

# BRANIGAN'S Chronicles and Curiosities.

"Nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice."—SHAKESPEARE.

Vol. I.—No. 18.

HAMILTON, C. W., SATURDAY, MARCH 5, 1859.

PRICE, TWO PENCE.

For the Chronicles and Curiosities.  
TO EZRA,

ON RECEIVING A CORDIAL WELCOME HOME.

Oh, noble youth, who did those lines inscribe,  
Which have, like arrows, pierced my in-  
most heart—

Which filled my soul with deep remorse and  
shame,  
And left me writhing 'neat their painful  
smart!

I here can trace, within each sacred line,  
Displayed the feelings of thy noble mind,  
Which calls up from the lowest depths of soul,  
The dearest memories which are there en-  
shrined.

Thou call'st me back to happy days gone by,  
When we alike felt joined in hand and  
heart;

And while I muse upon those happy scenes,  
I curse the fate that dared to bid us part.

My dearest wish is that I could once more  
Recall those hours which we have gladly  
spent,

In those familiar grounds, so dearly loved,  
I'd prize it as a boon from Heaven sent.

But yet it may not be that Heaven above  
Decrees our hearts again in love to blend;  
Yet turn not from me, and as proudly spurn  
The warm pure friendship of thy truest  
friend.

For let my path through life be as it may,  
Each thought of thee will shed its cheering  
beams,

And aid in the dispersing of each cloud  
Which dares to steal upon my midnight  
dreams.

Then, wilt thou not again the smile bestow.  
My longing heart has sought but sought in  
vain,

And ease this bosom of that load of woe  
Which on it lies, and cheer my heart again?  
C—N—

For Branigan's Chronicles.

KITTY VINDICATES HER SEX.

DEAR SIR,—Guess what! The other day I  
overheard a musty, dusty, crusty, iron-  
hearted old bachelor say, that because wo-  
men had fallen in the first fall, that conse-  
quently she was now no fit companion for  
man! Did you ever hear the beat of that  
since the translation of Enoch! I'm sure I  
never did. Such ignorant insolence! He  
ought to be tarred and feathered, the rascal.  
You know he wants us all to be angels! Now,  
just imagine, if we, women, were all angels,  
do you suppose we'd notice the men? No,  
Sir; I guess not: we would stick up our  
noses and feel too angel-ish even to speak to  
them. So, after all, I think all masculines  
may thank their lucky stars that women  
were placed almost on the same level with  
themselves, or else they'd never get a fair one  
to smile bewitchingly on their visages had it  
been otherwise.

I'll bet my bran-new boots that the before-  
alluded to old bachelor has, in his smoky  
snuffy lifetime, been most woefully jilted in  
his day. I suppose he felt certain of se-  
curing an angel then! Didn't she serve him  
right? I would positively, and I really think  
conscientiously, like to try my hand with him  
myself. I consider such a disappointment far  
too slight a punishment for so vile a man.—

Just the way with all the other old bache-  
lors; the generality of them have been most  
sublimely jilted; and now, because they can't  
get anybody and everybody to have them, they  
look decided, act confirmed bachelorified, and  
pretend indifference to all the charms of the  
fair sex—of course, never letting on all the  
while that they are dying in their sleeves for  
them. Oh, I know all about it—nobody need  
ever tell me that it's their own fault they are  
bachelors—that girls are so plenty, &c., &c.  
Somebody once said that every Jill could find  
a Jack, and I believe Somebody. It's all very  
fine for you devotees of single-blessedness to  
boast that you can get this one, and that one,  
and the other one, just at a wink or a nod;  
but I tell you, if women were so remarkably  
numerous, and so remarkably easy to win,  
there wouldn't be so many snarling, sneering,  
snivelling old bachelors in the world. Talk  
about old maids, indeed!—if the bachelors  
don't beat them hollow for faultfinding and  
every other unpardonable sin, I aint Kitty.

Now, then; that's my opinion, and my  
opinion is as good as anybody else's; and  
before I'd give twenty-five cents at a sale for  
one of them, I'd actually live an old maid till  
I had worn out fifty pairs of spectacles. Set  
them up, indeed! Humph!

KITTY FINORE-IN-THE-PIE.

Feb. 28, 1859.

For the Chronicles and Curiosities.

THAT POEM.

DEDICATED TO THOMAS MILLIGAN, THE IMMORTAL  
AUTHOR OF "LINES TO A WOODEN SQUAW."—  
Vide "Chronicles."

To thee, immortaliser of the Squaw,  
I bow with humble reverence and awe;  
And, while admiring the greenness of your brain,  
Take my advice, and tap your watery brain,  
And let that Squaw stand in the wet and cold,  
"A-begging and a-begging,  
"For some of your gold;"

'Till QUIMBY—gen'rous soul—will take pity,  
And give her as a *leg-a-see* (legacy) to thee;  
For, sure I am, you'll never get a wife,  
But lead a lone and melancholy life;  
For poets of your matchless genus, it is said,  
Have an artesian bore on top of head,  
And make use of the subterranean route,  
To take in trash and let the gas come out.

NEDDY SLY-BOOTS.

To the Editor of the Chronicles and Curiosities.

AN EVENING IN JIM BROWN'S.

DEAR MR. B.—Last Saturday evening I  
wended my way to the Sportsman Saloon,  
presided over by the redoubted Jim Brown,  
and who, by the way, is becoming quite a  
lion among the admirers of the canine race.  
After paying a "yorker" at the door, I was  
shown by Jim to the regions below, where  
rats are immolated. After assuring myself  
that I was perfectly safe from "land slides,"  
I sat down and awaited the commencement  
of the sport. Presently in came Long John,  
Jim Law, the Editor of the 'Growler,' and a  
few more of the fancy. Jim next came down  
with a bag of rats, when Jim Law slipped  
his dog "Captain," who performed the won-  
derful feat of settling ten rats in one minute  
and a-half. Long John then slipped his dog  
"Towser," who quieted eight in the same  
space of time. A dispute next arose between  
the 'Growler' man and Jim, as to the time  
taken by the dogs, the Editor (who was half

cocked) swore that he could kill eight rats in  
a minute himself. The dispute, however, was  
arranged by Nixon, planking a two-dollar bill  
to treat all hands; and, at the same time, a bet  
was made by the sub-editor, Fleming, that he  
could perform the same feat. This bet was  
taken up by Jim, and the trial is to come off  
on Saturday evening next.

I have been told that Fleming is in training  
for the fight, for he was seen a few days ago  
in Davy Boyle's, chewing the frog of a horse's  
hoof, for the purpose of adding strength to his  
jaws. Jim informs me that the rat business  
pays first-rate. He gets 12½ cents for admis-  
sion, 50 cents for every dog that's slipped,  
10 cents each skin, and 10 likewise for each  
carcase. He further informs me that negocia-  
tions are now pending between himself and  
Braveman towards securing a regular supply  
of this new domestic article of consumption.

TOMMY DUCKS.

Feb. 28, 1859.

For Branigan's Chronicles and Curiosities.

THE GIST OF THE DODGER'S REPORT.  
GENTLEMEN OF THE CITY KOUNSEL,—

Eye find that our city is devoid of a proper  
machinery for estinkinguisheng fires.

Mashine No. won, tu, and fir, is out of or-  
der, and eye hav ordered it to be mandid.

No. fir aint woth a cuss, and eye want ye  
to send me to Buffler to buy another and  
1500 fete of hoz.

Eye find by an old stature that No. 2 kum-  
pany haint got no rite to theyre masheen: it  
wure bot by the inehuranz kumpanes and the  
Kounsel, and Nowlin and eye will take it by  
force.

Inn closin this lenthly report, eye wood  
empress on ye the necessity of putin the hole  
manigement of the Biggade intu my hand,

Eye will give ye a list of the kash pade so  
far twards the masheens:

Payd fur hoz kees .....	\$10 00
" dore " .....	5 00
" lukiug pipe kees .....	10 00
" Mr. Pol Paret, fur fixin ..	15 00
" Long Jon, for refreshmints at revue .....	20 00
" a nigger for pollishin my hat and collar .....	00 05

\$60 05

Eye want to be sent to Buffler at the ear-  
liest dayt.

Yu will ples giv us a rume to meetin.

Approved, THOMAS, the Cheef.

For the Chronicles and Curiosities.

FIREMEN'S SPORT.

MR. B.—Along with many other citizens, I  
fully expected that the new Fire Brigade,  
when called out on duty, would behave with  
proper respect to the least one of the inhabi-  
tants. In this I am mistaken, however. On  
the afternoon of the Wednesday the Brigade  
had their first exercise, in the Market Square,  
an engine was stationed alongside of a tank,  
and the hose was run up Market Street. They  
then commenced practice, but it would seem  
that the general marks for their streams were  
the passers by, or the open windows of houses.  
A respectable citizen, in the employ of Mr.  
Pilgrim, was driving a horse and waggon  
down the street, when some of the branchmen  
directed a stream at the horses' heads, which  
made the affrighted animals leap at a furious