

THE



RASP.

W. & J. B. WHITAKER,

EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

VOLUME II.—NUMBER 3.

RALEIGH, FEBRUARY 12, 1842.

[SINGLE COPY.]

"WE COME, THE HERALD OF A NOISY WORLD"

[FIVE CENTS.]

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.

MAN OVERBOARD.

A man yesterday morning fell overboard as he was walking on the plank to the steamship Natchez. In an instant, a crowd of draymen, Dutchmen, Irishmen, negroes, boys with lucifer matches, and yellow women with chickens, were gathered together.

Omnes—Man overboard! man overboard!

Drowning man.—Guggle, ugggle, bubble, cutchunk, caw-hash!

Boy.—There, all my matches is spilt in the water.

Omnes.—Jump in! Hand him a rope, or he'll drown.

Da den! He's gwyne down de fust time—two times more, and he's a gone chicken.

Yellow woman.—Yes, but when de 8 o'clock fires, his gall will bust, and den he'll rise to de surface of de river.

Irishman.—Pipe ov Paul! but I'd be in afther him meself, if it wasn't for the calomel that's in my bones.

Dutchman.—Yesh, dere ish galomel in mine pones, too, and te water is nix goot to te medicine.

Drowning man.—Oh-ah! save—bugghunk! flubble—fl-u-b-b-l-e flub-cutchunk.

Omnes.—There, he's down again. Jump in somebody, and save him.

Negro.—Dat's two times he's said cutchunk, and wen he says it for de frird time, he's done wid dis world—sartin.

Sailor.—Bloody my eyes! Here, ye landlubbers, hold this sky scraper of mine, and mind the tobaccky that's in my monkey jacket.

Handing his hat and jacket to a by-stander, in he plunged, seized the drowning man by the hair, and in a moment the gallant fellow and his burthen were on the wharf. A clerk, who has with much apparent difficulty unbuttoned his coat, as soon as he sees the man on shore, looks wildly at the water beneath him, and clasping his hands above his head, exclaims in a loud voice, 'I'll save him, I'll save him.'

Omnes.—Yes, yes, we'll all save him.

Sailor (turning his quid)—Oh, yes, you're all d—n willing now, as the skipper said to his hands at grog time.

Clerk.—It was lucky that you told me, for I was just about to make the awful plunge.

Irishman.—Oh, hould your fly trap, ye spalpeen! Sure its meself that was on the varge ov savin his life.

Dutchman.—I wash jish agone to plunge in mine self, when de sailor made de plunge himself.

Negro.—If I had'nt had my Sunday trouis on—

Sailor.—Belay, belay there, you d—n black pooped galliot, or I'll fetch ye up with a round turn. Here, my hearty, (to the man just saved who sat shivering, and dripping with water, on an iron chain) come, give us your flipper, and help me to splice a main brace, taut and taut made of old Jamaiky and sugar.

Man saved.—I'm a poor man, but—

Sailor. Now, now, just coil up your jawin tackle and come aft, will ye? I've got two bits in my locker, and cut me up for a swab if you shan't have one of 'em.

A Merchant.—Noble fellow. Let's make up a subscription—and he who owned thousands, picked a picayune out of the handful of

silver change that he held; but strange to say, at the word 'subscription,' every individual became remarkably industrious and each one remarked, that 'the days were getting short, and that he had a great deal to do,' and in a minute afterwards the crowd had dispersed.

A PUZZLE.

If from six you take nine,
And from nine you take ten,
Take forty from fifty,
There will six remain.—Chicago Dem.

The following is worked by the same rule:
I and prother Honse, and two other dogs, was out hunting next week, and we drove nine wood chucks into a stone heap, and kilt ten out of the 9 before tey got in.—U. Dem.

We see no difficulty in extending the rule to this:

An eloquent son of the Emerald Isle once said of himself and his dear home, 'My friends I was born at a very early period of my life; and if I ever live to see the day of my death, (and the Lord only knows whether I will or not,) my soul shall see sweet Ireland before it leave Philadelphia.'—Plain Dealer.

We heard a Frenchman once say to his Val-et de Chambre: Vy you not do vat Franklin say: You know vat him? he say; navar leave off dis day var you will do to-morrow.
Balt. Republican.

THE BOOT-BLACK AND THE COLLEGE PRESIDENT.

TWO SCENES FROM REAL LIFE.

Some score of years since, the president of a well known College in Kentucky, was one morning, while sitting in his study, astonished by the entrance of a singular visitor.

The visitor was a boy of some seventeen years rough and uncouth in his appearance; dressed in coarse homespun, with thick clumsy shoes on his feet, an old tattered felt hat on his head, surmounting a mass of uncombed hair, which relieved swarthy and sun-burnt features, marked by eyes quick and sparkling, but vacant and inexpressive from the want of education. The whole appearance of the youth was that of an untaught—uncultivated ploughboy.

The president, affable and a venerable man, inquired into the business of the person who stood before him.

'If you please sir,' said the ploughboy, with all the hesitancy of an uneducated rustic. 'If you please, sir, I'd like to get some larnin. I heard you had a college in these parts, and I thought if I would work a spell for you, you would help me now and then in gettin' an education.'

'Well, my young friend, replied the president, I scarcely can see any way in which you might be useful to us. The request is something singular—'

'Why I can bring water, cut wood, or black your boots,' interrupted the boy, his eyes brightening in his earnestness. 'I want to get an education—I want to make something of myself. I dont keer how hard I work only so as to git an education. I want—'

He paused at a loss for words to express his ideas. But there was a language in the expressive lip, and glancing eye; there was a language in his manner, in the tone in which the words were spoken, that appealed at once to the Professor's feelings.

He determined to try the sincerity of the youth.

'I am afraid my young friend, that I can do nothing for you. I would like to assist you, but I see no way in which you can be useful to us at present.'

The President resumed his book. In a moment he glanced at the ploughboy, who, silent

and mute, stood holding the handle of the door. He fingered his rough hat confusedly with one hand—his eyes were downcast, and his upper lip quivered and trembled as though he were endeavoring to repress strong and sudden feelings of intense disappointment. The effort was but half successful. A tear emerging from the downcast eyelid, rolled over the sunburnt cheek and with a quick, nervous action, the ploughboy raised his toil-hardened hand and brushed away the sign of regret.

He made a well meant but awkward mark of obeisance, and opened the door, had one foot across the threshold, when the President called him back.

The ploughboy was in a few minutes hired as man-of-all work, and boot black to the College.

The next scene which we give the reader, was in a new and magnificent church, rich with the beauties of architecture, and thronged by an immense crowd, who listened in death-like stillness to the burning eloquence of the minister of heaven who delivered the mission of his Master from the altar.

The speaker was a man in the full glow of middle age, of striking and impressive appearance, piercing intellectual eye, and high intelligent forehead.

Every eye is fixed on him—every lip is hushed, and every ear, with nervous intensity, drinks in the eloquent teaching of the orator.

Who in all that throng would recognize, in the famed, the learned, the eloquent President of College, Pennsylvania, the humble boot black of College in Kentucky.

MELANCHOLY MISTAKES.

Among the melancholy mistakes that men are constantly making, may be noted the following.

Persons in trade are daily sending accounts to debtors, most absurdly anticipating payment of the same.

Money-diggers are exhausting their energies endeavoring to rake up specie out of bank vaults, instead of going more sensibly to work hunting for needles in haystacks.

Mouths are used for eating, speaking, and KISSING, &c., instead of distilling tobacco juice, as nature intended.

Noses are also shamefully abused, being employed as simple heralds of surrounding odors, instead of dust holes wherein to stow away stuff.

People go to church, and actually sit listening to the preacher, instead of taking notes about new fashions and other odd matters around them, as food for chat and scandal in the evening.

Playgoers have positively given up eating peanuts in the theatres, thereby denying themselves a choice and refined luxury, just because Theodore Fay once said the munching was an annoyance. How absurd.

It is very common now-a-days for men to imagine that estimable characters may walk about in shabby coats, a mistake that must put all philosophy to the blush.—Picayune.

AN INCIDENT.

On merry Christmas day, at twelve o'clock, we seized our hat and cane, and sallied forth for a walk. As we entered Broadway, our attention was attracted by a lovely being who came walking rapidly down the street. Her face was one of angelic sweetness—her form that of a fairy—her every movement full of grace. Still there was a look of care—of anxiety—settled upon her brow, and from the hurried glance we obtained, we were impressed with the conviction that some afflictive calamity had fallen upon her. Her remarkable beauty and the singularity of her manner excited

our curiosity, not less than our admiration—and we determined to follow her.

Swiftly she hurried on, nor stopped to look around. As she neared St. Paul's she cast one hurried glance upward at the clock, and gathering her shawl more closely around her, pressed onward with still greater speed.

Poor thing! She was alone, and unprotected—and the rude, rude blast of winter had no mercy upon her frail form. Could it be, that one so young, so lovely, was alone in the world, without a friend or a protector?—that on merry, merry Christmas, while all around were rejoicing in the possession of peace and plenty, she was excluded from participating in the general enjoyment? We sighed to think it possible.

She turned a corner, and shortly after halted in front of a store. A man of rough exterior was standing at the door, and as the fair creature approached, he regarded her with cold hearted indifference. She reached the steps, and raised her soft blue eye to his—and with a look we shall never forget—a look in which sorrow and disappointment were sweetly, though mournfully blended, the fair being exclaimed, 'Sam why did'nt you fetch along them onions?'

On such a subject, who could help shedding tears?—N. Y. Aurora.

A Turkish Beauty, and how to procure a white alabaster skin.—I enjoyed the pleasure this morning of being introduced to a very handsome Turkish lady, in order to give me an opportunity of witnessing a perfect specimen of oriental beauty. After a good deal of persuasion, she allowed me to copy her profile.—Her eyes and eye-lashes were intensely black; though I suspect the latter were stained of a deeper die than the natural one. Her complexion was beautifully fair, with the slightest tint of carnation suffused over her cheek. Her lips! sweet lips! that make us sigh even to have seen such. Her glossy hair, which was hung with a kalemkeir or painted handkerchief, representing a whole parterre of flowers, fell in loose curls upon her shoulders, and down her back, she wore a short black velvet jacket, embroidered with gold lace; trousers of sky blue silk; an under jacket of pink crape, and one of those beautiful transparent shirts, which ravish the beholder, and 'half reveal the charms they fain would hide.' A magnificent Persian shawl encircled her waist, which had nature's own form. Her feet were in the slippers, and two or three ugly rings deformed her white and slender fingers, the nails of which were died with henna. Around her neck she wore a double row of pearls, from which hung an amulet. Her skin was very white and beautiful; the constant use of the dry vapor bath having reduced it to a fineness which I can only compare to a highly polished marble, and it looked as glossy and as cold. She was well pleased with the drawing I made, and on rising to go away, she put on her yellow boots over the beautiful white foot and ankle which it was a sin to conceal; then donning her cashmack and cloak, she bade us adieu with a grace and elegance which few English ladies could equal. No Wonder the Turks sigh for Paradise, when they believe heaven to be peopled with hotiris such as these.—Auldjo's Visit to Constantinople.

DAVID RUTEL,

HOUSE AND SIGN PAINTER,
RALEIGH, N. C.

A YOUNG MAN of industrious habits, wishes to get employment as Journeyman Printer, either in North or South Carolina; Letters addressed to the Editor of the Rasp, post paid, will receive immediate attention.