

### THOSE LAUGHING EYES.

Those laughing eyes, how roguishly  
You make them glance about,  
And roll them round so carelessly,  
I fear you'll drop them out.  
And, if you should, the little gems  
Would captivate the world,  
But useless would they be without  
The sockets where they whirled.  
Those laughing eyes, they saved you once  
A heavy blow at school,  
When master Pedagogue, no dunce,  
His other rogues to rule,  
Had singled out a little miss,  
That own'd those laughing eyes;  
He met them—gave, instead, a kiss,  
And bade thee "go be wise."  
And once, I do remember well,  
A dandy came to woo:  
Those laughing eyes, all roguish still,  
Transfix'd the creature through!  
They made him own his passion deep,  
And let his hope an hour,  
Then sent the fellow home to weep,  
And own their matchless power.  
Those laughing eyes, I saw them once—  
My heart was full of fears;  
I saw the sad—those roguish eyes  
Were swelled with pity's tears.  
Oh! then, how beautiful they seem'd!  
A brighter charm was given;  
And while around them sadly beam'd,  
Those eyes were full of heaven.  
Those laughing eyes, my little coz,  
I fear they'll hurt thee yet,  
If thou shouldst take it in thy head,  
A while to play coquet.  
They're given thee for noble ends;  
A rich, a glowing prize,  
To charm and not to wound thy friends—  
Those laughing, roguish eyes.  
Those laughing eyes, e'en now they beam  
With witchery's own wiles,  
And cast around a radiant gleam,  
Like hour's angel smiles.  
And if they speak the mind aight,  
In glowing words they tell,  
That I may revel in their light,  
And in thy favor dwell. [Selected.]

From the Boston Evening Gazette.

### A KICK AT THE FASHIONS.

When Adam, in Eden, first turned up the sod,  
And Eve, our great grandmother, rambled unshod,  
Not a tailor was there to enliven the scene  
With coats without pockets, and trowsers obscene:  
No petticoats puzzled the good woman's brain;  
No help in her kitchen, no gown with a train,  
No hoops round her heels, and no cord round her  
middle.  
To make her resemble an old fashioned fiddle.  
But the old devil came in form of a snake,  
And he made grandpa Adam to dress like a rake,  
While Eve, nothing backward in every fine grace,  
Wore a garment that reached from her heels to her  
waist;  
But soon her fair daughters more righteous had  
grown,  
And tried to offset what their grandmother done,  
By shortening their dresses a cubit or more;  
Now scant in the rear, now scantier before, [small,  
Till at length they have got them so short and so  
That, by gracious! they seem like no garment at all.  
And the gentlemen, too, in their haste to excel,  
Have changed for an Otto their natural smell;  
And now in tight trowsers, as tight as their skin,  
They are tight to get out of, and tight to get in,  
They strut upon 'change, with their backs on their  
shoulders,  
And their legs hanging down like two ivory folders;  
And where their good eyes should be doing their  
duty,  
Are a pair of green goggles, to add to their beauty;  
With canes in their hands, and small hats on their  
nobs,  
They resemble a half finished journeyman's job.  
Then say you, good people, if once our Creator,  
Looking o'er man as he made him by nature,  
Pronounced him quite good, without nonsense or  
clothes,  
What would he say now to our belles and our beaux?

From the New York Mirror.

### AYESHA, THE MAID OF KARS.

The following whimsical scene is extracted from "Ayesha, the Maid of Kars," the new oriental novel, by the author of *Hajji Baba*. The chatters that have so excited the fear and wonder of the Turks, are the property of the English traveller, who has been obliged to fly in haste, having incurred the wrath of the Mussulman, by gaining an interview with a young and lovely Turkish female.

### EXAMINATION OF AN ENGLISH TRAVELLER'S GOODS.

First, the contents of the portmanteau were exhibited. It principally contained Osmond's clothes. In succession were displayed, waistcoats, neckcloths, drawers, and stockings, which drew forth the astonishment of all present, for they wondered what one man could possibly want with so many things, the uses of most of which were to them incomprehensible. They admired the glittering beauties of splendid uniform-jacket, which its owner carried about to wear on appearing at courts and in the presence of exalted personages; but when they came to inspect a pair of leather pantaloons, the ingenuity of the most learned among them could not devise for what purpose they could possibly be used. For, let it be known that a Turk's trousers, when extended, look like the largest of sacks by millers, with a hole at each corner for the insertion of the legs, and, when drawn together and tied in front, generally extend to the ankles. Will it then be thought extraordinary that the comprehension of the present company was at fault as to the pantaloons? They were turned about in all directions, inside and out, before and behind. The mutt submitted that they might perhaps be an article of dress, and he called upon a bearded chokadar, who stood by wrapped in doubt and astonishment, to try them on. The view which the mutt took of them was, that they were to be worn as a head-dress, and accordingly, that part which tailors call the seat was fitted over the turban of the chokadar, while the legs fell in serpent-like folds down the grave man's back and shoulders, making him look like Hercules with the lion's skin thrown over his head.

"Barikallah!—praise be to Allah!" said the mutt, "I have found it; perhaps this is the dress of an English pasha of two tails!"

"Aferin!—well done!" cried all the adherents of the law. But the pasha was of another opinion; he viewed the pantaloons in a totally different light, inspecting them with the eye of one who thought upon the good things of which he was fond. "For what else can this be used?" exclaimed the chief, his dull eye brightening up as he spoke—"what else, but for wine! This is perhaps the skin of some European animal. Franks drink wine, and they carry their wine about in skins, as our own infidels do. Is it not so?" said he, addressing himself to Bogos the Armenian.

"So it is," answered the dyer, "it is even as your highness has commanded."

"Well, then, this skin has contained wine," continued the pasha, pleased with the discovery, "and by the blessing of Allah! it shall serve us again." "Here," said he, to one of his servants, "here, take this, let the saka sew up the holes, and let it be well filled; instead of wine it shall hold water."

In a few days after, the pantaloons were seen par-

ading the town on a water-carrier's back, doing the duty of mesheks. But it was secretly reported that, not long after, they were converted to the use for which the pasha intended them, and actually were appointed for the conveyance of his highness' favorite wine. In the lid of the portmanteau was discovered a boot-jack, with a pair of steel boot-hooks. These articles put the ingenuity of the Turks to still greater test. How could they possibly devise that so complicated a piece of machinery could, by any stretch of imagination, have any thing in common with a pair of boots, a pair of dress which they pull off and on with as much ease as one inserts and reinserts a mop into a bucket? They thought it might have something to do with necromancy, then with astrology, but at length it struck them that the whole machine must be for the purpose of torture; what more convenient than the hinges for squeezing the thumb, or cracking the finger-joints—what better adapted than the boot-hooks for scooping out eyes? Such they decided it to be, and, in order to confirm the conclusion beyond a doubt, the pasha ordered his favorite scribe to insert his finger between the hinges of the boot-jack, which having done with repugnance, he was rewarded for his complaisance by as efficacious a pinch as he could wish, while peals of laughter went round at his expense. The instrument was then made over to the chief executioner, with orders to keep it in readiness upon the first occasion.

The various contents of the dressing-case were next brought under examination. Every one was on the look-out for something agreeable to the palate, the moment they saw the numerous bottles with which it was studded. One tasted eau-de-cologne, another lavender-water, both which they thought might or might not be Frank luxuries in the way of cordials. But who can describe the face which was made by the pasha himself when, attracted by the brilliancy of the colour, he tossed off to his own drinking the greater part of a bottle of tincture of myrrh! The mutt was a man who never laughed, but even he, on seeing the contortions of his colleague, could not suppress his merriment; while the menials around were obliged to look down, their feet reminding them of the countenance they ought to keep if they hoped to keep themselves free from the stick. While this was taking place, the imam of the mosque, whose mortified looks belied his love of good things, quietly abstracted from the case a silver mounted box, which having opened, he there discovered a paste-like substance, the smell of which he thought was too inviting to resist; he therefore inserted therein the end of his fore-finger, and scooping out as much as he could carry, straightway opened wide his mouth, and received it with a smack. Soon was he visited by repentance: he would have roared with nausea had he not been afraid of exposing himself—he sputtered—he spat. "What has happened?" said one with a grin. "Bak! see!" roared the pasha, who was delighted to have found a fellow-sufferer! "Bak! see! the imam is sick!" The nature of the substance which he had gulped soon discovered itself by the white foam which was seen to issue from his mouth: then other feelings pervaded the assembly; they apprehended a fit, they feared madness—in short, such was the state to which the unfortunate priest was reduced, that he was obliged to make a rapid escape from the assembly, every one making way for him, as one who was not to be touched. The reader need not be informed that he had swallowed a large dose of Naples soap.

Many were the mistakes which occurred besides those above mentioned, and which it would perhaps be tedious or trifling to enumerate. They pondered deeply over every article; they turned the books upside down, they split the mercury from the artificial horizon, broke the thermometers, displaced the barometer, scattered the mathematical instruments about, so that they never could be reinserted in the same case. A small ivory box attracted their attention: it was so prettily turned, so neat, and so ornamental, that, like children quarrelling for a toy, each of them longed to possess it. At length it was ceded to the mutt. This saucy personage had enjoyed the pleasure of laughing at others, but as yet had not been laughed at himself. Twisting the box in all directions, at length he unscrewed it much to his satisfaction, and seeing a small tube within surrounded by a bundle of diminutive sticks, he concluded this must be the Frank's inkstand—the liquid in the tube being the ink, the sticks the pens. He was not long in inserting one of the sticks into the tube; he drew it out, and, on a sudden, instantaneous light burst forth. Who can describe the terror of the Turk? He threw the whole from him, as if he had discovered that he had been dandling the *shaitan* in person. "Ai Allah!" he exclaimed, with eyes starting from his head, his mouth open, his hands clinging to the cushions, his whole body thrown back; "Allah protect me! Allah, Allah, there is but one Allah!" he exclaimed in terror, looking at the little boy and the little sticks, strewn on the ground before him, with an expression of fear that sufficiently spoke his apprehension that it contained some devilry which might burst out and overwhelm him with destruction. Nor were the surrounding Turks slow in catching his feelings; they had seen the ignition, and had partaken of the shock. Every one drew back from the box and its contents, and made a circle round it; looking at it in silence, and waiting the result with terror, low "Allah Allahs!" broke from the audience, and few were inclined to laugh. At length, seeing that it remained stationary, the ludicrous situation of the mutt began to draw attention, and as he was an object of general dislike, every one who could do so with safety, indulged in laughing at him. The grave Suleiman, who had seen more of Franks than the others, at length ventured to take up the box, though with great wariness; he was entranced, in the name of the prophet! to put it down again by the pasha, who then ordered Bogos the Armenian to take up the whole machine, sticks and all, and at his peril instantly to go and throw it into the river; swearing by the Koran, and by all the imams, that if the dog—ever appeared among them again, he would put not only him, but every Armenian and Christian in Kars to death.

The Dutch Waggoner and the Irish Carter. A Dutchman, with a Pennsylvania wagon and a strong team, yesterday, met an Irish carter in Nassau street, opposite Dr. Spring's church, where the way is so crowded up with piles of brick and other building materials that it is impossible for two teams to pass each other. The Dutchman being rather heavily laden, and his wagon unwieldy, thought it belonged to the Irishman to back out; while the latter, having "only a bit of a small cart-jest, and but one single horse foremost that," tho' the Dutchman, on his part, should give way. So there they were, directly at odds.

"Wal, Misster Garter," said the wagoner, "here pe's we, smuck enough, petwixt de pricks, and de timper, and all de reslt of de tampt'd rupphish, wat lumper up dish kreaturish of a city."

"Faith, sir, and you're right, and so you would be if you was hanged just. But you're all in the wrong, intirely, to take up both sides of the straird wid your big lumberin' wagon, as you do. Pray, be after turnin' out, will ye?"

"You vooy you!—don't you see mit an eye, plint as you pe, dat do road is all plcockt up!"

"Sae it! To be sure I do, and so might any other jemelman that hadn't an eye in his head. But that's no reason why you shouldn't turn out, now how."

"No rason! Wy, you plunderin' tog you, how gan I turn out, of all dish tampt'rupphish here so high as de top of de meetin'-house, all put! You pack out, your own self, and not droopple me."

"I'll not do it, then."

"Wal, yust as you gan affort, Misster Garter."

For mine bart, I pe's in hurry. So I'll just pack mine horses, wile you kets reatty to pack out."

The Dutchman then very leisurely hung a kasket

of provender on the head of each of his horses; and lighting his pipe with a flint and steel, sat down to wait for the backing out of the Irishman.

This quite upset the philosophy of the carter. His Irish mercuriality couldn't wait for the moving of the Dutch plughen; and his team was too weak to venture upon running a tilt against that of his antagonist. The police, too, might presently be along; wherefore, he concluded it would be "the chapest way, besides being the shortest in the long run," to back out, and leave the victory to the Dutchman.

N. Y. Transcript.

John Thomas—a fine square built tar, with a complexion unequivocally black—was arrested for the purpose of torture; what more convenient than the hinges for squeezing the thumb, or cracking the finger-joints—what better adapted than the boot-hooks for scooping out eyes? Such they decided it to be, and, in order to confirm the conclusion beyond a doubt, the pasha ordered his favorite scribe to insert his finger between the hinges of the boot-jack, which having done with repugnance, he was rewarded for his complaisance by as efficacious a pinch as he could wish, while peals of laughter went round at his expense.

The watchman, entertaining the notions of a landlubber upon the subject of vocal music, thought that John's nautical melody might not be considered a very desirable serenade by "ears polite," and so requested him to bely his jaw. "Belay your own ye-trap, Mr. Catchpole. Who made you captain?" responded Jack. "You'd better be civil, or else you'll dance another kind of a tune than that, I tell ye now!" said the little man in "brief authority!" "Talk to me about dancing, you white lobster! Why I hope to see the day that you'll dance upon nothing, and not be able to whistle a jig for your own diversion." The dander of the functionary was fairly up-raised by this kind wish, and the crackling notes of the rattle reverberated through the "stilly night," till a reinforcement arrived to the scene of the alteration, and demonstrations were soon made to impress Jack, and carry him to the watch-house; but he stood, like the pillars of the U. S. Bank, "upon a stern defence," and defied their threats till he was practically convinced of their power. He then made a *feint* to have a *fit*; but being coal black, he found it difficult to turn ashy pale, and a prompt cold water remedy liberally splashed upon his face and bosom, out of a horse bucket, was so much more uncongenial to his habits, than an imprisonment, that he speedily agreed to get out of his convulsions, and toddle off to jail—like a good citizen. To this statement of facts, he replied—"I was groggy, I know; but what I did, I don't know, that's a fact."—Committed for want of bonds to keep the *Boston Statesman*.

Singular Attachment.—An old gentleman, Mr. Staveley, now living at Clifton, near this city, is at present an object of great interest, on account of the very singular companion by whom he is almost invariably accompanied, viz: a gander, belonging to Mr. Cross, a farmer, residing in that township. The bird, every morning about five o'clock, comes from its own domicile near the Marquess, to Mr. Staveley's residence, and by its cackling noise calls the old gentleman up. It then accompanies him in all his rambles during the day, and is frequently to be seen in our busy streets, and with crowds of children by whom the pair are often accompanied. When Mr. Staveley sits down at rest himself, which he is frequently obliged to do, from his age and infirmities, the gander immediately sits down at his feet. There are several places at which the old gentleman has been in the habit of resting; and now just before he arrives at them, his feathered companion starts off, and arrives at the spot a little before Mr. S., it turns round, and by a flap of its wings, and a cackling noise, intimates that they have arrived at their place. If any one molests the old gentleman, the gander chatters at, and bites them, if possible. If he goes in a public house, it enters also, if permitted, and stands behind him while he drinks his glass of ale; sometimes partaking of the refreshing beverage. If not permitted to enter the house, it remains at the door till Mr. Staveley comes out. Altogether this circumstance forms one of the most surprising traits in the natural history of the goose, with which we are acquainted.

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Modern "Whigs." At one of the Democratic celebrations on the 4th, the orator, in giving a definition of these poor distressed politicians who have been ruined so many times within the last thirty years, used the following illustration: "They may be likened to an omelet made without eggs, a species of beef-steak composed of mutton—*or* like still to thin water gruel, re-baptized and called turtle soup—a genuine wooden nutmeg corn, composed of Nullification, Nationalism, Anti-Masonry, and so on to the end of the chapter. They have had more shapes than Proteus; more hues than the chameleon; and more names than John Rogers had children, or King Solomon had wives.

Like Byron's description of Junius: "The moment you pronounce him one, Presto! his face changed and he was another, And when that change was hardly well put on, It varied, till I don't think his own mother, (If he had a mother,) would her son Have known, he shifted so from one to the other." American Republican.

Murder at Sea. We have been favor with the perusal of a letter from Capt. Wm. H. Welsh, now lying at Cadiz, to his owners here, detailing the particulars of a most ferocious murder committed on board his vessel on her outward bound voyage. On the 7th of June last, a passenger, whilst the crew were utterly unprepared for an attempt of the kind, attacked one of them, Henry Irvin, a native of Sag Harbor, Long Island, and stabbed him to the heart. He fell dead instantly. The assassin then turned round and stabbed in the back, but not mortally, the second mate, who crying out murder, Capt. Welsh, ran upon deck, but had no sooner got up the companion ladder, than the villain thrust his dagger into his left side till it struck against a rib. He repeated the blow and stabbed him in the hip, when the Captain fell down from the loss of blood. By this time the crew having collected, ran to the Captain's assistance and knocked the murderer down. He was then tied and secured; but on the day before the vessel got into the bay of Gibraltar, and was laying to in a heavy gale of wind, he jumped into the sea and made his escape. The young man killed was of exemplary character and had sailed with Capt. Briton in the Julia.

N. Y. Enquirer.

Sufferings of Lafayette in prison.—An English journal, published in the year 1796, gives the following description of the sufferings of General LAFAYETTE, when incarcerated in the prison of Olmutz. He was seized upon in neutral ground, and from the month of August, 1792, buried alive, in cold subterraneous solitary dungeons, deprived of exercise, of air, of the light of heaven, of all intercourse with human beings; stripped of all his clothes before his being plunged into his last dungeon at Olmutz, and clad like a galley slave in trowsers and waistcoat made of sail cloth, enduring in that condition the memorable winter of 1794, destitute of every thing, refused even a knife and a fork, and the scanty comfort allowed to felons, obliged to lie on straw, a miserable mattress, the relic of his Russian prison.

INSURANCE. The subscriber having been appointed Agent of the Protection Insurance Company, in the place of G. H. Dunn, Esq., resigned, will continue the business of Insuring buildings, merchandise, &c. and also, keel boats, flat boats, and their cargoes, on liberal terms. Office on High street, a few doors below Z. Bedford & Co.'s grocery.

P. L. SPOONER.  
Lawrenceburg, Nov 28, 1834.

100 Dozen Brooms.  
OF Superior quality, for sale by  
April 9, 1834.

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### CINCINNATI BANK NOTE LIST.

[CORRECTED WEEKLY BY THE REPUBLICAN.]

### OHIO.