

# THE



# RASP.

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

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## TERMS.

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## THE WINE DRINKER.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

In a village, not far from one of our most populous cities, may be found a widow, with two helpless children. Though scarcely twenty-five years of age, her care-worn and haggard countenance bespeak sorrow and anguish. It may be interesting to know something of the circumstances which brought her to her present condition. Alas her history is a melancholy instance of the woes and wretchedness produced by the hydra-headed monster intemperance. Lest this should meet the eye of some one personally interested, the names of the parties shall be suppressed, and publicity given to such facts only as may serve to warn others to beware of the young man "who tarries long at the wine!"

Some few years since, the lonely widow to whom we have alluded, was the belle of the village in which she lived—the admired and accomplished Mary C., of the town of A. Her faith had long been plighted to the talented Henry W. son of one of our most distinguished political men. They had known each other from childhood; and before Henry had entered his junior year in college, he had vowed eternal constancy, to Mary.—Long since he had finished his collegiate course, and entered upon the duties of his profession, with all the advantages which education, wealth and family connexions could give him; he bid fair to become eminent at the bar; and, had he directed the talents with which he was endowed in the right channel, he might have risen to celerity in the ranks of literature and science. He was admired by all the learned, the witty, and the gay. But rumor had whispered in Mary's ear that "Henry would occasionally take a spree," yet so unexceptionable was his deportment, so uniformly polite gallant, and gentlemanly was he in her presence, that she discarded such a report as untrue, and lulled all her suspicions asleep by the fatal illusion, that it was only the cruel artifice of some designing foe.

Months would thus pass imperceptibly by, and again the unwelcome sound would greet her ear that "Henry did drink." Long did her faithful mother reason the case with her, and begged her to relinquish the engagement, at least for the present; but the deluded girl closed her eyes, ears and heart against conviction, and clung with all the devotion of her nature to the object of her affections. That one so talented, so noble, so prepossessing as Henry, should ever be a drunkard, was too degrading even to think of. No! he had more strength of mind to yield to such a course. Besides, what if he did occasionally take a glass of champagne or old hock, he was literally obliged to do so?

Moving in the society which he did, he could not refuse, occasionally, to drink a toast, or sip a glass of wine with a lady,—she would not have him commit so great a breach of etiquette as to refuse compliance with so genteel a custom. But more than all this, suppose he did sometimes err, could she not reclaim him? Could she not make his home so pleasant that he would not seek the intoxicating draught? These were the secret reasonings of Mary's heart; and thus did she silence all scruples, and bury in oblivion all dark forebodings.

Just at this crisis, she accompanied him to a large party; and there, amid the sparkling of wine, she saw him so far forget his own dignity, and the respect due to her, as to render himself unfit to see her home.—This was, indeed, a corroboration of all she had heard, and she could not evade the unpleasant truth she had witnessed; while all the gossiping community were alive with the news, and many a one "guessed the engagement would now be broken off." Mary's poor heart was withering beneath blasted prosperity and blighted hopes. Henry in the mean time hastened to apologise for the past, and with all the fervor of a lover, promised reformation, and sued for a speedy consummation of their vows at the hymeneal altar; at the same time telling Mary "she need not be so apprehensive for the future—he had no inherent love for liquor—he resented the idea of becoming a drunkard as much as she did; he never drank any thing stronger than wine, and only that when in company; drinking toasts over a bottle of champagne was very common among gentlemen of his profession; and he could point her to many of the most respectable men of the place whom he had seen far more excited with wine than any one had ever seen him; and were they drunkards? No! "The fact is," said he, "Mary, this hue and cry about an innocent glass of wine is all humbug; it has always been used as a beverage; and there's Mr. Grey, that good old minister, I never saw him refuse a glass of wine at a wedding in my life. At the same time, I will even leave off this practice for my dear Mary; and surely she will not suppose that I have no more command over myself than to pursue a course which will ultimately bring me to ruin."

Thus did the sanguine lover reason, and thus fondly did the credulous Mary listen. Poor Henry knew not the strength of long established habits, far less did he realise the proverb of the wise man—"He that ruleth his own spirit is mightier than he that taketh a city." And when he stood before the "holy man," and promised to "love, cherish, and protect" the wife of his youth, little did he imagine that his neglect or unkindness would ever send a pang to her heart. Nay, had he heard a prophetic prediction of his after course, he would have exclaimed, with the man of old, "Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this thing!"

We have not time now to portray Mary as she appeared the first few months after marriage, the gay and almost envied wife of such a man as Henry W.—. As an evidence of the estimation in which he was held by his townsmen, he was nominated as

candidate for State Senator. Political excitement ran high, public meetings demanded his absence from home, and late hours, and a flushed face, gave the first indications of a return to the wine cup. Party spirit ruled the elections at that time, and Henry was defeated by his opponent, a man altogether inferior capacities. He now absented himself much from home, and Mary feared Henry took something stronger than wine, or he would not be so petulant and irritable as he now seemed. She remonstrated, and he protested "he had only taken a glass of wine with a friend."

Things went on this way for many months, till gradually he lost much practice in his profession, and often appeared in the street shabbily dressed.

Mary now staid much at home; and her pale cheek and sunken eye told of sorrow not to be expressed. Her sweet babes now clung to her attenuated form, and shrunk from the father who had once called them "his little idols." When Mary contrasted the degraded and sottish husband with the dignified and talented lover, who had wooed and won her heart in all its innocence and freshness, she wept, she entreated, but she upbraided not, and strove with all a woman's skill to hide the errors of the man she loved. In the recesses of her own bosom she hid her sorrows, and betrayed them not, except by a wan countenance and sometimes crimsoned cheek. To all a mother's anxious interrogatories "if Henry was kind to her?" she uniformly replied, "How could it be otherwise? he loves me too much." And so he did in his sober moments? but what will not intemperance do? it transforms the doating husband into the maniac—the brute.

We cannot follow Mary through all the changes of her short but eventful married life. She at length consented to go and live with her parents, for Henry had now become a perfect sot, loathsome to look at and disgusting even to think of. One day, in the midst of his guilty revels, he was seized with delirium tremens, and died in a few days amid agonies indescribable. Language cannot depict the horrid scene, nor imagination conceive the direful images that haunted the last hours of his life.

Thus sank Henry W.— into an untimely grave, cut down in the very bloom of youth—in the spring time of his existence.

Let his history stand forth as a beacon light to warn young females to beware of the young man who has the least propensity for the accursed bowl. This is no fancy sketch; 'tis a living truth, and is the history of thousands. Hope not by marriage to reform the drunkard, and be not duped by the wine drinker, who boasts that he can drink champagne without detriment to himself or others: but rather give heed to the admonitions of Solomon—"Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise."

The following quatrain from the French is worth remembering—

When things are done and past recalling,  
'Tis folly then to fret and cry,  
Prop up a rotten house that's falling,  
But when its down, e'en let it lie.

'I'm casting accounts,' as the merchant said when he threw the leger at his refractory clerk.

## WAGABOND WERSES.

I likes to loaf in Market-street,  
Upon the side that's shady,  
To see the faces fair and sweet  
Of each dear lass and lady.

'T was tother day, ven I vas there,  
A vatchin' the dear von's glide,  
I saw a lady vith vinning air,  
Comin' up the 'tother side.

Her eyes vere of a skyeey blue  
And sparkled wery bright,  
Her cheeks vere of a saffron hue—  
She laced most desperate tight!

I saw another, vith pleasing face,  
And her smile vas sweet and kind,  
She moved along vith ease and grace—  
Her bustle 'stuck out' behind.

There is a girl in Salem whose eyes are so bright,  
That her lover will not have a light in the room when he is courting.

Prince Albert is a frugal vouth,  
Who in saving takes delight;  
He seldom vainly spends, forsooth,  
But lays by a Sovereign every night.

THE COBBLER'S VALEDICTORY.—'I feel that I wax weaker in public estimation daily! I am fast approaching the end of my popularity. A few more stitches, and I am for ever soled and heeled, for the right and left of oblivion! I have done *awl* I could do in the service of Satan; and the sooner I breathe my last, the more creation will be gratified.

CATECHISM.—'Tommy, what is the chief end of man?'

'There's two on 'em, dad.'

'What are they?'

'First, to subscribe for a paper; and second, pay for it.'—*Microscope.*

And then sue its editor for publishing facts.—*Ed. Tickler.*

There is a lawyer in Albany, who boasts he is never without a case! That case is a pine book case, containing a single volume of the 'Percy Anecdotes.' The only case he could ever open or close.

'The last link is broken,' as the loafer remarked ven he vos masticating the only sassaenger in the diggins.

We will send the News for six months to any person who will inform us of a word to rhyme with 'Spooney.'—*Hagerstown News.*

Looney, Rooney, Shooney, Mooney,

Reasonably rhyme with 'Spooney.'

*Picayune.*

If we, too, make a rhyme to 'spooney,'  
Wilt send the paper to us soon, eh?

Because, unless you make that promise in advance, that is, hold out the inducement of prompt pay, we will not tax our poetical powers—we will not write poetry upon credit, that's the short and the long of it.—[*Knox. Post.*]

Go forth, the sky is blue above,  
And cool the green sod lies below—  
It is the hour famed for love—  
But cook my supper ere you go.

A QUEER QUERY.—Who was the commander who first introduced salt provisions into the Navy? Ans.—Noah; for he took Ham in to the ark.

Why is a printing office like the Mosaic religion?

Because it is full of forms and types.