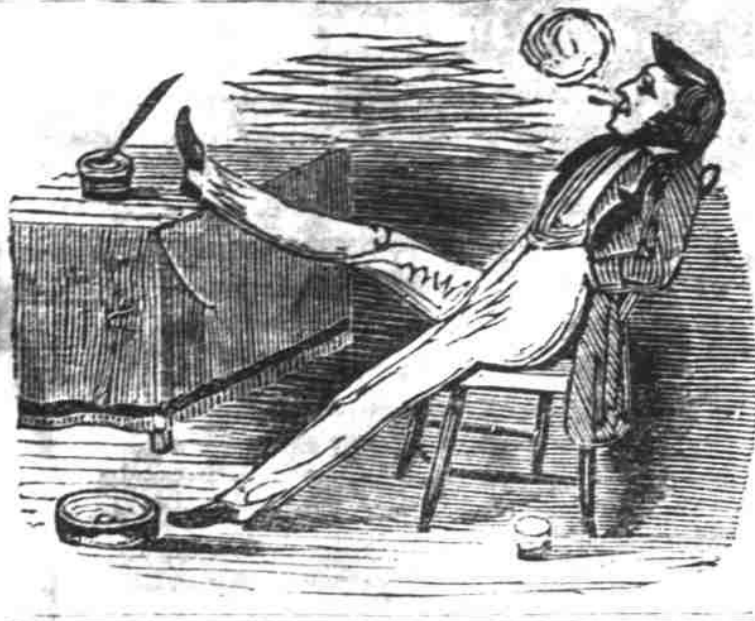


THE RASP.



RALEIGH, JUNE 18.

ALL Letters to the Editors must come FREE of POSTAGE.

In consequence of our Office not being conveniently situated, Mr. STEPHEN L. TUCKER has very politely consented to act as our City Agent. He may be found at his Confectionary on Fayetteville Street. Persons wishing to subscribe, or pay subscription to the Rasp, can, if they prefer, call on Mr. T.

For Sheriff of Wake County
JAMES EDWARDS.

Who'll support this Ticket? The voice of the ballot box will give a satisfactory answer.

Members of the Legislature.

Senate—Samuel Whitaker; and we'll bet any man the largest Watermelon that may be brought to this market, the present summer, that he'll beat Mr. Shepard awfully bad.

We'll bet upon the old "wheel-horse,"
For when he goes, he goes it!

Commons—N. J. Rand, D. B. Massey, G. H. Wilder. And we'll make another bet of two tin cups, to be bought from Kirkhams, that the above ticket, is also elected.

BLACK LIST.

C. L. Parish, and W. B. Hamilton, Bennettsville, S. C. have sloped to "parts unknown," indebted to the Rasp, in the puny sum of \$1.50 each.

The great demand for the Rasp, last week, before we could finish our mails, must serve as an apology, to those who did not receive their paper last week. The like shall not happen again.

FOURTH OF JULY.

This day will be celebrated in this City, with more than usual patriotism. The Military Convention will be in session, and it is believed that they will join with the military of this City. We learn, that a rifle company from Petersburg, intend paying us a visit on that day. We assure our brethren in arms, of Petersburg, that they will meet with a cordial welcome.

The Citizens intend having a dinner on that day. And we understand the Washingtonians, likewise will have a dinner and turn out, wearing their respective badges.

The Youth of the City, are likewise busily engaged in preparing for the Fourth. For a number of years back, they have celebrated, with a spirit becoming older persons, the Anniversary of American Independence.

Lieut. J. H. Manly, has been selected as Orator of the Day. We learn that Mr. M. has accepted the honor.

Now for the Ladies! Though we have them last, they were first in our mind. In all their preparations selfish man has not even made provision for the proper entertainment of the fair of our City. We blush with shame, whenever we think of the great neglect exhibited on such occasions, and the great disrespect shown the Ladies, in not providing some innocent and agreeable amusement. What has become of our young men, of ball-going memory! Gentlemen we really fear you have forgotten your duty—that duty you owe to your country—your sister—your sweetheart. Let's have a Ball—a grand ball!—on the evening of the Fourth! Who'll "go in" for it? *He for one*, will give our *to* the work.

We would like to know what *drunken* man that was following after the "Raleigh Guards" last Saturday, when they were on parade?

Paul Pry desires us to politely request *quack* M. D. to make his visits less frequent.

We have received two copies of "The Spy," printed in Philadelphia. The Editors seem to have pretty keen *visions*. We would say to F—conbridge, that Raleigh is a brisk place to open a theatre in!

Next week's Rasp will be one of the most extraordinary Nos. ever issued. The way we intend to 'shine up' the copies in their proper colors, will be a caution to forked lightning! We intend to write with a pen, the point of which shall be dipped into the melted laver of Mt. Vesuvius! Gall will be sweet to it.

When we see two Doctors feeling on the arm of a patient, we naturally conclude, that something serious is the matter.

"LICK SPITTLE."

Of all things in the world, we dislike to see an editor so far degrade the dignity of the Press, as to act the poor lick spittle. The Reading Gazette is famous for this. In speaking of the N. O. Picayune, he says, "the Pic is one of the most interesting papers published in the Union." This would have done very well, but he adds, "and comes to us as regularly as any of our other exchanges." Now there is something so childish in the last quotation; it would appear as if the Gazette was afraid of not pleasing the Pic, and, like the little boy, whose father carried home from town a lot of ginger cakes, exclaimed, "Papa's got a whole heap of cakes, and he says if I will be a good boy, he will give me one—too!" We fear the Gazette man, is hardly out of leading strings.

FOREIGN PAUPERS.

We have long been astonished to witness what a welcome the exile, from other countries, meet with, especially in this city, at the hands of a certain class, who should, but will not know better. It happens, more than nine times out of ten, that these old soldier looking foreigners, are of the meanest cast—possessing the most hellish principles—opposed to every thing like a free government—and yet, they are suffered, not only to establish themselves among us, but to insult with impunity, the innocent and unsuspecting. If we should be so fortunate as to meet with Noel Knight, Esq. before our next publication, he will enable us to make an exposition of some of their recent conduct, towards himself, and family. Look out, ye foreign cripples!

"PRESTO! CHANGE!"

It is truly laughable to see what a hobble, our brother of the Milton Chronicle has gotten himself into. A week or two since, he published the prospectus of "Nichol's Arena," New York, and volunteered to act as agent. After having received a No. of the Arena, he sings on a different note. He abuses it, "for all the mean things he can think of," and concludes by having it carried out of his office with the tongs. (Question whether he ever had a pair of tongs?) The Arena is quite a colored sheet, we will admit, but we think CHARLEY, of the Chronicle, ought to have "kept dark" after having offered his services as Agent, without being "axed!"

The Editors of the Rasp, present their best respects to the Editor of the Locomotive, Lynn, Mass. and would be happy to have his company the approaching Anniversary in the City of Raleigh. "If you kant cum," we'll drink a glass of cold water, (dashed) to your memory.

Next Friday, the Free Masons will celebrate the Anniversary of St. John, in this City. It is said a large number of visitors will be present.

READING GAZETTE.

When an Editor sends to us, and requests an exchange we generally comply, if his paper even reaches mediocrity. A few weeks since, we received a number of the "Gazette," with the request that we would exchange, and, liking somewhat the tone of his paper we consented. But as it has enlarged in size, we are sorry to say, the editor has more room to expose his ignorance. It is a miserable concern, at best, and we'll forthwith kick it out of our office and never countenance it again. Zeke, stick it in the ley tub!

We dislike, (extremely) to hear a brother of the editorial corps, heaping abuse upon another when he is aware, that it is a wonton attack upon good nature—private worth, &c. Editors, especially, should not attack the private character of an editor: political editors should never be so far led away by party strife, as to make assertions, touching an opponents private matters, which he knows is without foundation. We hope, without giving offence, that our worthy, and highly esteemed brethren of the good old North State, will continue to "Notice This," as they have, heretofore, and keep our State at least free from censure.

WM. G. BROWNLOW.

As an editor, we are intimately acquainted with the gentleman, whose name heads this article. We are happy of his acquaintance, because, he pursues a fearless, straight-forward course—"willing to praise but not afraid to blame." He stands at the helm of the Steam Craft, "Whig," published from the Town of Jonesboro' Tenn.

TIMES HAVE CHANGED

Since we were a boy; vastly changed. We recollect the time when they had still-houses in every hollow; at the mouth of every branch; where about harvest time, our fathers would repair, like pilgrims to the Holy City, not to kneel down and pray, but to get their jugs replenished with the naked truth, turned off in an honest way from copper stills. Those were golden days; we had honest men then! But great innovations have crept into society; copper stills have given place to new inventions, which instead of the naked truth, flood the country with bald faced cut throat! The consequence is, Swartwouting has become common—very common. The cut throat, however, is, like every thing else, we are happy to say, fast passing away. Staggering men, are now learning to walk steady and erect! Whiskey jugs are being filled with molasses! But we are sorry to say, some one or two, carry the jug "up town" after vinegar (?) rather too often. Oh! but we'll persuade 'em back into the fold. Huzza for good times!

We never knew, until lately, that it required two physicians to feel of one woman's pulse. Our Cook says that such proceedings lays her in the Shade.

Wonder how long it takes an artist to finish a Portrait, (if he keeps sober) after he has been at work on it three weeks? Will you take the hint!

SMALL DOINGS.

A Western Editor lately observed that he could deprive a certain penurious person of his existence, by placing a sixpence at the end of his nose, and that his soul would crawl out and nibble at it. There are many things in the shape of men in these "diggings," on whom, if the above experiment were tried, would not be long for "these parts." If there is one thing that arouses the just scorn and contempt of all noble-souled men, it is him whose character, in all his dealings, is marked with the stain of littleness. Things who will screw-out by unfair means the last red cent a person has, to add to the thousands which their coffers already contain, and who are ever ready to avail themselves of every mean advantage that will advance their niggardly interest or swell the pile of their miserly hoard; and to gather from these things a single farthing for any charitable or praiseworthy cause, would be like pulling their teeth. Let them hug and cherish their idol as they do their hearts-blood, but they will, one day, see the insignificance of these offerings at the shrine of Baal.

RUNAWAY MATCHES.

Friend Brownlow, it seems, was called on to marry a runaway match, and after publishing the marriage, indulges in the following editorial article. We are certain, he is a great favorite with the laddes.

The above match, as is usual in these diggings, was a runaway business. All the agency we had in making this match, was to unite the persons together, after they had ran and come to us with the licence. And still, for this, we have offended the parents at a terrible rate, who for ought we care, can remain offended till the day of Judgment.

We again notify all whom it may concern, that while we do not seek such custom, we will continue to "join together" all who call upon us, bringing with them the necessary documents—provided always the parties are respectable.

WHO DONE THAT?

Is the first question asked by every one, on beholding any thing of a strange character. It is so natural, too, for this question to be asked, when a fellow steps up behind another, and presents his compliments, from the end of a huge stick. Don't you suppose Mr. Stanly exclaimed, "Who done that!" when Mr. Wise gave him a dig? Don't you suppose a certain "good man" instantly made this exclamation, when he saw the Rasp about to run his gown from his back? When he was told that the Rasp knew all about it—that their spy had found it all out, he slapped his hands together, and exclaimed, "good gracious! who done that? Who told 'em of it!" But it was *did*, and could't be any *didder*! Last Saturday, while dining, a mulatto boy handed us an impudent note, from an impudent man, and before we could cleverly read it, the wind blew it into the plate of gravy, when we exclaimed, "who done that?"

We learn that the loafer we had allusion to in our last, being supported by his wife's plying the needle, has actually done one day's work this week. So much for the Rasp.

We are exceedingly fond of Music, both vocal and instrumental, but squalling babies in church is intolerable.

"Every sweet has its bitter," as the fellow said when strangled from eating honey.

They have had Watermelons in the City of New Orleans the present season. That beats us by two spots.

Always Happy.—An Italian Bishop struggled through great difficulties without repining, and met with much opposition in his episcopal functions, without repaying the least impatience. One of his intimate friends, who highly admired those virtues, which he thought impossible to imitate, once asked the prelate if he could impart the secret of being always happy.

"Yes," replied the old man, "I can teach you my secret, and with great facility. It consists in making a right use of my eyes."

His friend begged him to explain himself. "Most willingly," he returned. "In whatever state I am, I first look up to heaven, and remember that my principal business here is to get there; I then look down upon the earth, and call to mind how small a space I shall occupy in it when I come to be interred; I then look round into the world, and observe what multitudes there are, in all respects more unhappy than myself. Thus I learn where true happiness is placed, where all our cares must end, and what little reason I have to repine or complain."

BURIED ALIVE.—Or the Sexton in a quandary.—A singular incident came off at Washington, Pa. a short time since. The town sexton kept a depot of walnuts under an old tombstone, which certain boys were in the habit of visiting during his absence. He sallied out one night to capture them, and found three boys regaling themselves. He ordered them to follow him to a constable, but the young fellows tripped him up, seized his legs, and slid him into a new made and very deep grave. They first tied his arms behind him with his suspenders, and then tumbled him in, throwing after him the shells of half a peck of nuts. The 'house of the dead' was very deep, the evening was very dark, and it rained in torrents. The sexton roared aloud; his screams were heard at intervals through the storm; the old women in that end of the town began to shake their heads—the wailings of a damned spirit could be distinctly heard; and, at length, it was whispered in every street that the devil had carried off the sexton. The corporation collected, and the whole town rushed pell mell to the grave yard. The voice was heard, and 'the man of the turf' was lifted out more dead than alive. The old women were all disappointed at finding him without 'the gentleman in black,' and the grave was soon tenanted by another, who slept 'well and complaineth not.' Pic.

In a buxom country lass, whose ripe cherry lips, laughing eyes and rosy cheeks look more tempting than the red gold of Ophir, and whose clear laugh rings out like a merry marriage bell, we see NATURE. In the city belle, whose dry and fevered lips, languid, listless eye, nervous tremor, and pale sallow cheeks make one 'think of death, of epitaphs and tombs,' we behold ART.

Query and Answer.—An aged divine once took for his text these words: 'Adam where art thou?' In discoursing upon which he observed, 1st, that man was somewhere; 2d, that he was often where he ought not to be; and 3d, that if he did not take care, he would soon find himself where he wouldn't like to be.

The North American says:—"It is bad enough to suffer single blessedness, without being abused for it, into the bargain."

THE ALTAR.



MARRIED.

In this City, on Thursday evening last, by THOS. G. SCOTT, Esq., Mr. W. WHITAKER, Jr. Senior Editor of the Rasp, to Miss CHRISTIAN B. WILSON, of Mecklenburg County, Va.