

BRANIGAN'S

Chronicles & Curiosities.

Nothing extenuate, nor set down ought in malice
SHAKSPERE.

HAMILTON, THURSDAY, JUNE 9, 1859.

THE apathy and quietude which has of late pervaded our once lively and ambitious city, was on Tuesday last disturbed by two startling events; we give priority as they occurred: At 7 A. M., John Mitchell, *alias* Meehan, forfeited his life upon the scaffold, in accordance with the sentence rendered against him, founded upon the Mosaic dispensation, requiring blood for blood; and for which ancient, and as viewed by some barbarous punishment, modern ingenuity has failed to devise a substitute. Sheriff Thomas with excellent taste, (if such a remark can be applied) disappointed the morbid curiosity of many, by appointing such an early hour for the Execution. The daily papers have furnished our readers with the particulars, and as such gloomy matters are foreign to our pages, we hasten to describe an event of a much more *lively* and interesting nature: the increased price of Glenfield's patent starch, adapted to the stiffening of white chokers, &c., has induced enquiry into the cause, rumor attributing it to Mr. Galt's protective Tariff, which was soon discovered to be a mistake, the riddle being solved by the prevalence or non-conformist broad cloth and piety upon our sheets of late; but we are tolerant, and although worshipping at a different altar, we cheerfully pay the additional penny per pound upon starch, and hope success may attend their efforts to do good, and if, to use their own phraseology, a "brand is plucked from the burning," or "a lost sheep" reclaimed, we freely accord them their due meed of praise. Our inclination to the colorant is increased by the fact that upon enquiry we find Hotel charges are precisely the same as previous to the advent of these modern apostles, which curious fact is explained by reason of the whole of them having kindly quartered themselves upon their Brethren. Save me from my friends—but to proceed. It being resolved in common conclave that the collective Dissenting piety of Upper Canada, should be perpetuated in some different form

from that of the various Secretaries' minutes, anti-nicotian and otherwise, it was determined that the talent of our friend Milas (upon whom has descended the mantle of Daguerre) should be called into requisition, and that a photographic group of the assembled 200 ministers of Wesleyan proclivities should be Sun-printed. It was also resolved that we should be invited to attend upon the occasion. So polite an invitation could not be refused; so we availed ourselves of our "ticket of leave," and hastened to the premises of our friend Williams, on Rebecca Street, where we found a platform erected resembling the gallery of a Theatre or a "Stepper," *alias* tread-wheel, upon which in due rank and file, was congregated the "sackcloth and ashes" above referred to, "all being in readiness," (solemn parody upon the matter alluded to at the head of this article,) a reverend Brother, acting as Marshal, gave the word to prepare, upon which such a removal of hats, adjustment of chokers, and rubbing up of head gear, we never before witnessed. We looked on with mild astonishment, and marvelled much at the anxiety displayed by some of the faithful to appear to best advantage. The almost superhuman efforts of some to alter the lank and recumbent form of their cerebral covering, so as to hide the place where the "wool ought to grow," was destined to be assisted in a manner little anticipated. When all was ready a slight cracking noise was heard, and a cry arose, "The platform's going!" All attention to head covering immediately ceased; but the desired effect was produced and enhanced, for "each particular hair stood on end like quills upon the fretful porcupine." A hurried scene of confusion and dismay ensued, the most collected person being the Reverend Marshal, who, safely situated on terra firma out of danger, manifested an indifference rarely witnessed, and with most courageous deportment, called upon "all cowards to leave." This appeal was immediately responded to, and a beggarly account of empty benches remained. It was then notified that an examination into the stability of the structure would take place, and the members be convoked again. At 3 P. M. we were again summoned in express haste to witness the postponed

perpetuation, and with our usual alacrity attended and witnessed three attempts to re-produce upon glass the heterogeneous mass of heads collected, many of which we are bound to declare phrenologically good. After a considerable trial of patience, success attended the efforts of the artist; but the temper of some of the elect was sorely tried; for as one said to us, (Dr. —,) "I wouldn't go through that operation again for five dollars," which we can easily believe.

In conclusion, we may mention that so strongly is the neighborhood impregnated with the odour of sanctity prevalent upon this occasion, that not an oath has been heard within 250 yards of the platform, and that portions of the seats are being sold at \$4 per foot, when at the same time the rope with which the wretched criminal was hung on the same day, only fetched a yolk shilling an inch. Such is life.

What a Spirit Brandy gives a man!

The pompous little chap introduced for the first time to the public of Hamilton in the *Chronicles* of the 21st May, has since been so delighted with our recapitulation of his strange antics, that he has been enjoying, as the Indian would say—*one very big drunk*. The other night he was noticed dangling his heavy chain on a corner near the Theatre, and shouting lustily 'o a man who was driving a carriage and horses from Kavenagh's *smi hery*. The jehu was deaf and dumb to Charley's demands for a cab; but when the vehicle passed, poor Warmoll, to his great chargin, discovered it to be the private equipage of his patron, the member for Hamilton.—D—ing his buttons for being so stupid as to imagine Sir Isaac's private carriage a cab, poor Charley, after scratching his beautiful *black* hair, wended his way to the nearest dram-shop, where he called all hands up to the bar, with the usual salutation—"What will you have?" The whiskey was soon out of sight, and the pert landlady demanded the tin—but Charley was not given to *change*, and hence she found no *change* in him. Mrs. Rathbone, however, determined not to be bilked without resorting to her usual stratagem, asked some collateral; and this led to the awful discovery that at one of Charley's big chain was a huge—*Jacknife*, instead of a fine gold repeater. Then *there was a time*; and the hurried sounds of excited feet upon the floor gave token of a hand-to-hand struggle. The way the aforesaid *black* hair flew around the bar-room would