

FOR THE RASP.

I am happy to learn that our fellow-townsmen, Mr. James B. Shepard, has been selected as the person to deliver the first Address, before the Raleigh Mechanic's Association. This Institution for the protection of Labor, and rights of Mechanics, has long been in contemplation, but until recently has "the consummation so devoutly to be wished for" been achieved. In vain may such authors as Kater, Grier and Lardner, be consulted to depict the multifarious advantages which must result from the formation of such Societies—Treaties have been written, Essays have been published, Theories fulminated, and practical deductions elucidated, but still there is an apathy in that brotherhood, unless eagerly arrested, that must lead to the destruction of mechanical ingenuity, or so to paralyze our exertions as to render the honest and industrious, subservient to those, whose craven appetites, suck all the advantages of good government.

It is not for me to make landmarks by which Mr. Shepard shall be guided, and if I, even understood, the enlightened precepts of the authors above mentioned, I would not arrogate to myself the prerogative, to offer a suggestion to one so much my superior in point of ability, versatility of talent, ripeness of judgment and sound sense.

A MECHANIC.

"My Mother learned me to work."

Such was the remark of one of our Boston matrons, who had graced the first circle of society, whose husband was reputed to be rich, but who in the great commercial pressure of '37 had, in common with many others of his class, all the profits of years swept away. "My mother learned me to work"—and her face look as happy in her cheap lodgings, as ever it did when surrounded by the paraphernalia of luxury and pride. Such a wife is a treasure;—but what would she have been, had not her mother learned her to work?—*Boston Times.*

Mr. Times, we hate to tell you;—but if we must, why, she would have been a dead weight.—[RASP.]

"My gun went off last night," said Tim Trap lately to an old acquaintance. "Were you alarmed?" asked he. "No, but much injured," replied Trap. "Ah! how did it go off, at half cock?" "No," said Trap, "it went off at half-past eleven, in company with a tarnation scoundrel who begged for supper, and a nights' lodging."

A Scotchman giving evidence at the bar of the House of Lords, in the affair of Captain Porteus and telling of the variety of shots which were fired upon that unhappy occasion, was asked by the Duke of New Castle, what kind of shot it was? "Why," said the man in his broad dialect, "sic as they shoot fools (fowls) wi', an' the like." "What kind of fools?" asked the Duke smiling at the word—"Why, my lord, dukes [ducks] an' sic kin o' fools."

Sir Peter Parker called Cudjo [a black fellow, a pilot who was sounding the depth of the water]—"Cudjo!" says he, "what water have you got there?"

"What water! what water, massa? why salt water, to be sure! sea water always salt water, an't he massa?"

"You black rascal! I knew it was salt water, only wanted to know how much water you have there?"

"How much water here massa! how much water here? God bless me, massa! where I going to get quart pot for measure him!"

This was right down impudence; and Cudjo richly deserved a rope's end for it, but Sir Peter, a good natured man, was so tickled with the idea of measuring the Atlantic Ocean with a quart pot! that he broke into a hearty laugh, and ordered Cudjo a stiff drink of grog."

A Gentleman was inquiring for a young lady of his acquaintance. "She is dead," very gravely replied the person to whom he addressed his inquiries. "Good God! I never heard of it—what was her disease?" "Vanity," returned the other; "she buried herself alive in the arms of an old fellow of seventy, with a fortune, in order to have the satisfaction of a gilded tomb."

NEW DEFINITIONS.

Justice.—Something not a bit colder than ice.

Fine Gentleman.—A fellow attached to a steel cane, gilt chain without a watch, and a long list of unpaid debts. He may be told by a hauteur of expression, and a superfluity of hair on his cheek, to make up for an inanimation of sense.

Credit.—A streak of lightning with a black spirit striding over it; a tiger with a tin cup tied to its tail.

Love.—A favorite commodity at the Quarter Sessions.

Washerwoman.—One as has' according to Sam Weller, "a mortal aversion to washin' clothes."

Statesmanship.—Making a speech three days long on the election of Door-keeper.

How Men should treat women.—A Persian poet gives the following instruction upon this important point.

"When thou art married, seek to please thy wife; but listen not to all she says. From man's right side a rib was taken to form the woman, and never was there seen a rib quite straight. And wouldst thou straighten it? It breaks, but bends not. Since, then, 'tis plain that crooked is woman's temper, forgive her faults, and blame her not, nor anger thee, nor coercion use, as all is vain to straighten what is curved."

John Bunyan.—While in Bedford jail, he was called upon by a Quaker, desirous of making a convert of him.

"Friend John," said he, "I am come to thee with a message from the Lord; and after having searched for thee in half of the prisons in England, I am glad I have found thee at last." "If the Lord had sent you" replied Bunyan, "you need not have taken so much pains to find me out; for the Lord knows I have been here these twelve years."

Tight.—In the good old blue-law times in Connecticut, the girls were in the habit of tying their hair so tight on the back of their heads, that it entirely prevented them from shutting their eyes or mouths, even if they ever felt inclined so to do. The consequence was that their lovers were compelled to untie the string before they could kiss them.

Tighter.—We were informed last summer in Philadelphia, that some of the ladies in that city were in the habit of hooking their frocks so tight behind, that they were obliged to loosen them before they could sneeze, or run the risk of breaking off lots of hooks and eyes!

Tightest.—A Boston paper mentions an instance of a dandy there who strapped his pantaloons down over his boots so tight that when he raised his foot to step he could not get it down again, but was obliged to stand on one leg like a goose, until the strap was taken off.

A Lunatic.—The editor of the Vicksburg Whig requests the person who took an umbrella from his office to return it. Return an umbrella!—the idea's preposterous.

Small Mistake.—A fellow who was a little nervous and violently addicted to the chewing of pigtail, chanced to be left alone for a minute, in a dark room.—While his companion was absent, he drew from his pocket the delicious twist for the purpose of taking a hearty nip thereof. But catching his fore finger between his teeth instead of the weed, continued to bite it, yelling with anguish as well as could be expected. This soon gathered around him several individuals, who asked him what was the matter, when taking his deeply indented finger from his mouth, he exclaimed that some d—d scoundrel in the dark had been trying to bite his finger off.

Value of married men.—"A little more animation my dear," whispered Lady B. to the gentle Susan, who was walking languidly through a quadrille. "Leave me to manage my own business madam, replied the provident nymph, "I shall not dance my ringlets out of curl for a married man." "Of course not, my love: but I was not aware who your partner was."

"My dear, you are not the woman I took you to be."

"But my dear, you are the man I took you to be. Go, and rock that child this minute, or I'll —"

Rats are said to be so plenty in the streets of New Orleans, that the ladies are frequently under the necessity of yielding them the sidewalk.

The ladies of Lynnfield have formed an "Anti-carrying-a-squalling-baby-to-church-society." We think a branch in this city would be productive of very beneficial results.

A shop-keeper in New York, some time since, stuck upon his door the following laconic advertisement:—"A boy wanted." On going to his shop the next morning, he beheld a smiling little urchin in a basket with the following pithy label: "Here he is."

"That's inviting," as the cat said to the rat ven she peeped at him thro' the vice of the trap.

A New Piano!

I HAVE just finished another new PIANO, which for sweetness of tone, and mechanical workmanship, is decidedly superior to any I have made. The ladies of Raleigh, and the adjacent country, are respectfully invited to call and see it, at my old stand. WESLEY WHITAKER.

Raleigh, June 26.