

THE RASP.

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SINGLE COPY,

We speak plain facts—Give ear, O! world!

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TERMS OF THE RASP.

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Four Funny Fellows.—Theo. Cibber, in company with three others, made an excursion. Theo. had a false set of teeth—a second a glass eye—a third a cork leg—but the fourth had no particular failing excepting a remarkable way of shaking his head. They travelled in a post coach and while on the first stage, after each had made merry with his neighbour's infirmity, that at every eating place, they would affect the same singularity. When they came to breakfast they were all to squint—and language cannot express how admirably they squinted—for they went one degree beyond the superlative. At dinner they all appeared to have cork legs, and their stumping about made more diversion than they had done at breakfast. At tea they were all deaf; but, at supper which was at the Ship at Dover, each man resumed his character, the better to play his part in the farce they had concerted among them. When they were ready to go to bed, Cibber cried out to the waiter, 'Here you fellow take out my teeth!' 'Teeth, Sir,' said the man. 'Aye, teeth, Sir. Unscrew the wire, and they'll all out together.' After some hesitation the man did as he was ordered. This was no sooner performed, than the second called out—'here you! take out my eye!' 'Sir,' said the waiter, 'your eye?' 'Yes my eye. Come here you stupid dog—pull up that eyelid, and it will come out quick enough.' 'This done—the third cried out, 'Here you rascal, take off my leg.' This he did with less reluctance being before apprized that it was cork, and also conceiving that it would be his last job. He was however, mistaken: the fourth watched his opportunity, whilst the frightened waiter was surveying with rueful countenance, the eye, teeth, and leg lying on the table, cried out in a frightful hollow voice, 'Come here, Sir, take off my head.' Turning

round, and seeing the man's head shake like that of mandarin upon a chimney piece, he darted out of the room—and after tumbling headlong down stairs, he ran madly about the house as if terrified out of his senses.

A Candid Admission.—'I am not an Irishman myself,' said a stump orator recently, while harranguing a political meeting in the West, where the majority of hearers were Irishmen—'I am not an Irishman myself, I say, but I can safely assert that my ancestors, on both the paternal and maternal side, were extremely partial to the Irish character. Indeed, I can go so far as to say that *I had an aunt who was extremely fond of Irish potatoes.*'—(Cheers.)

An Englishman at Brussels has discovered a mode of casting iron, so that it flows from the furnace pure steel, better than the best cast steel in England, and almost equal to that which has undergone the process of beating. The cost of this steel is only a farthing per lb. greater than that of cast iron.—*Mining Journal.*

PIG vs. PORK.—A curious trial came off at the New Criminal Court, London, June 13th. James Matthews was tried on an indictment for stealing a pig. After the case for the prosecution was made out, a female acquaintance of Matthews swore that a man named Gwinn, borrowed of her a knife, with which he said he was going to kill one of old Jame's (complainant's) pigs. He returned the knife soon after, which was all bloody. Defendant showed from other circumstances that the pig was actually killed by another person before it was carried off. He was acquitted on the ground that the property stolen was pork, and not a pig. The court, however, ordered him into custody, in case another indictment should be preferred, and issued a warrant for the arrest of Gwinn.

He who thinks no man above him but for his virtue, none below him but for his vice, can never be obsequious or assuming in a wrong place, but will frequently emulate men in stations below him and pity those above his head.

While a number of lawyers and gentlemen were dining at Wiscasset, a few years since, a jolly soul from the Emerald Isle appeared and called for a dinner. The landlord told him he should dine when the gentlemen were done. Let him crowd in among us,' whispered a limb of the law, (Alber Smith, we believe,) and we will have some fun with him.' The Irishman took his seat at the table.

'You were not born in this country, my friend?'

'No, sir, I was born in Ireland.'

'Is your father living?'

'No, sir, he is dead.'

'What is your occupation?'

'A horse jockey, sir.'

'What was your father's occupation?'

'Trading horses, sir.'

'Did your father cheat any one while here?'

'I suppose he did cheat many, sir.'

'Where do you suppose he went to?'

'To heaven, sir.'

'And what do you suppose he is doing there?'

'Trading horses, sir.'

'Has he cheated any one there?'

'He cheated one, I believe, sir.'

'Why did they not prosecute him?'

'Because they searched the whole kingdom of Heaven, and couldn't find a lawyer.'

There is a lady in Connecticut, so learned that the beaux when they call, are obliged to carry a volume of Webster's quarto dictionary, under each arm, and a 'library of general knowledge' in each pocket.

'Ma—what does cousin John hug sister Bridge so for?'

'La, Simon, you have such eyes—he's only a courting her, my child.'

'Golly gracious, Ma—don't he court her hard though?'

'La, Simon, do hush!'

Many a man may justly thank his talent for his rank; but no man has ever been able to return the compliment, by thanking his rank for his talent.

What word makes you sick if you leave out one of the letters? M[u-sick.]

A simple girl endeavors to recommend herself by the exhibition of frivolous accomplishments, and mawkish sentiment which is as shallow as her mind.

A good girl always respects herself, and therefore always possesses the respect of others.

A wise girl will always win a sensible lover by practising those virtues which secure admiration when personal charms have failed.

The agent of Brandreth's pills in St. Louis, has taken his position next door to a coffin-maker's.

Why is molasses candy like a horse? Because the more you lick it the faster it goes.

'Its all in my eye,' as the needle remarked to the thread.

As cucumbers are preserved in vinegar, so do many preserve their reputation for piety by maintaining a sour phiz.

Sam Slick on smoking.—The moment a man takes a pipe he becomes a philosopher—it is a poor man's friend—it calms the mind, soothes the temper, and makes a man patient under trouble. It has made more good men, good husbands, kind masters, indulgent fathers, and honest fellers, than any other blessed thing in this universal world.

'The best bargain that a young man can make is for a good wife; and as good rules work both ways, the best bargain a woman can make is, of necessity for a good husband. The wife and the husband form the best stock in trade with which to enter into life—life being only a series of bargains for happiness. And if by any chance—and we learn (from others, not our experience) get a bad wife, or a woman to pick up a bad husband, the only way is to 'make the best of a bad bargain.' There is nothing so bad, that we can not make it better by endeavors properly directed.

The useless animal.—Dr. Webster defines a dandy in the following manner: 'In modern usage, a male of the human species, who dresses himself like a doll and carries his character on his back.' Dandies about Raleigh, don't you think you are slandered by the Doctor? If you do, we don't.