



FOR THE RASP.  
RANDOM SKETCHES.

NO. SIX.

"The course of true love never did run smooth," has been said many, many years ago, and I can add my experience and testimony to the truth of this remark. But I have told you, I was too much of a Philosopher to be troubled at trifles. So I have determined that to see a wooer at the shrine of Cupid was a display of a great deal more weakness than he who worships the blind goddess by buying lottery tickets. No, I will discard all pretensions of the falsely named FAIR ones, and devote myself to the perfection of my philosophic studies—for of the most distinguished of this class, *all*, at least, the greatest majority of them were BACHELORS. O! there is something so free about the life of a bachelor. One can sit down and smoke his pipe and enjoy his smoking bowl of punch, and there is no scolding wife and brawling brats to 'molest or make him afraid.' At once I determined on celibacy—and the merry bugle sounded, and I remembered that this was the night for the meeting of the 'mouse-owlery club.'

Reader! were you ever a member of a 'Mouse-owlery?' If not, you have never realized one of the richest treats you could ever possibly have enjoyed. You may talk about your 'whisker clubs,' your "Ladies' State Conventions," and what not, they are all *nothing*, (as the Yankee would say) in comparison with a 'mouse-owlery.' There is a joviality, and free-and-easy feeling predominant, peculiar only to a 'mouse-owlery.' And as last night was our regular meeting, with your permission, Mr. Editor, I will give you an account of how agreeably we passed our time. But, in the first place, I must give you the derivation of our name. Our Club meets at 12 o'clock, P. M. when the 'mouse' prowls about his stealthy work, and the lonely bootings of the 'owl' are heard. Secure from alarms and disturbances, we enter our sacred lodge and transact the business of so august an assemblage. Our active officers consist of, first, Mons. Don Herr Le Grande Imperial Boss, who presides at all meetings;—Mons. Le Scribendum, who officiates as secretary, and Sir Linguis Barrister, acts as Attorney General. The presiding officer calls on such members as he thinks proper, for a song or good story, and in case of failure it is the duty of the prosecuting officer to note down such failure. On the last meeting of each month, the President clothes himself with the Judiciary robe, and the Attorney General enters with his 'green bag' full of '*capias respondendums*,' and the accused party have the right to appear at the bar in defence of themselves, or employ any

member as Counsellor; but upon the conviction of such accused, the president, (I beg his Honor's pardon!) the Judge, I should have said, subjects such delinquent to a fine of Wine, Cigars, or any other refreshment which the *Vaults* of the Club may be deficient in.

But last night not being our 'Mouse-owlery Court' night, we had some most admirable songs, amusing medleys, patriotic glees and excellent stories. It must have been at a 'mouse-owlery' where Falstaff learned to laugh and grow fat. One circumstance occurred last night which I must tell you of: It is one of our rules that 'no married man shall be admitted as a member;' at the preceding meeting, a widower had, after a long debate, been admitted to membership, and to-night he appeared, and took his seat. In due course he was called on for his quota of the evening's amusement. He arose and declared himself, like a certain long-eared relative of his, hereft of all knowledge of the song, and still less of the dance, but as he thought he could excuse himself by telling a good story, [if it was at his own expense] he hoped it would pass. He thus went on: "It is well known to you, gentlemen, unyoked, untrammelled, free-and-easy gentlemen Bachelors, that I have once been enveloped or bound in what is generally termed 'hymen's silken cords,' [but I warn you gentlemen, if any of you have an idea of trying the matrimonial life, that you do not find them shackles of iron,] I chanced to be bound to one who, from Phrenological examination, might have been found to have developed the bumps of go-a-head-ativeness, and wear-the-breeches-a-tiveness. After a long but vain trial in endeavoring to conquer her INDOMITABLE temper, I resolved to always keep silence, thinking that if, as the wise man Solomon says, 'a soft answer turneth away wrath,' why surely 'a still tongue speaketh no guile,' and I will keep MUM when she gets in her *tandems*, and let her wear it out with a war of words with herself. So, accordingly, with this determination, I went home one evening, and found her kicking up a 'dust as high as a cats back.' As soon as I entered, the eruption of mount Vessuvius was turned loose upon me. Her visage was instantly in lightning, and her voice in thunder, but I remained deaf to her loudest sounds, and blind to her most terrifying flashes. She stamped, gesticulated, and scolded, still I remained indifferent. While her breath held good, she did not seem to mind my indifference, but when that began to fail, and the violence of her acts moved not a muscle in my face, her rage felt no bounds, and she seized me by my hair and exclaimed 'speak to me, or I'll burst —' and she sank down in a complete state of exhaustion, and before she had recovered, I seized my hat and stick, and left her to herself to recover her temper. Soon after, poor unfortunate woman, [peace to her name] she was taken ill and I was left alone in this wide world to roam, and I could but exclaim—

'Ah! cruel fate, thou is unkind,  
To take her fore, and leave I hind.'

Now, gentlemen, if any of you are so (UN) fortunate as to ever take one of these "ANGELS" for better, for worse, remember the

lesson I have taught you to-night.—I hope there's no Ladies listening, for I don't want my hair pulled when I get out of here."

About this time, a messenger arrived, informing us of the very recent demise of our worthy brother, Sir Alexander Tidrimus, and after passing the following resolution, the meeting adjourned:

Resolved, That deeply feeling the loss which this Club has sustained by the death of our brother Alexander Tidrimus, that we wear the usual badge of mourning, and attend his funeral on to-morrow at 4 o'clock, P. M.

Each member left the Hall mentally exclaiming, 'REQUIESCAT IN PACE.'

Q.

#### POETRY AND SENTIMENT.

'When lovely woman stoops to folly,  
She gets sucked in, I guess, by golly—  
As old Ben Johnson sweetly and truly  
remarks in his Paradise Lost. And this brings another beautiful sentiment of an old writer into the poetic corner of our cranium:

"Winds of the winter night,  
"Oh, I'm de child to fight,"

To snarl, to scratch, to bite,  
And kick up all the heels I've got,  
Whether I please—whether I not.

Here's another—a loafer's triumphant declaration of independence:

Oh, when I think of what I eese,  
And what I us'd to was,  
I swow I'll do just what I please,  
And break the people's laws.

Time is short, and so is pie-crust, or we would dish up a dozen more of these exotics, for

'Memory's glass is at our eye,  
And shadows pass of things gone by'—  
Of apple tarts, of pumpkin pie,  
And Indian bread made out of rye.

But we refrain at this time, and promise more at another and more convenient season.—[MIC.]

ADOLPHIANA.—An ancient writer says, 'take a candle and go alone to a looking glass; eat an apple before it and comb your hair all the time; the face of your conjugal companion to be will be seen in the glass, as if peeping over your shoulder. Try it girls.

THE SCOTCHMAN'S PRAYER.—Keep my purse from the lawyer—and my body from the doctor—and my soul from the devil.

A man full-drest is a man strapped, straitened, buckramed, stiffened, stuft, and waded with an inch of immobility. A woman fully drest is a woman half-naked.

GEN. JACKSON.—It has been said that the old General never drinks any ardent spirits. This was substantiated by his negro slave, who said that 'Massa no drink rum, but then he drinks his coffee strong enough to kill the debil.'—*Phil. Chron.*

Louisiana comes as near 'going the entire swine,' as any section of country this side of Cincinnati. They have a Wm. B. Barrow in their Legislature, Hon. Alex. Barrow in the United States Senate and Gen. Washington Barrow, Charge d' Affairs of Spain. It would seem that they are a peaceable people too; they BAR ROWS.

THE HARP.—The harp was the favorite musical instrument not only of the Irish, but of the Britons and northern nations, during the middle ages, as is evident from their history. By the laws of Wales, the possession of a harp was one of the three things necessary to constitute a gentleman; and to prevent slaves pretending to be gentlemen, they were not allowed to be taught to play upon the harp. A gentleman's harp was not to be seized for debt, because the want of it would have degraded him from his rank.

#### GENUINE ELOQUENCE.

Letch, in his 'Travels in Ireland,' says;—In my morning rambles, a man sitting on the ground leaning his back against the wall, attracted my attention by a look of squalor in his appearance, which I rarely before observed, even in Ireland. His clothes were ragged to indecency—a very common-circumstance, however, with the males—and his face was pale and sickly. He did not address me, and I passed by; but having gone a few paces, my heart smote me, and I turned back.

'If you are in want,' said I, with some degree of peevishness, 'why do you not beg?'

'Sure it's begging I am,' was the reply.

'You did not utter a word.'

'No! it's joking you are with me, sir? Look there,' said he holding up the tattered remnant of what had once been a coat; 'do you see how the skin is speaking through my trowsers, and the bones crying out through my skin?—Look at my sunken cheeks, and the famine that's staring in my eyes! Man alive! is'nt it begging I am with a hundred tongues?'

'SET HIM AGAIN.'—A poor woman whose husband was actually drowned, was bemoaning the melancholy fact surrounded by a large family, when one of the daughters rushed in with the intelligence that 'the body had been found,' but added with a becoming expression of horror, 'is chock full of eels.' The disconsolate widow involuntarily exclaimed 'the Lord is good after all, full of eels did you say?—Well, well, as I have all those helpless children, ask the people to be good enough to take them all out and 'Set him again.'

Mr. Editor: Why don't they afford better "accommodation" at the junction on the Petersburg and Roanoke Rail Road? S. Cant tell; nor never knew.—[RASP.]

#### DIED.

On Monday last, at Spring Hill, his late residence, near Raleigh, the Rev. Wm. S. Johnson, Minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church and member of the North Carolina Annual Conference.

In Washington, N. C. Samuel Gregory, son of the late Mr. George Congleton. Also, Sarah Ann daughter of Cason and Jane Farrow.

#### NOTICE.

THE firm of CROWDER & WHITAKER is this day dissolved by mutual consent. George Crowder is duly authorised to settle the business of said firm.

GEORGE CROWDER.  
THOS. G. WHITAKER.

August 30, 1841. 35—1p1w.