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POETRY.

MISS CAUDLE'S COMPLAINT.

Bless me! Mamma, what shall I do?
I haven't a beau, and I'm now twenty-two!
If things don't improve, 'pon my word I'm afraid,
Do all I can, I shall die an old maid.
Bless me! Mamma, what shall I do?
I haven't a beau, and I'm now twenty-two!

'Tis true Mr. Johnson, who last came to tea,
Was all the night long most attentive to me;
But never a word about marriage he'd say,
And, like all the rest, he went smiling away.
Bless me! Mamma, what shall I do?
I haven't a beau, and I'm now twenty-two!

Such treatment, I'm sure, would vex even a saint!
I dance, and I sing, and I play, and I paint—
With the pensive I'm grave; with the merry I'm gay;
But still not a word about Hymen the'll say.
Bless me! Mamma, what shall I do?
I haven't a beau, and I'm now twenty-two!

I'm sure I can't tell what the men are about!
I meet them at party, at ball, and at route;
But all are so shy that in quest of a beau
To New Brighton or Southport I'll speedily go.
Bless me! Mamma, what shall I do?
I haven't a beau, and I'm now twenty two!

Mrs. Caudle, I fear, I have only to blame:
Men hint that the women are all much the same,
And methinks they are right, and a wager I'll bet,
Many laughing at Caudle will be Caudles yet.
Bless me! Mamma, what shall I do?
I haven't a beau, and I'm now twenty-two!

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Saturday Emporium.

OCTOBER.

About ten o'clock Tuesday night we bid adieu to our very agreeable friend September. He has been with us a month, rambling over the hills, sailing on the streams, and looking in upon his old acquaintance. If we may believe him, he has had a pleasant visit; though he often appeared sad as he dwelt upon the changes that had taken place since he was last here. He said that many a light hearted girl whom he met in his rambles then, he had failed to see this time; that she had faded with the garland which wreathed her snowy brow—that the joy of her young heart, and the light of her laughing eye, were quenched forever! He said that many a noble youth who was then just ripening into manhood, and looking with eager anticipation to the world that lay before him, had been dashed into the waves as he was trimming his sail for life's voyage; and that many an old man whom he had known for more than half a century, had left his staff and his arm-chair behind him, and was gone to the church-yard, to mingle his dust with that of his almost forgotten ancestors. These, it is true, were saddening circumstances, and calculated to dash the pleasure of his visit with a little of melancholy.—But every thing on the whole appeared much as usual, and the warm welcome he received was kindly and cheerfully returned.

In the course of the day, he informed us that he must leave at night in the 12 o'clock train, of which Old Time was the engineer; and that he should be gone on a tour which would not allow him to return before the end of August, '46. We offered to sit up and see him off, but he said he should be obliged to embark hastily, as the car would not stop a moment, and that we had better part then, while we had leisure to do it handsomely. Accordingly we retired, as we before intimated, about ten, leaving him ready for a start, with his note-book or common place under his arm—which he said would be eventually published; his whiskers well brushed, hat on and overcoat tight buttoned to the chin.

On awaking next morning we found standing over us our rough, hearty old friend October. He was examining by the full light which poured in at our window, every corner of our room, and every article of furniture, and bending upon us as we lay rubbing our eyes and trying to recognize him, a look which seemed to have been dipped in a decoction of which the *bark of a smile* and the *tenderest leaves of a frown* were the ingredients. He held out his hard hand to us, but exclaimed rather peevishly, that he supposed we cared little to see him, as we never rose early to congratulate his arrival, as we did that of his coquettish little sister May, or even his younger and *greener* brother September. We took it all however as a part of his whimsical oddity; told him we knew he stood less upon ceremony than some of the younger members of the family; and—to be even with him—that we did think his little sister much more agreeable than himself, and would rise an hour earlier any time for a morning ramble with her, to hear her merry laugh, and drink in her soul-born smiles, than to enjoy his frigid society; and that if he disliked his reception, he might leave as soon as he pleased.—Finding this to be our humor he flung off his assumed sulienness—and that Old Time had given him express orders to stay a month, and that we had better be friends as we always had been. On enquiry, we learned that September had leaped upon the car at the instant he left it. He said they brushed each other's sleeves in passing, and had only time to wink a recognition, before the train was out of sight. We rallied him a little on his being such an incorrigible old bachelor, and withal so sentimental—filling his pockets, as he is accustomed to do, and stuffing his greasy old hat with faded flowers!—wandering in the forest when showers of dry leaves are falling around, and dreaming that the winds which wail so mournfully, are but the sighs of its weeping nymphs! But he said it was all the work of Destiny, that he had been born, and had grown up constitutionally fond of solitude and sentiment. Changing the conversation abruptly, he said he should blow his old horn in the streets one of these days, to apprize people of his presence in town, and that if they did not prepare to give him a *warm reception*, they might expect from him some rather cold salutations, and he could assure them that their interviews with him, which must necessarily occur, would be extremely *chilling* and disagreeable.

FEMALE STRATAGEM:

AN ARABIAN STORY.

It is related that a young man of graceful stature and beautiful countenance resided formerly at Bagdad, where he was most distinguished among the sons of the merchants. One day, while he sat in his shop, a lovely damsel approached: having looked at him, she perceived written over his door these words, "*There is no cunning equal to that of men, since it surpasses the cunning of women.*" "By my veil, then, I swear," said she, "this man shall be the sport of female cunning, and he shall change this inscription." On the next day she returned most richly dressed, and attended by many slaves, under pretence of purchasing some article; she seated herself in the young man's shop. "You have beheld," said she, "the gracefulness of my person; can any one presume to affirm that I am hump-backed?" at the same time she uncovered part of her bosom. The young merchant was fascinated. "I appeal to you," continued she, "whether I am not well-formed;" she then showed him her finely-turned arm, and her face, which in beauty equalled the moon when near its fourteenth night, saying, "are these features marked with the small-pox? or who shall dare to insinuate that I have lost the use of one eye?" The merchant requested to know her reasons for thus exposing to his view so many charms, generally concealed under a veil. "Sir," said she, "I am rendered miserable through the tyranny of my father, a sordid, avaricious man, who though abounding with riches, will not expend the smallest trifle to establish me in matrimony." "Who is thy father?" inquired the merchant. "He is the Grand Cadhy," replied she, and then departed. The young man, in a transport of astonishment and love, shut up the doors of his shop, and hastened to the tribunal, where he found the magistrate. "I come sir," exclaimed he, "to demand in marriage your daughter, of whom I am enamored." "She is not warthy," replied the judge, "of so handsome and so amiable a mate." "She pleases me," said the young man, "do not oppose my wishes." A bargain was immediately concluded: the merchant agreed to pay five purses before the nuptials, and settled fifteen as a jointure. The father still represented how unsuitable the bride would prove, but the young man insisted that the nuptials should be celebrated without delay, and on the next night he was admitted to the chamber of his bride. But when he had removed the veil that covered her face, he beheld such an object!—may the Lord defend us from the sight of so much ugliness! for in her was comprised everything completely hideous. He passed the night as if he had been in the prisons of *Deylem*, among the the monstrous demons. At dawn of day he repaired to a bath, and having performed his ablutions, he returned to his shop, and refreshed himself with coffee:—many of his acquaintances passing by, amused themselves with jokes respecting the charms of his bride. At length the lovely form of her who had contrived this affair appeared before him. She was more richly and more voluptuously ornamented than on the preceding interview; so that a crowd of persons stopped in the street to gaze upon her. "May this day," said she, "be auspicious to thee, my dear *Oluddyn;* may God protect and bless thee!" The young man's face expressed the sadness of his heart. "How have I injured thee," replied he, "that thou hast in this manner made me the object of thy sport?"

"From thee," answered the beautiful stranger, "I have not experienced any affront, but if thou wilt reverse the inscription over thy door, I will engage to extricate thee from every difficulty." The merchant instantly despatched a slave, desiring him to procure from a certain writer, an inscription in letters of blue and gold expressing, "*There is no cunning equal to that of woman, since it surpasses and confounds the cunning of men.*" The inscription was soon traced, and brought by the slave to his master, who placed it over the door of his shop. Then, by the advice of the fair damsel, he went to a place near the citadel, where he concerted with the public dancers, bear-leaders, and those who exhibit the tricks of monkeys; in consequence of which, while he was sitting, the next morning, drinking coffee with his father-in-law, the Cadhy, they came before him, with a thousand congratulations, styling him cousin; the young merchant immediately scattered among them handsful of money.

The judge was astonished, and asked several questions. "My father" said the young man, "was a leader of bears and monkeys; such has been the profession of my family; but having acquired some wealth, we now carry on the business of merchants with considerable success."

"But dost thou still," asked the judge, "belong to this company of bear-leaders?"

"I must not renounce my family," replied the young man, "for the sake of thy daughter."

"But it is not fit," exclaimed the judge, "that such persons should espouse the daughter of one who, seated on a carpet, pronounces the decisions of law: one whose pedigree ascends even to the relations of our prophet."

"But, my good father-in-law," said the merchant, "recollect that thy daughter is my legitimate wife; that I value each hair of her head as much as a thousand lives; that for all the kingdoms of the world I would not consent to be separated from her."

At last, however, a divorce was formally executed; the money which the merchant had settled was returned; and he, having applied to the parents of her who had contrived this stratagem, obtained the lovely damsel in marriage, and during a long succession of years enjoyed the utmost conjugal felicity.

GAMBLING IN GERMANY.

Weisbaden, in the duchy of Nassau, is the most fashionable watering place in Germany, and is described as a very pleasant spot. It is, however, as such places are apt to be, polluted by some crying vices, among which is that of gambling, which is practised to a frightful extent. A correspondent of the New York observer gives a graphic description of some of the gambling scenes which he witnessed there. The extract below is from the description. The Kur Saal spoken of is a magnificent hotel at Wiesbaden:

In the public rooms at Kur Saal are roulette tables and other apparatus for gambling which, after dinner, and especially in the evening, are surrounded by persons of both sexes most of whom stake more or less money. Directly opposite me at dinner sat a young man whose countenance instantly attracted my attention. He was very pale and thin, while his cold blue eye, high cheek bones and almost marble whiteness of features, together with a sullen morose aspect, made me shrink from him as from a deadly thing. Added to this, when he rose I saw he had an ugly limb, which made him seem more unnatural and monster-like than before.

Wandering soon after through the rooms, seeing what was to be seen, I came to a roulette table, around which were gathered gentlemen and ladies of all ages and n[illegible] some of them staking small sums ap[illegible]ly for amusement. Just then this [illegible] cadaverous looking young man came [illegible] ing up and deposited a roll of twenty Napoleons, or about eighty dollars. A single turn of the wheel and it was lost. He quietly drew forth another roll, which was as quickly lost. Without the least agitation or apparent excitement he thus continued to draw forth, till ten of them, one after another, or about eight hundred dollars, were gone. He then, as quietly, and without saying a word, limped away. He had not spoken or changed a muscle the whole time, and manifested no more anxiety or regret than if he had lost that many pennies.

'There,' said I to myself, as he walked away, 'There goes a professed gambler, and he has all the properties of a successful one. Perfectly cool and self-possessed under the most provoking reverses, he does not get angry and rave at perverse, fickle fortune, but he takes it all as a matter of business.' I then knew, for the first time, why I felt such an antipathy towards him. A gambler carries his repulsiveness in his face, his eyes, nay, almost his very gait. He makes a chilling atmosphere around him, that repels every one who approaches him. Gambling seems to metamorphose a man more than any other crime except murder.

At night the Kur Saal is thronged with persons of both sexes, and as I strolled through it, I came again upon a gambling table, round which were sitting ladies and gentlemen of every age and nation. English girls were teasing their 'papas' for a few sovereigns to stake on the turning of a card, and old men were watching the changes of the game with all the eagerness of youth. One lady in particular attracted my attention. She was from Belgium, and her whole appearance indicated a person from the upper ranks of society. To an elegant form she added a complexion of incomparable whiteness, which contrasted beautifully with her rich auburn tresses, that flowed in ample ringlets round her neck. Clad in simple white, and adorned with a profusion of jewels, she took her seat by the table while her husband stood behind her chair, and with her fair white hand on a pile of money before her, entered at once into the excitement of the game. As she sat, and with her small rake drew to her, or pushed from her, the money she won or lost, I gazed on her with feelings with which I never before contemplated a woman. I did not think it possible that an elegant and well-dressed woman could fill me with feelings of such utter disgust. Her very beauty became ugliness, and her auburn tresses looked more unbecoming than the elfin locks of a sorceress. Her appearance and her occupation presented such an utter contrast, that she really seemed infinitely uglier than the cold-blooded, cadeverous looking gambler whom I had seen lose his money a few hours before. When I was mentally comparing them, in he came limping towards the table. I was half tempted to peep round and see if he had not a cloven foot. With the same marble-like features and forbidding aspect, he approached and laid down twenty Napoleons. He won, and putting down another, won again; and thus he continued winning one after another till he had got back the ten rolls he had before lost and two in addition. Then, without waiting for fortune to turn against him, he walked away without saying a word.

WHISPERS TO HUSBANDS.

The happiness of the wife is committed to the keeping of the husband. Prize the sacred trust, and never give her cause to repent the confidence she has reposed in you. In contemplating her character, recollect the materials human nature is composed of, and expect not perfection.

Do justice to her merits, and point out her faults: I do not ask you to treat her errors with indifference, but endeavor to amend them with wisdom, gentleness and love.

Do not jest about the bonds of a married state. Make it an established rule to consult your wife on all occasions. Your interest is hers; and undertake no plan contrary to her advice and approbation; then if the affair turns out ill, you are spared reproaches both from her and your own feelings. There is a sagacity, a penetration and foresight into the probable consequences of an event, characteristic of her sex, that makes her peculiarly calculated to give her opinion and advice.

If you have any male acquaintances whom, on reasonable grounds, your wife wishes you to resign, do so. Never witness a tear from your wife with apathy or indifference. Words, looks, actions—all m[illegible] be artificial; but a tear is unequivocal, it comes direct from the heart, and speaks [illegible] once the language of truth, nature and [illegible]cerity. Be assured, when you see a tear [illegible] her cheek, her heart is touched, and do [illegible]t, I again repeat it, do not behold it with coldness or insensibility.

Let contradiction be avoided at all times.

Never upbraid your wife with the meanness of her relations; invectives against herself are not half so wounding. Should suffering of any kind assail your wife, your tenderness and attention are particularly called for. A look of love, a word of pity or sympathy, is sometimes better than medicine.

Never reproach your wife with any personal or mental defect; for a plain face conceals a heart of exquisite sensibility and merit, and her consciousness of the defect makes her awake to the slightest attentions.

When in the presence of others, let your wife's laudable pride be indulged, by your showing that you think her an object of importance and preference. The most trivial word or act of attention and love from you gratifies her feelings; and a man never appears to more advantage than by proving to the world his affection and preference for his wife.

Never run on in enthusiastic encomiums on other women in presence of your wife; she does not love you better for it. Much to be condemned is a married man who is constantly rambling from home for the purpose of passing away time. Surely if he wants employment, his house and gardens will furnish him with it; and if he wishes for society, he will find it in his wife, children, and books, the best society in the world. There are some men who will sit an entire day with their lips closed. This is wrong; you should converse freely on all occasions.

Be always cheerful, gay and good humored.

When abroad, do not avoid speaking to your wife. Few women are insensible of tender treatment. They are naturally frank and affectionate, and in generrl there is nothing but austerity of look, or distance of behaviour, that can prevent those amiable qualities from being evinced on all occasions.

When absent, let your letters to your wife be warm and affectionate. A woman's heart is peculiarly formed for tenderne[illegible] and every expression and endearment [illegible] the man she loves is flattering and plea[illegible] to her.

A husband, whenever he goes from home, should always endeavor to bring some little present to his wife.

In pecuniary matters, be not penurious or too particular. Your wife has an equal right with yourself to all your worldly possessions. Besides, really a woman has innumerabla trifling demands of her purse, many little wants which it is not necessary for a man to be informed of, and which, even if he went to the trouble of investigating, he would not understand.

THE GRAVE OF L. E. L.

The first thought that struck me was the inappropriateness of the spot for a grave, and especially the grave of a woman; and most of all a woman of poetic temperament. In the open area of the fort, at some distance from the castle wall, the stone pavement had been removed in several spots and replaced with plain tiles. Here lie buried some of the many British officers who have fallen victims to the deadly atmosphere of this region; and amongst them rests L. E. L. Her grave is distinguishable by the ten red tiles which cover it. Daily the tropic sun blazes down upon the spot. Daily, at the hour of parade, the peal of military music resounds above her head; and the garrison marches and counter marches through the area of the fortress, nor shuns to tread upon the ten red tiles any more than upon the insensible stone of the pavement. It may be well for the fallen commander to be buried at his post, and sleep where the reveille and roll-call may be heard, and the tramp of his fellow-soldiers echo and re-echo over him. All this is in unison with his profession—the drum and the trumpet are his perpetual requiem; the soldier's honorable tread leaves no indignity upon the dead warrior's dust. But who has a right to trample on a woman's breast? And what has L. E. L. to do with warlike parade? And wherefore was she buried beneath this scorching pavement, and not in the retired shadow of a garden, where seldom any footsteps would come stealing through the grass and pause before her tablet? There, her heart, while in one sense it decayed, would burst forth afresh from the sod in a profusion of spontaneous flowers, such as her living fancy lavished throughout the world.