

[From the "Atlas."]

THE WAR,

It is becoming quite evident that Napoleon the III is not Napoleon the Ist. When the present Emperor set out from Paris to join the army in Sardinia, many were the predictions, among sanguine Frenchmen that they were about to witness a recurrence of those rapid marches and dashing victories that characterized the progress of the former Napoleon in his brilliant campaigns in northern Italy. Under such a name they naturally looked to such triumphs as Marengo and Lodi; and indulged their enthusiastic hopes to such an extent that they even went so far as to make preparations for celebrating a triumphant victory in the Cathedral of Notre Dame, even before the Emperor had reached the head quarters of his army. They have hitherto, however, been doomed to disappointment. The engagement of Montebello, which they at first attempted to exaggerate into the proportions of a great victory, has become "small by degrees and beautifully less," as the true facts of the encounter have come to light. It is now admitted that their loss on the occasion exceeded 1400 men, which is nearly double that of the Austrians, according to their official statement; indeed, as the London Times very justly remarks, they cannot afford another such victory. The only man that at present has shown enterprise and vigor is Garibaldi, who in 1849 headed the national party in Italy in its attempt to recover its liberty, and who was mainly put down by the bayonets of France. It seems strange that the power which eleven years ago was chiefly instrumental in crushing the attempt of the Italians to regain their freedom, should now go forth under the banner of liberty to restore to them that nationality which it formerly resisted. For ourselves we cannot believe in the disinterested motives of the French Emperor. After witnessing his prosecution of Montalibert, his subjugation of the Press, the recent spy system that he has introduced into Paris, and his other successful efforts to destroy liberty in his own country, we cannot avoid feeling the force of Tennyson's words—

"How should a despot set men free."

We shall watch the progress of events with great interest, but we should not be surprised if the scene of disorder which Napoleon has inaugurated in Southern Europe, should take a turn which he at present does not anticipate. It is not impossible that the antagonism of crowned heads may open up a new era in the liberties of Europe.

WEDDING EXTRAORDINARY.—On Easter Monday, a most extraordinary wedding took place at Salisbury, the bridegroom being a cattle dealer who had long resisted the fascinations of the gentle sex, but who sowed that if ever he did get married, he would ride to and from the church on a donkey. His friends kept him to his word, and when he resolved to visit the altar of Hymen, they provided no fewer than fifteen donkeys, that they might bear him company *en suite*. The ludicrous wedding procession, headed by a fife band, went the necessary rounds on Monday, and attracted the attention of considerable crowds.—*Blackburn Standard.*

The meanest man in the world lives in this city. He buttons his shirt with wavers; he looks at his money through a magnifying glass, because it causes a half dime to look like a quarter.

Which is the most likely epidemic to visit Hamilton this summer?

Water on the brain.

What kind of a butt have the Water Commissioners made of us?

A water-butt.

Why are the people of Hamilton like a shower of fish?

Because they were taken up in a water-spout, and are just taken down.

An absurd poet of modern days has made the remark,—"Bright things will never die." This is utterly false. A friend of ours, who latterly had a rich red head of hair, made an attempt to transform it into a pleasing brown with stupendous success. It was found to dye beautifully.

"HAVE you finished both those bottles of Port without assistance, Mr. Gulpitup?" inquired an indignant spouse. "No, my dear, I had the assistance of a bottle of Madeira," was the reply.

It is in vain to stick your finger in water, and after pulling it out, look for the hole.

A COFFIN maker, having apartments to let, posted his bill, announcing the same, upon a coffin, "Lodgings for single gentlemen."

A FELON who wrote a wretched hand, and made almost as bad a fist at spelling and grammar, gave as an excuse for the deficiencies of his education, "that he never went to school but one afternoon, and then the master had gone a fishing."

W. H. POOLE, of Cambridge, relates a comical incident of a sailor dropping out of the rigging of a man-of-war, some fifteen or twenty feet, and fell plump on the head of the first lieutenant. "Wretch," said the officer, after she had gathered himself up, "where the deuce did you come from?" "An' sure, I came from the North of Ireland, yer honor."

TRACKERAY says a woman's heart is just like a lithographer's stone,—what is once written upon it can't be rubbed out. That is a fact. Let an heiress once fix her affections on a stable-boy, and all the argument in the world will not get her thoughts above oat-boxes and currycombs. "What is written on her heart can't be rubbed out." This fact shews itself not only in love, but in religion. Men change their views a dozen times; a woman never. To convert a Sister of Charity to Methodism would require a greater amount of power than you would require to overturn the pyramids.

THE POWER OF MUD.—The following appears as a sub-leader in the New Zealand Spectator:—"The theatres have been very meagrely attended, in consequence of the continuous drenching rains and the awfully muddy state of the beach. Churches, especially in the evenings, suffer from the same causes. One mustered a congregation last Sunday evening of 12, viz: a woman and a child. The clergyman, who takes all these things with the utmost good humor, cut down his sermon at once to suit his hearers, and in five minutes the assemblage were wading their way home to their respective places of abode."

After due reflection we have discovered why a sot is often called a drunken dog. It is because most dogs have a habit of getting "under the table."

Advertisements.

WANTED

TWO ACTIVE YOUNG MEN to act as waiters at a Picnic, to be given on the 18th instant. Applications will be received and arrangements made by Mr H-y, Freeman Block, John street, South, or Mr. Thos. K—, Merrick street, Royal Hotel Block. None need apply unless they can produce certificates as to their being Lady's men in every sense of the word. Members of the Methodist Church preferred.

BRANIGAN'S

MARKET STABLES,

ON THE MARKET SQUARE.

THESE STABLES are the Most Commodious in the city, and were originally built and owned by J. B. MATHEWS, Esq. JOHN AUSTIN latterly kept the premises, which are Capable of ACCOMMODATING

150 SPANS OF HORSES

In the Most Comfortable Manner,

and at VEPY MODERATE CHARGES. Farmers and others attending the Market can always have their horses under their eye while selling their produce. Careful hostlers in attendance. Stables open on Sunday, and free for the use of parties from the country attending Church, but subject to their own care.

HAY FOR SALE.

A Large Quantity of excellent Hay always on hand, and for sale in small quantities, at Market Rates. OATS and BRAN also on hand and for sale. T. BRANIGAN.

Hamilton, April 1, 1856.

HANGING GARDENS.

THE CONTEMPTIBLE DODGE RESORTED TO BY our city rulers to extort money from the keepers of this city, under false promise, as published in their license. By-law, has determined us to open Pleasure Gardens on the flat roof of our extensive stables in the Market Square, where refreshments will be furnished at all hours, and on all days save the Sabbath. Access to the roof, which is about one hundred and twenty feet square, can be had through the agency of a steam hoisting machine, so that no effort will be required on the part of visitors to gain our Hanging Gardens. We have the arrangements so complete, that the moment a spy or policeman takes his place on the platform, the chief line, which is self-acting, pulls him through a spring trap-door into the subterranean vaults of our extensive premises, where they will be likely to come in contact with the horns of several cows. Already our gardener is engaged in planting such flowers and shrubs as our great experience in horticulture has enabled us to select, and in a short time we hope to accommodate the public with a treat of so ordinary character. On Tuesday and Friday evenings our military companies intend giving entertainments in the shape of steam fights. This proceeding will be criticized by the Springs Brewery, Brass Band, Amusement free. Tickets must be obtained, however, before taking plates in the aerial steam car, which is managed by a first class engineer. Choice liquors and cigars furnished, besides all the latest styles of summer drinks. The novelty of this design, it is expected, will attract immense crowds to the Gardens—we have therefore to request that visitors will not pluck the flowers, and "keep off the grass."

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.