

THE



RASP.

W. & J. B. WHITAKER,

EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

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

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TERMS.

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A LEAF

FROM THE DIARY OF A TOBACCO CHEWER.

Mr. Editor: Do you chew tobacco? I did till last Sunday, when I put my veto on the practice. The why and wherefore I have sent you, hoping that if you are guilty of using the Indian weed, a leaf from my diary may be the means of reforming you.

Saturday, Oct. 19, 1841. Took my hat for a walk; wife, as wives are apt to, began to load me with messages upon seeing me ready to go out. Asked me to call at cousin M.—'s and borrow for her 'The Sorrows of Werter.' Hate a wife to read such pamby stuff—but, must humor her whims, and concluded that I had rather she would take pleasure over Werter's sorrows, than employ her tongue in making 'sorrows' for your humble servant.

Got to cousin M.—'s door. Now cousin M. is an old maid, and a dreadful tidy woman.—Like tidy women well enough, but can't bear your dreadful tidy ones, because I am always in a dread while on their premises, lest I should offend their superlative neatness by a bit of gravel on the soles of my boot, or such matter.

Walked in—delivered my message, and seated myself in one of her cane bottomed chairs while she rummaged the book case.—Forgot to take out my Cavendish before I entered, and while she hunted, felt the tide rising. No spit box in the room. Windows closed.—Floors carpeted. Stove varnished. Looked at the fire-place—full of flowers, and hearth newly daubed with Spanish brown. Here was a fix. Felt the flood of essence of Cavendish accumulating. Began to reason with myself whether, as a last alternative, it were better to drown the flowers, bedaub the hearth, or flood the carpet. Mouth in the mean time pretty well filled. To add to my misery she began to ask questions. 'Did you ever read this book, Mr.—?' 'Yes, Ma'am,' said I, in a voice like a frog in the bottom of a well, while I wished book, cousin and all, were with Pharaoh's host in the Red Sea. 'How did you like it?' continued the indefatigable querist. I threw my head on the back of the chair, mouth upwards to prevent an overflow. 'She at last found The Sorrows of Werter, and came towards me. 'Oh dear, cousin Oliver, don't put your head on the back of the chair, now don't, you'll grease it, and take off the gilding.' I could not answer her, having now lost the power of speech entirely, and my cheeks were distended like those of a toad under a mushroom. 'Why, Oliver,' said my persevering tormentor, unconscious of the reason of my appearance, 'you are sick, I know you are, your face is dreadfully swelled!' and before I could prevent her, her hartshorn was clapped to my distended nostrils. As my mouth was closed imperturbably, the orifices in my nasal organ were at that time my only breathing places.—Judge then what a commotion a full snuff of hartshorn created among my olfactories!

I bolted for the door, and a hearty a-chee-he-chee, relieved my proboscis, and tobacco, chyle, &c., 'all at once disgorged' from my mouth restored me to the faculty of speech. Her eyes followed me in astonishment, and I returned and relieved my embarrassment by putting a load on my conscience. I told her I had been

trying to relieve the toothache by the temporary use of tobacco, while, truth to tell, I never had an aching fang in my head. I went home mortified.

Sunday Forenoon. Friend A. invited myself and wife to take a seat with him to hear the celebrated Mr.— preach. Conducted by neighbor A. to his pew. Mouth, as usual, full of tobacco! and horror of horrors, found the pew elegantly carpeted, white and green, two or three mahogany crickets, and a hat stand; but no spit box! The service commenced; every peal on the organ was answered by an internal APPEAL from my mouth for a liberation from its contents; but the thing was impossible. I thought of using my hat for a spit box; but I could do nothing unperceived. I took out my handkerchief, but found in the plenitude of her officiousness, that my wife had placed one of her white cambrics in my pockets instead of my bandanna. Here was a dilemma. By the time the preacher had named his text, my cheek had reached its utmost tension, and I must spit or die! I arose, seized my hat and made for the door. My wife, [confound these women, how they dog one about,] imagining me unwell, [she might have known better,] got up and followed me. 'Are you unwell, Oliver?' said she, as the door closed after us. I answered her by putting out the eyes of an unlucky dog, with a flood of tobacco juice. 'I wish,' said she, 'Mr. A.— had a spit-box in his pew.'—We footed it home in moody silence. I was sorry my wife had lost the sermon, but how could I help it? These women are so affectionate—confound them—no, I don't mean so. But she might have known that was the matter with me and kept her seat.

Tobacco, O, tobacco! But the deeds of that day are not all told yet. After the conclusion of the service, along came farmer Ploughshare. He had seen me go out of church, and stopped at the open window where I sat. 'Sick to-day, Mr.—?' 'Rather unwell,' answered I, and there was another lie to be placed to the account of tobacco. 'We had powerful preaching; sorry you had to go out.' My wife asked him in—and in he came—she might have known he would—but women must be so polite. But she was the sufferer by it. Compliments over. I gave him my chair by the window. Down he sat, and fumbling in his pockets, drew forth a formidable plug of tobacco, and commenced untwisting it. 'Then you use tobacco, said I.' 'A little occasionally,' said he, as he deposited from three to four inches in his cheek. 'A neat fence that of yours,' as flood after flood from his mouth bespattered a newly painted white fence near the window. 'Yes,' said I, 'but I like a darker color.' 'So do I,' answered Ploughshare, 'and yaller suits my notion; it don't show dirt.'—And he moistened my carpet with his favorite color. 'Good!' thought I, wife will ask him in again, I guess. We were now summoned to dinner. Farmer Ploughshare seated himself. I saw his long fingers in that particular position in which a tobacco chewer knows how to put his digits when about to unlade. He then threw them across his mouth. I trembled for the consequences, should he throw such a load upon the hearth or floor. But he had no intention thus to waste his quid, and—shocking to relate—deposited it beside his plate, on my wife's white damask table cloth!

This was too much, I plead sickness and rose. There was no lie in the assertion this time, I was sick. I retired from the table; but my departure did not discompose Farmer Ploughshare, who was unconscious of having done wrong. I returned in season to see Farmer Ploughshare replace his quid in his mouth to undergo a second mastication, and the church bell opportunely ringing, called him away, be-

fore he could use his plate for a spit box; for such, I am persuaded would have been his next motion. I went up stairs, and throwing myself on the bed, fell asleep. Dreams of inundations and floods and fire harrassed me. I thought I was burning and smoked like a cigar. I then thought the Merrimack had burst its banks, and was about to overflow me with its waters. I could not escape—the water had reached my chin—I tasted it—it was like tobacco juice. I coughed and screamed, and awaking, found I had fell asleep with a quid in my mouth. My wife entering at the moment, I threw away the filthy weed. 'Huz, if I were you, I would not use that stuff any more!' 'I won't,' said I. Since Sunday last, I have kept my word. Neither Fig nor Twist, Pigtail nor Cavandish have passed my lips since then, nor ever shall again.



HUMAN NATURE.—We once knew a customer, who, after having accumulated a large amount of property, began to feel that it was time to think about laying up some treasures which might not be destroyed by moths or rust. After carrying a sober face for a week or two, he made application to be admitted as a member of an evangelical church. The worthy pastor made objection, on the frivolous ground of the applicant's determination to continue to sell rum on the Sabbath. When it was announced to him that the church had decided he could not be admitted, he exclaimed, without much consideration, 'they won't accept me, won't they? Well, d—n 'em, they may go to the d—!'—Aurora.

THAT BABY.—In England—that land of splendor and squalidness, that whitened sepulchre—they are going to spend a million dollars on the christening of the queen's infant.—Probably millions of human beings will, during the same day, grow faint for the want of food.

At a camp meeting held not a hundred years since, nor a hundred miles from the boundary line of Louisiana and Mississippi, a pious brother was speaking in terms of religious exultation of the good he had achieved that day. He had saved one soul, and that, in these days of degeneracy, was a moral miracle.

'Look here, mister,' said a slab-sided fellow, who looked as if he had that morning taken as much white-nose as enabled him to comply with the provisions of the gallon law, 'Mister, I reckon you have done pretty well, but there is a child here, goes a little ahead of you in the sole saving way. I swow, when I woke up this morning, if I did not find a fellow fast asleep at the fire over there, like a coon in the fork of a crab tree. His feet was right chuck up against the fire, and the soles of his brogans were so hot that you could fry pork on them. I saved two soles, sure.'—Picayune.

A young miss being asked what was the chief end of man, blushed considerably, and wanted to know if she must answer the question.

'Certainly,' said her teacher; 'I repeat the question, what is the chief end of man?'

'To—to—pop the question,' was the native reply. She was sent home to her mother.

There are insects which live but a single day. Wonder if any of them ever commit suicide through weariness of life.

'This a counterfeit,' said a loafer to a bad quarter of a dollar. 'I took you for better, and I've got you for worse,' as the man said of his wife, three months after marriage.

From the N. Y. Sunday Mercury.

LOVE SONGS—A SEVERE CRITIQUE.—I have often experienced a considerable rising of virtuous indignation, while reading the love or amorous songs that have been put forth by certain poetasters, very much to the delight of young gentleman whose paternal parents are most anxious that they should not go out; and much to the delight also of young misses in love with such of those aforesaid young gentlemen, as are preparing for a course of heroism and twaddle. What agonising appeals are made:

O say not woman's love is bought!
And what odd requests. A Scotch young gentleman says to his 'Bonnie Mary'
Go fetch to me a pint of wine,
And fill it in a silver tassie.

It is evidently his intention to make her drunk, so that he may steal the 'tassie;' else why would he be so particular in requesting that it might be of silver.

Another gentleman gratuitously requests a shining river to flow on, as if rivers heeded such requests. Really, the conceit of some people is 'tolerable and not to be endured. The same youth says to this same river

But ere you reach the sea,
Seek Ella's bower and give her
The wreaths I fling o'er thee.

Now every one must admit that this is a most preposterous request. Of course the river could not comply with it. And I should hope that the young lady who was desired to leave her 'lone pillow' ere the 'winking stars should be sinking, and the buds drinking' (an anti-temperance botanical discovery) 'the dew of the moon'—that she did not obey that seductive request, but remained under the paternal roof, thinking of the fate of him who was

Torn from an honor'd parent's love,
And driven the keenest storms of fate to bear;

And who now requests forgiveness, though many a free and easy young gentleman:

Ah! but forgive me, pitied let me part,
Your frowns too sure, would break my sinking heart.

Perhaps the most pathetic, if not the most poetical of these effusions is that in which a melancholy, cadaverous youth whose days were gone when beauty bright his heart's chain wore, when his dream of life from morn till night was love still love, for he could have known little of any substantial enjoyment, as he says, besides:

There's nothing half so sweet in life,
As love's young dream!

I prefer a good breakfast of buckwheat cakes with molasses, hot coffee and cream,

My father's sword upon the wall,
Has slumber'd since his death;

Oh! give it me, for now tis time,
To throw away the sheath!

Now why should this young gentleman want to throw away the sheath! Really, I gasp for a reply! But I must here close my critique (!) with an extract from 'The Minstrel's Tear.'

He sat upon a cliff
That overhung the sea;

His eye was fixed upon the wave,
His harp was on his knee.

And upon that I suppose was fixed his other eye; in which 'fix' I leave him and your readers.

LADLE.