

BRANIGAN'S CHRONICLES AND CURIOSITIES

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

Vol. I.—No. 27.

HAMILTON, C. W., SATURDAY, MAY 7, 1859.

PRICE, TWO-PENCE

(For the Chronicles.)

A New Lay to an Old Tune.

The Times, it's known, do oft get bad,
So many people say,
But bad Times never make me sad,
I'm Bold Tommy Grey.

Sword, pen, and helmet;
No rations nor half pay;
I can live and dodge and print,
And teach 'em all the way.

If into trouble I chance get,
Oh, can't I take it easy.
I can dodge and flirt about,
Apparently still busy.

Sword, pen, and helmet;
A Major without pay;
I will still my rations get,
And teach 'em all the way.

A Corporation dodge takes wing,
And lights upon my ear,
All other work aside I fling,
And greet it with a cheer.

Sword, pen and helmet;
Know the easy way
To strike, to grab, to reach, to get
Both rations and full pay.

If into Law I chance to get,
Alas, and well a day,
I know how to get out of it,
Yes, and the right way.

Scales, pen and helmet;
A Major without pay;
I have oft got out of it,
To teach 'em all the way.

I never take no tongue or cuff,
What like let people say;
At Court I've friends and chums enough
To get things my own way.

Sword, pen and helmet:
Heed not what others say;
A Major is a Major still,
And such is Tommy Grey,

To be continued if the Author meets with
any encouragement from the people in
whose hands are the "times"

TOO MANY COOKS SPOIL THE BROTH.—
*A Great Fall, Crushing Catastrophe, and
Narrow Escape.*—"Who sells fat mutton
should himself be fat." One of our butch-
ers, who, fulfilling the adage, is a most re-
spectable professional obesity, steering
along under the Market-sheds the other
day, with his eyes as well as his other sen-
ses alike elevated, staggered upon a baby
carriage and over it performed an astonish-
ing gymnastic tumble. The frail vehicle
was smashed into shivers, but, wonderful to
relate, the infant occupant thereof was pick-
ed up unhurt. Our butcher got up and
shook himself, exclaiming, "— my eyes!
—What brought you there among my feet to
break my shins?"

New Patent for Soap—called "Com- pound Extracts of Dollars."

H—n and D—s, Royal Hotel Build-
ings, have taken out a Patent for Soap.—
They warrant it to exceed any thing ever
used in SHAVING. By a good lather this
article will enable the BARBER to cut
three hundred per cent below the skin.

A. Steven, G. Taylor and W. H. Park,
having examined this, chemically, say that
it cannot be used with safety; but H—n
& D—s, Professional and Scientific BAR-
BERS, beg to publish the following testi-
monials from the highest authority, in or-
der to counteract the opinion of the afore-
said Chemists:—

(To H—n & D—s, BARBERS.)

GENTLEMEN,—

I have used your *Shaving*
Soap for some years, and have much plea-
sure in assuring the Public that I have
never found it fail. I have cut with this ex-
cellent compound 350 per cent below the
skin, without reaching the conscience!!!

Oak Bank, }
May, 1859, }

Yours Obediently,
LORD COFFIN.

To Messrs. H—n & D—s.

GENTLEMEN,—

We have *Shaved* for many
years with your "*Compound Extracts of*
Dollars," and—~~our attention~~—
have used it in Shaving *thousands*, and have
gone as far as 400 per cent below the skin.
(Signed.)

SKIN FLINT OF KIKERO.

GENTLEMEN,—

I stand before the Public.
I stand, gentlemen, on my *own bottom* to
testify, and that fearlessly. I say gentle-
men, fearlessly, that I never wore a mos-
tache. I hate mostache, and *upon my oath*
before the master in chancery I used your
"compound" successfully in shaving
K—y, P—r & Co., 500 per cent below
the surface.

Yours,

DONE BROWNE.

THE SEASON.

May, genial, glorious May, has introduced
herself in brightest habiliments, her smiling
countenance (no he could be so lovely) we
look upon as a happy omen of approaching
prosperity, we ourselves are very sanguine
it will be so; in this we are confirmed by
the gorgeous display of dress, and bright
galaxy of beauty which appeared on our
streets last Sabbath, the beauty of the bright
May morning received additional lustre
from the lovely features, and handsome
dresses of our unrivalled fair friends. From
this we gather that times are improving,
as smiling, happy countenances, and expen-
sive habiliments are quite incompatible
with seasons of difficulty. May it be long
before the ladies cease to have an oppor-
tunity of doing justice through the medium
of art, to the charms of nature, so bounti-
fully granted them.

What is that which occurs once in
a minute, twice in a moment, and not once
in a thousand years. Give it up? the
letter M.

(Written for the Chronicles.)

The Late Marriage.

Well, well, wonders will never cease. So
the York widower was carried off by
storm the sylph-like form in the glorious
morn of beauty, (and under Ike's very nose
too.) "Hickory's" elder 'darter.' Of course
every body knows that it is purely a *love*
match—money being no object whatever—
indeed it is questionable as to whether the
gent in question *knew* that he was marrying
an herress, he was so literally wrapt up in
devotional admiration for his beautiful
bride. Won't it be an unlooked-for deligh-
ful surprise to his hungry pocket when its
empty dimensions are appraised by a super-
abundant supply of "shiners" from the cof-
fers of old Thirty-five-per-cent. It will also
be a wondrous source of gratification to the
Dr. (as he is a remarkably pious man) when
he finds out the honest and industrious
manner in which his much beloved and re-
vered father-in-law came in possession of all
his 'tin.' And while speaking of that much-
honored old gentleman, allow me to add
that all the encomiums of praises which are
every day heaped upon his head do not in
the least degree over-rate his many noble
and charitable qualifications. He is a man
noted for his *sanctity and piety*, and the
unsuspecting confiding trust which he re-
poses in every one with whom he has to do,
render him at once beloved by the poor
and respected by the rich—in fact univer-
sally beloved and respected by all—and,
like Aristoides of old, his name will be hand-
ed down to posterity as a model of upright-
ness and integrity. Surely you will join
with me in saying the Dr. has made a wise
choice, not only of a bride, but of—cash.
Stand aside all ye pretty girls who have
only modesty and virtue as a recommenda-
tion and dowry—whose parents are unfor-
tunate enough as to be *only* in comfortable
circumstances—what profiteth it to possess
the sunny curl, the azure eye, the rose-
tinted cheek, the vermillion lip. Surpassing
beauties have been discovered in the super-
cilious daughters of the monied extortionist,
even if the dying wail of the widow and
the fatherless *hath* ascended to that Tri-
bunal as a testimony against him. What
matters it to some?

LILLY DIAMOND.

Hamilton, May 4th, 1859.

The Growler.—This is the assumed
name of a rag blotted with filth, which,
every week, is presented to our offended
senses. The *Growler*, the creature calls
itself who puts forward this thing before
the public. Growler!—the *soubriquet*
might be applicable if he shewed any thing
of the decency of an honest dog. But the
yelping of this cur-whelp is not to be mis-
taken for a growl, nor dignified by the term.
Like other ill-bred puppies he wants a
whipping, to teach him manners and keep
him from snapping at those who care not
to take the trouble of kicking him. He
wants a little castigation as Branigan alone
can administer.