



W. & J. B. WHITAKER,

EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

VOLUME II.—NUMBER 5.

RALEIGH, FEBRUARY 26, 1842.

[SINGLE COPY.]

"WE COME, THE HERALD OF A NOISY WORLD"

[FIVE CENTS.]

### TERMS.

THE RASP is published every Saturday 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.

*The Voyage to Squibnocket Point—Something for a laugh.*—About as many blunders are committed by attempting the use of terms at sea, as in any other business of which we have any knowledge. The vocabulary of the sailor is a difficult one to become acquainted with, and to the old Salt nothing is more ludicrous than the perversions of phrase common to the land-lubber on ship-board or on shore. We have laughed until we cried over the events of a brief voyage made by a Down Easter some years ago. The old fellow had been driving cart all his lifetime, at Newport, Rhode Island, and knew as much about the sea as the man in the moon. Feeling a desire to embark in something more profitable, he had concluded to undertake a fishing speculation. With his son, a stout youth of twenty years, he made two or three short, and as it happened, pleasant voyages to Squibnocket Point, and other places, and finally thought himself a sufficiently accomplished sailor to take command of a sloop, he had purchased, and started for Cape Cod, his son being cook, steward, and 'all hands.'

It was a delightful morning when they left Newport harbor, but after a few hours it commenced blowing a little harder, and a cloud reared itself in the horizon. The captain began to feel somewhat sea-sick.

'There's danger comin' up, Enam,' said the old man; 'but we won't back out. You see that pint right ahead of us—well, stick to that, are hellum. Don't let her flinch an inch, but drive straight to that pint.'

'Agreed,' said Enam.

'Where's them cold 'taters?' said the captain, after a brief pause.

'Down in the cabing,' said Enam.

'And the cold pork?'

Down in the cabing, too; and the pepper sass is in the cruet, next to the plain vinegar; and the cider brandy is in the jug, under the table.'

'Well, Enam, I'm gwoin' down to take a snack, and somethin' to drink. We'll stick 'er through, as I said before. If there's any alteration on deck let me know.'

The captain went down, and in order to quiet his rebellious stomach, plied himself liberally with the cider brandy, and turned in.—The storm came up right speedily, shivered the mainsail to ribbons, carried away the mast, and as the vessel was going away with the sea, the helm poked Enam on the side of the head, and knocked him to the lee scupper where he lay senseless for some minutes. At last he crawled to the companion-way, and sung out—  
'Daddy! daddy!'

'Hallo! what's the trouble?'

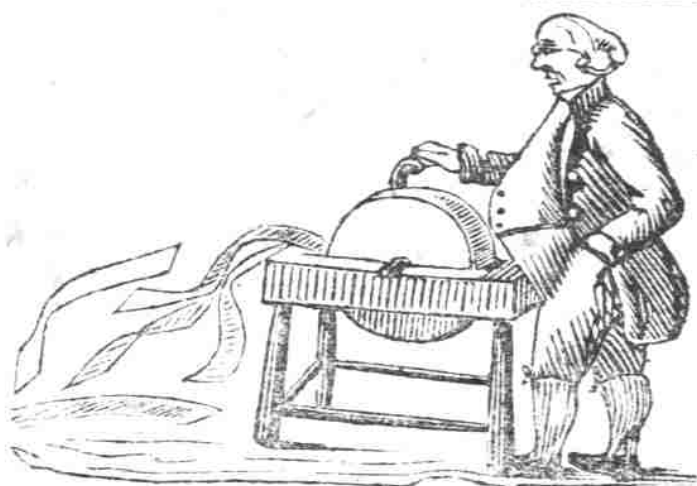
'Quite an alteration upon the deck here. The long up-and-down stick has turned into flood wood, the swingle tree has got possession of the quarter-deck, and our vessel's rollin' horse-hole and scupper-hole in rag'lar lickerto-smash style.'

'Why would ladies make the best editors?'

'Because they could furnish such pretty eye-tents.—[Richmond Star.]

**WITCH CANDLES.**—An old lady, living near a grave-yard, in France, has been detected in stealing bodies from the graves, with a view of obtaining their grease for candles.

*The Sudden Death in a Church.*—We have named in the City Matters the sudden death, which took place on Sunday, at St. Joseph's Church. Mr. Costello was in his own pew and intended to receive the communion, and the clergyman at the time was administering the sacrament to those around the altar. Mr. C. was first discovered in a dying state. His pew was the second one from the altar; and in a few minutes the vital spark fled from his frail frame, and he died without an apparent struggle. Apoplexy is supposed to have been the cause. The scene was solemn and awful. Mr. C. was a native of Dublin, but had resided in Philadelphia a number of years. Truly 'in life we are in the midst of death.' It is described, by all present, as a most impressive scene.—*Saturday Courier.*



From the N. Y. Sunday Mercury.  
MACHINE POETRY.

### A BEAUTIFUL SPECIMEN.

There's difference in color, and difference in taste,  
There's difference in feeling and difference in mind;  
There's difference in objects and difference in sounds,  
And difference vast marks the whole of mankind.

Some people are always as 'happy as a clown,'  
While others are downcast—as 'sad as a sick dog'—  
As 'weak as a cat,' or as 'sick as a horse,'  
And others again are as 'sound as a log.'

The pockets of sum are as 'tight as a drum,'  
And thousands of others will 'leap like a riddle,'  
Some people don't care what old breeches they wear,  
While others go looking as 'fine as a fiddle.'

Some are as full of conceit as 'an egg is of meat,'  
While others are modest—as 'gentle as a lamb,'  
And some of the fair as 'timid as a hare'—  
Others 'bold as a lion,' and 'don't care a d—n.'

On the stage of this world there is often one hurl'd  
With fortune upon him—as 'rich as a Jew,'  
But thousands there are, almost naked and bare,  
Whom favor ne'er fondled nor fortune ne'er knew.

Some are 'dull as a hoe,' others 'sharp as a razor,'  
Some 'blind as a bat,' others 'bright as a button,'  
Some as 'yielding as putty,' some 'stiff as a poker,'  
Some 'sweet as molasses,' some 'rank as old mat-tou.'

The spirits of some are as 'heavy as lead,'  
While others are constantly 'light as a feather,'  
The hearts of some people are naturally soft,  
And others—many others—are as 'tough as sole leather.'

There are hundreds I know who are 'crazy as loons,'  
And hundreds likewise, who are 'quiet as mice,'  
The feelings of some are as 'warm as true love,'  
'While thousands and thousands are cold, 'cold as ice.'

The tongues of some people cling fast to their mouths,  
While others run smoothly and softly and 'slick,'  
Some people, by nature, are 'thin as a shad,'  
And some are as fat and as 'full as a tick.'

Hold up there, black man—let go the crank.  
We have got along so far as 'slick as greas'—  
better stop here, lest the next verse be as insipid and 'flat as dish water.' SPOONS.

**A SCENE.**—The Mobile Herald states that a lady boarded 'in a respectable boarding house, actually cowhided the landlady until her ear-pendants were torn from her person, and the body cruelly lacerated. Well, that is going it strong.'

### A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

The Inquirer says, recently alluding to the establishment of the Howard House, in South-wark, for the cure of inebriates. 'A man who was known as an unfortunate victim of intemperance, observing the happy effects of the pledge upon a cousin, determined at the instance of the better angel within him, to visit Howard Hall, and make a praiseworthy effort for his own reformation. He called at the House, signed the pledge, and returning home, exhibited the certificate to his wife. The poor woman threw her arms around his neck in an ecstasy of joy, and two little daughters, who, on their way from school had heard that their father taken the pledge, ran in with a burst of delight, exclaiming as if some new joy had burst upon their little hearts—'Father has signed the pledge! Father has signed the pledge! and now we'll all be so happy!'

*Down with the Bottle.*—The Temperance cause in Newport, Rhode Island, has made most astonishing progress within a very short time. One society has a list of teetotallers amounting to 2,800 persons, and there is a juvenile society of 600 members, also a society among the Catholics of 400 members.

### A HUNTING STORY.

We make the following extract from a letter which we find in the Grand Gulf Advertiser:

'I am unable to give you a large hunting story, as I have not been driving, but had some sport last night in killing woodcock, which are here very numerous, and come in from the swamps after night to feed in the cotton fields. We started from the house with a large pine tom, (held by a negro) which gave a brilliant light, giving us sight of the bird, and at the same time blinding it, and allowing us to approach close enough to shoot it with a squib. We only killed twelve brace, on account of the moon. A negro, who followed us, however, took a more novel mode of despatching the bird—knocking them over with a long cane, in which he succeeded wonderfully, much to his own gratification and amusement.

Squire R. of 'the Lake,' went out sometime ago, to hunt waterfowl. He has a shot gun, which I understand shoots most powerfully.—Observing a flock of geese approaching him, he waited until they were nearly over him, when he discharged his gun and killed the whole flock, which was a large one. After the fall of the geese, and while engaged in picking them up, there came tumbling down seven sand hill cranes, which were so high up, at the time he shot, that he did not see them. For fear the truth of this story should be doubted, and to prove the great force with which the gun shoots, he had gone to hunt bear some time previous to this, and in loading the gun rather overcharged her. On firing at the bear, the gun kicked him down and kept kicking him until she had kicked him one hundred yards, and would have probably kicked him to death, had not one of his negroes who was with him, run to his assistance and taken her off. More in my next.

E. E. GREENS.

*Costly play things.*—The Atlas says that the British Government pays the young Prince of Wales, while yet 'muling and puking in his nurses arms,' one hundred and fifty dollars for toys alone, even before the 'sprig of nobility' understands the use of such gimcracks. This sum would more than pay the salary of our President, Vice President, the members of the Cabinet, all the Judges of the Supreme Court, and our Congress besides. Talk of the economy of Royalty! If such is economy, good Heaven deliver our country from it.

**GOOD ENOUGH FOR H'M.**—A physician once visited a sick shoemaker and left two kinds of powder for the patient, directing his apprentice to administer them alternately. This doctor in embryo, observing the effect of the powders, noticed that one helped the patient while the other injured him; he so far departed from the instructions of his master as to give only those which did the poor shoemaker good.—When the doctor called, he was perfectly astonished to find the sick man well. Upon questioning his apprentice, he learned the cause, and angrily exclaimed—'You young rascal, what do you mean? I meant to have got a pair of boots out of the fellow, but now I shall only get a pair of shoes!'

### OYSTERANA.

We have heard a capital anecdote of oyster eating propensities. An old man on the Eastern Shore, accompanied by his better half, took a notion to enjoy a mess of oysters 'jest from the shell,' as Moses would say, went to a noted oyster 'bed' for the purpose. They soon grabbed a fine quantity, and seated themselves, and commenced eating them from the shell. After feasting for several hours the old man losing sight of his old woman crawled around the mountain-like pile of shells between them, and said with great earnestness—'Polly! isn't it most supper time?'—(Visitor.)

### LOVE LETTER.

The following 'love letter' was picked up in the street, a few days ago, and handed us for publication. We cheerfully comply, in hopes it will meet the eye of the fair damsel for whom it was intended, and thereby aid the lover in his desperate attempt to woo the lass of his choice; for we are fully aware that 'true love never did run smooth.' We give it verbatim et literatim, with the exception of names, which are only known to the finder and author.

Koscius Mississippi  
County December 22d  
Atala D Deer miss I em brace 1841

this oper tu i ty of in forming  
you a few Lines hopin  
these few lines  
may fine you well you  
Doant know how I love you  
O Love goes mighty hard withe  
mea when eye Love a Lady  
you apper as if you had  
Some hard thouts a Gainst  
mea but I Doant know what  
about i want you to tell me  
weather you love mea or not  
Nothing more at present  
but remember mea

**MYTHOLOGY AND SUPERSTITION.**—There is a remarkable similarity between the heathen mythology and some of the odd conceptions of the Indian race. Minerva is said to have sprung full armed from the brain of Jove. Pushmataha, an eminent Indian chief, when asked who was his father, replied, 'Pushmataha has no father; thunder and lightning struck a hollow poplar tree, and out jumped Pushmataha.'

A wit having lost the election to a fellowship at — College, which was gained by a candidate of very inferior desert, said, on the occasion, — 'Well, Pope is right: 'Worth makes the man, and want of it the Fellow!'

They grease the wheels of the cars on the Harlem rail road with 'Harlem oil.' How extravagant!

There is a man in Boston, we have 'heard say,' who always expresses surprise with—  
'Lordy—massy—chusetts.'