

THE RASP.

SINGLE COPY,

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

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TERMS OF THE RASP.

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EXTRACT,

From Mr. Shepard's Address,
BEFORE THE
Mechanic's Association of Raleigh,
July 12, 1841.

We live in an age prolific of vast improvements and wonderful events. The human mind so long fettered and broken by creeds and bewildered by the shadows of a baleful superstition, now stands up erect in the fullness and majesty of its primeval power; looking back and gathering all the wisdom and experience of the past, and springing onward with enthusiasm and alacrity to a realization of those mighty and resplendent anticipations which cluster around the bosom of futurity. Human liberty! what great achievement hast thou left unperformed in the progress of the last century? what throne hast thou not shaken? what form of Government hast thou hesitated to weigh in the scales of political justice and equality—and what rending and triumphant shouts of victory hast thou not sent forth, hour after hour, to startle, arouse and invigorate the nations? In the elder world, Greece with her hallowed waters and her glittering Isles has lifted her crest, rent by the lightnings of a thousand battles, above the dust and the desolation of vanished centuries—torn from her limbs the corroding manacles of arbitrary rule, and sent her shrill fierce war-cry abroad upon the wings of all the winds. Her struggle was desperate and fearful. Genius and intelligence, patriotism and indefatigable zeal consecrated it to the hopes and the sympathies of universal freedom; yet she fell, entangled but not degraded, in the meshes spread for her by the tyrants of the North; and the genius of liberty weeps evermore whilst she emblazons the names of her gallant ones upon the unfading scroll of immortality.

And here, gentlemen, in this chosen land we have grown in the space of a century a great nation in the forests we were sent to inhabit. The royal Eagle which first revelled in the light of classic climes and mingled his clear loud scream with the stir and the tumult of Roman cohorts, now expands his pinions from the Atlantic to the Pacific seas and views in all

the wide circuit of his pervading vision nought but the brightest and most convincing evidences of individual happiness and national grandeur, magnificence and strength. Over this hallowed soil which has been drenched to a mire by the best blood that ever flowed from human veins, the footsteps of unsanctioned domination shall never come. Beside the altar of freedom, built in this western world by unfailing hearts and fearless hands, it is the privilege and the duty of all classes and conditions to assemble and rejoice. Here at least, the Mechanic is the equal of the proud aristocrat and the untitled nabob—here where his fathers fell, beneath the fiery hoof of battle and in the presence of the protecting angel of the Republic, his shouts and congratulations may go abroad and his vows ascend with celerity and power to the great architect and ruler of heaven and of earth.

PROGRESS OF SLANDER.

Mrs. Hopkins told me that she heard Sam Gibbs' wife say that John Harris' wife told her, *Granny Smith* heard that it was no doubt the widow *Baker* said that Captain Wood's wife thought that Lane's wife believed that old Mrs. Lamb reckoned positively that Peter Eunbam's wife had told Nell Bassenden that her aunt had declared to the world that it was generally believed that old uncle Teimbletop had said in plain terms that he heard Betsey Cook say that her sister Polly had said that it was well known in the neighborhood that old Mrs. Slouch made no bones of saying that in her opinion it was a matter of fact that Dolly Lightfinger would soon be obliged to get her a new apron string!

A member of the Umbrella Rangers—a New Orleans corps—has been put under arrest for wearing a clean shirt, and thereby destroying that uniformity of appearance in the company which it has ever been the commander's desire to preserve. In speaking of a late public parade by the Rangers, the Picayune says:—

'The velocity and precision with which they performed the motions, "open umbrellas!"—"Guard yourselves from a shower—wind blowing north-westward!"—"Guard yourselves from a vertical sun!"—"Prepare to shade a lady from a shower!"—"Place your umbrella in a position to prevent it from being hooked!" Excited the general admiration of a large concourse of spectators.'

A NEW DISCOVERY!

The editor of the North American has discovered that the perspiration from the human body, is the most powerful steam yet known, and for the purposes of locomotion is without a rival. The editor travelled thirty miles an hour last Sunday, without raising the steam to more than half its capacity.

A SCENE IN COURT.

'I call upon you,' said the counsellor, 'to state distinctly upon what authority you are prepared to swear to the mare's age?' 'Upon what authority?' said the ostler, interrogatively. 'You are to reply, and not repeat the question put to you.' 'I doesn't consider a man's bound to answer a question afore he's had time to turn it in his mind.' 'Nothing can be more simple, sir, than the question put. I again repeat it. Upon what authority do you swear to the animal's age?' 'The best authority,' responded the witness, gruffly. 'Then why such evasion? Why not state it at once?' 'Well, then, if you must have it—' 'Must! I will have it,' vociferated the counsellor, interrupting the witness. 'Well, then, if you must and will have it,' rejoined the ostler, with imperturbable gravity, 'why, then, I had it myself from the mare's own mouth.' A simultaneous burst of laughter rang through the court. The judge on the bench could with difficulty confine his risible muscles to judicial decorum.

Up to Snuff—A volume of Italian poems lately received in the British Metropolis, furnishes fine amusement for the learned wits. Leigh Hunt has shown himself up to snuff in giving a merry interpretation to some of these effusions. The following is a free translation of the lines on Sneezing:

What a moment! What a doubt!
All my nose, inside and out,
All my thrilling, tickling, caustic,
Pyramid rhinocerostic
Wants to sneeze and cannot do it!
Now it yerns me, thrills me, stings me,
Now with rapturous torment wrings me,
Now says "Sneeze, you fool, get through it."

Shee—shee—Oh, 'tis most del-ishi
Ishi—ishi—most del-ishi
(Hang it! I shall sneeze till spring.)
Snuff's a most delicious thing.

Ingenuity of Suicides.—A blacksmith of Geneva, who had resolved to destroy himself, contrived to blow his brains out by the aid of his bellows. He done it in this way:—He loaded an old gun barrel with a couple of bullets, and placing one end in the forge, tied a string to the handle of the bellows, by which he could make them play as he chose. He then knelt down—placed his miserable head against the muzzle of the gun barrel—pulled away at the string, which set the bellows in motion and blew the fire, and thus heating the barrel, sent the bullets through his crazy brain, and his guilty soul to the bar of God.—*Albany Mic.*

Ephraim says that Noah's boat must have been a rude specimen of Ark-itecture.

Irritable Christians.—We cut the following from the Religious Magazine, and commend it to the attention of Christians of irritable temperament:—

'There was a clergyman who often became quite vexed at finding his little grand-children in his study. One day one of these little children was standing by his mother's side, and she was speaking to him of heaven.

'Ma,' said he, 'I don't want to go to heaven.'

'Don't want to go to heaven, my son!'

'No, ma, I'm sure I don't.'

'Why not, my son?'

'Why, grandpa will be there, won't he?'

'Why, yes, I hope he will.'

'Well, just as soon as he sees us, he will come scolding along, and say, *whew! whew! whew! what are these boys here for?* I don't want to go to heaven, if grandpa is going to be there.'

BED OF LITTLE 'CABBAGES.'

There are trees so tall in Missouri, that it takes two men and a boy to look to the top of them—one looks till he gets tired, and another commences where he left off.

Farmers say that the wheat will be very light this year, consequently there will be a great saving of yeast in makin bread.

Butchers are generally very honest men; yet they are known to be influenced by a propensity to STEEL knives.

The Vicksburg Sentinel says of a man lately shot in a duel, 'he fell a martyr to justice, truth and honor!'

DOWN EAST JUSTICE.

A friend, recently from the North, gives us the following report of a very interesting trial in a Justice's court, in the State of Maine:

Esq. M.—Well, ma'am, if you are a witness in this ere salt and batter case, hold up your hand, and I'll minister the oath. 'You swear, &c.'

Mrs. T.—Oh! my! how solemn. [Great laughter.]

Esq. M.—I ask you, ma'am, if you seen Mr. Jones kick Mr. Gow out of doors?

Mrs. T.—I can't exactly say I did, but I can say I saw Mr. Jones take his foot away three times, and the next I saw of Mr. Gow, he was sprawling in the gutter on his hands and knees; that's all I know about it.

Esq. M.—That's enough, ma'am, the case is plain, and I shall fine Mr. Jones the costs of court, and three days' work in my garden.

Married, on Monday, the 19th ult, at Dilton Chapelry, England, John Vincent, aged 86, to Mary Bedman, aged 83. The old lady laughed heartily when the minister read the part of the service, 'thy children shall be like olive branches round thy table.'