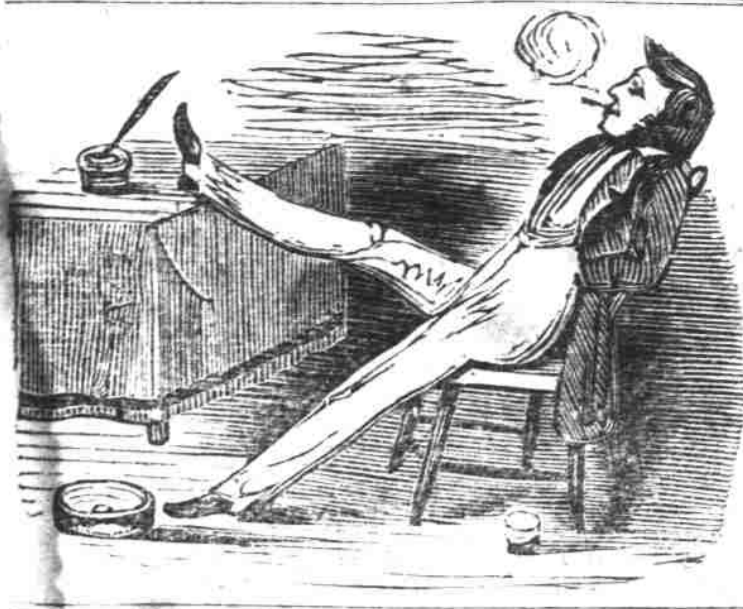


THE RASP.



RALEIGH, MAY 21.

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.

“EGAD! HOW HE NICKS ‘EM!”

We created quite a commotion last week, by some of our articles, among those of the long-faced order, who are boisterous in their professions. They “rared, ripped, and tore!”—One of them so enraged with fury, stood on his head, and cursed us with oaths innumerable. Others tore their hair, and swore vengeance against the Rasp, while the little man, who was overtaken with a fit of despair, snatched from his cupboard an old dull razor, and said he’d live no longer. But discretion was the better part of valor. So thick they came, that with Frank Hopkins, we can only describe this scene of confusion:

“Methinks I see a black infernal train—
The genuine offspring of accursed Cain—
Fiercely on us, their angry looks are bent,
They grin and gibber, dangerous discontent!”
Yes, reader, they ‘grinned’ equal to that possum of 30 lbs. memory. One fellow, we beheld, who threw his old shoes at a poor animal of the canine race, and his eyes flashing demoniac-like, he vomited forth foul words, and tore his—shirt!

Even hostile merchants stand in fierce array,
And o’er our heads their threatening sticks display:

How! hideous discord, thro’ the noon of night,
And shake their dreadful lanterns in our sight.
Ye gods! where will it stop! Must we walk on stilts, and with the sword of General Bombastes, march in front of this army of yard sticks, and take by storm, the frog ponds of the Rocky Branch? We’ll do this, and even more—we’ll jump on old S—’s back, and with sharpened spurs, kick his sides in, and speed on to the conquest! They are a daring set of soldiers! When the victory is won, with martial music, we’ll ‘rise the hill’ that leads to the city, each man bearing the spoils, suspended by one foot to the end of his piece. Poor croaker. Then will they involuntarily exclaim:

Our great commander! Fourth Corporal Rasp,
This daring army to the frog pond march’d;
There with a voice, just like the cannons blast,
Cried, ‘on to victory! fix bay’nets, charge!’

THE GOSSIPER.

We have so often written on this subject, that we are almost at a loss to know what to say; but, when we are sensible of the fact, that our city is well provided with such characters, our duty impels us to frown them down if possible. It is also, an unpleasant task, this harping too frequently on one subject; nevertheless, when convinced of the absolute necessity of so doing, we cheerfully take up our weapon of warfare, to defend a virtuous community against the shafts of slander which are levelled at them, by these treacherous beings. In our humble opinion, we do not believe that there is a being upon whom the Great Eye frowns with more indignation, than the vile slanderer. They are worse than the midnight assassin, for they stab at, (and too often with success,) the character of the virtuous and thoughtless; they tell all they know, and then, for the sake of conversation, make up a tale of the marvellous; and it is too often the case with the listener, in repeating to others, what they have heard, they too, make enlargements. Thus it is, that frivolous jests become magnified, and never stop, without first sorely

wounding the feelings of innocence, or intimidating pride. We do detest and abhor that person, who would thus trifle with humanity; the moral world looks upon them with the eye of scorn, and were justice to have its own, it would be found in adjusting the noose. ‘The reptile in human form should be avoided; care may rub out the slime of a snail, but not the slime of a slanderer.’

We had in preparation, a dose for a certain sore-eyed loater, but upon reflection, have declined publishing it, as the subject is an object of loathe and disgust, in the eyes of all respectable men; and indeed, it would look too much like dabbling in dirty water, and instead of injuring or impairing his reputation, would “do him proud,” and raise him so high in his own estimation, that like the frog in the fable, he would burst, and become a charge to the city, to remove his putrid rottenness from its corporation. What think you of it, puppy-mouth?

LUNSFORD LANE.

This scoundrel, on his arrival in New York, was honored by a called meeting of the anti-slavery, where he appeared and took his seat in a chair by the side of the sable president. He was looked to with anxious eyes, by thousands of the knotty headed tribe, for a history of his Southern tour. That our readers may be better informed, we give below just one extract, from the proceedings of the meeting, which we find published in the N. Y. Express:

Lansford Lane, a very distinguished colored man, first addressed the meeting. In the course of his speech he took occasion to give a history of his trials and tribulations since ‘35, at which time he purchased his freedom, having been a slave to a gentleman in Rawley, N. C. up to that time, since which, he has most of his time been giving abolition lectures in Massachusetts. His tale was not without interest, though not entirely unvarnished, as when he returned to Rawley, after his wife and seven children, he was treated to a suit of tar and feathers; or as he termed it, the equipment of an abolition lecturer. He continued his remarks to a very considerable length, and was listened to with attention. His family, with whom he arrived here a day or two since, were arranged behind him upon the stand, and at the appropriate time, to give effect to “the tale of horror,” were brought forward as their names were called, and exhibited to the audience, as a caution to evil-doers.”

This is but a very short extract, the proceedings occupying more than a column of the Express. If reader, you make a profession of Southern principles, we can well tell your feelings. But the half is not yet told. Resolutions were passed by this same meeting, recommending the dissolution of the Union, ‘because,’ says the resolution, ‘the constitution will not do for the North and South.’ But this is nothing. Steps were taken, to equip abolition missionaries to come into the South, and place in every negro’s hand, a knife with which he may cut his master’s throat! This is no exaggerated account, for, said one of the speakers, ‘they (the abolitionists,) had only to say to two and a half millions of slaves, “be free,” and they were free. The whole slave population, he contended, might as well be liberated in two years as in twenty.’ Yes, this is the language of the New York Lane meeting. Shall we suppose that it will meet with the approbation of those friends of Lane, who ‘pledged their lives and fortunes,’ in defence of their dear Lunsford, when he was about to receive his tar and feathers? We have too great a cause to shudder at the reply. Their voices may not be heard immediately, yet, their actions, we fear, will speak even louder than thunder! Father, brother! we warn you to beware of too great an intimacy with these protectors of abolition lecturers. We warn you of the necessity of a timely preparation for the attacks which will certainly be made upon us by northern fanatics, at no distant period.—It would be useless for us to impress upon you the propriety of severely punishing every man who may come among us cloathed in the garb of ‘a friend to humanity,’ for you know your duty too well.

We have received a letter from Forestville, signed ‘A Bachelor,’ making enquiry about a certain person who left the city some week or two since, whether said person has returned. Our answer is, we guess so.

HEEL AND TOE SCIENCE.

The way a certain chap come the heel and toe science the other night, was a perfect terror to all dancing masters. He came it

With flourishes, and turns and twists,
Of arms and elbows, toes and wrists,
And attitudes of fascination,
Enough to ravish all creation.

We presume that he has in contemplation, taking charge of a class for the purpose of instructing them in the science. If so, then we will go and learn his back-sliding, heel-spring-licks. Zeke, when we told him of it, set the machine in operation, and we find the following production, as a recommendation:

He turns around, and sinks and rises,
Makes figures of all sorts and sizes,
Flies nine times round the room before
He condescends to touch the floor;
And now and then like lightning springs,
He soars aloft on pigeon’s wings!

THE RASP.—We never slip this delightful and interesting paper from its envelope, without having our attention attracted by some melodious strain of posey, or being charmed with its chaste, engaging, refined & tasty prose. In our opinion, the Rasp is by far the most spicy paper received at our office. We most cordially bid its enterprising Editors a ‘god speed.’

‘Less than a genius cannot dwell,
Within the hollow of that shell
Which sounds so sweetly and so well.’

Hanover, Pa. Democrat.

That beats any thing of “puffing” memory! Joe Gitt, we are inclined to believe that you have not taken a correct likeness—you indulge in flattery. However, if you’re in *rare* year-nest, why, go ahead.

We saw a chap in church last sabbath, who was seated near a window which was hoisted, and through which the sun shone rather warm, rise from his seat, with all the confidence of Napoleon the 2d, and let the window down, in order to protect his delicate neck from the scorching rays of a pleasant spring sun.—The green-horn thought the glass would shade him!

WHAT DEPRAVITY.

A couple of young lovers were left in a room together, when, as a matter of course, the subject ‘not at all disagreeable,’ was brought up. Jonathan, from what we could learn from his soft chat, was neck and heels in love with the pretty little brunette. He spoke to her on the pleasantness of the evening; he related to her the fact, of his mother’s cat having caught ‘a great big rat,’ and concluded in the following affectionate strain: ‘O! sweet! I am glad that it wearn’t you the nasty cat caught!’ and he gently moistened the rosy cheek of the blushing girl, with the filthy amber which coursed his weather-worn lips. We propped ourself up in the corner by the window, in order to catch a second hearing. The youth now knelt before her, and taking her by the hand, breathed out sweetly there, a long “rig-ma-role” of nonsense. She bit her finger nails with the avidity of a hungry fish. * * * He arose, and drawing from his trowsers pocket a highly spotted 10 cents snuff box, presented it to his fair charmer, with the request that she would not open it before he retired. (He had written on a piece of paper the words “a box of love.”) He bade HER, with a lingering look, ‘good, night!’ and departed. The next evening, however, true as a magnet needle, he appeared by the side of her whom he adored, with a bewitching smile playing across his lips. He remained silent for a few moments, when he summoned sufficient courage to propound an awful question! His face assumed the redness of an eclipsed sun, and his ears started like a choked rams, when he commenced: ‘I cant doubt, Miss, from all the circumstances connected with the subject, that you have decided that—beef stake is a fine vegetable!’—‘And, sir,’ replied the lady, ‘you must admit that a cow hide, properly applied, will cause a man to be taken with a leaving!’ and suiting the action to the word, she drew from under her apron a queer looking specimen of the raw hide, and studiously applied it to the shoulders of poor Jonathan, who grabbed his hat and mizzled.

Dont hook your neighbor’s cabbage.

We would say to the man who threatened us with a ‘licking’ if we rasped him, ‘that a barking dog never bites.’ But if he should at any time become rabid, and feel like biting, then we say, ‘Lay on McDuff.’

‘Toothache cured without extraction,’ as the horse pistol said when it blew the man’s brains out.

If you see a man or woman, with little or no occasion, often finding fault and correcting one another in company, you may be sure they are man and wife.

The Price Current put down whiskey as a drug—so much for temperance.

He that knows the world will not be too bashful. He that knows himself will not be too impudent.

Children, when young, tread on the toes of their parents; when old, on their hearts. If there is no poetry in this, there is a great deal too much truth.

An old maid was once asked to subscribe for a newspaper. She answered no—she always made her own news.

A parish clerk, instead of reading from the Psalms, ‘The unrighteous shall be compared to beasts that perish, bawled out, ‘The unrighteous shall be compared to the best of the parish

To hunger and thirst after righteousness—A parson looking for a pulpit where he can earn his bread and butter.

‘Why am I like a crosscut saw?’ said a bully. ‘D’ye give it up?’ Because it takes two men to handle me.’

People are very consistent, for instance—the Hindoos will grind to death in their oil mills the jamas, or heretic priests; but they shudder at the accidental death of a monkey.

How to harden iron.—Take a broker’s heart and the heart of a bank director; dry them well in the sun, and pound them fine in a mortar; sprinkle a few grains upon any quantity of iron, and it will render it harder than adamant.

Susan Johnson has sued Enoch Sued for breach of promise, in Nashville, Tenn. Enoch would no doubt be glad to decline the case, in this way—Sue, sued Sued.

‘I say,’ said a wag to a tall youth, whose appearance will be readily understood, ‘I say, didn’t there an almighty great tree stand in front of your father’s house?’ ‘Why?’ enquired the Jonathan. ‘Because,’ replied the other, ‘you looked so thundering green, I reckoned you must have been brought up in the shade.’

‘Madam,’ said a druggist the other day, to a lady who was examining Cologne, ‘I assure you it is an excellent article, and if you will condescend to approximate the extreme extension of your proboscis to the enclosed orifice of the bottle, thus letting the particles of fluid operate upon your olfactory nerve, the sensation that you will experience, will make the truth of my assertion perceptible.’

Not Bad.—The editor of the Concordia, La. Intelligencer, thus warns the river settlers of their situ or rather float-uation:

‘Prepare yourselves, bail your flatboats, cork your skiffs, build your rafts, tie your houses to the nearest trees, put up your children’s duds and your household fixins, for taking a general float. ‘Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish,’ just as you choose; but be assured things put on rather a threatening aspect. We intend to keep all our exchanges and make a raft—they are light enough to keep us afloat.’

NO. 1, LOGUST SHADE.

THIS establishment, situated near the late ‘Cottage,’ on the West side of the State Square, has been re-opened, and re-fitted, and re-furnished with the best liquors, that have ever reached the City of Raleigh. To be short, the Bar of No. 1. is now the most complete Bar, in the City.

The Proprietor, has also made preparations, to furnish, at any time, and at all times, suppers, snacks, and relishes—something more than a cracker and a piece of cold ham. All that I ask, is to give No. 1. a fair trial, and it will prove to be ahead of the Fashion!
May 20, 1842. WM. FOWLER.