



THE MENAGERIE.

ONE DOLLAR

*"A little nonsense now and then,
Is relished by the wisest men."*

PER ANNUM.

Devoted to humor, Wit, Fun, Prices Current, &c. &c.

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TERMS:

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POET'S CAPRICI.

FIRMNESS OF A LOVING GIRL IN A PET.

Well, let him go, and let him stay—
I do not mean to die;
I guess he'll find that I can live
Without him, if I try.
He thought to frighten me with frowns—
So terrible and black—
He'll stay away a thousand years
Before I ask him back!

He said that I had acted wrong,
And foolishly beside;
I won't forget him after that—
I wouldn't if I died.
If I was wrong, what right had he
To be so cross with me?
I know I'm not an angel quite—
I don't pretend to be.

He had another sweetheart once,
And now when we fall out,
He always says she was not cross,
And that she didn't pout.
It is enough to vex a saint—
It is more than I can bear;
I wish that girl of his was—
Well, I don't care where.

He thinks that she was pretty, too—
Was beautiful as good;
I wonder if she'd get him back
Again, now, if she could!
I know she would, and there she is—
She lives almost in sight;
And now its after nine o'clock—
Perhaps he's there to night.

'T'd almost write to him to come—
But then I've said I won't;
I do not care so much, but she
Shan't have him, if I don't.
Besides, I know that I was wrong,
And he was in the right;
I guess I'll tell him so—and then—
I wish he'd come to-night.

All communications thankfully received.

Story of the Aborigines.

THE RAVEN OF THE REYNARDS: OR, THE INDIAN'S MARITAL GIFT.

NEAR the confluence of the Wisconsin with the great father of American rivers, and at no great distance from the Painted Rock and Fox village of Turkey river, the French, in 1781, formed a settlement, and from a family of the Reynard Indians known as the "Dogs," called it the village of the Prairie du Chien. In the present day, the place is famous as a station for the voyager on the Mississippi; but at the date of which we write, it was a distant and little-frequented outpost, in the very heart of the Indian Country. The prairie, on which the village is built is bounded in the rear by high bald hills, at the foot of which then dwelt a band of the Reynard or Fox Indians. The principal settler in the Prairie du Chien where the Guards, the Antayas, and the Dubuques, while the post was commanded by a middle-aged officer, by name Joseph Rienville. This Joseph Rienville had recently heard of the arrival of his wife and only child at Natchez, whence they were expected every day by a boat which made periodical journeys to the young settlement.

It was early dawn, and Captain Rienville, with a rifle on his shoulder, left the village, accompanied only by two favorite dogs, with a view it appeared, of hunting in the neighboring forest. His object, however, was very different: it was one which, for some time, he had had at his heart, and which

the approaching arrival of his family made him still more anxious than ever to carry out. About a mile from the village, commodiously situated on the borders of a limpid rivulet, and surrounded on three sides by the sycamore, cedar and pine, was truly an exquisite spot, and one which the eye of any lover of nature would have immediately selected as suitable for a residence. Its soil, too, was most fertile, as the luxuriant and rank vegetation, the bursting and odoriferous flower abundantly testified. On this spot Rienville had set his heart, and had long been determined to build a house thereon, and turn his natural meadows into productive fields. The stumbling-block which had ever stood in his path had been the presence of a small band of friendly Indians whose wigwams gracefully dotted the surface, commanded by the Raven of the Reynards, a young chief, whose valour and energy had raised him from a simple brave to the command of a select company of warriors. After a walk during which the captain turned over in his mind every conceivable mode of obtaining possession without coming to any satisfactory conclusion, saw that force might be necessary, a sudden bend in the trail brought him in full view of the Indian hamlet.

Within twenty yards of the forest stood a wigwam of somewhat stately proportions, in front of which a group at once attracted the captain's attention. Near to him, leaning on a musket, was the erect form of the Raven of the
(See Fourth Page.)

