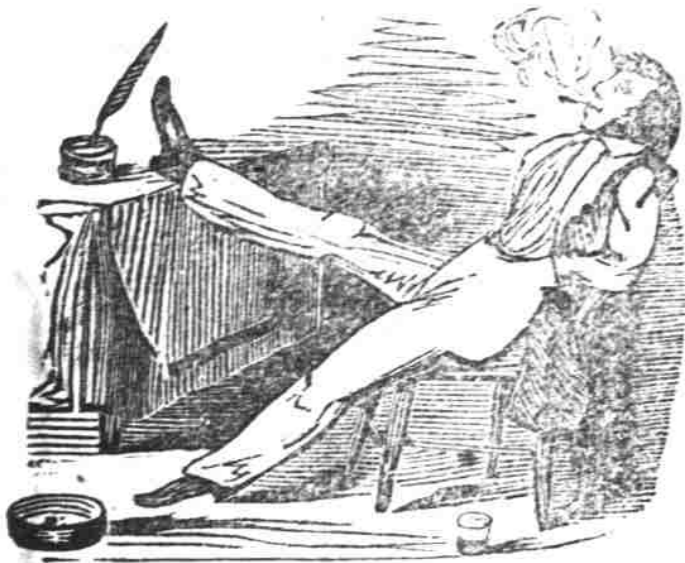


THE RASP.



RALEIGH, APRIL 30.

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.

GREAT EXCITEMENT.

Our City was thrown into an excitement, last Saturday, by the arrival of the notorious Lunsford Lane, who, by the Laws of our State was compelled to leave North Carolina, about 12 months ago. Since leaving our State, he has been lecturing on abolition in the Northern States. In his lectures, he would describe the condition of the slaves in the South, how bad they were treated by their masters, and what a life of wretchedness they lived. In many instances, he would even give the names of some of our slaveholders, whom he called tyrants. After all this, he found a friend in our city, to shelter and protect him. Great God! is the South asleep, while the enemy is stalking through our country, with the knife grasped, waiting an opportunity to cut our throats from ear to ear, and seize our fair daughters, as booty for their bloody deeds!! Will the Old North State—can she remain mute, while her delightful City of Oaks is made the harbor of fanatics, who would see every white infant beheaded, and rejoice in seeing abolitionism established? Our blood boils at the thought, that one, who is a well known fanatic, and an enemy to our institutions, should be suffered to plant his footsteps on a southern soil!

We do not wish to cast any reflections upon those, who are placed in authority, but it does seem to us, that there was a great unconcern exhibited in arresting Lane; in fact, no proceedings, lawfully, were taken against him.—He was taken by the hand by a few, when public indignation began to wax warm, who said they would protect and defend him. We make this exposition fearlessly, and can bring hundreds to sustain and bear us out, in the twinkling of an eye.

Since writing the above, intelligence has reached us, that Lane was arrested on Monday night, by a company of 75 or more men, and borne off to a secluded spot, where a coat of tar and feathers was administered to his naked skin; after which, Ostrich-like, he was suffered to wend his way to the hospitable roof of his sapient protector. While we deprecate any and every move, tending to mob law, yet, we cannot express any regret, that such a mob has occurred in our City, for the law would not punish him for insulting the dignity of the State by coming in it. In fact, when a community is insulted, as Raleigh has recently been, we always feel proud to learn, that their spirit of patriotism is sufficiently aroused, to avenge their wrongs, even should it be at the point of the bayonet! We do hope, however, that there will never be cause again, for such proceedings in this our peaceful City. And, if there should be, we should feel sorry to hear any man, who professes Southern principles, declare himself the friend of the aggressor.

The Pittsburgh Chronicle, of the 21st inst., in copying some of our original articles, has neglected to give the proper credit. We "haul" you over the coals, because you took occasion to "rap our knuckles," a short time ago, for "doing that same," when we were innocent of the allegation.

Hon. J. Lawrence, a Representative in Congress from Pennsylvania, died in Washington City, on the 18th inst.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

The Raleigh District, is going ahead rapidly, in building school houses. The Eastern Ward, will bear off the prize, in the way of liberality. Her school house is nearly finished.

The Western Ward, we are sorry to say, has fallen into one of old Rip's lethargy's.—Her superintendents have purchased an old shanty in a remote corner of the city, where, we fear, it will be difficult to get a school. We did hope that they would have acted as we of the East, (built a house,) and by so doing, afford employment for the honest mechanic, a large number of whom, are now out of employment in our city. But, "egad! so the world wags."

Stop! don't put down the paper, but go, like a friend to the printer, and subscribe, and do not borrow his labor every week; for you would not like him to take from your crib, once a week, corn to feed his old horse.

Hamburg Journal.

That's what we call, "chatting sense."—There are a great number in this city, who borrow our paper, every week. And, we do hope, that, every time, hereafter, they read the *Rasp*, unlawfully, they will recollect that old cow of ours, and send us a peck of corn.

"The Ladies' World of Fashion," for May, is before us. It fully sustains the character, which the preceding numbers have acquired for the work. The engravings are rich—the plates of fashion, handsomely executed.

Wonder what man run home after his musket, the other night during the great excitement, and commanded his man *Louis* to charge it with a Peck of buck shot? We know not.

NINNYHAMMERS.

The world is crowded with this detestable class of persons. Raleigh is not free of them. We frequently meet with some of them, who are such fools, that they hav'nt got sense, sufficient sense to know that they are ninny's so great. Generally speaking, they profess to know a vast deal, but in fact know nothing.—They even attempt to dictate to those, who know more in one minute, than they know in a life of fifty years; they are great advisers, but practice badly, they embrace every opportunity to display their supposed learning, and as often make themselves the laughing stock of all present. When one attacks us, with a heart of benevolence, and a bosom of friendly advice, we consider his mental condition—pity his ignorance, and hope that he may soon be taught by the great teacher, Experience, that he is a fool, both in the sight of God and man.

"He is a fool, the worst of all,
"Who writes his name upon the wall;
"Fool's names are like their faces,
"Always seen in public places."

We are pained to perceive that some numskull has been disfiguring the walls of our handsome State House. We did hope, that every citizen would have State pride enough in his bosom, to have prevented him from defacing the walls of so noble an edifice. Their names are 'standing out in bold relief,' and we would be doing nothing more than what our duty calls us to do, in giving these, but will desist.

The editors of the "Sunday Star," are informed that the Editors of the *Rasp* perfectly understood their low insinuation, relative to the *Rasp*, which appeared in their paper, of the 24th inst. When you learn to speak the truth, and can dispense with the use of *ley*, then, perhaps, we will give credit to articles which are copied by you, from other papers, and, which you try to palm off on the Gothamite, as something original. 'You can't come it,' no how.

We want 'an almighty' big lion to fight some rats about our office—the lion must come with sharp teeth and strong paws, or he will be badly whipped.—*Milton Chronicle*.

Brother Evans, we would recommend to your consideration, the lion of the Hamburg Journal. If we must judge from the loud roaring, he is certainly a tremendous animal.

We have been trying to write an article on the Weather, for the last month; but, no sooner did we finish one, about the intense heat, than the winds would change, and send us cold northern breezes. Then, we commence discoursing on the coolness of the weather, after the severe heat, when, suddenly, a clap of thunder would announce the approach of a sultry evening. At the present moment, we have delightful spring, but, in all probability, by the time our paper reaches our distant patrons, we may have rain hail and snow.

"MAKE ME A SYRUP."

A number of gentlemen 'popp'd' into 'Our House' last evening, to indulge in a glass of Lemonade, and after calling for their several glasses, one of the company looked around the room, when he beheld *green horn* seated in a corner of the room looking wishfully on, when he was asked, 'won't you take something with us, friend?' 'Well—yes—that is—er—I don't care if I was to.' 'Call for what you please, sir!' demanded the barkeeper, when *GREEN-HORN*, walking up to the bar, observed, "I ain't werry choice—reckon you'd as lieve make another SYRUP, while yer hands in!" Gentlemen, will please observe the SYRUP when they go to call for Lemonade.

A fellow stepped into our office the other day, to pay us, who had been owing us a good while, and, after looking, and searching for his pocket book, recollected, that he had left it at home, but, as we were good fellows, 'we musn't think hard of him, as he would call next spring, and try to pay us.' No, we didn't think hard of him, but the way we had loose thoughts about his conduct towards us, was disagreeable to keep restrained. Well, we hope to see *next spring*; but, have but a poor hope of seeing *green chips* in the *Rasp* office again. Editors, (good souls!) can forgive and forget—live on the small end of nothing stewed for breakfast, and then fair sumptuous off of the scraps at night.

A fellow called at our office yesterday to buy 'fish hooks and half a pint of brandy.'—we filled his 'tickle' with strong *LEY*, & sent him off with half a dozen broken types for a new-fashioned fish-hook:—Pocketed the change of course.—[*Milton Chronicle*].

And, a fellow called at our office yesterday, for 'that half dollar we owed him,' and we give him a kick, and told him to *MOSEY*, or he would catch another FOOTER.

TEXAS.—The latest news from this Republic is up to the 18th inst. We learn, by way of Washington, that the Mexicans had taken the City of Houston, and butchered 1300 Texans.—We don't know how true the account may be but are inclined to believe that it is all a hoax.

SLANDER.

It is a poor soul that cannot bear slander. No decent man can get along without it—at least none that are actively engaged in the struggle of business life. Have you a bad fellow in your employment, and discharge him, he goes round and slanders you—refuse another some very modest boon which he has asked; he goes round and slanders you—let your conduct be such as to create the envy of another, he goes round and slanders you. In fine, as we said before, we would not give a cent for a person who is not slandered—it shows that he is either a milkshop or a fool. No, no; earn a bad name by a bad fellow, (and you can easily do so by correct conduct,) it is the only way to prove that you are entitled to a good one.

We're going there.—Young temperance ladies at the North, now kiss young gentlemen's lips to see whether they have been tasting today. This they do of course from the very purest motives.

A fair hit.—'Here you bogg trotter,' said a half dandy 'soaplock' to an Irish laborer, 'come tell the biggest lie you ever told in yer life, and I'll treat you to a whiskey punch.' 'Ay by me sowl, yer honor's a gentleman,' retorted Pat.

James Smith, a dry goods merchant of Boston, was bound over in \$150, last week, for kissing Mrs. Mary Bannister, in his store. Kissing often contracts strong bonds.

The following is the latest and surest method of pulling teeth: Fasten a strong piece of twine to the tooth that is to be drawn, and attach the other end of the twine to a heavy stone. Then if the tooth be in the upper jaw, stand on a fence and let the stone drop down suddenly—if the tooth be in the under jaw, stand at the bottom of the fence and throw the stone over.

Among the various evils which stalk amid the haunts of men, there is one demon of destruction, whose march sure as time, impetuous as the cataract, and merciless as the grave; desolates the fairest valley of the universe, and lays prostrate the noblest structure of creation. At his approach, the towering wings of genius are paralyzed; the torch of reason becomes extinct, the fire of ambition expires, the smile of philanthropy is lost in the cloud of conscious degradation, the rose of health is blanched, the lustre of the eye is dimmed, and the flowers of domestic love, and hope, are withered forever. His name is Intemperance. His followers are shame and remorse, poverty, disease, infamy and death.—And does not man retreat with dismay from this dark, malignant and un pitying enemy?—Who would not avoid the exhalations of the Upas, or fly from the dreadful Samile of the Arabian desert?

None, none in the universe! and yet, oh! inconceivable madness! how many with dauntless confidence, embrace this demon of intemperance: this destroyer of all that is fair and lovely in the soul, this pestilence that walketh in darkness, and wasteth at noon day. Awake, oh man, from that dangerous lethargy; thy senses are locked in a fearful charm, and thou smilest in the slumber of the monster whose breath is consuming thee!

Hast thou friends? Wilt thou doom them to mourn over thy faded form—thy blighted mind, thy decayed energies?—Hast thou children? Canst thou smother the noble aspirations of their youth with disgrace and infamy.

The shop of Mr. Blake, a tobacconist, of London, was recently set on fire by a cat being shut up in a drawer with some lucifer matches which the friction of her claws caused to ignite.

The city authorities of Houston, Texas, have undertaken to provide for the support of such families as are in need of aid, and whose heads have gone to fight for their country.

THE ALTAR.



MARRIED,

In this City, on Monday morning last, in Christ Church, by the Rev. Dr. Mason, Mr. Charles C. Nelson, of Newbern, to Miss Ann E. Briggs of this City.

DIED,

In this City, on Tuesday last, very suddenly, Mary, infant daughter of Mr. T. H. Snow.

SOMETHING NEW.

THE Subscriber is this day receiving an additional supply of superfine English and FRENCH GOODS,

which, added to his former supplies, makes his assortment quite extensive. He deems it unnecessary to specify every article, when he assures the public that his assortment is general.

The subscriber most respectfully invite those who wish to supply themselves with fine and cheap goods, to call and examine his assortment before purchasing elsewhere. He flatters himself, from his experience and opportunities in business, together with the well known abilities of Mr. THOMAS M. OLIVER, (who is in his employ,) that entire satisfaction will be given to all who may favor him with their custom.

J. J. BIGGS,
Successor to Oliver & Smith.
Raleigh, April 23, 1842. 4 14 t