yes, he made a desperate attempt, but was repulsed with scorn. Do not speak of it before your aunt, for it puts her in a passion. I only wish we could keep him from coming so often to Camperdown, for he is hateful to me, as well as to her; and Mrs. Campbell—that is, our Jenny Hart that was—has set her face against him, and that has decided his fate here."

"What! is Mrs. Campbell the Jenny Hart of the thread-and-needle store? she whom all the young men used to gaze at so? the one that every one was in love with?"

"Yes, and I will take you there to-morrow. She is on a visit to New York today. Your aunt told her about Davison; and so, as I said, having set her face against him, he will not find it very convenient to settle in our neighborhood. Let him remain at Starkford."

"Why, uncle, I never knew you so bitter toward any one before. What has he done to merit all this?"

"Well, Leo, we talked of scourging; of married men scouraging there wives with the eye; but this man, for one that calls himself a man, is more brutal than a savage. Just look at him; a little paltry fellow, not bigger than my thumb; with red hair, a freckled face, a nose that you can hardly see, deep-set little red eyes, an ear like a long oyster, and a neck like a crane. There he goes; and he has a laugh and a joke with every one he meets. There comes our good Mr. Foster, the engineer. Ah, Alfred Gray does not stop; he touches his hat, and walks on. It has cowed Davison for a second; but there comes Job Martine, the tax-gatherer; now Davison has said a good thing, and they are laughing at it.—There comes our good Mr. Parsells, see how Davison's hat goes off to him; there was a bow for you!"

"Who is this Mr. Parsells' uncle? I do not recollect ever hearing his name before."

"He is a retired merchant, and has bought an estate at Wicklowe, in the next village. He is very rich, and little Davison fawns and cringes before him like a spaniel. I see it all now there is an only daughter there, too. Miss Parsells is not what I call an ugly woman, but if it were not for her immense expectations, ugly as Davison is himself, he would look for more beauty. The fellow has been twice married. Yes, there he goes; he has left the others, and walked off with good-natured Jemmy Parsells."

"But, supposing that Miss Parsells is ugly? Surely this man can have no pretensions to her hand; and he is upward of forty, by his looks."

"There is nothing better or worse to be said of him than that he scourged his wife to death. He married an only child; I speak of his first wife, for the second one, poor thing!—no, lucky creature!—died of a pleaurisy before he had time to commence operations. His first wife was a young lady of good birth, and as was supposed at the time, of goed fortune. She was an intimate school friend of your aunt Phillida, but their intercourse was interrupted after the marriage. Mr. Dell the father of Christiana, was reputed to be rich, and Davison ingratiated himself with him, that, being a hypochondriac, and not a good business man, the fellow soon became his factotum. Every thing fell into his hands; and the short if it is, that he determined to have Mr. Dell's money, and his daughter in the bargain, since he could not get one without the other."

"Ah, uncle, I recollect now; did I not see a Mrs. Davison with aunt Phillida, at the springs the summer before I went abroad?"

"Yes, about four years ago, just before she died, and it was there that I saw how the wretch treated her and yet no one else perceived it but your aunt and myself.—Very few look deeply into such matters.—Christiana was compelled into the marriage; but your aunt thinks that if all the property had been settled upon her, Davison would have treated her differently. I doubt it.

"It is scarcely possible to tell you in what his deviltries consisted; but they were of such a nature that in ten years—it was a slow poison that eye of his—he fairly worked this gentle creature out of existence. I only wish you dared ask your aunt all about it, for women understand this misery better than men; but it almost sets her raving.—Our principal reason for quitting Starkford was because he had bought an estate there. Before the wretch married poor Christiana Dell, he was the most devoted, the most obsequious, the most tender of lovers. He had to work hard to get the innocent young creature, for her dislike to him at first amounted almost to aversion. He consulted her taste in everything, and seemed to have no will but hers.

"Well, Leo, only look at this man one year after marriage, nay, one month, for he began immediately. He could not bear to hear her laugh; he could not bear to see her pleased with any one's conversation; he sneered at her whenever she open her lips—unobserved, mind, by others. By his hard manner, he drove off her early associates, those who loved her dearly and could have comforted her. His eye—that little red eye of his—was kept on her whenever she opened her lips to speak, or to give an opinion; and it had the power of a serpent over her. There is no thraldom, Leo like that of a married man's eye. He expected impossibilities, almost, from her, for her constitution was very delicate, and when she did the utmost that her feeble strength allowed her, he sneered at her. At the table, he never helped her to anything he thought she liked. She could not bear rare meat, neither could he; yet I am told that in his own house he would not allow the cook to send the meat up well done, lest his wife might perchance get a piece that she liked. He actually punished himself that he might scourge his unoffending wife. If, in the most humble way, when she thought he was particularly good humored, she asked him for a slice not quite so rare, he would say some brutal or unfeeling thing to her, for which the very negro in waiting would like to kick him. If he deigned to help her to another piece, it was cut from a burnt, hard part, equally unpalatable. She never ate a mouthful at that wretch's table without insult or injury.

"It was fortunate that this poor young creature had no chilren; for his nature was such that I verily believe he would have tormented them, for the purpose of tormenting his wife. When she found that all happiness was denied her in this world, she turned her affection to another and a better. There she found peace and love—a love tender and enduring. She fell sick, at length; and then you should have seen the hypocrite.—Oh, how he would run for the leecher and bleeder—for the doctor and the clergyman! You would have thought him the most devoted and tender of husbands. Almost every one save the servants and our aunt Phillida, were deceived. Even the doctor called him a pattern-husband.

"How he must have shrunk from the touch of the clergyman, on the day after the funeral! The reverend man dearly loved this pure and gentle wife; and it went hard with him to part with her; but with all the confidence she reposed in him, never breathed a syllable of her husband's undeviating, petty tyranny. 'Rest, therefore, in peace, my son!' said he, as he rose to leave the room, placing his hand on her cruel husband's head, 'as she for whom we mourn is now an angel in Heaven. You tenderly loved her; you sustained her in sickness and sorrow, and you comforted her in the last trying moments. Your conscience must acquit you of the slightest intentional unkindness, for you were all that a tender, considerate husband should be. Grieve not, therefore, like one without hope; but let us imitate the purity and integrity of her life, so that in the end our spirits may again be united to her.'

"Would you believe it, Leo, the hypocrite told all this to one of his friends!—There he comes again. Only hear that laugh! Just so he roared, and 'made fun,' when he was breaking his wife's heart at home. Jokes! No one sould have a dinner or a supper party without him. He afterwards married Levinia Marks, on the strength of his goodness to his wife; and I have no doubt the same thing will operate on the mind of Miss Parsells and her father. Poor Christiana Dell! But she is far happier where she is now, than she could be, even if Davison was not a brute. But come, let us sally out; it is visiting time, and we owe a great many visits. So here we are; this is Ormsby's house. Now Leo, look out for the man's eye."

The newly-married couple were sitting together very lovingly, and everything around them was bride-like and comfortable. They jumped up quickly to welcome us, for my uncle, as I said, was a general favorite. He praised everything over and over again, even the ugly clock on the mantle-piece had his kind notice.

"Yes, I knew you would like it," said the lively little lady, "but James does not think it suitable for this small room. It is rather large, to be sure; but then bronze is so much more fashionable than gold. I am sorry, now, since he dislikes it so much, that I did not take the gilt one; but Mr. Andover, how could I tell, then, that he preferred the gilt one? Then he thought as I thought, and as I uniformly preferred the bronze clock, why he was only too happy to approve—were not you, James! I never heard, then, of his dislike to this poor clock; but a month after marriage makes a great difference, you know, Mr. Andover."

While she was laughing out gaily, in the pride and joy of a young bride's heart, Ormsby was trying to catch her eye. I saw that her prattle disconcerted him, and he wanted to stop her; but she ran on, and my uncle listened with as much glee and innocence as herself. Ormsby walked across the room, so as to get in front of her, under pretence of pushing the clock straight.

"I believe James is satisfied with all my purchases," said she, "but that foolish clock; and if I could, I would change it yet for the gold one. Why, only a little before you came in——"

Her husband caught her eye this time, and his looks quellled her—for her laugh and her joyousness were at an end. She was puzzled to know why her little nonsense was taken amiss now, when it was always apparently listened to before her marriage. This was evidently the first stroke of the married man's eye. It embarrassed her; she cast a timid glance at her husband and was silent.

"Did you see the fellow's eye?" asked my uncle, when on our way to the next house. "Now the poor child said nothing amiss; she was only a little bridish. Ormsby did not like the exposure. It showed that he had struck the false colors of courtship, and had nailed up the red, stern flag to the mast-head. Men are alike, Leo."

Our next visit was to Mr. Emerson, the chemist. He lived in the greatest harmony with his wife; they had been married seven years, and had several fine children. The very moment we entered the house, he cast a fierce look at his better half. "My dear Jane," said he, with a look and tone that badly accorded with the tender epithet, "why do you shut out Mr. Andover's dog? Do open the door and let him come in.—Pray excuse me," continued he, casting aside the marriage glance, and looking most kindly on us; "she has such an aversion to dogs, nay such a foolish fear of them, that my poor Romeo, has but a sorry time of it, for when my back is turned, he is banished to the kitchen."

"Then why," said my uncle, mildly, "why do you keep a dog, if Mrs. Emerson is afraid of them. I am very fond of cats, and I should have two or three Maltese and Angolas, if Phillida were not averse to it. She dislikes cats as much as your wife fears dogs, and in consequence, I have banished them. Leo, my son, step out and drive Brutus from the door; he is scratching at it, and Mrs. Emerson must not be kept uneasy." Emerson here cast another look.

"What," thought I, "do all men change in this way after marriage?" My uncle, as if divining my thoughts, nodded his head, but I shook mine. "Never, Flora, shall this eye of mine look otherwise than tenderly on those!"

"Did you see Emerson's eye?" said my uncle, when fairly on the pavement; "and yet he is a pleasant fellow. How well he talks, and how kind and considerate he is to everybody, poor and rich, and we could not get on well without him; and I have no doubt that he is, in the main, an indulgent husband. Now he might as well give up his fancy for dogs, seeing that his wife dislikes them. I cannot for my life see why he persists in it. Leo, it gives a woman a very bad opinion of our sex, when she finds how different a lover and a husband are.—I remember the time when this very man, that lords it so with his eye, used to leave his dog at home when he went to Brighton to visit his sweetheart. He was tender enough of her feelings then. He gave up smoking, too, knowing that she disliked tobacco smoke, yet the cigar is hardly ever out of his mouth now. Did you see what a sarcastic look she put on, when I said that I gave up cats to please your aunt? The expression amounted to this: "Yes, bachelor Andover but there is all the difference in the world between giving up your whims to please your wife. If Phillida had been your wife, instead of your sister, the cats would have been paramount.' And, indeed, my dear nephew, I am afraid this would be the case. It is this fear which has kept me an old bachelor."

Our next visit was to Mr. Renshaw, a retired merchant. He had an excellent wife, and lovely children, all of whom were in good health, and well managed. He was so cheerful, and she seemed so much at ease, that I cast my eye towards my uncle; he shook his head, and whispered, "Wait awhile."

"How finely the children grow!" said he to Mr. Renshaw. "Let me see, your eldest must be twelve years old now?"

"I really do not know," was the answer. "My dear, how old did you say Augustus was? You told me this morning, but I really have forgotten already."

"But if it had been an animal," said his wife, laughingly, "you would not have forfotten. You always remember the age of your horse and your"— Her husband gave her a look.

We saw several glances of the married man's eye, for the first did not seem to quell her sufficiently; yet she said nothing to deserve them.

"A woman," said my uncle, as we passed on to the next house, "never knows when she may banter or trifle. Sometimes he is in an easy mood, and then he will fall into the conversation; for, after all, it is nothing but nonsense one talks in these morning visits. Here lives our good Dr. Fielding; let us stop here."

"Doctor," said Mrs. Fielding, after we had chatted a little while, "show Mr. Andover little Mat's head, and see whether he pronounces the lump a wen or a bruise."

Ah, such a look as she got! It stopped her short at once. The doctor had no desire that his old friend should suppose him so ignorant in so simple a matter as a wen or no wen.

"I have no doubt," said uncle Andover, when we left the house, "that the docter was wondering and wondering about this wen, just for talk's sake, before we went in; and so his wife, feeling anxious, and for the want of something better to say blundered on the wen. Are you satisfied now, Leo?" asked the good-old bachelor.

Everything that wealth and taste could combine, was carried in and around the house of Mr. Frazer, a manufacturer in large business and of great popularity. He was still in the prime of life, although he had a daughter married, whose first baby was now on its first visit to his house. Nothing, of course, was too good for the child and its mother, and Mrs. Renshaw revelled in unalloyed happiness. We admired and wondered at the child's precocity and beauty, till even the mother was satisfied, and we were wondering what we should say next, when Mr. Frazer came in from his office.

After hearing all our praises over again, and getting our opinion of his daughter's looks, he cast a glance at his wife, and said, "My dear, I came near breaking my neck over the child's waggon in the entry; How could you let it stand there?" "Oh, father," said the daughter, "it was my fault; it was I that left it there." His face cleared in an instant; for, as my uncle afterwards observed, it makes a vast difference whether the vast injury, or opposition, or vexation, comes from a wife or a daughter. But with this branch of the question I have nothing to do at present. I am now only speaking of the married man's eye.

The next visit was to Mr. Graylove the clergyman. I thought his wife could not be afraid of gads, for there were no less than two lying about. Over one of them my uncle stumbled, as he entered the parlor; but instead of apologising to him, Mr. Graylove cast a reproachful look at his poor wife.

"I told Mrs. Graylove," said he, with another glance, "that if she persisted in driving old Carlo from the hearth-rug he would go to the door-rug: and now she sees I was right."

"Oh, never mind," said my uncle, mildly; "no harm is done; only that Carlo has chosen a very inconvenient place to rest; for he must be continually disturbed by the opening and shutting of the door."

"Yes, but the door opens outward, as you see," said Mrs. Graylove; "and people generally see him, step over him, if he is too lazy to get up, as he was to-day. If I had my way dogs should never come in the parlor; they are a perfect nuisance, and I tell Mr. Graylove—"

The eye quelled her. "What!" said I, "is it always thus? Is the married eye always ready to reproach?"

Our last visit was to a very aged couple, Timothy Winter, and his wife. He was an old country gentleman, of eighty-six, affluent and respectable. On this day, there were thirty-six children, grand-children, and two little twin boys, his great-great-grand-children. It was their aged relative's birth-day. "Surely," thought I, "this man has scourged his eye out by this time."—"Look out for his eye!" said uncle Andover.

All seemed to hover about the old man, and I kept wondering why the same fuss was not kept up with the old lady, too. Very little notice was taken of her. There she sat, in a corner by herself, smiling and nodding, and looking so happy—poor old thing! but to my eyes, she did not seem to belong to the people around her. She was a delicate, lady-like looking woman, with a mild expression, and of quiet manners; while the whole brood were needy, careworn, sinister looking people; rough and uneducated.—Even the father, although of coarse exterior, had a cast of superiority. We often see this in familes, and there is no accounting for it.

The only one that at all resembled the old lady, was the mother of the little twin boys, who died of a broken heart, from ill usage. Her husband was a brute, and broke his neck in a horse-race, just one month after his wife's death. The children were taken home to their paternal grandmother, and this, as I have said, was their first visit.—With that placid smile on his face, old Mrs. Winter was the only one in the group who felt a pang at the loss of the children's mother; and yet, living at a great distance from her, she had never been seen by the aged people.

No one, as I observed, paid much attention to old Mrs. Winter; yet what she had not endured for them all! In some shape or other, her assistance, her feelings, were in constant requisition. To every one of the rough, ungainly-looking people, she had more than acted a mother's part; and yet they showed more respect to old Timothy, who had never voluntarily, my uncle said, done them one kind act. Young as I was, I had seen this before, in several families. The descendants make a greater ado with the old grandfather.

"Stand aside, Sally dear," said the aged woman, "and let me have another look at the dear little boys. Alas for their poor dear mother! What are their names, did you say? Henry and George? Well, they are very pretty names but I wonder that one of them was not called Timothy."

Old Timothy had some such feeling in his own mind, for most old people have this passion of wishing their name to descend to their grand-children, let the name be ever so ugly. But it was a mark of disrespect, or indifference, to neglect doing it. To make this neglect apparent to others, was offensive to old Timothy; so he cast his eye wrathfully toward his wife: "Nonsense!" said this old man of eighty-six. He meant that this look from his eye should have reached her, but it failed, for it fell on my uncle.—Timothy was almost blind, yet he did his best.

"And yet," said uncle Andover, after wo left the house, "the old man was always thought to be a kind husband."

"But why," said I, sorely puzzled, "why is it that all hover around the old man? I have observed it to be the case everywhere."

"Why?" said he; "why because men, to the last, hold the purse-strings, my son; and because all their children, grand, great-grand, and great-great grand children, down to such little ones as we have just left, have seen the man's eye quell the mother of all; she that suffered for them, that nursed them through many a dangerous illness; she that has toiled for them up to her eightieth year, and has forever interceded for them, when the old man was churlish. The workings of the old man's eye—of every man's eye—has made her and all old women what they are, poor despised creatures: so that to be called an "old woman," is the most degrading epithet that can be applied. But their time is coming; their day is opening, Leo; and those little twin brothers will not say "Nonsense! and cast a fierce glance at their wives, when they, tender-hearted to the last, are anxious that their husband's name should be kept green and fresh in the minds of their descendants. Yes, my son, the moment a man marries, his eye begins to scourge his wife; but many are now beginning to ask how this must be."

"To be sure, my dear uncle," said I, "a man must often say and do foolish things, and often act contrary to his wife's judgment. He must, therefore, be as liable to the fierce glance of the eye, as she is. The only wonderful thing about it is, that any man who tenderly loves his wife, can let his eye fall on her as if she was his enemy."—"No, Flora," said I, "never shall this eye reprove thine!" Uncle Andover looked up and smiled.

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[Conclusion next week.]

A SCRAP OF HISTORY.—Macaulay, in his new volumes, tells the following story of Pope Sixtus V.: "Finding that he could not directly cope with a gang of outlaws who had a strong hold among the Appenines, he had a train of mules loaded with poisoned wine and food, sent on a road that ran close to the fastness. The robbers sallied forth, seized the prey, feasted and died. The pious old Pope exulted greatly when he heard that the corpses of thirty ruffians had been found lying among the mules and packages."

A MONSTER IN HUMAN FORM.—We know (but shall drop his acquaintance as soon as we get married) a blighted old bachelor, who says, "that he supposes the natural diet of an infant being milk will account for its (s)ream!"—*Punch.*

A man is slow to perceive his own slowness of perception.