

For the Rasp.

Rocky Branch, March 15, 1842.

Messrs. Editors: If you recollect, I told you in my last that you should hear from me again, and as I told you that I want much used to writing letters, you need not expect me to run away to Washington City, and try to inform you of something you never heard of before; but will content myself, and hope to satisfy you, with Home relations, and 'near about' circumstances; and I believe I will commence by a comment on your valuable little paper. Let's see, if I mistake not, your editorial career commenced in February, 1841, and, although your beginning was not a very auspicious one, yet, by constant attention and true and steady perseverance, you have not only been able to "struggle into life," but have met with patronage from where you least expected it, and you now find that by 'heaving ahead,' the 'blessing is obtained!' and you are now enabled to "sail on the ocean" of Editorial and miscellaneous news, with the fattest and best of them.

In my section of country, there is more talk about your paper, than you could possibly imagine; and I think that some of the close hints and severe cuts, from Uncle Hal, have brought the folks to their senses about borrowing newspapers, for I have heard several persons say, they could no longer sponge on others, but must subscribe for your paper themselves, for it was becoming more and more interesting every week. 'Oh!' says neighbor Tim, 'the likeness of that Zeke takes my eye; his phiz is such a noble one, and no wonder he grinds out poetry so, for

'He holds his hat out so becoming handy,
His legs are so preciously bandy,
And such a mouth to suck sugar candy.'
'He's indeed such a beautiful boy.'

Yes, and Sir Edward says, if he lives, he intends joining that Lazy Club he sees so much about in your paper, and requested me to request you to request Paul Pry to request the President of said Society, to inform him at what time their next meeting would be, for he wants to give a big treat; he says he will have turtle (beef) soup, flour doin's and chicken fix-in's in abundance, and the cream of the tarter is, you and your humble one, to be with them. What a time we will have! But, Mr. Rasp, a friendly word in your ear, I don't wish you to make it public, but I would advise you to make scarce with the turtle soup at the great coming feast, for I think I smell a rat, and these fine Turtles of Sir Edward's will turn out to be *Terrepins* of the worst order. But don't noise this about, and we will have a good joke on them.

Now you know, Messrs. Editors, that I am an old Bachelor; but then, I am not like some that I have seen such awful cuts at in your paper, for I am not so old yet, but that the little blind God can make an impression on me; my senses have not become so dull or my heart so cold, that the syrene song of love passes by my ear with a discordant sound, or falls into a dull monotony grating, to the understanding of such as you have before mentioned, for even now, since the blasts of many a winter have passed over my brow, and old age has begun to frost my locks once black as the Ravens, at the sound of 'dear woman's voice,' my heart is made to leap within me, and with Campbell to exclaim,

'The world was sad!—the garden was a wild!
And man, the hermit, sighed, till woman smiled.'

Now, Mr. Editor, I would not let you into the secret of my love scrapes, of my billet doux, my valentines and all the happy hours that little winged Cupid has thrown in my way, did I not know that you are a *lady's man* yourself, and as true as a "Mason" when any thing is confided to you, therefore, without other preliminaries, I will inform you that I am in love, "dead as a mutton." Ah, could you but see the dear object of my choice, the idol of my heart, you would be forced to exclaim, Uncle Hal! Uncle Hal! Oh, who'd have tho't That you would have chosen a lady so fair? The mines of *Golconda*, could never have bought, A Virgin more lovely, mote beautiful, more rare!

Ah! but methinks I hear you say, are you certain of her, Uncle Hal? Now that's what I want to tell you, and as it will be rather lengthy for this letter, I will make it the theme of my next, when I will let you into all the secrets of a Bachelor in Love.

Affectionately yours,

UNCLE HAL.



From the Sunday Mercury.
SHORT PATENT SERMONS.
BY "DOW JR."

Love is witty,
Love is pretty,
Love is charming while it's new,
But it soon grows old,
And waxes cold,
And fades away like morning dew.

ANON.

MY HEARERS—There is no mistake about Love's being pretty, coaxing and fascinating; but, for all this, it is awfully dangerous stuff to meddle with. No one ought ever to approach it, unless he is provided with a box of matrimonial pills, for it exhales such delicious poison that a body isn't aware of danger till the disease has reached its climax: and then the only way to eradicate it will be to take a warm bath at the altar of Hymen, and for ever after keep sipping of the iced water of matrimony—or else take an injection of pistol-powder at once, and be certain of a cure.—Oh! my heart sinks clear into my trowsers' pocket when I think of all the mischief that Love has stirred up in this amorous world! Go ask those shattered wrecks of humanity who are now swarming in our lunatic asylums, what it was that fired the city of their senses—drove Reason from her throne, and spread anarchy over the vast empire of the mind—and they might answer truly: Love, the tyrant Love! Behold the miserable sot, suffering a self-martyrdom, with the liquid fire of damnation starting through his carbuncle nose! Ask him why he, in the prime of life, is about to throw himself upon the funeral pyre of his hopes, and appear fuddled at the bar of Judgment? and he will say, it is all for love! Go read upon the stones of yonder church-yard how many of Love's victims have been consigned to the dark chambers of death, and have taken the worms of the clod as their bosom companions! Behold—lovers are weeping upon the very turf beneath which lovers are sleeping. I grieve for the sleepers, and O! my friends, I tremble for the weepers! They are made of soft material—kisses, tears, saw-dust and soft soap—and heaven only knows how soon they, too, may dissolve and amalgamate with their original clay.

My friends! methinks I can see, through the spectacles of imagination, a forlorn specimen of decayed feminine beauty wandering over the sea shore cliffs at midnight. She cuts a pretty figure, I don't think, with her long hair streaming in the wind, tattered frock, cat owl eyes, and nothing but barefoot on her feet.—Now she sings a mild ditty to the moon, and anon calls frantically on one who cannot hear—and I doubt whether he would if he could.—Poor thing! Kate is crazed! She let her tender passion run away with her senses, shoes and stockings, shimmy and all—and now see what she is! Girls, do you hear that? Beware—beware! But to return. Love, like a boy's candy, is too good to last long. Soon after marriage it is apt to grow cold, and fade away from the full blown blossom of the heart, as fades the morning dew from the damask corolla of the rose; but before the affections are bound in the nuptial wreath, there is no danger of Love's dying a natural death. On the contrary, he becomes more and more obstinate in his attacks, and will hang on like an eel to a dead 'possum. I advise you, my young congregation, to beware of piano-forte music and moonlight evenings, if you have a touch of the tender lurking about your vitals; for they are sure to call that little rascal Cupid forth in quest of prey, and when he comes, your breasts are made pin-cushions of, less than no time. He shoots his arrows with unerring aim as he flies, and mocks at the agonies of his wounded victims. He is the mischief-making child of Venus, that artful daughter of Jove, who used to sport her golden chariot, drawn by sparrows, over the fleecy clouds of heaven—whose railroad track down to Olympus consisted of the rainbow. She was the mother of all fiends, and

created more trouble in the courts of love than ever Lucifer kicked up in the temple of righteousness. But she is dead now and her son Cupid reigneth in her stead.

My dear young friends—you must contrive to love moderately if you wish to have it last long, and not grow cold with the wane of the honey-moon—just as Mrs. Dow and I did when she was pretty Miss Betsey Wheeler. We didn't squander all our affections amid the foolish extravagancies of courtship, but let off a little at a time, and they consequently lasted the longer. Like cattle that masticate their food a second time, so we, till the day that death brought in a bill of divorce in her favor, could sit beneath the bowers of connubial happiness, and chew the cud of our first love over and over again. Why don't you do likewise, and thus ensure many days of comfort and happiness, rather than dry up the fountain of future attachment by indulging for a short time in searching ecstasy. Moderation should always be your guide in the affairs of love—no matter whether that love be sexual, fraternal, alcoholic or spiritual. By drinking too deep from the cup of either you become intoxicated, and are soon compelled to swallow the bitter dregs of wo and despair. It is a melancholy truth that I have even known persons to become so intoxicated with the love of religion, that their reason has left them in disgust, and sought an asylum in the desert region of no where; but the love of morality, virtue and honesty is subject to no such excesses, and the stronger your affection for them is, the wiser and happier you must be—I don't care who says to the contrary; but in your love for the sexes, plumb pudding and spurious holiness, be careful—be moderate! and you may make it hold out till you are borne to that land where love never fades away nor even waxeth old. So mote it be!



'There is a hat in the street, Bob, has the owner got it?'
'To be sure not. It is in the street.'
'Well, who has got it then.'
'Nobody of course.'
'Who does it belong to?'
'Nobody, I should judge.'
'Well, then—if it belongs to nobody, and nobody has got it, hasn't the owner got it—you fool!'

The Christian's burden is like the wings of a bird, which she carries, yet they support her in her flight to heaven.

The American rifle has been called a saucy fellow, for it kicks its master, and spits in the face of his enemies.

A man cannot tell whether his ideas are stolen or not. We make a thought that we love, and nurse it in our bosom, and if it looks pretty when it grows older, we flatter ourselves that it has the family countenance, and cherish it accordingly.

It is written, that a man should dress his wife above his means, his children up to his means, and himself below his means. The ladies will take the precaution not to read this, or forget it if they do read it.

You have set me in a broil, as the mutton chop said to the gridiron.

A loafer recently smoked a long nine in the sanctum of a country editor, and set the chimney so bad an example that it has smoked ever since.

MODERN COURTSHIP.

GENT.—Will you marry me?
LADY.—Have you signed the pledge?
GENT.—I have.
LADY.—Nuff sed!

'This is nipping cold weather,' as the hungry urchin said to the pie crust.

'You're entitled to the floor,' as the member of Congress remarked, when he knocked down an opponent.

They have a bass singer in Ohio, who, it is said, went once so low, that he has never been able to get up again since, and a gentleman so cold in his manners, that whenever he enters a room, the thermometer falls to the freezing point.

Why is the lower part of a lady's face like a school boy? Because it is her chin (urchin.)

The reason people do not return borrowed books is, that they can more easily retain the contents than remember them.

A new sect is about to be founded in New York, the groundwork of whose tenets is, that the eyes were made to wear spectacles, the nose to take snuff, the mouth to kiss the girls, and the chin to rest on the top of a cane.

It will rather take the reader by surprise to be told, that in a life of 65 years duration, with a moderate daily allowance of mutton, for instance, he will have consumed a flock of 350 sheep.

'Ah, Bob, good morning.' 'Good morning, Dick.' 'How did you make out with your speech last night?' 'Bad enough.' 'How so?' 'My voice failed me!' 'Why, I thought you had a powerful voice?' 'It filled the room, to be sure, but it soon emptied it.' N. C.

The other day, says a Scotch paper, a little boy who had just recovered from a severe illness, was seen seated on a doorstep weeping bitterly. 'What is the matter?' enquired a passerby. 'My legs winna gang!' was the pathetic reply.

Curious Law.—The third act of stealing from the lead mines in Derbyshire, was, by a law of Edward 1st, punished in the following manner:—A hand of the criminal was nailed to a table, and in that condition was left, without meat or drink, having no means of freedom, but to employ the one hand to cut off the other.

Scientific Question.—If this earth were an enormous round of beef, would the oven roast it?

CHAT CHARACTERISTIC.—'By thunder Bill, ain't the times hard enough to draw tears from a handsaw?'
'D—n it, don't speak of it! We're all going to the devil as fast as we can. Thibbles & Lepps failed this morning.'
'The deuce they did!'
'Fact, I assure you.'
'By the way, Bill, how much did that watch cost, if it's a fair question?'
'Cost—guess?'
'Well, it's a screamer, but in these times you should have bought it for a hundred and fifty.'
'Sir, it cost just a hundred and thirty—chain and all.'
'Well, that is cheap, but how in heaven's name did you manage to raise the needful?'
'Oh! well, you know the times are monstrous tight, and a fellow should be as economical as possible, so I bought it on tick.'

WOMAN.

Dow, Jr., who never wrote a sentence that had not wit, humor, logic, poetry, morality and truth in it, says—"A class of reformers are preaching that women are equal to men. I go further, and swear by every thing lovely and divine, that they are superior. Women have taken more gently by the arm, and led them straight to heaven, than could ever have got there in any other way. There is a moral grandeur in woman's love—a terrible sublimity in woman's hate!"

A Conclusive Argument.—At a recent assembly of conaives of the right sort, at Brussels, Col. — started the question, whether the hamlet of Auburn, in the county of Westmeath, was really the subject of Goldsmith's Deserted Village; and a doubt arising, from the circumstance of the Doctor not having been actually on the spot when he composed that pathetic piece, Charles O'Malley, who was present, with all the zeal of a warm defender of his country's rightful honor, exclaimed—"Why, gentlemen, was Milton actually in hell when he wrote his Paradise Lost? This was voted a floorer."

'Behave yourself before folks.'—A husband and wife had but one pair of shoes between them. When they set out to walk anywhere, each one put on a shoe, and whenever they met a person on the road, the husband would shuffle off his shoe and his wife would put it on; and thus people supposed he kept his good woman well shod, and disinterestedly went barefoot himself. Many husbands, and wives too, act on this principle in order to save appearances.