

# THE



# RASP.

W. & J. B. WHITAKER,

EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

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SINGLE COPY.]

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

[FIVE CENTS.]

## TERMS.

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

Any person sending us SIX NEW subscribers, and the subscription-money for one year shall receive the seventh number free of charge for the same length of time.

Advertisements conspicuously inserted, at the very reduced price of Fifty Cents per square for the first insertion, and Twenty-five Cents for each continuance.

## A SOUR CHILD.

A prisoner before the police court in Philadelphia, gave the following interesting sketch of his 'birth and bringing up.'

'I was born weeping—my daddy used to chaw wormwood afore I was born, and my mother made a practice of gettin drunk on vinegar.—When I was a little boy, nobody wouldnt allow me to nuss their children, for they sed I made 'em dyspeptic—I looked so completely sour—so they sed. When I went to school, I was always in for the likins, and I do believe I bagged it for every boy in the school. At last I got married, and my wife left me in three months. There's no use of asking why. She sed there was no use of livin with me, because if we had children they wouldnt be anything but walking vinegar casks—if they was boys—and if they was gals they'd be mere jugs of cream o' tartar set on legs to physic all the world by their solemnoly phizzes.'

Two friends who had been separated a great while, meeting by chance, one asked the other how he did? He replied that he was very well, and was married since they last met. 'That is good news indeed.' 'Nay, not so very good neither, for I married a shrew.' 'That is bad too.' 'Not so bad, neither, for I had two thousand pounds with her.' 'That is well again.'—'Not so well, neither, for I laid it out in sheep, and they all died of the rot.' 'That was hard in truth.' 'Not so hard, neither, for I sold the skins for more than the sheep cost me.' 'Aye that made you amends.' 'Not so amends, neither, for I laid out my money in a house, and it was burned.' 'That was a great loss, indeed.' 'Not so great a loss, neither, for my wife was burned in it!'

A minister, whose name it is not necessary now to give, had a son who was quite a rogue, and withal something of a wag. One day the boy had been guilty of some misdemeanor, for which the father called him to an account, when the following dialogue took place.

John you have done wrong and I must punish you.

Very well, sir, just as you say.

Then take off your coat.

Certainly, sir.

Now take off your vest.

Just as you please, sir.

Now my son, it is my duty to flog you.

Yes, sir, but father would it not be best first to engage in prayer?

This was too much for the old man, the wagery of the boy completely overcome him, so without either prayer or flogging he dismissed the boy, while he turned to relieve his risibles.

'When did you ever see a living thief without a body?' said a servant who wished to persuade his master that some roguery had been committed by a ghost. 'When the miller looks over the mill window,' said the master.

*What's in a name?*—The New Hampshire Whig says, it once heard of a facetous person whose name was New, who named his first child Something, as it was Something New. His second was christened Nothing, it being Nothing New.

An Irish recruit was asked by his officer, 'what's your height?' to which Pat replied, 'the man that measured me told me it was five foot ten—or ten foot five; I'm not exactly sure which, but it was either one or tother.'

A New Orleans paper states that there is in that city a hog with his ears so far back that he cant hear himself squeal.

*Irish Translation.*—A son of Erin commenced the translation of Cæsar's Commentaries thus: 'All Gaul is quartered into three halves.'

## AN AFFECTING INCIDENT.

We were once a delighted spectator at a concert given in a country church. The building was crowded to excess, and every thing went off in fine style, until the intermission between the two parts, when a curious affair occurred which produced quite an excitement among the risibilities of the audience. The ladies who sang in the choir were all ranged on a front seat, and the gentlemen occupied the rows of back seats. In the intermission the beaux leaned over the backs of their seats to converse with their turtle doves, and talk turkey. One poor fellow having attracted the attention of his doxy, leaned over to the utmost stretch of his short understanding. In this situation he was observed by a mischief-loving rascal, who suddenly tripped up both his feet. Having no restraining power over his movements, he pitched forward with outstretched arms, and clasping them about the waist of his ladye-love, who happened to be the first object he encountered, down they both went upon the floor together in a most endearing embrace, to the great delight of the audience.—When they arose they blushed red as modest beets, and hung their heads in shame, though there was nothing to ashamed of. They were married the very next week.

*Albany Microscope.*

A New York paper, some time since, remarked that it knew a poor devil of a printer who was going to open a banking-house—as soon as he could borrow a crow bar.

There is a man down east whose nose is so sharp that his neighbors borrow its use when they want a gimblet.

How can a man who is afflicted with a bad cough ever expect to get well while he persists, every morning in drinking from a coughy cup?

We know a man so extremely heavy that he has not been able to walk for many years, his legs having become so short and thick that they will not reach the ground.

'What's that,' asked an unlettered individual of another, as he paused before a house in Greene street, and saw the word *Gymnasium* painted over the door.

'Why, it's an error in the spelling. It should be Jim—J-i-m—nasium; that's it.'

'And what's Jim's nasium?'

'Go in and ask for yourself; don't bother me.'

*N. Y. Atlas.*

*A Western Court Room.*—In spite of all the officers could do, the uproar increased, some whistling, some cutting the tables and benches, some smoking cigars, and cracking walnuts on the old fashioned stove, when our attention was directed to a double fisted fellow, who appeared desirous to get up a small fight. 'H—ll's afloat and the river's risin'' said he; 'I'm the yaller flower of the forest, a locomotive, a flash and a half of lightning, a perfect thundergust—who wants to fight?' Some half dozen officials laid hands upon our violent friend, and pulled him before the judge, where he reite-

rated his challenge, shook his fist in his honor's face, and declared himself to be 'a perfect horse and no mistake.' 'Put that horse in the stable,' said the court. 'You arn't in right down earnest, are you?' said this modern Samson. 'Indeed I am,' replied the judge. 'What mayhap your name be?' 'Colter,' replied the court. 'Then,' screeched the other, 'by Mars you're not too deep to plough this ground, so look out for roots and rattle snakes, if ever you come fooling your time up at Buzzard's settlement.' 'Take the prisoner to jail, Mr. Sheriff.'

*Taken at his Word.*—'I say, stranger, it rains,' said a merchant to a *square built down easter*, who was quietly passing his store—'you had better stop in and buy an umbrella—I'll sell you one at half price.' Without a word of reply, *Old Jonathan* walked in, and selected one of very superior quality and enquired the price. 'Five shillings, sir, we sell them at—have never sold them for less,' was the polite response of the merchant, who, in his eagerness for trade, had already forgotten his conditions of sale. The Yankee thereupon coolly laid down his *two shillings and sixpence*, took up the umbrella, and walked off, leaving the 'Five Shilling Piece' to calculate his profits upon the sale of his goods at *half price*.

## A PICTURE.

The farmer sat in his easy chair,  
Smoking his pipe of clay,  
While his hale old wife, with busy care,  
Was clearing the dinner away:  
As sweet little girls, with fine blue eyes,  
On her granpa's knee, was catching flies.  
The old man placed her hand on his head,  
With a tear on his wrinkled face—  
He thought how often her mother dead,  
Had set in the same, same place,  
As the tear stole down from his half shut eye,  
Don't smoke, said the child, how it makes you cry!

The house dog lay stretched out on the floor,  
Where the sun, after noon, used to steal—  
The busy old wife, by the open door,  
Was turning the spinning wheel—  
And the old brass clock on the mantle-tree,  
Had plodded along to almost three.

Still the farmer sat in his easy chair,  
While close to his heaving breast,  
The moistened brow, and the head so fair,  
Of his sweet grand child were prest:  
His head bent down, on her soft hair lay—  
Fast asleep were they both, on the summer day!

A Dutchman in some town in York State kept a grocery. Over his door appeared the name of 'Peter Morse';—very lately, Peter got married, and next morning there appeared on his sign 'Peter Morse & Co.' A few days after, he took it down, and when his sign reappeared it was found to read 'Peter Worse.'

*ABSURDITIES.*—To make your servant tell lies for you, and afterwards be angry because they tell lies for themselves.

To tell your own secrets, and believe other people will keep them.

*A Sharper served out.*—A man the other day got a crowd of countrymen around him near the old market, and attempted to 'surprise the natives' by a few slights of hand. After accomplishing a feat or two and winning some bets, he told one of the spectators, a tall raw looking fellow, that he could turn a ninepence into a dollar, if he could be furnished with one. The spectator out with his leather pouch, and handed the exhibitor a ninepence, which the latter readily, apparently, converted into a silver dollar—handing it to the spectator to ex-

amine. The countryman, on receiving the dollar, took off his hat and made a low bow to the exhibitor, exclaiming, 'Well, I'll be darned if you ha'nt done it!' and then putting the dollar into the pouch from which he had taken the ninepence, he added, 'but you aint a going to turn it back into a ninepence, no how.'

*Prov. Chronicle.*

The weather at present is as pleasant weather as one could desire to see of a summer's day. Look out for the poetings now. We just give a specimen of our own by way of encouragement to others.

[*Petersburg Bulletin.*]

How delightful is spring!

When the jay-birds do sing;

And the wood-pecker up in the tree

Streaks his notes to the blast

So startling and fast

That you'd think a young devil was he.

How delightfully sweet

A young maid just to meet

As she wanders with footsteps free,

Through garden and bowers

A watering her flowers,

And humming the words, Ah me!

*A Good Wife.*—We have read many portraits drawn by master-spirits, of that most inestimable of human blessings, a good wife.—But the following, by the ancient Greek poet Sophocles, who died more than 2000 years ago, is really beautiful, and proves that then, as now, a fond and faithful woman was regarded as the very perfection of all human things.

*Phil. Inq.*

Faithful—as a dog, the lonely shepherd's pride,  
True—as the helm, the bark's protecting guide;  
Firm—as the shaft that props the towering dome,

Sweet—as to shipwreck'd seamen land and home,

Lovely—as child, the parents sole delight,  
Radiant—as morn that breaks the stormy night;  
Greatful—as streams within some deep recess,  
With rills and hope the panting traveller bless!

## PRICES REDUCED.

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## SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS,

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The above articles will be sold very low for cash, or on a short credit to punctual men.

The subscriber will in no case credit longer than six months, and will close his accounts on the first of January and the first of July, on each and every year. He considers however, that the money is due when the Clothes are delivered.

All orders, both at home and from abroad, will be thankfully received, and attended to with the utmost despatch.

The latest European and American Fashions regularly received.

J. J. BIGGS,

Successor to Oliver & Smith.

Raleigh, April 8, 1842.

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OFFERS his services to the Citizens of Raleigh, and the surrounding Country, on terms, to correspond with the hardness of the times. He flatters himself, that, in every branch of his business, he will be enabled to give entire satisfaction.

March 25, 1842.

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## BURBON SMITH

HAVING taken the old stand, opposite the Post Office, intends carrying on the TAILORING BUSINESS in all its various branches, and solicits a share of public patronage.

Feb. 10.

3