

BRANIGAN'S CHRONICLES AND CURIOSITIES.

you) and the great increase in our numbers gives the place quite an appearance of barrenness; he therefore agreed with the object of the meeting.

Old Harry rose and moved, "That it is expedient and necessary to change the name of Milton to Bachelorville." He stated that although he did not consider himself among the *forties*, (a voice: look at his head) yet he felt the time was fast approaching when he would be amongst the disconsolate.

Mr. Tom D. rose to second the motion. He said that he had lived here all his lifetime, and yet there was no prospect of his being united to one of the fair sex. He felt great pleasure in meeting so many of his fellow-sufferers: it was a consolation to him that he was not "all alone in his glory." (A voice: that's personal.)

Mr. W. G. Q. rose to oppose the motion. He said he considered this a slur upon the young men of this place; (shut up you old drake) he repeated the young man; that if they were single it was not their fault; no one could be more anxious for matrimony than himself; if he didn't cousin round the girls it accounted for his taste: widows were his fancy. (Oh) He sat down amid cries of "Put him out."

At this stage of the proceedings, the meeting adjourned to Old Doodas's, for one hour, to take some refreshment. The remainder of the proceedings I will communicate in my next. Swimmingly yours, CODFISH.

For Branigan's Chronicles.

THE "CHRONICLES" AND "GROWLER."

MR. BRANIGAN.—I assure you I felt quite indignant upon the perusal of the paper that bears the above snarling title. Didn't sister Sally and myself both get enraged when we read therein of your being called "a heartless old renegade!" Well, really, things are coming to a pretty pitch when men like you, who spend their time for the good of the people, should be thus stigmatised. But it won't go down. People know a little better than to patronise the organ of a disappointed gang of fireboys. I have been credibly informed that my gallant friend, General Brock, got rid of more bad whiskey, while the first number of the rag in question was under preparation, than ever he sold before. Again, that sheet has the audacity to remark that an intelligent public requires a good paper, and thrusts the *Growler* forward as the desideratum! Horrible thought! Badly off, indeed, we would be, Terry, had we to rely upon that rag for our salvation. But haven't we your *Chronicles*?—and haven't you done more good already than a paper like the *Growler* could do in a lifetime? Didn't you first of all put our jolly Mayor in his present position by the aid of your paper? And then see the riddance you made of all the old maids and bachelors! Let any one look at the registry books in the several churches, and he will find upwards of 60 names, all over 30 years' old, whom you were the cause of having spliced. I have not time now to talk of the impetus you have given to business in such notables as Davy Boyle, Dublin Jim, Braveman, &c., &c.

As a fireside charm, your little sheet is indispensable. The hearty laugh caused by its sterling jokes has rung and will ring from the Mountain to the Lake, and the *Chronicles* will be Household Words and permanent fest when the last leaf of a defunct *Growler* is lighting some disconsolate subscriber's pipe.

Before I finish this somewhat lengthy epistle, I would wish to impress on the minds of our fair citizens the necessity of taking your paper, on account of four very good reasons:

1. It is an infallible cure for all sorts of dejection of spirits, and three weeks reading of it will effectually cure the "blues."

2. As an article for improving and beautifying the hair it cannot be beat. When it first came out, my coarse hair, (barring the color, which was red) was as straight and tough as an Indian; but after reading your paper a couple of times through, then doing up my hair with it, I can now show you one of the glossiest black curly scalps in the city.

3. My brother Tom has used it in raising a magnificent moustache and whiskers. I have watched the scamp through the key-hole, and seen him, to my great delight, rubbing his bare lip and cheeks with your *Chronicles*.

4. It is a first-rate remedy for that prevalent disease called Snobbishism.

And now, ere I conclude, will you grant me one request, that I may be permitted to write the *'Growler's'* epitaph two weeks from hence?

MAGGIE B.

Written for Branigan's Chronicles and Curiosities.

WELCOME HOME TO MISS C. W.

Why didst thou leave thy city home,
And in the rude wild country roam?
Why didst thou slight the ardent love
I bore to thee, thou gentle dove?

Oh! that cold look, like poison'd dart,
Did deeply wound my tender heart;
And made each drop of blood grow chill,
And with dread fears my mind did fill.

I've tried to pray, but all in vain,
That thou wouldest love me once again;
And though thou hat'st, I love the still,
And while I live, I ever will.

Oft to those orchard grounds I've went,
And there the midnight hour have spent
On that forsaken spot, where we
So often met in youthful glee.

And where the vine, its tendrils twined,
Have I my weary head reclined,
And in my fancy's vision thought
That thou some luscious grapes had brought.

Oft by the moon-light's silv'ry ray,
I've whil'd the lonely night away,
Treading those paths once lined with flow'r's,
And sought thee in those haunted bow'r's.

And when I've roamed in distant lands,
O'er cheerless snows, on burning sands,
Or slept 'neath spreading cypress tree,
My thoughts and dreams have been of thee.

Oh! Carrie, thou hast wander'd far,
But guided by thy guardian star,
Thou'ret home, 'mongst friends to thee so dear;
And now we hail thee welcome here!

Though hatred in thy bosom burn,
And all my love is proudly spurn'd,
I love thee, will, through life's long day,
And now a hearty welcome say.

Hamilton, Feb. 24.

EZRA.

CURE FOR A TERRIBLE DISORDER OF THE MOUTH, COMMONLY CALLED SCANDAL.

Take of *good nature* one ounce—of an herb commonly called by the Indians "mind your own business" one ounce; mix this with a little 'charity of failings,' and two or three sprigs of 'keep your tongue between your teeth.' simmer them together in a vessel called *circumspetion* for a short time, and it will be fit for use. *Application.*—The symptoms are a violent itching in the tongue and roof of the mouth which invariably takes place when you are with a kind of animals called gossips. When you feel a turn of it coming on, take a tea spoon full of the above, hold it in your mouth, which you will keep closely shut until you get home, and you will find a complete cure.

Should you apprehend a relapse, keep a phial full about you, and on feeling the slightest symptoms repeat the dose.

A BEAUTIFUL woman is like a great truth or a great happiness, and has no more right to cover herself with a green veil or any similar abomination than the sun has to put on green spectacles.

ACTIONS show the nature of a man, as fruit does that of a tree; while motives, like the sap, are hidden from our view.

PRINCIPLES OF FEMALE COSTUME.

A loose drapery is always cooler in summer, warmer in winter, and at both seasons less adapted to transmit sudden changes of temperature, than a tight dress.

A loose drapery may always be disposed either beautifully or grandly; a tight dress is always ugly, and generally ridiculous.

The small head-dress and enormous train, characterise the more stately dame, while the large hat or bonnet, and shorter dress, distinguish the livelier girl.

The shawl is adopted only for tall and thin figures; but it admits of no very fine effects even for them, while it is ruinous to shorter and *en-bonpoint* figures, however beautifully formed.

The scarf is better adapted for all figures; it corresponds exactly to the *peplum* of the ancient Grecian women, and it admits of the same expressive arrangements.

A person having an oval face may wear a bonnet with a wide front; exposing the lower part of the cheeks. One having a round face should wear a closer front, and if the jaws are wide, it may in appearance be diminished by bringing the corners of the bonnet sloping to the point of the chin.

The Scottish bonnet seems to suit youth alone. If a mixture of archness and innocence do not blend in the countenance which wears it, it gives a theatrical and bold air.

Hats always give a masculine look; and those turned up before give a pert air.

A long neck may have the neck of the bonnet descending, the neck of the dress rising, and filling more or less of the intermediate space. A short neck should have the whole bonnet short and close in the perpendicular direction, and the neck of the dress neither high nor wide. Persons with waists too large may render themselves less before by a stomacher, and behind, by a corresponding form of the dress, making the top of the dress smooth across the shoulders, and drawing it in plaits to a narrow point at the bottom of the waist. Tall women may have a wide skirt, or several flounces, or both of these; shorter women a moderate one, but as long as can be conveniently worn. Tight shoes make the feet look large and the ankles clumsy.

INGENIOUS MENDICANT.—A beggar man, apparently very old, and in great distress, with a child in his arms, came into a public house in the Bridgegate, a few evenings since and begged alms with great earnestness. A young man in the house at the time, suspecting that he was an impostor, took hold of the child, when immediately the head came off, and discovered it to be made of plaster of paris. After shaking the old man a little, an old wig fell off, and discovered him to be a young man, about thirty. He begged very hard to get off without asking damages for the loss of his child and wig, and was turned out of the house.

Cox.—Why is the new Fire Brigade like an old man?—Because its head is—*Grey*.