

# THE



# RASP.

W. & J. B. WHITAKER,

EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

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[SINGLE COPY.]

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

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### TERMS.

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

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For the Rasp.

Rocky Branch,  
March 2, 1842.

Mr. Rasp: I somehow or other have taken it into my head, that you would like to hear how the folks come on in our part of the country. You know that the stream I live on, is a tremendous stream, down which immense quantities of water flow; but, owing to the occasional shallow and falls, steamboats and other vessels of large dimensions are debarred the privilege of coming up, but it would do you good to see the little boys with their fishing polls, hauling out the little minnows.

I aint much used to writing letters, no how; but when I see the great work that is carried on in these diggins, I cant just help writing a leetle bit. Now you see there was one of them tall sort of large boys called on me 'tother day, and I guess he thought he could come it over Uncle Hal, but the way he was sucked in, was a caution to tadpoles. Who do you think it was? Why, it was the president of all teetotalists. Says he to me, now, says he, Uncle Hal, (for you know all the big folks call me by this title,) I know you to be a man of sense, and you are always on the side of sense and honor, but how happens it you don't just join our society? We are in need of just such men as you are, not that I consider you by no means a swell head loafer! or any such sort, but for the good effects it would have upon others. I know, says he, that you are a man of consequence, and I know that your influence is great, and when you know all this, I am surprised that you have not already joined us. Ah, says I, you need'nt tell this chap of his influence, and all that sort of thing, for he's one of them sort that knows all about himself, and can hear the news of his fame from the jaws of the water works bull frog, and re-echoed back from the hills of crab tree! I know, says I, that were I to join, the very frogs would have a ball in commemoration of the event; but stepping back and placing my thumb on the end of my nose with great sang froid, says I, do you see any thing superabundantly green, ha? Ah, says he, you are a tall 'un, Uncle Hal, but I cant do any thing with you. Good morning, says I, friend president, and off he wired.

There was a great ball in our diggins not long since, the fame of which may not have reached you. I was sitting peaceably enjoying my mild havanna, when somebody gently touched me on the shoulder, 'Uncle Hal, a word with you.' Says I, you are not a deputy of green bags, are you? for I dont like this way of slapping a fellow on the shoulder, no how, for its too much like saying you're my prisoner; but finding that he was not of that fraternity, I went with him peaceably, and when he had got out of doors, says he, dont you want to go to a ball? Now it was foolish to ask me such a question, for they might have known I'd said yes, and off we posted. The day had been quite rainy, and the water and mud in the road was enough to turn a tadpole sick. Splash! went the water at every step. Says he, Uncle Hal come over this way, your eyes are not very good. We had by this time not only got within sight, but we were in hearing of the mello-dious sounds of the violin, and when we arrived at the door, found four couple on the floor,

and from that master hand, D. P. [whose skill needs only to be heard to be applauded,) was emanating that most beautiful of all waltzes—'Chicken in the bread tray.' I stepped in and was about to seat myself, when an alfred pretty miss caught me by the hand and said, Uncle Hal, I charter you for the next sett. Now I didnt like this way of chartering without something being given in exchange, so, says I, what do you think the chartering of me is worth? and as 'fair play's a jewel,' I think we had better close the bargain agreeable to both parties. I tell you, said she, I charter you for the next sett. And without more ado (not wishing to have my arm jerked off) I promised compliance. The first sett having concluded, my time come on. Thinks I, what am I to do? but there was no time for thinking, for the voice of Big Head bellowed forth, 'fiddler, play jump up Jo.' So at it we went; but the astonishment depicted on my countenance at the wonderful feats of agility, threw me completely off my guard, and I was forced to vociferate, 'go it Big Head! the back step, Big Head! wire Big Head! whoop! whoop!' and gathering up my hat, I was soon on my way home.

Yours, &c.  
UNCLE HAL.

### REFORMED DRUNKARD'S EXPERIENCE.

The following anecdote, related by a reformed inebriate at a temperance meeting, is copied from the Hartford Patriot and Eagle:

"I used to get drunk and my wife used to jaw me about it. 'What do you get drunk for?' said she. 'What do you jaw me for?' said I. So we agreed and made a firm bargain that I would not drink, and that she should not scold. For three long days we held firm—no drinking nor scolding. But on the third evening, being in company with some good fellows I took a horn, and when that was down I right off wanted another. And in a very short time I found myself about how fare ye, with twenty horns safe and snugly in my bread basket. By and by it got to be time to go home, but as you may well suppose, I dreaded to meet my wife like the tooth-ache. However, go I must, and so I staggered along, hoping to find my wife abed. When I reached the house, I found it still lighted, and through the window I saw my wife up and waiting for me. Thinks I, I cant go in yet, but I must wait till she gets to bed. So there I stood half freezing in the cold rain for two hours. At last she went to bed. I crept in at the back door, stumbling over pails and chairs, but finally succeeded in getting to bed without disturbing her. But after dozing awhile, I awoke and found myself dry as a fish. You know, brethren, how dry we all used to be in the night after we'd had a spree. My wife always knew what was the matter with me when I got up in the night to drink cold water. I hardly dared to get up for fear of my wife, but my thirst was greater than I could bear. So out I crawled, and groped very softly after the water pail. But no water was there. I then felt round in the dark, on the tables and shelves, for something to cool my burning throat. Soon I found a tin pan full of a liquid something. I seized and put it to my mouth and took a long and hearty draught, the liquor at the same time running out at each side of my mouth down my cheeks. I thought the liquor tasted odd, and at that ins ant it flashed on my recollection that I had fixed some poison a few days before to kill the rats with. Horrorstruck I stood, my hair standing on end.

I was death to scream out, for my wife would jaw me if she waked. And surely it would be death to hold still. But scream I must, and scream I did. 'What was in this pan?'—'You're dry, are you?' said she. 'WHAT WAS IN THIS PAN?' shouted I still louder. 'What

makes you dry,' screamed she. 'WHAT WAS IN THE PAN?' yelled I, in a perfect agony of fear, 'What pan?' 'Why the pan on the shelf.' 'Oh, you brute, you've drunk up all my starch!'

Next morning, my shirt collar was pasted to my neck and cheeks, and it took me half an hour to cleave it off.'

DISGRACEFUL.—In the Ohio Legislature on the 22d ult, a petition for divorce was presented, when a Mr. Byington inquired if it would be in order to move that the petition be sent to HELL! Mr. Mc Fully moved that the gentleman from Pike be appointed the special messenger for its despatch.

POLITESSE MILITAIRE.—At a Military Ball, the gentlemen—all officers of course—General such a one—Colonel such a one—Major such a one, and so forth and so—were marvellously polite. For example:

Gen. B.—'Ah, my dear Colonel, how do you do?' (shaking his hand until the epaulets on all four of their shoulders shook lively) 'Come, stepping up to the table let us wine.'

Col. X.—'Thank you, thank you General, I have just wound.'

State Prenologist.—A resolution has been introduced into the Legislature of Indiana to employ a Prenologist to examine the heads of the Governors, Fund Commissioners and others who have had charge of the finances of that State, to discover who of them is the greatest 'Financier.'

Character of a *Sot*.—He is like a statue placed in moist air, all the lineaments of humanity are mouldered away, and there is nothing left of him but the rude lump of the shape of a man. He has drowned himself, as it were, in a butt of wine. He has swallowed his humanity and drank himself into a beast. He is like a spring tide, when he is drunk to water mark he swells and looks big, and overflows every thing that stands in his way. But when the drink within him is at ebb, he shrinks within his backs, and falls so low and shallow that cattle may pass over him.

A DEAR JOKE.—An old physician once said to a young man who had just completed his medical studies and commenced practice, 'There sir, you see now that dog's tail curls,' pointing to a large dog, 'now sir, I want you to straighten that dog's tail, and I will give you credit for a greater knowledge in surgery than I think you now possess.' The young man proceeded immediately to straighten the dog's tail, and placed it between strong splinters and bandages. He visited his patient every day, and put on new splinters and bandages. On the ninth day he called, but the dog could not be found; wherefore he concluded he had 'straightened his tail,' and brought in his bill for nine visits, \$90. The old doctor refused to pay it, but a suit was brought, and the amount charged was recovered.

American Mechanic.

A Slip between the Cup and the Lip.—A young couple lately went some thirty or forty miles, in a steam car, for the purpose of having the marriage ceremony performed. After the knot was tied, and the young and blushing bride had taken her seat in the returning car, and while the groom was settling some arrangements necessary at the moment, the bell gave three taps, the steam a whistle and slowly started the train. The groom ran—cried fire, murder, matrimony; but all in vain.—The inexorable engineer, not having the fear of matrimony before his eyes, the whole concern, moved and instigated by the power of

steam, after a few puffs of hesitation, was off, at the rate of some twenty miles to the hour, without any proper respect to the scripture admonition that man and wife shall not be parted.

We see by a late English paper, that a celebrated Irish weaver is about to present to Prince Albert, a pair of trowsers without seam or sewing. A most unseemly gift, and inappropriate; they should by right be presented to Victoria. She wears the—crown.

We notice in a paper the marriage of Mr. James Plank to Miss Rebecca Playne. If that plank don't get the rough edges playned off, we are no judge of human 'natur.'

Electoneering in Arkansas.—The following communication is copied from the Arkansas Gazette:

Feller citizens—I am a candidate for the council.

N. B.—Tailoring done at Mr. Saunders'. Little Rock, Jan. 1st, 1842.

### THE PLEDGE.

What has it done? It has saved many from moral degradation. It has reclaimed many who were deep in sin and brutalized in nature and sunk down to the common nature of brutes. It is the only safe guard for the moderate drinker, he has something to rely upon and sustain him in his good work. We know of many who were what are called moderate drinkers, they knew that their course was leading them on to destruction, and they made resolution to stop at once; but as soon as they were asked to drink they could not refuse, they turned traitors to themselves and thought that none knew of it—they had nothing but their own resolution to throw themselves on, and they had not sufficient moral courage to refuse. Some of the very same persons signed the pledge, and now, when asked to drink, they can throw themselves on that Pledge and answer, 'I belong to the Temperance Society,' this settles the question at once, and they are no longer urged to drink. Thus much has the pledge done. To show how much more it has done, we will relate one case in many that has been told to us. This is the case of a reformed inebriate in this place—he joined our Society last fall, and is now a good citizen; he said that for ten years he never put up any pork in his family, because he had not the means; this winter he put up about 800 lbs. and he says that many times he went home, found his family without the most common necessaries of life, not even a crust of bread, now his family are well provided for, his children well clothed, and going to school, and his family enjoy more happiness than they ever did. This much has the pledge done for one man, and it has even done greater wonders for others.

Marietta Washingtonian.

We have seen persons in the course of our life, who were so afraid that posterity would never hear of them—or that the generation living would not know them—that they would have esteemed it a singular favor to be horse whipped by a gentleman, in the hope of thereby attracting some attention! Whenever this feeling has manifested itself, it was to our minds a sure indication that the subject of it was conscious of some radical deficiency in himself. We do not recollect ever to have heard a truly worthy man complain that others had failed to appreciate his talents, or properly to acknowledge his services.

Wise Observation.—No man resents the barking of a dog. Dogs and fools cannot insult you.