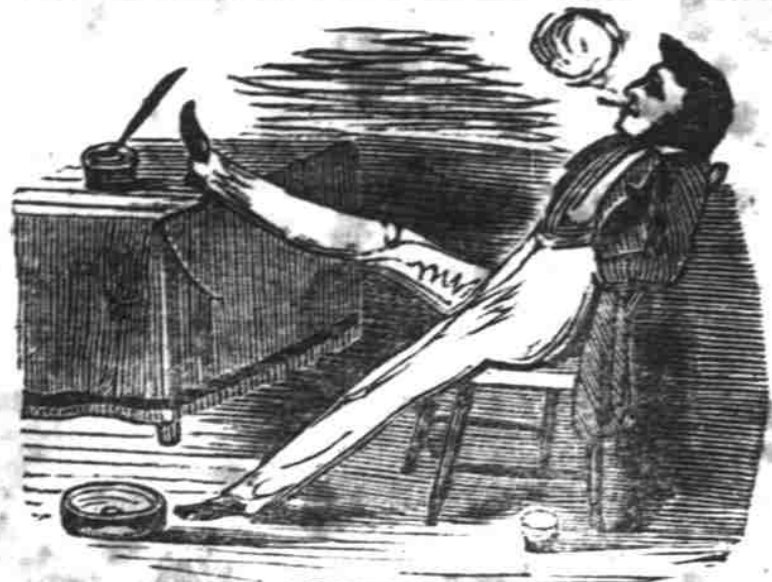


THE RASP.



RALEIGH, SEPTEMBER 10.

ALL Letters to the Editor must come FREE of POSTAGE.

The arrival of the Cars, in this City, has been changed to 12 o'clock, instead of 5 o'clock.

For the first time, we looked upon the Hon. JOHN C. CALHOUN, as he sat in the Methodist Church in this City, last Sabbath morning. He is not the man represented by the various painters. They make him too young. He looks to be about 60, with a high forehead, and piercing eye—an eye, that seems always uneasy, and looking after something, it can't find. As a gentleman truly remarked, "them that sees Calhoun's eyes once, will recollect them."

SCENE IN OUR OFFICE.

Enter Abraham.—"I see 'walk in' on your office door, and I'm come to beg you out'n the last Rasp."

Editor.—"Well, sir. But you ought to subscribe; the terms are trifling."

Abraham.—"I ought, that's a fact; but I take one paper, and can't afford to take another." [He takes the paper handed him by Zeke, and takes a drink of water, and leaves the Office.]

How absurd this expression, "I can't afford to take another," when in the very act of receiving another. To beg a paper from the printer, is preying, vulture like, upon the very vitals of the Editors family. We pay nearly three cents per sheet, for every paper we print, independent of the amount paid the compositor for preparing the type, and, yet, we find those, who "Come to beg the last Rasp."—What would the man think, who 'begs us' for a Rasp, were we to ask him to give us a dozen eggs, or a peck of potatoes? Why, he would say, "that man is a fool! Do you 'spose I bring my produce to market to give away?"—The same case with us: do you suppose we print our paper to give away!

How do've dew these are times boys, any how!—[Philadelphia Tom & Jerry.]

O! Jeminy cheese wax! Tom, tell Jerry we don't dew at all! at all! Our Bill's afflicted with the hump of awfulness, and we'll be everlasting squeezed in a mouses' paw, if he ain't as cross as two sticks. That's how we dew!

We have received several Nos. of the Wasp, a Mormon paper, printed in Nauvoo City, Illinois. We pronounce it a lame concern, and its followers will go down to Davie Jones', one of these days, like a streak of greased lightning.

OUR STATE HOUSE.

This is one of the most magnificent buildings in the Southern States. In fact, we doubt whether there is one in the United States, to equal it, unless it be the Capital at Washington City. Thousands of persons have ascended to the top of our State House, to get a view of the City below, which is a beautiful sight. Every stranger who comes to the City, "goes up," in order "to see what he can see;" and, not unfrequently, we have been amused at the odd expressions which is made by some who have never seen 'the like.' A few days ago, a gentleman from the backwoods, ascended to the top, and took a peep over the precipice, and immediately threw himself back on the house, exclaiming, that it was so far down, that it drew his toe nail off, and, had he not fallen back, would have drawn his neck out of his shoulders.

WHO SAID SO?

That Molly — was going to be married soon? We hain't seen the wedding preparations moving about. Guess its all fudge. She wouldn't have that ugly critter!

Paul Pry House seems to be closed.—Hallo! Bob! For the want of Cash custom! Credit custom, too much for these times.

LUCY LONG.

Negro Extravaganzas, seem now to be the order of the day, with newspapers. A week or two ago, we published a song, entitled "Lucy Long;" but we have been furnished by a correspondent with a second Lucy Long. We give it below—Let it pass for what it's worth:

Miss Lucy she got merry,
And then she sung a song,
And all the people standing by,
Said, go it Lucy Long!
Oh! take your time, Miss Lucy,
Oh! take your time, Miss Lucy,
Go it! Lucy Long.

If I had a scolding wife,
I'd lick her sure as she born,
I'd take her down to the River side,
And trade her off for corn.
Take your time, Miss Lucy, &c.

Miss Lucy she was rank and tall,
Six feet without her slippers,
A most outrageous arm with all,
And a monstrous pair of grippers.
Take your time, Miss Lucy, &c.

Her poor old dad is dead and gone,
The Lord alone knows where,
Aloft, the pious people pray,
Although he used to swear.
Take your time, Miss Lucy, &c.

When lovers found all common speech,
Unfortunately wrong,
Implopingly, they then beseech,
In the name of Lucy Long.
Take your time Miss Lucy, &c.

They seldom failed in their success,
A smile was the reply,
The lady felt inclined to bless,
And breathed a willing sigh.
Take your time, Miss Lucy, &c.

It seemed a charm was in the name,
'Twas on each beings tongue,
The populace became insane,
Regarding Lucy Long,
Take your time, Miss Lucy, &c.

A SUBSCRIBER.

SLEEPING BY THE WHOLESALE.

A curious kind of a fellow, whose name we can't exactly recollect, from some cause unknown, had been robbed of sleep, for eleven nights in succession. He at length determined to make up for "lost time," and accordingly, 'put up,' at a tavern, and rented a room with eleven beds in it. After the night had cleverly shut the light in, a company of gentlemen, who were travelling, called at the tavern for lodgings, but the good lady of the house, told them that she could not accommodate them, that, true, she had eleven beds in one room, but, one man occupied the whole. This being the case, the travelling party said they must be entertained, and accordingly proceeded to the chamber door of eleven beds, and rapped; no answer was returned. They essayed to open the door; it was locked. They shouted aloud, but received no reply. At last, driven to desperation, they determined upon bursting open the door. They had no sooner done so, than they discovered every bedstead empty and all the eleven beds, piled up in the centre of the room, with the traveller sound asleep on their top. They aroused him with some difficulty, and demanded what in the world he wanted of all those beds!

'Why, look here,' said he, 'strangers, I aint had no sleep these here eleven nights, so I just hired eleven beds, to get rested all at once and make up what I have lost. I calculate to do up a considerable mess of sleeping—I've hired all these beds and paid for them and, hang me, if I don't mean to have eleven nights sleep out on 'em before morning!'

We will present our readers with quite a comic cut, next week.

There is a small chap in these diggins', who tried to commit Sue A. Side, by sending a constable after a poor debtor. Del la!

We have seen in our time, mad dogs, mad bulls, and mad brutes, of almost every description, but have never seen a real red eyed mad nigger. They are always sullen, but never mad.

WOOD ENGRAVING.

Those of our brethren of the press in North-Carolina, who may want cuts of characters, can have their orders executed at the Rasp, on moderate terms. They will of course send a pencil drawing of what they order.

"From the soles of your head to the crown of your feet," blazed away a preacher, with all the sincerity, as if he had "burnt his shirt," sure enogh.

We know a set of honest (?) fellows, who live off of what they make—at the farrotable. You'd better 'hook,' at once.

"Don't Believe Flying Reports!"



MADAM RUMOR SAYS,

That the little man without whiskers, don't owe as large an amount now, that he did last year, this time, for liquor. Cause Vy? He has joined the Temperance Society.

That our town commissioners have attended to the streets pretty well, the present year.

That the public School House, in the Western Ward, is a specimen of some mens' liberality.

A certain street, in the City of Raleigh, though new, and the establishments all "doing a good business," the keepers, can't raise \$30 on the row.

That the Coffee House will do a good business this winter. Cause Vy? Joe says he'll have the fixins' there.

That C. Jordan, who left Boon Hill, Johnston, without paying for his Rasp, is driving the Stage down in Craven County. Jordan, consider well, and pay the printer.

If Martha — don't quit casting sheeps' eyes at at our boy ZEKE, we'll insist on her explaining.

'That somebody took 17 pills at one time! Who was it?'

WONDERS.

RALEIGH.

What young man it was that remarked in the presence of certain young ladies, that the young men about Raleigh were in the habit of eating dirt, old pipes, &c.

Wonder he aint the same chap that wanted huckleberry syrup in a glass of Soda? What a green chap, O, crackee!

Wonder what young buck it was that cut sich a swell out in the Forest, not long since?

Wonder if a certain man dont think it greatly preferable to receive a shaving in Billy Holmes' new brick shop, than to sweat over a hard french lesson?

What those young men ride up Hillsboro' Street every Sunday evening for?

GREENSBORO.'

Who it was that went to Salisbury and passed himself off for a young lawyer?

Who went with him, and said he was his employers partner?

What two chaps looked so bad in church the other night, after the preacher reproached them for their misconduct?

Who said to a young lady, the dew would be ancle deep in the morning?

Who said he saw the 'star girl' at Salem? Who went out on patrol, and got licked by a big—?

Who said, the Rasp is like a setinel, always on the look out? Guess he's been filed!

BUCKHORN.

If that quack has not acknowledged the origin of the charcoal darkey?

If that old l—y has abstained from telling falsehoods?

What knock-kneed worthy it is in Pittsboro' who pretends to hate the Rasp, and yet borrows it to the great inconvenience of its subscribers.

Go-Between.—There is perhaps, not a more odious character in the world than that of a go-between—by which, I mean that creature who carries to the ear of a neighbor every injurious observation that happens to drop from the mouth of another. Such a person is a slanderer's herald, and is altogether more odious than the black venomed slanderer himself.

Brother Rasp, you have in your Coffee House advertisement, the words 'intellectual fodder.' What in the name of Johnson and Walker, is the meaning of that phrase? Speak, we conjure thee?—Richmond Aurora.

Well; pick thy ears, O! ninyhammer! We mean, just such fodder as the Ass of the Aurora is used to feed on. Any thing more?

CURIOUS.—DEBT are the initials of 'Dun Every Body Twice.' CREDIT are the initials of 'Call Regularly Every Day; Pll Trust.

'Here's health to all good 'lasses,' as the boy said when he licked a stick he had plunged by mistake into a barrel of sperm oil.

A down-easter has invented a patent umbrella, with a 'gutter' around the edge, which causes the rain to run off at one point.

Wonder who it is that sends across the garden to borrow the Rasp? That's a small trick for the purse proud to be guilty of.

Wonder who it is that 'wont suffer' the same paper to be carried to their house, but obtains it through a poor ignorant negro man? We are acquainted with your names.

Single copies of the Rasp may be had at the counter of Mr. J. R. WHITAKER.

The Milton Chronicle has completed its first volume; and the editor says, he has actually cleared six and a quarter cents!

Goods! Goods!

In addition to what I have already advertised, I am now receiving the following articles:

- 1 Bbl. brown Sugar, superior quality.
 - 1 Bbl. do. do. common.
 - Spiders with Lids,
 - Trace Chains, polished,
 - Gimblets—Bolt hinges,
 - Knob locks—Carpenters' do.
 - Pad Locks—Wire Steveters, finest,
 - Wood Screws—Patent Shoethread,
 - Large assortment cheap Cups and Saucers,
 - Liverpool do do
 - Pitchers and Bowls,
 - Calicoes, various qualities,
 - Large lot Cotton Bagging, best qual.
- I shall keep constantly on hand, a good assortment of the above articles.
Sept. 10. J. R. WHITAKER.

THE OLD COUNTRYMAN,

A journal of the news of England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales,

Published every Wednesday morning from the office, No. 3 Barclay street, New York, is printed on a large and beautiful sheet of eight pages; a form of publishing which makes it more convenient for the general reader, while at the same time it is easier preserved for the purpose of binding; presenting at the end of the year, an elegant volume of 416 pages.

The Old Countryman, as its name implies, furnishes the general intelligence from all parts of the United Kingdom, in addition to which the Parliamentary, Sporting, Police and Anglo-Indian intelligence, together with a copious fund of matter, literary, scientific, and humorous, will be found in its columns.

Terms (payable invariably in advance) \$3, per annum; \$2.00 for 8 months; \$1.50 for six months; or \$1.00 for four months.

New York, Aug. 30, 1842.