

moved the following: "Resolved, That as the Canal is a burdensome and unprofitable affair, and in order to prevent the further unnecessary outlay of funds, three thousand men be immediately employed to fill it up."

Any other important matters that may come under my notice, I will chronicle in due time.—Yours very truly,

For Branigan's Chronicles.  
MILTON.

DEAR TERRY.—Agreeable to your request, I hope its not out of place to respond to your last issue, with regard to changing the name of our ambitious little Town, sure and it was myself thed read you last Milton Correspondence with indignation and disgust, troth and its the truth they could you, when they said the cabbage garden was bare of stock of late, for I'm greatly afraid if we went out on a hal we'd find devilish few of thim with straight stalks. Sure and its myself never thought that one of my sex should ever be put to the trouble of blowing her trumpet through your colums, but Terry Dear, I'm a country woman of your own, and dosent like to hear anything of this kind. Troth and its fitter the same party would lie, trying to change the names of some of our dacent Towns belles, than be striving to change the name of the Town, arrah can't they let the Town remain as it is, and not showing themselves up to you in this way; throth and Terry when you read their epistle, I'll warrent its yourself would join with me and say that the Town will well rid them, they may talk about their cabbage garden being bare of stock, but if you'd just see, true its yourself would say that they were the descendants of Dan O'Connells steam engine. Excuse me, but its no wonder my brain is disturbed, houlding meetings to destroy our country in every sence of the word. I suppose the sight of a petticoat, or a sett of hoops would frighten the poor crathurs, so perhaps its their failure and not their fault; but perhaps when the warm weather comes in it may make a change upon them, and if some of them are "awe young to marry yet," they needent be putting others out the humour.

Hoping, if Codfish has no better music to cheer in our ears, he may remain his briny element.

Yours in haste,  
JUDDY AGRA.

MILTON, March 1, 1859.

For Branigan's Chronicles and Curiosities.

Sir,—The first report of the Chief Engineer Fire Brigade to the City Council, is in the true Cæcerian style—I came—I saw—I conquered—but does not contain a suggestion which was understood to be in the copy submitted to the Committee of Brigade. It was said to read as follows: "The By-Law on Fire Brigade requires some amendments, and I would respectfully suggest as the Chairman of Fire and Water Committee has a voice and vote in the management of the Brigade, that the Chief Engineer be appointed ex-officio a member of the City Council." If the Firemen expunged—or the Chairmen of Fire and Water Committee erased the above—of course you can tell. The condemnation of Hose & Co. & Co., looks very much like Rochester and "other days." Could you not induce the Junior Councillor for St. Andrew's Ward to take the "Ribbons." The Senior seems to forget that he ever handled, or is afraid that his power is gone to use 'hem.

PHœNIX.

Sambo, what 'lation do de editor ob de Growler hab to de debil!

Can't say, Julius,—gib um up.

Go 'way, nigga; don't ye know dat him is Nick's son! (Nixon.) Yaw, yah! Iz de nig tu guess.

"Why don't you wheel that barrow of coals, Ned?" said a learned miner to one of his sons, "it is not a very hard job; there is an inclined plane to relieve you." "Ah?" replied Ned, who had more relish for wit than work, "the plane may be inclined, but hang me if I am."

Written for Branigan's Chronicles and Curiosities.

To F. E. R.

Not a thousand miles from the Royal Hotel, Lives a gent., and he's known by all as a swell, Who has with success to Fame's temple climbed up, Till he's now, what he aimed at, a regular pup.

O, it's quite overpowering, should you happen to meet

This dandy half-man, while walking James Street;

You may think what he's like, this post-office flunkoy—

He was once called papa by the old rag-man's donkey.

He'll allow a superior to tread on his toes, Or, over go farther, an<sup>d</sup> pull his pug nose; Low down he would bow, put his face in the dirt—

He'd allow them to use him like the tail of a shirt.

But if an inferior \* he happens to touch, Brushed is his coat; for to think that by such, The hem of his garment rubbed even should be,

Is too much for his feelings—"positively demme."

With corduroy breeches, and boots to his knees,

Mr. F. E. R. thinks that whatever he please He can do, but if he his mistake does'nt see, Dragged through a horse-pond some day he shall be.

He has lately been wearing a glass in his eye, And the ladies complain that they cannot pass by

The place where he stands, for he at them does stare,

And giggle and laugh, like a fool at a fair.

Now, certain young men have determined, as how,

Such proceedings as these they will not allow; By a horsewhip some day his back will be itchy—

He'll find it no safeguard the name of a R—e.

RUFUS RAWHIDE.

\* Inferior only in pocket; any body is superior in every thing else, according to his shallow ideas.

POLICE COURT SCENE.—A German is called to the stand as a witness. He takes the oath, and brushes back his hair, that hangs roughly over his head. His face is black and all covered with beard. With all the dignity of a Kossuth, he takes a position with arms folded, and awaits the first question of the Court, which is:

"What's your name?"

"Von Blum," said our German friend, shutting his eyes and grinning.

"Von what?"

"Von Blum, un de ske von hoven."

"What's un de ske von hoven?"

"Yaw!"

"Did you see this fight?"

"Lansman argle, un de vrom pe tagle mit a faw."

This was too much for the Justice, and he requested his "friend" to step aside. Every day almost witnesses just such scenes as this, which is nearly enough to wear out the patience of Job, let alone the magistrate.

The sale of horseflesh for consumption by man is now general in Austria, Bohemia, some parts of Prussia, Wurttemberg and Belgium, and Parisian banquets of horseflesh are now common. The flesh of used up horses not diseased, is that which forms the food of the hippophagist, and it is said to be better than cow beef, and to differ very little from ox beef.

For Branigan's Chronicles.

To JOHNNY Y—G.—FORGET ME NOT.

Should we, as friends have often done,  
The lingering pain of absence know,  
Let this bring to remembrance one  
Who would not your regards forego.  
Should we afar asunder be,  
As often falls to Friendship's lot,  
Oh! look on this, and think of me,—  
Forgot me not!—Forgot me not!

I wish no tear to dim thine eye;  
Oh, no! I would not give thee pain;  
I only wish one gentle sigh—  
One cordial wish to meet again.  
Then hold this small memorial dear—  
Oh! who would wish to be forgot!  
Still let it whisper in thine ear—  
Forget me not!—Forget me not!

Johnny; you know well who writes these lines, so I won't give you my signature.

MARRIAGE IN FRANCE.—I have, however, neglected to introduce this long sketch of marriage in France, by a description of French courtship; and as I have never ventured to play a part in any such scene in this country, I trust you will excuse me, if I translate from the French this courtship.

Last week, a small party was given at Faubourg Saint Honore. There were only about two hundred guests. Some rooms were devoted to cards and others to dancing. About ten o'clock the mistress of the house appeared at the door one of the rooms where they were playing cards, and asked for a gentleman to complete a quadrille. An elderly gentleman asked a young man seated at a whist table to oblige the hostess and himself by joining the quadrille, and giving him the vacated seat at the whist-table. The young man, who had lost several hundred francs, readily complied, and soon introduced to a pretty blonde. How do you like the dress of the brunette lady? said the pretty blonde at the first pause in the dance. Madame, replied the young man, when I am dancing, my eyes refuse to see anybody in the ball-room except my partner. The pretty blonde smiled. May I be indiscreet, Madame,? said he, in turn asking a question.—If you be discreetly so, Monsieur said she.—I divine that you are a widow.—You are right: and I see that you are a bachelor.—Indeed I am.—You must belong to some liberal profession? I belong to the profession of idlers on 25,000 francs a year, invested in the Three Per Cents. Ah? we differ then, for my 30,000 francs a year are invested in railway bonds.—Madame I have resolved to ask your hand in marriage.—Whom will you ask?—You, Madame.—But what will my parents say?—Madame, as my question interests none so much as you and I, it seems to me that we are the only parties to be consulted.—That is reasonable enough.—Will you give me your hand, Madame?—Bring this cape jessamine (she broke a flower from her bouquet) to me tomorrow, at two o'clock, at my notary's office, and I will give you my answer.—Thank you, Madame.—The notary drew the marriage contract, and in a few weeks they were married.

Published and Sold by the Proprietor, T. BRANIGAN, at his Saloon, McNab Street (Market Square,) and may be had at all the city Book Stores—Price, THREE CENTS.