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

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### TERMS.

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### THE FURLOUGH.

AN IRISH ANECDOTE.

In the autumn of 1825 some private affairs called me into the sister kingdom; and as I did not travel, like Polyphemus, with my eye out, I gathered a few samples of Irish character, amongst which was the following incident:

I was standing one morning at the window of 'mine Inn,' when my attention was attracted by a scene that took place beneath. The Belfast coach was standing at the door, and on the roof, in front, sat a solitary outside passenger, a fine young fellow in the uniform of the Connaught Rangers. Below, by the front wheel, stood an old woman, seemingly his mother, a young man, and a young woman, sister or sweetheart; and they were all earnestly entreating the young soldier to descend from his seat on the coach.

'Come down wid ye, Thady'—the speaker was the old woman—'come down now to your ould mother; sure it's flog ye they will, and strip the flesh off the bones I give ye. Come down, Thady, darlin'!

'It's honor, mother,' was the short reply of the soldier; and with clenched hands and set teeth, he took a stiffer posture on the coach.

'Thady, come down—come down, ye fool of the world—come along down wid ye!' The tone of the present appeal was more impatient and peremptory than the last; and the answer was more promptly and sternly pronounced: 'It's honor, brother!' and the body of the speaker rose more rigidly erect than ever on the roof.

'O Thady come down! sure it's me, your own Kathleen that bids ye! Come down, or ye'll break the heart of me, Thady, jewel; come down then!' The poor girl wrung her hands as she said it, and cast a look upward that had a visible effect on the muscles of the soldier's countenance. There was more tenderness in his tone, but it conveyed the same resolution as before.

'It's honor, honor bright, Kathleen!' and, as if to defend himself from another glance, he fixed his look steadfastly in front, while the renewed entreaties burst from all three in chorus, with the same answer.

'Come down, Thady, honey! Thady, ye fool, come down! O Thady, down to me!'

'It's honor, mother!—It's honor, brother!—Honor bright, my own Kathleen!'

Although the poor fellow was a private, this appeal was so public that I did not hesitate to go down and inquire into the particulars of the distress. It appeared that he had been home on furlough, to visit his family, and having exceeded, as he thought, the term of his leave, he was going to rejoin his regiment, and to undergo the penalty of his neglect. I asked him when the furlough expired.

'The first of March, your honor—bad luck to it of all the black days in the world—and here it is, come sudden on me like a shot!'

'The first of March? why my good fellow, have a day to spare then—the first of March will not be here till to-morrow. It is Leap year, and February has twenty-nine days.'

The soldier was thunder-struck. 'Twenty-nine days is it?—you're sartin of that same!—Oh, mother, mother!—the devil fly away wid

ye ould almanac—a base cratur of a book, to be deceiven one, atther living so long in the family of us!'

His first impulse was to cut a caper on the roof of the coach, and throw up his cap with a loud hurrah! His second was to throw himself into the arms of his Kathleen; and the third was to wring my hand off in acknowledgment.

'It's a happy man I am, your honor, for my word's saved, and all by your honors manes. Long life to your honor for the same. May ye live a long hundred—and lape years every one of them.—English paper.

### THE MONKEY

Who shaved himself and his friends.

A man who own'd a barber's shop At York, and shav'd full many a fop, A monkey kept for their amusement; He made no other kind of use on't— This monkey took great observation, Was wonderful at imitation, And all he saw the barber do, He mimic'd straight, and did it too.

It chanced in shop, the dog and cat, While friseur dined, demurely sat, Jacko found nought to play the knave in, So thought he'd try his hand at shaving. Around the shop in haste he rushes, And gets the razor, soap, and brushes; Now puss he fix'd (no muscle miss stirs) And lather'd well her beard and whiskers, Then gave a gash as he began— The cat cry'd "waugh!" and off she ran.

Next Towser's beard he try'd his skill in, Though Towser seem'd somewhat unwilling; As badly here again succeeding, The dog runs howling round and bleeding.

Nor yet was tired our roguish elf; He'd seen the barber shave himself; So by the glass, upon the table, He rubs with soap his visage sable, Then with left hand holds smooth his jaw— The razor in his dexter paw; Around he flourishes and slashes, Till all his face is seam'd with gashes. His cheeks despatch'd—his visage thin He cock'd, to shave beneath his chin; Drew razor swift as he could pull it, And cut from ear to ear his gullet.

'Jimmy, do you go to school?' 'Yes sir, to the school kept by Miss Post!' 'Not a *whipping* Post, I hope?' 'Oh, no, sir, she is a *guide* Post.'

A trader at a place up the river publishes in a paper a poetical list of articles by him for sale. The advertisement concludes with the following truly beautiful and original distich: 'Sulphur and Salts to cure the scratches, And for the gals I've got some *matches*.'

How are you? asked a gentleman the other day of a mantuamaker. 'Only *sew-sew*,' answered she.

'Pa, do they plough the prisoner's faces up at Sing Sing?'

'No, my son, what made you ask that question?'

'Cause it says here that one of their faces was *furrowed*.'

'Go to bed, Sammy, go to bed, and dont go out of the house, somebody might steal you.'

Love is a heavenly feast of which none but the sincere and honest partake. It is as impossible for a man truly to love as for a hypocrite to go to heaven.

Why are the doating ladies like a spoon in a cup of tea? Because they are in-tea-resting.

'Dont say NEIGH,' as the fellers sung ven they stole the horses.

'I'd thank you for that vinegar,' said a gentleman to a fellow boarder, while seated at dinner.

'Ah, its of no consequence, I can look at my wife's face,' as the phiz of that lady assumed an uncommon sour look. A crash was heard—an awful quantity of fragments of earthen ware and 'wittals' covered the floor, and the unlucky wight was seen making for the dock, exclaiming, 'I'm *dished*, by G—.'

We were tickled almost to death at a little thing we heard yesterday. A drunken loafer was tottling along with a jug of whiskey, and as he attempted to climb a fence, he fell on one side of the fence, and the jug on the other. The liquor immediately commenced running out, and when it was nearly gone, the loafer raised himself upon his elbow and listened to the liquor as it came out with its peculiar sound of 'good, good, good!' 'Oh, yes!' [said the loafer,] 'I know you are good, but d-n you, I cant get at you.' We sloped.—*Cin. Mic.*



A MODERN SOAP-LOCK.

From the Hamburg Journal.

An *Abstractionist*.—An ugly, thick lip negro was fast asleep the other day, securely resting against the sunny side of one of the warehouses; whose lips stuck out a *feet*, naturally causing mischievous boys to be on the alert.

Now it so happened that one of the several boys, that were attracted by Cuff's position, chewed tobacco. And it likewise occurred to this same said boy, to play a trick upon the same said Cuff. The chew was forthwith extracted, poised, let fly, and fell plump into Cuff's extended lips. The weight and taste soon aroused darkie, who, looking up, espied his tormentors. Cuff was so enraged and not being able to obtain redress at the moment, wisely concluded to inform the father of the boy, of his acts. With the chew still between his lips, he mutters out, 'You see dis now, you varmint! I shan't take it out at all. I carry it rite 'trait to yer fader.'

Off Cuff moved for redress, and we to our business; and we have not yet understood the decision of the boy's father.

Forty years ago, if a mechanic proposed to do your work, you might depend on his word, it would be done.

Forty years ago, when a mechanic finished his work, he was paid for it.

Forty years ago, printers were paid, therefore enabled to pay their debts. What a falling off.

A man in Kentucky, lately committed suicide by hanging himself on the very day he was to have been married. A foolish act that, to slip his neck into the wrong noose—perhaps.

A *Bright Child*.—'Father, I do wish you would send for the doctor.'

'Why so, my child, are you sick?'

'No, I ain't exactly sick.'

'Then why do you want the doctor?'

'Cause, I want he should come and feel of my pulse, and tell me whether I'm tired or lazy!'

From the Jonesboro' Whig.

### INTERESTING LOVE LETTER.

We have been furnished by a friend, with the following interesting letter, written by a coal-black slave of this town, to a large greeisy mulatto vench, with whose 'blue eyes' the writer seems to have been perfectly captivated.

JONESBOROUGH March the 9th 1842.

Dear Miss Eliza? I embrace the opportunity of writing To you? to Let you know that I am well and hope these few lines may find you in the Same State of Health? I now tell you mis Eliza? I did not Sleep a Wink on Sunday night? because Love took place that day about 2 oclock A M? it is true you are a Coloured Girl and so am I a Coloured Boy? but indeed you are the prettyst Female that I ever set my scruples upon? you have got a fine face and Beautiful blue eyes eXtremely fine and good? ever thing about you all accept. one remark I have to make about you? Why you have got a Fashion snapping people up Like pie Cruste? accept me? I never knew you to do me so? I would not Wish to insult you Mis Eliza? for I do really think that you would make me A Good wife? And I would make you A Good Husband? Ekernomercal people allways go a long? a mand Could not raise his Corne his oats nor his Kattle? Without being industrious? a mand Cant Cultivate nothin Without he work?

of all the ladies in the West?

liza now I think the best?

Gods Commandments?

do not steal? do not sware?

do not tell a lie? Honor thy father

an mother? that thy days may be longer?

now I have put nothing in This-letter to make a fuse? because I rote it on account of Miss Eliza Hunt?

the holy bibles speaks of all Commandment? I Just put it in because the bibles before me? I am not hating on nobody stealing a tall?

Jesus my on to heaven is gone?

he whom I fix my hopes upon?

Dr. B. informs us that he has a patient so dreadfully irritable on the subject of water, that he won't wear his watch because there is a *spring* in it.

To pelt a man with eggs, unless they are rotten ones, is getting to be considered an unpardonable waste of chickens.

'What is the reason, my love, that since you lost your teeth, you are forever talking?' asked an anxious husband of his adored wife. 'Because, my dear, there is so much room in my mouth, my tongue can't keep still.'

A lady who was married to a gentleman of the most winning manners and address, and with whom she had many slight quarrels, and sweet reconciliations, once said, that he had made her shed tears for the pleasure of kissing them away.

An honorable member of the Legislature told us one of the richest things, yesterday, we ever heard. He says that two of his constituents were such exquisite rascals, that having one calf between them, each stole it from the other, and put his own 'brand' upon it so often, that in two days they completely burned the poor animal up.

Why is a person getting rheumatic like one locking a cupboard door?—Because he's turning *achy* (a key.)

Why is a loud laugh in the House of Commons like Napoleon Buonaparte?—Because it's an *M.P. roar* (an Emperor.)

Why is one and sixpence like an aversion to coppers?—Because it's *hating pence* [eighteen pence.]