

BRANIGAN'S CHRONICLES AND CURIOSITIES

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

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HAMILTON, C. W., SATURDAY, APRIL 23, 1859.

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Written for the Chronicles.

THE BROKEN REED.

I trusted in a reed,
Most beautiful and fair,
Like willows by the stream
Its fair proportions were;
Its feathery top was spread
In proud and gallant trim,
Beauty was in the head,
And favor in the limb.

A leak was in my boat,
Far distant from the shore,
I cast myself afloat,
Nor dream'd of danger more;
It bowed to meet my grasp,
It quivered in my hand,
I held the tempter fast,
And gazed upon the land.

The eddying current came,
The waves around me rolled,
I felt the stem grow weak,
But still I kept my hold;
It broke—and o'er the waves
Prophetic voices spoke—
"Who trusts a broken reed,
He must himself be broke."

Hamilton, April 20, 1859.

DEACON FREE-THINKER

ON THE STUMP.



PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE TIMES.

PICTURE NO. II.

AMBITION AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

This, my dear friends, is the mocking prelude to passing sentence of death upon a criminal, who has been tried and found guilty of some capital offence by a jury of his countrymen. And it matters not what the "prisoner at the bar" may say, or how truthfully he may plead innocence of the crime with which he has been charged, the sentence is pronounced, the day of execution fixed, and the doom of the man sealed. It has been said that the canine species resemble man in one particular only—and that is—in hunting down any poor dog with a tin-kettle tied to his tail. And so it is—once commence descending the road to ruin, and how many you find ready with hand and foot to accelerate your descent. This feeling has found its way into the jury box, to the bench, and to the very fountain head of our common laws, and is being every day manifested to a greater or less extent in all conditions of society. By envy and ambition angels fell ere now! And yet, my dear friends, these deadly passions still reign in the breasts of many more potently than any other feeling. How many of his fellow creatures did not Napoleon sacrifice to his ambition? And how many have become miserable misers through an uncompromising ambition to be rich? Let these considerations take root in your hearts, and caution you to shun every appearance of evil, for there are

many roaring lions in your track, longing for an opportunity to devour you. It is, perhaps, gratifying even on the scaffold for the unfortunate victim of human shortsightedness to feel an inward consciousness of innocence—but that feeling stays not the executioner's hand; nor can it supply the family who who has been robbed of its head, with a protector and a provider—therefore, say I again to you, Beware of the evil tendency of your passions and the incentives of an empty stomach. "Contentment is better than riches"—therefore fight against the promptings of a passion that gave Mephistophiles a habitation and a name. I have seen double-distilled villainy succeed admirably for time, and know the cowardly assassin to escape punishment so long that his fancied security made him bold—but

"Blood, though it sleep a time, yet never dies:
The gods on murderers fix revengeful eyes."

"Stones have been known to move, and trees to speak;" therefore, my friends, learn wisdom, and be content with your lot, for honesty is the true sister of happiness, and she guards the wicket-gate leading into the land of pleasant dreams. On some of you, who listen to my counsel, my words may fall "as profitless as water in a sieve;" but the eventful day may come when you will recur the words of advice given you to-day, with bitterness of spirit for having neglected them. The evils of the times cannot be remedied in a day; but the work of reformation may be commenced now, and with your free thinking Deacon on this mighty stump every Saturday, who can tell from our small beginning what great things may be the result. My next photograph may have more sunshine and less clouds in it than the present.—"So mote it be."

Hair Dye—We are perfectly inundated with enquiries respecting hair dye, and the best place to purchase it. Many of these letters we regret to say are unpaid; but any reader of the *Spectator* may perceive its sale advertised by Bickle & Son, Medical Hall, King street; Mr. Dallyn, of the Royal Hotel, also supplies some excellent receipts for hiding the encroachments of time, and we believe furnished the Major with the renowned dye. Great care is necessary in its selection, as *dyeing* frequently results in death.

LOOK UPON THIS PICTURE AND UPON THAT.—It is true the people like to be humbugged, or why support such lying publications as *Harper's Weekly* and *Frank Leslie's Paper*? In the simple matter of a representation of the Court House at Washington, in which Sickles is being tried for the murder of Keys, both give views of the interior of the Court so dissimilar in themselves and so at variance with truth, that it is impossible for any one to fail in concluding that both are arrant humbugs. And yet the country is inundated with these lying and immoral publications. So much for public taste.

"Delightful task to teach the young idea how to shoo." This has ever been our opinion, and in its exercise we recently found it necessary to remonstrate with a young friend of ours; our efforts not succeeding we communicated with his parents, which has resulted in our being challenged by the youth to mortal combat. This appears at first sight exceedingly ludicrous, but second thoughts teach us how necessary it is not "to spare the rod and spoil the child." Verily the precocity of the rising generation should be looked to, and the wise maxim to "train up a child in the way he should go" be strictly adhered to.