

THE



RASP.

W. & J. B. WHITAKER,

EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

VOLUME II.—NUMBER 4.

RALEIGH, FEBRUARY 19, 1842.

SINGLE COPY.]

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

[FIVE CENTS.]

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.

HOW PARSON — GOT MARRIED TO MISS —

Our readers shall have the benefit of a good story that we once heard read. Here it is.— Travelling into town one night about dusk, Parson — had occasion to call at the mansion of an esteemed parishioner, who had among other worldly possessions two or three daughters. He had scarce knocked at the door when it was hastily opened by one of these blooming maidens, who as quick as tho't threw her arms around his neck, and before he had time to say 'Oh, don't,' pressed her warm delicate lips to his, and gave him as sweet a kiss as ever heart of swain deserved. In utter astonishment, the worthy divine was endeavoring to stammer out something, when the damsel exclaimed, 'Oh, mercy, mercy! Mr. —, is this you? I thought it was my brother Henry.'

'Pshaw!' thought the parson to himself, 'you didn't think any such thing.' But taking her hand, he said in a forgiving tone, 'there is no harm done. Don't give yourself any uneasiness; though you ought to be a little more careful.'

After this gentle reproof, he was ushered into the parlor by the maiden, who, as she came to the light, could not conceal the deep blush that glowed upon her cheek; while the banquet that was pinned upon her bosom, shook like a flower garden in an earthquake. And when he rose to depart, it somehow tell to her lot to wait upon him to the door; and it may be added, that in the entry they held discourse together for some minutes—on what subject it is not for us to say.

As the warm hearted pastor plodded homeward, he argued with himself in this wise:

'Miss — knew it was me who knocked at the door, or how did she recognise before I spoke? And is it probable that her brother would knock before entering! She must be desperately in — pshaw! Why, if she loves a brother at that rate, how must she love her husband; for, by the great squash, I never felt such a kiss in my life!'

Three weeks after the above incident, Parson — was married to Miss —.

'Mine got! what will de Frenchmen make next?' as the Dutchman said, the first time he ever saw a monkey.

The following parental appeal in the shape of an advertisement, is copied from an English paper:

'If this should meet the eye of Emma D—s, who absented herself last Wednesday from her father's house, she is implored to return, when she will be met with undiminished love by her almost broken hearted parents. If, however, nothing can persuade her to listen to their joint appeal—should she never mean to revisit a home where she has passed so many happy years, it is at least expected, if she be not totally lost to all sense of propriety, that she will without a moment's further delay—send back the key of the tea caddy.'

SOBER SOAKER.—One who drinks *temperately*, moderately, occasionally, fashionably, genteelly, politely, *tastefully*, liberally, comfortably, happily, coldly, warmly, nicely, richly, poorly, and finally, insensibly.

NEW YORK POLICE.

Before Justice Merrit—December 31.
John Smith, Jr. [not of Arkansas, but of Pearl street,] was brought up for kicking up a row in the street.

Judge. Mr. Smith, what is your business, sir? what do you follow for a livelihood?

Smith. Nothing particular.

Judge. You do not appear to be a man of property; how do you get your bread?

Smith. I sometimes get it of Mr. Taylor, the baker, sir; and sometimes—

Judge. Stop, sir; understand my question,—how do you support yourself?

Smith. On a chair, sir, in the day time—on a bed at night.

Judge. I do not sit here to trifle, sir. Are you a mechanic?

Smith. No, sir.

Judge. If you do not answer me, I will have you taken care of.

Smith. I would thank your honor to do it—the times are so hard that I cannot take care of myself.

Judge. You work around the wharves, I suppose.

Smith. No, sir; you can't get around the wharves without a boat, and I do n't own one.

Judge. I believe you are an idle vagabond.

Smith. Your honor is very slow of belief, or you would have found that out before.

Judge. Mr. Smith, you are charged with disturbing the peace.

Smith. As I am a very peaceable man, it is quite natural that such things should be put to my 'account.'

Judge. I fine you two dollars.

Smith. It would afford me feelings of the highest gratification to find half the money.

Judge. Can you pay the money?

Smith. If your honor will lend me the amount.

Judge. Officer, take him away.

Smith. I am very much obliged to you. I will call on you 'New Year's day.'

An address signed by sixty thousand names, among which are O'Connell and Father Matthews, had just reached Boston. It calls earnestly upon all Irishmen in this country to make common cause with the American Abolitionists. It is in MS. and will be published in a few weeks. A negro by the name of Remond is the bearer of this paper. (Maine Cultivator.)

If the above be true, we think the signers of the address had better attend to their starved and enslaved fellow countrymen at home; they need assistance more than the well fed, and well clothed negroes of the South. Besides, would it be politic for the Irishmen in this country to make 'common cause with the American Abolitionists?' We think not. Philadelphia Chron.

TEMPERANCE.

Come old and young, come rich and poor,
Come take your pledge 'till you insure:
Large streams from little fountains flow,
Great sots from moderate drinkers grow.

The precosity of genius.—Scene in a grammar school.

Master.—Compare the adjective cold.
Robert.—Positive, cold—comparative, cough—superlative, coffin.

Master.—That's a good boy, Bobby.

The reason why.—Almost every thing consumed in a family, now commands exorbitant prices, except cream, of which, by the way, there is none. Inquiring of our milkman the reason of its scarcity, he satisfied our query by saying that 'milk has riz so tarnal high that cream can't reach the top!'

FIRE!

Fayetteville, Feb. 12.

Our Town was again disturbed, on Tuesday night last, by the cry of fire. About six o'clock, the Planter's Hotel, occupied by Mrs. Ann Brown, was discovered to be on fire, but before the alarm became very general, three colored men, Isaac Scott, Eccles' John and Carver's John, had mounted the roof and subdued the fire, so that by the time the Engines got there, the fire was out. In consideration of their meritorious services, the citizens have presented the three men with a new suit of broadcloth each.

ANOTHER.

About 2 o'clock on Thursday night, the old Methodist Church, and two adjoining houses, were burnt to the ground; they were fortunately near the suburbs of the Town. D.B. Keelyn has been arrested and committed to stand trial for the incendiaryism.—Carolinian.

IT WON'T DO.

It wont do to do a great many things in this world, for instance:

It wont do to denounce false teeth in the presence of dentists, nor in the presence of old maids who have not had a sound tooth in their heads for a quarter of a century.

It wont do to talk about horn flints & wooden nutmegs when there are Connecticut Yankees about.

It wont do to eat soup with a two pronged fork, or roast beef with a spoon, when anxious to dine in great haste.

It wont do to pull a man's nose until you are fully satisfied he has not spunk enough to resent it by blowing your brains out.

It wont do for a fellow who is so drunk that he cannot see a hole through a ladder, to attempt to stand on top of a lamppost or fire plug, and make a speech to the multitude.

It wont do to throw off flannel shirts on a warm day in January, in full belief that there will be no more cold weather until another winter.

It wont do to go too near the hindheels of a jackass, that has been taught to kick at strangers.

It wont do for a man to undertake to drown himself when he is in the last stage of hydrophobia.

It wont do for a man to bump his head against a stone wall, unless he is completely convinced that his head is the hardest.

Finally—it wont do to draw the conclusion that our stock of 'it wont do's' is exhausted, just because we happen to think it wont do to give our readers a larger does at this time. Telescope.

A savage threat.—Two gentlemen met in New Orleans lately. After shaking hands, one of them said: 'You must tell your brother, Mr. Smith, that he must be careful how he regulates his conduct towards me. He met me yesterday in the Merchant's Exchange, and in the presence of many gentlemen, called me a liar, thief, puppy, scoundrel, and coward, and then pulled my nose and kicked me to the door. You may tell your brother that if he carries the thing much farther he will arouse a spirit which is not easily put to rest. I shall not submit to every provocation.'

Of all kinds of lying, the most vicious is lying abed late in the morning.

If any one does me a favor, without the least expectation of reward, though it should afterwards be in my power to do ten times more for that person, I can repay the original obligation, for its nature does not admit of any recompense, but remains in full force.

To Cure a Cold.—Most generally a cold may be relieved in one night's time, by drinking a pint of tea made from the dry loose bark of the scaly hickory. A vomit frequently gives relief.—Agriculturist.

MR. EDITOR—A gal has sent me the following *morceau*:—

'This lock of hare
I once did ware,
But now I trust it to your car:
And if we now (no) more each outcher se,
Then look at this, and think on me.'
Hartshorn was administered, and I am now convalescent.

The Philadelphia Times says that old bachelors are good, but crusty—nice, but slovenly—loving, but hateful—polite, but disagreeable—they present a galvanized paradox, an electrified contradiction.

Once on a time when a Dutchman and a Frenchman were travelling in Pennsylvania, their horse lost a shoe. They drove up to a blacksmith's shop, and no one being in, they proceeded to the house to inquire. The Frenchman rapped and called out, 'Is de smitty miten?'—'Shtand pack,' says Hans, 'let me shpeak. Ish der placksmit's shop in der house!'

'Have you seen Capin Pete?' asked a black fellow on the wharf at Perth Amboy. 'Capin Pete, who the deuce is he?'

'Why he's the gemmin that sleeps in Miss Nidd's barn, and goes with his eyes out, and his nose in a sling, and his elbow all over mud, and a loaf of bread sticking out of his pocket.'

A fellow being covered with rags and dressed in five jackets, all of which failed to conceal his raggedness, bolted into a store on Exchange st. the other day with the exclamation of,

'Worse than I look by—! 'Well, I've let myself for \$14 a month, and find myself.'

'To do what,' asked the man of the establishment.

'To stand on the corner of a Paper Mill sign—'Cash for rags,' that's all!'

What ever made you marry that dowdy, said a mother to her son. 'Because you always told me to pick a wife like my mother,' was the dutiful reply.

If the very consciousness of being capable of duplicity does not degrade you in your own eyes, you must be lost to every noble feeling of nature. Never appear to others what you are not.

A clockmaker at Copenhagen has invented a clock which at the end of every twenty-four hours, indicates the average temperature of the preceding day.

There was an ancient superstition that upon the wings of that devouring insect, the locust, was written in Chaldee language, the words *bose Guion*—the scourge of God.

There is a boy in Dedham so very cross-eyed, that he can look around his own head!

A highway robber shot.—A highway robber was shot dead near Wellsborough, Tioga co., last week, by a traveller whom he attempted to rob. The traveller, on looking at his pistol discovered that the charge had been removed at the tavern where he put up, and the pistol stuffed with bran. This excited his suspicion, and he put something more substantial into his weapons. On his way he was attacked, fired, shot the robber, and then discovered the latter was his landlord of the previous evening.—Baltimore Republican.