

THE



RASP.

W. & J. B. WHITAKER,

EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

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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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(WRITTEN FOR THE RASP.)

Messrs. Editors: During my winter correspondence, I had the pleasure of receiving the following letter, which I send you for publication, thinking that it might be perused with some interest, because of the principle it so aptly illustrates. DON ALONZO.

"Dear Sir: The present means affords, for the first time, an opportunity of tendering to you my best respects, and likewise, of informing you of my good health. I hope you will bear with my impertinence, in thus attempting to claim the honor of epistolary correspondence with you, above all other composition the most difficult and arduous for the undertaking of any person, much less for him who now attempts it, and trust you will receive it with that candor and indulgence, to which my friendship for you has an indisputable claim. In a communication intended only to exhibit my feelings of friendship towards you, and to secure your approbation and respect, it would be an oversight in me to omit observation, or a trespass upon the simplicity of my good nature, not to indulge for a few moments, in describing an interesting scene. My situation is very comfortable, richly furnished with every thing suitable to the severity of the weather, and the elevation of my situation gives me a more commanding view of the scene below. From my window, I behold the soil clothed in winter's spotless robe, spreading with a delightful appearance over the whole face of the country. The milky snow covers with its exquisite beauty, the richness of the trees; blended by their drooping branches, and delighting in the utility of their new garment. The manly oak, loth to yield its native beauty to the charms of the falling snow, strives, by moving in graceful cadence its clinging limbs, to repulse this fine intruder. But soon his proud reluctance yields in admiration to beauty, and he receives with grateful signs, the proffered favor, and is soon heard to boast on the richness of his dress and the fineness of its texture. He now stands egotistical, and scornful of others. The umbrageous Pine, conscious of her slender form, gathers up her thick limbs to receive this liberal guest, and welcomes him with a hearty reception. The stranger, flattered by this kind reception, immediately lavishes his richest dress upon the Pine, & crowns her queen of the woods. The envious oak, viewing with mortification the superior appearance of the pine, seeks to blend his interest with hers. With reluctant condescension, he makes this advance, and addresses her to be the companion of his bosom. By consummate duplicity and bewitching eloquence, he succeeds in gaining the hand of this fair and pretty damsel, but wishes to procrastinate the time till Spring, when he might assume the garb and cheerful livery of that gladdening season. But the maid, conscious of the indurability of her loveliness, urges him with a reductive tone, 'not to put off till to-morrow, what you can better do to-day.' Though a little surprised to see her haste, he agrees for its speedy consummation, and attributes her eagerness rather to the influence which his charms exert over her, than to any veiled deception. So the time for matrimony was fix-

ed, and both agreed that the Sun should act as Parson. The time arrives, with preparation great and invited guest, they both expect to consummate their bliss. The bride lingering with pensive joyfulness around her toilet, with a number of bridesmaids to prop up her drooping spirits, awaits the appearance of the groom. With long-stretched sight, the groom is seen, and all appear to receive an inspiring hope.—The groom arrives and seats himself beside his lovely charmer, waiting in anxious expectation the near approach of the Parson. The Sun comes up. The birds and purling streams are all hushed in mournful silence to hear the pronouncement of 'man and wife.' They now lead out to hear this joyful sentence. But, lo! when the full face of the Parson is seen, and his influence felt, before he could tie the knot, his amazing warmth evaporated the defective charms of the bride, and left her the most unsightly tree of the forest. The oak now disdains upon her to look, and seeks his companion in another land, while the poor pine writhes in the pain of 'joys deferred.' Hence, our inference is, that if our matrimonial readers could have the same influence upon deceitful dexterity as the sun had in unveiling the defects of the pine, that we would have but little of the deceptions of modern fashion, and hence the benefit to our whole race.

Yours respectfully,
"ZANGA."

Long Creek, Jan. 1842.

A PERILOUS SITUATION.

About a week since, a man and his two sons one about fourteen, and the other about eleven years of age, residing in the vicinity of the Rapids were engaged in fishing below the State Dam. Owing to negligence, they had approached within dangerous proximity of the falling sheet of water, and on being admonished of the fact, by their female friends on shore, an effort was made to recede from the boiling pool. That effort, contrary to their intention, threw them directly in 'harm's way'—the descending sheet of water struck the boat throwing it keel up in a moment, and submerging its occupants in an uncomfortable as well as dangerous bath. The youngsters gyrate like potatoes in a boiling pot—appearing on the surface and anon descending again to the bottom of the pool.

They were rescued however, before they had boiled long; but the case of the father was less fortunate. He had managed to get hold of the keel of the boat, but having no power over it, was compelled to follow the freaks of the eddying element. Slowly would the whirl bear towards the dam, when boat and man would descend, re-appear on the outer verge of the pool, but to undergo a repetition of the operation. Thus he was made the sport of the elements for three-quarters of an hour; his friends in the meantime being unable to devise any means of rescue. At length, the boat, in passing under the sheet was stove in, and by a fortunate circumstance, projected without the influence of the whirlpool. The rescue immediately followed, much to the relief of the spectators, as doubtless to him who had so long struggled for life with hardly a prospect of success.

Rabbits understand Latin.—A company of scholars going to catch conies carried one with them who had not much wit; and gave in charge that if he saw any, he should be silent for fear of scaring them: but he no sooner espied a company of rabbits, but he cried aloud, 'Ecce mulii cuniculi,' which he had no sooner said, but the conies ran to their burrows; and he being checked by them for it, answered, 'Who would have tho't that the rabbits understood Latin?'—*Bacon.*

From the Nashville Union.

SIR.—I send you the following beautiful lines, hoping that you will find them worthy a place in your paper. They breathe the very soul of poetry, and were addressed by the unfortunate Mrs. Norton to her children, a few days after her cruel separation from them.

It is the twilight hour
The daylight labour's done;
And the last rays are departing,
Of the cold and cheerless sun.
It is the time when friendship
Holds converse fair and free,
It is the time when children
Dance round the mother's knee.

But my soul is faint and heavy,
With yearnings sad and deep,
By the fireside, lone and dreary,
I sit me down and weep.
Where are ye gentle voices,
Whose clear and bird-like tone,
Some other ear now blesses,
Less anxious than my own?

Where are ye steps of lightness
Which felt like blossom showers?
Where are ye sounds of laughter
Which cheered the pleasant hours?
Through the dim light fast declining,
Where my wishful glances fall,
I can see your pictures hanging
Against the silent wall.

They gleam athwart the darkness,
With their sweet and changeless eyes,
But mute are ye my children,
No voice to mine replies.
Where are ye? Are ye playing
By the stranger's blazing hearth,
Forgetting in your gladness
Your old home's former mirth?

Are ye dancing? Are ye singing?
Are ye full of childish glee?
Or do your young hearts sadden
With the memory of me?
Round whom, oh, gentle darlings
Do your young arms fondly twine?
Does she press you to her bosom,
Who hath taken you from mine?

Oh, boys! the twilight hour
Such a weary time hath grown
It recalls with such deep anguish,
All used to call my own.
That the harshest words, that ever
Was spoken to me there,
Would be trivial, would be welcome,
In this depth of my despair.

But, no. Despair shall sink not
While life and hope remain,
Though the weary struggle haunt me,
And my prayer be made in vain.
Though at times my spirit falter,
And the bitter tear-drops fall:
Though my lot be hard and lonely,
Yet, I hope—I hope through all.

VENETIA.

"If you please, sir, can a thing be lost when you know where it is?" said an Irishman to the captain of a vessel.

"No," said the captain, "what makes you ask such a question?"

"Bekase, sir, I have just dropped your tayıp overboard, and its at the bottom of the say by this time."

The Picayune says that a lover once found his heart beating so violently for his lady love, that he became reduced to a conviction that Vulcan had established a blacksmith's shop in his breast, making an anvil of his heart, and scorching his bosom with sparks.

A girl once blew her lover out of doors, and then kissed the candle.

A minister a short time ago field forth to his female auditors in manner following:

'Be not proud that our blessed Lord paid your sex the distinguished honor of appearing first to a female after the resurrection, for it was only done that the good news might spread the sooner!'

A fellow passed thro' New Orleans a few days since so all-fired green, that a cow jumped from her enclosure and followed him seventeen miles thinking him a vegetable production.

Ingenuity with the good leads to fortune with the bad, to the gallows.

'How I love the caresses of the lasses' as a classical loafer said to a parcel of hogs when they were in the act of rooting him over in the gutter.

Some of the sterner sex indignant at the proscription policy of the ladies, avowed in the popular phrase 'total abstinence or no husband,' determined to retaliate, and have started the watchword 'natural waists or no wives.'

A spanish poet carries the poetry of heaven to its highest possible sublimity, when he calls a star 'a burning doubloon of the celestial bank.'

A gentleman in this neighbourhood, entering his office during a storm, placed his umbrella upon a chair and spread himself out to dry in the hall.

PLEASANT—To sit in a warm crowded church, with a person behind you who has a strong partiality for cheese and onions, and informs you of the fact by means of a severe cough with which he is afflicted.

Miss Pope was one evening in the Green Room, commenting on the excellencies of Garrick, when among other things, she said, 'he had the most wonderful eye imaginable—an eye, to use a vulgar phrase, that would penetrate through a deal board.' 'Aye,' cried We-witzer, 'I understand; what we call a gimlet eye.'

Quite Cool.—When Lord Balmcriero's death warrant came down to him, he was at dinner, and his lady fainted. He said 'Lieutenant, with your d—d warrant, you have spoiled my lady's appetite.' When getting into the coach which was to take him to the place of execution, he said to the jailor. 'Take care, or you'll break my shins with your confounded axe!'

Pleading to an Indictment.—There was a rather laughable circumstance occurred at the Court of Sessions the other day. A young woman was indicted for stealing a quantity of female apparel, and other articles. The prosecuting attorney commenced reading the specifications, charging, in the redundant language of the law, the stealing of ten times the actual amount taken. As the items were being read over, the culprit stood with expanded eyes, the very picture of surprise and astonishment. After the enormous catalogue was gone through with, the attorney, addressing the girl, asked 'What have you to say to these charges?'

'I never stole half the articles read over by you!' was the response.

A general laugh attested to the ludicrousness of the scene.—*Rochester Daily Adv.*

'Ephraim, didn't you say that a man's nose was like a bell sometimes?' 'I believe so.' 'Well, when is it?' 'When somebody is ringing it, old man.'