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RASP.

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"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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THE SEQUEL TO "CAPT. RICE'S TREAT."

Some few years since, a gentleman residing not a hundred miles from this, travelling in the neighboring State of Arkansas, on a collecting expedition, had occasion to call upon a customer, whom we shall call John Smith—not the immortal John Smith, Jr., who writes for the newspapers, but, in all probability, a relation of the 'great original, whose portraits hangs upon a peg against the cabin wall.' Being, as he thought, in the neighborhood, not knowing precisely the whereabouts of the aforesaid John Smith, he accosted a copperas-striped, specimen of the old North Carolina State, who was rather listlessly at work, in front of a cabin, hewing out an axletree, for an ox cart, from a pipe sapling.

Traveller—Good morning sir; will you have the goodness to direct me to John Smith's?

N. C. Certainly, sir; if there is anything in this world I do know, it is the way to John Smith's. Why, John Smith and me came out together from North Carolina. We cut out that new road leading across that branch, and over that hill, there. We—

Traveller—But, sir, will you have the goodness to tell where he lives?

N. C. To be sure I will. As I was saying, if there is anything in this world I do know, it is the road to John Smith's. Why, sir, John Smith and me married sisters; and he has got the smartest wife in all these parts. She—

Traveller. No doubt of it, sir; but I want to see him, and have nothing to do with the good qualities of his wife. Will you direct me?

N. C. Of course I will, as I said before; if there is anything in the world I do know, it is the way to John Smith's. But, as I was observing, his wife can spin her six cuts a day, besides attending to family fixings.

Traveller. She may spin sixty for all I know or care; but that has nothing to do with my question. I wish to find her husband—will you tell me where he lives?

N. C. Will I tell you where John Smith lives? Well, that's a good one. I tell you again, that if there is anything in this world I do know, it is where John Smith lives. Why, sir, as I said before, we came from North Carolina together. And he has a yoke of the truest pulling oxen in all these parts. His nigger, named Jim, is the smartest—

Traveller. My dear sir, it is growing late, and I wish to get on. If you can direct me, why don't you do it? I ask you again, if you will tell me the way to John Smith's?

N. C. Haven't I told you a dozen times, if there is anything in this world I do know, it is where John Smith lives? Haven't I told you that we came from North Carolina together? But speaking of his boy Jim—he can pick out his hundred weight of cotton in a day, and shell out 'a turn of corn for mill' at night, and no mistake. Besides, sir—

Traveller. Zounds! man, what have I to do with him—or his cotton—or his corn? I will ask you a plain question, which I will not ask again. Is there, or is there not, such a man as John Smith living in this 'section,' and if you know the way to his house, will you point it out to me?

N. C. And zounds! man, haven't I been tell-

ing you all the time, that there is such a man as John Smith living in these diggins—and if there is anything in the world I do know, it is the way to his house? I tell you again, we not only came from North Carolina together, but cut out that new road leading across that branch, and over that hill. Why, sir, John Smith has the smartest little daughter you ever saw. She has only been to school two years, and has got as far as "amplification."

Traveller. Confound his daughter, and her amplification too! I think you have got that for yourself. For when I ask you a plain question, which you might answer in half a dozen words, you spin me a long yarn about roads, wives, negroes, oxen, and little girls. Now do, that's a good fellow, just talk a little more like a man of this world, and show me the road to John Smith's.

N. C. Don't you confound John's darter, mister: she's my niece, and a smart one she is, too. Why you are as tetchous as a skinned ell; and won't let a body direct you when they are trying to do it with all their might. To be short with you, as you seem to wish it—I tell you again, that if there is anything in this world I do know, it is the way to John Smith's. I tell you again we came from North Carolina together—we bought land together, at a dollar and a half an acre—we bought 300 acres apiece—we cut out that new road leading across that swamp, but he don't live there now. You see this land here, sir? it is just about the finest tract you ever saw in your born days. Just look at them tall sweet gums down by the pond—twig that 'cimmon aint he a whapper? at least three feet across the stump. You see—

Traveller. I see I am not likely to get an answer out of you to-day; so I might as well keep on. I ask you now, and for the last time, will you, or will you not, direct me the way to John Smith's?

N. C. And I tell you now, and for the twentieth time, if there is anything in this world I do know, it is the way to John Smith's. But I must tell you about his fine blooded mare and Timoleon filly. She took the puss Saturday was a fortnight, at the Big Deer Lick Course, like falling off a log. She's a heely critter, I tell you—and throws it down a little thicker on the grit—and shoots ahead a leetle faster than the fastest kind of lightning.

Traveller. Good dav, sir. And may old Nick take John Smith, his wife, daughters, negroes, and sundries in general; and you and your 'amplification' in particular. [puts spurs to his horse in a fit of absolute despair of obtaining a direct answer to a simple question.]

N. C. The same to you, sir. And may Old Nick take you and your hoss too. Why I never seed such a man. He kept asking and asking, and I kept telling and telling—and he wouldn't listen a single bit. Why, he wouldn't even wait till I told him what John give for his mare, besides a hundred other little things that would have been news to him, and made the time pass off agreeably. Well, let him go ahead. But if he goes the road he's started on in such a hurry, he won't get to John Smith's, and that's some comfort, any way. [Resumes the hewing of the axletree.]

Goop.—The Albany Microscope says, if you have a wound, pain, or disease of any kind in or about your mortal frame, just wrap the advertising part of a newspaper about you, and you may safely consider yourself cured.

Some men advertise for custom, others wait for custom before they will advertise. Which are the most sensible? Those who take time by the forelock.

The editor of one our exchange papers says he knows 'an old deacon who won't read the account of the fight between Goliath and David, because it contains an allusion to sling.'

The same editor says, he has heard of an ultra-temperance man who wouldn't allow his wife to have *corned* meat in the house. Wonder what such a man would do with *corned* toes? Would he cut them off, think?

A young man stepped into a bookstore, and said he wanted a 'Young Man's Companion.' 'Well, sir,' said the bookseller, 'here's my daughter.'

COOL IMPUDENCE.

We were told yesterday of a piece of the coolest and most audacious nonsense that ever was played off since the days when Tom King worried poor Monsieur Tonson. A chap sadly in want of amusement, as he strolled out of the St. Charles bar room at midnight, during last week, was suddenly moved by a brilliant conception. He walked up to the first door he came across, and, taking hold of the knocker, pounded away with a vigor and fury that alarmed the whole neighborhood. Up went a second story window—a head was popped out and in again—and down instantly to the door came a man in his night-gear, shivering between fright and the chill of the evening. The man was speechless when he opened the door to so alarming a summons, and stared in mute inquiry upon our hero. There they stood for some seconds, when the audacious disturber of the night coolly inquired of the man in the night cap—

"Well now, my friend, what the d—l do you want?"

Any body about there at that time may have heard a street door slam to, and have seen a chap walk off, whistling—

"Oft in the stilly night!" [Pic.]

'Pa, I want a new hat—no, not a hat, but a cap.'

'You can't have any now; the times are too hard.'

'But aint them good times come yet, you told about, when you cut logs for the cabin on State street?'

'Go to bed, you rascal! What do you know about politics?'

THE WHEN—THE WHY—THE WHERE—THE WHAT.
An Epitaph on a Hermit.

For years, upon a mountain's brow,
A hermit liv'd, the Lord knows *how*;
A rope and sackcloth did he wear;
He got his food the Lord knows *where*;
Hardships and penance were his lot;
He often pray'd, the Lord knows *what*.
At length this holy man did die—
He left the world, the Lord knows *why*;
He's buried in his gloomy den,
And he shall rise, the Lord knows *when*.

A GOOD STORY.

The following excellent story is told of Mr. Sheafe, a grocer in Portsmouth, N. H.:

It appears that a man had purchased a quantity of wool from him, which had been weighed and paid for, and Mr. S. had gone to the desk to get charge for a note. Happening to turn his head while there, he saw in a glass that hung so as to protect the shop, a stout arm reach up and take from the shelf a white oak cheese. Instead of appearing suddenly and rebuking the man for this theft, as another would, thereby losing his custom forever, the crafty old gentleman gave the thief his change as if nothing had happened, and then, under pretence of lifting the bag to lay it on a horse for him, took hold of it; on doing so, it appeared heavier than he appeared to expect, upon

which he exclaimed, 'Why bless me, I must have reckoned the weight wrong.' 'Oh, no,' said the other, 'you may be sure o' that, for I counted them with you.' 'Well, well; we wont dispute about the matter—its easily tried!' replied Mr. S., putting the bag into the scale again. 'There!' said he, 'I told you so—knew I was right—made a mistake of nearly twenty pounds; however, if you don't want the whole you needn't have it—I'll take part of it out!' 'No, no,' said the other, 'stringing the hands of Mr. S. on his way to the strings of the bag, I rather guess I'll take the whole.' And this he did, paying for his rascality by receiving skim milk cheese, or tap rock, at the price of wool!

'There was a piper had a cow,
He had no hay to give her;
He took his pipe, began to play,
Consider, cow, consider.'

A SONG.

The lads—I wonder how they guess it,
I'm sure I'll never tell,
And if I love I ne'er confess it—
How can they guess so well?
I'm sure 'twas no I told my laddie—
I would not love—not I;
He says 'twas yes, the saucy laddie!
He saw yes in my eye.

For mother says tis naughty—very!
For I am scarce fifteen;
I vowed, to please the dame so chary,
My love should ne'er be seen,
And still twas no I told my laddie,
And still—I wonder why?
He kissed me—ah, the saucy laddie!
He saw love in my eye.

The little love I bade him tarry,
Asleep within my breast,
But when he heard my gentle Harry,
The rebel could not rest.
And while I thought the boy was sleeping—
Alack, he is so sly!
I found the rogue at Harry peeping,
Aye, peeping through my eye.

A hatter says, over head and ears in debt means, a man that "hadn't paid for his hat." Half right.

'Hollo, Bill,' said the celebrated Tom Marshall, of Kentucky, to an old crony, "what have you been drinking?"

The individual addressed, replied that he had taken a gin cocktail, a brandy punch, a whiskey toddy, an apple toddy, two glasses of champagne, and in fact enumerated the name of every drink in the barkeeper's vocabulary.

'Sir,' said Tom, in a most mysterious manner, 'do you believe in the transmigration of souls?'

Bill replied 'that he did in a measure.' 'Then,' rejoined Tom, with prophetic fury, 'darned if I should be surprised if you should wake up one of these days and find yourself a grocery store!'

A Yankee in Texas has invented a new kind of brickbat, which he has christened 'The Texan Mosquito Exterminator;' they are laid where these little nuisances frequent, and the mosquitoes sharpen their bills on them; the bricks are so rough that a couple of whetings settles them—or at least their bills. He don't warrant them to affect gallinippers, as each of the latter carries a bowie knife under one wing, to whittle his bill to a point.

Pittsburgh Chron..

'Don't strike! Do be a clever man once,' said a little ragged urchin, who was detected by a farmer stealing apples. 'Do be a clever man once, for you know you never was!'