

OUR CHRISTMAS VISITS.

During the pressure of Elections, we had to leave unpublished the following account of our rambles.

At 8 p. m., we started from home, and went to "Buscomb's"—tasted his beer and cigars, admired his large mirror, and left; arrived at Maguire's—more beer, &c., feeling at our ease we sat down on one of the fancy seats that adorn this excellent "Restaurant."—we always liked Pat.—his free and easy old Irish manner, mixed with his celebrated beer, completely got the better of us. We consider ourselves connoisseurs, and we will say that no place of entertainment could be better conducted than that of Mr. Maguire's. Although his "Mirror" is not such a piece of workmanship as "Buscomb's," still everything else is so neat, from his "pint bottle" up to his polite "Bar-tender," that it is impossible to grumble. And then there is his oysters! such a "stew" as he made us devour, it beat all hollow.—His cellars are crowded with Wines and Liquors, of the richest and best brands, and his "Gin Cocktails," they actually "Crow" in the glass. After conversing awhile with some old friends, we retired to that good-hearted lady's, Mrs. Pross. Here we enjoyed ourselves in tip-top style for some time; we are apt to think that any cheering beverage mixed by a lady, tastes twice as good as that which is mixed by a man, we cannot account for the cause of it, but it is so. "The laugh and joke and merry tale," of by-gone days soon passed the time away, so we left with a heavy head, wishing the good lady, good times, and went to Nelligan's.

"Arrah fire an-ouas," is it yerselves," was the welcome we met with from this good whole-souled son of the "Emerald." "True snuff," there he was, his old face as merry as ever, he can make a lot of good fellows laugh now, as well as 15 years ago. Nell, Nell, "May your shadow never be less," the comical leer of his young day's is on his countenance yet, and his warm "old rye" tasted better than ever. After spending an hour in his company we got home safe, although we had hard work to keep on the course.—Good bye to ye Friend.

"SALE OF UNCLAIMED BAGGAGE"

Our readers are doubtless aware of the sale of the above named articles. But there is one thing about it, which we would wish our readers to know. At the last sale of these things, the people took "pot-luck" for every article they bought. No box is opened, so it is a venture to bid; but still every buyer was satisfied with his bargain, some of the lucky ones got \$45 worth for \$5, &c., &c.—We are privately informed that the G. W. R. Captains, like "cute yankees," intend to put a lot of their superannuated staff of Old Fogies into the boxes this time, as they expect there will be a "regular run" by the Ladies. We have no objection to such Ladies as Mrs. Rivers, getting a "cranky old Bachelor," as he might teach her how to keep "O. K." but we caution the more respectable of our female friends to "keep shady."

To the Editor of Branigan's Chronicles and Curiosities.  
HAMILTON, January 12th, 1859.

DEAR TERRY,—

Believing, as I do, that you, in your younger days, (and perhaps I would not be saying much, if I said in your old days,) was susceptible of the feelings which above all others form a theme for Philosophers and Poets, I take the liberty of sending you the following in hopes that it will find birth in the *Curiosities* of next Saturday. Terry, my friend, do not make fun of my young love, or box its velvet ears, as I can assure you it is not "boy's love." I have always loved the ladies but never until I saw Lizzie, have I been pierced by the

resistless dart. Let me give vent then to my overflowing soul, with the following—

LINES TO LIZZIE McD\*\*\*\*\*.

To thee, fairest maiden, dispeller of sadness—  
At whose smile of such sweetness, care passes away;  
Whose countenance beams with the essence of gladness,  
In the *Eden of Nature*, or halls of the gay,  
Whose face with the genius of wit sparkles brightly,  
And whose beauty with Venus herself might compare,  
Who wieldeth love's wand, but never un-  
sightly—  
The ideal of kindness—the Queen of the fair;  
I fain would draw near, and present my  
petition,  
Though re-called I may be by the angels  
above,  
Well knowing, though far below their condi-  
tion,  
I'd be their superior, if possessed of thy love.  
I flatter nobody; 'tis the heart's true con-  
nections;  
Then of thy warm love, pray give me com-  
mand,  
For my rivals are many, Oh! belie their  
predictions,  
And I'll clasp to my bosom, thy lilly white hand.

NEDDIE SLX-BOORS.

INFORMATION WANTED.

A quarter of a century has passed over us since we first became residents in "The Ambitious City," and during that time, we have never seen so many advertisements of "Dog Lost" as there are at present. Now what is the cause of this? We have been often asked the same question, by many a disconsolate lover of the "Canina race," and we hardly know what answer to make. There must be some horrid conspiracy at the bottom of this, if there is, we will leave no stone unturned to unravel the mystery. 'Tis true that sausages are made by steam now-a-days, and as we were returning from viewing a game of curling last week, we passed by that "Mince meat curiosity," and we would give its owner, (whoever he is) a sly hint, not to throw out so much hair. He is a foolish bird who can't guess eggs, when he sees shells, so we collected a lot of the said hair, which we will show gratis to any person who has

"LOST A DOG."

NOTICE.

TENDERS WANTED.

NOTICE is hereby given, that "TENDERS" will be received on the 20th day of Jan. 1859, for the supply of 80 dogs, and 50 "Tom Cats," per week, to be delivered at "My Sausage Factory," in the east end of the city.

For further particulars, apply to

— BRAYEMAN.

Hughson Street, Hamilton.

For Branigan's Chronicles and Curiosities.

CIGARS.

DEAR MR. B.

As you are generally "up to snuff," I wish you would inform me how it is that there are so few good Cigars in Hamilton at present,

And-oblige your friend,

"PUFF AWAY."

FOUND.—We picked up a lady's work-bag last Wednesday morning, which, we imagine, had dropped out of a cutter. On opening it, we found the following articles:—a package of wire, (for hoops, no doubt) a bottle of smelling salts, a false moustache, and a package of letters. If they are not called for in a week, we shall feel inclined to take a peep at the letters, and, if of interest, give our readers the benefit of their contents.

A WORD TO THE WISE.—As the wise men of the land are about to assemble in grave debate, we would give them a small bit of our mind on the Seat of Government question. It is this: Let the subject be sent back to England for re-consideration, and we have no doubt but that Her Majesty will give the Grits a parliament of their own, to be held in the new buildings at Penetanguishene;—and we further assure Mr. George Brown, that he will get the office of Pumper-in-Chief to the convicts who will be sent there. Will this satisfy you, Mr. Brown!

SHOOTING CLUB.—Several gentlemen, we understand, are desirous of forming a club for the purpose of meeting together and awarding prizes. Further particulars will be given, and a prospectus issued. In the meantime, gentlemen desirous of joining may forward their names and address to the Editor.

SHOOTING MATCH.—The shooting match between Messrs. Baumberger and Jones, for \$25 a side, comes off on the 1st February.

NOTICE. SELLING OFF.—SELLING OFF.—The subscriber will sell at 20 per cent above cost, the large assortment of "crockery and glass-ware," which is now on hand. The whole must be sold by the 11th of April, 1859, as the owner intends to "Go South," for the benefit of her pocket. And as the wholesale store from which the supply was obtained, has changed the hours of business from 7 a.m. to half-past nine, also, as all goods must be paid for before delivery.

N.B.—The acquaintance of "light fingered" young men (in crockery stores) is solicited by the undersigned,  
WIDOW RIVERS,  
King-William Street, Hamilton.

We understand that the friends of King William treated themselves to a "Sleigh Ride" on last Tuesday. No doubt but that the usual number of "Gin Cocktails" was swallowed, and of course "Loyal Songs" were sung. Go it boys. "Go it boys,"—Branigan doesn't care.

VERY KIND.—We copy the following paragraph from the *Napane Standard*, as much to show our readers the straits the Editor of that journal is put to in finding matter to fill up with, as to give him the information that the *Physiog* never made a second appearance—if fell still-born from the press. It was originated in order to oppose and kill our *Chronicles*,—no wonder, then that it met with such a hapless fate:

"We have received the first number of the *Physiog*, a weekly sheet published at Hamilton. It is on the principle of the *Grumbler* and *Poker*—of the same size, and neatly got up."

QUAILS,

QUAILS, QUAILS—ALIVE, ALIVE.—Several pairs of these handsome pets for sale. Apply to Mr. APPS, in the Market.

LOST.

A SMALL liver-coloured RETRIEVER SPANIEL DOG.

Any one having found the same, will be rewarded upon returning him to W. APPS, Poulterer, in the Market.  
Hamilton, Jan. 7, 1859.

PIGEONS WANTED.

ANY quantity of Pigeons wanted, either wild or tame.  
Apply to Mr. APPS, Poulterer, Hamilton Market, or at Bond Street.  
Shooting Matches supplied with birds, traps, &c. &c.  
Hamilton, Jan. 7, 1859.

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