

THE



RASP.

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

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TERMS.

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THE PORK THEATRE.

Some years ago, the good citizens of Smithfield, Virginia, (a place famous for its hams and hogs on two and four legs,) were greatly astonished one fine morning, on perceiving the piazza in front of the principal hotel, entirely monopolized by a party of mysterious looking individuals, who seemed to have forgotten one passage in Scripture at least, viz: 'to shake the dust from their feet.' One lank, toothless, lisping gentleman, who seemed to be the chief of the party, was leisurely smoking his cigar, and amusing himself at intervals with squirting tobacco juice at the black head of a nail on the bannister. This was none other than the immortal Ned Clemens, the man who received his musical education under Jim Crow Rice, and who helped to forward the political interests of America, by sending a propitiary offering to Queen Victoria, when there was a prospect of war, in the shape of an old raccoon, with the respects and the name of the illustrious donor engraved on a brass dog collar on the quadruped's neck.

Ned had been unfortunate, and picking out the tag ends of the Portsmouth company, he resolved to take Smithfield by storm. Accordingly he hired a room, and announced to the public that he and his corps would appear before them that evening, in the tragedy of Hamlet. The Smithfield people were willing to attend his exhibition; but alas! they had no money! All their trading transactions were accomplished through the medium of pork, and Ned was obliged to put out his bills in the following manner: 'This evening will be performed the tragedy of Hamlet—the part of the melancholy Dane by Mr. Edwin Butler Clemens, pupil of the celebrated Daddy Rice, the unrivalled representative of negro characters. Admission, front seats, one well cured smoked ham—middle seats for grown persons, one side of bacon—do. for children, joles and roasting pieces—season tickets can be had by leaving a whole hog, subject to the order of Mr. Clemens, in the pen of Mr. Boggs, tavern keeper.'

The evening came—Ned was on the stage in a state of confusion, having a pair of black pants on. Ned lisped, and thus he commenced,

'Oh, that thith too too tholid fleth would melt, Thaw and retholve itself into a jew, Or that—'

Door keeper, behind the scenes—Mr. Clemens, Mr. Clemens. Little Bob Spiggins wants to know if you want trust him till to-morrow night, and says he'll driv his little speckled back hog into your pen airly in the morning.

Ned, (aside)—Tell Spigginths that I don't do butrineth on credit—

'Hith cannon gainth thelf thlaughter.'

One of the audience.—Thar! wish I may be made into a hog trough, if his mouth don't lock like a biled persimming!

Ned.—How weary, thale, flat and unprofitable—

Door keeper.—Mr. Clemens, Mr. Clemens. Here's a woman who wants to know if she can come in for four soused pig's feet?

Ned.—[don't bother me]—Theems all the trimmings of thith world to me! Fie on't, oh fie! 'tis an unweeded garden—

A negro here burst into the middle of the

audience, singing out 'Massa, massa Grimes, de hogs is rootin all your morerum mutimicau-lis up.'

Ned.—That it should come to this! But two months dead—

One of the audience.—My blessid baby is just been dead that long.

Ned. [*sotto voce*.] D-n your baby! you put me out. Nay, not so much; not two—

The baby's mother. I tell you it is been two.

Ned, looking at his boots. Or e'er those shoes were old—

The baby's mother. I give fifteen pound of sassage meat for them prunellas, to go to the funeral in.

Ned. With which she followed him to the grave, like somebody, all tears. She married my uncle—

The dead baby's step-father. You lie, you weazen faced shoat, you. She did't marry your uncle. She married me, Bill Simpson, the tripe biler.'

This was a settler, and Ned rushed from the stage in perfect phrenzy.

SWEAR NOT.

It chills my blood, to hear the blest Supreme Rudely appealed to on each trifling theme; Maintain your rank, vulgarity despise; To swear is neither brave, polite nor wise. You would not swear upon a bed of death, Reflect—your Maker now can stop your breath. POPE.

THE YANKEE.—In a late debate in Congress, Mr. Marshall paid a warm and glowing eulogium upon the Yankee character. It was the Yankee, he said, who had shed the first blood for our liberty. The first trigger that had been drawn in resistance to British tyranny had been drawn by a Yankee finger, and they had acted in that policy from that time to this.—The policy of the country had been repeatedly shifted, but the Yankee had always accommodated himself to it. Government could not crush him.

The difference.—A dog is accounted mad when he won't take 'something to drink,' and a man insane when he takes too much. A financier remains 'respectable' with a fortune that don't belong him, while a beggar becomes a criminal for purloining a piece of meat.

There was a postmaster in Ohio, a few years ago, says the Dayton Journal, who kept tavern, and used the margin of the newspapers received at his office to keep his accounts on. After retaining the papers till he collected his debts, he delivered them to the persons they were addressed to. The credit he was in the habit of giving did not of course permit a very prompt delivery and the only return made the subscriber for so great a delay in the receipt of the paper, consisted in the amusement which an inscription of the various entries of charges for 'ginger cake,' beer, cider, whiskey, &c. was calculated to afford.

Why is a child with a cold in its head like a winter's night? It 'blows it snowse' [nose you know.]

Why is a nail driven in a piece of hard wood like an old man? Because he is *In-firm*.

Why is a flourishing landlord sure to have plenty of relations? Because he must have *Ten-ants*.

What are the best shoes for wet weather? *Pumps*.

Why are ladies like bread? Because they are often *toast*.—*Switch*.

'The best of friends must part,' as the rat said when it left part of its tail in the trap.

PAN OF GRAVY.

'Ba-a-a! Ba-a-a!' shrieks a half naked infant of about eighteen months old.

'What's the matter with mamma's thweet yittle ducky?' says its affectionate mother, while she presses it to her bosom, and the young sar-pint in return digs its talons into her face.

'Da den, Missis, I knows wot little massa Jim wants,' exclaims the cherub's negronurse.

'You black hussey! why don't you tell me then?' and the infuriated mother gives Dinah a douse in the chops with her shoe.

'Why, ee wants to put his foot in dat pan ob gravy, wots coolen on de harf,' whimpers the unfortunate blackey.

'Well, and why don't you bring it here, you aggravating nigger you,' replies the mother of the bawling young one.

Dinah brings the gravy, and little Jim puts his feet in the pan, dashing the milkwarm grease about his sweet pumpy little shanks, to the infinite amusement of his mother who tenderly exclaimed—

'Did momor's yettle Dimmy want to put its teeny-weeny footesy's in the gravy. It shall play in the pan as much it choosy-woosey's, and then it shall have its pooty yed frock on, and go and see its pappy yappy!'

HOW TO KEEP A LOBSTER.

It is the easiest thing in the world to eat a lobster, if you like it—the hardest thing in the world to digest it, whether you like it or not, and either the easiest or hardest to keep the year round, if you only know. Perhaps the reader never heard how Job Doolittle once kept a lobster a good while in hot weather, all the way from Boston to Vermont, and ever so much longer. Job started for Boston some years ago, with a load of notions in his wagon, which, having disposed of, he filled up with a load of nick-nacks for the home market. Just as he was about leaving the city, he saw a wheelbarrow full of queerly shaped red things, with huge claws and other appurtenances, which so astonished him that he pulled up.

'What be them are things, mister?' said Job to the wheelbarrow man.

Lobsters, sir, lobsters—didn't you ever see a lobster?

'No dang me if I did. What queer looking things, ain't they—they won't bite, will they?' he continued, dropping one rather suddenly, which he had taken up—'They smell almighty queer, and kinder good too. Where do they grow?'

'They live in the water—but I say, mister, none of your tom foolery. You don't mean to say you never saw a lobster before?'

'Yes I do—mister, you needn't think case you know everything I do. What red chinks their fathers and mothers must been.'

'They are green, green, sir, when they are alive, but when boiled turn red.'

'Well, I vow now, that's queer. Most folks turn red when they get into hot water. But you don't mean to say these things were ever green?'

'Yes I do—as green as you be?'

'Pshaw, how you talk! Well, I must have one any how.'

So pulling out a quarter of a dollar, Job bought a lobster, and putting it into his wagon, drove off. Having reached a village a few miles from the city, he stopped to bait his horses at a tavern, the landlord of which, who was a great wag, by the way, came out and began to look over the things in his wagon, to see what he had to sell.

'Ah, you have a lobster! I declare that's a fine one. Aint you afraid it won't keep till you get home?'

'Keep! Why not? It's fresh ain't it? I never seed one of them afore, and so I thought I'd just take one-home to show my wife.'

'Oh, my good sir—it will never keep unless it is gutted.'

'Gutted?'

'Yes, certainly, gutted. Who ever thought of keeping a lobster without having it gutted? Ha! ha! ha! that's a good one!'

'Well I thought the fellow I bought it of was trying to deceive me. I'd rather have given fourpence more to gut it.'

'Oh, never mind I'd as lief do it as not for you, and won't ask any thing.'

The landlord took it into his house, and calling a couple of friends he opened the lobster, and they had a fine meal of it. When they had got through, he scraped together the shells and claws, wrapped them up very carefully in an old towel, and took the bundle to Job's wagon.

'There,' said mine host, 'I've gutted the lobster in fine style, and think you will find it will keep until you get home.'

'Thank you mister,' said Job, jumping into his wagon and driving off, after having very carefully laid the lobster away in a snug corner of the vehicle. 'Much obliged to you mister, I'll do as much for you some time.—What a scamp that fellow was in Bosting to sell me a lobster without gutting it.'

The lobster kept, and kept well, till Job reached home. How Mrs. Doolittle relished it is more than we can say, but from the fact that Job got off a lot of dog meat 'sassengers,' which she had prepared for the purpose, upon the tavern keeper, it is fair to presume that the lobster did not sit very well on her stomach.

Claremont Eagle.

If your sister, while tenderly engaged in a tender conversation with her sweetheart, requests you to bring her a glass of water from the adjoining room, you can start on the errand, but you need not return. You will not be missed.

BOTHERATION.—Pa, what is a file? A piece of ragged steel about so long or longer.

Does soldiers use files, pa? No, dear, they use swords and guns.

Yes, but here is a paper says the soldiers filed off, and I guess they couldn't file off without any files.

O—but—my child, a file of soldiers is not like a steel file at all.

Well, you men is like great fools, them all, for hang me if I can find out what you mean by your ugly words. Pa, what is a sky light?

Sky light, my dear, are stars in the firmament.

Well, pa I never seed any cracked stars. Cracked stars! How foolish you talk, child.

Foolish! thunder! don't this 'ere paper say the hail cracked a great many sky lights?

Oh! ah! yes, you may go to bed my dear.

The Bangor Whig is responsible for the following melting stanzas:

TO MISS —.

Methought my heart a roasting lay,
On Cupid's kitchen spit,
Methought he stole thy heart away,
And stuck it next to it.

Methought thy heart began to melt,
And mine to gravy run,
Till both a glow congenial felt,
And melted into one.

He who is an Ass, and takes himself to be a Stag, when he comes to leap the ditch will find his mistake.

'When taken to be well shaken,' as the dog said when he caught a rat.

Pay the Printer.