

THE



RASP.

W. WHITAKER, JR.

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

VOLUME II.—NUMBER 2.

RALEIGH, FEBRUARY 5, 1842.

"WE COME, THE HERALD OF A NOISY WORLD."

TERMS.

THE RASP is published every Friday morning, at One Dollar and Fifty Cents per annum, payable *in advance*.

Any person sending us six new subscribers, and the subscription money for one year, shall receive the seventh number free of charge, for the same length of time.

Advertisements conspicuously inserted, at the very reduced price of Fifty Cents per square for the first insertion, and Twenty-five Cents for each continuance.

IRISH BULLS 'LONG DRAWN OUT.'—The following article is stolen from a work so antiquated, that we presume none of our modern readers will recognise it. It will bear re-publishing, though it originally appeared nearly a century since; and we doubt not that many will regard it 'as good as new.'

DEAR NEPHEW:—I have not written to you since my last before now, because we had removed from our former place of living, and I did not know where a letter would find you; but I now, with pleasure, take my pen in hand to inform you of the melancholy news of the death of your only living uncle Kilpatrick, who died very suddenly last week, after a lingering illness of five months. The poor man was in violent convulsions, during the whole time of his sickness, laying perfectly quiet and speechless—all the time talking incoherently, and calling for water. I had no opportunity of informing you of his death sooner, unless I wrote you by last post, which went off two days before he died, and then you would have had the postage to pay. I am at a loss to tell you what his death was occasioned by, but I suspect it was brought on by his last sickness, as he never was well ten days together, during the whole time of his confinement; and I believe his sickness was occasioned by his eating too much rabbits stuffed with peas and gravy, or peas and gravy stuffed with rabbit, I can't tell which; but be that as it may, as soon as he breathed his last, the doctors gave up all hopes of his recovery.

I need not stay to tell you any thing about his age, for you well know, that in December next he would have been twenty-five years old, lacking ten months, and had he lived till then he would have been just six months dead. His property now devolves upon his next of kin, who all died some time ago; so I suppose it will be divided between you and me, and you know his property was something pretty considerable, for he had a fine estate, which was sold to pay his debts—the remainder he lost on a race; but it was the opinion of every body at the time, that he would have won the race, had not the horse he ran with been too fast for him. I never saw a man in the world, and the doctors all say so too, that observed directions, and took medicine better than he did. He said he had as lief drink gruel as wine, if it only had the same taste; and would as soon take jallap as beef steak, if it only had the same relish. But poor soul! he never will eat or drink more; and you have not a living relation in the world, except myself, and your two cousins, who were killed in the last war. I can't dwell on this mournful subject any longer, and shall seal my letter with black sealing wax, and put on it your uncle's coat of arms. So I beg of you not to break the seal when you open the letter, and don't open it till three or four days after you receive it, by which time you will be prepared for the sorrowful tidings. When you come to this place stop, and don't read any more till my next.

Don't write me again, until you receive this. Yours, &c.

Coming to the point.—Copy of a tradesman letter to a debtor—'Sir if you will favor me with the amount of my bill, you will oblige me—if not I must oblige you.'

'You seem to be animated by the scene, Miss Annie,' said a blushing lover to his betrothed. No, I shall never be *Annie mated* until I am your wife, dearest,' said the fond girl, as she kissed him right in the mouth.

AN ALPHABET

OF
Things best to be without.

An aching head,
Bachelors life,
Corns on the toes,
Drunkenness,
Ear-ache,
Falsehood,
Gold ill got,
Heart-burn,
Indigestion,
Jealousy,
Kings Evil,
Law,
Malice,
Nightmare,
Offensive Breath,
Pinching Shoes,
Quack Medicines,
Rheumatism,
Sycophancy,
Tooth-ache,
Uncharitableness,
Vain gloriosity,
Wine in excess,
'Xquisiteism,
Yellow Fever,
Zealotry,
& Sundry other things.

Gothamite.

ONE WAY AS GOOD AS ANOTHER.—The people all over the world are driving over the road of life at a most unaccountable rate. Not only can a fellow be hauled along by steam at lightning speed, but he can get married at the rate of a knot a minute. Witness how the 'ESQ.' does up these bundles of felicity among the Hoosiers.

'What is your name, Sir?'

'John.'

'Well, Miss, what's your name?'

'Polly.'

'John, do you love Polly?'

'Yes, Sir—no mistake.'

'Polly, you love John?'

'I do, Sir.'

'Well, that's right; now then, I pronounce you man and wife,

All the days of your life.'

The happy pair—each one giving the justice a 'fip'—walked away, arm in arm, as happy as love could make them, to enjoy 'domestic happiness' in a hovel on the prairie.

PRETTY FAIR.

A distinguished counsellor at Nantucket, found a ball of yarn in the street, and winding up the thread, he followed it until he overtook the lady who dropped the ball and had the other end of the thread in her pocket. The counsellor made his politest bow, put on his blanest smile, and returning her the ball, said 'Madam, I have often heard of ladies' spinning street-yarn but never caught one at it before.'

Agricultural Pun.—A farmer in the neighborhood of Doncaster, was lately met by his landlord, who accosted him thus:—'John, I intend to raise your rent,'—to which John replied, 'Sir, I am very much obliged to you for I cannot raise it myself.'

Contented Poverty.—Do not sigh for this world's goods, nor lament thy poverty. Out of the meanest hovel is obtained as fair a sight of heaven, as from the most gorgeous palace.

How to govern a husband.—You must know that I govern my husband! he obeys me in every thing, my wishes are laws; he studies only to gratify them. But how have I acquired this power? ah, how indeed! Was it by the usual methods taken by women to govern their husbands—smart and pert opposition, declaring my opinion best—my taste and judgment preferable to his—with, I don't care—I know better, I know I am right, and you are wrong; in three words—to 'battle it out?' No, no! miserable mistaken woman, who think to govern men in this way! Remember ye are weaker vessels—'wives submit yourselves to your husbands' and know this is the way to govern them, this is the grand art by which I rule mine. I will now make you acquainted with my most powerful, and prevailing weapons.

'My dear,' you know that I consider your judgment best, your taste is mine, I have no other; your choice is mine, I cannot differ from you—as you think, as you wish, so do I;—enough, he is a sensible man, his soul is the soul of man, he melts with tenderness and love, he is at my feet, his only wish is to be grateful—to please me—he is in my power—I govern.

The more a woman studies and endeavors to gratify the wishes of her husband, the more he will seek and meet hers; the more she submits, the more he confides, the more completely and unreservedly she resigns herself to him; the more will he respect her, love her, please her, and protect her. Wives remember the words of that adored volume, which is all wisdom, all truth—'submit yourselves unto your own husband.'

MARIA B. DUTIFUL.

SAGACITY OF A CAT.

It was only a few evenings ago that one of our worthy neighbors, who keeps a shop in Little Underbank, was much surprised at the conduct of his cat. He was standing in his shop, when pussy put a paw on his trousers, and endeavored to pull him towards the cellar leading out of the shop. He took no notice at first, but this she repeated three times: and in order to see what could be the cause of her thus troubling him, he took her in his arms and carried her into the cellar, where he kept a large quantity of leather. Pussy immediately sprang from him, and jumping upon a piece of leather began to look underneath it, as if in the search of something. Her master raised the leather, and he there found a boy of twelve or fifteen years of age concealed under it. On bringing the young rascal from his hiding-place, he naturally asked him what he was doing there? The reply was, that he had not money to pay for a lodging, and thought he might stay there till morning. The worthy shopkeeper made him remember that a feather bed was preferable to a leather one; by inflicting summary punishment on the offender. Thus the sagacity of this cat most probably saved the premises from being robbed, and its master perhaps from being murdered.—*Stockport paper.*

There is a droll fellow by the name of Nichols who now and then rattles off oddities of the pen for the Cincinnati Message. The following is a very lively and graphic *morceau*:

NIGGER SAM AND HIS BASS DRUM.—We remember some time since, when in St. Louis, a darkey of the name of Sam. Sam was a genius in his way, 'of the first water,' and his acquirements were of a varied character. His musical propensities, however, eclipsed all others. He first attracted our attention by his masterly skill in beating the bass drum. He was employed at the museum, and nightly did he attract crowds of individuals in front of the building, who would listen with apparent delight for hours in succession to the soul-stirring

notes, as they rolled from Sam's favorite instrument. There was science in what he did on the drum—no awkward unmeaning flourishes—no back-handed strokes that did not tell, and tell well, too. He would make the double stroke with big stick and little stick, touching first one head of his drum, and then the other, accompanying the same with a scientific and graceful flourish of the stick, as he passed it high over his head, from one side to the other of the instrument. Then, with what an expression of delight did he watch, with the white of his eye upturned at every manifestation of favor and fun from the crowd. At every such expression Sam would execute an extra flourish with his drum stick, and send forth a volume of most deafening music, which would at times quite astonish and almost bewilder the senses of his listeners. We have seen many scientific darkeys since then—some that could put in the double-breasted 'side-lick' in the 'grape-vine twist' handsomely; others that could 'come the corkscrew' 'about a feet' in 'Jim along Josey,' but never have we seen one that could 'do the thing up brown,' or 'come the giraffe' on the bass drum like "nigger Sam"—knob-heeled, flat-nosed, sharp-shinned, thick-lidped, Ethiopian Sam—

But now, alas! poor Sam is dead!

And gone, we hope, to glory;

Though death drum'd on his woolly head,

His name shall live in tory.

THAT JAW BONE, A NEW MUSICAL INSTRUMENT.—Our friend of the *Plaquemine Gazette*, (says the *Picayune*), has made altogether a new discovery in music. Haffesays—'Sampson was, most undeniably, a wonderful man with a jaw bone, in the way of knocking out other men's brains; but how little did he think, as he wiped the instrument that was stained with the blood of a thousand men, (and out of which he had undoubtedly broken many of the teeth) that the like of it would ever be used as an instrument of music! We saw a nigger on the afternoon of Christmas, raking forth the most original sounds from the jaw bone of a horse, sounds that almost made us imagine that we were surrounded by a dozen watchmen's rattles. It was an accompaniment to a fiddle, that must have cost at least six bits, but what was wanting in the instruments was more than doubly made up in the zeal of the performers. 'John Becknell,' who touched the classic bone, was music all over, and every inch of him moved by itself, when embarked in the execution of one of his most scientific pieces. John held the bone by the small part, near the front teeth. It was so well dried, that every tooth rattled in its socket, and when the skillful musician cocked his head one side, looked around on the sable dancers, gently tapped the pronged jaw with the palm of his hand, as if afraid of letting too many of the rich sounds escape at first, and then when it came to the heel and toe part of the dance, and he let go all restraint on his Apollo-like spirit, and raked the long rows of double teeth with the bone of a sheep's fore-leg—ah! then—we came away.

VANITY.—Dr. Gall states that when the muleteers in the South of France wish to make their mules travel well, they decorate them with bouquets of flowers, and that the severest punishment that can be imposed upon them, is to deprive them of those ornaments. We should be ungallant in suggesting that husbands and fathers manage woman in the same way—but it would be none the farther from the truth to be ungallant in this case.

'Pa,' said a fashionably educated farmer's daughter, 'if I should marry a farmer, what shall I do with my French?' 'Call the chickens, Betsy, call the chickens!'