

POLICE INTELLIGENCE.

George Morgan Paxton, was charged with drunkenness; but was discharged.

Peter Hickery, charged with vagrancy, was discharged.

Michael Gillgan, charged by John Applegarth with stealing a pair of boots; prisoner was committed for two months.

After the above charges were disposed of a man who gave the name of Mager Grey, was charged by police constable Argus, under the following circumstances:

The officer stated that he was on the corner of King and John streets, the evening previous, waiting for a brother chum, with whom he was in the habit of walking in order to relieve the tedium of duty,—which became irksome after places of amusement were closed—when his attention was attracted to a crowd of boys, who were chasing and hooting the defendant. Upon enquiry he found that the lads had accused the prisoner of being a "culled pusson," which so irritated him that he immediately challenged the smallest boy in the crowd to fight; and by a little "dodging" succeeded in striking his youthful antagonist. Argus at this moment arrived, and being of the same size as prisoner, no resistance was offered. His capture therefore was easily effected.

The accused upon being interrogated, replied that his misfortunes were attributable to the bad Times; and expressed a wish that he was dead, in furtherance of which he had attempted to dye some days since, in which he nearly succeeded, having become black in the face, but a strong constitution, and another fate in store, had saved him.

The worthy Magistrate after a suitable admonition discharged the defendant; and as he was evidently of weak intellect, directed officer Argus to keep an eye upon him.

HARD AT WORK.—COUN. Thos. Walker, who attended to his constituents' interest by going to England, just after they elected him, is now busily engaged in making up for lost time. At the last meeting of the Council he submitted a Market By-law which is a good deal like his own head—there being nothing in it practicable. Somebody should hold Mr. Walker, or his exertions may be attended with lamentable consequences to himself.

SAUCE FOR THE GOOSE NOT SAUCE FOR THE GANDER.—When the present Chief Engineer of the Fire Brigade held the same office some four or five years since, a By-law similar to the one he is now trying to get passed, was in force. But when Mr. Gray was discarded by the firemen, his efforts to repeal that By-law were herculean—he was successful—the By-law was repealed, and has been ever since a dead letter. But now Mr. Gray is Chief again, and to the defunct law must be revived, to extend the powers of our Chief. What playthings Councilmen and Aldermen have become—thus to be toyed with, and made subservient to the base designs of interested and unprincipled tricksters. We shall watch the progress of this bare-faced dodge, and expose the trick if it succeed.

AN EXPENSIVE ONION BED.—Some ten carters are now employed in clearing away the street cleanings, and depositing it on the square purchased by our city Corporation for the round sum of £22,000, as a site for new market buildings. Now, had we an Industrial Farm, this manure could be made use of advantageously, and well repay the now heavy expense or cartage. But the latter is an expense that should not be tolerated; for not only can parties be found in and adjacent to the city who will take it away free of charge, but pay for the privilege. It is also a plague spot in the very centre of our city from which foul vapors will be constantly sending forth their pestilential breath—and creating fevers and other ills, seldom ascribed to the proper cause. Does some greedy physician's practice lie in this quarter? Has Dr. Riel anything to do with it? We have heard it intimated, that our wiseacres, with their characteristic regard for economy, have determined on using this nice little plot for the cultivation of potatoes and onions!

FAULT FINDING.—The sapient editor of that stale sheet issued in this city under the name of "The Times," objected the other day to the appointment of our friend Mr. Austin, as license inspector, because the latter gentleman was supposed to be deficient, or not sufficiently sensitive in his organs of taste and smell. We are glad to inform our "hard times" friend that We have volunteered our services as "taster" to Mr. Austin, without fee or reward. Who'll say that Branigan is not posted—"She runs herself; she do."

We have received the first number of "The Wasp," a spicy little sheet, printed at Nelson, C. W. We feel obliged for our friend's kindly feeling, and his having reserved his zinging propensity for those deserving.

AIMS IN LIFE.—Young men! are the aims in thy life such as these? Dost thou improve thy hours of leisure, such as occur in the intervals of labor and business, in profitable conversation? If so thou art acting wisely; for thou wilt thus lay up for thyself a portion that will stay by thee in every trial and conflict incident upon life's pilgrimage. Not so, however, with that young man, that finds his chief and almost only pleasure in the gratifying of his appetites and passions. A dark future awaits him. While the former is at home evenings, with his books, the latter is abroad with his convivial companions, wasting his time and money, and by his vicious practices and sensual indulgences is enfeebling both body and mind. In this way his character is corrupted and destroyed, though he may for a while keep up his reputation, which, however, will not last long after character, its only sure foundation, is ruined. Beware then, young man, how thou spendest thy time! As in thy childhood, youth, and early manhood, so will be thy maturer life. Three terms being given, it is nowise difficult to find a fourth or final result.

Advertisements.

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 VERY 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, 1859.

Women as Philosophers.

The Mormons are queer people. And yet, in some respects, they are just like the rest of the world. The ugly women, for instance, are the great believers in the free-loveism of Mormondom at Salt Lake City. Women of the same plentiful lack of loveliness are the rampant fanatics on the subject of "passional attraction" here. You seldom find one possessed of personal attraction in that exquisite category. Judge Drummoud's sister, a tall, raw-boned, ungainly woman, is said to be quite insane in the belief that the doortines of the Latter Day Saints will triumph over Christianity. In the same way we could point out a few specimens of nature's worst handiwork among the feminines of this region, who are enthusiastic about the ultimate supremacy of "affinities," and of the instinct of the "god of love within," over sober judgment and reason. This is, as a rule, so nearly correct that, whenever you hear of a woman who delights in avowing "all man; kind" to be her husband, and talks indecent nonsense, make up your mind to two things: She owns a face as fascinating as a buckwheat cake, and a disposition as lovable as the back of a fretted porcupine. Women who run into such abominable heresies, only do it to advertise themselves and their inclinations. As the men will not pursue them, they pursue the men, but not often to much purpose. Their boldness shocks; their obscenity disgusts. The most reckless of libertines loves a show of virtue even where virtue's self does not exist. They must triumph over something, even if it be only a shadow. The victory is not worth having where the ramparts are thrown down in advance, and the garrison implores liberty to surrender!—*Y. Mercury.*

OUR LETTER BOX.—All letters and communications intended for the editor or for publication, should be addressed Box No. 120, Hamilton P. O.

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