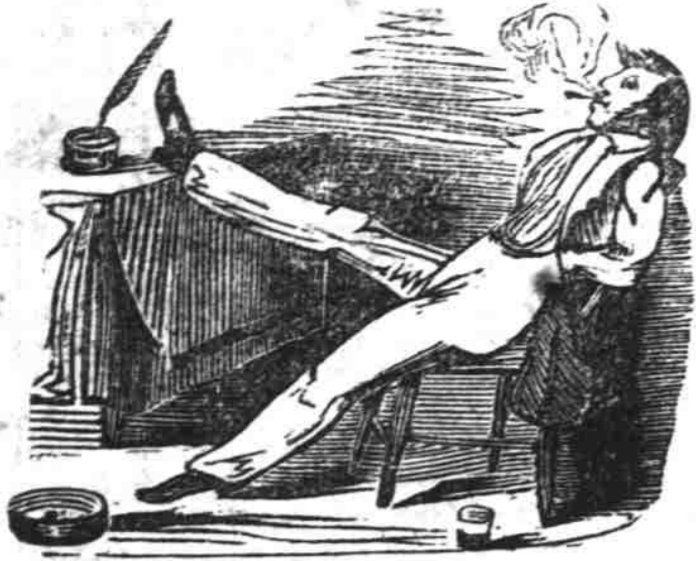


## THE RASP.



RALEIGH, MARCH 25.

ALL Letters to the Editors must come FREE of POSTAGE.

Mr. JAMES S. STILES, is our authorised Travelling Agent, for this State, to receive subscribers and give receipts.

We do not know, personally, the ninnyhammer of the *Shultzville Journal*; but, enough is to be gleaned from his sheet of the 10th inst. to convince us of his stupidity and the world of his blackguardism. In attempting to be witty at the expense of others, ourselves among the number, he displays in bold relief, his own contemptible character, without even scathing those against whom, he levels his battery of vulgar railery. His fustian on paper, sounds so much like the gasconade of a street loafer, that we know of no epithet suitable for him. As to "rustling out change" for any story 'he' can write, it is idle for us to think about it. If HE can write his name, it is more than would be expected from the *composition* he has dedicated to us.

### GO IT LITTLE 'UN.

A chap about eight years old lately stepped into one of our oyster houses, chewing his quid like an old tar, and squirting his tobacco juice in every direction. Strutting up to a table where a gentleman was indulging in a dish of boiled eggs, he said, "stranger, I'll take a little of that salt." "What do you want with it?" enquired the gentleman. "To eat with one of your eggs." "Well, my little chap, who's your father?" "My father! why he is the greatest man in the county; he can whip all the bullies, and mamma can lick him just as slick as that," said the chap, who suiting the action to the word, gulped down the gentleman's glass of beer. His mamma knew he was out. No danger of his starving in a *free* country. This is the boy who stopped at our office door and called out to Zeke: "Mister, can't you give me a drink of water? I am so hungry, I dont just know where I shall sleep to-night!"

### DEEDS OF CHARITY.

There is no cloak under which a hypocrite may pass unscathed with better success than the cloak of *Charity*. Charity, we are told by divines, is one of the great ingredients that constitute religion; hence it is, that the man, who, for the sake of popularity, practices charity to such an extent. In our devoted City, there are a great many of the charitable order, who believe it an honor to do good, by giving unto the poor, but as to paying their honest debts, they are strangers. What think you of the conduct of that man, who will neglect his home and leave his domestic concerns to suffer, in order to practice the game of charity abroad? "Charity should first begin at home," and then after the wants of your family are all supplied, if there be any thing surplus, it will appear good in the sight of the Lord, to give it to the poor.

QUERE? How long, and will that destitute woman, living on *gallows hill*, want another load of wood?

We have had some beautiful nights, during the present and past weeks; and we have heard some excellent serenade music.—The music on Friday night of last week, was first rate. Our young men know how to appreciate a pleasant season, and there is nothing more charming to the fair sex, than to be aroused from their midnight slumbers, by the soft notes of the German Flute, and the *screaking* of some well tuned violin!! [We've just made bad, worse!]

No Go!—The man of the *Rasp*, at Raleigh, N. C., challenges us to an argument about the greatest morality and so forth, of his town and our place.

We knocks under to him in that particular. Raleigh can rally more temperate and good folks than Hamburg, beyond a doubt—no dispute. So we does'nt bite at that bate, friend Whitaker. Go it on the egg or owl line, and we'll be into you right off!

Hamburg Journal.

That's what we would call an acknowledgment of incompetency. We expected from the tone of your "bate" paper on former occasions, that you were fish enough to catch at any *bait*, even if it had been a pin hook baited with a *grub worm*. Well, if you can't, we must excuse you, provided, you promise to let the hen's nest keep their own. But, friend Yarborough, as you took us to task not long since, for the appearance of a typographical error in our columns, allow us to ask you, if the word 'bate' don't mean, according to Walker, 'to lessen, retrench, sink the price, remit.' Now, if you "does'nt" feel bad, then we give you over as a child lost to all sensibility.

### THE RASP WONDERS

If a certain benevolent man continues to furnish the destitute female on *gallows hill* with wood—and if he is good enough to have it cut up.

Whether the stinking fish have been taken out of a certain grocer's cellar.

If Hard Scrabble has'nt become a remarkable place.

Why Mr. Blusterer dont write a speech of some sense and commit it to memory, and quit his attempts at extemporising.

What two young men those were, who extended their walk beyond Mount Misery last Sabbath.

If it is lawful for any person to erect a Shuffle Board within the corporated limits of the City.

### A LOVE-LETTER.

The following letter was handed to us by a gentleman, who says that it is a true copy of the original. Be that as it may, when we read the precious billet deux, we wept like a Goliath when Sampson talked of cow-hiding him. If there is a young man who can read it without doing likewise, let him come to us, and we'll throw in his eyes a handfull of red pepper.

this September the 1849.  
North Carolina

My Dear Sir I can in form you on thhe first we cold not Read your Letter but we understand A Little of it so we Must Rite from the few words that I under stand And some that I O to you, Deer Belove I can inform you that I Red your Letter with Joy deer belove I am at a Lost to Rite to you With out I cold of under stood the Hole of your letter but I will rite to you that i do love you better than I ever did der belove My tong can not Exspres the love I O to you. deer belove you Rote to Me that wold ful fill your promis, deer belove I wont you to Come down and see Me as sune as you Can for I cannot Rite to you haf as good as I cold tork to you.

Deer Belove I call you deer belove Bekaus I love you Sore good deer belove I do not want you to De Ceave me if you do it will Near about Brek my hart

And so may God Bless you.

Dier belove I am not A sham for I love you So Well I dont uo When to Stop Riting To you deer belove you sed something a bout my sister gitting mared but when she get mared you shall no it, But that is all a folly deer belove I love you so well that I cannot sleep for thinkin of you of a night when this you see remember me tho many miles We disdunt be. And deer belove I drema bout you every nite of my life and I dont want you to deceave me if you please so God bless you,

Notice Been—there is one thing I had for getting that is xkuse my bad Rite ing.

We would direct the attention of the reader to the advertisement of the "Lady's World of Fashion." We have not seen a No. of the work yet, but those of our brethren who have, speak in glowing terms of its worth.

The editors will please send us the March No. of the work.

We would also call attention to 'Nichols' Weekly Arena.'

We must decline the publication of the Machine Poetry from Newbern.

We have received in the file of our exchange papers, a spirited little paper from Raleigh, N. C. called the *Rasp*. It has about the *keenest edge* of any paper we have lately seen.  
Selma Ala. Free Press.

The woman who was burned in Pittsburgh by her husband, has since died. He has been committed to prison to await his trial for murder.

The press of matter this week, has crowded Uncle Hal out until our next.

"I'm even *mity-er* than Sampson," as the man said when he stuffed a chunk of *animal-ed* cheese in his mouth.

The lobster-jawed looking chap, living at No. —, main street, never borrowed a newspaper from his neighbor—no, never. He's a soft one.



'We're growing old,' as the beau said to his betrothed, after a courtship of twenty years.

There is a man in this city who is so far gone that his own wife can't see him.

'What assurance,' said a lady yesterday to a nurse, who was slapping her child. 'Yes, madam,' said the nurse, (who goes to the theatre sometimes,) 'I am like Lady Gay Spanker about now.'

'Grand ma,' said a little girl with rosy cheeks to an elderly dame, 'what makes it thunder and lighten?' 'Well, my darlin', I 'spect the light from the blessed sun gits lodged in the clouds, and when a snag on't gits together, it gits afire and busts. The streaks that fly out is the lightning, and the bustin' is the thunder.'

The editor of the Boston Post says, he don't know why ladies wear false bosoms, unless it is to cheat the children—poor things.

Why is a drunken fellow supporting himself against the wall of a house like the law for the protection of carpenters and masous? Because he is a *lean* on the building.

'Well, my dear, what is it?' 'Didn't you tell me this world was round?' 'Yes.' 'Then I'd like to know how it can come to an end.' 'My child, how often must I tell you not to talk when you are eating?'

There is a shoemaker's sign in New York, bearing the following inscription:—"Second handed boots made and repaired."

Why, upon the spirit of retaliation, should you pick the pockets of a man who has paintings for sale? Because he has *pictures*, (picked yours!)

'Bobby, what is steam?' 'Boiling water.'—'That's right; compare it.' 'Positive, boil; comparative, boiler; superlative, burst.'

'Dick, when does a man feel like a monarch?' 'Like a monarch?' 'Yes, a monarch.' (Dick scratched his head.) 'When he's *a-ching*, (a king,) you gudgeon.'

A Judge once said in a court of law, 'Keep silence there! it is very strange one cannot have silence! Here we have been deciding God knows how many cases, and have not heard one word of them.'

'Why don't you hit one of your own size?' as the tennenny nail said to the sledge hammer.

'You're too hard upon me,' as the corn said to the tight boot.

'Come in out of the wet,' as the shark said when he swallowed the nigger boy.

Which are the worst of all waiters? Hag-gra-waiters, (aggravators.)

Why is a man cogitating mischief like the devil when half starved! Because he's a thinking of evil.

'You are a great deal too fast,' as the stage coach said to the steam engine.

"And that it (Raleigh) contains some of the prettiest *misses*, is a fact that we can establish by making an appeal to brother Wiley of the *Oxford Mercury*.—*Rasp*.

You are at liberty to bring us to the witness stand at any time. We can really swear [and we have some experience in these matters] that to the best of our knowledge and belief, there are some as handsome, sweet, amiable and intelligent ladies in the 'City of Oaks' as are to be found any where; and we further depose that the aforesaid ladies have made a deep impression on our—*hearts*, and the image of their sweet faces is engraven on our memory in fadeless hues. It may perhaps, be considered a weakness in us to be too fond an admirer of beauty; for our own part we think differently and we can, when called on, demonstrate, to the satisfaction of any intelligent man, that he who has no relish for the enjoyment of female society,

"Is ready for treason, stratagems and spoils. The motions of his soul are dull as night And his affections dark as Erebus."

Our chief happiness consists in the contemplation of beauty; at the head of all beautiful objects, the ladies shine forth incomparable and pre-eminent, and at the head of the ladies are ranked the fair daughters of Carolina, and chief among these are the sweet girls of Granville and Raleigh. God knows we love them, and we intend to tell them so. We will do it by word of mouth in Raleigh some of these times.  
Oxford Mercury.

The Christmas Bonnets.—A city maid-of-all work, having bought a new bonnete with her 'Christmas boxes,' resolved to wear the same on her next 'Sunday out,' and asked the servant next door to accompany her, as some protection from persons in the street, who invariably noticed any new gear she chanced to wear. Accordingly, the two girls set out for St. Paul's, where, chancing to enter at the moment the choir were singing the Hallelujah chorus, the girl in the new bonnet darted out of the church, crying to her friend: 'I told you how it would be—they were all crying out to me 'hardly knew you!' (Hallelujah!) 'hardly knew you!' (Hallelujah!)

'You don't pass here,' as the counter said to the bad shilling.

'Pitt's full,' as the Earl of Chatham said after dinner.

'Your pen wants mending,' as the shepherd said to the stray sheep.

### MARRIED

In Christ Church, in this City, on Tuesday morning last, by the Rev. R. S. Mason, D. D. Peter Hines, Esq. of Edgecomb, to Miss Emma J. Snow.

In this county, on Wednesday evening last, 16th inst. by Thomas Hicks, Esq. Mr. John Gill to Miss Sarah Hicks, daughter of John Hicks, Esq.

In Wake county on Thursday the 17th inst. by the Rev. P. W. Dowd, Mr. John Stuart to Miss Martha M. Brown, daughter of Henry Brown, Esq.

### POSTSCRIPT.



Edward D. Martin, who was convicted of Murder, at the late term of Richmond Superior Court, escaped from the County jail, in Rockingham, on the night of the 19th inst.—Gov. Morehead has issued his proclamation, offering a reward of \$200 for his apprehension.

### A. NICHOLSON,

ARCHITECT AND HOUSE CARPENTER,  
RALEIGH, N. C.

OFFERS his services to the Citizens of Raleigh, and the surrounding Country, on terms, to correspond with the hardness of the times. He flatters himself, that, in every branch of his business, he will be enabled to give entire satisfaction.

March 25, 1842.

9—1f.

NOTICE.—The subscriber would respectfully inform the citizens of Raleigh, that he has taken a room in the two-story house on the corner west of the Bank of the State, where he is prepared to make and repair coarse shoes on the most liberal terms.

WM. D. PATTERSON.

Raleigh, March 25.

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