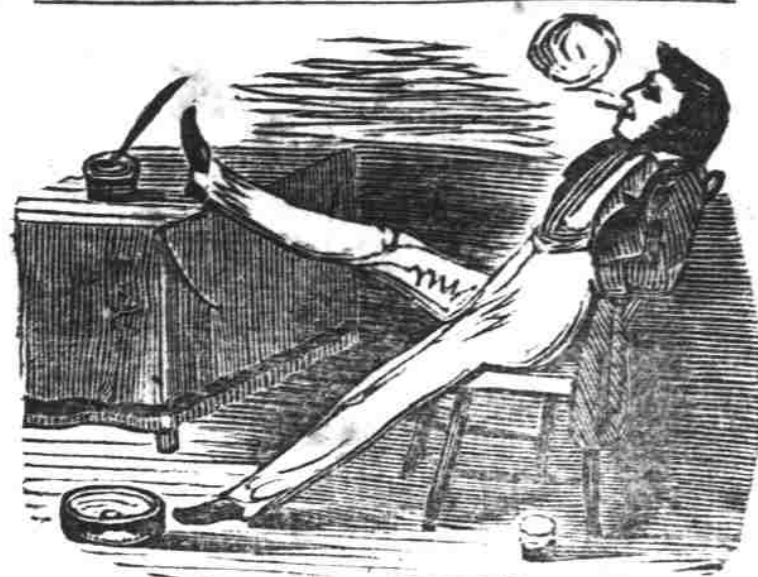


# THE RASP.



RALEIGH, SEPTEMBER 3.

ALL Letters to the Editor must come FREE of POSTAGE.

## AFFECTIONATE APPEAL.

We have always felt a great delicacy in calling on our Patrons for their Subscriptions, but we must do away with this species of goodness, and affectionately ask ALL of our subscribers, who are in arrears for 1841, and 1842, to remit us the amount as early as practicable. We've gone on tick, until our numerous creditors have been compelled to ask us for their pay. We can pay them all, if our subscribers will just pay the little sums due us. Let's see: there's our journeymen, and our paper maker, must of course be paid; or we can't make the Rasp cut well. And there's ourself and devil, each wanting a glass of Soda, before the season's over. Come, patrons, you know enough! Pay us, and let "the work go bravely on."

We would here take occasion to state, that this credit system, won't answer any longer for us of the Rasp. We speak positive: No new subscriber will have his paper sent, more than two weeks, unless the subscription money should be forwarded. And, after a short time, we intend to adopt friend Loring's method of conducting business, and nick all, who may be in arrears with us, and refuse to pay after having been dunned, over and over. We had rather have 300 paying subscribers, than 25,000, who never pay at all.

We have a collector for this City, with a large amount in his hands for collection; and we hope, to see him bringing in the Rhino. City subscribers can pay—if they have the money.

## PROGRESS OF GOSSIP.

From mouth to mouth, of course it goes.—Well, we are inclined to think, that it goes through some stumpy fields, and crooked roads. For instance: "Moshet said that Ruth said that Nell said that Poll told her that she see a man that see a boy run through the street with a streaked flannel shirt all checker checker; and our gals won't lie, for mother has whipped them a hundred times for lying."

"Fair dee velle, an if fore evair,  
Steal fore evair fair dee velle!"

Going down street the other night, we came across a little Frenchman, gloriously corned. He reeled to and fro, evidently "as happy as he well could be." He tumbled 'heels over head' in the gutter, where he was received, in not a very pleasant hog bed, of muddy water. The poor little monsieur strove masterly to regain his former upright (?) position, but would only get upon his hands and knees, to plunge head-long, deeper, and still deeper, into the awful 'quagmire' before him. He endeavored, for the seventh time, to rise again, but down he went, and quietly resting on his elbow, which was already as red as a dead dutchman's nose, he repeated the couplet above quoted. And as we retreated, under the rehearsal of said couplet, we heard him exclaim, in a faint voice, "Fair dee velle! By Gar!"

We wet down one additional quire of paper last week, in order to meet the demands of new subscribers; but before we had worked off, on Friday evening, we discovered that the number of subscribers had been so great, as to exhaust the additional quire, and prevent our exchanges from being served. We state the above fact, as an apology for not sending to all our exchange papers last week.

## "AN OBSERVER."

We must decline publishing the communication of 'An Observer' because, we believe no good could possibly be effected from its publication, and because its reflections are obscene, and we deem it unfit for the public eye. The Ball which it cites, and is the foundation of the paragraph, is of too often occurrence in these diggings, to be noticed, and are attended with awful results, such as bruised eyes, &c. In fact, a battle is nothing common, as the grand finale of such scenes, the combatants, too, being all hardy fellows. At such places, the old cherry bounce frequently makes its appearance, which causes many a covey to be laid in the shade, and even if the duke himself were there, he, too, would share in the scrimmage, and Goliath thrown down by men as small as David.

In these days of 'hard times,' when nothing is to be heard but Constables duns, and the distressing cry of the Sheriff's 'Going, going, gone,' any thing that will excite the risible faculties, and cause a smile to play across the rueful face of care and embarrassment, certainly deserves commendation. And although a great many have a peculiar dislike to taking up lodgings within a certain house of Entertainment kept immediately in the rear of our Court house, known and distinguished by the euphonious title of "the ten-o'-diamond windows," yet, day and night have crowds, recently, been seen flocking to this, till late, dreaded 'Inn.'

A certain gentleman, bound for a new residence in the South, having taken up lodgings there, perhaps for its decided advantages of retracy, and having some time to spend in the City to make some necessary arrangements, preparatory to his departure, taking occasion to regale himself by indulging in some amusing and lively ditty, has unconsciously drawn crowds of admiring listeners to hear the favorite old air of 'Jim along Josey,' 'Jinny get your hoe-cake done, my love,' &c. while he has not failed to excite the sympathies of his hearers by his plaintive strain to his lovely 'Molly Roe.' We do not know, but the keeper of the above said 'Inn,' will come under the head of public Exhibitions, or perhaps more appropriately under the head of a 'Menagerie,' as we see he keeps his animals confined by iron bars. We wish "OCTAVIUS" a safe journey to the South, and recommend him to our friends of the 'Pic,' to supply the vacancy occasioned by the death of old "CORN MEAL."

## OXFORD MERCURY.

After some little delay, this paper has made its appearance, in an enlarged form. Its neatness, "tells good" for the taste of the Editor and Publisher. They are both *Wil(e)y* fellows, and will go it with a *Rush*. But, young men, take the advice of a friend, and, with all your gettings, get a wife. It seems to be the opinion of your editorial brethren, that you should get married.

There is a chap in this City, who made an awful blunder in a P. S. to his lover. He said: 'Give my love to your father and mother, and destroy the child, likewise.' Meaning, destroy 'this letter.'

## AWFUL SITUATION!

One of our *chums* informs us, that a few nights since, his rest was disturbed in the following manner: He heard in his sleep, two distinct voices exclaiming, 'more rope on this side! dont pull the left one so fast!' He awoke from his sleep, and to his utter astonishment, he found himself on the floor, and his feet out of the window, with two huge fleas pulling at each leg, trying to carry him off. He said, it was with great difficulty he could extricate himself from their grasp, but when he did, he took down his gun and shot one, the head of which weighed four pounds and ten ounces!

The most interesting sight we ever recollect to have seen, was a little nigger with breeches rolled up to his knees, and he standing in a chair, milking a sow.

CURE FOR DROWSINESS.—Three squalling children, cat with kittens, and a setting hen, placed in a box under your bed.

The Eating Houses in Richmond, have fed the 'Aurora' man so long on soup and Oysters, and bread, that he has commenced feeding them *back*, on puffs. Any thing to get something to eat.

We neglected to state, that the storm which swept over this City on Wednesday of last week, besides uprooting trees, blew off the top of one of the Cape Fear Bank chimneys. Our exchanges in this State, says the damage done to crops, is immense. We see it stated, in a Baltimore paper, that the damage done in that City, by inundation, &c., is estimated at \$100,000.

A little fellow asked his mammy, who was going to sleep in that-ar bed with Jim and John and Jack and Jo and Kate and Bet and Moll and Jane and Su and Dick and the baby and that strange man what's here to-night?—The old lady bro't the little 'un a slap across the face, and pushing her spectacles on top of her head, answered, 'Why, me and your daddy! to be sure! and plenty room for Israel and his wife, if they chance to come.'

Wonder if that noble 'bird of Jove,' which was seen hovering over the whig Convention at Raleigh in 1840, has been hovering over the Surry Whigery this Summer?—*Jeffersonian*.

Without meddling with politics, allow us to tell you, that, that bird, was seen by us, and it was a *Carrion Crow*.

Report says, that there is a nuisance somewhere on grog lane. Search Stinking alley, and you'll find it.

We again state, that we will publish no wonders, unless handed to us by a responsible person.

'A Subscriber' shall appear next week.

## (Written for the Rasp.) THE PARSON'S KISS.

In a small town, from this out west,  
Full thirty miles or more,  
Kissing a girl, though all in jest,  
Makes such a wild uproar;  
That the whole church together, meet,  
To weigh its consequence,  
Declare the perpetrator cheat,  
Without a grain of sense.  
The time is fix'd, they flock around,  
The learn'd, the wise, the great,  
A fellows depth and breadth to sound,  
And all for kissing Kate.  
The deacons put long faces on,  
The 'Squires their pursing lips.  
The beaux, their newest breeches don,  
The belles, their bustled hips.  
And first, the bucks were heard to say,  
They plainly saw no harm,  
It all came off in open day,  
Why make so great alarm?  
They talked, they laugh'd, they almost swore,  
Guessed they were not such curls;  
Nor would they vote the man a bore,  
For kissing twenty girls.  
A pretty thing 'twould be to tell,  
Should it get noised about,  
That one for kissing Kate or Nell,  
Was from the Church turned out.  
They labored hard to hear it through,  
And battled to the last;  
Believed the girls would join them too,  
Were their opinion asked.  
Dame gossip plied her apron strings,  
'Lal' now,' said she, 'see that!  
That men could hold in face such things!  
She would 'at! that was flat.  
The world was at a curious pass,  
Such things to her were new;  
'The fellow had a deal of brass—  
Just think! the day time too!  
That she was never kissed but once  
When maiden! shame forbid!  
And then she called the fellow dunce,  
Preposp'rous! that she did!  
Old deacon Goodman then arose,  
He had not much to say;  
Yet he for one would them propose,  
The Parsons longer stay.  
Yet, if they thought his race was run,  
And could not have him there,  
The breth'ren should, when he was gone,  
Remember him in prayer.

Major Stout, bravely declared,  
It humbug, 'twas, egad!  
Would bet his whiskers, if they dar'd,  
That they were fools, or mad.  
He placed his finger on his nose,  
Shoved his right foot along;  
'Come breth'ren now,' said he, 'suppose,  
I sing to you a song:'

Oh! give me the girl that kisses sweet,  
With ruby lips as chary,  
As violets where May sun-beams meet,  
And I will never marry;  
For they are fools who marry.

I would rather have one kiss per year,  
From some sweet little fairy,  
Than wed a queen to call her dear;  
I never mean to marry.  
Oh! they are fools who marry."

The Major then sat down, they say,  
No brother after spoke;  
But all went cheerfully away,  
And thought it a good joke.  
Raleigh, Aug. 31. M\*\*\*\*\*

Attention the Universe! To all whom these presents shall come, greeting: Be it understood, that when a poor man sends to our Office to beg a Rasp, we grant his petition.—But when a rich man *trys* it, we send him the gratifying intelligence, that his under garment is entirely too short. Now, thunders, roll on.

The editor of the Petersburg Statesman ssay he has rode through grass in Illinois, higher than the top of the stage coach in which he was traveling.

## COFFEE HOUSE.

THE SUBSCRIBER, at the solicitation of a number of his friends in the City and the country, has fitted up, and opened the house formerly occupied by the Messrs. Grimme, on Fayetteville St. as an Eating House, under the name of the Coffee House. It has been long thought, that one such an establishment was wanted, and would do well in Raleigh; and, impressed with the correctness of this thought, the subscriber has spared no pains in rendering the interior, suitable to his business. His Bar room, Eating-room and Reading-room, are three distinct apartments.

At any hour, at a very short notice, Snacks, or dishes, of the very best afforded by a Southern market, can be obtained. Country gentlemen who visit the city, would find themselves highly accommodated, to call and get a twelve o'clock snack. City gentlemen wishing snacks after night, or at any time, can certainly be suited at the Coffee House.

My BAR, which will be furnished at all times with the very best Liquors, will also be attended by accommodating and experienced Clerks. In short, regularity will be the order of the day.

My Reading Room, to entertain gentlemen who may be waiting for Snacks, &c., will be supplied with Northern and Southern papers of the latest dates, having made arrangements with a printer of the City to keep the rack well stored with interlectual fodder.

All I ask, in conclusion, is a liberal share of patronage, and I am determined to carry every thing to perfection.

JOSEPH BETTS.  
Raleigh, Aug. 28, 1842. 32 4t  
Register will copy four times.

## HIGHLY IMPORTANT WORK! LOVE, COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE.

Just published—Howard's translation of Eugene Becklard's *Physiological Revelations in Love, Courtship and Marriage*, an infallible guide book for married and single persons in matters of the utmost importance to the human race. Among the things duly considered in this work, are matters of serious importance to both single and young married persons. The Arts of Beauty and Courtship. The cause of Love and Jealousy; with infallible remedies for eradicating from the mind the seeds of hopeless or an unhappy passion. Offspring, with various mysteries thereunto relating. Inter-marriage, Dress—with the form and colors most becoming to the various shapes and complexions—and all other matters of interest in single and married life, as relates to the principal features of this work.

For sale at Elton's, 98, Nassau st.; and at Axford's, 108 Bowery.

This work is regarded as being the most important which has appeared in France in 20 years.

Post paid orders by mail, enclosing a dollar, directed to Holland & Glover, New York City, will secure a copy being sent to any part of the United States or the Canadas.

Editors out of New York who publish the above, and forward a copy of the paper containing it, to Holland & Glover, shall be immediately supplied with a copy of the work.