



There is said to be a county in Virginia so poor that twenty farmers have to join milks to make porridge, which is then so thin that nothing but pigs can see it.

The Abbe Malot, expressing a doubt to Richelieu how many masses would save a soul, the cardinal said—"Pooh! you're a blockhead! as many as it would take snowballs to heat an oven."

The manners of a man are the mirror which reflects his disposition and the feelings of his mind. Savvity of manners always gains friends—moroseness engenders enmity. An affable address of course always pleases; but a surly response creates a prejudice and a dislike which years cannot dissipate.

'A little learning is a dangerous thing,' as the schoolboy blubbered when he received severe corporeal punishment for inattention to his lesson.

'You're ingrain,' remarked a miller to a heap of wheat. And 'you're a flowery subject,' was the prompt reply.

'Ours is a hard case,' as the mainspring said to the balance wheel, when for the first time they were enclosed in *pinchbeck*.

'In union there is strength,' as the cayenne said to the black pepper box.

'This caps the climax,' as the loafer said the first time in his life he put on a new hat.

There is man in this city, whose angle of vision is so very oblique, that he cannot see straight-forward without looking round a corner.

And a man in our neighborhood, whose ears are so long, that he uses them in hot weather to fan himself.

We once saw a mechanic, whose nose was so long and sharp, that he used it as a picklock.

'I bet you,' said Spear to Bamboozle, that you can't guess this. Why is Dickens like a convicted traitor? Ah! I see you give it up; because he has been *drawn* and *quartered*.

A man being asked if he would like to live forever, replied, 'that considering the state of the times, and the weakness of the government he would not care about living more than half of it.'

'Deeper and deeper still,' as the man said when he fell into the quagmire.

'What are you crying for?' asked Trap of a miser, who had witnessed an execution lately.

'That's one of my *suspended debts*,' replied the man. 'That fellow you see with his neck broke, owed me fifty dollars.'

There is a girl down *East*, who sings so sweetly that her mouth has been taken for a sugar plantation.

The Highland Democrat has a bit in its poetical corner, headed 'She is dressed for the Bridle.' Of course, then, she had on her harness. That's hooked.

It is believed by some that the 'fowl fiend Fibbertigibbet,' spoken of by Shakespeare, was a certain demon who stole poultry and other chickens.

We know a man who declares that he knows that his nose knows more than his neighbor's nose knows.

Man never becomes a member of society until he is married; unmarried, he is looked upon with distrust. He has no home, no abiding place, no anchor to hold him fast, but is a piece of float wood on the great tide of time. His interest is not with society, farther than the accomplishment of some selfish object is concerned.

He who triumphs over a woman, would over a man, if he durst. He only proves by doing so that he is both a fool and a coward.

### CHAPTER ON RIDDLES.

(WRITTEN FOR THE RASP.)

Finding out riddles, is the same kind of exercise to the mind, which running, leaping and wrestling, are to the body. They are of no use in themselves—they are not work, but mere play, they prepare the body, and make it alert and active for any thing it may be called to perform, especially if they are good, give quickness of thoughts, and a facility of turning about a problem every way, and viewing it in every possible light. When Archimedes, coming out of the bath, cried in transports, 'eureka!' (I have found it!) he had been exercising his mind precisely in the same manner as you would do when you are searching about for the solution of a riddle. Riddles are of high antiquity, and were the employment of grave men formerly. The first riddle that we have on record, was proposed by Sampson, at a wedding feast to the young men of the Philistines, who were invited upon the occasion.—The feast lasted seven days, and if they found it out within the seven days, Sampson was to give them thirty suits of clothes, and thirty sheets; if they could not guess, they were to forfeit the same to him. The riddle was, 'out of the eater came forth meat, and out of the strong came forth sweetness.' He had killed a lion, and left its carcass: on returning soon after, he found that a swarm of bees had made use of the skeleton as a hive, and it was full of honey comb. Struck with the oddness of the circumstance, he made a riddle of it. They puzzled about it the whole seven days, and would not have found it out, if his wife had not told them.

The Sphinx was a great riddle maker. According to the fable, she was half woman and half lion. She lived near Thebes, and to every body that came, she proposed a riddle, and if they did not find it out, she devoured them.—At length Edipus came, and she asked him, 'what is that animal which walks on four legs in the morning, two at noon, and three at night?' Edipus answered, 'Man.' In childhood, which is in the morning of life, he crawls on his hands and feet; in middle age, which is noon, he walks on two; in old age he leans on a crutch, which serves as a supplementary third foot.

The famous wise men of Greece did not disdain to send puzzles to each other. They were also fond of riddles in the East. There is a pretty one in some of their tales, viz: 'What is that tree which has twelve branches, and each branch thirty leaves, which are all black on the one side, and white on the other?' The tree is the year; the branches the months; the leaves black on one side and white on the other, signify day and night.

Our Anglo Saxon ancestors had riddles also, some of which are still preserved in a very ancient manuscript.

A riddle is the description of a thing without the name; but as it is meant to puzzle, it appears to belong to something else than what it really does, and often seems contradictory; but when you have guessed it, it appears very clear. A riddle is not verbal, as charades, conundrums and rebuses; it may be translated into any language, which the others cannot.—Addison would put them all in the class of false wit, but Swift, who was a great genius, highly amused himself by making all sorts of puzzles; and therefore think you will not be ashamed of reading them. It would be pretty entertainment for our young ladies and gentlemen, occasionally to make a collection of the best ones, for many are so dull that they are not worth spending time about. Let our young friends in their leisure moments, make an attempt, and thus puzzle their companions by giving them suitable riddles, but never to tell them, until they have guessed them.

F. A. K.—n.

Salem, Stokes County.

(Written for the Rasp.)

### TO MEDDLERS.

'Tis almost impossible for the mind of man to conceive, or arrive at any conclusion, with what bitter contempt these hangers-on to society should be treated. A meddler! what name more base! what more vile, more worthless to the good morals of a community, than to be forever troubled with the *wily gab* of such as make it their business to loaf about the streets, in order that may find out something new to

pop into the ear of the first passer-by! Oh! with what repugnance should the calumniating meddler be looked upon! But, is this community free from all such? Alas! no. I, myself, know many, and were I disposed, could hold up to your view, a picture that would shock humanity. But suffice it, that I know a young man who has felt, and bitterly felt, the evil effects of these pests upon society, these demons in human shape, one on whom falsehood and calumny have been heaped with a malignity and baseness that passes all human understanding—on whom the shafts of their venom and their spleen have fallen with, alas, too unerring an aim; and that how those who, although they are possessed with an abundance of worldly goods, are no more to be compared with the object of their dislike, in honesty and gentility; than are the habits of the Condor, forever soaring above the peaks of the lofty Andes, to be compared with those of the Storm Petrel, forever hovering near the surface of the element on which it lives and broods; both are men, but what is the difference, the one is the noblest, the other the lowest of the human species. I will give you something more of this anon, but before I close, I would remind these officious meddlers that,

'The Jewel, best enamelled,  
Will lose its beauty; and tho' gold hides still,  
That others touch, yet often touching will  
Wear gold; and so no man, that hath a name,  
But falsehood and corruption doth it shame.'

SOTO.

For the Rasp.

### REFLECTIONS ON A RAINY SABBATH.

'Tis Sunday morn! All nature is clad in the beautiful habiliments of Spring. Yet, the sad silence of the warbler of the grove, betoken the absence of the Sun. The very heavens seem hung with heavy draperies of deep mourning. Steady showers are distilling from the skies, and where the water falls first upon the thick foliage of the trees, it causes their boughs to droop and bend, shedding as it were, large tears on the earth, which has already been drenched, until it can swallow no more. But it remains upon the surface, like the big tear of sympathy sent from the noble heart, begotten by kindred feelings. It fills the eye to the brim, but unlike other tears, it does not immediately fall, but remains until the eyes seem to enlarge themselves for its accommodation, gaining from it new softness, it becomes contagious—the smile has left the lip. No contemptuous curve can be seen there, but they are drawn more closely together, and pressed to hide the quiver which may be seen despite the effort to conceal it. The whole system is affected; the head descends from its lofty bearing, and is drawn towards the heart that produced the revolution in the feelings. His frame trembles, his bosom heaves with pity; his heart has swollen to its fullest extent—its language is, 'Can I soothe the pain? can I pluck the sting—can I avert the impending danger—can I do any thing to alleviate the sufferings of my fellow mortals, and make them wiser, better, or happier in this world, and better prepared for the next?' In such a state of mind, and when thinking, feeling and acting under the impulse of such emotions, a man may be truly said to resemble his Savior. JUDAS.

Warrenton, April 17.

'If you know'd who was near you, you would change your tune,' as the hawk remarked to himself, with a cheerful chuckle, when he heard Robin Redbreast singing round the corner.

*Don't you do it.*—When a petulant individual observes to you, 'You'd better eat me up, hadn't you?'—don't you do it.

When a clique of warm friends want you to start a paper to forward a particular set of views, and promising you large quantities of fortune and fame to be gained in the undertaking—don't you do it.

*A Pair of them.*—There is a man in Pleasant street, Boston, so sharp that he has only to lather himself and look in the glass—he never needs a razor to shave with. And another so dull that his wife has to strap him every morning.

*A dig-nified occupation.*—hoe-ing potatoes.

### INQUISITIVENESS.

A well known civic wag, at a late period of political excitement, maintained a defensive colloquy with a rustic inquisitive, which could hardly have been excelled by any Transatlantic performer. In travelling post, he was obliged to stop at a village to replace a horse's shoe, when the Paul Pry of the place bustled up to the carriage window, and, without waiting for the ceremony of introduction, exclaimed—'Good morning, sir—horse cast a shoe, I see—I suppose sir, you be going to—'

Here he paused, expecting the name of the place to be supplied; but the citizen answered, 'You are quite right, sir; I generally go there at this season.'

'Ay—hum—do ye? and no doubt you be come now from—'

'Right again sir; I live there.'

'Oh, ay, do ye? But I see it be a London shay? Pray, sir, is there anything stirring in London?'

'Yes; plenty of other chaises, and carriages of all sorts.'

'Ay, ay, of course; but what de folks say?'

'Their prayers every Sunday.'

'That is not what I mean; I wish to know whether there is any thing new and fresh?'

'Yes, bread and herrings.'

'Anan! you be a queer chap. Pray, Muster, may I ask your name?'

'Fools and clowns call me 'muster,' but I am, in reality, one of the frogs of Aristophanes, and my genuine name is Brekekekex Koax.—Drive on postilion.'

The spring election is close by, and the spouters on both sides are sucking Pease's candy and Sherman's lozenges to get their lungs in order. Here is a sample of a speech—it answers as well for one party as the other:

'Mr. Chairman, if John Smith and John Jones, our candidates for constables, are not elected, the whole country is in danger, (cheers.) Yes, fellow citizens, I say it solemnly, the whole country is lost. Who is John Smith? a patriot, gentlemen, a patriot. He had a finger bit off in the last election, fighting for our party, (cheers.) besides losing his coattails and two shillings in pennies. John Jones is equally deserving support; he can play dominos like a knife, and bring up fifty voters. Fellow citizens, I go for Smith and Jones—Jones and Smith entirely to the death; you do the same, and future generations will bless you.' The orator descends amidst immense cheering for Smith and Jones.

'A tight fit,' as the frog said when he stuck fast in the snake's throat.

*The Lady and her Muff.*—A few evenings ago, a well dressed female carrying a muff, entered a grocer's shop in Mytongate, and asked for two pounds of the best tea. She was immediately furnished with it, and placing the parcel in her muff, appeared as if she was going to pay, when suddenly recollecting herself, she said she had to go a short distance further up the street, and would leave it till she returned. She then took a parcel from her muff of the same size as that which contained the tea; wrapped in a paper bearing the name of the shopkeeper, and in every respect so closely resembling the genuine one, that no suspicion was entertained of a trick. As, however, she did not return, it was thought advisable to restore the tea to the canister from which it had been taken; and, in doing this, it was discovered that the parcel left was filled with saw-dust.—*Hull Rockingham.*

*Effects of 'Schnapps.'*—Deacon Pequirk, a staunch temperance man, having accidentally swallowed a rousing tumbler of gin the other day, was asked how he felt after it.

'How did I feel?' said he. 'Why I felt as if I were sitting on the roof of our meeting house, and every shingle was a jewsharp.'

*Not True.*—The report that government had employed a pack of wolves to chase the post-boys in Wisconsin, for the purpose of expediting the mails.

A political editor calls a cotemporary a soap boiler. The other retorted by denying the charge; but adds, that it is well known to the community that his opponent keeps a lie factory.