

BRANIGAN'S CHRONICLES AND CURIOSITIES.

Nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice.—Shak.

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For Branigan's Chronicles & Curiosities.

MARY'S CURLS.

When walking out by moon's pale light,
My eyes beheld a charming sight,
'T was Mary's curls and silken hair,
To which I now in rhyme refer.

It hangs in ringlets rich and gay,
As loveliest flowers that bloom in May,
And to our memory's vision bring
The unfolding leaves of welcome spring.

Fanned by the breeze they gently weave,
As water brooks their green banks leave,
Like eddy's form'd where streamlets whirl,
So nature forms each lock a curl.

Or as the morning glory twines
Around the prop its tender vines,
And ope the blue ephem'ral flower,
With sweet perfumes each morning hour.

Or as the creeping ivy mounts
O'er garden hedge or cottage front,
So those brown curls around her brow
Its snowy colors contrast show,

Or like the fleecy clouds of heaven,
Which cluster round the sun at even,
So round her lovely smiling face,
Nature has given each curl its place.

They deck a brow of pearly white,
Encircling too bright orbs of light,
Whose gentle gleam, through azure blue,
Tells of a heart both kind and true.

Hamilton, March 16, 1859.

J. A. DOYLE.—We would caution this gent of the "quill," who makes the *Times* office his abode, against making so frequent visits to the "angel" who lives in the stone house at the foot of the mountain. While it is highly refreshing, after the toils of the day, to pass an hour or two in the presence of one's lady love, he may find that there is some truth in the assertion, that, "the course of true love never did run smooth." Wonder does her anxious papa encourage the addresses of this young sprout who has left his *imprint* on her mind, and pressed her loving form to his warm bosom. As the *Bank* of the old governor is well stored with coins (*guoins*), perhaps that has something to do with it. If so, he may have the pleasure, some fine morning, of making the acquaintance of a *shooting stick* in the hand of one who has an equal interest there.

WANTED.—The wet nurse lately advertised for in the *Times*, not being able to sustain all the suckers around that establishment, we notice that a milch cow is now wanted for the concern.

OUR CURIOSITY SHOP

"DYED."

In this city, on Thursday last, the WHISKERS AND MOUSTACHIOS of MAJOR GRAVE, of the active force. Their remains will be followed to the place of interment, beside his lamented dog "old Doctor," to day.

Friends and acquaintances are requested to be present to assist in the imposing ceremony, as also the members of the different Military Companies, who, it is expected will discharge a *feu-de-joie* in honor of the glorious event; after which the band will favor the company with a *duette* entitled, "My heir (hair) shall ne'er be Gray.

RUM AND MILK.—The demand for this highly invigorating drink, has introduced to the world a very enterprising down-easter, who is now engaged in improving the breed of cows, in order to have them give rum and milk, and thus do away with the trouble of mixing. The secret seems to be in the rum way the fellow has of feeding his quadrupeds. If the breed can be propagated, how the number of suckers will increase

WISKEY WERSEY.—The Inspector of Militia says, in his last report on the state of our active force, "I know of one militia officer, who runs hurriedly to one kind of a fire, and would almost break his neck in running away from another.

Wonder if that means any one in these diggins?

It is becoming the custom out west for newly married people to send to newspaper publishers, along with their marriage notice the amount of a year's subscription. This is a very sensible custom. Next to a good wife or husband, the greatest blessing is a good newspaper.

It is said that one of the editors of the *Lewisburgh Chronicle*, soon after he went to learn the printing business, went to see a preacher's daughter. The next time he was considerably astonished at hearing the minister announce as his text, "My daughter is grievously tormented with a devil."

GOT HIM THERE.—I say, Julius, can you tell me when a cabman cheats you by being too fair in his charge?

Julius—Yes, I can't tell you that, Well, then, its when he demands double fare, of course.

SPORTING.



Long John's Dog.



The Growler.

FUN AHEAD.—Our artist has furnished us above with exact pictures, taken from photographs by Sinclair, of the two dogs between which the great prize fight is to come off next Thursday, and the particulars of which shall appear in our next.—Long John is now training his celebrated "Prize Fighter," and the *Growler* is also well cared for. Both dogs are in experienced hands.

NOT A GROWL TO BE HEARD.—The geniuses who do the *Growler*, waited on Mr. John F. Moore, the other day, and begged of that gentleman, to put any other suit he liked on their shoulders, save a *libel suit*. He immediately served them with an ejectment suit—a *posteriori*, which brought the difficulty to an end.

The extraordinary disease, which ravaged so fearfully in the dairy stables of New York, depriving hundreds of the wretched cows of their "caudicular appendages, *alias* tails, and which was so graphically described in "Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper," seems to have made its appearance among the canine race in Hamilton. A fine black and tan dog, owned at the Black Horse Inn, left his master's house apparently in good health, and a few minutes afterward returned minus his wagging apparatus.

Our devil says that the cows of New York lost their tails from being fed on "swill," and he can't account for the above melancholy bereavement otherwise than by supposing, "Poor Boss!" came from, not to his end, from a too free use of the *swill* barrel at the Black Horse Inn.

The dog's tail having been found near the centre of the Upper Market, we suppose he had been making free with some *swill-fed* beef, the poisonous effect of which de-tailed him before he had time to escape the market.

What would be the first sentence a sick horse, if he could speak, would say to Dr. Radford?

Ans.—I go in for *Bran* again, I do!