

THE



RASP.

W. & J. B. WHITAKER,

EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

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"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.

(WRITTEN FOR THE RASP.)

Messrs. Editors: It will be recollected, that some time since, a few verses of rhyme appeared in your Rasp, signed 'Zeonora,' professing to be a true and fair description of *self* by a 'lass of sixteen,' and offered as 'a banter' to all wite-seeking men. Immediately on the appearance of that piece, I hastened to the place from which she hailed, hoping to catch a glimpse at the fair object shadowed forth in those verses, and probably of seizing upon that willing opportunity of obtaining that, in the pursuit of which, I have been studiously engaged for nearly thirty years. When I arrived at the destined village, I immediately enquired for the residence of Miss Zeonora, which was soon pointed out to me by a friend, who, on my strong solicitation, consented to accompany me, and ensure me a favorable introduction; though greatly surprised that I should have come thus far to see one, whom he tho't to be wretchedly ill-favored. At the utterance of this surprise by my friend, I was rather unwilling to give it credence, and attributed his mistake, as I supposed it was, to a want of good taste, as I knew he never was accustomed to visiting the fashionable circles, and must therefore be entirely destitute of all that inestimable improvement connected with them; so I soon assumed again my high-wrought expectations of her loveliness, and we jovially made our way on towards the dwelling. On our arrival at the gate, we were met by her father, who very courteously invited us in. I thought immediately on my introduction to the old gentleman, that I discovered in his countenance a triumphant expression which seemed to indicate a knowledge of the object of my visit.—A few hours brought us to the piazza, through which we passed, and immediately entered a capacious hall adjoining. There I was introduced to the object of my many long and anxious thoughts. "But, my God!" I involuntarily exclaimed, "is that you?" Now, sir, I suppose you have heard of some of the notorious difficulties of the Hon. David Crochet, but I can assure you, that he never was in one more genuine in his life, except, probably, when he fell victorious amid his slaughtered antagonists, than I was then in. I had travelled all the way from Long Creek Bridge to see this charmer—had put my friend to the trouble of accompanying and introducing me, thereby rendering him somewhat responsible for my conduct, and very likely had excited the expectations of the girl and all the family, when, really, I thought that "the banter" must have been a forgery upon her—that so fair and delicate a creature never could have been induced to challenge the unmarried world, and therefore it would be vain presumption in me to offer courtship, or highly insulting to name "the banter." Actually, sir, my heart failed me, and I knew not what to do. I was in a quandary—a real inexplicable one. However, I gained a little courage on acquaintance, and made 'at her,' knowing that if I did get whipped,

"That he who fights and runs away,
"Will live to fight another day."

But to my perfect astonishment, I found that there was great probability of success, and that I should not receive the very unpleasant neg-

ative I had anticipated. Now, sir, as you may know that I had great reason for hesitation and trepidation, I will give you a short but very imperfect description of her: She has lovely eyes, something of a grizzly gray, with white pupils—charming white eye-brows, and yellow hair. Her nose is not quite so pretty, it is rather short and blunt, and a little turned up at the end, which gives it the appearance of being assailed by something of no very pleasant odour. Her hands are exquisitely beautiful, and as they move over the keys of the Piano Forte, it makes me think of the old tale of 'raw head and bloody bones,' and presents the appearance of an exposed extremity of an Egyptian mummy. But, Oh! her foot! it is equal to that of an Irishman's game cock. Her pedestal, (to speak modestly) is in the middle of her foot, which is not more than ten inches and a half long, very slender, but rather distorted by a large knot on the outside joint of her great toe, all of which is exposed to full view by the very interesting length at which she wears her dress. Now what do you think of my charmer? Peas, beans and sour crout! what fun I do see. It would do your soul good to see me. I cry when she cries—laugh when she laughs, and in short do every thing I can do, to please her, except getting drunk. I am the *ne plus ultra* of good humor and fun, and if I am not present, there is no fun in the circle in which I move.

I am up here such an enchanter,
That girl has lost her heart;
And if I'm not off instanter,
She will never let me start.

As I am knowing of many other ladies of a superior stamp about here, you, Messrs. Editors would do well to watch out for the next banter, and 'strike quick while the iron is hot,' or else you might lose a bargain.

DON CARLOS.

Forestville, May 3.

A Soldiers Lass.—The Fort Pickering Eagle tells a very neat little story of a young lady in those diggings. It is to this effect.—While donations were being made in relief of the Texian volunteers, a young lady, prompted probably by a feeling of patriotism, natural on such occasions, took from her neck a string of coral beads, which she presented to the auctioneer, then at this vocation, in order that it might be sold—it being the only article of value at her disposal at that time. It was sold and returned to the auctioneer by the various purchasers to be resold, we understand, at least a dozen times. The last purchaser returned it to the fair donor, but she rejected it, saying she had presented it to the company, and did not desire that it might be returned. "Keep it then," replied the purchaser, as a memorial of what it has done, and wear it in memory of your departed friends.—N. Y. Aurora.

WHAT A PITY!—An old sow once became so drunk by eating rum-cherries, that she tumbled down in the gutter. She had a large litter of pigs, and they ran around her, seeming in very great distress, and squeaking most violently. A little girl who was looking through a window, witnessed the whole scene, and was affected to tears by it.

"Why, what is the matter, my child?" asked her mother, seeing the tears trickling down the lovely cheeks of her daughter. "Why, I was crying to think how shamed them poor little pigs must be to have a drunken mother," was the reply.—*Plymouth Washingtonian*.

"Homeward Bound," as the vagrant said on his way to the workhouse.

"Farther particulars to-morrow," as the culprit said the day previous to execution.

(Written for the Rasp.)

THE STUDENTS VACATION REVERIE.

Must I, ere long, retire again,
Back to those lonely walls,
And o'er the Greek and Latin bend,
Prompt when the old bell calls.

Can I go back to that dull spot,
That solitary den,
To learn but what wise men forgot,
Ere they were four times ten?

And there to brook the drudgery
The student has to bear,
Through four long years? O, misery!
But I must not despair!

He must forego earth's fairy scene,
And labor hard and true,
Who would dare hope in time to win,
One laurel for the brow.

Thus was the heavenly Milton fired,
With high unequal'd strain;
Thus 'awful Newton' acquired,
That magic for the brain.

These champions in the fermament
Of intellectual sun,
Through all that race of bondage went
The toil-worn student runs.

The one in loftiest numbers soared,
Above all common flight;
The other, nature's depth's explored,
And brought new truths to light.

'Tis thus the youthful mind is trained,
To act the manly part,
And those fixed sterling habits gained,
That make the noble heart.

Then go ye idle wish, a way!
For better or for good,
I must return back, there to stay,
In college solitude.

STRANGE STORY.

There are, perhaps, no scenes which excite more commiseration or more sympathy than madness. We enquire with peculiar interest into the causes which deprived our fellow men of reason, that prerogative of humanity, that characteristic of his pre-eminence over the rest of the animal creation, that which assimilates him in some degree to the first cause of his existence.

During my travels in the North of Europe I visited frequently those receptacles of derangement which man has erected for his less fortunate brethren. Actuated by curiosity, I entered one day the Hospital of Berlin, where I beheld an object, the impression of which on my mind six years have not been able to obliterate; often does the scene recur to my imagination, and I dwell on it when I would be sad.

It was a man whose exterior was striking, his figure, tall and commanding, was inclined partly by age, but still more by sorrow; the few scattered hairs which remained on his temples rivalled in whiteness the driven snow; and, in the lines of his strongly marked countenance, the deepest melancholy was visibly depicted. He immediately arrested my attention, and I inquired with eager curiosity who he was, and what brought him there?

Startled at the sound of my voice, the object which had excited my interest seemed to awake as from a reverie; he looked around him without much seeming speculation, and then began with slow and measured steps to stride the hall where the more peaceable inmates of his gloomy mansion were permitted to take the air, repeating in a low tone of voice, 'once one is two; once one is two.' Now and then he would stop and remain with his arms contem-

platively folded on his breast for some minutes, then again resuming his walk, he continued to repeat, 'once one is two; once one is two.'

His story, as I received from the superior of the hospital, is as follows: Conrad Lange, collector of the revenue of the city of Berlin, had long been known as a man whom nothing could divert from the paths of honesty; scrupulously exact in all his dealings, and assiduous in the discharge of his official duties, he had acquired the good will and esteem of all who knew him, and the confidence of the Minister of finance, whose duty it is to inspect the accounts of all officers connected with the revenue. On casting up his accounts at the close of a particular year, he found a deficit of 10,000 dollars. Alarmed at this discovery, he went to the Minister, presented his accounts, and informed him that he did not know how it had arisen, and that he had been robbed by some person bent on his ruin.

The Minister received his accounts, but thinking it his duty to secure a person who might probably be a defaulter, he caused him to be arrested, and put his accounts in the hands of one of his secretaries for inspection, who returned them the day after, with the information, that the deficiency arose from a miscalculation; that in multiplying, Mr. Lange had said once one is two, instead of once one is one. The poor man was immediately released from his confinement, his accounts returned, and the mistake pointed out. During his imprisonment, which lasted but two days, he had neither eaten, drank, nor taken any repose—and when he appeared his countenance was as pale as death. On receiving his accounts he was a long time silent, then suddenly awaking as from a trance, he repeated, "once one is two."

He appeared to be entirely insensible of his situation; would neither eat nor drink unless solicited—and took notice of nothing that passed around him. Whilst repeating his accustomed phrases, if any one directed him by saying 'once one is one,' he was recalled for a moment, and said, 'ah, right—once one is one;' then again resuming his walk, he continued to repeat 'once one is two.' He died shortly after my leaving Berlin.

The London plan of setting type by machinery, with keys like a pianoforte, must be all a joke—evidently a mere *play upon words*.

A curiosity.—A gentlemanly-looking person was seen one fine day last week, walking in Chesnut street, and smoking a cigar! A crowd of urchins soon gathered, and it was discovered he was a gambler, newly imported. The military were not called out.

Sat. Courier.

From the Carolina Watchman.

As I walked forth to take the air,
By chance I met two Ladies fair,
Each in their hand a lovely boy did lead,
To whom in courteous manner thus I said—
Pray be so kind to show
How near of kin these children are to you;
The Ladies answered, made this reply,
Sons to our sons they are, we cannot deny—
But what is more strange to tell,
They are each one's husbands brother,
And yet these children are true
Uncles to each other;
Born in true wedlock both these children were;
And we their mothers and grand mothers are.

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C. FRAZIER.

Raleigh, Jan. 29. 1841.

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