

# THE



# RASP.

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

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## TERMS.

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From the Lincolnton Republican.

## TRIAL OF MARY HINKLE.

On Saturday last, Mary Hinkle was brought to the bar of the Superior Court, then sitting at this place, on a charge of murder. The prisoner on her arraignment, had pleaded 'not guilty,' and she was, on the day above mentioned, brought into court for trial. The arrangement of her dress, was neat; and her appearance was not unprepossessing; though at times during the trial, she evinced a degree of feeling which showed that in former days she had studied but little, the art of controlling her passions. One occasion in particular, when a witness for the State was giving in his testimony, which was in relation to the conduct of the prisoner towards the deceased a few weeks previous to the death of the latter, she rose from her seat, and directing her eyes, naturally bright and piercing, at the witness, she gave manifest symptoms, that the emotions within her were with no little exertion restrained from breaking forth. If we read her thoughts aright, she said in her looks, 'young man, were I at liberty you would not dare to utter what you have said.' She appears to be between thirty and forty years of age, and is, we understand, a native of South Carolina.

The State closed its testimony at about one o'clock—no witnesses were introduced on the part of the prisoner. She was defended by Messrs. Hoke, Osborne, Williamson and Lander.

The Jury retired, after a very able, lucid and impartial charge from His Honor, Judge Pearson, they returned again to the Court House for some further instructions from the Court, and once more retired, and after deliberating between two and three hours, came into court and rendered a verdict of guilty of murder in the first degree, against the prisoner.

At about nine o'clock, the prisoner was again brought into Court to receive the sentence of the law; when several attempts for a new trial, and also in arrest of judgment, were made by her counsel, all of which were overruled by the Court. Upon the prisoner being asked what she had to say why sentence of death should not be pronounced against her, she rose from her seat, and said in an audible but somewhat faltering voice: 'Before God and man, I declare I am guiltless of the charge.'

The counsel for the prisoner then read the certificate of three physicians, who had been appointed to examine into the condition of the prisoner, as regarded her peculiar situation; and thereupon craved a respite from the sentence of the law. No sentence was passed by the Court—the prisoner was remanded to the county jail, there to remain, until the next Superior Court of law is held at this place, when sentence of death will be again prayed against her.

The deceased was an aged negro slave, the property of the prisoner's husband.

FORENSIC ELOQUENCE.—'May it please the court, and gentlemen of the jury: We shall attempt to prove first, that my client's hog did not commit any depredations on the complainant's fence: 2d, that the hog broke only three pickets instead of six, as set forth in the indictment; and 3d, that my client has no hog, nor never had.'

THE HOOSIER AND THE YANKEE.—'Wal now, stranger,' said the Yankee, 'suppose you tell us about your own country; you're the only man I ever seen from west, that did'nt die of fever n' agur.'

'Well, old Yankee, I'll just tell you all about it. If a farmer in our country plants his ground with corn and takes first rate care on it, he'll git a hundred bushels to the acre; if he takes middlin' care of it he'll git seventy five bushels to the acre; and if he don't plant at all, he'll git fifty.'

The beets grow so large that it takes three yoke of oxen to pull a full sized one; and then it leaves a hole so large, that I once knew a family of five children, who all tumbled in a beet hole once before it got filled up, and the earth caved in upon them and they all perished.

The trees grow so large that I once knew a man, who commenced cutting one down, and when he had cut away on one side for about ten days, he thought he'd just take a look round the tree; and when he got round on t'other side he found a man there who had been cutting at it for three weeks—and they never heard one another's axes.

I have heard tell, yet somewhat doubt that story, that the Ohio parsnips have sometimes grown clean through the earth, and have been pulled through by the people on t'other side.

'Wal now, says the yankee, 'I rather guess as how you've told enough, stranger, for the present. How'd you like to trade for some clocks to sell out west?'

'Never use 'em—we keep time altogether with pumpkin vines. You know they grow just five feet an hour, and that's an inch a minute. Dont use clocks at all. Its no use, old Yankee, we can't trade no how.'

The yankee gave up beat, and suddenly cut out.

The woman who regularly reads the newspaper, will be so much the more suitable a companion for the well informed husband, and exert far more influence in the family than she otherwise could.

## HOLE IN THE STOCKING.

How queerly does a fellow feel,  
A walking in the street,  
When he's aware his stocking heel  
Makes visible his feet.

He knows the females, as they walk  
Before him and behind,  
Of his deficiency will talk—  
For they are never blind.

He fancies he can hear them say,  
'That is a curious chap,  
To curl his hair and dress so gay,  
With such a stocking gap.'

He lifts his foot up awkwardly,  
And puts it down again,  
And tries to pass, that none may see,  
But labors all in vain.

He fancies, too, a thousand girls  
To see his heel are flocking;  
O, who can tell the horrors of  
A single holy stocking.

SCRUPULOUS INDEED.—We hear of a man in Boston, who is so overly pious, that he stops his clock every Saturday night to prevent its breaking the Sabbath, but he is not heavenly disposed at all, and has no respect for the Sabbath whatever, comparatively speaking. We know a man in South Carolina, who never will beat cider on Saturday, for fear it might work on the Sabbath.—*Sandersville Telescope.*

It is not the noisiest people who are the most pious.

A country school.—'Bible dictionary class come up,' said our schoolmaster.

'Who was Lot's wife?'

'The pillow of salt, wot Moses laid his head on when he went up to Mount Sinai to offer his son Isaac up cos he had no sheep but himself, to do likewise.'

What is said about Jonah?'

Jonah swallowed up a whale, and was vom-ycked up the third day with a passel of gourd seed, which he gave to the Queen of Sheba for mendin' his trousers, which he bust in strain-in' to get out of the lions den, where Daniel had been eatin' Pulse and Pease's candy.

An Irish Address.—The following is an address delivered by the manager of a small theatre in Ireland; there were only three persons in the house: 'Ladies and Gentlemen, as there is no body here, I'll dismiss you all: the performance of this night will not be performed, but the performances of this night will be repeated to-morrow evening.'

The Boonslick Times enumerates the following as one of the things he don't like to see: 'A man taking a paper so long without paying that he forgets how his account stands, and then disputes it.'

At a town in France, an old countryman lay on his death bed. His son went to get the clergyman, and stood knocking softly at his door for three hours. 'Why did'nt you knock louder?' said the clergyman. 'I was afraid of waking you,' said the clown. 'Well, what is the matter?' 'I left my father dying, sir!' 'So! so! he must be dead then, by this time?' 'Oh, no! sir,' returned the other, 'neighbor Peter said he would amuse him till I came back!'

## SEWED UP.

As one of our delegates to Cold Spring was relating his experience last week, a rum-seller in the crowd asked the speaker if he intended to starve him out?

'Why,' replied the Washingtonian, 'I would rather starve you out than hundreds of women and children; but no man need starve in this world unless he is too lazy to work, or drinks rum. When I can't get nothing else to do I go to sawing wood.'

'Well,' said the rum-seller, 'You'd better go back to New York and saw wood.'

'Not till I get all your customers away,' replied the Washingtonian.

'Well, then I can go to the poor-house,' said the dealer in evil spirits.

'You'll be there alone, then,' retorted the teetotaler; 'for all the old rummers are becoming sober men, and there will be none to keep your company.'

At this time up jumped a lady in the crowd, and looking at the rum-seller, exclaimed—'You'd better go to New York and saw wood too.'

This silenced him.

The next morning one of his neighbors went into his shop, and said—'Mr. — you got pretty considerable wound up last night, didn't you?'

'Yes,' was the reply, 'wound up and sewed up too. I didn't care about what the lecturer said, if the women had only let me alone.'

Organ.

Derision.—Insult not misery, neither deride infirmity, nor ridicule deformity; the first shows inhumanity; the second, folly; and the third, pride. He that made him miserable, made thee happy to lament him; he that made him deformed if he has made thee otherwise, do not show thy ingratitude to thy great Creator by despising any of his creatures.

Wealth, in this country, may be traced back to industry and frugality; and the paths which lead to it are open to all.

## TO THE LADIES.

### How to choose a good Husband.

When you see a young man of modest, respectful, retiring manners, not given to pride, to vanity, or flattery, he will make a good husband—for he will be the same 'kind man' towards his wife after marriage, that he was before it.

When you see a young man of frugal and industrious habits, no 'fortune hunter,' but would take a wife for the value of herself, that man will make a good husband; for his affection will not decrease, neither will he bring himself nor his wife to poverty or want.

When you see a young man whose manners are of a boisterous character, with brass enough to carry him anywhere, and vanity enough to make him think every one inferior to himself; don't marry him, girls, he will not make a good husband.

When you see a young man using his best endeavors to raise himself from obscurity to credit by his own industry, marry him, he will make a good husband, and one worth having.

When you see a young man depending solely for his reputation and standing in society upon the wealth of his rich father or relative, don't marry him, for goodness' sake; he will not make a good husband.

When you see a young man always employed in adorning his person, or riding through the streets in gigs: who leaves his debts unpaid, although frequently demanded of him; never do you marry him, for in every respect he will make a bad husband.

When you see a young man who never engages in affrays or quarrels by day, nor follies by night, and whose dark blank deeds are not of so mean a character as to make him wish to conceal his name; who does not keep low company, nor break the Sabbath, nor use profane language; but whose face is seen regularly at church, where he ought to be, he will certainly make a good and faithful husband.

When a young man who is below you in wealth, offers to marry you, don't deem it a disgrace, but look into his character; and if you find it corresponds with these directions, take him, and you will get a good husband.

Never make money an object of marriage; for if you do, depend upon it as a balance to good, you will get a bad husband.

When you see a young man who is attentive and kind to his sisters or aged mother, who is not ashamed to be seen in the streets with the woman who gave him birth and nursed him, supporting her weak and tottering frame upon his arm; who will attend to all her little wants with filial affection, love and tenderness; take him, girls, you that can get him, no matter what his circumstances in life, he is truly worth the winning and having, and will with certainty make a good husband.

When a young man is known to visit taverns and ale-houses, or use strong drink, even in the smallest degree, girls do not marry him; for if you do, you will come to poverty and rags.

Lastly: Always examine into character, conduct, and motives; and when you find these good in a young man, then you may be sure he will make a good husband.

Why does a portrait painter resemble a clown? Because they both gain a living by making faces.

'Confoundedly long winded,' said a man last Thursday, when his hat blew off and led him a chase of a hundred rods to recover it.

A Beautiful Coat.—'That is a beautiful coat you have on,' said one gentleman to another, 'where does your tailor live?'

'On the skirts of the town,' was the reply.