

THE MENAGERIE.

The Menagerie.

RALEIGH, N. C., MAY 30, 1857.

NATHL M. SWANK, } Editors & Proprietors.
JAS. C. HARRISON, }

TERMS.—ONE DOLLAR per annum, in advance, or 75¢ per month, payable on the delivery of the first number. No subscription received for less than one month. No paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the Proprietors. Any person obtaining ten subscribers and forwarding the money, shall be furnished with a copy gratis, to be continued while he keeps the number of his subscribers good.

All letters on business, or communications for publication, must be addressed to SWANK & HARRISON, Raleigh, N. C.

TO THE PUBLIC.

We present before the public to-day a specimen of that wonderful publication, the expected appearance of which has of course awakened the most intense curiosity. We consider ourselves fortunate in having got a few week's start of the great comet, and speak in time for a fair show of popular favour. With a team of Shetland ponies we drive into town a whole "Menagerie" of animals, every one of which, living or dead, will suffice to cast its most formidable rival into impenetrable shade, however high that rival may hold its towering head among the stars.

The "Menagerie" will be up for exhibition every week from this date, promising to provide the most delectable entertainment for its patrons—provided always that the patrons supply a sufficiency of fodder. *Verb. Sat. Sap.* The monkey will never have heart to crack practical jokes, unless he has a few wholesome nuts to crack likewise. So in spite of hard times we'll look out for the dime. In return for these we are ready to furnish quite a variety of attractions. For example:

We open our columns to original contributions of various classes, from the comic poet to the sardonic philosopher. The cream of current jokes will be carefully gathered. The marriage list will be enlarged as extensively as Cupid will permit. The prices current and state of the currency will be duly noted, and every little fragment of daily news that is worth preserving, duly preserved and chronicled for the public eye. Perhaps sometimes a little innocent *religion* may be indulged in, but only by way of luxury. "Light Literature" is the sauce with which the goose should be served, and not by any means the goose itself. That is another kind of an animal altogether.

So now for it, and let us see how liberal so refined a community as this can be, in return for such a gigantic effort to serve and please.

OUR DEBUT.

When the idea was first conceived by the Editors of this sheet to publish such a paper, the name of "Humorist" suggested itself as a proper title therefor.—Reflection, however, convinced us that the title of "Humorist" better belonged to a worthy contemporary, located hard upon the borders of the city of R. C., and immediately in the vicinity of the "Dark Corner," and accordingly we changed, and at once adopted the name which you see printed on the top of our pavilion—*AVANCE.*

To the breeze, then, we trust every

inch of our cloth, and have drawn the cords so tightly at every point, as to secure a safe and pleasant seat for at least 300,000 spectators, for whose entertainment the *keepers* will pass around the cages once a week, and "strut up" the animals of *Fun, Wit, Frolic and News*, and semi-occasionally, take the "*Giraffe*" by the ears, and by sundry incisions of the thumb-nail, cause the long-legged old fellow to cut such fantastic capers as are seldom indulged in by bipeds of its *stripe and spots*, to say nothing of its *age!*

The "Menagerie" shall be what its name denotes—a fit representative of the Animal Kingdom—*Human*; and to this end, a corps of talented young men have been engaged to study human nature, and report every week, the result of their research. Where they shall discover anything of a comic caste, they shall say accordingly; if grave, or prosy, to say so, and to what extent—and thus, we think, by a strict regard for *padding needs*, a tasty dish will be served up to suit the taste of every man woman and child, who has the smallest appetite for reading.

Speaking of *padding events*, we wish it distinctly understood that we have not the slightest reference to the hoop-skirts that daily and hourly pass our office window. No, verily; this journal will never consent to let itself down so low as to speak in a voice of ridicule of any style of dress our fair friends may choose to adopt. *True, we are the Lords of creation; it is equally true, that they are the Queens, and we Lords, intend to see that their mandates and whims shall be respected. Names are nothing. Call a rose a rotten egg, it don't change the scent of the flower, until the two come in contact. Hoops may be called crinolines—they are still hoops, until "Mose" rubs against them—then what!*

The morals of this community, perhaps, need reforming—if they do, we are not preachers, nor the sons of preachers, and consequently, will not undertake to accomplish that which Brother James and Brother Hittin have been at work on, with apparent little success, for years. This *job* we also turn over to the *Prudish Advocate*, as an employment better suited to its pen, than the far-fetched tanny sayings of its quill editorial, and its travelling Moses. In a word, preachers, and religious papers must do their work, and we'll do ours.

Now, reader, this is our programme. Do you like it? If so, walk in—take a seat, and settle with the door-keeper.—Only \$1, and tickets good for fifty-two weeks.

LIVE GIRAFFE vs THE LADIES.

The Giraffe of the 21st inst., contains a characteristic article, of some length, ridiculing the little girls of the present day under sixteen, whose mamma choose to place upon their little forms, dresses modelled after the modern styles. The article in question is a slander, decidedly, as it attacks in *mis-representations*, and with out reflections. As the Register has recently been threatened with a prosecution, by the Fayetteville Observer, so, also, may the Giraffe, and its Moses, expect to receive, as they certainly merit, the frowns of the young ladies under sixteen, who are the pride and hope of the

country. But it strikes us very forcibly, that the Fable of the Fox and the Grapes could, with propriety, be applied to both Harper and his Moses. Each of these gents, we doubt not, (and we dare so charge) has justly received the mitten from one of the fair little buds of womanhood; and now they stand off making ugly faces at them, and call them not so pretty after all. God bless the dear little creatures, we say; and crooked paths and dark nights to the crusty old bachelors who dare work the tongue of defamation against them.

And a word, just here, in your long ear, Mr. Giraffe: say less about ladies' skirts, hoops, crinolines, &c. You had just as well undertake to stop the progress of the comic as to write 'em down! Our voices are still for hoops! They look well—very becoming to our female friends, and a great comfort in—warm weather, we dare assert. Hoop-ee-dood-ee-do!

STILL *Larry-ise* on MY DAUGHTER.—The Giraffe of the 21st inst., contains several articles of an editorial smacking, into which, the ladies are *hooped*. This is decidedly in bad taste, and we would recommend to these censors or paragons of beauty, to get before a full sized looking glass, and see if it is not possible that their forms might be improved by the liberal use of whole-bone, wheat bran, wadding and white oak splits. Perhaps friend Biggs will allow his large mirror to be used—*provided*, however, it is insured against cracking.

LIBRARY NOTICES.

Under this caption, we shall, after this week, review the mastery effusions of the American Dickens, as they appear in the columns of the Giraffe, over the abbreviated signature of an ancient prophet.—The dissecting knife which we shall use on these occasions, shall be a common table knife and hand-saw. We'll make dry bones rattle.

HAVES can beat all creation taking pictures. His specimens will do for some people to look at; but, *none* of the faces on glass, there to be seen, sets our heart to leaping and rolling, like a dog stung by a yellow jacket.

WE had the pleasure of listening to an able address, delivered on the 20th, by Mr. Wm. H. Harrison, before the Raleigh Debating Club, on the Mercklenburg Declaration of Independence. This club is in a prosperous condition. It has, and will continue to prove a great benefit, as well as profitable amusement to its members. We wish it every possible success.

THE CAPITOL SQUARE.—This long neglected Square is now being laid off in a handsome and tasty manner, by Mr. Hamilton, a gentleman of long experience in gardening. When completed, it will be a beautiful place for promenading. Mr. Hamilton informs us that it will be finished in September.

SUBSCRIBERS who wish their papers left at their residences, or left in the Post Office will please let us know immediately.

HE LOOKED NICE.—Strolling through the city Cemetery last Sabbath afternoon, our attention was arrested by the display of a living form stretched out full length on the top of a grave-stone—*ask-ep*, with a yellow liver under his head. Poor place for a man to read novels and sleep, especially on the Sabbath, and we would advise the young *L—*, to do so no more. If the *yellow* has no respect for himself he certainly ought to have for the dead.

WE respectfully call the attention of the public, and especially the ladies, to the communication signed Becky, and sincerely hope that they will follow her example.

OUR subscribers will bear in mind that the subscription price of the "Menagerie" must be paid on reception of the first number to the carrier, or either of the publishers.

WE have no doubt but that our female friends, and male ones too, are looking forward with pleasure to the times for vacations and parties. We wish them much joy.

Provisions of all kinds are exceedingly high in our market.

COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Menagerie.

RALEIGH, May 28th, 1857.

Messrs Editors:—Strolling up Fayetteville street the other evening, we stopped in at the N. C. Bookstore, and while looking around at the many interesting works, our attention was called to the Prospectus of the MENAGERIE, on reading it over and over, and seeing that it advocated the ladies' cause, we put our name down, and a shilling also, in the hand of our young friend H—, resolved to try it one month, any way.

Taking a Prospectus in our pocket, we stammered down the street, thinking we could procure a few subscribers for the "Menagerie." On the corner of the burnt square we ran against a young gentleman of this city, whom we shall call P., and thus accosted him:

"Come P., subscribe to the Menagerie; it is true it is a small sheet, but a witty one, and there is certainly ten cent's worth of fun in four copies!"

"Well," said he, "I'll consider on it—perhaps I'll take it—it's mighty dear though."

We then left the gent, and continued our walk in the direction of the Post Office: firing there were no letters for us, we right-about-faced and started up Fayetteville St. We had not gone far, however, before we encountered,

"A fine old colored cunner,
Whose name was Uncle Bob,"

with his travelling bakery and lantern. Feeling a "leete kinder" hungry, we purchased a good sized *ganger*, (intending to divide with P., if we found him), and continued our walk. After pere-