

have made one think that an army of plasterers were flailing hair. There is an end to everything, but there were two ends to Charley's comely whiskers, and the inexorable laud lady saw and felt both, as the curly locks on the floor abundantly testified. Some kind hand opened a friendly door for Charley's escape, and the way he stirred his short little stumps in getting to his domicile on King street, was a caution to all who refuse to pay their grog bills, when they have a woman to deal with. A proper apology has since been sent to Sir Isaac's coachman—that cost nothing!—But the round of whiskey is still at Charley's debit, and likely to remain so until his whiskers grow again, when he may be called upon by his female creditor to pay another instalment in hair.

EXECUTION OF DR. KING.

As we are about to proceed to Press, the account of the execution of Dr. King has reached us, containing a full confession of his crime and a most glowing and beautiful description of his death copied we should imagine from "Fox's Martyrs;" from the way these criminals are eulogised it appears that in order to enlist the sympathies of the press, and public, it is only necessary to murder your wife: we don't believe in these Kings' of the Cannibal Islands.

We perceive that he expresses a wish to meet his murdered wife, and thinks that he shall, after what has occurred we scarcely think she would reciprocate this wish.

2nd EDITION.

We stop the press to announce our having been summoned to witness another coupling of the faithful, at P. Williams' Rebecca street, we arrived in time to be at the taking of four impressions, and expressed a wish to be included in the group, this was politely declined in consequence of the color of our cloth, which it was feared would spoil the picture, we are happy to say that the impressions of all present were most correct, and that all passed off well.

On Wednesday last we visited the ruins of our late Market, and the expression of the unfortunate man, "go tell your master you saw Marius sitting midst the ruins of Carthage," was to be brought to our mind, our identification with the trade and prosperity of this city, is of so lengthened a period, and intimate character, that we cannot look upon these changes, evidently for the worse, without regret, and experience, and knowledge have to a great way for the crotchety innovations of party faction, and the real interests of the community are sacrificed to this cause; we shall watch the result of the recent change for another week and then enlarge upon views on the subject, meantime we shall keep a sharp look out.

FEVER AND AGUE.—Among our multifarious acquirements and accomplishments, of which our readers know so well, we have yet to make it known that in no mean degree ranks our knowledge of medicine. A quarter of a century ago we had the privilege of sitting at the feet of the Escalapius of Canada—Dr. Campbell, 115, Adelaide street, Toronto. In our capacity of gardener, doctor's-man and student, it was our duty not only to superintend the growth of the vicious herbs, and simples of our masters pharmacopoeas, but exchanging the spade and flower pot, ever and anon for the pestle and mortar, we compounded medicine of the rarest virtue and potency to cure. Since then the worthy doctor, in the gyrations common to all practising the healing art, from Galen to Sangrado and the Leeches of the present time, has become a homeopathist. Be it so; and, from our faith in his scientific attainments, we have no doubt he is right. But, under his old system, we learned to combine, from a few simple elements, a certain remedy for that plague of the country—ague. This we learned in the Doctor's old Laboratory, and have ever since administered it without a single instance of failure. We therefore invite all who are afflicted with those febrile and involuntary shakes to come to us at the office of the hanging gardens.

(To the Editor of Branigan's Chronicles)

DEAR SIR,—On last Saturday, as I was taking a drive out for the good of my health, I had the pleasure of meeting some of the fast sporting young gents of this city, on their way to Burlington beach, for the purpose of bagging a few plovers and black hearts. They first brought themselves up to a stand at our old friend Snooks, where they had half a dozen cocktails each, to sharpen their eyes before commencing destruction among the feathers—large bets before going out who could kill the first bird. The party consisted of C. A. S—d—r, J. D. L—w, E. O., R. U. Y., the crack shot, J. P. D.—K—r, and headed by the Dodger First shot and drinks won by the Dodger, who killed a little brown bird. Second—a small sap sucker, by the city Solicitor.—Third—a black bird by Jim. Fourth—a swallow shot sitting on a Rail by Ed. Fifth—a small sand dipper shot at by the crack shot, and missed, and lost double drinks. After two hours' hunting through sand and rushes they returned to Snooks to wet the other eye, and after having done ample justice to the cocktails, they went out again on another luckier expedition—the Dodger bagging 4 black hearts and 2 small sun fish. Charley—2 Plovers, 2 blue birds and 1 catfish. Ed.—1 Plover, 1 Black Heart and 1 Sucker, Jim—2 Chickadees, 3 brown birds, and 1 Pike. J. P. D.—3 Black Hearts, 1 cherry bird and 1 sheep head; when they all met again at Snooks and put away out of sight 2 dozen more cocktails, they made up their minds that they would go home after such excellent sport they had for the

day, singing. We won't go home till morning. But to finish the day's sport, on the way home the Dodger shot a Porker—Jim, two Peacocks, which they bagged and sent to Fearman to make sausages, to be seasoned with Peacocks and a few pounds was unanimously carried to be sent to the Editor of Branigan's Chronicles. I have the pleasure of being yours truly, and if any more hunting parties are got up I will keep you posted.

BILLY SNIP.

Hamilton, 8th June, 1859.

THE GALLOWES.

The features of our fair city have this week been marred by the hideous object of the hangman's scaffold. The gallows, in the body social, ugly and odious, however, as it is, must still be acknowledged sanatory and wholesome. Like the cutaneous blotch which sometimes deforms the smooth complexion of the body personal, it cleanses and purifies. It is said of a British legislator who, after sojourning some time among the citizens of the neighboring republic, where the bowie knife and the revolver had not only been used with impunity, but where the murderer's weapon did its bloody execution amid the plaudits of an admiring people, that he expressed himself thankful at being again in a civilized country where he saw, as he passed along, the terrible machine doing its awful and retributive duty at the Old Bailey. Communities as well as individuals have to perform painful duties and undergo seething operations.—Our sympathies with the errors and frailties of the human family are liberal and retentive—with us the "quality of mercy is not strained"—but still we believe the only speciality he can make who ruthlessly sheds the blood of his brother must be made on the gibbet. The crime of murder must always be made to stand alone and aloof in the calendar of all the other more common transgressions. The benign precepts of Christianity cannot be interpreted as abrogating the commandment:—"Who so sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed." It is a law of Divine origin and maintained by the natural instincts of humanity. Wherever it is not upheld there is present either a weak and manly instability or a dangerously speculative polity. While we deplore, therefore, the necessity, we honor the firmness of our Executive, in carrying into effect the law, in all the various cases throughout the country, in all its severity and justice. We respect the good taste and feeling which actuated Sheriff Thomas in the arrangements for the execution of Mitchell. Although we are not prepared to advocate the dire work being performed privately, still, we believe that such spectacles are often, not as they are intended to be, salutary examples, but demoralizing exhibitions. The Sheriff did well then, as to order the fatal structure that it might accomplish the example without gratifying a cruel and morbid curiosity. Let us hope that the wholesome austerity of the law, which for many years has been too lax in meteing out to the murderer his condigna punishment, will operate repressively upon the crime of homicide, which, alas, has so long been terribly rife among us.