

THE

W. WHITAKER, JR.



RASP.

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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.

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 Horse Dealer's dying advice to his son.

'In the first place then, never pay ready money for a 'oss ven you can get him for a bill; for a bill arnt recoverable without a haction at law, an' its quite stonishin how very few people likes to get into the hands o' them lawyer chaps, 'cos they're sure to get plucked by 'em in the long run. Vonce money's paid, its gone; vereas ven a bill comes due, if so be as you means to take it up, you can make out a story o' the 'oss havin' turned out badly, an' so get somethin taken off; but nobody thinks o' returnin money ven vonce they've put it in their pocket.

Always, if you can, buy a 'oss of a gentleman in preference to a dealer; for they knows little or nothin' of 'osses, an' its the easiest thing in the world to persuade 'em as the best 'oss alive has got all sorts o' defects, and arnt worth half what they ask him; vereas a dealer's up to the dodge, and arat to be done by no sich gammon.

Ven you can manage to make a swap, always do so rather than pay money, for you'll be a very poor sort of a dealer, an' I shall consider all the pains an' trouble I has taken to teach you the straight forward principles of your profession as so much lost, if by that means you dont get preciously the best o' the bargain.

Varrant every thing, sound or unsound, for, as I said afore, there's very few people as dont prefer an unsound 'oss to a lawyer's bill.— Besides 'osses is living animals, and as sich is liable at all times to diseases, vich in course may occur arter you ha sold 'em. You understand me. A varranty's the werry marrow an' virtue of dealing. Many a gentleman vont buy the best 'oss as ever vent upon four legs without von, an so if they're so easily satisfied, poor things, its a pity to spoil a good bargain for vant of 'em.

If you varrant a kicker quiet in harness, an' he kicks a gentleman's shay to pieces, you may take him back provided he's a good customer, but not without fust sellin him another for the same price as isnt worth more than half the money. An exchange is no robbery, all the world over.

'Ven a gentleman comes into the yard and wants to look at a 'oss, Samyul, take care and never shew him von till you have learnt vat a price he means to give. Then tell him you'll show him the best you've got, and always begin with the worst, by sich means you'll see if he knows vot he's about. Its possible, always sell him a 'oss as you knows vor, and him, and say, 'if he's not to your mind, I'll change him for you with pleasure'—layin a great stress on the 'pleasure,' mind. This looks purlite, and gentlemen calls it handsome treatment. Ven the 'oss is sent back, it'll be your own fault if you dont draw a little more money, an' chop for vun as arnt quite so good —an' so on as long as the flat will bite, you see!

I've very little more to say to you Samyul, cept that if you does the best for yourself, and the worst for your customers, you should always do so purlitley. It is vunderful vot a difference it makes in a man that you've got a trifle the best of; if instead of tellin him 'you has got no remedy, and you may do your worst,'

you say, 'I'm wery sorry indeed, sir, wery sorry—couldnt have thought it—'oss fresh from the country—knowed wery little of him—take the pick of my stables, sir; or I'll buy you another,' and so on. A gentleman as is a gentleman then says he to hisself, 'this ere's an honest man and no mistake—must have been mistaken heself—can behave handsome at any rate—I'll recommend him—and so you, instead of getting a copy of a writ, or summut o' the kind, vy you sell another 'oss, and has a chance of another swap afore long. Always recollect, then Samyul, as 'civility costs nothing,' vich is about the best thing you can say of anything and much more than is to be said for most things in this world.

'TAKE YOUR TIME, MISS LUCY.—The Middletown Sentinel of last week says—as 'Miss Lucy Wright, a maid of sweet sixteen, was entering the porch of St. Stephen's Church, last Sunday, Mr. Abel Bingham, a substantial widower, stepped up to Lucy and said, 'Will you marry me to-day, my dear?' She blushingly said, 'Yes, Abel, I dont care if I do.' He took her at her word, & were married at noon.

The Lincolnshire [England] Chronicle says: 'At Kirkbygreen there is now a young fowl, which regularly stumps about on a cork leg. When quite a chicken, it lost its foot in a trap, and a young lady named Woolfit, very ingeniously manufactured a leg out of a long bottle cork. With partlet's approach to henhood, the leg has become too short, so that either the timber toe must be spliced, or a new one manufactured.

RIDING ON A RAIL.

Frederick Johnson, alias Steamer, [colored.] went through the operation, last week, of sitting on a rail. He lives on Baltimore street, West of Republican, and has the good fortune to have a wife, who though colored, maintains an extraordinary character for sobriety, industry, &c. Such, indeed was the energy of her character, that she purchased the freedom of her husband soon after they were married. In spite of all this goodness, he does nothing, but drink and abuse her. This became notorious, and raised up such indignation, that a few gave 'Steamer' a considerable ride upon a rail the other evening.—(Balt. Sun.)

THE JOURNEYMAN PRINTER.

A mental lamp hung out by life's wayside,
Unnoticed; yet his unpretending ray
Shines clearly on man's intellectual ray,
And proves to pilgrims an unfading guide,
He bath within a worthy sort of pride,
And knows his worth, tho' some allow it not;
A heart and thinking mind, above his lot
Womn men are his. His collers ill supplied,
Yet want and virtue seldom ask in vain:
Not is his life exempt from various pain;
Few days are his; he rose that freshly bloom'd
Or heav'n's cheek assumes the hue of death
The life within him soon consumed,
But years and ten he yields his vital

The loquacious exultation of anticipated success is often a powerful obstacle to its attainment.

A calm at sea resembles that artificial sleep which is effected by opium in an ardent fever; the disease is suspended, but no good is derived from it.

'Husband, I don't know where that boy got his bad temper—not from me I'm sure.
No my dear—for I dont perceive that you have lost any.

Care to our coffin adds a nail no doubt,
But every grin of laughter draws one out.

A NEW SONG TO AN OLD TUNE.

John Tyler, sir, my Jo John,
When we were first acquaint,
You did pretend to be a Whig—
For Harry, sir, you went;
But now you've got in power, John,
The cloven foot you show—
A curse upon all traitors John,
John Tyler, sir, my Jo.

John Tyler, sir, my Jo John,
The Whig's they fought the gither,
And mony a canty day, John,
They had with ane anither;
But you have them betrayed, John,
And why did you do so?—
A curse upon all traitors, John,
John Tyler, sir, my Jo.

John Tyler, sir, my Jo John,
When Natue first began
To try her canny hand, John,
Her master work was man;
But when she turned out you, John,
She swore it was 'no go';
You proved to be but journey-work,
John Tyler, sir, my Jo.

John Tyler, sir, my Jo John,
Why will you be a fool,
You're sneaking round the Locos, John,
Who use you as their tool;
They're laughing in their sleeves, John,
To think that you'll Veto
The only bill can save you, John,
John Tyler, sir, my Jo.

John Tyler, sir, my Jo John,
I wonder what you mean—
You talk about *per se*, John,
And *conscience* for a screen;
But now you're found out, John,
And downward you must go
And sleep w' Matty at the fit,
John Tyler, sir, my Jo.

John Tyler, sir, my Jo John,
The higher monkees go,
The more they show their tails, John,
You know it's always so;
Then get ye out the White House, John,
And homeward do you go,
And make the people happy, John,
John Tyler, sir, my Jo.

WAGSTAFF.

DEATH BY VIOLENCE.

On Friday, the 9th instant, Mr. William Martin was deprived of life by his overseer, a Mr. Tilly, near his plantation in the northern part of this county. The reported circumstances of the murder may be briefly summed up as follows: Tilly was engaged, with Martin's slaves, in procuring some timber, and Martin having gone out to examine the operation, some misunderstanding or altercation took place between them, which resulted in Tilly's knocking Martin's brains out with the butt of a gun. No other person was present, except the negroes alluded to.

Tilly has been committed for trial, but says he acted in self-defence.

We, however, learn from a gentleman who arrived at the fatal spot before Mr. Martin's body was removed, that the appearance of the implement of destruction, leave a strong impression against the perpetrator of the deed.
Salem Gazette.

Obadiah says that courtships should be ranked among the deeds of brave and chivalrous men, because they are *knighly* acts.

It is certainly the part of prudence to trust nobody; but, whether for good or evil, God made us all anything but prudent.

A Quaker having bought a horse which proved unsound, of a man named Bacon, wrote to inform him of it, but received no answer. He shortly after met the man and requested him to take back the beast, which the other positively refused to do. Finding his remonstrances of no avail, the quaker calmly said, Friend, thee has doubtlessly heard of the devil entering the herd of swine, and I find that he sticks in the Bacon. Good morning to thee, friend.

In 1819 there was a little unscrupulous newspaper published in Petersburg called "The Day Light," edited by Solomon Sunshine.—Mr. Sunshine on one occasion gave this toast: 'My paper—may the man that takes and wont pay me for it, never have money to buy a paper nor a friend to lend him one, but live as ignorant as old Growley, who never knew where Pochahontas bridge was.'—Whiff.

A GOLDEN CALF.—The following excellent passage occurs in an article in Frazer's Magazine, entitled 'Courtship and Love-making.' 'I certainly blame no lady who has been accustomed to ordinary elegancies of life, for refusing to marry a poor man, but must beg my sweet friends to recollect that, though a man without money is poor, a man with nothing but money, is poorer still.'

An exchange paper has these pertinent remarks—Many a man sees the poor starving around him without a sigh; and when his day of departue draws near, gives his whole substance to some foreign charity, which, to say the best of it, is calculated only to lay the foundation for knowledge among a bloody, bigoted, and unthankful race. Give us the living, everyday charity; that which springeth from the well of the soul, and not that mean, miserable, deferred charity, which comes from the chamber of death in weeds of mourning, and causes the heir to curse the parent for his liberality ere he is laid in his narrow chamber for ever.

A Suffering Love.—'Oh, mother,' said a young boy, 'Mr. S— does love Aunt Lucy. He sits by her, he whispers to her, and he hugs her.'

'Why, Edward,' exclaimed his mother—'your aunt don't suffer that—does she?'
'Suffer it!' replied the child—'yes, mother, she likes it!'

CREDIBLE STORY.

A late German paper gives the following credible narrative:

In an imperial city, lately, a criminal was condemned, who had a singular itching to play at nine pins. While his sentence was pronouncing he had the temerity to offer a request to play once more at his favorite game, at the place of execution, and then, he said, he should submit without a murmur. As the last prayer of a dying man, his request was granted.—When he arrived at the solemn spot, he found every thing prepared, the pins being set up and the balls ready. He played with no little earnestness, but the sheriff at length seeing that he showed no inclination to desist, privately ordered the executioner to strike the blow as he stooped for the bowl. The executioner did so, and the head dropped into the culprit's hand as he raised himself to see what had occurred. He immediately aimed at the pins, conceiving that it was the bowl which he grasped. All nine falling, the head loudly exclaimed, 'I have won the game!'

The Emperor Augustus inflicted punishment upon every citizen who was not married—perhaps, as is suggested by an old bachelor, by compelling them to get married!