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THE GAZETTE.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 20, 1858.

INAUGURATION OF THE "CAHABA."

We did not have time, in our last paper, to do justice to the Railroad jubilee (as we may call it) which was celebrated on Thursday, August 12, 1858. It is a day that will long be remembered in Cahaba, and from it we hope the town will date its rapid advance in the march of improvement and prosperity.

A locomotive in Cahaba, and on an iron railway—who would have prophesied such a thing only two years ago! No one but a visionary. The people of Cahaba had relinquished the same enterprise twenty years before, after spending a great deal of money and labor on it, and had been badly "bit" with a "Plank Road," and it was supposed that her energies were exhausted, and that we would be willing to fold our arms in quiet content, until other enterprises had cut off entirely the local trade that naturally belonged to us, which would have brought ruin and desolation on the town. Even when this Railroad was first projected, not a few of our citizens thought it would never be built. Some went so far as to say that if they lived long enough to see the first bar of iron laid, they would not care to live any longer! We had confidence in the enterprise from the first, because we knew that energetic men of wealth had become interested in it, and that every citizen was in its favor. When a community is united on any project, and continues united, it seldom fails.

Our people have been united in favor of this Railroad, and the fruits of their union will soon be gathered. Their road is nearly graded; the iron is all here; they have as fine a locomotive as can be seen any where; and this has been accomplished in little over a year, and no extra tax has been laid upon the town. The road will be open to Marion, in a few months, and no man can tell where its terminus will be a few years hence. Cahaba may yet be the great inland town of Alabama. Our people, now aroused by the spirit of enterprise, will not suffer their efforts to be limited to a single Railroad. They will accomplish more.

But to return to the celebration: A very large company of ladies and gentlemen (really more than was thought would honor our town with their presence on such an occasion) assembled in the cotton warehouse of Babcock & Fulk, where seats were provided for the ladies. The planking was torn off the South wall, so as to give the audience a view of the engine, decorated with flags and flowers, which was standing some fifteen or twenty feet from them. In front of the engine, over the "cow catcher," a platform was erected for the speakers. About 1 o'clock, Mr. Piques ascended the platform, accompanied by John T. Morgan, Esq., Gen. King, of Marion, and Dr. Bates, the President of the Road. Chairs were provided for them. After silence was proclaimed, Mr. Morgan arose and delivered the following address:

The event which has assembled us together is worthy of commemoration. We admire the genius which projected this work, and the skill which has thus far marked its progress, and we applaud the enterprise which has sustained it, and will conduct it to an early and successful result.

But, as a people, we rejoice because we are permitted to celebrate the inauguration of another of those great schemes in which whole communities are blessed, and in which posterity has a valuable inheritance.

History has signalized those eras in which Genius has led forth Science and Enterprise, and pointed out to them the sites of cities to be founded—or discovered new seas to float their navies—or has marked the lines of great highways to be established—or selected spots of earth worthy to be consecrated with temples and monumental shafts.

History has preserved, in honorable remembrance, all the great names associated with such achievements.

Thus conducted, in her quiet journey, Science has been careful in the husbandry of the fruits of her labors, and the memory of her toiling sons. She has lost nothing that was indispensable, and but little that was valuable. The names of her great votaries have been given to the worlds that float around us. They flash out in the play of the lightning—they reverberate in the thunders of the storm—they are written on the wings of the tempest—they are pencilled, also, in the softest rays of light upon imperishable metals. They are spoken in the deep solitudes of the ocean, and are proclaimed from the tops of the great mountains.

Enterprise moves onward in the train, and her march is truly like that of an "army with banners." With busy hands she has measured the earth—has laid the meridian across its lands and seas—has adjusted its grand divisions—fixed its boundaries—has named its seas and rivers, its mountains and valleys, and set the sons of labor to work in every part of its great expanse. It has surveyed the shores of ocean beneath the burning equator, and amidst the terrible grandeur of polar zones. It has commissioned KANE to lead Science to the icy peaks about the pole, and bid her there behold an open, iceless sea, rolling at her feet; there to behold the works of God, locked up in the purity of their first creation; to behold where "He sitteth upon the circle of the earth," and hath compassed the waters with bounds, where "He stretcheth out the North over the empty place, and hangeth the earth upon nothing."

These three, Genius, Science and Enterprise, uniting in a spirit of philosophical enquiry, and a strong and faithful purpose to

do good to men, to societies, and to the world, have selected the Railway and the Locomotive, propelled by steam, as the consummation of their plan.

Whether this result is entitled to be classed as the greatest achievement of human skill and power, let thirty years alone attest.

In 1828, the first Railway was projected in the United States, and now, by this means, the Mississippi has extended its highway to connect with the Hudson, and the Hudson with the St. Lawrence. In the South, the waters of the Mississippi have been mingled at Charleston with the billows of the Atlantic. At Panama, the commercial banns have been celebrated between the Gulf of Mexico and the Pacific ocean, and in the Eastern Hemisphere, we find the Mediterranean and the Red Sea about to unite their voices in a song of rejoicing, such as Miriam sang after the deliverance of her nation from the bondage of a degrading slavery.

No other thirty years, in all history, have witnessed such progress in every phase of civilization, as that which we may characterize as the Railroad era.

This [pointing to the engine] is the child of the 19th century, and already has fully established its claim to our pride and affection. We have met here to attest our appreciation of its worth, in a ceremonial appropriate to its entrance upon a new project for good and for happiness to our race.

This place is by no means unpropitious to the event we commemorate. Here, within the circle of our vision, those who have preceded us have selected different places on which to erect works of importance to the societies under their care.

Some military race of men, whose name even has fled the eager research of the historian, have here erected their palisades, and sunk their deep ditches around a fortress skillfully placed, so as to command this splendid sweep of the Alabama river.—[Pointing to the noble stream which glides by our town, and was in view.] Their high mounds, thrown up, perhaps, as memorials of some great event, and used for sacrificial altars, and for the resting places of their dead, have all given away before the appropriating energy of this generation. We have gathered their labors and heaped them together in the embankment of the Railroad, where their curious pottery, their rude implements of warfare, and their bones mingle in a singular tribute to the superiority of their successors in the dominion of this soil.

Near to us, also, is the spot selected by the young State of Alabama as her first metropolis. We do not complain at the divorcement of the State from her first, and, consequently, her purest choice, nor envy the different places that have succeeded to her fickle favors. If regrets were ever felt at this early separation, they have long since ceased, and even the old Capitol has kindly fallen down, and no longer afflicts us with its memorials of broken faith and departed greatness. Not a stone now remains to tell where it once stood, but all its remaining dust has been heaped up into the inevitable Railroad embankment.

Truly, this is classic earth. In its present uses, it approaches the conception of the insane sculptor, who entered Rome with hammer and chisel, determined to powder up all the ancient works of the great masters, and to mould them anew into a form so divine, that, he avered, that all the Gods would descend to earth, and dwell in it bodily.

But, to day, Cahaba puts on a new life, a real vitality, and with this, a power she never before possessed. A power that knows no decline, and is incapable of destruction.

Works of mere art, however solid or sublime, decay. Cities, though peopled by millions, crumble and hide themselves, like Nineveh and Babylon, in their own dust.

But works of usefulness and public beneficence stand against all changes of time and circumstance. Different generations adopt them, and none make war upon them; so that "their strength is renewed like the eagles."

The Appian way has outlived the glory of Rome. The pool of Bethesda was preserved in its refreshing beauty, while Jerusalem was scourged with every form of destruction. The dams erected by Nimrod, near Nineveh, in the Tigris, more than six centuries before the Christian era, still resist its floods, and have been preserved, while every other trace of civilization has disappeared.

Our works will stand like these, and we, to-day, inaugurate the Cahaba Railroad for such an existence, and, perhaps, for such a period of duration as this. In this act, we add another tributary to the beautiful Alabama, flowing at our feet. It may not extend Westward to the Pacific, or to the Atlantic on the East, but if it only reaches the confines of Dallas county, it will carry with it, that far, the honorable praise of its founders and builders, mingled with the blessings of public convenience and utility, of social progress and happiness. Here is a pleasing testimonial of benevolence to society, worthy of the men who projected the scheme, and the Christianity which more or less directly moves all men to the undertaking of works like this.

But, gentlemen, you are not yet permitted to proceed. Your duty, though never so well wrought, is not accomplished; your work, though well advanced, is not finished. In this day of higher civilization, you are satisfied with no achievement until WOMAN, in humble imitation of Divine prerogative, has looked upon your work, and pronounced it good.

This Engine, yet nameless, challenges the

eye of scientific scrutiny to point out a single apparent defect, but it must bear a final test, and if it shall withstand the glance of woman's eye, it shall then be worthy of a name, and that name, when spoken by woman, shall be a token of all success—a talismanic word, in which Cahaba shall be greatly blessed in after times.

[Addressing Mrs. Piques—] MADAM, while those who support you are smiling a welcome to this noble trophy of Genius, Science and Enterprise, and while little children strew their flowers along Labor's toilsome pathway, and gladness sits enthroned on every brow, grant us your approval of this work. And if that boon is granted, accept from me, as the representative of these gentlemen, this flagon of pure wine—pressed from the vintage of our Southern soil—and in an act of commendation, pour it out, and let it be forever emblematic of our joy at this festival—of our zeal for every good work, and of our gladness for the sanction which Woman deigns to bestow upon our labors.

Mrs. Piques then arose, and in a clear and distinct voice, and in an impressive manner, read the following:

In all ages of the world, great enterprises have been inaugurated with appropriate and becoming ceremonies. The ancient Greeks and Romans, when they went forth to meet their enemies upon the embattled plain, or when engaged in erecting a monument to their country's glory, consulted their oracles and sibylline leaves, and offered incense and sacrifices to conciliate their idols. The wild Indian of the forest, when called to the war-path or the council fire, invokes a blessing from his Manitou. The Scots still remember Bannockburn and Flodden field. The English, with just pride, point to Poitiers, Agincourt, Hastings and Waterloo.—"Tis true, we have not met to-day to construct a shaft, or to weave garlands to entwine a monument in honor of departed greatness. We have not assembled to mingle our voices in the glad, triumphant shout of victory over fallen foes. Neither have we, as free-born citizens of this world envied republic, met to plunge into the stream of national politics. It is not to form a part in a glittering pageant in honor of warrior, statesman, philosopher or poet, that we are here. This day we consecrate to Cahaba; to-day, we crown another star in the firmament of her hoped for greatness, whose brightness will ever shed its light upon this great enterprise, and direct our wearied hopes to a resting place, where we can behold Cahaba, like another phoenix, just emerging from her recent ashes, growing yet more beautiful, gathering her mantle of strength around about her, and pluming her pinions for a bolder and loftier flight.

This day we mark with a white stone, and upon it will write the commencement of our prosperity. 'Tis yet but "the day of small things" with us. But we must pursue the golden fruit, ere we can hope to pluck it. We must climb up the rugged steep, before we can rest in the gardens of Ease and fields of Pleasure on its summit. Nature has so created man as both to require and encourage him to labor; he is possessed with desires and necessities, which cannot be supplied without his own physical exertion. The flower springs up and grows on the spot where, by chance, the seed was cast; it is sustained and nurtured by the moisture which saturates the earth, and sparkles in the morning dew drop; kind nature supplies covering to protect its delicate structure, ere it unfolds its hidden beauties. "The lilies of the field toil not, neither do they spin, and yet even Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these." But God has so ordered it that the simplest wants of man cannot be supplied without labor. Then let us not falter or turn back from this great enterprise, so nobly begun; let us not view it as the mountain of "Talisman," whose summit ne'er can be reached, but let us press onward and bid despair find other victims to lash with its scorpion sting.

"Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait."

But a few years ago, our fathers fled from oppression in the old world, to seek refuge in the wilderness of the new, and yet in that short space of time, what has not energy and will accomplished? The proud forests have fallen—the earth rocked and trembled 'neath the quarryman's giant hand; cities and towns have sprung up, like magic, over the immense extent of our land, and the very air resounds with the busy hum of human life. From a hundred ports, the canvass of ten thousand sails, sheltered by the "star-spangled banner," whiten every sea, bearing the products of our own soil, and bringing back the wealth and luxuries of every quarter of the globe. Nature's agencies have been subdued by the hand of science to the dominion of man, and have become submissive ministers to his will, more prompt and powerful than the old fabled Genii of the Arabian tales. Little did we dream, in the days of our childhood, when we feasted our longing imaginations upon the wonders wrought by these elemental spirits, called forth by the talismanic wand of some fairy queen, that they were but the faint foreshadowings of what our own eyes should behold in the every day scenes of life. The Steam Engine is our elemental spirit; it more than realizes the gorgeous ideas of the old oriental imagination. That had its different order of spirits—Genii of Fire, of Earth, of Water, and of Air, whose invincible hostility could never be subdued to unity of purpose. But ours combines the power of all in one, and

is so submissive, that a child may guide and control it. Across the ocean, along the coast, and through the length of rivers, in gorgeous palaces of ease and splendor, we plough our way against current, wind and tide, while on iron roads, throughout the length and breadth of the land, innumerable trains, thronged with human beings, and freighted with the wealth of the nation, are urging their way in every direction, flying through the valleys, thundering across the rivers, panting up the sides, or piercing the very heart of mountains, with the resistless force, and almost the speed of lightning.

The old limitations of human endeavor seem to be broken through, and the everlasting conditions of time and space appear to have been annihilated. The magnificent achievements of to-day, lead but to grander projects for to-morrow. Success in the past serves but to enlarge the purposes of the future, and the world seems rushing forward in a career of development, to which no bounds can be assigned. Let us not be content with the *chaff*, while others reap the golden grain. Let each act well his part in this great enterprise which is destined to advance our town in wealth, population, and all the elements of prosperity, and draw more closely, and unite more firmly, with bands of iron, the golden threads of hospitality and friendship, which binds us to the hearts of the people of Marion. Though there is yet much labor, and toil, and *monay* to be expended, we will strike for the summit; but in climbing the height, we need not always take the steep and rugged way. We may gaze upon the beauty and glory of the landscape around, "refresh ourselves where the clear fount gushes in the shade, or pause to pluck the flower that blooms and sheds its fragrance in the mossy clefts."

So, now we have met to unbend from the formalities, the cares, and business of life. The occasion is one which fills our hearts with the liveliest emotions of pleasure and gratification. In view of our growing importance, pride beams from every eye, and mantles every cheek. 'Tis cheering to see the interest manifested in the ceremonies of this day. The farmer has left his plough—the mechanic laid aside his tools—the merchant forsaken the concerns of his fortune, and even the care-worn lawyer has brightened his rusty cheek, and displays again the smile of former days. Woman, too, wreathed with mirth and gladness, partakes of the genial joy, and gives "God speed" to the noble enterprise.

There is a beautiful and striking custom of the Eastern nations who dwell on the banks of the river Ganges. When they wish to fretful the result of any great enterprise in which they may be engaged, or seek to know the fate of some absent friend or lover, they trim a lamp filled with fragrant oil, and place it in an earthen dish, adorned with wreaths of precious flowers. Then with heartfelt prayer for its safety, and a fervent blessing on its course, they consecrate it with a name sacred and dear, and at nightfall, launch it upon the turbid stream; then, with alternate hopes and fears, watch its progress till it is engulfed 'neath the swelling flood, or rides the waves like a thing of life, arching its rainbow of promise, and cheering its anxious watcher with its light of hope, till it fades in the dim distance.

So, now we have trimmed our lamp of hope, and launched our little bark. We have burnished up the armor of our Iron Horse. We have decked it in holiday attire, with wreaths of roses and garlands of flowers—with banners, and mottoes, and streamers gay. We strew flowers and laurels in its path, and though its iron heel will crush their delicate limbs, and drink their dewy tears, yet the wings of time will waft back their perfumes as a grateful incense offered by the little ones from their shrines of devotion. Then, with a prayer for its safety, and a blessing on its course, we consecrate it with a name dear to us all—a name around which cluster the recollection of friends and home—of loved ones gone, the remembrance of whose virtues steals over us from the sweet memories of the past, linking us in love to the soil where their ashes repose. We love the name CAHABA, not because it is famous in song or story—not because it is the birthplace of heroes and warriors, or is watered by the blood of patriots and martyrs. We tread not here the classic soil of Greece, nor have we around us the magnificent ruins of Rome. We claim not that it is like "Sweet Auburn," the "loveliest village of the plain," nor like "Erin's green isle," the "fairest gem of the ocean." We love it not alone for its sunny skies and shady groves, "or summer winds that waft soft melody from leaf and blooming flower." But we love it because it is OUR HOME!

"It matters not how dear the spot,
How proud or poor the dome,
Love still retains some deathless chain
That binds the heart to Home."

In accordance, then, with an honored custom of olden time, in the presence of our citizens here assembled, and by the authority in me vested, with this bottle of native Wine,* the gift of a generous friend, I bestow upon this engine—our first born, our pride and hope—the name "CAHABA!" [Breaking the bottle of wine.] Let skill and prudence ever be its guide. Let safety, not speed, be the motto which shall direct its course.

Just as Mrs. Piques pronounced the name of the engine, the word "Cahaba," in golden letters, was displayed to view, amid the hearty cheers of the company; the little girls strewed

*The wine was furnished by Maj. JAMES M. LENOIR, of this county.

flowers on the track; the bell rang as the signal for starting, and the "Cahaba," with her flags flying, moved off in gallant style, on her way to the end of the track. She returned in a few minutes, when the President of the Road delivered a few remarks, which we would publish, if we had a copy of them.

The editor of the Reporter, who was present, pays a merited compliment to the speakers, which accords so well with our views, that we copy it:

"John T. Morgan, Esq., first appeared, and delivered an appropriate and very handsome short address, at the close of which he introduced Mrs. Piques, of whose address we dislike to speak, for we cannot do her or her piece marred justice. It was most beautifully written, and happily delivered. Her manner was easy, and graceful, and at times she was truly eloquent. Her voice was musical, and when she touched upon home, it was soul-inspiring."

The ladies were then invited to ride—the speakers' platform being reserved for them—and before the close of the day, all who desired it, had ridden on the Marion & Cahaba Railroad.

When we say that the ladies had charge of the table, those acquainted with the town, who are absent, will receive it as an assurance that the dinner was as good as a dinner could be.—The meats were barbed under the superintendence of Mr. Wallace Norris, who was also marshal of the ground, and well did he perform his various duties. Although there was such a large crowd, the utmost order prevailed, and there was none of the scrambling and scuffling that generally occurs at a large barbeque.

Just at the close of the dinner, a thunder storm came up, which hastened the departure of those from the country, but the company did not entirely disperse until 5 or 6 o'clock.

We have not heard the number of persons present estimated, but we think there must have been near a thousand. There were several hundred ladies present, and, as friend Shelley says, "the array of female loveliness was grand and imposing."

At night, there was a dance at Saltmarsh hall, and we believe everybody was satisfied and pleased with the ceremonies of the day.

A DISCRIMINATING JUDGE.—The police court of the thriving town of B—, in Maine, which boasts a bay rivalling that of Naples, is presided over by one Judge W—, who is something of a wag as well as a lawyer. On one occasion, while enjoying a post-prandial "feast of reason and flow of soul" with some of the jolly fellows of that region, the Judge was summoned to the court room, to try an Irishman, arrested for drunkenness. Having heard the testimony, which clearly proved the crime, the judge asked the accused: "Have you any friends?" "No, your honor," Judge W— said. "Have you any money?" "No, your honor." "Then," said Judge W—, "if you have no friends and no money, I must proceed to pronounce the sentence of the court, which is, that you be imprisoned for thirty days in the House of Correction—and may God have mercy on your soul."

The art of kissing is daintily expressed in the following little poem:

Kiss me, darling! when I kiss you
Kiss me back and back again!
Lips are only rosy petals,
Kisses drops of fragrant rain!
Where's the harm, then! I could give you
Reasons, dear! for every one,
Only that I may not tell them
In the broad and garish sun.
Take, at least! I think a sweet one!
And I know you'll think with me,
'Tis the Scripture.—"Do to others
What thou'dst have them do to thee."

SATISFACTORY.—"Hallo, boy, did you see a rabbit cross the road there just now?"
"A rabbit?"
"Yes! he quick! a rabbit!"
"Was it a kinder gray varmint?"
"Yes! yes!"
"A longish creter with a short tail?"
"Yes—be quick, or he'll gain his burrow."
"Had it long legs behind and big ears?"
"Yes! yes!"
"And sorter jumps when it runs?"
"Yes! I tell you, jumps when it runs!"
"Well, I hain't seen such a creter about here!"

A correspondent of the "Crescent City" writes as follows: "Here is something I saw myself. A few days since a verdant youth, with his blushing bride arrived at one of the principal hotels in this city. The head of the family immediately registered his name as 'S. B. Jones and lady, Alabama, on a bride tour.' Is not this a new way to inform the public you are in the hymenial hall?"

GOOD.—At the Fourth of July celebration, held at Lexington, the following toast was offered:

"HOOPS AND TIGHT PANTS—the unqualified representatives of financial extremes. May the charms of the ladies be as boundless as their skirts; and may the gents never get as tight as their breeches."

"Will you please permit a lady to occupy this seat?" said a gentleman to another the other day, in a railroad car. "Is she an advocate of woman's rights?" asked the gentleman who was invited to "vacate." "She is," replied he who was standing. "Well, then, let her take the benefit of her doctrine, and stand up."

"Don't Count Your Chickens Before They are Hatched."—Enumerate not your adolescent pullets ere they cease to be oviform.

What is better than presence of mind in a Railroad accident? Absence of body.

From the Leavenworth Moccasin Herald, Bobtail's Great Prize Story! THE DOOMED MONARCH; OR, THE FIEND CODFISH!

BY E. K. BOBTAIL.

Chapter I.
It was night nowhere, and nowhere was as dark as a bottle of ink in a barrel of pitch at the bottom of a well, and forty thousand times darker than the concentrated darkness of forty thousand midnights, when upon a throne of petrified turtle soup stood the mighty Gengulphus, monarch of the Fe Fo Fi Fum Islands, eating a slice of battered beeswax, occasionally wetting his lips by drinking fluidicfl, wrought iron shoe anchors, fluke foremost.

Around him stood eighty two thousand nine hundred and eighty seven and a half courtiers!

"Bring forth the whangdoodle and place it on the hewgag!" exclaimed he in a terrific voice, at the same time cutting off a courtier's head with the sharp edge of an illuminated cotton bale.

Chapter II.
The whangdoodle was placed upon the hewgag—but before we go further, let us take a glance at the political state of America at the date our story opens. We were involved in a war with Mexico, and Gen. Scott was carrying our victorious flag through the halls of the Monte lococera.—General Washington, commanding the home army, had formed a junction with Christopher Columbus at Nauvoo, and defeated the combined forces of England, France and Hindoostan in a sanguinary retreat on Bangtown heights. John C. Fremont, President of the United States, had appointed James Buchanan Governor of Cape Cod; and Napoleon Bonaparte, as Mayor of Bunker Hill, assisted by Lieutenant General O'Twigger, of Ireland, was preparing for a descent upon the tories of Cero Gordo; whilst Dr. Jayne, U. S. Surgeon, was constructing a strong fort at Cairo, armed with a chain pump and one hundred of his Carmineville Balsam.

Under these tremendous circumstances, no wonder the men and women of the nineteenth century were highly intellectual, and, generally speaking, born when they were young.

Turn we again to our story.
Chapter III.
The whangdoodle was placed upon the hewgag. Dismay and terror sat upon the countenances of the nobility. Lord de Moza involuntarily clutched Prince Blow-husb's coat tail, and the Countess of Fitz-fun disappeared hysterically within her hoops, whilst bold Count de Scratch hither-to the bravest of the brave, threw himself at the foot of the throne and elevated one leg as signal of distress. But the mighty Gengulphus was unmoved. Drawing a golden wire safety-fuse from his bosom, he was in the act of attaching one end of it to the whangdoodle, when—oh, horror of horrors! he beheld in one corner of the room his beloved Sulleh locked in the arms of Fee ti le Squash Bosky, Envoy Extraordinary from the Isle of Wight!

Chapter IV.
To say that Gengulphus was angry would be but an indifferent statement of the truth. He was in a rage. He couldn't contain himself, and consequently boiled over in torrents that formed puddles of wrath at his feet. He foamed, raved, ripped and tore—stamped, rolled, kicked and roared. At last seizing a battering ram by the horns, he made a furious push at the guilty pair.

Chapter V.
"Die!" shrieked Gengulphus, as he twirled the fearful instrument above their heads; but alas! in swift descent it came in contact with Baron de Boosey's pipe, and glancing at right angles, clove asunder the massive door leading into the Royal Menagerie—Brimstone and torpedoes! thundered Gengulphus—but he was too late. Ere he could again raise the huge weapon, a fierce, demoniacal howl ran through the rooms, and the next moment an infuriated grizzly Codfish ran madly forth from the demolished door and buried its deadly fangs in the seat of the mighty Gengulphus' inexpressibles! He uttered a sharp cry of pain, and then fell to the floor, as dead as a June bug in January.

Chapter VI.
But little more remains to be told! Sulleh, soon after the death of Gengulphus, stabbed herself with a bed wrench, and her paramour, Fee ti le Squash Bosky, becoming stricken with remorse, buried himself in a pot of porter—heels up. The Countess Fitz-fun eloped with an Egyptian mummy, in a good state of preservation, and the Count de Scratch, having lost the whole of his fortune in playing "Simon says wig wag" with Lord de Monzo, he was forced to emigrate West, where he enlisted as orderly sergeant to a lime kiln, and was shortly afterwards killed by the accidental bursting of a cabbage head.

Why does a drake put his head under water? For divers reasons.
Why does he take it out? For sundry reasons.

"Can any boy name an animal of the order of 'eudenta,' that is a front-toothless animal?" asked a teacher of a public school the other day.

"I can," replied a little fellow, whose face beamed with pleasure at the prospect of a credit mark.

"Well, what is the animal?" said the teacher. "My grandmother!" answered the boy, with great glee.

What ship's boat ought to contain a happy crew? The jolly-boat.